"So Intimate and So Strange":
Alienist Literature at the Dawn of "The Age of the World Picture"
OR
The Mirror and the Vamp:
How I Learned To Stop Worrying And Resolve *The Antinomies of Realism*

"Every science is, as research, grounded upon the projection of a circumscribed object-sphere and is therefore necessarily a science of an individualized character. Every individualized science must, moreover, in the development of its projected plan by means of its methodology, particularize itself into specific fields of investigation. This particularizing (specialization) is, however, by no means simply an irksome concomitant of the increasing unsurveyability of the results of research. It is not a necessary evil, but it is rather an essential necessity of science as research. Specialization is not the consequence but the foundation of all research."
– Martin Heidegger, "The Age of the World Picture"

"...the trouble is that the genuine article – the music of Schoenberg and Webern, the sculpture of Caro, the painting of Morris Louis, the theater of Brecht and Beckett – really does challenge the art of which it is the inheritor and voice. Each is, in a word, not merely modern, but modernist. Each, one could say, is trying to find the limits or essence of its own procedures. And this means that it is not clear a priori what counts, or will count, as a painting, or sculpture or musical composition .... So we haven't got clear criteria for determining whether a given object is or is not a painting, a sculpture .... But this is exactly what our whole discussion has prepared us for. The task of the modernist artist, as of the contemporary critic, is to find what it is his art finally depends upon; it doesn't matter that we haven't a priori criteria for defining a painting, what matters is that we realize that the criteria are something we must discover, discover in the continuity of painting itself."
– Stanley Cavell, "A Matter of Meaning It"

From the outset, any attempt to write about "realism" must confront the uncomfortable fact that – despite what Fredric Jameson identifies as "the tendency to identify realism with the novel itself as a uniquely modern form (but not necessarily a 'modernist' one)" (10) – nobody (including Jameson) seems especially certain as to what, precisely, their subject *is*. To claim this is not, or not only, to reiterate Jameson's diagnosis that the usual method of defining realism by situating it in "this or that binary opposition in terms of which it has been defined … makes any definitive resolution of the matter impossible" (9) as "the list becomes at least relatively interminable: realism vs. romance, realism vs. epic, realism vs. melodrama, realism vs. idealism,

realism vs. naturalism, (bourgeois or critical) realism vs. socialist realism, and of course, most frequently rehearsed of all, realism vs. modernism"; rather, it is to note that, even after this litany, Jameson seems unable to decide whether he is discussing "the realist novel as a form (so to speak)" (11), "[r]ealism as a form (or mode)," "what we call the novel – or realism!" (14) – an undecidability that nonetheless remains consistent in its intuition that realism is better understood less as "a genre in its own right" (162) than as the grounding of "the 'genres' of the novel as such, genres which not only disappear under modernism, but whose disappearance indeed is at one with their construction and emergence in realism itself." On the basis of this assertion, one could argue that realism, in Jameson's account, is best understood as an *ontology*, if only in the sense necessitated by the (presumably) less-surprising formulation that *literary fiction is ontologically realist.*

This relatively straightforward claim (and the significantly more complex argument within which Jameson situates it), however, suggests that Jameson's discussion of realism stops short of its natural conclusion. Crucial to Jameson's theorization is his identification of "an opposition at work within realism itself" (14); namely, the opposition between "the narrative impulse as such" (15) and "the opposite number of the chronological temporality of the récit" (17), which Jameson decribes as a "descriptive impulse" (15) that extends beyond "the ancient rhetorical trope of ekphrasis," and that "has somehow to do with a present; but with a different kind of presence than the one marked out by our tripartite temporal system of past-present-future, or even by that of the before and after" – an alternative temporal framework that leads Jameson to "identify this present – or what Alexander Kluge calls the 'insurrection of the present against the other temporalities' – as the realm of affect" (17). According to Jameson, these

internal dipoles also reflect "the two chronological endpoints of realism: its genealogy in storytelling and the tale, its future dissolution in the literary representation of affect."

Jameson thus proceeds to offer the understanding of realism around which he structures his argument, identifying it as

> the irrevocable antagonism between the twin (and entwined) forces in question: they are never reconciled, never fold back into one another in some ultimate reconciliation and identity; and the very force and pungency of […] realist writing […] is predicated on that tension, which must remain an impossible one, under pain of losing itself altogether and dissipating if it is ever to be resolved in favor of one of the parties of the struggle. (18)

and arguing that "[w]hat we call realism will thus come into being in the symbiosis of this pure form of storytelling with impulses of scenic elaboration, description, and above all affective investment, which allow it to develop towards a scenic present which in reality, but secretly, abhors the other temporalities which constitute the force of the tale or récit in the first place." Later, he clarifies that "it can be articulated not as récit versus *roman*, nor even telling versus showing; but rather destiny versus the eternal present. And what is crucial is […] to grasp the proposition that realism lies at their intersection. Realism is a consequence of the tension between these two terms; to resolve the opposition either way would destroy it" (33).

Hidden within Jameson's presentation of realism *as* this unmoving dialectic (or, perhaps, as this snapshot of the dialectic in motion)[1], is the fact that he persistently undermines his own definition even in the act of offering it. Indeed, Jameson carefully maintains a millimeter of distance between these "antinomies" that give realism its shape and realism itself, identifying the

1 As Jameson notes, regarding his image of realism, "it is the dialectical formulation which, taken as an image of thought rather than as a philosophical proposition in its own right, still strikes me as the most suggestive: for init positive force becomes negative (quantity changing into quality) without the determination of a threshold being required, and emergence and dissolution are thought together in the unity of a single thought, beyond all-too-human judgements that claim to separate the positive from the negative, the good from the bad" (17). He is adamant, however, that what is relevant in this particular dialectic is not the synthesis toward which it moves, but rather "the irrevocable antagonism" (18) that exists between its constitutive terms.

latter as "the *consequence* of the tension"[2] between the temporalities of narrative and affect, which tension "realist writing […] *is predicated on*"[3] – but something's *predicate* is not the same thing as its *essence*. Indeed, the careful reader will already have realized that the tension that Jameson has identified as the critical component of realism is in reality nothing other than the constitutive element of fiction as such, which cannot but negotiate the tension between the events that it recounts (for, if it does not recount at least one event, it becomes entirely nonsensical to identify a text as fictional, insofar as the fictionality of an account is determined by the relationship obtaining between the events that constitute it and their reality outside of the account itself) and the way in which it recounts them. While such an epiphany might tempt such a reader into dismissing Jameson's account of realism on the spot, to do so would be to stop short – as Jameson himself does – of fully apprehending the shocking *telos* of his claims: the realization that "realism" is nothing other than *self-reflexivity*, and "literary realism" best understood as a historically-localized manifestation of a gesture as old as writing itself – a gesture intrinsic to writing, and arguably equivalent thereto.

To arrive at this realization, it is helpful to turn our attention to one of those "'genres' of the novel as such […] whose disappearance indeed is at one with their construction and emergence in realism itself" although the genre under consideration is one that has not heretofore been identified or theorized. In so doing, we shall follow the example of Stanley Cavell's theorization, in *Pursuits of Happiness*, of "a genre I will call the comedy of remarriage [… that I believe] is the principal group of Hollywood comedies after the advent of sound and therewith one definitive achievement in the history of the art of film" (1981: 1) – an undertaking which

2 Italics added for emphasis.
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Cavell is careful to note consists not in "writing the history of the genre but proposing its logic" (24). As Cavell explains, proposing the logic of a genre in this fashion requires that one "know more definitively what I mean by a genre" (27); as such, he proceeds to trace the outlines of the term, arguing that "a genre emerges full blown, in a particular instance first (or set of them, if they are simultaneous), and then works out its internal consequences in further instances […I]t has no history, only a birth and a logic (or a biology). It has, let us say, prehistory, a setting up of the conditions that it requires for viability […] and it has a posthistory, the story of its fortunes in the rest of the world" (27-28). This situation raises a question for Cavell – "[I]f the genre emerges full-blown, how can later members *add* anything to it?" (28) – which he identifies as being "prompted by a picture of a genre as a form characterized by features, as an object by its properties; accordingly to emerge full-blown must mean to emerge possessing all its features. The answer to the question is that later members can 'add' something to the genre because there is no such thing as 'all its features' [… and] the picture of an object with its properties is a bad one" (28). Instead, Cavell proposes "an alternative idea" of genre; namely, that

> a narrative or dramatic genre might be thought of as a medium in the visual arts might be thought of, or a "form" in music. The idea is that the members of a genre share the inheritance of certain conditions. procedures and subjects and goals of composition, and that in primary art each member of such a genre represents a study of these conditions, something I think of as bearing the responsibility of the inheritance. There is, on this picture, nothing one is tempted to call *the* features of a genre which all of its members have in common.

From these words, one can plainly see what Cavell's title for the introduction to *Pursuits of Happiness* – "Words for a Conversation" – implies: Cavell views a genre less as the designation for a fixed corpus of texts than as the name for a *discourse* that, like any discourse, comes into being in one fell swoop, and then develops as its participating members stake out their respective positions within the conversation they thus constitute.

If transitional periods in the history of representation are thu attended by the emergence of new genres, part of the functioning of which consists in their negotiating the borders and

border-crossings – or the "limits and their transgressions" (8), in Cavell's terminology – between the discourse that preceded them and the new discourse that they are in the process of constituting, then one would expect to find at least one such formation at the threshold separating what Jameson calls the "form (or mode)" of realism from whatever it is that one takes to ultimately displace it as the dominant mode of literary-cultural production. Such a formation indeed presents itself for consideration as soon as one thinks to look for it – and, just as it does for Cavell, its theorization sheds new light on the broader discursive field in which this formation participates.[4] We shall thus turn our attention to three texts – Oscar Wilde's novella *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, Bram Stoker's novel *Dracula*, and Henry James's short story "The Jolly Corner" – that, taken together, can readily be shown to constitute a genre at the outer limits of, but nonetheless still very much a part of, the conversation of Realism, and that, by compassing its circumference, clarify the nature of the realism from which that conversation takes its name.

Based on a consideration of the anatomies of these three texts, one can work backwards to a rough sketch of the general shape of the skeleton of members of the species to which they all belong – a species that, for reasons I will shortly explain, I believe is best named Alienist (rather than Realist) literature. A consideration of these three texts comes no closer to providing an exhaustive account of the previously-unrecognized genre that they here represent than the texts themselves come to exhausting that genre; that is to say, while both may be adequate for the purpose of crystallizing an illuminating theoretical formation, neither is able to do more than squint at the complex internal faceting that distinguishes a jewel from a glittering shard plucked from the topsoil by a lucky, if attentive, wanderer. Nonetheless, from a historicist perspective it is difficult to imagine a trio of texts better suited to the aim of mapping the terrain contained within the borders of Realism than this particular grouping. The first of the three to appear, *The Picture*

4 At this point, it is necessary to introduce a distinction, overlooked by Jameson, between "Realism," the specific and (largely) historically-localizable literary mode that Jameson (et al.) have attempted with only incomplete success to theorize, and "realism" in the broader conceptual sense best encapsulated by the idea of *verisimilitude*, which the twentieth century has (fortunately or unfortunately) already clarified as nothing more (or less) than the condition of being "recognizably similar to experience."

of Dorian Gray, was first published in 1890 – both the inaugural year of the first decade after the advent of the cinema (one recalls André Bazin's assertion that "photography has freed the plastic arts from their obsession with likeness. Painting was forced, as it turned out, to offer us illusion and this illusion was reckoned sufficient unto art. Photography and cinema on the other hand are discoveries that satisfy, once and for all and in its very essence, our obsession with realism" [7 – an assertion that is no less true of prose than of painting, despite its being not *quite* true of either) and the year of the Parnell Affair that would have such a powerful influence on the development of Irish Modernism (and thus literary Modernism writ large). The last, "The Jolly Corner," made its debut in 1908, the same year that saw the beginning of mass production of Henry Ford's Model T (which itself became a symbol for the beginning of a new stage in the history of mass production), a well as the Bosnian Crisis (and, to a lesser extent, the Young Turk Revolution) that would ultimately serve as tinder and kindling for two World Wars and a Holocaust that would remake the world order, proving in the process that the assembly line can unmake human beings *as efficiently as* – or perhaps just *as* – it churns out (other) perishable, more-or-less interchangeable commodities; furthermore, within the first ten years following its publication, American women won their suffrage, the Russian Revolution overthrew Czar Nicholas II, and the horrors of the First World War arose, lingered, and receded. Between the two, one finds *Dracula*, published in 1897 – the year that, according to the *Oxford English Dictionary,* saw the first known use of the word "computer" to refer to a calculating machine, as well as Dalton's discovery of the electron, and the patenting of Thomas Edison's Kinetograph – a major milestone in the development of cinema.

The textual corpus considered here therefore traverses the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth in the conceptual sense as well as the calendric; put simply, they are records of a period in which humanity's understanding of itself was undergoing a significant inflection, and this inflection lies at the root of the most obvious reason for terming

such fictions "Alienist," as they each center around an encounter with an entity that *appears* human, but is in fact an interloper from the realm of the super-natural. This is most readily apparent in the case of *Dracula*, as Mina Harker muses in her diary that the novel's titular menace stands outside of the paradigms of human sympathy or empathy, because "this Thing is not human – not even beast" (Stoker 298), and Van Helsing explains that it is necessary to defeat the vampire "for the sake of humanity.[...] Thus we are ministers of God's own wish: that the world, and men for whom His Son die, will not be given over to monsters, whose very existence would defame Him" (415). Crucially, however, Dracula *used to be human*; indeed, Van Helsing takes care to remark that

> in himself were from the first some great qualities. In a hard and warlike time he was celebrate that he have more iron nerve, more subtle brain, more braver heart, than any man. In him some vital principle have in strange way found their utmost; and as his body keep strong and grow and thrive, so his brain grow too. All this without that diabolic aid which is surely to him; for it have to yield to the powers that come from, and are, symbolic of good. And now this is what he is to us. (416)

It verges on tautology to say that the figure of the vampire entails the survival of something that is superficially human, but dangerously different underneath this deceptive surface, following the end of (a) man – a figure of pure consumption that gluts itself on humankind's essence in order to transcend (or transgress) the most fundamental limit of human experience; in this sense, vampirism is profoundly alien to humanity; indeed, it is rendered by Stoker as a figure for Otherness from the human in a human guise.

It is Dracula's function as a figure for otherness to the human *as such* that is responsible for Van Helsing consistently maintaining that what is most dangerous – indeed, what is *truly* horrifying – about the menace he and his comrades must combat is not the ease with which the vampire can confer death, but rather the possibility he presents of transforming human life as it

had been understood prior to his diabolical machinations into a mere prelude to something fundamentally different, and fundamentally inhumane. “He have infect you—oh, forgive me, my dear, that I must say such; but it is for good of you that I speak” (416), Van Helsing tells Mina, after she has been bitten by Dracula. “He infect you in such wise, that even if he do no more, you have only to live—to live in your own old, sweet way; and so in time, death, which is of man’s common lot and with God’s sanction, shall make you like to him.” It is difficult to imagine a more clear or forceful declaration that the vampire, as *Dracula*’s figure for what Van Helsing calls “the dead Un-Dead” (270), represents an imagined future humanity that has changed so violently as to no longer be worthy of its name.

The question of likeness points directly to the last critical component of Count Dracula’s alienness – namely, the fact that mirrors cannot show his reflection, which is the first compelling evidence of his inhumanity encountered by either the novel’s readers or its human characters. Jonathan Harker recounts the scene in his journal:

> I had hung my shaving glass by the window, and was just beginning to shave. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count’s voice saying to me, “Good-morning.” I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the glass covered the whole room behind me. In starting I had cut myself slightly, but did not notice it at the moment. Having answered the Count’s salutation, I turned to the glass again to see how I had been mistaken. This time there could be no error, for the man was close to me, and I could see him over my shoulder. But there was no reflection of him in the mirror! The whole room behind me was displayed; but there was no sign of a man in it, except myself. (37-38)

Here, Jonathan is interrupted in the act of shaving (itself a prime instance of the regularities of the life of (a) man) by the appearance of a figure resistant to the mirror’s capacity for *reflecting* the world due to that figure’s not belonging to the world that the mirror reflects, regardless of whether one takes “the world that the mirror reflects” to be to the “real” world of the novel’s diegesis, or the world of Realism.

Each of the salient elements of *Dracula* operation as a work of Alienist literature in this first sense can be readily detected in *The Picture of Dorian Gray,* as well; indeed, the former can be read as an extended treatment of the mirror scene in *Dracula.* Wilde's novella turns on Dorian's fateful declaration, early in the text, that "'If it were I who was to be always young, and the picture that was to grow old! For that — for that — I would give everything! Yes, there is nothing in the whole world I would not give! I would give my soul for that!'" (31); as soon as this offer is accepted, Dorian becomes as alien to mankind as Dracula: a soulless predator, immune to the ravages of time, who satiates his decadent appetite with human suffering. As with Dracula, the text makes clear that the greatest threat Dorian poses to others arises from the fact that his aberrancy is potentially contagious, as when Basil Hallward pleads to Dorian: "'You have a wonderful influence. Let it be for good, not for evil. They say that you corrupt every one with whom you become intimate, and that it is quite sufficient for you to enter a house for shame of some kind to follow after. I don't know whether it is so or not. How should I know? But it is said of you'" (196) – or when Alan Campbell, another former friend of Dorian's, kills himself after Dorian forces him to dispose of Basil's murdered body toward the end of the tale.

As these events unfold, Dorian's distance from humanity – and the "unrealistic" nature of that difference – likewise causes mirrors to fail to return an accurate reflection when faced with his deceptively-unblemished countenance. At the beginning of the story, prior to Dorian's fatal bargain, Wilde describes Basil looking at the titular picture of Dorian that he has painted and appreciating "the gracious and comely form he had so skillfully mirrored in his art" (6); after realizing the nature of "the horrible sympathy that existed between him and the picture" (139), however, Dorian muses that "[t]his portrait would be to him the most magical of mirrors. As it

had revealed to him his own body, so it would reveal to him his own soul" (139-140) – an identification that already presumes that the simple reflective function of the mirror is no longer operative. Indeed, while Wilde takes pains to distinguish Dorian the protagonist of the book that sends him spiraling into depravity by noting that "In one point he was more fortunate than the novel's fantastic hero. He never knew – never, indeed, had any cause to know – that somewhat grotesque dread of mirrors, and polished metal surfaces, and still water which came upon the young Parisian so early in his life, and was occasioned by the sudden decay of a beau that had once, apparently, been so remarkable" (166), the story closes with Dorian "flinging […a] mirror on the floor [… and crushing] it into silver splinters beneath his heel" (288), and then declaring his portrait that "an unjust mirror, this mirror of his soul that he was looking at" (291) when the painting fails to register any trace of his paltry attempts to erase its record of his past transgressions with more recent acts of highly performative "goodness."

In addition to focusing around a titular character whose post-human otherness threatens to corrupt humanity so deeply that it renders the superficial, mechanical "insight" afforded by mirrors meaningless meaningless, *The Picture of Dorian Gray* also provides the clearest example of the second, and most significant, reason why what I am calling "Alienist literature" warrants this appellation: As a genre, its central trope is *alienation* in the Hegelian sense. As Marcello Musto explains, "the first systematic account of alienation was in the work of G.W.F. Hegel, who in *The Phenomenology of Spirit* (1807) adopted the terms *Entäusserung* (literally self-externalization or renunciation) and *Entfremdung* (estrangement) to denote Spirit's becoming other than itself in the realm of objectivity" (79). In the "Preface to the New Edition (1967)" of *History and Class Consciousness*, Georg Lukács argues "it is in Hegel that we first encounter

alienation as the fundamental problem of the place of man in the world and *vis-à-vis* the world. However, in the term alienation he includes every type of objectification. Thus 'alienation' when taken to its logical conclusion is identical with objectification" (xxiii). Lukács is adamant that this identification elides the crucial difference between the valences of the two terms, because

> objectification is indeed a phenomenon that cannot be eliminated from human life in society. If we bear in mind that every externalization of an object in practice (and hence, too, in work) is an objectification, that every human expression including speech objectifies human thoughts and feelings, then it is clear that we are dealing with a universal mode of commerce between men. And in so far as this is the case, objectification is a neutral phenomenon; the true is as much an objectification as the false, liberation as much as enslavement. (xxiv)

Thus, he argues, "only when the objectified forms in society acquire functions that bring the essence of man into conflict with his existence, only when man's nature is subjugated, deformed and crippled can we speak of an objective societal condition of alienation and, as an inexorable consequence, of all the subjective marks of an internal alienation." Lukács fails to attend, however, to the persistence of an integral relationship between the two operations, and hence the ways that, if "the alienation of man is a crucial problem of the age in which we live" (xxii), this problem most likely carries along with it an interest in alienation in the broader sense implied by *Entäusserung*, or self-externalization in general. As the internal limit of a form of literary Realism in which "the realist mode is closely associated with the bourgeoisie and the coming into being of bourgeois daily life" (11), as Jameson argues, works of Alienist literature break from more standard Realist texts by taking up a broad cultural preoccupation with the economic alienation characteristic of the dawning century in the form of narratives of the literal extraction of part of oneself from oneself, and the subsequent sublation of the terms of this newly-constituted dialectic. Along this line of inquiry, the failure of mirrors to render accurate reflections in these texts figures not the incommensurability of the texts' "monstrous" antagonists

with previously-established images of the human, but rather an alienation so profound that it defies the laws of physics and estranges the self from its own reflection, such that the protagonists' distorted reflections become figures for the otherness-from-themselves that antagonizes them until they are able to dialectically synthesize it back into something resembling a recognizable human life-world.

If it is self-evident that *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, the story of a man who externalizes his soul into a painting of himself such that he can encounter himself as an object, is a paradigmatic piece of Alienist literature in this second sense, it is still worth pausing briefly over the story's close, which provides a paradigmatic example of this Alienist dialectic. After condemning his portrait as an "unjust mirror" for seeing through his self-serving attempts to repent, Dorian quickly realizes that his efforts were inadequate: "Vanity? Curiosity? Hypocrisy? Had there been nothing more in his renunciation than that? There had been something more. At least he thought so. But who could tell? … No. There had been nothing more. Through vanity he had spared her. In hypocrisy he had worn the mask of goodness. For curiosity's sake he had tried the denial of self. He recognized that now" (291). By virtue of alienating himself through a literal act of self-objectification – for although Basil painted the portrait (and repeatedly avers that he "'put too much of myself into it'" (7, 150), it is Dorian who invests it with his soul – Dorian is brought into confrontation with himself-as-other; indeed, Wilde even remarks that the picture "had been like conscience to him. Yes, it had been conscience" (291), an identification that leads Dorian to decide that "[h]e would destroy it" (291), and with it all evidence of his transgressions. When he moves to do so, however, slashing the paper with the same knife that he used to kill the (other) artist who brought it into being, he screams and falls down dead, and the tale's final

paragraph recounts what the servants who discover his body find: “Hanging upon the wall a splendid portrait of their master as they had last seen him, in all the wonder of his exquisite youth and beauty. Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart. He was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was” (247-48). Dorian’s progressive re-incorporation of the portrait that he is facing, as he thinks first that it “had been like conscience to him” before affirming this thought by solidifying what was initially posited as a simile into the firmer affirmation of either a metaphor or a literal assertion (“Yes, it had been conscience”) results in the dialectic of corporeal and spiritual Dorians resolving into a synthesis that both consists of and is reflected by the fact that, once Dorian conceptually re-unites himself and his portrait, the boundaries between the two become porous, with violence done against the painting registering on the subject it represents, rather than the representation itself, and the spiritual scars that the painting had previously borne in Dorian’s stead are transposed back to their rightful site.

If it is more difficult to see how *Dracula* fits this pattern, it is almost certainly due to the ways that the novel’s many cinematic adaptations have modified their source material. Indeed, the novel goes to almost comical lengths to establish its central conflict as an agon of self-alienation such as has been described above, through the otherwise incomprehensibly-protracted subplot concerning the three suitors and one widowed doctor men whose love for Lucy Westenra leads them all to transfuse their blood into her veins, where it is promptly consumed by Dracula. One of Lucy’s disappointed suitors, Quincy Jones, makes this point explicit, when he exclaims of Lucy: “‘I guess, Jack Seward, that that poor pretty creature that we all love has had put into her veins within that time the blood of four strong men. Man alive, her whole body wouldn’t hold it.’

Then, coming close to me, he spoke in a fierce half-whisper: 'What took it out?'" (168); coupled with the fact that vampires acquire the strength of those on whom they feed, as Van Helsing explains, this means that Dracula "have always the strength in his hand of twenty men; even we four who gave our strength to Miss Lucy it also is all to him" (223). When one recalls that Dracula also fed on Jonathan Harker, during his imprisonment at his castle, and on Mina not long after Lucy's death, it becomes apparent that *Dracula* also stages a drama of self-alienation in which its antagonist's antagonism consists of his consisting of alienated externalizations of all of its protagonists – and although having one's blood consumed by a vampire is only arguably an instance of self-externalization, offering one's blood for a transfusion is significantly less ambiguously so. Furthermore, when Dracula is discovered in the process of beginning to turn Mina, the language of the text presents the scene in such a way that it is not entirely clear whether Dracula is drinking Mina's blood, or forcing Mina to drink his, thus enabling the scene to be read as an instance, like Dorian's identification of his portrait as his conscience, of the synthesis of the self and the other that it has alienated from itself:

> With his left hand he held both Mrs. Harker's hands, keeping them away with her arms at full tension; his right hand gripped her by the back of the neck, forcing her face down on his bosom. Her white nightdress was smeared with blood, and a thin stream trickled down the man's bare breast which was shown by his torn-open dress. The attitude of the two had a terrible resemblance to a child forcing a kitten's nose into a saucer of milk to compel it to drink. (308)

If one follows the implications of these lines, and considers that Mina begins to turn into a vampire following this interaction, while Dracula feeding on Jonathan has no such effect, it appears that *Dracula*, like *The Picture of Dorian Grey*, concludes with the re-incorporation of the term of the dialectic posited as an antithesis to the human precipitating the self's subsequent destruction of its now-superfluous Other, thereby restoring the world a recognizably human order.

The above is not, however, the only way that *Dracula* – or other works of Alienist literature – embody the genre's preoccupation with alienation, for as Lukác's contention that "[i]f we bear in mind that every externalization of an object in practice (and hence, too, in work) is an objectification, that every human expression including speech objectifies human thoughts and feelings, then it is clear that we are dealing with a universal mode of commerce between men" reminds us, self-externalization is also the banner beneath which all forms of *inscription* marshal their forces; thus, any consideration of the material production of texts within texts is also a means of taking up the problematic of alienation. In *The Picture of Dorian Grey*, this function is filled primarily by the portrait itself, as well as the extensive focus (and commentary) on various forms of artistic production (painting, acting, witty banter, et al.) that permeates the text, and finally by the book from the influence of which "Dorian Gray could not free himself […] indeed, the whole book seemed to him to contain the story of his own life, written before he had lived it" (142). In *Dracula*, one finds it instead in the novel's melange of journals entries, newspaper articles, letters, and phonograph transcriptions – and indeed, one can credibly argue that the primary drama of the novel consists not of the supernatural events that it recounts, but in the process of collating and arranging the fragments produced by multiple distinct consciousnesses into such order that those composing the fragments are able to synthesize their experiences into a thorough enough understanding of their situation that the danger they face might be averted.

In addition to manifesting every one of the generic traits previously discussed, Henry James's "The Jolly Corner" provides a sterling example of the third sense of "Alienist" requisite for a text to qualify as a work of Alienist literature: that of "alienism," or psychology. To apprehend the shape of this construction, however, requires an aerial perspective – or, as Martin

Heidegger would say, a "world picture" (*passim*). In "The Age of The World Picture," Heidegger argues that the essential difference between modernity and previous eras is that in modernity, "the very essence of man itself changes, in that man becomes subject. [...]The word names that-which-lies-before, which, as ground, gathers everything onto itself. […] However, when man becomes the primary and only real *subiectum*, that means: Man becomes that being upon which all that is, is grounded as regards the manner of its Being and its truth. Man becomes the relational center of that which is as such" (128). He goes on to explain that "world picture, when understood essentially, does not mean a picture of the world but the world conceived and grasped as picture" (129), and that "[t]he fact that whatever is comes into being and through representedness transforms the age in which this occurs into a new age in contrast with the preceding one. […] The world picture does not change from an earlier medieval one into a modern one, but rather the fact that the world becomes picture at all is what distinguishes the essence of the modern age" (130). Thus, in modernity,

> to represent means to bring what is present at hand before oneself as something standing over against, relate it oneself, the one representing it, and to force it back into this relationship to oneself as the normative realm. Wherever this happens, man "gets into the picture" in precedence over whatever is. But in that man puts himself into the picture in this way, he puts himself into the scene, i.e., into the open sphere of that which is generally and publicly represented. Therewith man sets himself up as the setting in which whatever is must henceforth set itself forth, must present itself, i.e., be picture. Man becomes the representative of that which is, in the sense of that which has the character of object. (132)

Thus, for Heidegger, in modernity subjectivity is defined by man's understanding of his dual role as at once creator and beholder of his image of the world; that is, his dual role as painter and spectator – or, perhaps, writer and reader – of his own experience of reality.

Heidegger's essay functions almost as a blueprint for James's short story, which, like *Dracula* and *The Portrait of Dorian Grey* introduces a super-natural figure that is in essence an objectification of the protagonist's interiority, here in the form of Spencer Brydon's projection of

an alter ego for himself, into an otherwise-realistic milieu in order to interrogate the relationship between the self and its others. The story begins with Spencer Brydon complaining that "'Every one asks me what I 'think' of everything […] and I make answer as I can—begging or dodging the question, putting them off with any nonsense. It wouldn't matter to any of them really[… ,] for, even were it possible to meet in that stand-and-deliver way so silly a demand on so big a subject, my 'thoughts' would still be almost altogether about something that concerns only myself" (3). While he thus initially resists connections with the outside world, Brydon begins to walk around his childhood home at night, obsessed with meeting his "alter ego" (*passim*), a ghostly version of the man he would have been had he never moved away from that house in order to live abroad that both he and his friend Alice Staverton believe is somehow present in the house. Even as he stalks his spectral doppelganger, Brydon muses to himself that the spirits of longing and regret that he feels haunting the house "weren't really sinister; at least they weren't as he had hitherto felt them—before they had taken the Form he so yearned to make them take, the Form he at moments saw himself in the light of fairly hunting on tiptoe, the points of his evening shoes, from room to room and from storey to storey" (21) – a description that cannot but call to mind James himself, seeking the "Form" of "storey" after "storey" as he wanders the halls and peers through the million windows of the "house of fiction" that he describes in his Preface to *The Portrait of a Lady.*

Initially, Brydon is profoundly unsure whether he is scaring himself; "He wasn't afraid" (22), writes James, "and this indeed—since here at least he might be frank!—because of the impression, so intimate and so strange, that he himself produced as yet a dread, produced certainly a strain, beyond the liveliest he was likely to feel" (22-23), leading James to remark that

"[t]hey fell for him into categories, they fairly became familiar, the signs, for his own perception, of the alarm his presence and his vigilance created; though leaving him always to remark, portentously, on his probably having formed a relation, his probably enjoying a consciousness, unique in the experience of man" (23). When Brydon finally senses that something has actually happened, James tells us, "[t]here came to him, as I say—but determined by an influence beyond my notation!—the acuteness of this certainty; under which however the next moment he had broken into a sweat that he would as little have consented to attribute to fear as he would have dared immediately to act upon it for enterprise. It marked none the less a prodigious thrill, a thrill that represented sudden dismay, no doubt, but also represented, and with the selfsame throb, the strangest, the most joyous, possibly the next minute almost the proudest, duplication of consciousness" (26). What follows is a truly astonishing scene of psychological self-estrangement and reunification through a certain kind of empathetic imagnation. First, Brydon decides he is a worthy adversary for himself, thinking that "if it was his other self he was running to earth, this ineffable identity was thus in the last resort not unworthy of him" (26). This leads Brydon to an experience of identification with the self-alienated-self-as-other that James appropriately speculates "tasted probably of a sensation more complex than had ever before found itself consistent with sanity. It was as if it would have shamed him that a character so associated with his own should triumphantly succeed in just skulking, should to the end not risk the open; so that the drop of this danger was, on the spot, a great lift of the whole situation." Already, one begins to see Brydon's experience of his experience beginning to bifurcate, as he projects part of his consciousness outward and looks back at himself through its eyes.

Brydon goes on experiencing the encounter between his selves from both sides at once, as "with another rare shift of the same subtlety he was already trying to measure by how much more he himself might now be in peril of fear; so rejoicing that he could, in another form, actively inspire that fear, and simultaneously quaking for the form in which he might passively know it." This experience of the double-role described by Heidegger – the self as at once the source and subject of perceptual reality – leads Brydon to swoon:

> The apprehension of knowing it must after a little have grown in him, and the strangest moment of his adventure perhaps, the most memorable or really most interesting, afterwards, of his crisis, was the lapse of certain instants of concentrated conscious combat, the sense of a need to hold on to something, even after the manner of a man slipping and slipping on some awful incline; the vivid impulse, above all, to move, to act, to charge, somehow and upon something—to show himself, in a word, that he wasn't afraid. (27)

After coming nearly face to face with his alter ego in a scene that would read as if Brydon were mistaking his reflection for another person, were it not for the fact that the other Brydon is missing two fingers, Brydon truly does black out; when he comes to, he is being nursed back to health by Alice, at which point he realizes that he has feelings for Alice (that she reciprocates), and promptly disavows any identity between himself and the figure he encountered. When Alice announces that she did not find the figure loathsome, Brydon points out that he is still richer for having Alice's love: 'He has a million a year,' he lucidly added. 'But he hasn't you.' 'And he isn't—no, he isn't—you!' she murmured, as he drew her to his breast" (47). As such, the story closes by declaring itself to be, ultimately, an inquiry into what makes one oneself; a thematic self-reflexivity that the story presents as powerfully interwoven with the representational or medial self-reflexivity that permeates its telling.

This third sense in which Alienist fiction earns its name also undergirds the gradual "deterioration of protagonicity" (139) that Jameson identifies as taking place over the historical

course of Realism, displacing the figure of the hero while (or by) maintaining a concomitant commitment to what Jameson calls "the construction of bourgeois subjectivity" (11), which as "a certain sensory heterogeneity is disguised as that absolute homogeneity we call style, and a new phenomenological continuum begins to emerge, which is that of the play and variations, the expansion and contraction, the intensification and diminution, of that nameless new life of the body which is affect. Affect becomes the very chromaticism of the body itself" (59). According to Jameson, these affects are differentiated from "the system of the old named emotions" (46) on the basis of a divergent temporality; while emotions are fundamentally narrative and sequential, "a temporality specific to affect, which I will call the sliding scale of the incremental, in which each infinitesimal moment differentiates itself from the last by a modification of tone and an increase or diminution of intensity" (60); furthermore, he notes,

> reference to the other, more material arts is unescapable in this context, not only because it is here a question of the body and its sensations, far more tangibly deployed in music and the visual arts; but also because such an account must necessarily remain external to the thing itself, a language from the outside, which must necessarily be called upon to characterize the structure of language effects, let alone the lived experiences of the body as such.

Jameson's account of Realism is not terribly different from that offered by D.A. Miller in *The Novel and The Police.* Like Jameson, Miller argues that the novel is fundamentally a tool of "social discipline" (16) that explicitly disavows more ostentatious mechanisms of discipline while implicitly advancing a common project "to confirm the novel-reader in his identity as 'liberal subject,' a term with which I allude not just to the subject whose private life, mental or domestic, is felt to provide constant inarguable evidence of his constitutive 'freedom,' but also to, broadly speaking, the political regime that sets store by this subject" (x); furthermore, where Jameson talks about bringing nameless affects into representability, Miller contends that "the 'disavowal' of the police by its disciplinary substitute allows the latter to exercise power at other,

less visible levels, and in other, more effective modes" (20), as "the novel's own repudiation of policing power can be seen not to depart from, but to extend the pattern of this discreet *Aufhebung.* Whenever the novel censures policing-power, it has already reinvented it, in *the very practice of novelistic representation*." It does not take much effort to see Jameson and Miller's claims as two angles of approach to a common point: the Realist novel was designed to sculpt what we understand as subjectivity out of the raw material of those still squinting at the harsh glare of the Enlightenment.

What is less readily apparent is that both Jameson's account of Realism as the bringing-into-representability of nameless affects in a perpetual present and Miller's claim that the Realist novel polices subjects by revealing them as subject to its systems of representations are in fact simply variations on Heidegger's claim that we experience the text(s) of our experience both in the linear time of the audience and the sensational present of the creator. If, as Heidegger begins his essay by averring, "in metaphysics reflection is accomplished concerning the essence of what is and a decision takes place regarding the essence of truth" (115), and thus "[m]etaphysics grounds an age, in that through a specific interpretation of what is and through a specific comprehension of truth it gives to that age the basis upon which it is essentially formed. This basis holds complete dominion over all the phenomena that distinguish the age," then *reality* is always self-reflexive, and in modernity, it is self-consciously so – which would, in turn, suggest that *realism*, or the sense of fidelity to reality, involves thematizing this self-reflexivity – interrogating one's own status and uncertain relationship to reality by way of questioning making the act of representation self-conscious, and being conscious of the fact that "reality" consists of the way the self represents its representations to itself. As Lukács writes, "when the identical subject-object transcends alienation it must also transcend objectification at the same time. But as,

according to Hegel, the object, the thing exists only as an alienation from self-consciousness, to take it back into the subject would mean the end of objective reality and thus of any reality at all" (xiii). What emerges is a kind of meta-self-reflexivity, in which artist and artwork mutually objectify each other as the means of establishing their legitimacy as subjects, that becomes the grounds for the kind of *intersubjectivity* that allows for immanence to fill the void left behind with the withering of a transcendental, universal real. Not coincidentally, this definition of realism is essentially the same as the definition of Modernism offered by Stanley Cavell in "A Matter of Meaning It," in which he argues that the only proof of the authenticity of a work of "modern" art is that it performs an uncertainty about its own authenticity; that is, about the status of its representations. Thus, all three senses in which Alienist fiction has been called Alienist reduce to the same thing: they all reflect historical shifts in the (self-)understanding (and thus the constitution) of the subject and its relationships to itself and (and as) its other(s); that is to say, they seek to reflect our experience of being in our world and/as the movement of the dialectic.

We are now almost ready to go – we need look only at a mirror, a vampire, and another mirror, and we can call it a night. First, let us gaze one last time into *Dracula*'s mirror, and figure its failure fully: it does *not* fail to return an image of most of the world, but it responds to Dracula himself representationally, rather than reflectively. Next, let us recall Marx's assertion, in *Capital: Volume One*, that "Capital is dead labour, that, vampire-like, only lives by sucking living labour, and lives the more, the more labour it sucks. The time during which the labourer works, is the time during which the capitalist consumes the labour-power he has purchased of him" (257). Finally, let us close with the mirror from Lukács' *The Theory Of The Novel:*

> In Hegel himself […] art becomes problematic precisely because
> reality has become non-problematic. The idea put forward in *The Theory of the Novel*, although formally similar, is in fact the complete opposite of this: the problems of the novel form, are here

> the mirror-image of a world gone out of joint. This is why the 'prose' of life is here only a symptom, among many others, of the fact that reality no longer constitutes a favourable soil for art; that is why the central problem of the novel is the fact that art has to write off the closed and total forms which stem from a rounded totality of being—that art has nothing more to do with any world of forms that is immanently complete in itself. And this is not for artistic but for historico-philosophical reasons: 'there is no longer any spontaneous totality of being', the author of *The Theory of the Novel* says of present-day reality. A few years later Gottfried Benn put the same thought in another way: "... there was no reality, only, at most, its distorted image." (17-18)

"Although *The Theory of the Novel* is, in the ontological sense, more critical and more thoughtful than the expressionist poet's view, the fact nevertheless remains that both were expressing similar feeling about life and reacting to the present in a similar way," adds Lukács, before finishing with a flourish worthy of any piece of Alienist fiction: "During the 1930s, this gave rise to a somewhat grotesque situation in which Ernst Bloch invoked *The Theory of the Novel* in his polemic against the Marxist, Georg Lukács."

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