External references for first lecture on Tom McCarthy, *Remainder*
I was probably about 18 or 19 when I read *Ulysses* and that taught me how to write. As Leopold Bloom wanders around town, you get his complete thought processes, but it’s threaded through the whole city. What Joyce is doing is creating electricity. He’s wiring a whole territory – both the book and the city – with these connections and nodes and transfers and switches. Everything becomes this huge network in which any division between outer space and inner space collapses. There’s a total consistency and continuity. And I love that – it’s what life is actually like. It’s what literature should try and somehow produce.
Freud, *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* (1919)

“The patient cannot remember the whole of what is repressed in him, and what he cannot remember may be precisely the essential part of it. Thus he acquires no sense of conviction of the correctness of the construction that has been communicated to him. He is obliged to repeat the repressed material as a contemporary experience instead of, as the physician would prefer to see, remembering it as something belonging to the past.”
pressing morrow, I raised to my lips a spoonful of the tea in which I had soaked a morsel of the cake. No sooner had the warm liquid mixed with the crumbs touched my palate than a shiver ran through me and I stopped, intent upon the extraordinary thing that was happening to me.

And I begin again to ask myself what it could have been, this unremembered state which brought with it no logical proof, but the indisputable evidence, of its felicity, its reality, and in whose presence other states of consciousness melted and vanished. I want to try to make it reappear. I retrace my thoughts to the moment at which I drank the first spoonful of tea. I rediscover the same state, illuminated by no fresh light. I ask my mind to make one further effort, to bring back once more the fleeting sensation. And so that nothing may interrupt it in its course I shut out every obstacle, every extraneous idea, I stop my ears and screen my attention from the sounds from the next room. And then, feeling that my mind is
bles of the restaurant in Paris. Always, when these resurrections took place, the distant scene engendered around the common sensation had for a moment grappled, like a wrestler, with the present scene. Always the present scene had come off victorious, and always the vanquished one had appeared to me the more beautiful of the two, so beautiful that I had remained in a state of ecstasy on the uneven paving-stones or before the cup of tea, endeavouring to prolong or to reproduce the momentary appearances of the Combray or the Balbec or the Venice which invaded only to be driven back, which rose up only at once to abandon me in the midst of the new scene which somehow, nevertheless, the past had been able to permeate. And if the present scene had not very quickly been victorious, I believe that I should have lost consciousness;
for so complete are these resurrections of the past during the second that they last, that they not only oblige our eyes to cease to see the room which is near them in order to look instead at the railway bordered with trees or the rising tide, they even force our nostrils to breathe the air of places which are in fact a great distance away, and our will to choose between the various projects which those distant places suggest to us, they force our whole self to believe that it is surrounded by these places or at least to waver doubtfully between them and the places where we now are, in a dazed uncertainty such as we feel sometimes when an indescribably beautiful vision presents itself to us at the moment of our falling asleep.
John Cage, 4’3” (1952)

‘jacking in’

- Neuromancer
- Matrix
- Dollhouse
- Avalon
- Ghost in the Shell
- eXistenZ
- .hack//SIGN
- The Thirteenth Floor
- Also: Vanilla Sky, Mulholland Drive, The Truman Show, Fight Club
6. For us – necrons, modern lovers of debris, radio and jetstreams – things are precisely the other way round: what is most real for us is not form, or God, but matter, the brute materiality of the external world. We celebrate the imperfection of matter and somatize that imperfection on a daily basis.

10. In short, against idealism in philosophy and idealist or transcendent conceptions of art. of art as pure and perfect form, we set a doctrine of poetic or necronautical materialism akin to Bataille’s notion of Tinorme or ‘the formless’: a universe that ‘resembles nothing’ and ‘gets itself squashed everywhere, like a spider or earthworm’. This is the universe that must be navigated. And, as Moby Dick’s narrator Ishmael knows all too well as he floats on the decorated coffin that has become his life raft, navigation is a difficult art. [...]

7.2 The other option is to let things thing, to let matter matter, to let the orange orange and the flower flower. On the second slope, we take the side of things and try and evoke their nocturnal, mineral quality. This is, for us, the essence of poetry as it is expressed in Francis