

1. Colson Whitehead, *The Intuitionist* (1999):

[brief context: Lila Mae is reading a book by James Fulton about elevators]:

So no, Lila Mae sees, he [James Fulton] does not believe in the perfect elevator. He creates a doctrine of transcendence that is as much a lie as his life. But then something happens. Something happens that makes him believe, switch from the novel but diffuse generalities of Volume One to the concrete Intuitionist methodology of Volume Two. Now he wants that perfect elevator that will lift him away from here and devises solid method from his original satire. What did his sister say to him. What did he wish after their meeting. Family? That there could be, in the world he invented to parody his enslavers, a field [of study] where he could be whole? A joke has no purpose if you cannot share it with anyone. Lila Mae thinks, Intuitionism is communication. That simple. Communication with what is not-you. When he gives lectures to his flock, years later, they are not aware of what he is truly speaking. *The elevator world will look like Heaven but not the Heaven you have reckoned.*

2. Jennifer Egan, *A Visit from the Goon Squad* (2010): see attached

3. Don DeLillo, *Zero K*. (2016):

[setting: a remote complex of buildings; visitors are instructed in a new philosophical doctrine]:

This was their design [those who conceived of the plan for the buildings / interiors], all of it, the tone and flow, the half-sunken structure itself and everything inside it. [. . .]

This was their aesthetic of seclusion and concealment, all the elements that I found so eerie and disembodied. The empty halls, the color patterns, the office doors that did or did not open into an office. The mazelike moments, time suspended, content blunted, the lack of explanation. I thought of the movie screens that appeared and vanished, the silent films, the mannequin with no face. I thought of my room, the uncanny plainness of it, the nowhere-ness, conceived and designed as such, and the rooms like it, maybe five hundred or a thousand, and the idea made me feel again that I was dwindling into indistinctness.

[. . .]

I didn't know what else to say, what to do, where to go. Three, four, five days, however long I'd been here – time compressed, time drawn tight, overlapping time, dayless, nightless, many doors, no windows. I understood of course that this place was located at the far margins of plausibility. He'd said so himself. No one could make this up, he'd said. This was the point, their point, in three dimensions. A literal landmark of implausibility.