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Post-Gothic Traces in Ian McEwan's *Solar*

Abstract: Revolving around the notion of climate change as the premise of life extinction scenarios, with all the anxieties activated by the prospect of humanity's end, *Solar*, McEwan's novel of 2010, captures – in a post-Gothic narrative frame – the global debates around modes of producing alternative energy that may ensure the survival of the planet. Filtered through the cultural lens of parody and pastiche, the Gothic mode is accommodated in Ian McEwan's narrative of climate catastrophe within the threefold casing of (post)domestic Gothic, Globalgothic and Ecogothic.

Keywords: Ian McEwan; Globalgothic; Ecogothic; Domestic Gothic; Anthropocene.

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For a writer accustomed to exploring the neo-Gothic sensibility of contemporaneity, in novels such as *The Cement Garden* (1978), *The Comfort of Strangers* (1981) and *The Child in Time* (1987), deploying the all-too familiar tropes of domestic Gothic – dysfunctional families, excessive violence, alienation, transgression and psychotic behavior – in his 2010 text about a philandering scientist devoted to finding renewable energy sources may come as little surprise. *Solar* does, indeed, feature the dissolution of domestic spaces and the troubled gendered relations that render individuals of either sex entrapped into structures of familial sociality, but it also marks a foray into modes of defamiliarizing the conventional elements of traditional dark romance plots as “the increased mobility and fluidity of [today's globalized] culture leads to the emergence of new Gothic forms”.¹ In charting the transcultural flows that globalization sets into motion, McEwan's *Solar* may be said to instantiate a form of what Glennis Byron identifies as Globalgothic, which, on the one hand, is tributary to the Ur-Gothic of Enlightenment times, in the sense that it summons back into actuality, in a parodic vein, “a gothic tied to past notions of Enlightenment modernity”, by consuming and recycling certain

persistent motifs: [...] for example, or the continual returns to the monstrous potential of science or technology.”² At the same time, Globalgothic articulates the traumas produced by the process of globalization itself, emphasizing anxieties about

the impact of transnational capitalism or the workings of technology. [...] Globalization itself, then, becomes a gothic manifestation, a material and psychic invasion, a force of contamination and dominance. It is, above all, the combination of these two responses to globalization – the exploitation of what globalization enables and produces combined with the frequent demonization of its processes – that characterizes what we are here calling globalgothic. The conjunction of the two terms, then, enacts a kind of reversal and transvaluation in which [...] gothic is globalized – reproduced, consumed, recycled – and globalization is gothicked – made monstrous, spectral, vampiric.³

The geopolitical compass of McEwan’s narrative does, indeed, register the worldwide dissemination of menacing figurations of the disruptive effects of globalization, exacerbated consumerism and profit-driven techno-scientific innovation, but it focalizes more specifically on a branch of Globalgothic that scholars such as Andrew Smith and William Hughes describe as Ecogothic. Basically, the formulaic plot of an Ecogothic narrative would be as follows: “Humans are cast adrift in an alien, hostile environment, encountering monsters unleashed by the destructive force of a consumerist, solipsistic society.”⁴

McEwan’s narrative echoes the rhetoric of planetarity developed in critical-theoretical responses to the bleak prospects of species supremacism and anthropogenic ecocide (climate catastrophe, species extinction, the entropic dissipation of the globe’s resources, the impending advent of unthinkable ultimate “events”). The novel records a necessary conceptual shift from capitalist globalization and the “inhumanity of the system”⁵ which turns nature into sources of profit to a post-anthropocentric emphasis on the possibilities of world-ecology and planet-centered technology. As Elias and Moraru define it, the “planetary turn” represents a departure from a vision of globalized earth or of “the *globe* as financial-technocratic system toward *planet* as world-ecology.”⁶

Mindful of the ethical imperatives of the “planetary turn,” which advocates a discourse of ecological awareness on the millennial cusp,⁷ my paper examines Ian McEwan’s novel *Solar* (2010) as a neo-Gothic narrative that condenses the contemporary disaster-and-redemption logic of the “ecocidal sublime” at the millennial turn.⁸ Revolving around the notion of climate change as the premise of life extinction scenarios, with all the anxieties activated by the prospect of humanity’s end, McEwan’s text captures – in a post-Gothic narrative frame – the global debates around modes of producing alternative energy that may ensure the survival of threatened life forms and of the planet itself. As Rosi Braidotti puts it in her foray into *The Posthuman*,

Climate change is an unintended consequence of human actions as a species [...]. This not only inaugurates a negative or reactive form

of pan-human planetary bond, which recomposes humanity around a commonly shared bond of vulnerability, but also connects the human to the fate of other species. Death and destruction are the common denominators for this transversal alliance.⁹

Moreover, Baidotti asserts, the “post-human condition introduces a qualitative shift in our thinking about what exactly is the basic unit of common reference for our species, our polity and our relationship to the other inhabitants of this planet.”¹⁰ For McEwan, the posthuman is also coeval with a relinquishment of the humanist shibboleth of anthropocentrism as the guarantee of species supremacism and with the need to establish transversal alliances between individuals, collectivities, cultures or life forms.

Post-Domestic Gothic

As the motto¹¹ to the novel suggests, both the world at large and the protagonist are hovering on the brink of destruction because of reckless practices of overconsumption that have brought about the dissipation and depletion of their energy reserves. In fact, the realization of the world’s “mortality”, of its horizon of finitude because the earth’s energy resources are “wasting away,” grants the protagonist – Michael Beard, a physicist of “planetary renown”¹² – the satisfaction that his life is not the only one dissipating its potential.

Divided into three sections, all set in the first decade of the third millennium, the novel maps the disarray of a world whose center no longer holds, a world threatened by environmental devastation

of such magnitude that its end is almost well in sight. Collapsing the difference between private and public, the narrative also depicts the sterility of the protagonist’s existential and scientific endeavors, highlighting the complex of guilt that he adamantly attempts to conceal and suppress but surfaces with a vengeance, fracturing his sense of identity and ultimately imperiling his reputation and his life.

In Part One, describing events of the year 2000, Michael Beard starts out as a childless sexagenarian whose five marriages and endless affairs suggest that his erotic consumerism is symptomatic of his self-centered incapacity to genuinely relate to and accommodate the needs of the women in his life. Despite having been awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics, Beard – a twenty-first century replica of the mad scientist of fin-de-siècle Gothic plots – is “self-sufficient, self-absorbed,” “a solipsist at heart,” a closed, insulated system.¹³ He is described as unheroically trapped not so much in the labyrinthine structures of a gloomy laboratory as in entropic processes of bodily decline, of psychological dissipation, of an ageing process that renders him vulnerable to cuckoldry and to disease. The physicist’s facetious dismissal of the gravity of the global predicament – planetary warming, exhaustion of conventional energy resources, environmental catastrophe – is mirrored by his indifference to his life partners, which has similarly caused minor cataclysms in his private life (a cascade of infidelities, breakups and divorces), anticipating the excruciating debacle of his failed marriage to Patrice, his latest, most attractive and, to his astonishment, unfaithful wife. Echoing the villainous agent of domestic horror plots in

nineteenth-century Gothic fiction, he either objectifies his wives or lovers or seeks to validate his masculinity by devaluing their otherness and difference. However, for Beard, old age occasions a reshuffling of his self-image as uncannily inhabited by a barely recognizable, distorted and deformed corporeal other. As he nears his sixtieth birthday, his body image founders into dysmorphic distress, since his baldness and his bulging mass of “blubber” no longer fit the delusionally seductive contours of his mirror-self:

An early sign of Beard's distress was dysmorphia, or perhaps it was dysmorphia he was suddenly cured of. At last, he knew himself for what he was. Catching sight of a conical pink mess in the misted full-length mirror as he came out of the shower, he wiped down the glass, stood full on and took a disbelieving look. What engines of self-persuasion had let him think for so many years that looking like this was seductive? That foolish thatch of earlobe-level hair that buttressed his baldness, the new curtain-swig of fat that hung below his armpits, the innocent stupidity of swelling in gut and rear.¹⁴

Such instances of body horror multiply exponentially, impacting his self-redefinition as “a man of narrowed mental condition, anhedonic, monothematic, stricken.”¹⁵ Not only is he distraught because of the dissolution of his fifth marriage, to Patrice, as the tidal wave of his extra-marital affairs thwarts his efforts at condensing his dissipative erotic energies into the stable coherence of matrimonial

life, but he suffers near emasculation in the icy regions of the Norwegian fjords, where the freezing temperatures cause his protective clothing to get stuck to his groin area after trying to urinate during a snowmobile trip to ascertain the impact of the greenhouse phenomenon.

His grotesque corporeality and his physical humiliation at the hands of Patrice's former lover, Rodney Tarpin, do not prevent him from continuing to reify women in Part Two of the narrative. This section revolves around the media craze triggered by his misogynistic statements during a seminar held in 2005 at Imperial College, London, where he is in charge of promoting the importance of his artificial-photosynthesis project amongst other academic research groups. Vexed by the social constructionist claims made by anthropologist Nancy Temple, who insists that all genetic structures are cultural inscriptions rather than objective entities, Beard lashes out by rehashing the biological essentialism thesis and relegating femininity to a domain of abjection, on account of women's ostensibly inherent, “natural” incapacity to emulate the ideological standard of masculinity. Women, he claims, are less likely to become renowned physicists like himself because of their “standard deviations” from the masculine norm and their “widely observed innate differences in cognitive ability”:

In studies and metastudies, women were shown to have, on average, greater language skills, better visual memory, clearer emotional judgment and superior mathematical calculation. Men scored higher in mathematical problem-solving and

abstract reasoning, and in visual-spatial awareness. Men and women had different priorities in life, different attitudes to risk, to status, to hierarchies. Above all, and this was the really striking difference, amounting to roughly one standard deviation, and the one to have been studied repeatedly: from early in life, girls tended to be more interested in people, boys more in things and abstract rules. And this difference showed in the fields of science they tended to choose: more women in the life sciences and the social sciences, more men in engineering and physics.¹⁶

No sooner does the specter of genetic determinism rear its ugly head in Beard's discursive intervention than he himself becomes an abjected anomaly, a scapegoat: he quickly turns into the object of an intense media campaign targeted at suppressing the voice of the "neo-Nazi" Professor and his "eugenic" theories. Rallies are organized to oust him from the academia and he even gets arrested for assaulting a female researcher with a tomato during a public rally. His professional universe founders and he is forced to abandon all the posts he has occupied by virtue of his intellectual prestige. Speaking of the oblique dynamics of exclusion and integration of scapegoat(ed)ing others in the post-Gothic fiction of the new millennium, Judith Halberstam shows how "within postmodern Gothic we no longer attempt to identify the monster and fix the terms of his/her deformity, rather postmodern Gothic warns us to be suspicious of monster hunters, monster makers, and above all, discourses invested in purity and innocence"¹⁷

McEwan refuses to endorse either extremist position, namely the patriarchal strategy of channeling women into prescribed roles of femininity and the exacerbated witch-hunt, blown out of proportion, against Beard. He is drawn, unawares, into a Gothic plot in which he is, simultaneously, the male(volent) antagonist and an all-too-feminized, victimary protagonist. Reduced to browsing the tabloids that digitally multiply his image as an aggressor of women "around the world", muck "like retroviruses",¹⁸ Beard finds himself incarcerated within representational frames over which he is utterly incapable of exerting any control: "He had discovered a compulsion to read of this alien, the avatar bearing his name, the goat-monster-seducer, denier of a woman's right to a career in science, eugenicist. He was baffled by how he had ended up stuck with this last label."¹⁹

Part Three, focusing on Beard's reinvention of himself in the deserts of New Mexico in 2009, shows a man who is barely beginning to acknowledge the imperative of ethical openness to his female partners, one of whom, Melissa Browne, genuinely loves him and eventually bears him a child, Catriona. In effect, his practices of othering women and of construing their difference as the marker of a lesser strand of humanity than normative masculinity continue well to the end of the narrative, as he assigns them various roles within Gothic plots of female submission, abuse and entrapment. Ironically, while remaining adamantly impervious to the suffering of these women and, equally, to the plight of the planet right to the point of facing his own mortality, since he is diagnosed with skin cancer, Beard realizes the need for a relational emplacement in the planet only in

his final confrontation with Catriona, who triggers “in his heart an unfamiliar, swelling sensation, but he doubted as he opened his arms to her that anyone would ever believe him now if he tried to pass it off as love.”²⁰ Catriona, that instance of the inhuman or the less-than-human that makes Beard human by forcing him to relinquish the consciousness of supremacism, appears to finally instill in him the disruptive effect that a compassionate embrace of alterity can generate.

Globalgothic, Ecogothic

As Jason Cowley puts it in a review of the novel, Beard’s rapaciously consumerist “behavior is a local example of the more general problem of human over-consumption: just as he devours everything around him, so we are devouring our world, with its finite resources and fragile ecosystems.”²¹ Indeed, Beard becomes entangled in the inhumanity that drives the engine of the capitalist system. Having earned his Nobel Prize, he is now a celebrity who capitalizes upon the privileges entailed by this distinction, holding honorary university posts, amassing titles and becoming the recipient of countless honorary degrees, serving as a consultant editor on scholarly journals, signing up to international initiatives and simulating, more or less, the production of knowledge, when, in effect, he is weary or downright incapable of intellectual effort, and is bereft of original hypotheses: “He lacked the will, the material, he lacked the spark. He had no new ideas.”²² Two decades after his presumed discovery of the Beard-Einstein Conflation, which secured his international recognition, he suffers from an intellectual

sterility that conceals a horrendous secret: much like the villains of traditional Gothic fiction, who often usurped mansions and estates from their legitimate owners, Beard stole the idea behind the Artificial Photosynthesis Plant from one of his students whose death he had unintentionally caused. He is appointed director of the government-funded National Centre for Renewable Energy with the headquarters in Reading, but proves to be an inefficient figurehead who sanctions the expenditure of one fifth of the institution’s budget on building a barbed-wire fence around the compound. At a broader level, however, Beard’s imposture is all the more terrifying because his skepticism about climate change is described as being symptomatic of the questionable ethics of technocrats leading the search for clean-energy solutions:

of course he knew that a molecule of carbon dioxide absorbed energy in the infrared range, and that humankind was putting these molecules into the atmosphere in significant quantities. But he himself had other things to think about. And he was unimpressed by some of the wild commentary that suggested the world was in ‘peril’, that humankind was drifting towards calamity, when coastal cities would disappear under the waves, crops fail, and hundreds of millions of refugees surge from one country, one continent, to another, driven by drought, floods, famine, tempests, unceasing wars for diminishing resources.²³

For Beard, climate change is merely a discursive construct, just another

apocalyptic narrative, barely anchored in reality. Always greedy for official sinecures and media appearances, he plays down the pressing relevance of the end-of-the-world scenario as a mere fantasy that replays, in actual time, the Biblical forewarning of apocalypse, endlessly postponed or partially fulfilled in history (the Communists' annihilation of the kulaks, the Nazis' extermination of the Jews, and the nightmarish threats of "an all-out nuclear war – death to everyone!").²⁴ Written in a parodic key with post-Gothic inflections, McEwan's text cautions against humanity's irresponsible stance towards the potentially dire consequences of climate change, which, for Beard, initially appears like "yet another beast" conjured up by apocalypticism.²⁵

Nowhere is the risk of ultimate catastrophe this illustrious researcher is facing more clearly exposed, with all its grotesque nuances, than in the episode of his voyage to the North Pole, where he allegedly goes "to see global warming for himself"²⁶ and where the spectral presence of polar bears, whose habitat is imperiled, haunts the arctic wastes. Invited as the star scientist amidst a group of affluent travelers to the island of Spitsbergen, where they wish to determine the effects of global warming, he partakes, along with his fellow journeyers, in the consumerism that persistently undercuts the chances of replenishment for the earth's energy resources. The episode is presented with a macabre humor that sets into high relief the monstrosity of what of what Donna Haraway defines as the "New World Order, Inc.," a catchphrase that encapsulates the intricate complicities of technoscience with "transnational capitalism" and the commodification of nature in the anthropocene period.²⁷

The party would comprise twenty artists and scientists concerned with climate change, and conveniently, just ten miles away, was a dramatically retreating glacier whose sheer blue cliffs regularly calved mansion-sized blocks of ice onto the shore of the fjord. An Italian chef of 'international renown' would be in attendance, and predatory polar bears would be shot if necessary by a guide with a high-caliber rifle. There were no lecturing duties – Beard's presence would be sufficient – and the foundation would bear all his expenses, while the guilty discharge of carbon dioxide from twenty return flights and snowmobile rides and sixty hot meals a day served in polar conditions would be offset by planting three thousand trees in Venezuela as soon as a site could be identified and local officials bribed.²⁸

Beard, it appears, is not the only human speciously mimicking a responsible concern for the fate of the planet, since, while preaching a judicious use of the earth's resources, even his Bohemian companions to the Arctic regions appear to toy with the notion of endless permutational exchanges of energy, shuffling and reshuffling resources that are ultimately the consumerist preserve of the economically privileged. This episode deserves mention not only for McEwan's sardonic indictment of the duplicitous perspective adopted by these voyagers, but also for the way in which it captures that extension of the death horizon to most species in the era of the anthropocene because of the implacable consequences of climate change. Moreover, the Shandean episode of Beard's getting near emasculated by urinating out into the

cold would appear to infirm the hypothesis of the planetary temperature rising, but in fact the global disarray is increasing, as the entropic dissipation of the items in the boot room suggests. The clothes and all the paraphernalia needed for survival in the Arctic wastes are disappearing, as the humans are depleting one another's resources, deliberately ransacking what should be the property of the commons without further consideration to the fact that by pursuing their narrow individual goal – restocking their own equipment – they are forsaking their chances of survival in the extreme weather conditions as a group. This image of the depletion of the world's resources is symbolically rendered in the deterioration of the integrity of the boot room:

By midweek four helmets were missing along with three of the heavy snowmobile suits and many smaller items. It was no longer possible for more than two thirds of the company to be outside at the same time. To go out was to steal. The state of the boot room, the gathering entropy, became a subject of [the] evening announcements. And Beard, oblivious to his own vital role, his generous assistance in setting the initial conditions, could not help reflecting expansively on this post-lapsarian state. Four days ago the room had started out in orderly condition, with all gear hanging on or stowed below the numbered pegs. Finite resources, equally shared, in the golden age of not so long ago. Now it was a ruin. [...] How were they to save the earth – assuming it needed saving, which he doubted – when it was so much larger than the boot room?²⁹

In a post-Gothic twist, Beard ends up being chased by a polar bear that has, in turn, been chased away from its habitat by man. Oddly, while Beard escapes unharmed from his encounter with this endangered species, it is another polar bear that strikes a death blow to the human: Tom Aldous, the post-graduate student devoted to producing renewable energy, trips against the polar-bear rug lying on the polished floor in Beard's house from Belsize Park, which comes "alive [as] his right foot land[s] on the bear's back, causing the ironically resuscitated artefact to leap forward "with its open mouth and yellow teeth bucking into the air."³⁰ Needless to say, the research assistant meets an untimely death. Yet Beard, the consumerist self by definition, will callously exploit this accidental death to replenish his energy stock – his pool of ideas about saving the planet – with Tom's own insightful solutions to electricity generation by mimicking the plant process of photosynthesis. Posing as the techno-elite of humanity, McEwan's protagonist is inhuman insofar as he evinces all the dehumanizing effects of technoscience (see his lack of sympathy for the quandary of his fellow beings or the earth at large), because for most of the narrative he is impervious to the mechanisms of relationality that might enable him to conceptualize the self beyond the parameters of the human.

Oblivious to the world's hovering on the brink of destruction, he is entirely engrossed in his life's project: putting off his own existential derailment and continuing to accumulate stipends, salaries, fees, and – to complete the derealization of the end-of-the-world threat – media appearances. In an attempt to conceal his lack of initiative and ideas and "tap the genius of the British people,"³¹ Beard invites the

submission of clean-energy proposals, but is beleaguered with impractical solutions reminiscent of the Gulliveresque Academy of Lagado, all of which are variations on the perpetual-motion machine and violate the first or the second law of thermodynamics.

Fortunately, after a series of impractical endeavors of designing wind generators for urban domestic roofs, for Beard the “short-cut to a single, final answer to the global problem of energy”³² comes from the accidental death of a post-doctoral researcher in his suborder, Tom Aldous, whose ethical stance on the fate of the planet drives him to responsibly seek a renewable energy source: solar energy, more specifically, artificial photosynthesis. Tom’s accidental death in Beard’s house provides the latter with an occasion to misappropriate the post-doc’s ideas and to perpetuate his own subsistence as a closed system through the absorption, as it were, of the energy of another system. In the nick of time, he avoids frittering away his own energy and losing not only his prestige as a scientist, but also his honor as a cuckolded man, since Tom was also the strange attractor who tied the loose ends in the life of Beard’s fifth wife. Yet even Tom, who constructs a discourse of sustainability designed to stave off processes of climate change and bring about a reversal of ecological crisis and potential catastrophe, much along the lines of what Braidotti defines as our posthuman prospect of entwined “becoming-earth”/“becoming-machine”,³³ is driven by the principle of capital accumulation, for the deterritorialization of polluting energy forms is coupled with the reterritorialization of clean-energy resources:

‘That’s why, I mean, no disrespect, that’s why I think we’re wasting our

time with this micro wind-power stuff. The technology’s already good enough. The government just needs to make it attractive to people – it’s stroke-of-the-pen stuff, the market will do the rest. There’s so much money to be made. But solar – cutting-edge artificial photosynthesis – there’s great basic research to do on the nanotechnology. Professor, it could be us!’³⁴

And still, Tom’s unqualified optimism in the limitless potential of solar power to fuel the planet’s energy needs is, ironically, cut short by his own – unexpected, untimely and calamitous – demise. In light of the all-pervasive hegemony of capital in the New World Order, Inc., it may be safely assumed that rather than dismissing technology altogether as always-already dehumanizing the human, McEwan’s novel mounts a parodic critique of the divisions and commandments that have engendered the anthropocentric predicament and addresses the need for a transversal, relational vision of planetarity that explodes and transforms notions of human agency. Emulating Tom’s environmentalist vision of the planet, Beard ends up acknowledging humanity’s inextricable technological enmeshment with the living fabric of the world. Despite building the Artificial Photosynthesis Plant in the deserts of the American South-West and despite pushing towards the recognition that the earth’s salvation may reside not in eliminating technology altogether but in harnessing the potentialities of the Latourian “composite” techno-human agency³⁵ that may be attributed to the posthuman condition, Beard’s projects collapse, literally and figuratively, as the clean-energy factory is

blown up by Rodney Tarpin, his erotic rival, and as his scientific reputation is destroyed by irrefutable charges of plagiarism. As the chance of materializing the ultimate form of renewable energy eludes Beard, the monstrosity of both the domestic and the global Gothic plots is braided together in a moment of radical undecidability, in which Catriona's presence simultaneously adumbrates prospects of planetary survival or extinction.

Filtered through the cultural lens of parody and pastiche, the Gothic mode is accommodated in Ian McEwan's narrative

of climate catastrophe within the threefold casing of (post)domestic Gothic, Globalgothic and Ecogothic. Still orbiting within the orrery of traditional plots of Gothicized gendered relations, *Solar* departs more evidently from the customary conventions of typical Gothic romances in the sense that rather than condemning technology as the root source of civilization's discontents, it approaches the evils of globalization and environmental calamity by professing a glimmer of hope in the potential of technoscience to address the damage wrought by humans in the age of the Anthropocene.

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NOTES

1. Glennis Byron, "Introduction", in Glennis Byron (ed.), *Globalgothic*, Manchester and New York, Manchester University Press, 2013, p. 3.
2. *Ibidem*, pp. 3-4.
3. *Ibidem*, p. 5.
4. Andrew Smith and William Hughes, *Ecogothic*, Manchester, Manchester University Press, 2013, p. 11.

5. Jean-François Lyotard, *The Inhuman: Reflections on Time*, trans. Geoffrey Bennington and Rachel Bowlby, Stanford, Stanford University Press, 1991, p. 2.
6. Amy J. Elias and Christian Moraru, *The Planetary Turn. Relationality and Geoaesthetics in the Twenty-First Century*, Northwestern University Press, 2015, xvi.
7. *Ibidem*, p. xvi.
8. Tom Cohen, Claire Colebrook, J. Hillis Miller, *Twilight of the Anthropocene Idols*, London, Open Humanities Press, 2016, p. 21.
9. Rosi Braidotti, *The Posthuman*, Cambridge, Polity Press, 2013, p. 111.
10. *Ibidem*, pp. 1-2.
11. The epigraph taken from John Updike's *Rabbit Is Rich* runs as follows: "It gives him great pleasure, makes Rabbit feel rich, to contemplate the world's wasting, to know the earth is mortal too."
12. Ian McEwan, *Solar*, New York, Anchor Books, 2011, p. 12.
13. *Ibidem*, p. 196.
14. *Ibidem*, p. 6.
15. *Ibidem*, p. 3.
16. *Ibidem*, p. 154.
17. Judith Halberstam, *Skin Shows Gothic Horror and the Technology of Monsters*, Durham, Duke University Press, 1995, p. 284.
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19. *Ibidem*, p. 165.
20. *Ibidem*, p. 325.
21. Jason Cowley, review of *Solar* by Ian McEwan, *The Observer*, 14 March 2000.
22. Ian McEwan, *Op. cit.*, p. 17.
23. *Ibidem*, p. 18.
24. *Ibidem*, p. 18.
25. *Ibidem*, p. 18.
26. *Ibidem*, p. 53.
27. Donna Haraway, *Modest_Witness@Second_Millennium*, pp. 3-4.
28. Ian McEwan, *Op. cit.*, p. 53.
29. *Ibidem*, p. 91.
30. *Ibidem*, p. 104.
31. *Ibidem*, p. 19.
32. *Ibidem*, p. 22.
33. Rosi Braidotti, *The Posthuman*, Cambridge, Polity Press, 2013, p. 64.
34. Ian McEwan, *Op. cit.* p. 32.
35. Bruno Latour, *We Have Never Been Modern*, trans. Catherine Porter, Cambridge, Mass, Harvard University Press, 1993.