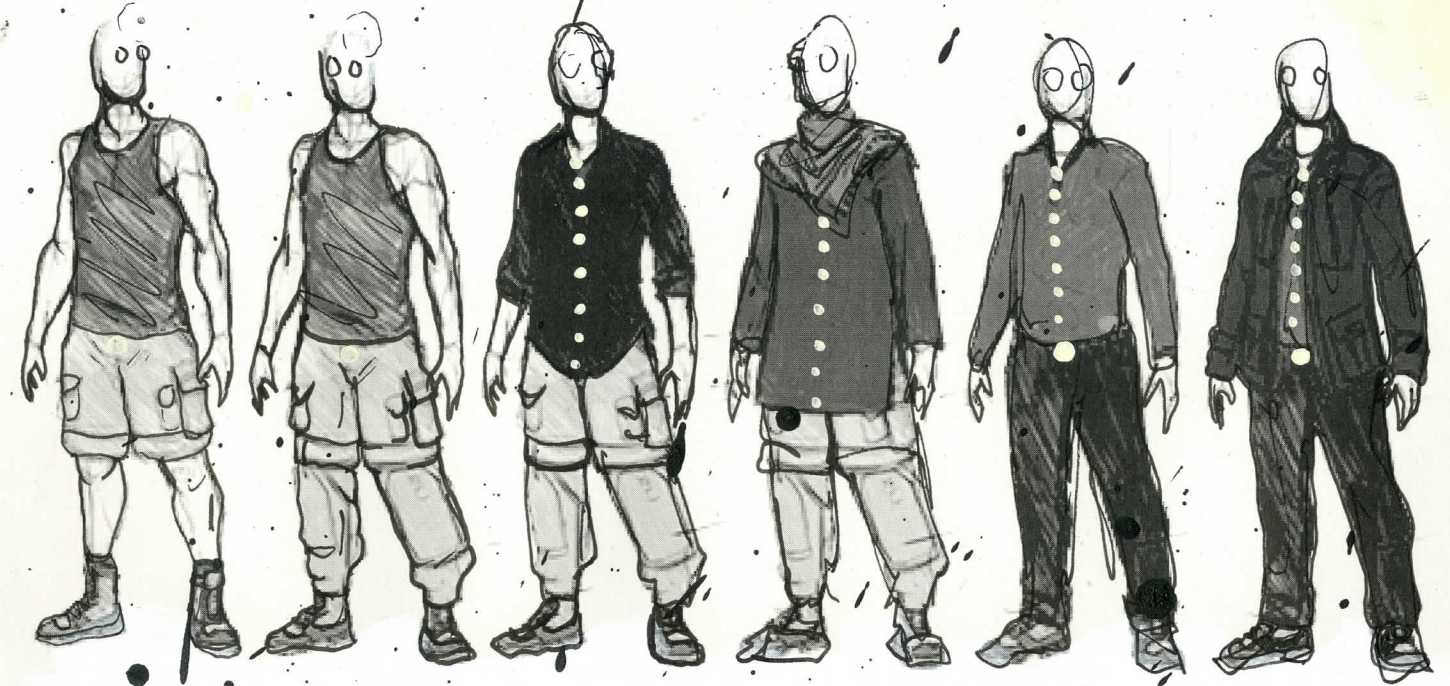


## SUPER-HYBRIDS

Other strategies of knowledge are equally impossible yet drive the capacity for theoretical **invention** and subversion. Knowledge [in its other ways] knows how to **excavate** the stubborn conformism in the Duchampian 'ready-made'. We see, for example, in notes, and the hand-written **digressions**, of diaries and notebooks, or story and mood boards, how a thought is being constructed, how the theoretical montage is to take the place of the book, becoming a field of **visualised** possibilities, or making a series of folds in the road where the 'text', which is in general more narrative and oriented, refuses to lead us. The **unfolded** text can be a book' **destroyed moulded**.

equally as an object, whose gilded words are sawn from the branches of trees, hung with prosthetic limbs, covered in feathers, honey and gold, glued sofa-foam, rotting carpets and melted polystyrene.



There might be more than one personality living in such a hybridised body without **internal** organs. The **body** is as such an atlas to determine one's sexual, spiritual, and political. multiplication into a world whose **surface** is **decomposed** and **recomposed**. If Fernando Pessoa, the poet, realised that Fernando Pessoa invented 'Pessoa' among his other fragmentary selves, each of his writings contingent, contradictory, and incomplete, yet forming a **'whole'** from the fissures, or cracks of its authorship.

what if an animal becomes conscious of **infinite** pain? Does the hunter (who in turn becomes the hunted) disestablish the order of categories of being? Does nature re-absorb the culture that once dominated it, destroyed it, in the devolution of civilisation? Does the ostrich, no longer hiding its head in the sand learn to think through prosthetic reconstruction of the 'animal'? Is it for the human animal 'too late' to think, and hide his head in the sand? Ethics apply here if the border that defines the animal and the machine, start to interfere with the definition of 'human', as Stephen Hawking predicts, disappearing on the edge of the 'singularity'.

If bullets are no longer bullets, bones are no longer bones. Everything can be **reassembled** and remade from its detritus. The whole ecology (of found things) can be welded to new forms. All that glitters is not gold, but **glitter** still turns out to carry value. I think of 'diamond dust' and the **colour** of its artifice, its digital glow and allure, its 'sex'. This is a possibility engendered of the imagination, whose **narratives** assemble **around** the impossible thinking of a changed universal dimension where technology is writing its own scripts, and whether we are included becomes a problem. The footprints in the sand are washed away, yet what can be imagined redrawn in the sand and by what or whom? The process is incomplete, and cannot be compromised by resolved endings. These are fragile evidences of multiple causes and their irresolution.

