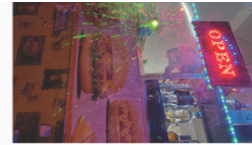


ed that time is dominating us in  
ul than she would have thought,  
ed to imagine.  
ack of potatoes, it weighs on her  
to keep now.

punishment.  
or, she noticed that nothing could  
was destiny.  
ack sofa that was just big enough to  
as so horribly picturesque.

, not even roughly,  
touched, just about one bite  
re trix started to feel that



7

tch?v=5klftdzgrM  
fraid  
anything, anything  
I can't be saved  
ember me, remember me

re in my life)

anything, anything (Anything)  
There's no turning back  
(ed)  
ember me, remember me

dein Omen  
tu besser  
en?  
e

die Plage

re in my life)

anything, anything (Anything)  
There's no turning back  
(ed)  
ember me, remember

Dear Barbara,

I've been thinking about monsters lately. At some point in  
Cyborg Manifesto, Donna Haraway speaks of  
many-headed monsters that produce less illusions  
than single vision. This is, indeed, how popular fiction,  
mythology and the film industry portray dangerous  
creatures, as creatures with an anatomy different  
from our own, as a mix of matter that should not  
come together.

I then thought about the single visions in contemporary society and how  
dangerously they can render reality.

Then I took the book (Dangerous Bodies) that you sent me into my hands,  
and I read:

"Can you imagine the composition of a new  
body, of many, of others?" she asks, "and what about unfamiliar ones? I  
was a crow, then a coyote, then a producer, just like a spider, talking and  
sculpting [...]"

So I wanted to talk to you about this body: how do you imagine the  
composition of a new body? How is it dangerous?  
And to whom?  
And how does it transpire through text?

Dear Natalija,

I imagine the body plural, singular, many, becoming, transforming. Extended  
by means of technology, augmented, intoxicated. Easily they change shapes,  
they shift genders.

Many images I use stem from literature. When writing The Giant I was reading  
Octavia Butler and Dietmar Daths "Abschaffung der Arten" (The Abolition of  
Species). They imagine fluid languages, transformation.  
The bodies are dangerous because they emanate from the realm of the  
strange, the unknown, the weird and the eerie.

They challenge normalised visions of identity, behavior, bodies, and politics.

I hope that they are potent myths for resistance just as Haraway writes in the  
CM: "Cyborg unities are monstrous and illegitimate; in our present political  
circumstances, we could hardly hope for more potent myths for resistance  
and recoupling."

They might also be bodies rendered dangerous by others, state, and  
governments.

They speak to us. Quite explicitly they direct their requests. The Giants,  
Walkers, Talkers, Speakers and Sleepers talk to us in pauses, and gaps.  
In our last skype you mentioned that you have reread the CM a couple of times  
now and your focus always shifted. It is such an amazing text. I reread it  
recently when working on my last piece while at the same time reading Helen  
Hester's book Xenofeminism, Preciado's Testo Junkie, Sophie Lewis' book Full  
Surrogacy Now and thinking about the re-appropriation of tools and  
technology. Perhaps dangerous is a much too strong word, but I like to think of  
these proposals, theories and experiments as exactly that.

Let's talk more.

When I think 'dangerous', 'monster', 'giant' and even 'cyborg' today, I think  
of science fiction that is, somehow, no longer scary in the original sense. I  
don't even feel like the roles are reversed - that the 'human' is bad and the  
'other' is good, as different from how it usually is portrayed in popular  
cinema and literature.

All I feel is anticipation and possibility for things to come together and to  
be whatever.

The one thing I always feel is crucial in moments of uncertainty is  
language. I know that text is one of the main materials you work with, so I  
wanted to draw a parallel between the corporeal (extended by means of  
technology), aesthetic if you will, and the lingual. I often think about one  
thing that Victoria Sin kept repeating at the opening of last year's Venice  
Biennale:  
Science Fiction is really a description of the present. At the same time SF  
enables us to talk about the ways we want to live.

In the introduction to »The Left Hand of Darkness« the much quoted Ursula K.  
LeGuin writes: »I write science fiction, and science fiction isn't about the future.  
[...] I'm merely observing, in the peculiar, devious, and thought-experimental  
manner proper to science fiction, that if you look at us at certain odd times of  
day in certain weather, we already are. I am not predicting, or prescribing. I am  
describing.«

Naming is an act of mastery, and I would hope to never do that to you

When I write I am speculating about a future that is a desirable present. I also  
give an account of apocalyptic scenarios that are always descriptions of the  
scenarios we are witnessing all around us.

Language also shapes the present. And we can actively shape language.  
Language transforms slowly, but it does.

Imagine speaking and communicating not in words but by using other parts of  
our bodies. By sending out pheromones, inaudible frequencies, movement,  
patterns and formations.

xxB