Виктор Шиков

МРЕЖА ОД МАЛЕЧКИ ПРИКАЗНИ, ФЕМИНИТИСТИЧКИ ЛОВ ВО ПОСТБИОЛОШКИОТ ПЕЈЗАЖ

The unreserved, exact scientific visionary faith in the unfinished encyclopaedic abundance of the morphologic potential of natural matter – whose new, experimental laboratory life forms have yet to induce the orbit of their philosophic microcosm – is also determined by a meditation on the trespass outside the borders of biology, language and the cumulative empiricism of the pragmatic social polemic of the implemented political doctrines and adaptive political concepts. A polemic that – especially after the capitalistic leukaemia that swept over the USSR and caused rapid destruction of the heretofore, bipolar world – takes on global dimensions, turning into a grandiose, for some even a paranoid, project called New World Order. The monumental, vertical drive of the modernistic spirit towards an exalted ontological solace had been disappointed for twenty centuries, until the teleology of its integrative urges was not interpreted as the final blindness in the one-way street of history, the last frontier of the new-millennial, auto-regulated, horizontal diversity of individual freedom. A global disintegration and fragmentation of the modern identity takes place. It is then, in a new global game, with a sort of postbabylonian potent theory of combinations using the pieces of the fragmented modernistic identity, from the ecumenical landfill of history’s memory, that the projective power of the saved culture capital, built within the mainstays of the referential points (race, class, gender, gene, education, family, nation, etc.) is activated. At that time the so called modern state occurs, which is the hyper-textually realised theme of
Viktor Shikov  
A NET OF LITTLE STORIES, FEMINIST HUNT IN THE POST-BIOLOGICAL LANDSCAPE

Through the chapters illustrated with Lynn Randolph pictures (which are an introduction of their own kind, but also a visual synthesis of Harraway's meditations), Harraway's polyphonic voice tries to make us aware of the spread net of the little stories, born and interwoven inside the fundamentally recombined (with the progress of the experimental shifting of existential limits) chaosmos of existence. Donna Harraway treads on the Lilliputian soundness of Derrida's footsteps, already impressed on the margins of last year's deep snow from Lyotard's postmodern state. Alone, in the midst of the snow-bound, sterile postbiological landscape, Harraway carries the instruments of biotechnology, genetic engineering and technoscience, which she would like to write the new, cyberanthropological myths – no longer an imaginary cohesive force but a real virtualities of the imploded, indigo horizons of virtual reality. In the deep ice of the social empathy beneath her femalemale feet, she decides to make a hole, where she would throw the emptied fishhook with an eclectic multitude of hooks on her own feminist question mark. She waits with a post-modernist appetite of a discursive cannibal. Then, she makes one more hole; and another, and another... until the holes encircle her, creating a round telephone dial in the middle of which she stands alone. Harraway inserts her index finger in one of those Eskimo holes and, with self-conscious, monadic-interactive drive, begins to dial the number of some of her uncountable identities, multiplied after the conquering of the selfregulating cyberfreedom. This is how she starts the knitting of the hypertextual communicative web of little narratives, recounted by the modest witnesses of the existence in the imploded chronotope of the cyberspace. "My cyborg characters populate the mutated time-space regime I call technobiopower (...) The modest witness is the sender of messages to my e-mail address (...) The modest witness is a figure in the narrative net of this book, working to reconfigure the subjects, the objects..."
and the communication exchange of technoscience in various types of languages", says Harraway.

One thing is certain: you either love or loathe Donna Harraway's books. She writes on the self-chosen blade of the experimental scientific scalpel. Her philosophic irony and freedom of metaphors can either annoy or amaze you. There is no middle and no compromise — except if you remain utterly indifferent towards the baroque of her dominantly feminist rhetoric, which writes new pages in the history of science.