Jane Flax identifies what seems to be an inherently anti-humanist tendency in contemporary feminism when she suggests that feminists, like other postmodernists, have begun to suspect that all transcendental claims (those which valorize universal notions of reason, knowledge, and the self) reflect and reify the experience of a few people — mostly white, Western males. These transhistoric claims seem plausible to us in part because they reflect important aspects of the experience of those who dominate our social world (626).

Flax's comments are well taken, although her conflation of all feminisms with postmodernism tends to oversimplify the very complex and problematic interactions of the two. In fact, much feminist SF tends to support rather than undermine the tenets of liberal humanism, although “changing the subject” of that humanism (to borrow the title of a study by Nancy K. Miller). This is due, at least in part, to the fact that, as Sarah Lefanu points out, “the radical, or transgressive aspects of the structuralist subversion of the subject do not allow for an analysis that shows ‘woman’ never to have been the subject in the first place” (98).

Patricia Waugh also examines some of the extremely important differences between the projects of feminism and the theories of postmodernism. Discussing the rise of the postmodernist “sensibility” in the 1960s, for example, she notes that at the moment when postmodernism is forging its identity through articulating the exhaustion of the existential belief in self-presence and self-fulfilment and through the dispersal of the universal subject of liberalism[,] feminism (ostensibly, at any rate) is assembling its cultural identity in what appears to be the opposite direction.... As male writers lament its demise, women writers have not yet experienced that subjectivity which will give them a sense of personal auton-
Why aren't there any women in cyberspace?
— Scott Bukatman, Terminal Identity

omy, continuous identity, a history and agency in
the world (6).
The first full-length study to take into account
feminist speculative fiction within the context of
postmodernity, Marleen S. Barr's Feminist Fabu-
lation: Space/Postmodern Fiction (1992), displays,
like Flax's essay, a too-easy conflation of femin-
ism and postmodernism, which weakens consider-
ably the force of Barr's important
arguments for the inclusion of texts by feminist
writers into the postmodernist canon. Jenny
Wolmark takes a more useful position in her
recent study, Aliens and Others: Science Fiction,
Feminism and Postmodernism, when she suggests
that "the intersection between [feminism and
postmodernism] can... best be characterised as a
'shared theoretical moment' in which more
open-ended and provisional accounts of the sub-
ject and of social relations generally have
emerged." (20).2

In her discussion of the dearth of postmod-
erist feminist writing in "Feminist Fiction and
the Postmodern Challenge," Bonnie Zimmerman
makes the point that "the genre most popular
with feminist writers, as with many postmodern
male writers, is speculative fiction" (180).

Certainly, the creation of "new human
forms" (to recall Bukatman's words) has long
been a concern of feminist SF writers, all of
these forms the progeny, in one way or another,
of the Creature who disrupts the human world
of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein (1818). The last
thirty years have seen the introduction of
numerous such creations into women's SF,
although earlier examples — such as Deirdre,
the woman/robot of C.L. Moore's classic early
story, "No Woman Born" (1944) — are also part
of this "tradition." Examples include the
androgynes of Ursula K. Le Guin's The Left
Hand of Darkness (1969); the "female man" of
Joanna Russ's The Female Man (1975); the "con-
structs" of Octavia Butler's Xenogenesis trilogy
(1987-89), genetic hybrids produced through
the inter-breeding of humans and aliens; the
alien/vampire of Tanith Lee's Sabella, or The
Bloodstone (1980); the women/clones of James
Tiptree, Jr.'s "Houston, Houston, Do You
Read?" (1976), Gwyneth Jones' Divine
Endurance (1984) and Fay Weldon's The Cloning
of Joanna May (1989); and the psions of Joan D.
Vinge's Psion (1982) and Catspaw (1988). In
every case, these "monsters" represent the
breakdown of conventional ways of being-in-
the-world; they raise questions about what it
means to be both female and human; and they
suggest definitions which, in the terms of Teresa
de Lauretis's discussion of the potential of SF for
feminist writers, "were previously invisible,
untold, unspoken (and so unthinkable, unimagi-
nable, 'impossible')" ("Feminist Studies/Critical
Studies"[11]).

Most of the aliens, clones, cyborgs, and
psions imagined by these writers do not, how-
ever, move through the near-future landscapes
of cyberpunk, but exist in far-future, frequently
post-apocalyptic worlds which are vastly differ-
ent from our own. This is hardly surprising,
given the unlikelihood that there will be any
real change in the present dystopian nature of
gender relations anytime soon. Lucie Armitt
indicates one reason for this (as well as suggesting reasons for the popularity of SF for feminist writers) in her introduction to the appropriately titled Where No Man Has Gone Before: Women and Science Fiction.

Women are not located at the centre of contemporary culture and society, but are almost entirely defined from the...negative perspective of “otherness” or “difference.” As such, the need to escape from a society with regard to which they already hold an ex-centric position is clearly an irrelevant one. More appropriate perhaps is the need to escape into — that is, to depict — an alternative reality within which centrality is possible (9).

Certainly, feminist reactions to cyberpunk indicate that, while its various deconstructive activities might have much to offer the feminist post-structuralist agenda, in fact cyberpunk has not, within this context, offered much of a solution at all to the relative sexual/political conservatism of recent genre SF. In Fred Pfeil’s words, “much of the new SF written by men, for all the boundary erosions and breakdowns it dramatizes, remains stuck in a masculinist frame (88).” While Samuel R. Delany’s attempt to reinsert what is virtually an absent feminine into cyberpunk is laudable, the extent to which cyberpunk negates the influence of feminist SF is, to say the least, disturbing.

One rare attempt to recuperate the cyberpunk agenda for feminism is Joan Gordon’s “Yin and Yang Duke It Out,” which argues that characters like Molly Millions (Neuromancer) and Deadpan Allie (Cadigan’s Mindplayers) offer an alternative to conventional feminist SF images of women as “passive, gentle, nurturing, peaceful” figures with a marked anti-technological bent (196). Gordon believes that cyberpunk demonstrates the possibilities inherent in creating “a vision of the world which is both a logical extension of the 1980s and a radical departure from the essentially nostalgic view of feminist science fiction” (199). From this perspective, cyberpunk offers a “hard SF” example which might usefully be integrated into the feminist SF agenda.

Nicola Nixon’s recent essay, “Cyberpunk: Preparing the Ground for Revolution or Keeping the Boys Satisfied?” is probably the most cutting feminist attack mounted against cyberpunk to date. Nixon is sceptical not only about its adversarial rhetoric, but also about its apparently “liberated” treatment of women characters. Deploying a body of writing virtually ignored in Gordon’s essay, she argues that feminist SF texts such as The Handmaid’s Tale (1984), as well as Zoë Fairbairns’ Benefits (1979) and Suzette Haden Elgin’s The Judas Rose (1986), in fact constitute a far more politicized body of SF than cyberpunk, providing “active critiques of political trends which surfaced in the early 1980s....” (230). Moreover, Nixon demonstrates how the favoured tropes of cyberpunk contain a particularly phallocentric tendency. Most telling is the computer matrix itself, figured “as feminine space” waiting to be penetrated by jacked-in console cowboys (226):

While it constitutes both what is fascinating and generative about the matrix itself and the means
of accessing its secrets, the feminine is effectively the "soft" ware, the fantasy (and world) that exists beyond the "hard" ware of the actual technological achievements realized in the silicon chip.\(^{(227)}\)

According to Nixon, in cyberpunk "political potential is...lost in the iconography of all that Reagan himself represented (231)." In her final analysis, there is very little difference between the console cowboys of Gibson's *Neuromancer* and the cowboy who occupied the American White House for the greater part of the 1980s.

As if to confirm such critiques of cyberpunk, Lewis Shiner published his "Confessions of an Ex-Cyberpunk" in 1991, concluding his repudiation of the field thus:

I find myself waiting — maybe in vain — for a new literature of idealism and compassion that is contemporary not only on the technological level but also the emotional. It would show the price that must be paid for our solutions to our problems; it would see the computer neither as enemy nor god but as a tool for human purposes.

Two recent genre novels, Emma Bull's *Bone Dance* (1991) and Pat Cadigan's *Synners* (1991), are relevant here. Each explores the ramifications of contemporary technology from a (post-)structuralist feminist perspective which also demonstrates the kind of compassionate (anti)humanism suggested in Shiner's complaint. Thus each indicates some of the ways in which the deconstructive "legacy" of cyberpunk can be incorporated into contemporary feminist SF.

Bull's novel, subtitled "A Fantasy for Technophiles," is set in a post-apocalyptic future whose hardboiled tonalities and textures owe much to the futures delineated by Gibson and Sterling. Here, for example, is the second paragraph of the novel:

The customer sat behind his desk, in a chair so tall and wide it could have hidden two bodyguards. He leaned away from the light, and it from him. Maybe he'd read somewhere that hiding one's face made for psychological advantage in business transactions. He was welcome to think so. He already had the only real advantage: money. All the rest was costume and props (3).

The protagonist of *Bone Dance* is a small-time trader who makes a living scavenging, repairing and selling the products of earlier, pre-apocalyptic technologies, and the narrative voice is as toughly *noir* as anything in earlier cyberpunk novels. In contrast to the committed extrapolative "realism" of a novel like *Neuromancer*, however, the events in Bull's novel unfold against a background of Tarot readings, and voodoo is a consensual belief system which works effectively on events in the material world.\(^{8}\) The generic indeterminacy of the novel is paralleled by the sexual indeterminacy of the protagonist, Sparrow, who is perceived by other characters as sometimes female and sometimes male. As one character tells her/him:

When I figured out that you were both or neither, I started watching for it. You do a chameleon thing — maybe it's not even conscious — that makes you seem female when you're with a woman, and male when you're with a man. Like you take on the local colouring. In a mixed group you kind of shift around. I was still trying
to figure out if you were natural or technological when the Horseman showed up (143-144). Sparrow is a genetically engineered cheval created to be “ridden” by the Horsemen, themselves customized products of military technology, able to insert their minds into the bodies of other individuals who are helpless against their invasions. As such, s/he is a neutral body, one which can appear either female or male, one which is simultaneously “natural” and “technological.” In the fictional world of Bone Dance, Sparrow is a kind of “monster,” a cheval who has developed individual consciousness. S/he is a figure who escapes labels, who unsettles expectations, who demands new approaches to the establishment of the identification of the self both from the novel’s other characters and from its readers. Bone Dance, a novel which interweaves hard SF and fantasy, is an anomaly in its postmodern play with generic conventions, just as Sparrow is an anomaly in Bull’s construction of the postmodern gendered subject.9

Cadigan’s Synners is one of the most detailed explorations of computer and virtual reality technologies written to date, delineating various realities of which the empirical world represents only one possibility. Synners reads like an attempt to explore the question posed by one of the central characters: “Un-fucking-real. The real real and the real unreal and the unreal real — just how high up in the stupidisphere are we, and how much higher are we going to go?” (361).

Cadigan’s fictional world is inhabited by “denizens of the [computer/information] net. Homo datum” (386), and one of her central concerns is the necessity for human beings to “change for the machines” (a phrase repeated throughout the novel). “Change for the machines” is only one example of the many puns inserted by Cadigan into her stories and novels, demonstrating a play with language which is unusual in conventional SF writing. Puns, of course, take their force from doubleness and indeterminacy, and as such are a device particularly suited to postmodernist writing. One of the most effective puns in Synners is embedded in its title, which suggests both human responsibility for its technology — as Gina tells Gabe: “Every technology has its own original sin.... Makes us all original synners. And we still got to live with what we made” (435) — at the same time as it gestures towards the “synthesized” realities which increasingly surround human beings in the environments of these technologies.10

Synners’ exploration of new forms of human/machine interactions and interfaces — including artificial intelligences such as the A-I, Art Fish, and individuals whose personalities have been downloaded into information banks — is, in effect, the creation of a fictional space in which the various forms of intelligence produced within the environment of computer technologies can coexist and interact with human beings to form new kinds of community. It is, finally, cooperation and community which are the values privileged in Cadigan’s future world, as demonstrated, for example, on the
level of narrative technique by the way in which (as so frequently in Philip K. Dick’s novels) the narrative perspective is shared among a relatively large group of characters, both human and non-human. This is in sharp contrast to the valorization of the loner/cowboy/hacker who figures at the centre of so much “first-generation” cyberpunk fiction.

The postmodern condition has required that we revise SF’s original trope of technological anxiety — the image of a fallen humanity controlled by a technology run amok. It has become necessary to deconstruct the conventional human/machine opposition and begin to ask new questions about the ways in which we and our technologies “interface” to produce what has become a mutual evolution. It is at this point that various feminist and postmodernist positions come together, in

a new non-totalized vision of politics, and a radical critique and revalencing of the old, essentialist categories of alienation and selfhood, which now appear in mutated form in the new post-structuralist emphases on deconstruction, decentering, différence. (Pfeil 88)

It is thus hardly surprising that one of the most brilliant visions of the potential of cybernetic deconstructions is introduced in Donna Haraway’s merger of SF and feminist theory, “A Manifesto for Cyborgs: Science, Technology, and Socialist Feminism in the 1980s,” which takes the rhetoric of technology towards its political limits. “Cyborg unities are monstrous and illegitimate,” writes Haraway; “in our present political circumstances, we could hardly hope for more potent myths for resistance and recoupling.” (179)11

In the “final” analysis, I would argue that cyberpunk and feminist SF have more in common than might immediately meet the eye, that both Delany and Gordon, while perhaps over optimistic, are nevertheless correct in their perceptions of at least a potential détente between these two modes of SF. The success of this détente is suggested in novels like Bone Dance and Synners.12

It is worth recalling here Bruce Sterling’s description of the characters populating the cyberpunk landscape — products of the breakdown of borders between the human and the machine — as “hopeful monsters.” It is no coincidence, I think, that Haraway’s “Manifesto” is also very much concerned with the creation of monsters. Haraway has recently observed of her own theoretical writing:

Inhabiting my writing are boundary creatures — simians, cyborgs, and women13 — all of which have had a destabilizing place in Western evolutionary, technological, and biological narratives. These boundary creatures are, literally, monsters, a word that shares more than its root with the verb to demonstrate. Monsters signify.... The power-differentiated and highly contested modes of being of monsters may be signs of possible worlds — and they are surely signs of worlds for which “we” are responsible. (“The Actors are Cyborg” 21-22)

In fact, we can read “A Manifesto for Cyborgs” as an example of feminist/cyberpunk theory, itself a kind of monstrous hybrid which combines the seriousness of socialist-feminist theory
with what Alan Wilde terms "generative irony," “the attempt inspired by the negotiations of self and world, to create, tentatively and provisionally, anironic [sic] enclaves of value in the face of — but not in place of — a meaningless universe.” (148).14

Notes
1. See my "A New Alliance of Postmodernism and Feminist Speculative Fiction" for a more detailed critique of Feminist Fabulation. Jenny Wolmark also warns against too hastily subsuming the feminist project into postmodernism (cf. 16-20), and offers her own specific arguments against Barr’s erasure of feminist SF as a separate category of women’s speculative fiction.

2. Wolmark has borrowed the phrase, "shared theoretical moment," from Laura Kipnis’s essay, “Feminism: The Political Conscience of Postmodernism?” (150).

3. Referring to Harold Bloom’s theory of “the anxiety of influence,” Zimmerman dramatizes the position of women writers: “In the Bloomian battle between representational fathers and experimental sons, the daughters cried out, ‘What do you mean, realism is dead? Whose reality? Not mine — I haven’t had a chance yet to define it!’” (176).

4. It is worth noting that Shelley’s Creature is initially described (thanks to Percy Shelley’s revisions) in apparently “feminine” terms: according to Victor Frankenstein, “His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful…. [H]e hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness….” (42).

5. Bukatman suggests that, “in feminist science fiction, this desire to merge with the machine is viewed as aberrant, and is often presented as an act of surrender rather than empowerment.” He offers a detailed reading of James Tiptree, Jr.’s “The Girl Who Was Plugged In” (1973) as a story which, though occasionally identified as “proto-cyberpunk,” differs markedly from cyberpunk in its treatment of the human/machine interface (Terminal Identity 314-320). C. L. Moore’s “No Woman Born” is an earlier and equally disturbing exploration of the breakdown of human/machine boundaries, whose final image is of “the distant taint of metal” in the voice of the protagonist, who is both woman and robot. (288)

6. It is this body of writing which Gordon ignores in her characterization of feminist SF as “organic” and “anti-technological.”

7. It is useful here to recall the way in which Gibson’s protagonist yearns to exchange the world of the material body (the “meat”) for the bodiless world of cyberspace. The rather obvious mind/body split thus introduced into the apparently deconstructive world of Gibson’s novel seems to be in keeping with a similar turn away from the physical body in postmodernist discourse, described by N. Katherine Hayles as “the postmodern orthodoxy that the body is primarily, if not entirely, a linguistic and discursive construction” (“The Materiality of Informatics” 147). For feminism, a project centrally concerned with the material experiences of physical “embodiment” (to use a term deployed by Hayles), the body is one of the ineluctable grounds of both political theory and practice. In contemporary SF, the desire to transcend the physical is, more often than not, a male-inscribed desire.

8. Voodoo is also a presence in Gibson’s novels, especially in Count Zero, but Bull’s treatment is significantly different. Whereas in Count Zero voodoo functions as a kind of metaphorical system through which characters explain to themselves the workings of the computer intelligences which have come to inhabit cyberspace, in Bone Dance voodoo remains a literally spiritual (or at least otherworldly) system which functions on its own terms.

9. Bull’s Sparrow recalls Ursula Le Guin’s Gethenian androgynes, of course, but, here again, the difference is a significant one: Gethenian individuals can be both female and male, but, at any given time, they are either female or male. Sparrow’s gender identity is both female and male, depending more upon the preconceptions of observers than upon any actual physical state. Not for nothing does Jacques Derrida, in “The Law of Genre,” ironically identify gender as “a biological genre”; in both instances, as he ironically reminds us,
the result of “cross[ing] a line of demarcation” is “monstrosity”.

10. Cadigan exerts the same playfulness in her demonstration of the potential lack of differentiation between virtual and empirical realities. Chapter 4 describes Gabe’s “virtual” adventure with the computer constructs, Marly and Caritha, in such a way that it takes the reader several pages before she realizes that Gabe’s experiences are not (materially) real. (34-40)

11. Constance Penley describes the role of the Cyborg Manifesto as “the ‘reinvention of nature.’” One of the most striking effects of the Cyborg Manifesto was to announce the bankruptcy of an idea of nature as resistant to the patriarchal capitalism that had governed the Euro-American radical feminist counterculture from the early 70s to the mid-80s (“Cyborgs at Large”). In her examination of the interactions between cyberpunk and feminist SF, Wolmark points out that feminist writers have tended to utilise the metaphor of the cyborg rather than that of cyberspace to examine the relationships of power that are concealed within and disguised by cybernetic systems.” (127)

12. One recent non-genre novel is also worth noting here. Marge Piercy’s latest utopian novel, He, She and It (1991) is directly influenced by both William Gibson and Donna Haraway, as Piercy herself explains in her Acknowledgements. At the centre of the narrative is the figure of the cyborg Yod. “Programmed” to display both feminine and masculine character traits, Yod both is and is not human. He, She and It, however, is a not completely successful attempt on the part of a “literary” poet and novelist to produce an SF text which incorporates feminist utopian theory into the landscape of cyberpunk; much of it remains unconvincing to the genre reader. Nevertheless, it is certainly a significant effort within the context of the present discussion.


14. In his analysis of cyberpunk, Peter Fitting identifies one important “enclave of value” developed in “A Manifesto for Cyborgs”:

Haraway’s argument stands as a warning that it is no longer a question of condemning the technoculture brought to us by postmodernism. We must understand and pay attention to it; we must look for ways to subvert and turn technology to new liberatory uses. (“The Lessons of Cyberpunk” 308)

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FRANKENSTEIN
Explorations in Manipulation and Surrationality

NANCY CAMPBELL

It was a dreary night in November, that I beheld the accomplishments of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain pattered dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein or The Modern Prometheus, first published in 1818, has seen a resurgence in recent times, reflected not only in Kenneth Branagh's feature film but also in the heightened awareness of recent advances in bioengineering. It is not the aim here to question the aspirations of such scientific explorations, whether conducted in a biotechnology research institute or by Victor Frankenstein. To be sure, Dr. Frankenstein's intention was a sincere one, ignited by the intrigue of science and discovery. The danger, however, in both Frankenstein's case and in contemporary science, is the lack of what scientists call "error sympathy." What is of concern is that once set free, organisms manipulated by gene technology can multiply and spread out, with no possibility of being called back. Hence, the fear that these organisms can and will supersede the ecosystem we have come to regard as "natural."

After Harvard University geneticists built a better mouse, the world beat a path to their door to praise or scold them for tinkering with nature. Not that the rodent itself was so horrific — in fact, the mouse's primary function was for cancer research — but the ramifications of such a creation caused polar responses of elation and disgust. In 1988, the scientists received a patent for this bioengineered mouse, alias OncoMouse, making the United States the first country to recognize an animal as an invention.

Now patents are applied to almost all bioengineered products, radically chang-
ing the way we identify what we do to our bodies. *Time* magazine reported that whole herds of dairy cows in the United States are now being injected with a genetically engineered growth hormone (BST) so that they will produce more milk than ordinary cattle. *Later the Same Day*, an afternoon CBC radio show, recently reported in a brief news clip that human genes are being spliced into pigs to make them bigger and that a sheep has been cross-bred with a goat, to make none other than a 'geep'. The report seemed at once familiar and, at the same time, rather sci-fi. The point is that discussions as scientifically and ethically complex as these are now in the public consciousness, translated into the vernacular. They are spoken about with the same zeal as a car accident on Highway 401. What is not clear is why the world no longer seems to be beating a path to the door to praise or scold the people responsible.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation; but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart.

Here Dr. Frankenstein meets with his creation; seeing its flaws, he retreats, regretful of his experiment. A recent TIME/CNN poll revealed that people strongly oppose human genetic engineering for purposes other than to cure disease. A substantial majority (58%) think altering human genes is against the will of God. Despite the pervasiveness of such explorations and discussions in the public arena, what remains to serve as our watchdog may be little more than our fear of the monster.

Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote Me?

In these lines from *Paradise Lost*, Milton's Adam turns on his creator to question his motivation. This same conflict is played out in *Frankenstein* in the relationship between the doctor and the man he has made of composite body parts, and appears repeatedly in the horror and science fiction genre in the figure of the man made of machines. This model of a fabricated mankind comes back time and again, be it Prometheus, Frankenstein or the replicants in *Blade Runner*. The artistic representations, in film and visual art, of explorations in genetic manipulation and surrationality comment on the paradox of the new engineered body and its conflict with its Makers. This artistic counterpart to scientific research has serious and increasingly well-researched origins. The artistic strategy employed is a philosophical rendering of the realization of the Promethean myth.

The call is to pay attention. For unlike Mary Shelley's footnote describing Dr. Frankenstein's reaction to his creation, we cannot turn a blind eye to the possibility of silent monstrosities.

Like one, on a lonesome road who,
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round,
walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.
— Samuel T. Coleridge, Ancient Mariner

Nancy Campbell is the curator of the exhibition
Frankenstein: Explorations in Manipulation and Surrationality at the Macdonald Stewart Art Centre, Guelph, Ontario, November 17 to December 31, 1994, featuring the work of Rob Craigie, Thomas Grünfeld, Brian Scott and Nel Tenaaf.