

Paradise Lost: reflections about the impossible as a goal

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*“Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me?”_Milton, Paradise Lost*

With this quote by Milton the first edition of the *Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus* came out. This story by Mary Shelley is one of the finest conceived examples of imitation of the divine work and rebellion of man towards his maker. The end of this piece could not be more terrible morally: the impossible created through scientific progress (give dead matter life) produces a creature that attempts against the natural order of things; it is imperfect and is predisposed towards evil. And he deserves to be exiled for it. It remains a kind of divine vengeance in view of the human desire of creation, to prevent that this desire becomes true in the real world.

Is it science fiction or fiction? We might not be too far from the Frankenstein myth in the present society. Medicine and applied engineering give us a new and changing insight into the discovery of the secrets of life. The advances in orthopaedic parts or multiple organ transplants extend the functions reserved exclusively to nature.

If in the world created by H.G. Wells in *Dr. Moreau's Island* (1896) human and animal hybrids are given life, transgenic animals are already possible; clones whose organs will be implanted into humans with physical deficiencies and illnesses. If Mary Shelley imagines her modern Prometheus as a being created with no need of the traditional generation, the alternative is very near thanks to genetics. The debate of the impossible in this field will not be the fact of cloning humans as much as the normal existence of clones in society. We can perceive again how the divine laws or human ethics foresee catastrophic consequences if we surpass the forbidden limits.

But leaving to one side this pursued monster collection, literature also shows unusual cases of benevolence before impossible inventions: an extraordinary version written in 1720 tells how Adam, before his sin, had two different mechanisms in his inside: one to make ovum's and another which created an elixir to fertilize them and, I literally quote: “when man was full of God's love, the desire he felt to see other loving creatures and who adored his Supreme Majesty made this elixir expand onto one or more ovum's, with unconceivable delights. This ovum came out of some kind of nose, and a perfect man would appear from it”.

To have in the beginning of times both sexes doesn't seem to generate ogres, but perfect men, if it is with divine approval, like in this case. Incantation of the impossible, “grow and multiply with no maternity”, androgyny denotes perturbation of the sexual axiom. Was Adam hermaphrodite? Did he procreate against the laws of nature's ancestral wisdom?

Around this idea *Dulce de leche* (Custard Cream) is created: two drops of wool which are seminal in potency and also participate in the hermaphrodite characteristic. They are genital organs of an absent and unclassifiable nourishing hybrid (half semen, half mother's milk) that can be thought of as terrible by its physical fragmentation, scale and formal conception.

The human nature's limits are also present in the rest of the pieces that we propose in this exhibition. There are no visible buildings or vertical geographies in *Rizos de Medusa* (Medusa's Curls). This piece completely covered in black ostrich feathers, extends its limit in space in a similar way to a tactile carpet: a stain projecting itself from the sink towards the outside, or vice versa: superficial frontier and, at the same time, abyss and coil towards the imaginary depths of humanity; fluctuating zone that livens up the erotic pulse; casing and protective cloak that, on the other hand, symbolizes the depth. Beside the bath, two claws are placed on the edge of the carpet, but without touching it. They are feet to put on mentally and introduce us in a scene that can happen or might have happened already in this private space. They talk to us about the contact and discovery of the others' skin to draw us into the world of entrance and exit sources of organic matter. The body's hope, the openings of desire and, also, communicating vessels of taste and smell, the hollow spaces where some of the internal secretions are lodged, determine each one's imprint: sweeter or saltier, are the traces that make us special in relation to others.

Anatomía del amor (Anatomy of Love) is a more illusory proposition: in a parchment-like support there are distributed, in more or less dense zones, some filaments which are drawn as if they were hairs. Their topographic location, as well as their length and characteristics determine the species to which the hair belongs to and, particularly, if it's human or not. Although to talk about hair seems to indicate a position nearer to animals: it is the beast that shows off its fur whereas humans have hair all over their body but mostly on their head.

In any case, *Anatomía del amor* (Anatomy of Love) as much as *Dulce de leche* (Custard Cream) and *Rizos de Medusa* (Medusa's Curls), are conceived as places to relate eroticism and raw force. Love and violence are the main characters of this story. Who can resist the temptation of the touch of a Bengal tiger, striped or speckled devil, which between the bars of the zoo doesn't forget the taste of human flesh?

Same appearance, same behaviour. I miss the sheets that create watery zebra lines, and also adore my leopard slippers. Finally, one skin dresses another, disguises it.