CHAPTER TWO

Transgenics and Transgression: Animality, Humanity and Monstrosity in Margaret Atwood's *Oryx and Crake*

> "Vast of Being! which from God began,
> Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
> Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
> No glass can reach! from Infinite to thee,
> From thee to Nothing."
>
> —Alexander Pope, *Essay on Man*

> "Ever since I was condemned, my confessor has besieged me; he threatened and menaced, until I almost began to think that I was the monster that he said I was. [...] I had none to support me; all looked on me as a wretch doomed to ignominy and perdition."
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> —Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*

In my previous discussion of *The Blind Assassin* I have focused on how women like Iris claim their bodily boundaries through refusal of food and the obsession with cleanliness or further "fly" across textual boundaries and tackle phallogocentricism in virtue of female writing. Interestingly, regarding the gender relationship in this novel, women tend to animalize or demonize male others. Although men also demonize women, the mechanisms behind their demonologies are quite different. Generally speaking, men are inclined to portray women as ogresses slavering for stamina (e.g., the dead women in Zycron) or as toys

sating men's carnal lust (e.g., the Peach Women of Aa'A). Their representations of women are often masochistic; that is, there is usually sexual gratification in their suffering from such temptress or *femme fatale* characters. By contrast, due to societal/patriarchal cannibalism, women rarely elicit enjoyment from male consumption; instead, they often victimize themselves as preys or sacrifices to men (e.g., Iris compares Richard to a wolf; on the wall of the women's washroom Gods are said to be carnivores). Apparently, such depictions express women's anxiety about the integrity of their bodily boundaries. As the carnivorous Gods may devour women despite their protest for autonomy, Iris's dream of "becoming wolf" even reveals a visceral horror of animalization. As she recalls, "Last night I dreamt that my legs were covered with hair. Not a little hair but a great deal of it—dark hair spouting in tufts and tendrils as I watched, spreading up over my thighs like the pelt of an animal" (222), it is Richard as a contagious wolf that invades her body and renders her a werewolf, a half-human, half-beast monster.

In *Oryx and Crake*, Atwood delineates a post-plague, post-Darwin, posthuman scenario, in which monsters take over the world. As the lethal epidemic JUVE decimates humankind, such bioengineered beings as the pigoons, the wolvogs, the rakunks, and the Crakers succeed to humans' dominion. At this joint of time, even though Snowman has survived the calamity insofar as Crake—the brilliant and self-righteous genographer who invents the Crakers and unleashes the virus—has earlier injected him with the antidote, he is nevertheless threatened by the rapidly evolving microbes, by the bioengineered creatures newly released from the laboratories, and above all by those "perfect" Crakers. While Snowman's life is constantly at peril—he has to rummage leftovers among the ruins, deal with the feral pigoons and tackle his gnawing memories—his humanity is also at stake. Since scientific experts now can put humans' DNA into the pigoons and the Crakers, these two species propel Snowman to reconsider what it means to be human under this posthuman condition. As *The Blind Assassin*

brings to the fore the difficulty for women to retain their bodily boundaries against societal/ patriarchal cannibalism, *Oryx and Crake* further questions the boundary between human and animal/monster. Surprisingly, the line between humanity and animality/monstrosity is more slippery than one expects.

With biotechnology splicing human and animal DNAs, this chapter thus attempts to address the fickle (that is, not fixed) spectrum with humanity at one end, monstrosity at the other, and animality in between. Noticeably, the difference between human and animal/monster is not only one of morphology but also one of hierarchy. In other words, besides the definite human form, it is humans' control over animals and unnatural or artificial monsters—through domestication, consumption, vivisection, butchery, experiment, and even reservation—that tells one from the other. Indeed, while these bioengineered beings are confined to the laboratory, they are regarded as a brood of monsters because they are hybrids of human, animal and/or plant. However, the outbreak of JUVE confounds the border between humanity and the other two categories. As the epidemic kills off humankind and those transgenic creatures become "fruitful, and multiply" in the wilderness (Gen. 1:52), Snowman, the last *Homo sapiens* (man, the knower), the species that has always topped other living things on earth in the iconoclastic but anthropocentric narrative of Darwinism, now encounters compelling contenders. On account of his feeble survivability and lame competitiveness, he is consequently pushed onto the verge of dethronement by the highly adaptable pigoons on one hand and the "perfect" Crakers on the other. Here his abdication can be interpreted as a kind of dehumanization insofar as he can hardly take advantage of those bioengineered beings as before.

As Snowman's human supremacy has been challenged, the fact that the pigoons and the Crakers bear a striking organic resemblance to humans moreover puts the uniqueness of the human form into question. As these pigoons' kidneys, livers, hearts, and skin can be used in

human transplantation—a fact that confirms a high level of mutual compatibility or homogeneity—these porcine creatures even have human neocortex tissue inside their heads (22, 55, 56). Then while the pigoons can be seen as monsters duplicating humans' organs and usurping their ascendancy, the Crakers, with their precise human figure, thick skin, fortified immunology, and enhanced digestive system, even establish themselves as a refined version of *Homo sapiens*. Significantly, as all human beings save Snowman are said to be annihilated from the surface of earth, the Crakers' erstwhile monstrosity is more or less neutralized because it is they who now reign over the posthuman world. Since there is scarcely any human alive to define what a normal human being shall look like, the Crakers can simply claim humanity insofar as they now take the highest position. By contrast, Snowman is no longer the norm to measure humanity, bestiality and monstrosity; rather, he becomes the aberration incongruous with the majority. An odd maroon among the Crakers, he is propelled to relegate himself to the ghetto of monstrosity, identifying himself with an outcast like Frankenstein's Monster.

As such, monstrosity is a volatile label that often attaches to the minority: when the bioengineered beings are still rare, they are seen as monsters for their vast differences from other extant earthlings; however, as they proliferate in the wake of the plague, it is Snowman the remnant human that becomes the monster instead. Yet, to claim the number of population alone as the yardstick for measuring monstrosity is too simplistic to consider the implicit preponderance of *Homo sapiens* over other species. In other words, to render human beings monstrous, their human form and their superiority must also be questioned. When Snowman encounters the pigoons and the Crakers, it is not merely a matter of quantity but also one of human singularity and superiority. As those bioengineered beings' physical resemblance to Snowman has challenged the singularity of the human form, their better survivability further deposes him from the throne. In this case, to better grasp Snowman's subtle transition from

humanity through animality to monstrosity, we need to study his power relations with other transgenic creatures, the pigoons and the Crakers in particular. Intriguingly, while theorists like Haraway, Deleuze and Guattari are optimistic either about the propagation of "cyborg monsters" or about the potential of "becoming animal," Snowman tells us that hierarchy persists in Haraway's cyborg utopia. Besides, classification after all holds the liberating force of "becoming" in check.

Regarding monstrosity, Haraway's and Gray's cyborg politics may help us realize how these "cybernetic organisms" have blurred the border between human and bioengineered beings as monsters. In her provocative "Cyborg Manifesto" Haraway claims that cyborgs, as beings that transgress boundaries between human and animal, between organism and machine, as well as between physical and non-physical (151-53), defy such concepts as homogeneity and purity:

> [Cyborgs] are not afraid of their *joint kinship* with animals and machines, not afraid of permanently *partial identities* and *contradictory standpoints*. The political struggle is to see from both perspectives at once because each reveals both dominations and possibilities unimaginable from the other vantage point. Single vision produces worse illusions than double vision or many-headed monsters. Cyborg unities are monstrous and illegitimate; in our present political circumstances, we could hardly hope for more potent myths for resistance and recoupling. (154; my italics)

In other words, refuting the demarcations in race, gender and even humanity, Haraway advocates what Chela Sandoval calls the "oppositional consciousness," a tenet that, for Haraway, "marks out a self-consciously constructed space that cannot affirm the capacity to

act on the basis of natural identification, but only on the basis of conscious coalition, of affinity, of political kinship" (156). Thus, it is the political affiliation (consent), rather than the natural filiation (descent), that amalgamates cyborgs as a group. Since the "political kinship" is based on common interests and not necessarily on the same genealogy, the members can still keep their individual particularities. They do not have to identify with one another and become the same.

As Haraway's "Cyborg Manifesto" is saturated with a political intent to deliver hybrids like humans with prostheses, animals with chips, or hackers in the cyberspace from the shackles of physical homogeneity, Gray's *Cyborg Citizen* even attempts to subtend the commonest people into the domain of cyborgs. As Gray puts it, "A cyborg is a self-regulating organism that combines the natural and artificial together in one system. Cyborgs do not have to be part human, for any organism/system that mixes the evolved and the made, the living and the inanimate, is technologically a cyborg" (2). Remarkably, what Gray means by "artificial" here is not restricted to Haraway's combination of organisms and machines but further expands it to include "a vaccination that reprogrammed [one's] immune system" (2). Hence, inasmuch as there is any man-made improvement in the natural being—be it an invasive operation like organ transplantation or an extraneous fortification like smallpox inoculation—he/she/it can be referred to as a cyborg. By this definition, Gray actually invites almost every human being to engage the issue of cyborg citizenship because we more or less have got shot or taken medicine in one form or another.

Obviously, both Haraway and Gray are trying to involve as many beings as possible in their cyborg politics. Take *Oryx and Crake* for example. The pigoons, the Crakers, and Snowman all fall in this category: as the first two contain genes simultaneously from human and other species, Snowman's partaking in cyberspace and his inoculation against JUVE also render him a cyborg. While this seemingly all-inclusive term can be interpreted as an

approach to disrupting the Linnaean taxonomy by claiming that all cyborgs are the missing, crossing, unnamed, or more accurately unnamable, species beyond the natural classification,[33] it is the "political kinship" or the "participatory government" (Gray 3) that urges Haraway and Gray to develop this term from the field of ergonomics to the forum of politics. Yet, even though cyborgs have succeeded in blurring the border between human and transgenic creature, we unfortunately notice that the old question of monstrosity remains. In fact, now that cyborgs have negated the contour of the human form, their respective degrees of improvement accordingly become the foremost principle to designate humanity and monstrosity; that is, the more one is upgraded by bioengineering, the more he/she/it deserves the laurel of humanity. From this perspective, what Haraway canvasses for the "joint kinship" or "partial identities" are actually problematic. As we later observe the cyborgs in *Oryx and Crake*, we will find that this posthuman regime is still one of hierarchy and dystopia rather than one of democracy and utopia. In place of racism and sexism we find a sinister form of eugenics: genism.

If this novel can be read as Snowman's downfall from master to monster—namely, he slides, willy-nilly, from the lofty status of humanity in the animal kingdom to the pit of monstrosity among those transgenic species—I will venture on an inquiry into the power relations between Snowman and three other human species (the pigoons, the Crakers, and Crake) in order to disclose a heretofore seldom addressed issue, viz. the implicit hierarchy of the cyborg regime stratified as humanity, animality and monstrosity. To be noted, the phrase "human species," due to the pigoons' and the Crakers' physical likeness to human beings, is here no longer a monolithic, homogeneous appellation equivalent to *Homo sapiens* but a

[33] Carl Linnaeus (1707-1778) is acknowledged as "the Father of Taxonomy"; his "hierarchical classification and custom of binomial nomenclature," which assort and name living things according to their belonging kingdom, phylum, class, order, family, genus, and species, influence zoologists and botanists to come (Waggoner). The Linnaean nomenclature is one of the first biological systems to determine, classify, and sort out living things by their physical forms. For a brief biography and scientific thought of Linnaeus, see Ben Waggoner.

collective, heterogeneous term that encompasses “numbers people” like Crake and “word people” like Jimmy before the JUVE outbreak, and the bioengineered and non-bioengineered beings after the catastrophe. In my first comparison between Snowman and the pigoons, I will tackle the thin line between humanity and animality/monstrosity as here the pigoons are like humans with pigs’ snouts and hooves. Then in my second comparison between Snowman and the Crakers, my focus will shift onto Snowman’s becoming animal/monster. Intriguingly, whilst the Crakers have taken Snowman’s place as the new generation of humans, Snowman, owing to his inferiority, is therefore impelled to identify with something baser than humanity. My last comparison between Snowman and Crake will be an ethical critique of transgenics and technocracy in terms of *homo faber*. Noticeably, while the pigoons’ “*almost the same, but not quite*” mimicry (Bhabha 86; original italics) of human beings may simply be organic, the Crakers further precipitate Snowman’s downfall to monstrosity. Interrogating, attenuating, if not totally negating, the authenticity of human looks as do the pigoons, the Crakers eventually marginalize Snowman as people do to Frankenstein’s monster. As Darwin’s evolution ladder requires modifying and updating so as to accommodate this brand new cyborg hierarchy, my analysis does not stop at pointing out Snowman’s position as a monster under this posthuman condition. Instead, reading Crake as an extreme case of *homo faber*, my analysis of the instrumental and self-righteous scientist will expose the monstrosity in humanity.

Significantly, with the progress of transgenics there are numbers of pressing ethical issues: human transplantation and identity confusion, eugenics and artificial reproduction, biotechnology and capitalism, and what we have reiterated, the thin line between humanity and monstrosity. Since the pigoons are hybrids of pig and human, when their organs are transplanted to human patients, their recipients’ humanity is more or less adulterated. In such scenarios, the pigoons are not simply the biological garages supplying spare organs for the

automobile-like human beings; rather, they are the double—the demoting and curing, the fearful and adorable, other—of *Homo sapiens*. Following this, the Crakers even play up the problematic of reproduction and dominance. Noticeably, in addition to their human form, the Crakers also extract genes from other animals and plants: it is said that "*Crake made the bones of the Children of Crake out of coral on the beach, and then he made their flesh out of a mango*" (96; original italics). Moreover, they have "green eyes luminescent in the semi-darkness, just like the rabbit: same jellyfish gene" and "smell like a crateful of citrus fruit—an added feature on the part of Crake, who'd thought those chemicals would ward off mosquitoes" (102). In this case, when the Crakers, culling the "best" genes from all earthlings, are not regarded as monsters but as the "hypothetical wonderkid[s]" (250) for a couple like Jimmy's father and his stepmother, it seems that human beings themselves are prescribing the end of *Homo sapiens* and expecting an age of the posthuman beings. Inasmuch as the Crakers are not reproduced from a man's sperm and a woman's egg but are "customize[d]" (305) by their client-parents' preference, parenthood seems no longer a matter of biological affiliation but a contract of commercial deals. As such, when the Crakers really take over humans' seat of power, it is worth noting how "monstrosity," the derogatory epithet, transfers from these genetically modified hybrids to Snowman. As the novel reads not as much like a posthuman Genesis for the Crakers as a grisly *Paradise Lost* for Snowman, what should Snowman do when the Crakers become the ideal creations of the deified Crake and humans become the obsolete products to be cast away?[34]

As the Crakers have rendered Snowman a monster on account of his odd looks and inferior status, my analysis of Crake goes on to manifest a monstrous form of *homo faber* when bioengineering colludes with capitalism in the technocratic age. Noticeably, upon

[34] While I evoke two different "origin narratives" to depict the birth of the Crakers and the fall of Snowman respectively, John B. Breslin simply says, "*Oryx and Crake* chronicles the making of a supposed paradise, based on genetic manipulation raised to the nth degree" (25). Concise as Breslin's description is, my dual narratives are to foreground the differences between Snowman and the bioengineered Crakers. Although they fit in the same plot line, their origins are irreducibly different.

entering the Watson-Crick Institute, Jimmy experiences a sense of displacement: since the "numbers people" there are scientists conversant with biotechnology, his ignorance thus propels him to feel like a "troglodyte" (201). With Jimmy's self-abasement signaling the hierarchy between scientists and laypersons in this technocratic society, the concept of *homo faber* has accordingly undergone sea changes. Now that those transgenics experts, unlike artisans or stonemasons, are crafting lives instead of objects, they have uplifted *homo faber* from the typically aesthetic or pragmatic dimension to a nearly theological one. Yet, as the research and design of bioengineered creatures relies on huge financial investments, the scientists as Godlike *homo faber* cannot be totally autonomous but have to be more or less controlled by their sponsors, namely, the international corporations. In this case, while the Paradice Project attests to the cooperation between scientists and capitalists, when the MaddAddam crew tries to turn the Compound upside down by their mischievous splices or when Crake manages to avenge his father on the pharmaceutical company by unleashing the deadly virus these genographers conversely retaliate against capitalism for its destruction of the ecosystem and its cupidity at the sacrifice of human and animal lives. As the symbiosis between biotechnology and capitalism turns to a mutiny, the monstrous work of *homo faber* costs as dear as the whole humankind.

I. The Pigoons as the Double of *Homo Sapiens*

Obviously, with the rapid development of biotechnology transgenics in *Oryx and Crake* has permeated almost every fiber of the social fabric. When things like the Happicuppa beans, spoat/giders, rakunks, wolvogs, and ChickieNobs hit the market, bioengineered products have proved to spill over the original border of science, now reaching other areas such as local agronomy, global economics, sartorial materials, military defense, food manufacturing, and

above all human-animal relations.[35] As the Happicuppa beans propel those starving, unemployed peasants to riot against the colossal corporation and the silk of the spoat/gider replaces steel in the making of bulletproof vests (179, 199), the rakunks, the wolvogs, and the ChickieNobs are more related to people's daily life because they are or used to be domesticated animals. Interestingly, the rakunks as pets are at once animals, commodities and family members; these various identities, as Molly H. Mullin points out, entail different and often contradictory relations to their breeders, traders and caretakers (215-16).[36] Suffice it to say that once the rakunk is brought home from the laboratory or the shop, the intimacy between the pet and its caretaker often renders it an inconceivable idea to sell, release or experiment on the rakunk. While the rakunks are new members in a family, the wolvogs update the human-canine relation from friendship or comradeship to inexorable antagonism. With "a large pit-bull component" inside their genes, the wolvogs are no longer docile pals to keep humans company (205). To be noted, though some breeds of dogs are belligerent by nature, they can often be domesticated and trained to attack villains only. By contrast, the wolvogs refuse to be tamed; they are threatening not solely because they have a scrappy temperament but because their fawning tails and affectionate gazes are strategies to disarm passer-bys. As the wolvogs now render humans *under*dogs in terms of strength, the ChickieNobs are hardly the chickens we can recognize. Without beaks or brains, they

[35] The transgenic creatures in *Oryx and Crake* are programmed to meet humans' demands for greater economic benefits, quicker supplies of food, stronger materials for clothing, more tractable pets, more effective security guards, among others. For example, "the Happicuppa coffee bush was designed so that all of its beans would ripen simultaneously, and coffee could be grown on huge plantations and harvested with machines" (179). A splice of skunk and raccoon, the rakunk does not smell like the former or grow "crabby" like the latter. "Placid" and "fluffy," they become popular pets (51). The wolvogs look like dogs, but are not as friendly at all; "bred to deceive," they will attack intruders by surprise (205). The spoat/gider, a bizarre splice of goat and spider, can "produce high-tensile spider silk filaments in the milk [, which are then used to make] bulletproof vests" (199). The edible ChickieNobs do not come from chickens but from "a large bulblike object that seemed to be covered with stippled whitish-yellow skin" (202). Without eyes, beaks or brains, this "chicken hookworm" produces "chicken breasts in two weeks [....] And the animal-welfare freaks won't be able to say a word, because this thing feels no pain" (203).

[36] Situating animal pets in "industrialized consumer-oriented economies," Mullin says, "Pets are commodities that many people use, like other consumer goods, as a means of constructing identities; however, they are also often considered members of families and serve as companions and the focus of nurturing and caretaking behavior, providing considerable emotional attachments and satisfaction" (215-16).

resemble “sea-anemone[s],” “hookworm[s],” but not poultry of any kind (202, 203). Risibly, they are “wart[s]” negating animality (203). Clearly, since these animal hybrids are less scientific breakthroughs than ethical breaches, it is no wonder that Jimmy, at the sight of the ChickieNobs and the wolvogs, “feels some line has been crossed, some boundary transgressed” (206). Her mother, Sharon, even feels so resentful at her husband’s resignation to capitalism—that is, scientists like him invent things like the pigoon neocortex to “rip off a bunch of desperate people” (56)—that she chooses to desert her family. Set against the backdrop of such transgressions, this chapter will foreground two particular bioengineered beings: the pigoons and the Crakers. Different from the ChickieNobs or the wolvogs, which deform chickens and brutalize dogs in the animal kingdom, the creatures at issue here are the ultimate products of transgenics because they challenge not only animality but also humanity.

The pigoons, whose official name is “*sus multiorganifer*” (22), are what Gray calls the “living pharmaceutical factories” in terms of cyborgs (123). Cultivated at OrganInc Farms, a corporation dedicated to transgenic technologies, these bioengineered pig hosts are raised and “reaped of [their] extra kidneys” or other organs for the purpose of human transplantation (22). Unlike an usual pig, which will expire once its vitals are removed and trigger humans’ immunological attack during the transplant, the pigoon, in addition to its compatibility with its recipients, “could keep on living and grow more organs, much as a lobster could grow another claw to replace a missing one” (23). While these porcine creatures are more like plants bearing seasonal fruits than animals donating bodily parts at OrganInc Farms, their counterparts at NooSkins, a subsidiary of the pharmaceutical enterprise HelthWyzer (53), are groundbreaking products of skin-related biotechnologies. Thrillingly, the pigoons there make possible a brand new skin for their patrons: “The main idea was to find a method of replacing the older epidermis with a fresh one, not a laser-thinned or dermabraded short-term resurfacing but a genuine start-over skin that would be wrinkle- and blemish-free” (55). With

these pigoons to replace old skin cells or/and impaired organs, it seems that rejuvenation and immortality are no longer pipe dreams. Now it takes only a few operations to pipe in the substitute organs from the pigoons.

Apparently, the pigoons make tremendous contributions to the biomedical research and application, yet along with these developments come some ethical polemics. First, when the health-oriented "organic farms" become the lucrative "OrganInc Farms," the word "organic" is now removed from its agricultural context to a pharmaceutical one. With this change, what are on sale now are not chemical-free vegetables but gene-modified vitals. The difference is one between plant and animal, between the natural and the artificial. Second, now that it is the transplanted organ rather than the uncontaminated grain that enters the human bodies, the subject has to manage things more than absorbing nutrients from the sustenance. For patients who procure organs from the grunting donators, they have to coexist with parts of the "nonhuman" pigoon. Besides, since pigs and pigoons look alike, when pork appears on the dining table, it is really hard to tell whether the meat is from the unaltered and thus edible swine or from the transgenic and therefore untouchable pigoon. While "it was claimed that none of the defunct pigoons ended up as bacon and sausages: no one would want to eat an animal whose cells might be identical with at least some of their own" (23-24), the horrible notion of cannibalism indicates that the pigoons are not merely animals or food; they are human beings in porcine masks.

Even though Snowman does not receive any transplanted organ from the pigoons or literally—at least he has no intention to—munch on their flesh, it does not mean that he is safe from the identity whirlpool which has sucked in those pigoon patients and consumers. Intriguingly, Snowman's relation with those oinking creatures is analogical to that between Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, though here the former is not necessarily benign or adept at science and the latter are more often the saviors than the murderers during xenotransplantation. Since

they are the double of each other, it is erroneous then either to reduce their relation to sheer antagonism or to overlook their confrontation altogether. When Snowman is still Jimmy, he encounters the pigoons for the first time at his father's OrganInc Farms. Seeing them pee and poop everywhere, the cherubic Jimmy has a shameful feeling: "The pigoons had no toilets and did it anywhere; this caused him a vague sensation of shame" (26). Noticeably, Jimmy's sense of embarrassment is more than a faint reminder of his former bed-wetting habit, insofar as "he hadn't wet his bed for a long time, or he didn't think he had" (26). Rather, it is his identification with the pigoons wallowing in excrement that makes him bashful. Unlike those usual consumers, who are afraid of eating pork because they may accidentally swallow the pigoon organs identical to theirs, Jimmy's problem is not purely a matter of cannibalism. When he nibbles at the "pigoon pancakes" and the "pigoon popcorn," he surprisingly shares victimhood with those porcine creatures: "He didn't want to eat a pigoon, because he thought of the pigoons as creatures much like himself. Neither he nor they had a lot of say in what was going on" (24). If the pigoons cannot make their own choices because they are meant to be disemboweled for operations or/and slain for humans' meals, Jimmy's situation is by no means better. Like the pigoons, he has little latitude regarding what he eats or what he does.

Interestingly, Jimmy's vicarious thralldom comes to an abrupt halt when the pigoons are set free at the outbreak of JUVE. No longer domesticated in the laboratory, these released pigoons, thanks to their "rapid-maturity genes" (38), soon grow sharp tusks just like the feral boars in the woods. Now that they have to search for subsistence by themselves, the pigoons are no more the sluggish creatures that urge Jimmy to poke them for some exercise (26). Instead, they become so vigorous, robust, and aggressive that they conversely pose threats to human beings' lives. While Snowman can cease to worry about any unintended consumption or deliberate transplantation of the pigoons' organs, the pigoons are likely to "bowl him over, trample him, then rip him open, munch up the organs first" (235). Moreover, since "[s]ome of

them may even have human neocortex tissue growing in their crafty, wicked heads" (235), the pigoons have become so cunning and resourceful as to "fake a retreat," "lurk around," and gang up to ambush Snowman (235, 267-68). While Jimmy used to entertain qualms about pork and empathize with his porcine friends in cages, such pathos may be quite foreign to those "brainy and omnivorous" predators (235).[37] Judging from their superb adaptability and survivability, the pigoons will probably revolve to a more advanced level than where Snowman stays during his lifetime. Besieged by the pigoons, Snowman nonetheless cannot help regarding his double in awe: "if they'd had fingers they'd have ruled the world" (267).

Surprisingly, whereas human beings may consume, identify with, or receive transplants from the pigoons prior to the plague, now the pigoons can prey on their former consumers. With the confusion between the controller and the controlled, the pigoons as such are not simply animal "others" to human beings. In fact, since the pigoons not only blur their demarcation from pigs but also confound their border against humans, their partial identification—the Bhabhaian ambivalence or mimicry—questions the authenticity of pigs and humans. In this case, to untangle the knotty power relation between Snowman and the pigoons, we need to first review the human-pig relation in natural history. By foregrounding the problems implicit in the resemblances and differences among species, we may penetrate the seemingly rational but actually arbitrary construct of naturalism in what Deleuze and Guattari call the "series and structure" (234) or what Foucault terms "the order of things."

Before the pigoons' emergence, the human-pig dyad, due to such prevailing doctrines as the Great Chain of Beings and Darwinism, specific cuisines like the Jewish Kosher and the

[37] While Richard A. Posner claims that the pigoons "acquire human cunning with no diminution of animal savagery," it is simplistic and anthropocentric to call their possession of intelligence "sinister" (31). Remarkably, the opposition between Snowman and pigoon here is neither one between good and evil nor one between human and beast. While it is still questionable whether the pigoons will be endowed with morality (e.g., shame or the misgiving about homicide) when they obtain human brains, the urgency of survival would certainly override the consideration of morality when food becomes scarce on the post-plague wasteland. In other words, the pigoons' seeming absence of compunction may be attributed to their want of food, rather than to their retention of "animal savagery." Overpowered by hunger, they are likely to commit cannibalism/homicide despite the pricks of conscience. Likewise, hardly will Snowman feel guilty if he has to slay a pigoon in order to protect himself or to sate his hunger.

Koran's prohibition on pork,[38] as well as funerals and other forms of symbolism or ideology, is coded as a hierarchy descending from human to pig to pork and lastly to carcass. While this permutation seems self-evident—namely, human beings hunt/pet/domesticate pigs and eat pork; the fresh pork sells at a higher price than the putrid remains; even a deceased human being is considered more valuable than a dead pig—it is actually fraught with anthropocentric assumptions. Indeed, when the egregious JUVE or other hemorrhagic microbes turn human bodies into viscous matters, we witness a process of dehumanization insofar as it becomes difficult to distinguish human carcass from animal ones. Considering this instability of human frames, one can argue that shrouds, coffins and tombstones in the funeral ceremonies are invented in a sense to forestall this confusion. In addition, rare as it is, pigs may devour humans if they have the chance. Omnivorous by nature, they will not shy away from any meat available. As one shall see, while in most cases the hierarchy imposes a kind of order on the relation between human and pig, some *Homo sapiens*, such as a fragile infant, an infirm octogenarian, and a bedridden patient, may fall prey to a brawny hog.

As demonstrated, the hierarchy of species is arbitrary. In *The Order of Things* Foucault criticizes naturalists like Carl Linnaeus for transcribing animals from spectacular shows and theaters in fairs or tournaments to explanatory tables and catalogues in the discourse of natural history. For him, the problem of such representations does not lie in "the desire for knowledge" or "in the style of commentary, but in a mode that was to be considered as positive, as objective [...]" (131). In fact, natural history, as "the nomination of the visible," privileges sight and downplays other senses to such an extent that naturalists observe and record all beings "by four variables only: the form of the elements, the quantity of those elements, the manner in which they are distributed in space in relation to each other, and the

[38] Concerning the dietary rules of the Hebrews, that is, "the abominations of Leviticus," see Mary Douglas 51-71.

relative magnitude of each element" (132, 134).[39] By so doing, it thus "substitut[es] anatomy for classification, organism for structure, internal subordination for visible character, the series for tabulation, [...] engrav[ing animals and plants] in black on white" (138). Although natural history is "objective" insofar as naturalists must discard personal prejudice and come to an agreement on the designations of beings, its oculocentric stance and its translation of things into words are anthropocentric, logocentric and thus problematic.

As Foucault engages the issue of representation in natural history, Deleuze and Guattari later in *A Thousand Plateaus* further disrupts the analogical relationships between animals. As they aptly put it,

> natural history conceives of the relationships between animals in two ways: series and structure. In the case of a series, I say *a* resembles *b*, *b* resembles *c*, etc; all of these terms confirm in varying degrees to a single eminent term, perfection, or quality as the principle behind the series. This is exactly what the theologians used to call an analogy of proportion. In the case of a structure, I say *a* is to *b* as *c* is to *d*; and each of these relationships realizes after its fashion the perfection under consideration: gills are to breathing under water as lungs are to breathing air; or the heart is to gills as the absence of a heart is to tracheas [in insects] … This is an analogy of proportionality. (234; original brackets)

In this sense, all living things can be allocated by the analogy of proportion or/and by that of proportionality. On one hand, as humans take after God's image and monkeys resemble

[39] As the criteria to record plants and animals, form, quantity, manner, and magnitude "[t]hese four values affecting, and determining, any given element or organ are what botanists term its *structure*." While structure designates individual specialties, another naturalist term—character—selects one specific structure "to be the locus of pertinent identities and differences" so as to compare different beings (Foucault 134, 140). It is noticeable that what Foucault means by "structure" is different from what Deleuze denotes (as shown in the next paragraph of this chapter proper) in *A Thousand Plateaus*.

humans, a "series" of primates is thus constructed, the hierarchal status of each graduated by its degree of similitude to the perfect God. On the other hand, as humans use lungs to breathe on land while fish use gills to breathe in the water, their common respiratory system—two different organs of the same function—creates a "structure" to relate them to each other; here fish are considered inferior to primates because they bear fewer resemblances to God. Clearly, the discourse of natural history can register all beings through the language of "progression and regression, continuities and major breaks" (234). With a morphological sleight of hand—that is, by comparing things with God in light of resemblance and difference—a theological hierarchy is conjured. Yet, organized as this system looks, Deleuze and Guattari trenchantly point out that "[n]atural history can think only in terms of relationships (between A and B), not in terms of production (from A to *x*)" (234). Unlike evolutionists, who define things "in terms of genealogy, kinship, descent, and filiation" (234), naturalists can only compare their similarities and dissimilarities. Hardly will they come up with, let alone believe, the fact that humans derive from fish through the long course of evolution.[40]

Therefore, inasmuch as naturalists see all species as separate entities, whose mutual relations are constructed by the comparisons of their outer forms and interior structures rather than by the connections of genealogy or evolution, such naïveté does not take into account biological mutation/hybridity or, in regard to transgenics, artificial splices. In *Oryx and Crake* the pigoons' insertion into the already disputable human-pig hierarchy precisely brings to the

[40] As shown in the epigraph of this chapter, Pope's *Essay on Man*, in the vein of Arthur Lovejoy's *The Great Chain of Being*, renders the whole cosmological system a hierarchy in which human beings are subordinate to God and angels only. Then as Charles Darwin's scientific treatise *The Origin of Species* is introduced to the Victorian public, this antique permutation is challenged, but not disrupted. When we compare Pope's theological chain with Darwin's evolutional ladder, it is noticeable that God has been divested of His supremacy and human beings become primates' offspring. Yet, despite "the death of God," the superiority of *Homo sapiens* to other living things remains unshakeable. For some, humans now even replace God and succeed to the topmost throne. Interestingly, both Creationism and Darwinism attempt to place humankind along the ranks of cosmology. Although the great chain of being grades organisms by their degrees of resemblance to God, whereas Darwin and his advocates measure them by the development of evolution, it seems that philosophers and biologists are both inclined to the vertical thinking of hierarchy. Slighting, if not totally erasing, the diversities inherent in the concept of evolution—that is, the evolution of organisms is radiate, not linear; it is from one to many, not one to another—the anthropocentric ideology constructs human beings as the head of the animal kingdom. Actually, some people even believe that human beings should not be lumped together with animals; they are far more civilized and advanced than those non-humans.

fore the flimsy border between humanity and animality. As the patients in want of pigoon organs—namely, those with diabetics, liver complaints, cardiovascular diseases or burned, damaged, wrinkled skin—may become something less than human but more than animal, as the pigoons transform from "guinea pigs" in the laboratory to "human beings in porcine masks" or, better yet, to predators of humans, what Sigmund Freud flaunts about civilization as the dividing line between human and animal—that is, the utilization of tools, the employment of fire, the construction of dwellings, the upright gait, the sense of guilt, etc. (*Civilization* 89-90, 99)—can no longer vouch for humans' survival among the pigoons.[41] Despite the suaveness of human civilization, its innate superiority to other beings is now a tenacious "application of categories [and hierarchies] that are strictly anachronistic" (Foucault 127). Obviously, the pigoons do not have to study languages, immerse themselves in culture, or learn to exploit fire in order to top Snowman; on a bioscientific wasteland their omnivorous regimen and their stout physique have promised these brawny creatures to outlive the last human on earth. Even if we try to distinguish them by the epithet *Homo sapiens*, the pigoons, by dint of their human neocortex, can live up to that title as well. Furthermore, the appellation *homo faber* also proves obsolete because Snowman has been deprived of most tools he is familiar with.[42] Thus, while the toolless and powerless Snowman may still congratulate himself on morality as the badge of civilization, the brat-pack pigoons have "evolved" into a tribe of amoral beings. Ironically then, morality turns out to be a biological liability: when humans are pared off their cutting edge of intelligence and tool manipulation, their morality is likely to render them a bunch of sitting

[41] Freud defines civilization as "the whole sum of the achievements and the regulations which distinguish our lives from those of our animal ancestors and which serve two purposes—namely to protect men against nature and to adjust their mutual relations" (*Civilization* 89).

[42] According to Gray, tools precipitate the advents of new ages and ways of living: "Tools define ages (pastoral, agricultural, urban), especially war tools (bronze, iron, steel). Countless tools were invented while humans assembled increasingly complicated social machines to produce community (tribes, families, villages), war (armies), and economic development (irrigation systems, cities, ports), and to scratch our insatiable itch for knowledge (religion, art, magic)" (4). However, now that Snowman is dispossessed of tools—knives, pitchers, radio, computers, sprayguns, and so on—he must make do with what few resources there have been left behind.

ducks vulnerable to the pigoons as voracious carnivores. Noticeably, here animality should not be explained as the bestiality to kill others because such tendency is also part of humanity; nor should humanity accentuate the human form because dexterity and the erect posture are only slightly competitive in comparison with the pigoons as sturdy, crafty and cooperative quadrupeds. When the pigoons' organs become compatible with the human patients' immunological system, bioengineering has rendered visible at once a suture and a slippage, a juncture and a rupture, between/in humanity and animality.

II. The Crakers as Posthuman *Homo Sapiens*

As the pigoons challenge humanity's superiority to animality, it is noticeable that survivability, which mainly encompasses the capability of adapting to the environment, of resisting viruses, of reproduction, cannot be overemphasized in this bioengineering age. Indeed, in a world replete with viruses, saturated with predators, and short of provisions, a fortified set of the immune, defense and digestive systems has become part and parcel of survival. When new splices of viruses are introduced into the ecological system, organisms are immediately divided into the immunologically resistant and the deficient. Then, along with this sorting, the Darwinian configuration has to be modified, and a new mode of hierarchy, in which the Crakers now usurp the sovereignty from *Homo sapiens*, is thus coming into existence. To be sure, the Crakers are not crowned without any reason: they are beautiful, docile, resistant to ultraviolet, repellant to insects, immune to microbes, equipped with repugnant pees to demarcate their territory against feral predators, and capable of digesting coarse plant material (304, 154). Moreover, they have, according to Crake's design, theoretically gotten rid of racism, hierarchy, territoriality, torment of sexuality, and "any harmful symbolisms, such as kingdoms, icons, gods, or money" (305). While the posthuman

Crakers seem to be purged of humans' maladies of civilization—as Crake says, "What had been altered was nothing less than the ancient primate brain. Gone with its destructive features, the features responsible for the world's current illnesses" (305)—Jimmy the *Homo sapiens*, by contrast, is gradually ostracized to the ghetto of the others: the pathologized, marginalized, animalized, objectified, and worst of all, monstrous others.

It takes little imagination to picture Snowman's displacement among the Crakers; morphologically the same but genetically primitive, he likens himself to an intruder, a leper, a pervert, and even a specter. On hearing those Crakers' "carboniferous" and "verdant" voices, Snowman, while transported by their unearthly tunes, nonetheless "feels excluded, as if from a party to which he will never be invited. All he'd have to do is step forward into the firelight and there'd be a ring of suddenly blank faces turned towards him. Silence would fall, as in tragic plays of long ago when the doomed protagonist made an entrance, enveloped in his cloak of contagious bad news" (105-06). Reminiscent of the macabre figure in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death," what Snowman represents here is not a congenial guest but an unsolicited stranger, not an avuncular sage but an ill omen. Internalizing the image of a "contagious" intruder, Snowman has grown into whistling "like a leper's bell" (153),[43] so the Crakers can know his arrival prophylactically: "He doesn't want to startle them, strain their politeness, cross their boundaries without being invited—loom up on them suddenly out of the shrubbery, like some grotesque flasher exposing himself to schoolkids" (153). Ostensibly, while Snowman is completely normal among human beings, his physical inferiority to those "perfect" Crakers has propelled him to regard himself as an infectious vector, a sordid leper, and an obscene exhibitionist. Due to his coarse genes, his physical

[43] According to Peter Lewis Allen, when leprosy reached its height in medieval times, those afflicted were often ousted out of camps or at least forced to keep a distance from others: "In some areas, lepers (like Jews) were made to wear yellow badges; in others, the markers were red. To avoid soiling even the dirt in the medieval streets—streets that often flowed with raw sewage and the blood of animals slaughtered in butchers' stalls—lepers were forced to wear shoes at all times. They had to carry a clapper or a bell to warn people to keep their distance" (28). For more details about leprosy, especially its medical symptoms, its historical facts, and its cultural (often religious) implications, see Allen 25-40.

deficiency has been distorted into some pathological abnormality.

Then to make the matter worse, Snowman even identifies himself with a phantom, thus slipping out of the realm of living things. Like Hamlet's father, he belongs to the other world, his apparition insinuating a portent, a pleading, a progenitor from the grave: "On some non-conscious level Snowman must serve as a reminder to [the Crakers], and not a pleasant one: he's what they may have been once. *I'm your past*, he might intone. *I'm your ancestor, come from the land of the dead. Now I'm lost, I can't get back, I'm stranded here, I'm all alone. Let me in!*" (106; original italics). Dejected and rejected, Snowman is not bestowed with any supernatural power like the mythic vampire; nor is he entitled to demand revenge like a despotic king, father or spirit. Solitary and "stranded," he is more like a wretch, a pauper, an untouchable in the Hindu caste than like a powerful and fearful other. Even though he is an "ancestor" to those Crakers, he is no lineal relative or collateral kinsman in the usual genealogical sense. Instead, his connection with those bioengineered creatures is as thin and remote as that between human and other primates: their similitude stops at the visage only, and much to Snowman's chagrin, it is he who plays the role of the primordial subordinate now.

If being a ghost is tantamount to dehumanization to most people, it is only the first step to Snowman. Cast away from the sphere of human beings, the spectral Snowman is further relegated to the domain of animals. As Darwin's evolutional ladder escalates graduatedly from unicellular organisms upwards to multicellular organisms, fishes, amphibians, reptiles, birds, and uppermost mammals, now Snowman is declining one rung after another from human to ape to walrus and even to a bird that cannot fly. While initially he calls himself Snowman as in the Abominable Snowman, the creature he identifies with is "existing and not existing, flickering at the edges of blizzards, apelike man or manlike ape, stealthy, elusive, known only through rumours and through its backward-pointing footprints" (7-8).

Intriguingly, as the Abominable Snowman (*Yeti*), deriving from "the Tibetan *yeh-teh*, 'little man-like animal,'" is reportedly "an unknown primate, a remnant hominid, or a type of bear" ("Yeti"), this mysterious creature is fearful not because it is sacred or godlike but because it is simian or "apelike"; in other words, its strength stems from the irrational bestiality seen in animals rather than from the divine Godhead stored in deities. While the derogatory term "Abominable Snowman" has designated an "aberration" from humanity (307), Snowman moreover regards himself as a marine, *out*landish walrus: "He's rank, he's gamy, he reeks like a walrus—oily, salty, fishy—not that he's ever smelled such a beast. But he's seen pictures" (7). As such, Snowman's identification with the alien-like behemoth is not merely olfactory but visual as well: since walruses are ponderous mammals feeding mostly on fish, mollusks and crustaceans, it is their stench and unwieldiness that generate a feeling of self-abhorrence in Snowman. To quote Rhoda in Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*, Snowman is "like [one of the] walruses stranded on rocks, like [one of the] heavy bodies incapable of waddling into the sea" (133). Here, his heaviness is not physical but mental; his strandedness resonates with the grounded "ancestor" bogged down on the shore of Styx. Like a hulk in the state of wreckage, he is likely to be irretrievably sinking.

As Snowman's affiliation with animals like the ape and the walrus has attested to his psychological atavism, his conversations with the Crakers further downgrade him to a shedding bird or some other ill-assorted creature. Paradoxically, though the Crakers claim to be free from malign will, their childlike nonsense is actually uncensored critique. Curious about Snowman's beard and clothing, things these naked, smooth-skinned beings do not have, the Crakers should concoct "a stock of lore" (8) on Snowman's bearing:

> *Snowman was once a bird but he's forgotten how to fly and the rest of his feathers fell out, and so he is cold and he needs a second skin, and he has to wrap himself*

> *up. No: he's cold because he eats fish, and fish are cold. No: he wraps himself up because he's missing his man thing, and he doesn't want to us to see. That's why he won't go swimming. Snowman has wrinkles because he once lived underwater and it wrinkled up his skin. Snowman is sad because the others like him flew away over the sea, and now he is all alone*. (8-9; original italics)

Like a monster in a glass menagerie, Snowman is by turns a pinioned bird, a cold-blooded sea creature, and even a castrated eunuch. Even though there is nothing wrong with him when put in the human society, his incongruity with the Crakers still precipitates the mythical tales, rendering him a spectacular freak. When his physical insufficiency is seen as disability, Snowman thus becomes an animal without scales and tails. Neither fish nor fowl, he is unique as a monster, not as a human being.

Depicted as a monster akin to the chimera in Greek mythology, Snowman becomes an eyesore, if not the bête noire, among the Crakers. Later while he is contemplating on the etymology of "toast," the quotidian process of toast making swerves headlong to an esoteric form of repentance, and Snowman's identification with toast even designates a higher degree of dehumanization:

> *Toast was a pointless invention from the Dark Ages. Toast was an implement of torture that caused all those subjected to it to regurgitate in verbal form the sins and crimes of their past lives. Toast was a ritual item devoured by fetishists in the belief that it would enhance their kinetic and sexual powers. Toast cannot be explained by any rational means.*
>
> *Toast is me.*
>
> *I am toast*. (98; original italics)

As the setting shifts from some contemporary wheat field, flour mill, bakery or kitchen to a medieval church, dungeon, coven or orgy, the toast accordingly transforms from the vapid provision to a contradictory intermixture of orthodoxy and paganism, an outrageous blend of ecclesiastical punishment and carnal indulgence. Noticeably, by identifying with toast, Snowman seems to renounce his reason, the staple of humanity ever since the Enlightenment. Yielding to a benighted state, he resigns himself to "regurgitat[ing]" confessions and heretic fetishism. When toast ceases to be a kind of nutrition and becomes "an implement of torture," Snowman's identification is a court of self-torment. Negating his reason, he is now far away from the concept of humanity. Furthermore, he himself is also the convict subjected to toast as a sort of verbal punishment.

As he is constantly brooding over his inferiority, Snowman eventually gets bogged down in nihilism. In fact, he abases himself to such an extent that even the simian Abominable Snowman becomes an overstatement to him:

> Maybe he's not the Abominable Snowman after all. Maybe he's the other kind of snowman, the grinning dope set up as a joke and pushed down as an entertainment, his pebble smile and carrot nose an invitation to mockery and abuse. Maybe that's the real him, the last *Homo sapiens*—a white illusion of a man, here today, gone tomorrow, so easily shoved over, left to melt in the sun, getting thinner and thinner until he liquefies and trickles away altogether. (224)

Arguably, either the legendary Abominable Snowman or the frosty snowman is elusive all the same: whilst one is at best a subhuman bordering on spurious reality, the other is not even a living thing. As the former is a beastly other, the latter, through palpable to begin with, melts

in a wink. When Snowman shortens his name, the truncated "Abominable" has more or less signified his attenuated power. Now he even shrinks to the de-capitalized snowman, thus denying the meaning of life. In the brave new world with the Crakers at the center, it dawns on Snowman that he has become a marginalized plaything. Evanescent, he is "here today, gone tomorrow."

Regarding Snowman's relentless regressions, it is significant to note that these changes are neither as liberating as what Deleuze and Guattari laud in "becoming animal"; nor are they as optimistic as what Haraway advocates in her utopian "Cyborg Manifesto."[44] Whereas they espouse concepts like "becoming" and "cyborg monsters" for the "multiplicity" (Deleuze and Guattari 239) or "heteroglossia" (Haraway 181) they hint at,[45] Snowman's "depravity" to monstrosity (Atwood, *Oryx* 101) is ironically attributed to his genetic immobility. As those transgenic beings are either incessantly evolving (e.g., the pigoons) or already "perfect" in every aspect (e.g., the Crakers), Snowman is conversely, anomalously fading, aging and melting.[46] Due to his genetic inertia, it seems that his sense of time is not marching ahead but throwing back, or more precisely, it is other cyborgs' moving ahead that generates a feel of receding in Snowman. As an animal, he does not acquire the ape's strength,

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[44] My critique of Deleuze/Guattari and Haraway is not to refute their theories, but to foreground the unique case of Snowman.

[45] Interestingly, though Haraway does not mention any of Deleuze and Guattari's "becoming animal," she correspondingly employs an amphibian metaphor to distinguish the cyborg's regeneration from the usual (re)birth of sexual reproduction:

> For salamanders, regeneration after injury, such as the loss of a limb, involves regrowth of structure and restoration of function with the constant possibility of twinning or other odd topographical productions at the site of former injury. The regrown limb can be monstrous, duplicated, potent. We have all been injured, profoundly. We require regeneration, not rebirth, and the possibilities for our reconstitution include the utopian dream of the hope for a monstrous world without gender. (181)

Significantly, unlike rebirth, regeneration is not simply to undo the damage and repeat the old order. Rather, it is to deconstruct and restructure, "deterritorialize" and "reterritorialize" the subject in the Deleuzian sense. As the newly grown limb may not be necessarily the same as the previous one, such a "topographical" change, albeit "monstrous," is not only a restoration of life but a celebration of difference as well. For a brief explanation of "deterritorialization," see Deleuze and Guattari 508-10.

[46] Here I use "anomalously" in the Deleuzian sense. As Deleuze puts it, "The abnormal can be defined only in terms of characteristics, specific or generic; but the anomalous is a position or set of positions in relation to a multiplicity" (244). Although Snowman does look different from the pigoons and the Crakers, I am less interested in his appearance or behavior than in his marginalized, "peripheral position" among the cyborgs as a pack (245).

the walrus's ivory, or the bird's wings but shares with them the inferior allocation formerly imposed by humans; as a cyborg, he is far from the concept of any state-of-the-art invention but at best a poorly botched trinket. Seeing those Crakers as "hormone robots" in their mating quintuplet, Snowman feels like "an orang-utang [...] groping some sparkly pastel princess" (166, 169). A Frankenstein's Monster incarnate, he whimpers to Crake: '"Why am I on this earth? How come I'm alone? Where's my Bride of Frankenstein?'" (169).[47]

While I claim that Snowman's regressions are not as liberating as Deleuze and Guattari suggest, it does not mean that Snowman is blocked from the leeway of becoming altogether. In fact, Snowman's continual metamorphoses to ape, walrus, bird, and even the inanimate snowman is a restricted case of "becoming" because here his "lines of flight" (Deleuze and Guattari 237) must eventually be re-posited in the hierarchical classification.[48] To be noted, Snowman's changes are less like "alliance[s]" or "symbioses" between species (Deleuze and Guattari 238) than like affiliations prompted by victimhood or inferiority. As Deleuze and Guattari claim that "[b]ecoming is a rhizome, not a classificatory or genealogical tree. Becoming is certainly not imitating, or identifying with something; neither is it regressing-progressing; neither is it corresponding, establishing corresponding relations; neither is it producing, producing a filiation or producing through filiation" (239), Snowman's becoming is not so complete or anarchic. While momentarily taking off from the current classificatory tree—by the logic of the Deleuzian "becoming"—and thus disrupting humanity, Snowman eventually has to land on another tree with a modified structure. In other

[47] It is worth noticing that the "Bride of Frankenstein" here does not designate Elizabeth, the human bride of Victor Frankenstein in Shelley's novel. Instead, it refers to a horror film, *The Bride of Frankenstein* (1935), in which Dr. Henry (not Victor) Frankenstein creates a female monster at the Monster's demand. Interestingly, the "conflation" of Dr. Frankenstein and his Monster, according to Gray, "signifies that the doctor actually is monstrous in our minds. Equally revealing is that Mary Shelley never actually refers to Frankenstein as a doctor; only Victor or Baron Frankenstein. But it is the doctors we fear today, so we have made him a doctor, and a monster as well" (113). For a thorough film review of *The Bride of Frankenstein*, see Dirks, Rev.

[48] In comparison with Deleuze and Guattari's theoretical rhapsody, Claire Colebrook grasps a sizable definition of "lines of flight": "In *A Thousand Plateaus* Deleuze and Guattari refer to life's production of 'lines of flight', where mutations and differences produce not just the progression of history but disruptions, breaks, new beginnings and 'monstrous' births. This is also the *event*: not another moment within time, but something that allows time to take off on a new path" (57).

words, the whole novel can actually be seen as the de(con)struction and reconstruction—or "deterritorialization" and "reterritorialization" in Deleuze and Guattari's phrase—of the classificatory order. Even though Snowman's animalization is a form of "unnatural participation," which à la Deleuze and Guattari has nothing to do with such biological facts as evolution, filiation, descent, heredity and sexual reproduction (238, 241), his changes must be understood in the language of natural classification—that is, in terms of allocation, position, status and hierarchy—in order to make sense. In brief, Snowman's "becoming animal," though liberating him from the fixity of humanity, throws him into positions vulnerable to the pigoons and the Crakers.

As the Deleuzian "becoming" is checked by the innate hierarchy between species, Haraway's "cyborg monsters," though tactfully opening up the critical/political potential of "partial identities," still cannot promise Snowman a rosy prospect. Significantly, "cyborg monster" as Snowman is, his monstrosity lies less in his aberration from the usual human beings—who die of the lethal JUVE because their bodies are not reprogrammed by Crake's vaccine—than in his incongruity with other cyborgs, the Crakers in particular. In fact, one of the problems in Haraway's "Cyborg Manifesto" is her assumption about the inevitability of affiliation. As the critical/political power of cyborgs, according to Haraway, derives from their illegitimate monstrosity and their affinity with, instead of identification with, one another (154-57), here affiliation actually presupposes a clique, a coterie, a cohort with common interests or purposes vis-à-vis the dominant center. In other words, cyborgs for Haraway are beings tolerant with one another's differences and structure; they are monstrous minorities that affiliate and cooperate in order to counter or negotiate with the central power from margins. However, this is not the case for Snowman. Although he, like all other transgenic beings, is a cyborg, it is nearly impossible for him to construct affiliation of any type with the Crakers or the pigoons. Since all humans are said to be annihilated from the

surface of earth, the Crakers' previous monstrosity is consequently neutralized or normalized. Now that they become the majority, Snowman, who accidentally and lamentably survives the plague, is considered a monster instead. Indeed, when genetic hybridity becomes the norm, bodily integrity and purity may turn out to be negative assets or even ignominies in the matter of survival or identity. Inasmuch as the Crakers collect the "best" genes from all living beings, they realize what a cyborg can possibly evolve into. By contrast, Snowman, who is almost as weak as the unaltered human beings save his fortified immune system, thus becomes a living fossil to the Crakers in this posthuman age.

However, though the Crakers greatly outstrip Snowman apropos of genes, they do not necessarily have a landslide victory in terms of power as well. While earlier I have said that the pigoons are Snowman's double, here Snowman's relation with the Crakers is no less treacherous. As John B. Breslin has pointed out that Snowman is "alternately [...] a monster to be avoided and [...] a shaman who alone can tell [the Crakers] of their origin and explain the disaster that has overtaken the world into which they have been so rudely introduced" (25), this last *Homo sapiens* on earth obviously is much more complicated than a victim of transgenics. Significantly, not only is Snowman a shunned monster and a revered prophet, he can also be a canny parasite, a pathetic pet, and an audacious cannibal at the same time.

As demonstrated, the Crakers' weekly fish to Snowman can be an offering of sacrifice to the divine messenger or a serving of fodder to the household pet. Since Snowman is the only one that has ever seen Crake, he more or less functions as Crake's proxy, an earthly deputy *in lieu of* the almighty creator. In this case, when he orders the Crakers for the weekly fish under the name of their inventor, this alimentary decree renders the fish a tribute to him as Crake's augur. Yet, even though the Crakers, whose consumption of the "caecotrophs" has made them a bunch of unparalleled vegetarians, accept Snowman's "beastly appetites" as a carnivore (158, 101), Snowman in effect cannot always get the fish he wants. As occasionally "[i]t will

be a shore fish, a species too paltry and tasteless to have been coveted and sold and exterminated, or else a bottom-feeder pimply with toxins" (100), he hence is more like a pet that eats whatever is fed. Interestingly then, while Snowman is shrewd enough to dictate the Crakers, his opportunism often backfires. On the other hand, though the Crakers are capable of overthrowing Snowman, insurrection is still a foreign idea to them.[49] As they do not rebel but may starve Snowman by continually offering him petty fish whereas Snowman cannot command them without resorting to Crake first, their mutual relation resembles one of parasitism: as the host, it more or less behooves the Crakers to serve Snowman; as a guest/parasite, never can Snowman be a picky chooser.

While the weekly fish, partly because of Snowman's position as a prophet and partly because of his impotence to find food himself, becomes at once a hallowed sacrifice and a pitiful forage, Snowman's consumption of mango, the tropic fruit out of which the Crakers' flesh is said to be made of (96), moreover contributes to a borderline case of cannibalism. Arguably, when Snowman munches on the mango, he is symbolically sucking in the Crakers' flesh, an act associated with cannibalism on account of their physical resemblance. Yet, this praxis of anthropophagy is promptly offset inasmuch as the Crakers, despite their human form, are not *Homo sapiens*. Thus, while Snowman, due to his crude genes, is regarded as a sickly geezer, a stranded ancestor, or an avian monster, he is nonetheless also a consecrated soothsayer, a ravenous carnivore, and a daring cannibal. Although his physical inferiority engenders a monstrosity to set him apart from the Crakers, his connection to Crake provides him with a favorable niche among those posthuman beings. At times marginalized and at times venerated, Snowman is virtually a Scheherazade incarnate. Were it not for his fabrication of Crake's dietary decree, he would be deserted by the Crakers.[50]

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[49] As Snowman comments, "there people [the Crakers] aren't violent or given to bloodthirsty acts of retribution, or not so far [...]" (104).

[50] In truth, Scheherazade not only survives one thousand and one Arabian nights but repeatedly shows up in Atwood's novels. While in *Oryx and Crake* Snowman tricks those Crakers into offering him weekly fish lest he

III. Crake as *Homo Faber*

Now that Snowman, in the face of the pigoons and the Crakers, is siding down from humanity through animality to monstrosity, we may retrospect to a time prior to the deadly epidemic—a time when Snowman is still Jimmy, a time when humans still hold sway—in order to embark on a "[r]e-vision" of this apocalypse (Rich 90).[51] If Snowman's monstrosity is ascribed to the outbreak of JUVE and the rise of transgenic creatures—two derivatives of Crake's genome splicing—we are propelled to reexamine this bioengineering apparatus with a focus on its conception and manipulation of lives. Noticeably, inasmuch as the research and development of biotechnology relies on huge investments of funds and resources, it is then inevitable to study the relation between scientist and capitalist in case of any partial analysis. Surprisingly, while people like Jimmy's father yield to the allurement of profits, Crake and his Maddaddam colleagues are not only the biggest beneficiaries of capitalism but also its harshest opponents. With the involvement of capitalists in transgenics, it will be an incomplete investigation if we study scientists without analyzing their "critique" of and

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starve to death, hardly is there any other episode more apposite to the manifestation of power in storytelling than *Alias Grace*, in which Dr. Simon quarrels with the lawyer MacKenzie over Grace Marks's alleged amnesia:

> 'Lying,' says MacKenzie. 'A severe term, surely. Has she been lying to you, you ask? Let me put it this way—did Scheherazade lie? Not in her own eyes; indeed, the stories she told ought never to be subjected to the harsh categories of Truth and Falsehood. They belong in another realm altogether. Perhaps Grace Marks has merely been telling you what she needs to tell, in order to accomplish the desired end.'
> 'Which is?' asks Simon.
> 'To keep the Sultan amused,' says MacKenzie. 'To keep the blow from falling. To forestall your departure, and make you stay in the room with her as long as possible. (438)

Indeed, even though Grace's amnesia can be feinted, it is a strategy for her to stay alive. As long as she can keep Simon with her, she can be spared from the conviction of murder. In this case, her storytelling should not be put in "the harsh categories of Truth and Falsehood"; it is a matter of Life and Death.

[51] According to Adrienne Rich, "Re-vision—the act of looking back, of seeing with fresh eyes, of entering an old text from a new critical direction—is for us more than a chapter in cultural history; it is an act of survival. Until we can understand the assumptions in which we are drenched we cannot know ourselves" (90). Although what Rich intends to shed light on is phallogocentricism, her stance is perfectly in accord with my re-vision of transgenics, which for some is also a form of male appropriation of the feminized Nature.

"complicity" with capitalism (Hutcheon 4).[52] Indeed, as biotechnology, while facilitating modern life, also empowers genographers like Crake and eventually leads to the demise of the human race, we need to rethink instrumentalism (or utilitarianism) and its ethics. Even though Crake looks like a misanthrope that would fain rid himself of humankind, perchance we should understand him not simply as a "mad scientist" but as a product of the monstrous machinery in the era of capitalism and transgenics. After all, Crake cannot destroy the world without the conspiracy between technocracy and capitalism.

Not surprisingly, people tend to blame Crake for all the mishaps to which Snowman is subject. As Richard A. Posner calls Crake a "twentieth-first-century intellectual psychopath, with his faintly autistic, ascetic hyper-rationalism and his techie-bureaucratic talk" (31-32) or as Danette DiMarco reads him "as the quintessential *homo faber*, making it unlikely that any kind of positive social change will happen directly through him" (170), such interpretations only perpetuate the "mad scientist" prototype, a term closely associated with Frankenstein. Noticeably, by "mad scientists," I mean scientists that would achieve their own goals or satisfy their own desires at the sacrifice of others; that is, the word "mad" here designates an ethical violation, not necessarily a mental or psychotic disorder. While Frankenstein is generally regarded as a cranky scientist, he is mad insofar as he "dabble[s] among the unhallowed damps of the grave," "torture[s] the living animals to animate the lifeless clay" (Shelley 54), and above all, takes little responsibility for the Monster. As the invention of the Monster attests to his capability of "pursu[ing] nature to her hiding places (Shelley 54), the story of Frankenstein not only epitomizes the male appropriation of the feminized nature but

[52] My observation on the unique relation between genographers like Crake and capitalism embodied in the transnational enterprises derives from Linda Hutcheon's critique of domination in postmodernism: "Yet, it must be admitted from the start that this is a strange kind of critique, one bound up, too, with its own complicity with power and domination, one that acknowledges that it cannot escape implication in that which it nevertheless still wants to analyze and maybe even undermine" (4). Interestingly, though most scientists (e.g., Jimmy's father) simply take orders from their investors and render biotechnology another "money-spinner" for the capitalists (Atwood, *Oryx* 295), Crake and his Maddaddam cohort may simultaneously criticize and collude with capitalism.

also exemplifies a breach of ethics concerning the self/other relation. In other words, even though Frankenstein's body snatching, his vivisection, and his desertion of the Monster are justified from an anthropocentric perspective, they are outrageous transgressions in regard to human beings' ethical responsibility to other species. When Frankenstein takes advantage of the dead, the animals, and the Monster with little reserve, he has violated an ethics that truly accounts for the human superiority to other beings. A "mad scientist" in this case is a Byronic hero that takes on a monstrous form of individualism.[53]

As Frankenstein, owing to his personal heroism and ethical breaches, becomes a "mad scientist," Crake features a much more complicated figure. While terms like "intellectual psychopath" or "the quintessential *homo faber*" point out his misuse of technology and lives, they are likely to attribute all the miseries to Crake alone, thus overlooking the interwoven power of capitalism, instrumentalism and technocracy in the context conceived by *Oryx and Crake*. In fact, in a technocratic society the distinction between "numbers people" and "word

[53] If Frankenstein can be referred to as the "mad scientist" prototype—even though he never claims to be a scientist—Signor Giacomo Rappaccini in Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter" can then be the "mad scientist" *par excellence*. As his botanic garden resembles the "Eden of poisonous flowers" (1299), the cultivator, doctor and scientist Rappaccini actually looks more like the creator God than like the namer Adam. When the young student Giovanni Guasconti first walks into Dr. Rappaccini's garden, he is astonished by the unnatural varieties of plants:

> There was hardly an individual shrub which a wanderer, straying by himself through a forest, would not have been startled to find growing wild, as if an *unearthly* face had glared at him out of the thicket. Several, also, would have shocked a delicate instinct by an appearance of *artificialness* indicating that there had been such *commixture*, and, as it were, *adultery*, of various vegetable species, that *the production was no longer of God's making, but the monstrous offspring of man's depraved fancy*, glowing with only an evil mockery of beauty. They were probably the result of experiment, which, in one or two cases, had succeeded in mingling plants individually lovely into a compound possessing the questionable and ominous character that distinguished the whole growth of the garden. (1296; my italics)

While these floral creations and experiments indicate Rappaccini's ingenuity to breed new species of vegetation, he is criticized for his manipulations of lives—human and plant alike. As Signor Pietro Baglioni, Professor of Medicine at the University of Padua, exclaims against Rappaccini, "he cares infinitely more for science than for mankind. His patients are interesting to him only as subjects for some new experiment. He would sacrifice human life, his own among the rest, or whatever else was dearest to him, for the sake of adding so much as a grain of mustard seed to the great heap of his accumulated knowledge" (1290). When Rappaccini renders his daughter a human "sister" as beautiful and poisonous as the shrub with purple blossoms in the midst of his garden and further tries to make Giovanni a similitude to his daughter so as to keep her company (1303, 1305), he has self-righteously controlled the lives of this couple, treating them as specimens for his experiment. As a result, "[t]o Beatrice—so radically had her earthly part been wrought upon by Rappaccini's skill—as poison had been life, so the powerful antidote was death. And thus the poor victim of man's ingenuity and of thwarted nature, and of the fatality that attends all such efforts of perverted wisdom, perished there, at the feet of her father and Giovanni" (1305).

people" is not purely a well-intentioned placement of individual aptitudes but also an efficient assortment of mental labor and a predestination of one's future accomplishments. Since Jimmy is not good at mathematics or any other scientific subject, his failure to be one of the "numbers people" has put him into Martha Graham Academy, a school of liberal arts forced to bend its knee to utilitarianism by changing its Latin motto "*Ars Longa Vita Brevis* [Arts Are Long; Life Is Brief]" to "Our Students Graduate With Employable Skills" (188). Sadly, art under such circumstances has been reduced to some film of tawdry cellophane or wrapping paper: "Window-dressing was what [word people]'d be doing, at best—decorating the cold, hard, numerical real world in flossy 2-D verbiage" (188). It seems that all the works of art after all are useless and redundant; what really count are technology and its concomitant profits. When Jimmy visits Crake at the Watson-Crick Institute, he experiences a form of jet lag not propelled by his maladjustment of biological clock but by his inability to catch up with the up-to-the-minute technology.[54] Coeval with Crake as he is, Jimmy feels "like a troglodyte. Living in a cave, fighting off the body parasites, gnawing the odd bone" or like a "Cro-Magnon [put] in a cage," fed bananas and poked with electroprods (201, 203). Indeed, while "word people" often spend hours consulting the thesaurus only to find *the* right word, "numbers people" are constantly inventing things that may easily redirect humans' history. So tremendous are their differences that Jimmy is driven to compare his brain to one of the primitives. From this perspective, even before the proliferation of transgenic beings, Snowman's degeneration to monstrosity has already set in when he (as Jimmy) feels like a hominid among those scientific geniuses.

Granted that this technocratic society is one of classification and hierarchy, it is hence imperative to see how easily scientists may think too highly of themselves to respect others' lives. A case in point is the sexual tonic BlyssPluss Pills. During the experimental stage, "[a]

[54] Atwood herself relates the Watson-Crick Institute chapters to "[t]he Laputa or floating island portion of *Gulliver's Travels*": as those idealists on Laputa have "the advantage of air superiority," the scientists at the Watson-Crick Institute are superior to Jimmy by their expertise in transgenics ("Context" 517).

couple of the test subjects had literally fucked themselves to death, several had assaulted old ladies and household pets, and there had been a few unfortunate cases of priapism and split dicks" (295). In the face of such casualties, Crake does not pass any comment on the emotional level; for him, these failures only prove that his medicine "still need[s] some tweaking" (295). Focusing on the pill's lucrative prospect instead, he adds: "the thing would become a huge money-spinner. It would be the must-have pill, in every country, in every society in the world" (295). Another example is Crick's associates at the Watson-Crick Institute. Extremely sensitive to individual differences, "[t]hey referred to other students in their own faculties as their conspecifics, and to all other human beings as nonspecifics" (209). Interestingly, though the division between "conspecifics" and "nonspecifics" denotes a finer classification than the Linnaean taxonomy, a radical assortment of this kind actually verges on racism, which discriminates people by some other artificial standard or bigotry. Consequently, when technocracy bestows privileges on scientists and uncritically consents to their categorizations of and experiments on numerous specimens and vivisections, bioengineers are thus pre-eminently distinguished from the general public, assessed like commodities by how much budget they gain from their patrons or by how much they can clean up in the market. With profits as the top priority, all the guinea pigs are then less like the substitutes for the real patients than like the enlisted soldiers thrust onto the battlefield of immunology. When scientists put humans and animals on the operating table without any basic reverence for lives, bioengineering is at best a systematic play with lives. When saving lives becomes a trial and error rather than a calling, what is revealed is not the coded secret of genomes but the scientists' sheer control over lives. In a sense, the nineteenth-century anxiety about physicians—an unmitigated apprehension that sees doctors as butchers mutilating poultry and cattle—now revives in bioengineering specialists.[55] Without any inkling of

[55] Observing the medical practices during the early years of the nineteenth century, Ruth Richardson says,

respect for the lives of the specimens, these splicing experiments can be massacres or Holocausts even though they aim to save the patients' lives.

As technocracy more or less sanctions those bioengineers' deliberate experiments on species, scientific breakthroughs will be still impossible without the financial sponsorship from such international corporations as OrganInc Farms, HelthWyzer and RejoovenEsense. Yet, the relation between scientist and capitalist is not simply one of patronage or symbiosis; as time goes by, it has developed into one of conspiracy, intrigue and foul play. When Crake divulges to Jimmy the secret of HelthWyzer's vitamin pills—that is, they put hostile bioforms in their drugs while holding the antidotes in reserve—it turns out that this pharmaceutical company is asking its employees to create diseases so as to make great profits (211). If there is anyone (like Crake's father) against this "elegant concept," he or she shall be "[e]xecuted" for treason (212). Indignantly, when biotechnology treats saving lives as a commercial enterprise that amasses fortunes by increasing people's chance of affection, plots a monopoly of antidotes and disposes of anyone standing on the way, it is bio-totalitarianism. Regarding the erasure of individual free will and the sacrifice of his father in this wicked scheme, it will be simplification, if not calumniation, to call Crake a "mad scientist" who does not flinch from killing for the bloodshed and whimpering involved. To do him justice, he may also be an avenger for his murdered father or/and an end product of this kind of bio-totalitarianism. Unleashing the lethal JUVE just as HelthWyzer spreads the hostile bioforms, Crake is simultaneously a rigid nemesis that claims *lex talionis* in return for those capitalists' cupidity at the cost of his father's life and a consummate imitator that cares little about lives like those impassive capitalists.

Indeed, rarely is there any example better illustrating the genographers' critique of and complicity with capitalism than Crake's Paradice Project and his MaddAddam contingent.

"Surgery was widely believed to be little more than live butchery, and much of the therapeutics, as well as the surgery, practiced upon the poor was known to be experimental" (44).

Deriving from the online interactive game EXTINCTATHON, with its logon message reading "*Adam named the living animals, MaddAddam names the dead ones*," these MaddAddam Grandmasters are not only knowledgeable about the species long since extinct but later become a cohort of saboteurs that "*customizes*" so pernicious a variety of splices that it seizes other Compound residents with panic (80, 216; original italics). As expected, when these geniuses design splices to wreck the ChickieNobs, the Happicuppa coffee bean crops as well as infrastructure like the electric wiring and the asphalt, their menace/damage to glocal economy and urban safety has rendered them "anti-Compound" bioterrorists (299). However, no sooner does Crake recruit them into the Paradice Project than these Grandmasters become the biggest help to RejoovenEsense, a corporation planning to market the "perfect" Crakers. Intriguingly, while the MaddAddam bioengineers at first glance seem to be converted into good citizens by Crake's cogent persuasion, a closer scrutiny reveals that their transformation is actually a gesture to side with power, not with justice. While from those capitalists' perspective Maddaddam's bioattacks are condemnable and reproachable, its naming after extinct species in effect resurrects those dead animals and plants from oblivion. Rising from the long list of obituaries, the dead beings are now exacting their overdue retaliation on capitalism for the impaired ecosystem. A chilly parody of the namer Adam on one hand and a pungent critique of the economist Adam Smith on the other, the Maddaddam contingent not merely manifests a grisly scene of ecocide against the jovial nomenclature of the Biblical Adam but also implodes the laissez-faire capitalism endorsed by the economist Adam when it bites the feeding hand. Ironically, it is when these scientists are endeavoring to destroy the Compound that their critique of capitalism really carries weight; once they become docile citizens, their acquittal of bioterrorism denotes their reconciliation with or even submission to capitalism.

Significantly, the creation of the BlyssPluss Pills, the birth of the bioengineering beings,

and even the invention of the JUVE all testify to the concept of *homo faber*, which, according to Hannah Arendt, originally designates one "who makes and [...] fabricates the sheer unending variety of things whose sum total constitutes the human artifice" (136).[56] In a sense Crake, his Watson-Crick associates and his MaddAddam colleagues all are trying to create a new order by dint of their expertise in transgenics; however, partly because of their self-conceit and partly because of their collusion with capitalism in this technocratic age, these scientists often have their inventions end up in hectic pursuit of profits or in caustic backlashes. For instance, although creating an animal makes one "feel like God," creatures like cane toads and snats at OrganInc Farms are simply mischievous: while the former, "with a prehensile tail like a chameleon's [,] might climb in through the bathroom window and blind you while you were brushing your teeth," the latter are "an unfortunate blend of snake and rat" (51). At Watson-Crick, Rockulators, though able to "[absorb] water during periods of humidity and [release] it in times of drought [...] like natural lawn regulators," may explode "during heavy rainfalls" (200). The Smart Wallpaper, claiming to "change colour on the walls of your room to complement your mood," actually "could not tell the difference between drooling lust and murderous rage, and was likely to turn your wallpaper an erotic pink when what you really needed was a murky, capillary-bursting greenish red" (201). Evidently, even though science, due to investments from colossal enterprises, has helped human beings get rid of thousands of daily nuisances, such products as the BlyssPluss Pills, Rockulators, and the Smart Wallpaper also indicate the fallibility of scientific inventions. When Crake starts producing JUVE, *homo faber* has been contaminated by cupidity and animosity. Although the ingenuity is still there, it has turned to an infernal mutant, taking on a monstrous form.

With capitalism producing a corrupt form of *homo faber*, bioengineers at this stage have

[56] In the footnote Arendt adds, "The Latin word *faber*, probably related to *facere ("to make something" in the sense of production), originally designated the fabricator and artist who works upon hard material, such as stone or wood; it also was used as translation for the Greek tektōn*, which has the same connotation" (136; original italics).

become so venal that even their attempts at purging humans from social maladies are doomed to be failures at great prices. Empowered by biotechnology and fuelled by capitalism, Crake tries to cleanse the world of rituals, metaphors, religions, courtship, and eventually human beings themselves in favor of his innocent Crakers. Unfortunately, these posthuman cyborgs actually make few differences from *Homo sapiens* at heart. While it is claimed that the Crakers have forgone symbolism and other maladies of human civilization, their gradual development contradicts such a statement; namely, things like hierarchy, territoriality and religion still emerge as the Crakers grow more and more sophisticated. Noticeably, the male Crakers' spraying (micturition) is not purely a metabolic mechanism but a territorial behavior as well: "The men are performing their morning ritual, standing six feet apart in a long line curving off into the trees at either side. They're facing outward as in pictures of muskoxen, pissing along the invisible line that marks their territory" (154). Although Crake programs those male Crakers' urine to make "the chemicals [within] effective against wolvogs and rakunks, and to a lesser extent against bobkittens and pigoons" (154), this acting of self-protection, this marking of territory and this claiming of ownership in fact repeat humankind' divisions of landscape. In addition to the relapse into territoriality, the Crakers moreover make "a grotesque-looking figure, a scarecrowlike effigy" of Snowman when he returns from the Paradice dome (360). Contrary to Crake's prohibition against rituals and ceremonies, these posthuman beings are making an idol of Snowman, worshiping him as if he were a deity. Judging from the territorial behavior and idolatry, it seems not unlikely that some sort of chromatism will eventually rekindle the erstwhile racism among the Crakers: although Crake contends that their different skin colors are purely "aesthetic" (8), these biological nuances are subject to political manipulation. At least, that the Crakers are led by the male Abraham can be seen as a crude form of patriarchy or gerontocracy.

Significantly, there are two kinds of human monstrosity in *Oryx and Crake*: on one hand,

Snowman becomes a monster when his human form and superiority are questioned by the pigoons and the Crakers; on the other, the conspiracy between transgenics and capitalism has engendered a monstrous form of *homo faber*, who would sacrifice any life for scientific breakthroughs, commercial profits or personal vengeance. Although Crake in a sense is an idealist that plans to redeem this world from social maladies, his Paradice Project turns out to be a caricature: as hierarchy persists in this posthuman cyborg world, the "perfect" Crakers are becoming human despite Crake's exertion. In fact, while JUVE kills off human beings and the Crakers render Snowman a Frankenstein's Monster, Atwood tells us that the problem does not lie in transgenics itself but in its application: "It's not a question of our inventions—all human inventions are merely tools—but of what might be done with them; for no matter how high the tech, *homo sapiens sapiens* remains at heart what he's been for tens of thousands of years—the same emotions, the same preoccupations" (*Oryx* 383). As bioengineering itself is a border-crossing between species, this confusion or/and dissolution of biological demarcations provides us with a chance to review such anthropocentric ideologies as the hierarchal ladder in Darwinism, the construction of monstrosity through pathology and marginalization, and the manipulation of lives for scientists as the *homo faber* in this technocratic age. While transgenic creatures are said to pose threat to the integrity of humanity, thus attenuating the line between human beings and other species, Snowman's fear of downfall to monstrosity, rather than deriving from his literary transformation to a beast, actually finds roots in his sense of hierarchy. If there is less of hierarchy and more of tolerance and respect between species, there must be no difference between humanity and monstrosity; or, better yet, there is no distinction between humanity and monstrosity from the very beginning. On the other hand, if scientists and capitalists can resist the allurement of profits and always take others' well-being into serious concerns, *homo faber* can then purge itself from the label of "mad scientist" and direct biotechnology to the right track.