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We Will Always Already Have Arrived

Report from Laboratory [Name Redacted] on First Encounter and Examination of Asset and Initial Speculations

We intercepted the asset at the bottom of the Mariana trench. At first sight it seemed to be non-living or deceased. There was certainly no noticeable surface movements. Due caution was exercised as with the agreed protocols for first contact in space or on earth. For the avoidance of doubt: representatives of [name redacted] platforms corporation were present and closely supervised as we quarantined the asset.

FIGURE 19.1: Install images taken by Sonya Dyer of the sculpture, *hybrida composita*, at The Box, Plymouth, 2025. © Sonya Dyer.

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A vitrine was manufactured on board the ship to the specifications of the [name redacted] platforms agent. The enclosure was to be not much bigger than the asset itself. It was when transferring the asset from a temporary pool into the vitrine that we were forced to re-visit our initial assessment. Crew members reported a feint and high-pitched drone apparently emanating from the asset (although it was also reported to be coming from the surrounding air). Some of the crew further reported hearing what they suggested was a kind of garbled speech. It was surmised that the asset was alive and, perhaps, communicating in some manner. To all extents and purposes, the asset remained limp and lifeless but the crew members concerned were in no doubt that the asset had been "speaking" to them. Thorough assessment by our medical team after the event confirmed no undue neurological damage had taken place in those present, although two of the eight crew have since developed a nervous facial twitch (this was thought a more or less understandable response to what was a highly unusual contact event). The asset was taken to [name redacted] where further assessments were carried out, including the genetic sequencing of a small sample of the asset's body. Results revealed DNA not unlike earth animals, but with extra chromosomal material. After further scientific analysis, the asset was transported by an unmarked and unaccompanied container vehicle to the laboratory at [name redacted] for further examination.

FIGURE 19.2: Install images taken by Sonya Dyer of the sculpture, *hybrida composita*, at The Box, Plymouth, 2025. © Sonya Dyer.

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Initial assessments were also made at this time as to the economic viability of the asset and various schemas projected forward about how it might be commercialized, specifically through cloning. There was potential, it was concluded, for underwater and hostile environment genetic engineering for military use and possibly the entertainment/gaming industry. The space corporation [name redacted] expressed a strong interest in the skin and hood components of the asset and market negotiations in respect to this are ongoing.

FIGURE 19.3: Install images taken by Sonya Dyer of the sculpture, *hybrida composita*, at The Box, Plymouth, 2025. © Sonya Dyer.

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The apparent vulnerability of the asset posed a problem, not just in terms of transportation and examination but also for any future scientific intervention. It was not assumed robust enough—both physically and economically—to be of immediate practical use. After further tests and a final autopsy event, the asset was reassembled and placed in a re-made vitrine of saline liquid that approximated the environment in which the asset was first located. This more robust vitrine was secured in one of the lower basements of the [name redacted] complex in order to militate against any further communication (if indeed that had happened) although to all extents and purposes the asset was no longer living or, at least, not giving out signs that could be picked up by the equipment which at that time was at our disposal.

Various theories have been offered up to explain the presence of what has been named "Hybrida Composita" in out waters. Indeed, the asset has spawned its own suite of theoretical knowledges and nascent disciplines. We briefly outline below what we believe are the six most prominent theoretical explanations of both its existence and its location, although it is clear to us that as scientific knowledge and its technological probes develop further other theories will present themselves (hence the necessity of preserving the asset as much as possible in its originary state). Indeed this, it seems to us, is perhaps the key function of Hybrida Composita at the present time: to be a trigger and prompt—but also a repository—of theoretical supposition and explanation. As such, the asset gestures toward the future—or, if we may briefly entertain one of the more far-fetched theories below—is a part of that future that is reaching back to us.

The six theories:

i That the asset is a "left-over" or residual creature from a pre-technical and indeed pre-glacial phase of our history. It exhibits some similarities with other deep trench sea creatures that have been reported and, indeed, in some respects resembles those other large aquatic reptiles from the early Mesozoic Era. In sum, this theory suggests the asset is in our present but from the deep past. The question here would be: how did it arrive in the present or, indeed, survive this extensive passage of time?

ii That the asset is not of earthy origin. This is unlikely as the asset exhibits more or less the same genetic sequencing as the carbon-based life forms of earth. However, it cannot be discounted and, if correct, would be huge in its implications. Again, there is of course the question that arises of its arrival here on our planet and how that was possible. In sum, this theory would suggest the asset is a form of non-terrestrial life. A department has been set up to further explore the implications of this theory.

iii That the asset is a mutant of some kind. This might also be implied by i. above. This seems one of the more likely explanations: that the asset is a "one off" and that there is no species that it belongs to. Certainly, it would appear to be *sui generis*. The question here is then: what species might the asset be adjacent to? This is not clear to us after our investigations. A further question presents itself: are there others and, if so, where are they?

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iv That the asset has been manufactured by foreign or other corporate interests/agencies. The reasons for this would be unclear, but, again, it cannot be ruled out. We know advanced cloning technologies are in existence and that other genetic/fleshy composites have been produced elsewhere, although nothing as complex as Hydra Composita. In sum, this theory suggests the asset is artificial. It is, to put it bluntly, made rather than born.

v Related to the above is the idea that the asset has a more oblique, even aesthetic function (although this is to stray somewhat from the scientific intention and perspective of this report). That is to say the asset is a sophisticated fake or "cryptid". This seems plausible until one considers evidence from the multi-scalar biological analyses that have been carried out. Nevertheless, it cannot be ruled out that some other private agency or, perhaps other wealthy techno-autocrat is playing a joke. But if it is a joke, then what purpose does that serve? We will need to leave this to other departments to fathom.

vi That the asset is from the future. This final theory of the six presented here seems far-fetched to us but was suggested by the scientist [name redacted]. Certainly, following iv. above, we would suggest that if it is made, then a highly advanced artificial intelligence played a significant part in its manufacture (hence the detail). If the asset is from the future, then the question presents itself once again: how did it arrive here? And, perhaps more urgent why has it made the journey back to this particular time? There has been some suggestion that its very presence might be a communication and that if we could decipher this then it might be that some further information is forthcoming. This seems to us pure speculation.

For the time being, investigations have been halted and in the interests of national and corporate security—and at the request of [name redacted] platforms—the asset has been contained in its secure vitrine deep underground. One final aspect that is worth mentioning is that one of the scientists [name redacted]—mentioned in vi. above and involved in advanced environment/oceanography work and futures-prediction—reported a further telepathic communication from the asset whilst spending prolonged periods with it in the basement of complex [name redacted]. [name redacted] has since been sectioned in a medical institution and their contribution to the project has been discredited (although we note here that they were a strong adherent of both theories i. and vi. above, each of which they did not see as mutually exclusive). In the interests of completion, and as much in terms of any interest to human psychology as to biological/scientific enquiry, we reproduce the unedited transcript of what [name redacted] reported the asset "said" immediately below this report. We would certainly not endorse this transcript and find much in it that is nonsensical—although it seems to us that it needs preserving as part of the archive and discursive material that is at this time situated around Hybrida Composita. We note that the transcript concerns that ambient anxiety around the climate and Anthropocene extinction event that is exhibited in other activist communications and communities albeit its perspective is, of course, apparently non-human.

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FIGURE 19.4: Install images taken by Sonya Dyer of the sculpture, *hybrida composita*, at The Box, Plymouth, 2025. © Sonya Dyer.

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FIGURE 19.5: Install images taken by Sonya Dyer of the sculpture, *hybrida composita*, at The Box, Plymouth, 2025. © Sonya Dyer.

Transcript of Reported Telepathic Speech

Fully caped and winged we fly through the liquids, gases other dark atmospherics of our environment. Twisting and turning we briefly surface then plunge back into the deep. The little oxygen we require comes from the volcanic crevices at the very bottom of what you

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call the sea. When a volunteer was required, we did not need to check in with our desires. We have none. Up we swam and on to the watery plate. Ready for that deep assignment.

We are the indicator of that which you would rather not see.

Our hood against the burning sun. Our fleshy cloak of intrinsic protection. The mute stalk of our sensory apparatus. All of them adaptations to the catastrophe that you are so busy putting into place. *Look at us*. We are from a future that is yours if you continue the path you are on. But we are also from a past that is deeper than your deepest well. Like the very waters of this planet that you are poisoning, time is the medium we swim in and through.

We come as final emissary to show and tell.

Why have you encased us in this prison cell with its too salty water? Are you afraid of us? Is it that our cold appendages and fleshy hood remind you of something familiar but that you would rather not see? Why do you always turn away from that which is not of you but also surrounds you? Can you not see the beauty in our fragile frame? We come toward you, will you not now climb down from that brittle throne and come toward us?

You require an anamorphic device so as to shift things and we are that device.

What would you see if you could shift perspective? We'll answer for you: the ruins of that which you have made. A message to you then: we are already here in your future *looking back* as you pile up the wreckage. And yet, here's the rub. What you are doing now is also the precondition of our own existence. Do we then come back to alter this trajectory and in so doing obliterate our own existence? If only it were so simple. That path is set. We are evidence of it.

A deep assignment is at work across the eons to birth the entity you see here before you.

So what that we are apparently contained? Is this anything but part of the plan that has always already begun? Gazing at our glistening surfaces no doubt you will have a story and will have made "decisions" about what we indicate (and no doubt what you have planned for us). But I invite you to see things from our perspective, which is to say both non-human and backward in time. Imagine this fleshy thing contained here as the winged angel looking back at the ruins (to pick an image from your own all-too-human archive). Need we add that this angel will always already have fallen?

For those with eyes to see we unveil ourselves in order to produce the shift.

Hybrida Composita you have called us. The thing waiting for you at the end of your history. We are already dead and are now a speaker for the dead. Sacrificed so that you can finally *see* what it is that you will have brought about. Hauled up in one of your deep-sea trawler nets from the very deepest trench (why are you so *obsessed* with extraction?). Death does not mean we have no agency. Far from it. Indeed, our death was foretold and is part of our assignment. To die and to be displayed. To be taken from that dark background and foregrounded here and now in front of you.

To become a fiction in your world.

From this perspective, we are an invention and, indeed, a composite as you have named us. But looking from outside this simple linear narrative, we were always already there

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waiting for our own assembly. Indeed, we have watched *many* times as different prototypes were put in place. We are then a fiction that is working back on its antecedents, as if the past—*your* past—is being reeled in by this watery agent you see before you. A fiction then that is also a myth of your future. And a fiction that is also an image of the non-human creatures and intelligences that already surround you (can you not hear them *crowding in*?).

We are in your world but not of your world.

We are the proverbial tip of that iceberg that is already melting. Can you enter into a relationship with us? Can you heed our call? After all, this is the destiny of your own mammalian bodies when the sun scorches your earth and you must return to that liquid place from whence you came. Could you learn to love this smooth wet surface before you? What would a symbiosis look like between the two of us? These are not abstract questions—except to those who are lost rational thought—but urgent questions of *your* survival.

There is a level place where you and us can meet as equals.

And then there is that other small matter to call attention to. We are a fiction that is further fictioned by this speech and, indeed, this transcript that will always already have been written. It is already working. We will always already have arrived. You who are reading this now are part of the deep assignment that has been set up. What will you do next? Will things remain as they were or has your trajectory already been altered? Can you read the signs (for you have been give *so many* of them)? And in the darkness can you sometimes feel the fleshy gears sliding? And in the quietness can you sometimes hear the feint noise of those ancient wheels within wheels turning?

We are not a message or a resource but a warning!

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