

Transcription of Prototypes I: Quantum Leaps in Trans Semiotics through Psycho-Analytical Snail Serum

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You are alone in the room, except for two computer terminals flickering in the dim light. You use the terminals to communicate with two entities in an- other room, whom you cannot see. Relying solely on their responses to your questions, you must decide which is the man, which is the woman, which is the machine.

As you gaze at the flickering signifiers scrolling down the computer screens, no matter what identifications you assign to the embodied entities that you cannot see, you have already become post-human.

Humans are born with 46 chromosomes in 23 pairs. The X and Y chromosomes determine a person's sex. Most women are 46XX and most men are 46XY. Research suggests, however, that in a few births per thousand some individuals will be born with a single sex chromosome (45X or 45Y) (sex monosomes) and some with three or more sex chromosomes (47XXX, 47XYY or 47XXY, etc.) (sex polysomes). In addition, some males are born 46XX due to the translocation of a tiny section of the sex determining region of the Y chromosome. Similarly some females are also born 46XY due to mutations in the y chromosome. Clearly, there are not only females who are XX

and males who are XY, but rather, there is a range of chromosome complements, hormone balances, and phenotypic variations that determine sex.

Gender, typically described in terms of masculinity and femininity, is a social construction that varies across different cultures and over time. There are a number of cultures, for example, in which greater gender diversity exists and sex and gender are not always neatly divided along binary lines such as male and female or homosexual and heterosexual.

It is apparent, that different cultures have taken different approaches to creating gender distinctions, with more or less recognition of fluidity and complexity of gender.

We were walking in a spacious green forest at dusk, The light shines through it and the dark enters it. I looked down and saw two long tentacles growing from your stomach. The skin was realistically mimetic. A sensation.... of seeing your body.... change rapidly on testosterone..... As though In some other time dimension. Biology will never be complete, perpetually evolving, together WITH bio-technology, morphing into new species, human machine hybrids

Dreams are the realm of irrationality and unpredictability yet the symbols, images and features recurring in them in a cycle of transformation, dissolution and renewal reminds us of the work of the alchemists, somehow also represent a universal comprehensive language that we can interpret, a code that we can break, like turing did with enigma and reprogram again and again, allowing us to visit fantastic worlds to travel in time and space.

Ashley: Hybridization seems to be a recurring theme in your dreams, shall we talk a bit more about the dream you had last week?

Pol: "It appears similar to one of those tv series where the family are the central focus. this family had lots of members,

I was one of them. There were people everywhere but I couldn't recognize anybody, I saw my dead father.

Ashley: Hmm how did it feel to see him there? did he see you?

Pol: No he didn't, he was standing in the middle of the garden, surrounded by people, just looking around. I felt happy to see him.

A: Could you describe the scene a bit more?

P: Its a beautiful landscape. the same landscape where I grow up. With a wine vineyard, dry, sunny and earthy.

A: You said it was like a television series, are you actually sitting in front of a monitor, watching it like a film or are you inside being part of it all.

P:No I am conscious i am there, I am participating in the scene, walking around like looking through a window

A: What was the light the atmosphere?

P: It was quite dark with shadows a bit greenish.

A: What happened next?

P: There were some mutant animals over the swimming pool...

P: Dream: a house and outside the house a swimming pool. behind the swimming pool lots of strange and mutant animals. one was like a worm with wings, with butterfly wings. it was more like a mammal than a worm, around 40 cm long, like a small or medium dog. a big snake with legs. the mutant animals moved very very slowly.

I was a bit afraid of them. some of them were inside the house. I was not sure if they could be dangerous for human people, so I tried to lead them to the outside, to the swimming pool. nobody was swimming. there were some mountains not so far of the house. big and beautiful mountains. groups of people were traveling to the mountains, to the magical mountains, the sexual mountains. the mountains had sexual powers. when people were inside the mountains, they got those sexual powers, and started to have sex with each other.

I decided to go to the mountains. a group of people and me started to move to the inside of the magical mountains. we stopped after a while of walking, and waited until the sun went down. then we started to feel and see a fire inside and outside us. fire, fire, fire, and more fire..."

A: Worms, butterflies, dogs, lizards... The images are very unusual, looking at an old encyclopedia...

There are different ways to approach the dream. There are two levels, the native level, familiar to you, being closer to consciousness, there are some unusual things on this level but there are still being delt with as you would in reality, for example the presence of your dead father, and the level of hybridization.. belonging to the world of ancestors.

Hybrids are very interesting creatures because they are like the embodiment of symbols, in alchemy they use the symbol of monsters, a symbol is the best way to express what is unthinkable, inexpressible, the symbol of opposites, so another common symbol of the androgynous embodiment of masculinity and femininity, male and female in one being, the opposites come together. The fact that hybrids appear at this level, is how you consciously deal with the symbolic order, there is a breaking point between the two worlds which is anxiety, concern of things getting mixed... like breaking a taboo, which seems connected to your gender, there is a boundary being crossed. I thought of the image of the father, and how culturally the father is the representation of the law.

It made me think of a story about Goethe, his father was pretentious, he hated his father, during this time in education everyone had to draw, it was the method of translation, his father forced him to make frames around his drawings and he hated this. You can see in his poetry that his poems are framed in comparison to romantic poetry, framing is a fatherly function. So I think that the presence of your father and the fact he passed away and that the hybrid animals are coming into the house is perhaps an anxiety about losing limits, losing boundaries or losing the frame...

P: there were beautiful mountains not so far of the house. the mountains were magical. magical mountains, sexual mountains, the mountains had powers, sexual powers.

I started to go there with a group of people, we were traveling for a while, then we waited until the sun comes down after a while we started feeling these powers, fire inside and outside our bodies. There were flames everywhere.

A: And then there is this beautiful pilgrimage to the mountain, this had the feeling of something very ritualistic, it feels archaic, people go to the mountains to experience this sexual energy to feel the magic of the mountains... there were times where ritual was necessary to keep the world in order, ritual was part of life, there was also a division between the real world and the human level, and the other world of symbols, spirits and gods... if you read about shamanism in rituals and initiations.. the shaman would go into the other world in order to learn the song to heal the patient or to look for the lost soul, or to bring a soul to his tribe, the world was separated.. so the shaman was the connection to this other world.. so ritual was necessary to have meaning.. so in the current day the gods have come down to from Olympus... and so we have precisely in dreams and in symptoms.. we have the double reality.... this transcendence to the other world of spirits and gods and myths.. there you have transgression of boundaries, you have in your dream the anxiety of this transgression of the boundary between the gender binary.... You participate in the mountain in a merging of opposites, dreams give us a glimpse of something else , they can be like an xray, a photograph of our being in a specific moment and how the psyche tries to make sense of things, the hybrids, it seems the hybrids are there for you to reflect on your transsexuality, transsexuality is a state of mind, a conceptualization of your trans identity as a cyclical position. I would like to talk to you about the importance of transitioning for you. Tell me about testosterone, how does it make you feel. What does it do for you?

P: I see testosterone as architecture, like a corridor, a lift, a bridge, a room. it allows you to be closer to a place, to enter a room, to perceive the world through another lens, through another perspective, to experience life in a different way, to be seen, to be present and recognized with the gender I chose to live in.

Testosterone is a substance that makes transformation possible, Shows that we are malleable beings, evolving to construct new meanings and languages, new architectures. I feel more present in my own skin, before as a woman now as a man and a faggot. I don't want to go back to my home town where i grew up, like my home town needs to be reconstructed before i come back. I don't want to give explanations.

To be trans feels liberating, like escaping constructions in fighting against a way to indirectly denounce the structures of control. Am I inside a science fiction movie, I have this feeling very often when I take T-Gel, a gelatinous substance that smells like alcohol, with a silver futuristic fancy envelope. Im not sure if being in a sci movie has something to do with the affect produced after taking it.

virtuality is the material wanderings/wonderings of nothingness; virtuality is the ongoing thought experiment the world performs with itself. Indeed, quantum physics tells us that the void is an endless exploration of all possible couplings of virtual particles, a "scene of wild activities."

Nature is trans*materiality/ trans-matter-reality in its ongoing re(con)figuring, where trans is not a matter of changing in time, from this to that, but an undoing of "this" and "that," an ongoing reconfiguring of spacetime mattering in a reworking of past, present, future in the play of the indeterminacy of being-time

Virtual particles are not present (and not absent), but they are material.

In the cybernetic field the screen, the border between the material world and the virtual world, the mirror, that piece of black glass through which no light can filter lies a virtual utopia, a contemporary otherworld, a 21st century mirror of the alchemic world of spirits symbols and magic, A dreamworld in cyberspace, which already points to the existence of parallel worlds. The possibility of the multiverse is inside there, within it, within you.

Most of what matter is, is virtual. Virtual do not exist in space and time. They are ghostly non/existences that teeter on the edge of the infinitely fine blade between being and nonbeing.

Ashley: How are you today?

E: I cant really say, I don't know..

A: Last time you told me about this dream, about a tongue. Could you describe the emotions that the dream triggered?

E: Well, it felt ... It felt like ... A weight on my chest. I wanted to ... clear my throat. But it felt more like not being able to breathe. And then ...my tongue fell out of my mouth, and slipped into my hands.

A: What's this tongue like? Can you describe it?

E: Yes, it was moist, and soft, yet rough as well. And pinkish-red...And ...At its root, there was like a second tongue, but ...They were connected, or fused, well ...somehow linked; joined, tied up, fitted into another, combined, paired up, braided, plaid, inter-weaving; confederated, married, interlocking, pieced together, indivisible and inseparable.

A: Like Siamese twins?

A: Whatever happens inside your body, reaches the world and other bodies, through the voice. The tongue. The tongue as the site of transmission. It bursting forth, slipping out, relates to the loss of your voice. A mutilation, going mute. If we lose our voice ...If we lose our voice we withdraw into ourselves. Speaking, or not speaking. Seeing, or not seeing. Besides, does the tongue have something fleshy, slimy? It is linked to our alimentary organs, as Bataille demonstrated.

Visceral, yet ... phallic. Language as a phallic fetish. A move towards the object of desire. Right, I think I was afraid to speak. Not knowing, how I should communicate. Not knowing where to aim my desires, my wishes, my yearnings. Nor knowing how to express them. Well, what and how ... How to speak, indeed. Then she picked up my tongue. She stood in front of me, and put it back in my mouth. Now it felt puffed up, somehow. Swelled up, much too big ...it choked up my entire mouth.

A: hmm interesting, The mouth as an orifice ...is a vulnerable space. It's familiar, from advertising. The female mouth ...as a signifier of receptivity, Soft, slightly parted lips, inviting penetration., Representations of the mouth are to trigger desire, control and transformation: From one state to the other, from giving to taking, from silence to language.

A: Contenting yourself with the fantasy could mean, you can't express your desires in reality. Perhaps I could be the counterpart, who helps you find your voice again.

E: Yeah.... I'm not sure how to explain ...

A: Would you prefer to speak to me in English? Perhaps its better to go away from your mother tongue for a while, maybe it will help you not to feel bound to the language, to the world of your construction. Sometimes the tongue refers to different languages we speak, the boundaries placed by language the real on the symbolic order of the world, so dreaming of the tongue being cut out shows real feelings of being mute and not being able to express clearly.

I am an electron. I am inseparable from the darkness, the void. It is dark. I see a shimmering light above me. I am one with the void. There is no myself that is separable from it.