

The Narrator

Coatlicue can decide to get rid of parts of themselves depending on the experiences they have: once, when they were making love to a cellist, they offered them their hands, but not being a musician, they traded them at a motorway service station with a mortician who liked to take care of dead bodies, paying the difference in Swiss francs. They sometimes found parts of their body again: once, during an appointment at the state office, they were offered the chance to take back the male attributes assigned to them at birth, but they decided that it was no longer possible to reintegrate them into their body. These choices to transform the body could be dictated by conviction, pleasure, or economics: they are now selling their bearded vulture wings on eBay to pay rent. Let's not forget, even if Coatlicue's body is like a poem, coded in abstract ways, full of symbolic components, colors, and shapes conveying their multiple histories, we live, after all, in the era of gore capitalism.

So, unfortunately, one day, while Coatlicue was taking the train, and whilst they were taking a nap, a strangely headless character snatched their head and jumped off the train just as quickly. It was obviously one of the parts of their body that they felt most dependent on, as it had been part of their outfit for at least three millennia. The perpetrator must have used a sushi knife because there were only a few drops of blood around the wound, but to their surprise, they felt as if their head was still on their shoulders.

Coatlicue

Now I look like I copycat that Hindu Chhinnamasta छिन्नमस्ता self-decapitated goddess, damn.

The Narrator

They went as planned to the international film directors' event, The Queer Ancient Ways Pageant, where Coatlicue was a finalist for the Un Regard Incertain Award. They participated by presenting a film. Their film is their body.

The Saleswoman

(in front of the audience)

Since Coatlicue's film is their body, they are a filmmaker without a film.

The Masculinist Filmmakers

(The ones who are watching the ceremony from home though not competing for the prize)

But how is that possible?

The Saleswoman

(still in front of the audience)

For the latest version of their masterpiece, Coatlicue first hovered over the Vercors mountains and stored the images they filmed in receptacles in different parts of their body. If they film with a camera, the Aaton Penelope 35 to be precise, they hybridize the camera in one of their extremities. The camera becomes a hand, a claw, a tripod, a paw, etc., so that the memory of the images taken by other filmmakers who have used the camera informs the sensitivity with which Coatlicue captures their own images.

The Masculinist Filmmakers

(in their Isotoner slippers in front of the TV)

But that's nonsense!

The Saleswoman

If they film with their ears/microphones, they put themselves in a state of echolocation, blindly mapping the space, in the same way that certain dolphins, blind people, and bats do to find their way in a cave, in a subway station, or in deep waters.

The Narrator

The gala assistants are surprised to see Coatlicue without their elegant and monstrous two-headed snake. One could say that they deliberately took away their head to give this look some special spice.

The Ballroom Audience

That's so camp!
What a daring look!
Yazzz queen!

The Narrator

Doubt sets in, Coatlicue tries to stay calm. It's almost time for their presentation. How can they show the film/their body without its *main* element? How can they accept that their most essential element of differentiation and singularity is no longer there? Headless-Coatlicue climbs onto the stage. The room is plunged into darkness, adrenaline is at its peak, the moment resembles the vulnerability preceding a live body drawing session. It is also reminiscent of the judgments of psychoanalysts and scientists when they encountered a non-normative body in the 19th century, but Coatlicue takes possession of time and space with agency and skill.

The Gossip (interrupting the narrator)

Just like in *Je suis un monstre qui vous parle* by Paul B. Preciado...

The Narrator

Coatlicue can no longer *look* at their body...

The Gossip (defying The Narrator)

Which is normal, since they no longer have eyes, you might say.

The Narrator (rolling eyes)

In this brief electrifying and elastic moment, *le temps devient elastique*, they decide to share their body/film by recounting each experience of each of their body parts that belonged to other bodies. They make time stop and dilate, to accommodate each story of their mutilated and reconstituted body, and they remember the parts that have been emancipated and are gifts, and which are in a good place in their body, and they remember the parts that belonged to those who oppressed them but which they had to accept, tame, and dissolve. They remember all the parts that construct, ooze, secrete, speak, smell, and listen to their non-linear, mutilated, and reconstituted body.

And they expose themselves and expose their hairy calves, which belonged to a female puma with whom they had hybridized during a stay in the Chihuahua mountains; their feet which belonged to the *mismisima* Elena Garro, feet with which she went into exile in Spain to write in solitude; shoes that are none other than those thrown at the cops by Sylvia Rivera in 1969; the hands of the mortician who talks to the dead; another pair of hands, those that belonged to an undocumented Mexican mother who giftwrapped stuffed animals in the western suburbs of Chicago; nipples adorned with two rings that belonged to a trans-bear that they met in a bar in the gay village in Montreal; and the warm breath of a southern wind through which they can recompose sensation. Coatlicue can thus decide to accommodate parts of themselves according to the experiences that come their way.