

My intention in the following piece is not to explain or give definite answers in response to Haraway's work, but to give one possibility out of multitudes. This essay is a hybrid of my own fiction and excerpts from Donna Haraway's "A Cyborg Manifesto: Science, Technology, and Socialist-Feminism in the Late Twentieth Century," in *Simians, Cyborgs and Women: The Reinvention of Nature*.

Please feel free to edit and/or add to the piece. It desires to be a chimera of all things.

*Writing is pre-eminently the technology of cyborgs, etched surfaces of the late twentieth century. Cyborg politics is the struggle for language and the struggle against perfect communication, against the one code that translates all meaning perfectly, the central dogma of phallogocentrism. That is why cyborg politics insist on noise and advocate pollution, rejoicing in the illegitimate fusions of animal and machine. These are the couplings which make Man and Woman so problematic, subverting the structure of desire, the force imagined to generate language and gender, and so subverting the structure and modes of reproduction of "Western" identity, of nature and culture, of mirror and eye, slave and master, body and mind. "We" did not originally choose to be cyborgs, but choice grounds a liberal politics and epistemology that imagines the reproduction of individuals before the wider replications of "texts".*

I dreamt last night. As I lay under sheet, quilt, and fuzzy blanket. I dreamt. Sleeping in borrowed flannel boxers and old t-shirt, feet bare. I fell asleep slowly relishing the feeling of my body settling into the lumps of the bed's landscape, fitting in its grooves of spring and mattress. Feeling relief to rest and also impatience that I need to.

I don't remember the moment I lose consciousness. It happens quickly. I wake up in my dream. I'm me, but not me. In a room different from the one I left. Clean lines, bright white linens, soft filtered light coming through cracks in gauzy grey curtains. Rising from the bed (which is incredibly soft and lump-free) I realize that I'm naked. Not cold. Strange. My body is

mine but not mine. I'm taller. My hair is long, curly, and dark brown. My feet are big. I take some steps as if still in my other-body and stumble over my toes. The next few steps are easier.

*A cyborg body is not innocent; it was not born in a garden; it does not seek unitary identity and so generate antagonistic dualisms without end (or until the world ends); it takes irony for granted. One is too few, and two is only one possibility.*

Moving toward the dresser at the end of the bed I stare into its large circular mirror. Even though I recognize my image I feel the need to check my body's nooks and crannies. I move to stand in profile and realize that hanging over the headboard of the bed is an exact replica of the dresser's mirror. I can see multiples of myself repeated to infinity. When I raise my hand, they raise their hands. I crouch down quickly and they do the same, though I'm almost sure I can see a second of delay in one of the bodies in line.

The phone rings. Perched on the corner of the dresser, the only loud color in the room – it's pink. Pink like a baby being born, still warm from the insides of Mother.

*Sexual reproduction is one kind of reproductive strategy among many, with costs and benefits as a function of the system environment. Ideologies of sexual reproduction can no longer reasonably call on the notions of sex and sex role as organic aspects in natural objects like organisms and families.*

It rings again and like a mother to its baby, I respond in action. Picking up the receiver I settle it next to my ear. Its little body oozes into my ear's canal and snuggles itself against my pinna. It feels comfortable. I open my mouth and language spills out which is not audibly heard. Words, but not words. My body is speaking. I can feel sounds being pulled from under the skin in my arms. It's not what I expect. Like goosebumps on the inside of my skin. It is a low thrum with whispered liquid drips and pulses combining to respond to the "voice" on the other end of the line.

*[C]ommunication sciences and modern biologies are constructed by a common move – the translation of the world into a problem of coding, a search for a common language in which all resistance to instrumental control disappears and all heterogeneity can be submitted to disassembly, reassembly, investment, and exchange.*

The conversation ends with my answer. The amorphous entity retracts from my inner ear. I put pinky back in its holder. Trying my vocal chord voice, I read the sewn sampler that hangs next to the mirror “You are Me. I am You. We are Me.” It works. My voice. Not a bit rusty.