

# Patented Technologies

**Trinity Bavaria**

209 Morgan Ave

September 13, 2024

Trinity Bavaria paints the psychedelic anxieties of transfeminine experience.

In *Praying for a Pussy*, a bombshell blonde self portrait manifests a new body, praying over a hallowed skull. Modeled off of Caravaggio's dubiously attributed portrait of St. Francis, Bavaria's figure internalizes suspicions around authenticity. The ideal body is both dreamed in diaristic doodles of diamond vaginas, and rendered by the intrusive influence of tech and pharmaceutical companies.

Pop, the aesthetic of corporate fantasy permeates Trinity's dreamscapes. The pussy is a patented product, with each surgeon selling a different make and model; Purple lips and pink clits. Siri bubbles bedazzle pastel color fields. White canvas, desire and possibility burn with artifice beneath neon strokes.

Like Bavaria's bimbo Charmin Bears or sexy Car Foxes, corporate avatars maintain a horny interest in the trans body. The Geico Gecko is a chaser who says, "Come here! Let me suck your dick!" The Siri orb listens-in as a false oracle, harvesting data and offering hired information. Meanwhile, fantasy is mired by violent reality. Internal desire is corrupted by corporate fetish and the new body bears the target worn by passed trans women.

With genie bottle bongs Bavaria escapes into abstraction, unburdened by external designs. The pussy becomes an emerald jewel, a speckled egg, a double-cock strap-on. The projected object of desire engulfs itself into Bavaria's world of mark marking, indistinguishable from other aspects of the physical self.

Embodying the surveilled trans body, *Security Cam* poses as Bavaria's transfuturist protagonist. Gazing ball boobs and pregnant belly return the gaze of their beholder. The cyborg, the technologically modified woman, exists freely within the space, extending out from the gallery wall with exposed wiry pubes and a multi-faced grin. Reality becomes a raw material, reflected, captured, and reincorporated into the new self. The present and all past editions are treated as the hallowed skull, an object not of remorse, but veneration; a foundation upon which to build a new church.

– Gunner Dongieux

