



***SKILLS FOR THE END OF THE WORLD: ACT III***  
***PERREO DEL RENACIMIENTO***  
**after the apocalypse...only punks, plants and reggaeton are left.**

an offering for the queers that have changed my life.  
une célébration de nos existences non conformes.  
una manera de habitar nuestros cuerpos y nuestras sensualidades.

about decolonizing our ways of relating to one another.  
and the meeting of a folkloric character from Los Andes and the dom inside me.  
/my catholic latin american baggage meets my transfag adult life.  
/me finally being unapologetic about my desires.  
/con metiCULOsidad.

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la radicalité de votre amour et de votre existence.

I feel lucky to have had the promo G accompany me  
throughout these years of change.  
I feel honoured to have shared this journey side by side  
with Baptiste and Gaëlle.

What you're about to read is a compilation of experiences that I have gone through and/or shared with other people in the last couple of years. It is also a collection of ways I've found to retell the thoughts, to elaborate on the ideas leading up to the creation of my bachelor. Some are poems that have been written in pivotal moments. Some others are reflections put in place from the will of queering<sup>1</sup> a common conception of the world, which starts with building a shared frame and language.

When thinking about the form I wanted to give to this assemblage, I had the very ambitious idea to produce a music album. And I say very ambitious because as enormous of a work as it is just like that, given that I am not a musician, it'd be even harder. So, leaving that project for the future, I've decided to curate a sound accompaniment to go with the written work, that you will find in the form of QR codes to scan. Music has been the constant pulsation behind the construction of this performative work, so it only makes sense to have it stretch out into the traces left on paper.

I've decided to add footnotes explaining some terms, thinking that if I were to share these thoughts with my mother, there would be some language barriers that we could easily surpass with small explanations. However, fundamentally opposed to an absolute truth, everything I'm writing comes from my subjectivity. These explanations are therefore part of my current conception of the world.

And in regards to language barriers, depending on which languages you feel comfortable with, dear reader, you might find some too. I've decided to alternate between English, Spanish and French, following the natural flow of my brain that now functions in those three languages, and not flatten it all in one homogeneity. Each language has its own spice, and I'd hope this text to be as tasty as possible. So I encourage you to translate or ask around about those parts you might not fully grasp.

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<sup>1</sup> To queer. A verb, an action, an ongoing revolution. To twist the hegemonic cis-heteronormativity that we have been taught in all the ways we desire.

## i. Infierno Reggaetón//Perreo//Perra



*welcome to hell. infierno reggaetón.  
quien no vino a bailar, que se vaya.*

La clave está en el lenguaje.

*words were forbidden to me.  
words like dyke or faggot.  
using them felt too powerful, too confronting to my own desires.  
I was scared I was part of those words.  
i was scared I wanted to be part of those words.  
and let's be honest, I wanted it so badly...  
and now, my transfaggot life takes different forms.  
perreos, gossip-teas, hookups, meetings with other transfags.  
we're finding each other to boycott the CISTem.*

*Perra.*

La hembra canina.

Pero también una palabra usada de manera despectiva para referirse a personas asignadas mujer al nacer (a quienes me referiré como afab<sup>2</sup>/afabs de aquí en adelante) percibidas como:

llevando una vida sexual activa  
conectadas sin remordimientos con su sensualidad/sexualidad  
involucradas con varias personas al mismo tiempo promiscuas  
activamente buscando involucrarse sensual/sexualmente con otras personas

Es una palabra que me encontré escuchando a mi alrededor muy joven. Quizá alrededor de mis 9 años. Cuando les niñas usan “palabras de adultos” en una carrera por la popularidad. En algún punto, me encontré yo mismx usándola para distanciarme de otras afabs. Desde una perspectiva arrogante, púdica e incluso slut-shaming, que me fue inculcada desde diferentes frentes de la sociedad ecuatoriana de los años 2000, en la que crecí. Una perspectiva tan integrada que consecuentemente provocaba tendencias de autovigilancia. Estar constantemente custodiando la norma, y que yo mismx no saliera de ella.

Reflexiono en el bagaje católico de mi ciudad, Quito, y veo cuán enraizada está la noción de pudor. En cuán satanizadas están la sensualidad y la sexualidad, y cualquier expresión de ellas. Cuán mal visto era el reggaetón, dependiendo desde dónde se lo viera.

My parents, with their journalist careers and different study and job opportunities, went up the *academic escalator* and made it very clear for my sister and I that education can change your life. By doing so, they also transmitted a clear distinction between a *superior* and an *inferior* knowledge. This hierarchy of knowledge sets up an arrogant perception towards certain forms of expression.

Por ejemplo, yo crecí escuchando juicios de valor sobre el reggaetón como “es muy explícito sobre cosas sucias”.

Explícito. Asumiendo que hay cosas que son aceptables sólo si no son explícitas, o si suceden a puertas cerradas. (Very catholic of us huh?)

Sobre cosas sucias. Esta noción de una suciedad intrínsecamente conectada a la sexualidad. Una noción reclamada, reapropiada al decir “vamos a perrear sucio”.

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<sup>2</sup> AFAB: Assigned Female At Birth

*Perrear.*

El perreo en verbo. Something you can choose to do.



*Perreo.*

A dance born in Puerto Rico, and spread all throughout the South of Abya Yala, that moves hips, legs, buttcheeks, pubis and bellies to the rhythm of reggaetón.

*Reggaetón.*

With a strong sexual connotation, reggaetón has passed from being a disruptive music genre, to which women were dancing, and claiming back power over their bodies and their sexual freedom; to now also being another tool of globalised patriarco-capitalism. Nevertheless, latinx queers are determined to resist this tendency to twist reggaetón's basic principles, and keep the very essence alive and present:



*Yo quiero bailar, tú quieres sudar  
Y pegarte a mí, el cuerpo rozar  
Yo te digo "Sí, tú me puedes provocar"  
Eso no quiere decir que pa' la cama voy  
(Quiero bailar, Ivy Queen)*

So now when we say "vamos a perrear sucio" o "¡ay, qué perra estás!" within the community, it's from a sex-positive perception of one's autonomy to explore and express our bodies, relating with other bodies. Where we hype each other for having stepped out of the self-shaming, self-policing habits we were taught. Where we celebrate each other for stepping in our own desires, sensualities, unapologetically.

La clave está en el lenguaje. En tomarlo y hacerlo nuestro.

El lenguaje, como el reggaetón, se mantiene vivo porque se comparte.

And there is some kind of collective rage when stepping into *perreos en mixité choisie*<sup>3</sup>.

Which has been one of the base practices for the creation of this solo.

*Perreo queer.*

Because it would have seemed so improbable to enjoy ourselves safely, because catharsis seemed so far away, because we're liberating ourselves in ways we didn't even know we needed to liberate ourselves. Raging pleasure. Raging joy. Shared in a crowd.

A crowd ready to burn it all down.

I try to bring this *infierno reggaetón* to the studio. I do long sessions of body work, old school reggaetón as a soundtrack. And afterwards I write:

*el perreo como un lugar liberador la sensualidad de un monstruo  
la noción de "me gusta pero me asusta"  
el "mírame pero no me toques" encarnando el himno de ivy queen*

*perreo para mí  
para sentir mi cuerpo para darme placer  
para reclamar espacios que me fueron arrebatados*

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<sup>3</sup> Mixité choisie: The principle of reserving spaces for a chosen group of people. Queer people have often found relief in reserving spaces without cis-heterosexual men.

*un viaje entre el monstruo que se relame  
la dominatrix sedienta de venganza  
y el transmasc renacido*

*ce que je viens de faire ne parle pas de sensualité transmasc.  
ça parle de ma sensualité et de ma colère.  
et de ma transition en tant que canalisatrice de tout ça.*

*je laisse mes monstres me séduire.  
je fais la fête avec. j'embrasse l'idée de la mort.*

*catarsis.*

*viejas memorias que resurgen,  
el suicidio de alguien cercanx.  
el querer hacer un homenaje:  
a lxs queers muertxs,  
que conozco y no conozco.  
las iras contra un CISTema asesino,  
la ira y la vergüenza de también haber estado tan cerca.*

*only björk heals me throughout my childhood  
and until the adult life i hadn't dared to dream of:*

*all these accidents that happen, follow the dot  
coincidence makes sense only with you  
you don't have to speak, I feel emotional landscapes,  
they puzzle me, the riddle gets solved  
and you push me up to, this state of emergency  
how beautiful to be  
state of emergency, is where I want to be  
all that no one sees, you see what's inside of me  
every nerve that hurts, you heal deep inside of me, ooh  
you don't have to speak, i feel emotional landscapes, they puzzle me  
confuse...can the riddle get solved?  
(Jóga, Björk)*

*"state of emergency" it hits differently today as i create this solo,  
my country is once again under a "state of emergency" declared by the government.  
an "internal armed conflict".*

*a.k.a narcotráfico gaining more and more territory.  
confronting directly the president and menacing with taking lives.  
for the citizens: curfew. uncertainty. fear.  
and still, people get together to listen to music. share food. dance.*

*reggaetón has always been a possibility.  
a place to compensate for all the things that go wrong.  
dancing the crisis away.  
diving into pleasure—  
without engagement though, because we don't know how worse it could get tomorrow.*

During the process of creation, I stay in contact with my family. My mother tells me about the current situation in Ecuador. Once again measures are put in place by the government declaring a "state of emergency" a reaction to the violent events of the first week of January 2024:

"Ya son algunos años que el fortalecimiento de bandas criminales se expresa en un aumento de la violencia en barrios marginales de algunas ciudades, especialmente Durán, en Guayas. Pero también se expresa en matanzas carcelarias en las que mueren cientos de personas.. Esta semana, un grupo de encapuchados ingresaron a las instalaciones de TC Televisión en Guayaquil, asaltaron el set donde se transmitía un programa en vivo y, ante las cámaras, hicieron que la gente se arrodillara mientras los amenazaban. Las imágenes circularon en tiempo real. TC es un canal de TV nacional, actualmente parte del conglomerado de medios públicos, es decir es un canal estatal. La declaración de estado de excepción y guerra a los grupos "narco delictivos" por parte del presidente Noboa fue una respuesta a este acto que ya se consideró una muestra descarada de violencia y desprecio por la ley por parte de los criminales. Noboa armó una lista de bandas de delincuentes y les dio el estatus de terroristas, lo cual ha sido motivo de un debate, pues de algún modo eleva el estatus de unos delincuentes comunes. Luego del decreto, el Ejército y la Policía se han lanzado a cazar a los miembros de estas bandas. En Guayaquil incluso llegaron a examinar los tatuajes que llevaba la gente para determinar si eran miembros de una banda criminal. La opinión pública, en general, ha aplaudido la respuesta belicista de Noboa y son pocas las voces que alertan contra abusos de militares y chapas<sup>4</sup>..."

And so, the dissociative sentiment of being busy creating an art piece while back at home violence takes over, accentuates itself.

But I let the worry, the anger, the fear for the people I care about, dance with me.

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<sup>4</sup> Chapa: Manera despectiva de referirse a un.a policía.

## ii. Transness//transmasc sensuality//scary sensuality//genderfucking



*i am so grateful for being trans.  
this kind of homecoming is reincarnation within a single lifetime.*

I look back and notice how sensuality and sexuality within cis-heteronormativity were taught to me. How depending on the gender you were assigned at birth you would have one set of possible expressions of your own sensuality.

I was socialised to use my femininity in my favour. And I did for some years. I went hyperfem<sup>5</sup> and treated boys like toys. I learnt to play the game, and although I had an intuition the rules did not sit right with me, I played to win. But “winning” did not bring any real joy or satisfaction, and that ended up being rather puzzling. Why then, if I was doing everything I was supposed to do, was I not fulfilled, content, or even aroused? My body was talking to me. It has been, all along.

It took me years to gather the courage to face those questions that had been lingering within me for such a long time. It also took me reaching a point where survival was not granted, where I had no other option but facing those questions, in the hope of finding some relief.

And oh, I found relief. But I also found so much more.

*i remember being heartbroken  
by the realisation that the things i'm experiencing  
now are things i wouldn't even dare to imagine*

*—even my imagination had been shaped by heteronormativity*

*my life today  
is made out of things  
i never thought were possible*

*daily trans-gressive rituals  
trafficking testo from skin to skin  
healing kisses between genderfluid mouths*

*my heartbreak today  
is the end of a story i never imagined*

*and oh, we were so good when we were first discovering  
and listening to the desires our bodies knew before our minds  
when we started tasting all those forbidden and long-craved possibilities*

I talk about transmasculinity, taking into account that this includes trans-men, transmasc nonbinary people, masculine lesbians and other masculine presenting people that are not amab<sup>6</sup>.

So, how do we speak about masculine sensuality?

Either censoring it, limiting it with gendered expectations (for example the pressure put on men to not express their emotions or desires).

Or exoticized when about racialized or “feminised” (often queer) men.

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<sup>5</sup> Fem: Referring to a feminine presentation of gender. Masc is used similarly for a masculine presentation.

<sup>6</sup> AMAB: Assigned Male At Birth

And what about transmasculine sensuality?

I'm under the impression that we don't really talk about it. There's very little representation of transmasculine sensuality. The transmasculine community is generally very invisibilized. Differently to the transfem community, transmasculine people, when reaching a certain masculine passing<sup>7</sup>, have been given the possibility to pass unnoticed. And in a world where it's not safe to be publicly trans, if you get that possibility, it's tempting to take it, because it's easier to be perceived as a man.

The privilege of a masculine passing in a world built by men for men. People have been socialised to have opinions on women's bodies, outfits, attitudes...but men? Much less questioned.

So the more you pass as a cis-het<sup>8</sup> man, the less questions you'll get.

But sensuality, before maybe appearing in the public sphere, appears first under one's skin, in a warm wave that travels through the body when one is feeling good about oneself.

I think about transmasculine sensuality as an anchoring sense of oneself born from the regained autonomy over one's body.

I remember when I first started hormone replacement therapy:



*soaking in the power of that first dose  
like i'm walking around carrying a secret  
and how precious it becomes right now that it's a secret  
before it becomes evident and speaks for me*

*like a fireball in my insides  
re-appropriation burning in molecular level*

*a little fear of liking it so much that i will want to continue  
and eventually end up passing as a man  
and simultaneously the doubt whether it is possible  
me with my babyface*

*will i just tell my parents that i'm ageing masculinely?*

*rituals to say goodbye  
to everything i've known  
to everything that has accompanied me  
throughout the years being perceived as a woman*

*rituals to welcome change  
change that already happens in my head  
that will now happen in my body*

*understanding in another way  
all those times i wished i was a boy  
—not knowing i can experience a lot of that without being one  
not knowing i can be one, and experience non-boy things too*

*thinking about Preciado and all the gender-pirates  
carrying drugs transmissible by touch*

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<sup>7</sup> Passing: from "passing as", often used to talk about someone's transition, when they reach a point where they pass as the desired gender, where they can less easily be spotted as trans, or as the gender they transitioned from.

<sup>8</sup> Cis-het: a cis-gender person is one whose gender identity corresponds to the gender assigned at birth, this attribution is often based on the person's genitalia. A cishet person is someone cis-gender and heterosexual.

*once again, touch becomes transcendent*

*my skin glowing in transmasculinity  
and I glow too—desacralizing testo  
desacralizing “unaltered” bodies  
anyways humans are constantly altering themselves*

*my transition just goes hand in hand with wanting to resist to the CISTem  
or becoming a glitch in the Matrix  
embodying the fearlessness  
all the defiance and the sensuality  
that i was taught to tone down, keep shut*

*ça déborde, ça mouille, ça coule  
i see us sharing the juice of mandarins  
and i thrive while i feel a monstrous beauty inhabit my flesh*

Un devenir trans. A burning desire deep within me. Desperately waiting to come out. Being trans is truly one of the most punk things one can do. Denying ‘god’s creation’ and making yourself anew, moulding your body into a home, taking full autonomy over every little inch of flesh of yours and carving out what does not serve you...

The embodied dichotomy of loss and joy: the further we step into our trans-identities, whatever our transitions looks like, the more we risk losing from our cis-perceived lives: people, places, accessibility, security...And yet, trans-joy feels like home, a breeze of fresh strong wind, and the first spoon of a delicious meal, all together. So of course, how could we not step into it? How could we not allow it to inhabit us?

And so once we allow ourselves to step into that vibrating core, sensuality can melt out of our pores almost in a scary way. Turns out, sensuality outside of cis-heteronormativity becomes a place of self-discovery, rather than a race for someone else’s approval. And it also turns out that being busy with that self-discovery ends up being magnetic for other people. There’s something vertiginous about finding pleasure for inhabiting your own skin. There’s something provocative about being unapologetic about the way you want to present. There’s something attractive about embodying fearlessness. There’s something empowering, almost addictive, about acknowledging the possibility to fuck around with people’s perceptions of gender and gendered expressions of sensuality, just by being you, and presenting the ways you want to present. Sensuality is no longer an effort, or a task. It becomes a way of breathing. It’s something so, so embodied, that it becomes intimidating for the people around. Because it triggers friction within desires.

*Do I want to be with them or do I want to be them?*

I’ve met so many people that have made me ask myself this question. Deciding whether I’m attracted to someone or if I’m tempted (or even envious?) to live how they live. Discerning the answers takes the effort of staying intentional. But it can be fun too. Or scary. I talk about it with my cis friends: Because the confrontation with desires that you haven’t allowed yourself to accept is scary. So when cis people meet trans people that are feeling good with themselves, oftentimes they’re intimidated, because they can become aware of the preconceptions they had about trans identities and gender dissidence. They could even catch themselves wanting something they didn’t know they wanted. Be it, wanting to be with someone trans, and therefore tuning in with some part of their queerness. Or potentially wanting to be trans, and therefore acknowledging the possibility of their own transness or non-binarity or cis-genderness, but most importantly the possibility to choose and affirm themselves in either of them.

Wanting to be with a trans person when you haven't stepped away from cis-heterosexuality can trigger the fall of the cis-heteronormative structure that suggests (or rather imposes) a certain dynamic of interaction between people of different and/or same genders. Because then you wonder what you're really attracted to, what that attraction makes you, what your perception of the other person says about you, and what the person in front is sharing with you about themselves and their own perception of attraction.

Attraction is a complex relation where all the parties can learn something about themselves and about the ways they'd like to further interact or not with the people involved.

And wanting to be trans...probably means you are.

Or it's anyhow already enough to be trans.

It's part of human nature to want to define things. To want to recognize yourself as part or not of something. But there's also the possibility of not abiding by one single definition.

*Genderfuck.*



For me, rather than a gendered identity, genderfucking is a political stance. Why not fuck around with what we've been taught as possible or impossible, as acceptable or aberrant, as attractive and disgusting?

Mix it all together, try it out and see what happens.

### iii. T4T//The queers that have changed my life//Shared vulnerability and love



*your scars against my scars  
the big fuck to heteronormativity  
two transitioning bodies  
taking all the roles at the same time  
or none at all—only those based in pleasure*

*a new skin, a different skin,  
a contrasting sensation  
transfag love engulfed by calmness  
the space to change physically  
but also to change your mind*

Until now, I talked about stepping into your own transness when you're just coming out of cis-heteronormativity, and the encounters between cis and trans people.  
The friction of attraction, curiosity, fear.

But I cannot go on writing without speaking about queer kinship, friendship, affinity and love. I wouldn't be where I am now if it wasn't for my trans friends. The team care<sup>9</sup> that has shown me all the different ways to exist as a queer person in this society. That has shown me the unconditional support they have for each other. That has made me part of all the ways we accompany one another in the journey of this rollercoaster. Because existing within the binary of gender is a rollercoaster: there's days we're we celebrate our transness, where we're empowered by feeling that our mere existence embodies the revolution, and there're days where we're deeply hurting from all the violence we get thrown at.

T4T refers to Trans4Trans. It is usually used when talking about relationships within the queer community. When two (or more) trans people are relating emotionally, or sexually or sharing some kind of intimacy.

And I have to say, falling in love with another trans person takes complicity to another level.

*shining fascination looking into each other's eyes*

*i cannot explain why i'm so relieved when i'm with them  
i cannot explain how all this feelings came so quickly  
i guess it's part of the magic of transmasc fag-love*

*against all probabilities we find each other  
we hold each other  
we see each other  
we understand each other  
we discover each other*

*without words  
through smiles that tell our surprises and fears  
without logic  
through touch, and caresses, and kisses  
without having to disclaim our transitioning bodies  
through a caring constant support*

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<sup>9</sup> Team care: A group of people that stay vigilant, making sure a party runs smoothly, and prepared to deal with harassment, substance abuse, and other potential situations that appear in that context. Taking care.

*i've never felt this gay and this girly at the same time  
a genderless tenderness  
ungraspable sweet comprehension  
of two beings with a (trans masc) chosen shell  
holding in all the gentleness (afab heritage?)*

*caresses we only give to some  
vulnerabilities we rarely express  
scars that we share across our chest and across our histories*

*i feel the acknowledging intuition of each other's past struggles  
current struggles*

*i feel also the birth of a refuge in each other's arms  
human warmth fulfilling needs we were neglecting  
sensual discovery of each other's curves and edges*

I wrote that shortly after I met my partner. Trying to capture all the spaces for nuance of such an encounter. Still fully in disbelief of what was happening. For both of us, it was the first time sharing intimacy with someone with a torso like our own. *Je me suis pardonné beaucoup de choses en passant ma bouche sur tes cicatrices* he told me one night.

There was something healing about loving each other like that.

It was unexpected to fall for each other like that, but I think I can explain it better now that some time has passed. Now that I can allow myself to count on him, on a shared understanding of a dissident existence within a normed world.

T4T love feels reassuring in that there are others going through what you're going through. Being alone questioning the cistem would be a lot harder.

But collectively, it becomes sometimes even enjoyable.



Taking that into a context of performative arts, I like to think that the relationship between the performer(s) and the public can also be T4T.

Performing for a queer festival in Zürich, I noticed how differently I thought of performance when knowing that the audience that I'd be performing for, was mostly people like me. People with whom I have common experiences. I saw how different it is when suddenly I didn't feel like I had to explain or justify myself. That I wasn't going to be judged or misunderstood. That what I've lived is relatable to those around me. That I'm not stuck building the bases, because those bases are already shared. So I can move on to talk about other things.

But of course I will not only perform for queer, trans people. And yet prioritising those perspectives when creating, convincing myself that there are going to be people like me in the audience gives an anchoring feeling and makes what I do make sense. Because I'm not interested in a pedagogical role. Rather in sharing my truths, my doubts, my curiosities, inviting the spectators to come with me into the unknown. Finding dispositives that challenge the traditional setting of the theatre. Because if I'm gonna make myself that vulnerable, it's not only to entertain. I expect to trigger a level of engagement from the audience. Where they're not left untouched, comfortable in their seats, but where they also have to do their part too. If we're gonna share a space, then we're gonna share that space, move inside it, acknowledge each other, look into each other's eyes.

Or at least that's the space I try to build when I perform.

#### iv. Queering sex//Reflections around BDSM



Queering sex as in breaking the system from the inside.

Queering sex as in breaking the binary view on sexed bodies on gendered roles.

Queering sex as in experiencing the revolution in your mind and in your body .

Queering sex as in incarnating the decolonial anticapitalist revolution.

Historically, sexuality has been a state matter. The control of sexuality has been central to modernity. Controlling people's sexualities would mean controlling their subjectivities and bodies. Sexuality is already politicised.

Non-consensual politicisation

-of non-pleasure focused sexuality.

Installing a taboo not to talk about sex enforces the control over it. And yet, since the moment that control was established, there was also a counter current. Pagan religions had rites welcoming sexual diversity. They normalised homosexuality and crossdressing. And looking into the BDSM communities nowadays, we could say that they recover some of these pagan principles. There's big questions that keep coming in...

When do we yield to pleasure and when do we surrender to it?

*ça fait si mal et si bien en même temps  
enduring pain for pleasure  
to end up crying out of satisfaction  
feeling every fibre of the body  
in an orgasmic contraction around a fist*

How can pleasure and pain be part of a ritual of re-appropriation?

Re-appropriation as in a dialogue between desires, fears and actions. Interactions that take situations of domination/submission for power play, that take the same objects (in the case of my performance, the whips) to change the narrative around pain and danger. Dialogues that look out for dispositives to experience and tell new fictions around bodies, pleasure and (sometimes extreme) corporeal experiences.

*mi látigo.*

*the tail following my dragon being.*

*the technologies of the gays.*

*un objeto como el punto de encuentro*

*entre el diablo huma de mi infancia*

*y las prácticas BDSM de mi vida adulta queer.*

*con su historia relacionada al racismo.*

*con sus diferentes connotaciones.*

*desde el countryside.*

*el cowboy.*

*trans-cowboy?*

*desde los dungeons.*

*las Dominatrix.*

*transmasc domination?*

*con su sonido de riesgo.*

*¿quién está en riesgo?*

## //Who's in danger?//Positionality

Since sexuality is already politicized, we could profit from that and politicize pleasure too. Sobre todo porque para la gente que ha sido históricamente privada de placer, es un acto político de buscarlo y encontrarlo y aprenderlo y disfrutarlo.

*quiero seguir sintiendo cada beat y cada rebote en mi piel  
cómo la intensidad de la música chorrea en mi columna vertebral  
quiero jugar con el riesgo de los látigos  
si yo estoy en peligro, tú estás en peligro*

*maitriser is an imposing activity*

*the whips and my body are channels in dialogue  
des fois à l'écoute, des fois pas*

Filling oneself with pleasure. Playing again with the friction between attraction and intimidation. I think about monsters. Seductive monsters in the common imaginary, like Medusa, using sensuality as part of the lethal strategy. Wanting to embody that same energy on stage, I find myself undergoing waves of evolving intentions, from which I interact with the audience.

And, on another layer, the same emotional waves go for the interactions with potential employers. If seduction is a game, there's plenty of ways to play. So seducing institutions to book your pieces becomes, in part, a game of "positive discrimination" and a test of political correctness. On one hand, people becoming truly interested in hearing other perspectives, and therefore queer and/or racialized people having the chance to take up more and more space; on the other, institutions wanting to appear as inclusive and diverse as possible. So my presence, as a transmasculine latinx dancer, becomes an "artistic provocation", while at the same time checking boxes. We mutually seduce each other, we find ourselves in this mutually codependent contract. But dependance is tricky, especially when it is asymmetrical. And in this game there can be winners and losers. Because someone ends up being in danger...and it is rarely the institutions.

## v. The Diablo Huma transitions//Queering Folklore

### *Inti Raymi*

Cada verano nos reuníamos a celebrar la cosecha. Juntas en la fiesta para agradecer al sol. Guaguas<sup>10</sup> y sus familias éramos testigos de estas festividades, compartíamos comida, música y danza. Yo, muy joven, ya maravillado por estos rituales.

The *Inti Raymi* is a traditional celebration that comes from the Inca Empire. It has been passed down from generation to generation within the Andean communities. In this celebration, there's different performers, dancers and musicians. One of the performers is the *Diablo Huma*.

### *Diablo Huma*

A folkloric character from Los Andes, who appears on the *Inti Raymi*. He is a performer without a fourth wall, his role gets him playing around creating a link between the public and the other performers, inviting people to dance, and drink, and let go. He's naughty too, dancing and teasing people with the whip in his hands. This tradition has been historically reserved to cis-men. So I can't help but wonder, how would it be, to have a *transmasc diablo huma*? How can folk traditions be queered?

*réappropriation de mon propre corps, déjà traversé par ces traditions*

Folkloric traditions are already very queer coded. Historically there has been a range to play with gender performances. So it made sense to allow myself to be inhabited by the memories of the Diablo Huma, in the context of my bachelor performance, at the same time as I began to transition medically.

It granted the connection with my Andean baggage to be on edge.

*la memoria de esas danzas para el sol a flor de piel*

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<sup>10</sup> Guaguas, kichwa for children.

## vi. Tryptic work//



Imagine a museum holding the vestiges of the modern world. The last traces of humanity. You enter a dungeon. Neon lights setting up a liminal atmosphere.

A techno mixtape playing in the background. The walls covered by old pictures of people whose gender, age and lifestyle you cannot tell. You move further in the space and discover a sort of altar where sex toys, BDSM accessories and various books about gender dissidence, anarchist thinking and queer science fiction are displayed. While the apocalypse has left the world in ruins, there's a couple precious places that one would almost think they've been left untouched on purpose. As if those seemingly still places, we're actually not actually motionless, but rather we're keeping the stories of the past still vibrating within the walls.

Baptiste, Gaëlle and I gathered to share interests about different poetic propositions to stage dissidence. We worked on the connection between our characters, the ones who survived, the ones that are trying to find out how to move forward after the failure of the matrix, the ones looking for enlightenment through their queerness. We created an installation where we activated this dungeon-museum by putting our bodies as part of the exposition. Wearing a Matrix inspired dress-code, but turning them into our dominatrix outfits: once again playing with the friction between sensuality and danger, attraction and intimidation.

Bringing the visitors into the curiosity to discover these "alive statues"... that in the end might turn against them?

*resonances fighting against something bigger than us  
omnipresent but not omnipotent—it can't be*

*contrast  
between what we're going through internally  
and what we share to the outside  
there's a touch of confrontation  
and a lust for danger  
the trip goes from portrait medieval  
to let's fucking burn it all down.  
through reflections about surveillance and order imposing.  
and towards cathartic twerking, irresistible trans sensuality.*

## //Collective thinking about the future//Queering post apocalypse



*there's a sense of playfulness that can be used when resisting oppression.  
but it is not only about resisting, it is even bigger than that.  
playfulness is everywhere. and resistance is creative, not only reactive.*

*RESISTANCE—RE EXISTENCE  
resisting the world's construction of ourselves as passive  
—ambiguously inhabiting the world's perception of us.  
FUCK OUR IDENTITIES BEING THEIR TARGET OF VIOLENCE*

PERREO DEL RENACIMIENTO is also about common liberation. Collective liberation from a CISTem that promotes heteronorma.

About acknowledging that everyone is concerned, traversed by these stigmas.  
About the possibility of breaking it from within.

About a shared vulnerability that brings people together in powerful ways.

*i'm hungry for space  
for eye contact  
for celebration  
for confrontation*

*i feel naked  
i feel monstrous  
yet i can be magnetic*

*and i feel powerful being unapologetically and generously transmac on stage  
there's something about making yourself vulnerable before all these eyes  
that makes the people around you, be with you  
suddenly everyone seems more willing to come closer to transness*

In the baseline for my performances, there's still the palpating will to foster connection. Because at the end of the day, dialog and collective organisation are the only places where change can take place. So if we want the future to change a step away from these cis-heteronormed capitalist and colonialist structures...well, we'd better get talking about it already.

## vii. Performative Puzzle

Putting things together.

What do I want to be explicit about?

What do I want to leave for people to reflect and interpret on their own?

Todas estas reflexiones, preguntas, convicciones habitan ya en mi cuerpo. Sin importar qué danza haga, todo esto baila conmigo. It is rather a matter of choosing what I make evident for the public to see. What I choose to share. And what I choose to show only as a hint of the potentiality behind.

Y para armar el rompecabezas...encontrar estructuras para experimentar diferentes cosas, e intentar una y otra vez, practicando el habitar ese universo.

*la práctica.*

*regularidad que se encarna*

*¿cómo mantener una práctica regular sin que la chispa se apague?*

*la regularidad, el tiempo invertido se ve en el cuerpo*

*la chispa se ve en el placer, en los ojos, en la presencia*

*-presencia de estar presente cuando hago mi práctica*

*¿cómo?*

*coming back to less is more. raw rehearsals*

*no costume*

*no sceno*

*just my body*

*the whips*

*the music*

*the threesome that makes me come back alive*

*looking back today, i realise we've come a long way*

*and i feel so grateful to be in a different place*

*now a place where i can dedicate myself to my pleasure*

*to my hunger*

*to my anger*

*to my desires*

*to my grief*

*structure is clear now*

*i want to be sharp where i have to be sharp*

*but i want to find freedom in the rest*

The structure, trying to find an end that follows the collective narrative from the soli of Gaëlle and Baptiste right before me. A partition reflecting my brain trying to find a connective tissue for all these ideas vibrating within me. A map based on the music that can only be clear once you try it on the body, as the tasks of a score:



RAKATA-Contemplación de culo

Now that I can take up space,

now that you have to listen to what I have to say,

I won't make it easy on you

No voy a darles todo masticado

string y piel

and taking all the time to play with expectations



KULONA-Perreo agresivo y muy muy muy preciso

MetiCULOsidad

Conexión cola-cabeza  
Musicalidad que quema  
Sensualidad agresiva  
Niveles y ritmos que cambian  
Piernas abiertas y cerradas  
A gaze that teases the potential confrontation



G444TEO-strap on vibes  
anticipación slowmo/lap dance  
hips don't lie, they take the body to discover the space  
WHIPS ENTER LIKE SNAKES—>take time  
encuadran imágenes de mi culo moviéndose aún  
one strong whiplash to say hello  
helicopter to move out  
WHIP PLAY  
poi vibes: spirals up and down  
sideways wall of whip: approaching the public—who's in danger?  
chaotic-erratic whiplashing//lashing out with the music  
—possibility to hold images! create cadres!  
they can move together or apart  
they can be directed at the floor, specific vectors on the room, the air, the sky, a skin, my  
skin  
ENDING UP GETTING STUCK STRANGLING MYSELF



JOGA-singing from an uncomfortable place  
TESTOVOICE quality of melting away from hardship into catharsis  
still groovy, still sensual from letting the whips go  
into pulling my pants up  
into uncovering my face  
into turning turning turning  
telling a story with my hands  
WHAT DOES SEX ASSIGNED AT BIRTH MEAN  
manifestations in latam recognizing myself in my transition  
surrendering the music underneath the music the violence underneath the poetry  
the drawings in space cross me like a sword  
360-3D floorwork  
the power of walking between humans

### **//Plants**

In the idealistic imagination, the stage would have been covered with plants.

LEATHER DADDY IN A GREENHOUSE.

vibe check: immaculate.

hot, even

a cocktail of textures and colours

leather harnesses, metal rings and jewels, and plants of all sizes

the post-apocalyptic aftermath: only punks and plants remaining

But within the tryptic, I wasn't going to pull out a scenographic forest out of nowhere, so I opted to build it subtly with the lighting of the room and to pay a little tribute to the utopian dream that once humans will be gone, plants will take over. The appearance of a plant as the hint of hope coming back. Of nature taking over. Earth coming back to its natural state. But what's natural? And what has been naturalised? Human-made twists to nature have been naturalised.

So I can only dream that in the post-apocalypse, plants will come back fully feral.

### **viii. Taking my own darkness out for a walk//Break our hearts with joy**

**FANTASEAR CON LA VENGANZA.**

*Con hacerles pagar a los patriarcas abusivos.*

*a los pater familias. abusivos.*

*a los chapas. abusivos.*

*a los violadores. abusivos.*

*a los empresarios. abusivos.*

*y traficantes. abusivos.*

*y corruptos. abusivos.*

*y políticos. abusivos.*

*y millonarios. abusivos.*



**I'M DONE WITH WHITE CONCEPTUAL SHIT.**

*necesito concreto.*

*necesito sabor.*

*necesito provocación.*

*necesito confrontación.*

*necesito sensualidad.*

*necesito celebración.*

I acknowledge all the anger I've felt, especially since I moved to Europe. I see how tempting it can become, to want to lash out on stage.

And although I find it very important to give space to unjoyful, heavy, angry, ugly, dark performances; I also want to be responsible about sharing my pain. I'm not interested in venting out and not being held accountable. I want to take my darkness out for a walk.

A walk where there's witnesses, but not injured.

A walk where the joy of allowing ourselves to go to dark places, is almost heartbreaking.

**ix. Post Perf//The radicality of being here, taking up space  
(as an ecuadorian transmasc dancer in switzerland)**

*i guess i underestimated how cathartic this could be  
the fact on standing here today, taking up space  
being unapologetic about my transness  
my sensuality  
my latin american baggage my desire for closeness my anger  
my thirst for revenge  
my need for collective engagement  
profiting from the space and the resources to create something of my own  
having this fire in my belly to challenge this public  
to enjoy myself while playing with them  
to soak in the loop of exchanging generosity to own the time-space  
to thrive in my own presence  
and sharing  
side by side with chosen family, friends, people that i admire  
bowing with my classmates, all these amazing artists after a great show  
all this, making me feel thankful  
and fulfilled  
and even though once i could have not even  
dreamed of all these things  
today i'm feeling unstoppable  
because after everything that i went through to get  
here  
now that i am, the world is mine to take*

*ps: c'est quand même vertigineux d'être en train de make dreams come true alors que c'était  
des rêves que j'osais même pas me permettre d'avoir*

*mindblowing, mindfucking  
huge worldtravelling  
but to a world i've built for myself*



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