

For a whole realm of things which I encounter, which feel wrong to me, which feel to me as if we are avoiding the real matter at hand, I'd like to propose the term:

The Beast

The Beast doesn't exist
Just as it absolutely does

The Beast isn't yours
Just as it is you yourself

Nothing belongs to The Beast
The Beast doesn't take
Only we give to it

The Beast holds all those things which just are
Yet we bestow upon them an inherent evil
Yet we brand it with fear

Some like to poke
Some dare not look
Few dare to linger

The elephant (is) in the room

The Institution becomes of The Beast
The West becomes of The Beast
Is The Institution in the room with us right now?

Language becomes of The Beast
Books as a result of Artistic Research too
But I love language and I love books

Dance becomes of The Beast
Dance has become useless
For years, I refused to call myself a choreographer

Who is afraid of the big bad wolf?

Virtuosity (*gasp*)
Cliché (*gasp*)
Caricature (*gasp*)
Charades (*gasp*)

The Lamb

Wokeness worships The Lamb
The myth of the enlightened artist
Endlessly apologetic contextualization and white guilt,
Free-Palestine
A conservative, fundamentalist, queer, feminist, intersectional, post-human understanding
The rainbow mafia, category soup, quantum-dating, humane, barbaric, moral superiority
"Are you gonna, like, marry him?"; (*said teasingly and jokingly*)
"How dare you ask me that questions." (*said with a zealously with disdain*)

2. You shall not make for yourselves an idol
3. You shall not misuse the name of the LORD your God

Belief

Seeing a horse-shoe on his door, the surprised visitor said that he doesn't believe in the superstition that it brings luck, to which I snapped back, saying: 'neither do I; I have it there because I was told that it works also – and precisely – if one does not believe.'

If every person has a unique gender identity, why not just abolish gender altogether, and imagine the world we could've had without it?

Can we practice The Beast?

Can we truly give things to The Beast,
abandon them without reservation?
When we don't, The Beast becomes agitated.
It retaliates and begins to weave Knots.
Do not abuse The Beast to avoid thine woes.

Can we suspend the fear?
Can we stay with the trouble?
Can we truly practice poetic efficiency?

Can we conspire with The Beast?

When my collaborators ask me
about the aesthetics of the piece-to-be
or the performative qualities of the practice
I suggest we suspend those questions
Right here, within reach
If they can trust me
And I them
The bubble of light shines
The Beast, apotheosis

Writing with The Beast

Does anyone here practice the ceremonial magic of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn?
Is anyone left-handed?

The experience I wish to propose takes a camp perspective to ceremonial magic in order to articulate the notion of The Beast. We will be executing fragments of gestures – only fragments – that belong to actual ceremonies. If you are uncomfortable with that, feel free to take a proverbial or literal step back. That having been said, my proposition aims to queer the very resistance you might be feeling. I also ask that even if you find what I propose deeply confusing, please don't interrupt the next three or so minutes.

And with that, let us begin.

Open up your notebook to a blank page. Write your name, date of birth, and field of practice.

(If you are typing on a laptop, begin by making contact with all fingers of your dominant hand to the keyboard.) From this moment on, we commit to sensing our dominant hand holding a writing device.

Place both palms together at your heart, the writing device nested between them.

Grabbing the writing device in your right hand, **open the veil**, as if opening a curtain and passing through it

Extend your hand forward, just above your **right-hip**.

Draw a line of white light, extending **diagonally upwards**, towards the opposite shoulder.

Imagine it being touched by space, branded by **The Beast**.

As your hand reaches down to the paper, sense its weight, its contact with the space.

Place the pen to the paper, take a deep breath, and **write (for 1.5 minutes)**.

As you uncontact the paper, extend your writing hand **directly forward at shoulder-height**.

Draw a line of white light, **diagonally downwards**, towards the opposite hip.

Extend both hands forward, then **close the veil**, as if closing a curtain, by placing both palms together at your heart.

Place down your writing device.

Thank you.

Right- and left-hand inclusive script:

Write your name, date of birth, and field of practice.

Place both palms together at your heart, the writing device nested between them.

Grabbing the writing device in your dominant hand, open the veil.

Extend your dominant hand forward, at the level of your hip.

Imagine it being touched by space, branded by the beast.

Draw a line of white light, extending diagonally upwards, towards the opposite shoulder.

As your hand reaches down to the paper, sense its weight, its contact with the space.

Place the pen to the paper, take a deep breath, and write for two minutes.

Extend your writing hand directly forward.

Draw a line of white light, diagonally downwards, towards the opposite hip.

Place both palms together at your heart, the writing device nested between them.

Place down your writing device.

Thank you.