

LALAHONEY

Hailing from Mt Kanlaon Volcano, on Negros Island, Philippines, the Visayan Goddess LALAHONEY was reborn in human form in 1999. After centuries of being ignored, following the genocide of her indigenous believers by the various colonizing forces, Lalahoney was left virtually powerless as a goddess. Her modern incarnation was brought on by a fit of Y2K panic, when parents on a family vacation pushed their 21 year old daughter into Lalahoney's volcano, as a human sacrifice - a tradition long lost since Spain had replaced the local indigenous gods with their own appropriations. Happy to be rid of her neoliberal and militantly conservative family agenda, the human offering consented to awaken the Lalahoney consciousnesses within herself, in order to use her position of privilege to speak about globalization from a postcolonial perspective, and highlight the plight of her OG followers, the Indigenous people. Now in mortal flesh, Goddess Lalahoney is looking for a comeback and wants to do it in the wrestling ring. She is out to win back her pre-colonial rein with a new generation of fans to believe in her. A hot head by nature, Lalahoney struggles with the human condition and is adjusting to life as a volcano goddess in an aging human body. She's working on her anger management issues, while navigating the drama of human relationships. Ready or not! Lalahoney don't give a fuck. Cover photo by Heather Rappard

Day 1

Human Emotions.

Sadness and distraught. Loving her from the ground while she is flying towards this new journey. Before my humanity was more fully awake, I seemed to only feel volcanic rage and benevolent generosity. So many new feels in this human body, after 15+ years emotions, still I am surprised. I have felt more expansively, the more vulnerable and safe I have let myself feel. Still it saps the precious energy from the skin sack.

I'm pumped about Lalahoney's rebirth on the wrestling scene and my formation.

Thinking about the regiment and the balance between strategy, planning, risk taking, intuition. Ready to exercise the muscle that needs the most tuning up, my self discipline. It's hard to be in a human skin sack. It makes one so susceptible to habit and complacency. Parts out of balance as the dominant habits atrophy like an unused neural pathways.

Day 3

Today I feel low. Energetically i feel a tension constricting my throat and my chest. The weather is humid which makes the brain images take me back to "home" yet . A nostalgic tug at, as these human say, heartstrings or is it something going kooky with this mass of flesh and organs. Is this what it means to be alive? To allow myself to long almost foolishly. It's what dreams are made of when you walk the Earth, as humans can. I never thought I would stay inside a human form so long, but ever since what was "we" became one, I knew it would be this way maybe until the body dies and then I don't know what will happen to me then. Go back to the volcano

Home. A place I left by choice to follow a completely new desire. It seems to doesn't matter what my super powers, you just can't force the kind of devotion and following I want to create.

Day

Formation

My essence has been as long as earth is old. My manifestation as a goddess has been for as long as humans have show the deserved homage to the spirits that live within the earth that keep their mouths fed directly and indirectly. I truly love my land. My island. My volcano. My people are the ones who thrive

My body was born in 1978. There were 2 humans I had my minds eye on for a while. Humans all knew it wouldn't be ready for a consciousness that fully included me until it had aged and lived some more.

Humans have such little self control. I always used to loathe this about humans. Applied to an inherent greed

Day 4

Got my monthly inner female regenerative cycle today. Consistently I'm noticing my cycle is becoming shorter. Really noticing changes in the body lately as I age. I only knew what it felt like to be in a 21 year old because that was the age of the human offerings. I used to have options. But now

Lots of brain pictures about my body's early times before she fully opened up to me. "Memories" as they say. Some feelings of remorse, which in the 15+ years in this body I've not