BELOW THE BELT OF VENUS

PINK SKIES & PRIMORDIAL EXCESS



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Information Desk 111

Reference, Correspondence, Repetition.

The Belt of Venus (also called Venus's Girdle), the anti-twilight arch, or anti-twilight: An atmospheric phenomenon visible shortly before sunrise or after sunset. It is a pinkish glow that surrounds the observer, extending roughly 10–20° above the horizon.

As the planet Venus is seen just before sunrise or just after sunset, the Greek name for it was variously Phosphoros (light-bringer) or Heosphoros (dawn-bringer).

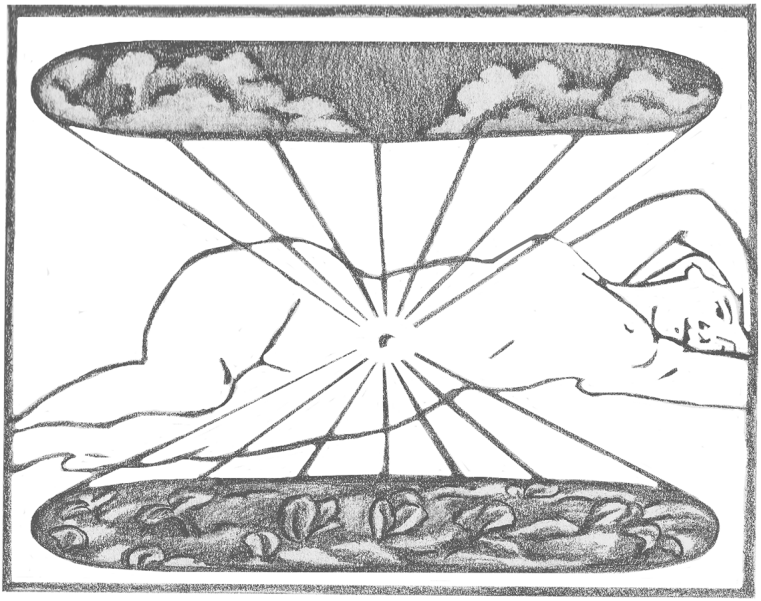
In Roman folklore, it was referred to as Lucifer (light-bringer).

"No man ever steps in the same river twice, for it's not the same river and he's not the same man. There is nothing permanent except change." - **Heraclitus**

Venus (Aphrodite) was a primordial creature, born out of seafoam and an endless black night before the beginning of the world. In the Orphic mysteries, Venus aligns with Eurynome, the wide wandering one. Born of primal chaos, dancing on water.

In Homeric Greek, Meignumi means both military invasion and sexual penetration.
While Eros; passion, was paired with Eris; strife.
To make love or war?
Historically, The Aphroditic/Venusian inclination towards desire;
For control, fear, ecstasy, dominance, blood, rapture, justice
– simply makes both.

"I hear the birds on the summer breeze, I drive fast / I am alone in the night / Been trying hard not to get into trouble, but I / I got a war in my mind." - **LDR**



What Exists Between You and the Sky Alone

Private Infinities

Somewhere inside your anti-twilight, there's a relationship between you and whatever lies above. The ceiling or the sky. Sometimes staring above the shoulder of another, an entire lifetime replays before your eyes.

There's an infinity of intimacy where only God can see. All flesh may as well be lifeless. You've been every age here because, as with your sleeping dreams, memory is limited. Mystic Memory is blocked by your own civilization to keep your illusions of reality in check.

So you're lying there, you're looking up. The moon is empathetic, and every shape is a face of your own. A palpable private infinity.

Then tragically, all primordial darkness is at the mercy of a white light, where the mystic is once again subdued to a shadowy void.

For a moment you were alone, and in that moment you remembered.

PRIMORDIAL EXCESS

"I believe that truth has only one face: that of a violent contradiction. The need to go astray, to be destroyed, is an extremely private, distant, passionate, turbulent truth."

- Georges Bataille

Change and expansion has always seemingly correlated with my predisposition to darkness. I was raised in the Catholic church with a conservative family. The family who, whether they're proud of it or not… Through encouraging my core values, and arguing the sacred amongst our more superficial differences; helped me to develop a pretty strong and open mind. I know how to stick up for myself and I know despite some strangeness what it means to be good at heart.

Georges Bataille's theory of the Accursed Share emancipated an understanding of my own awakening. In this theory, there is a "solar economy" which refers to the sun's infinite and free energy as the foundation of all life and wealth on Earth. Energy in which we humans are now burdened.

This accursed share of spoils must be dealt with as it manifests into desires for control, fear, ecstasy, dominance, blood, rapture, justice, etc…

In this awakening, which mirrored one I had last in the hormonal throes of teenagedom, I found my visions for the first time since became more and more violent. Just as I myself became a happier, healthier adult. There was a rage that manifested alongside my peace of mind. Like a joyful grit behind confidence.

Light pollution mutes the moonlight while the sun grows blinding.

In civilizing ourselves so far out of bounds from our predispositions, we create an imbalance of impulse and control. We're repressed and it gets confusing why sometimes. So for cenuries (and still in some places), Humans upheld harmony and mediated the excess through ritualized sacrifice -- Capitalistic societies tell us we're far too civilized for that as we ritualize sweatshop labor, prisons, and war. Sacrificing the people for the people, turning us against both nature and each other. So we the people are the lambs here.

While the biggest threat to control is "one-ness", a key in the upkeep of an institution is the illusion of continuity. If we experienced the fluid immorality of a lawless, timeless nature, we'd lose all respect for our containment as a power.

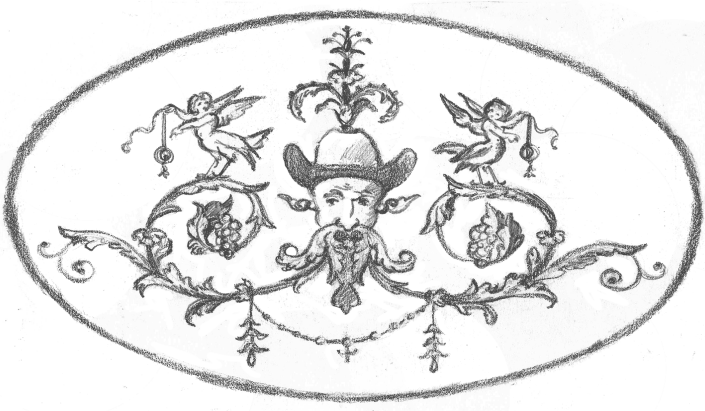
We are restricted from encountering our own excess as late stage capitalism commits suicide. Great! Meanwhile my cat has this intuitive schedule; eat, sleep, play. He is much obliged. He rests peacefully in the sun spot on the rug because he feels safely justified in his own prehistory and all he has evolved for. He only experiences frustration when he's restricted by his keeper(me).

In hopes of aging without the shame that made me question my own purity as a child OR the apathetic depression that comes with this "comfortable enough" seat in late stage capitalism...

I am choosing to confront my own civilization as a condition. While I am indebted to Bataille's ideas & transgressions here, I will be deferring from his assumed gnosticism into my own sort of lawless pantheism.

Sun to moon... Embracing paradox and flux, a couple chips off the old nihilism and illusive ambiguities of process philosophies; All to combat the pitfalls of these post-human illusions like the "Self" and "Reality". Seeking a liberating relationship to the quotidian built upon pillars of curiosity and chaos, creativity and duality. Where the all-powerful beauty is that which exists in a mystical nature; This is the idea that one could find ways within our particular societal disintigration to access the excess, step into power, and find peace above all else.

Don't get had, man.



The American in Me is an Undead One

I felt the same in Paris, France as Taos, New Mexico as the Florida Keys. I see the sky hit the horizon and the lamp lights un-localize my consciousness. Pink, orange, blue. Different strokes of freedom and finery for different folks and heathens alike.

When my point of reference is a painting I saw once before. On the outlines of identity with my Hemingways and Hoppers. I believe in the kindness of strangers and the sanctity of a shared trough. I have rotted from the inside and still found meaning amongst the rocks and trees. Where else?

The American in me is an undead one. Re-animated by pastoral visions. Driving south usually. Once the weed billboards turn into Jesus threats before dissipating along with the last plastic highrise. Soon as I can see 100 cows and the sky opens up wider than my stoney eye itself. Pink, orange, blue. Each shift of face into the badlands is a veil that lifts to the undead beauty of what once was and what still is sometimes some places…

My boots hit the gravel and the aimless drifter swaggers in. I can hear the water run above the wind. I can hear her steps close behind, I'll never grow old. I choose to believe the regressive vision from childhood prehistory and someone else's motherland. Someone's mother, My Sister, My Road Dog.

Thee American in me is an undead one. Embarking upon infinite births amongst the rocks and the trees and the sounds of the winds and the waters - Meeting pure life in the past life. Where else?

Solitude & Silence

Interesting Varieties of Truth

We live in this intelligent age of disconnect, yet we're deprived of true solitude and personal enlightenment.

I am privileged to have the time on my hands and the mental space for things like art and educating myself outside of academia. Alright. We're pressured every day to stay informed. But we're not encouraged to educate ourselves in such a self-serving way. To have a trustworthy mind we can rest assured in experiencing both privately AND pleasurably! Like, what the hell are you even evolved for? When was the last time a silence filled your heart?

If you must be of service to some decidedly greater good, you MUST first prioritize autonomy within your own mind.

There are no laws in nature, just man's observations.

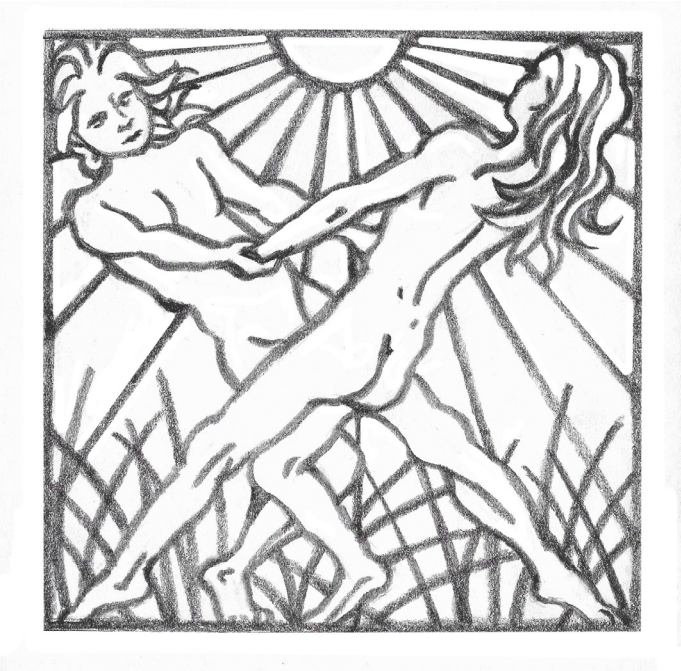
And The Man would love to see all his contenders' creations and adventures cease to exist in the face of his horror. To see you lose faith in the reality you wish to see out of humble insecurity over your significance in the world. There's this epidemic of passivity born from that meaninglessness.

Here, solitude isn't a rite of agency. It's warped into the alone-time = self-care-time that just makes us more palatable foot soldiers for the patriarchy.

THERE IS A REASON ART & LITERATURE ARE OF THE FIRST THINGS TO GET BANNED IN TOTALITARIANISM.

So yes it is indeed my privilege to devilishly dare you to cross that threshold... To not submit to the self-commodification they've demanded of you.

"To live with an immense and proud composure…
for one needs to knowhow to use their stupidity as well as their fire."
- Nietzsche, Beyond Good and Evil



Personal Funerals

Interesting Varieties of Truth 2: Comedy/Tragedy

Vegetarian for 10 years, but I'm a meat eater now. Earlier, agriculture led to war as disconnect from the land breeds disconnect from the body. I wasn't always in harmony with my body.

Food costs high and the water's no good. Self destruction and hedonistic indulgences like ice cream. Benadryl and vodka. Eating disorders. A dysmorphic connection to the form and a vampiric aversion to summer heat and sun.

"HOW CAN I BEGIN ANYTHING NEW WITH ALL OF YESTERDAY STILL IN ME?"
- Leonard Cohen (Beautiful Losers)

Parasite scares! Decadence!

I got dumped the day I was told I may have colon cancer. I looked in the mirror and said "I might just die alone and full of shit" (with a headstart on the rotting). How many dark nights of the soul till we reach tomorrow? Body? Prison?

I couldn't afford the procedures to know know what THE HELL IS WRONG WITH ME but the Hippie Doctor said my whole generation is fucked. He looked in my eyes and scoffed, prescribing a long list of things I shoulda been getting from the earth this whole time.

"Please make me empty, if I'm empty then I can receive, if I can receive it means it comes from somewhere outside of me, if it comes from outside of me I'm not alone!" - **L.C.(B.L.)**

I was vegetarian because I didn't understand why they say that there's no ethical consumption under capitalism. I still don't like the meat idea too much when I remember but I subscribed to said earthly regimen and with time, the color came back to my skin.

Do NOT ask me about American gluten products as I run my stomach like the Marines. I don't care about being blonde anymore. I have held 100 funerals for myself and realized I never feared death. The timeline becomes less of a line and the illusion of strength in the flesh is a vivid one, but none of this really matters anyway if your own ass could kill you.



Real Love/Chaos Magic

Dancing on Water

So nothing matters. I surrender to my own chaos. I wrote songs here and concluded that real love is a nonlinear and unproductive thing. Like chaos magic, no-rules-emotional-experimentation. Contradicting the past and future in honest presence with your heart.

I've experimented with myself as all sorts of vessels. How much living could be done within the song? How much loving could be done in innocence despite the pain and the failings? I channeled all the power I didn't feel I had into the music. So the music then became a function of my love(along with the seasons).

Seasons

The veil was nice and thin; He broke my heart along with his own on Halloween. Dying naked like trees and hibernating alone, like rats in private hells.

Apricity is the warmth of the sun in winter.

I started a long, cold adventure. Hunting and gathering out in the void. Regaining a lost force for life as I attempt to alchemize a new reality: One where I wouldn't have to be at the mercy of it all.

Eventually like Christ, the flowers and the green return. So too does the boy crawl out the cave with his broken mask and a bone.

"Unmask and show me what Winter has left of you!"

I sang to him and cut the crowd with a sword. He bowed nobly as he always did when he opened his ear to the song.

There was a total solar eclipse and my spring of true romance began. A pink sky beared witness as I received each word of love and repentance I'd been starving for.

I sat with the daffodils and wondered,
"Where does it all go?"

I struggled to understand that this is just it! I found the power within myself, finally. Released from mercy, it's a post-hell reward to sit securely among the flowers. Fool!

Now, Summer is just about to start and ever the fool, I follow chaos again: To lie in the grass under a full moon after the Neil Young show. Where the drunken professions of the uninhibited heart are honest, just a bit ~nonlinear and unproductive when shared.

Like this primal chaos we're born into, the innocence of Real Love has a hard time finding space in this adult-world. It begs for tangible evidence of such passion, but fire with no burner leads to destruction and passion without direction tends to turn to HATE. Here so much of the purest love around gets burnt to a crisp.

I felt that hate begin to grow from out my perfect Spring. It was the middle of Summer when I took what I could still hold onto and like mounting taxidermy of a beloved pet, I gave it a liminal space to live alongside me forever.

I kept it to myself.
As time does not care where the Real Love goes…
We must tread the excesses of chaos with forgiveness!

"Beings only die to be born, in the manner of phalluses that leave bodies in order to enter them. Plants rise in the direction of the sun and then collapse in the direction of the ground."
- G.B. (The Solar Anus)

You Said The Worlds A Girl

In Homeric Greek, Meignumi means both military invasion and sexual penetration.

My earliest memory at the foot of the patriarchy was Girl Scouts. I was so excited to go camping by the river and learn to tie complicated knots… INSTEAD we're eating mac n cheese with blindfolds on, talking empathy for the blind. I quit after two meetings.

I grew up around lots of wild little girls and "crazy women." My brothers were too old to care and the few other boys around were simply too outnumbered to ever put us in our places. We rode horses and dirt bikes, shot BB guns and went swimming all the time. We tasted freedom and I sought more.

Girl Scouts was a slap in the face.

I was resentful when I felt the rough and tumble of it all slipping away as we grew into young ladies.

"One is not born, but rather becomes, a woman. No biological, psychological, or economic fate determines the figure that the human female presents in society; it is civilization as a whole that produces this creature, intermediate between male and eunuch, which is described as feminine."

- Simone de Beauvoir

Luckily enough, my father was never objectifying me. Encouraging me to figure out why I thought what I thought, mostly. Never making me feel inferior as a girl or really ever commenting on my appearance.

They created a monster! This genderless space I got to occupy did not prepare me for life post-puberty!

I held on to my freedom by mediating through music and found "controversial female" heroes to cope with the monster. Unfortunately, within the escape of playing music into the city… my femaleness became inescapable bounds.

As dualities of self and talent are often cause for those in their own weakness to just get confused or intimidated. Most of the time the boys just outcast what they don't understand. They won't raise you up so easily, and they'll test your resilience. Typically opting for some cognitive dissonance over curiosity.

Anima, Animus, Irony.

MUTINY

Even so, You are proud of the guys in your life. You take your music on tour with your boyfriend's band. The dudes at the venue WILL assume you're just a tagalong and they WON'T shake your hand when going down the line of band members. It doesn't matter (it's EVERY DAY OF THIS DAMN TOUR.) You say "whatever, I'm proud of him." in his golden boy moments. You're there for music and for freedom. But you got too comfortable… Suddenly.. You look around and realize, being here as both musical and romantic counterpart, you have been demoted. You're on the girlfriend side of the party now… In some fateful spaces this is still the silent side, where the girls just watch the boys and it is SO. FUCKING. BORING. OVER HERE.

You get back from tour and watch *Mutiny In heaven: The Birthday Party*, in the theater. You want to feel inspired, but it's like Girl Scouts all over again. What you can't get out of your head is the bit where the inimitable, venusian legend, **ANITA LANE** was reduced to a single image. Referring to her as only one of "Various girlfriends". THEY DIDN'T EVEN SAY HER NAME! Blixa and Cave's bromance got a whole segment though… NOW, you cannot feel so inspired because you realize who your experience has begun to mirror most here. Any wiser woman will shrug and tell you she's seen it all before, but you resentfully wonder how you got here…

You were KING as a little girl, you found a place to exercise those primordial excesses amongst the boys and now? The potential to be remembered as one of "various girlfriends"? Low blow.

"You said the world's a girl / And I'm taking her apart / And when I cried you said / Beggar girl, laugh / When my protests went wild / You brushed me aside / Like the finger of a child" - **Anita Lane**



Eggs, Jokes, Horror and Conflict

The cosmos and the sociopsychological experiments of woman, man…

1. Cosmic Eggs

Which primordial witch prima, microcosm vs macrocosm; Is it body v society or society v nature? The Ouroboros at the foot of the Venus. Adam and Eve and that damned rib. What's the one about Venus with a penis? The chicken or the egg. Orphic mysteries. The glutathione in eggs is great for rebuilding damaged stomach or intestinal lining. @ladiesoftheegg on instagram. Venus inclined Eurynome and the serpent wrapped himself around her, and then the egg 7 times. Universe AS egg/Ladies ON instagram. My sister's lucky number is 7. The Cosmic Egg of Eurynome's womb broke open; light part heaven, heavy part earth. My two ovaries trade off month to month in menstruation, one with more painful symptoms than the other. My lucky number is any combination of 1 & 0 but primarily 11. It was a formless egg cosmo for 18,000 years before that happened. And now I upkeep my socio-venusian form on instagram.

2. Cosmic Jokes

*Choice.

*Hermeneutic labor - the burdensome activity of: understanding and coherently expressing one's own feelings, desires, intentions, and motivations; discerning those of others; and inventing solutions for relational issues arising from interpersonal tensions. **(Ellie Anderson, PHD)**

*The same things that get you ahead in life will cause dissatisfaction within yourself and resentment from others.

"You're obliged to pretend respect for people and institutions you think absurd. You live attached in a cowardly fashion to moral and social conventions you despise, condemn, and know lack all foundation. It is that permanent contradiction between your ideas and desires and all the dead formalities and vain pretences of your civilization which makes you sad, troubled and unbalanced."* - **Octave Mirbeau, The Torture Garden.

*Sometimes men laugh when you go to shake their hand.

*We only know the sum of our own thoughts.

*Sometimes men refuse to treat you as an equal peer because they cannot get past the fact that they would love to sleep with you.

*Commodity as selfhood.

*Sometimes women act as foot soldiers for the patriarchy and would rather throw you under the bus(or into danger)than challenge the position of inferiority they've secured for themselves.

*"You are what you are seeking."

*Sometimes men would rather leave you in danger than risk discovering their own inferiority.

*The snake is devouring itself while the dog has a blast chasing his own tail.



3. Cosmic Horror

- A subgenre of horror and fantasy that emphasizes the horror of the unknowable and incomprehensible more than gore or other elements of shock.

Cosmic horror recognizes that extremes open up our consciousness. We get intellectually inclined towards curiosity and our curiosities can lead us to forbidden places; places where the terrifying is often just a dimension outside our own civilization. Places in nature; Outside of language or comparable representation.

An unknowable infinity.
A pool of Primordial Excess.

So there's no definition for good vs evil and no clear hero or villain in the cosmic subgenre. Because in the end, it is the curious that must bear the punishment for their curiosity. The punishment being; knowledge of your own powerlessness.

"Humans are such easy prey." - **H.P. Lovecraft's *'From Beyond (1986)'***

4. Cosmic Conflict

- That which exists between God and the Devil.
The war between good and evil.

This is not a battle of force, but the battle between the questioned and the unquestionable. A primordial excess of DRAMA over allegations of character...

"The weapons of our warfare are not the weapons of the flesh. / We demolish arguments and every presumption set up against the knowledge of God; and we take captive every thought to make it obedient to Christ…." - **2 Corinthians 10:3-5**

"So there's no definition for good vs evil and no clear hero or villain in the cosmic subgenre. Because in the end, it is the curious that must bear the punishment for their curiosity."
- Me, a moment ago

Now the serpent was more crafty than any beast of the field that the LORD God had made. And he said to the woman, "Did God really say, 'You must not eat from any tree in the garden?'"/ The woman answered the serpent, "We may eat the fruit of the trees of the garden, but about the fruit of the tree in the middle of the garden, God has said, 'You must not eat of it or touch it, or you will die.'" / "You will not surely die," the serpent told the woman. "For God knows that in the day you eat of it, your eyes will be opened and you will be like God, knowing good and evil." / When the woman saw that the tree was good for food and pleasing to the eyes, and that it was desirable for obtaining wisdom, she took the fruit and ate it. / She also gave some to her husband who was with her, and he ate it. / And the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked; so they sewed together fig leaves and made coverings for themselves. / The man and his wife heard the voice of the LORD God walking in the garden in the breeze of the day, and they hid themselves from the presence of the LORD God among the trees of the garden. / But the LORD God called out to the man, "Where are you?" "I heard Your voice in the garden," he replied, "and I was afraid because I was naked; so I hid myself." / "Who told you that you were naked?"...

- ***The Serpent's Deception*** **(Romans 5:12–21)**

BELTS OFF VENUS!

"Stand above me / watch me suffer / I fear the things I want most / come inside me / feel the pressure / it's time to feed off your host."
- Patriarchy, "Suffer"

Allow me to take control of my own submission.

There are so many penetratingly pervasive vehicles of domination all around us. Forced into the banality of submission in friendships, with lovers, in workplaces: We heed the call for strength despite the sanctions of inferiority.

I cannot control how other people treat me. You can't paint a more detailed shadow on the cave wall for yourself or anyone else. I can experiment with how I transmute these forces of treatment though.

I can educate myself.

I can take control of my line of excess by knowing myself, my strength, my weakness, my darkness, my innocence. I can learn to be so sure in myself that all armour is built in.

It is a necessary step in the hero's journey to suffer the trials and experience the silence. All before you can stand underneath the sky, or peer out into the void, in awe of how small you are against the greater mystery of it all.

To be seated in attendance when the void stares back.

"'Oh God, is there never to be any age of happiness? Is there never to be any rest?

Rest enough for the individual man. Too much and too soon, and we call it death. But for man no rest and no ending. He must go on. Conquest beyond conquest… / When he has conquered all the deeps of space and all the mysteries of time – still, he will be beginning.

But we're such little creatures. Poor humanity's so fragile, so weak. Little animals.'

'Little animals? If we're no more than animals, then we must snatch each little scrap of happiness, and live and suffer and pass, mattering no more than all the animals do or have done. Is it this, or that.
All the universe or nothing! Which shall it be?'"

- A strong ending for a film, *THINGS TO COME* (1936)

"I FEAR THE THINGS I WANT MOST"

I was afraid of my own power. I viewed it as the thing that separated me further from the connection I was seeking. I became weaker with every performance, singing from this place in hopes of finding whatever lies just outside. I learned the most about power from that very weakest point, once I could see the ways in which I'd willfully given it up.

I sought transformation when the real key was transmutation. We have everything we need inside ourselves, as the self is not a thing to be found. It is a thing you get to know well enough to undress it and transcend it.

Face the beast and welcome it, for it holds the knowledge of every fear. Through true symbiosis with the fear, you can look death in the eye and love it enough to let go.

Because out here in this primordial excess, the wildness that makes you ill equipped against sanctions of your civilization in the first place, this is where real power is harvested. All of our fears and longings and pains and pleasures alike stem from something so much older than that illusion of continuity.

Submission the prison; Surrender the release.
Sacrifice the mediation of that excess which is eternal.
To let go and live forever.



Undead Part 2

So the American in me is undead, the woman might be too. It's really OK though… I can find the past lives in the pocket, and I hope you'll join me there. This American dream might be moreso a blobbing heap than ye olde incline to peak.

So much lies so far out of our hands yet still we mold and hold our tiny infinities together. To find a spot beneath the sky after you clock out the day. To know our relationships with each other and our relationships with true solitude, those belong beyond space and time and every institution.

All my mythologies, exercises, and experiments are an offering for a possible one-ness from me to you.

In here, there, where else?

Sometimes I really can't envision the future as it's all changing so fast.

Sometimes I get real sad and sink down below the deepest part of the blue.

Sometimes I feel so in love with a sight, or another, I could explode into 10,000 pink flames of pure life.

Sometimes I get so angry at some-something I could also explode into an equal 10,000 flames of who knows what.

The American in me is an undead one. 100 funerals and an undying commitment to keep being born.

As my mom always says -

"Pink skies at night, sailor's delight.
Pink skies at morning, sailors take warning."

THIS IS THE END

