

MOONGUAKE

Moon Press Issue 1



Moon Press calls us to reimagine our relationship to the moon, looking first to people who have traditionally had ties to the moon as our experts. How does the Moon give us space to think about culture, environment, publishing, art, community, and politics in new ways? Moon Press is found in both expected and unlikely places; from printed issues, to the internet, and in mundane places like chocolate bars, drinks cans, billboards, and more.

What stories are yet to be told to the moon?

JOIN US

We are looking for artists, writers, and collaborators who make Moon Press content. Our focus will be finding creatives from communities that are often underrepresented in mainstream publishing in the UK. We are also looking for creative editors to get involved in building Moon Press and directing its creative vision for each issue.

Do you want to write?

Visit Tour de Moon online for more information:
www.tourdemoon.com

Tour de Moon commissioned as part of UNBOXED: Creativity in the UK



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CREATIVE

EDITOR

NOTE:

ASMAA

JAMA

AT MOON PRESS WE WANTED TO REIMAGINE THE MOON, NOT AS A STATIC DISTANT DISC IN THE SKY. BUT SOMETHING MORE. A WAY TO QUESTION POWER, TO THINK ABOUT GENDER * SEXUALITY, TO THINK ABOUT THE WAYS WE LIVE IN RELATION TO EACH OTHER * THE EARTH.

WE'RE NOT INVESTED IN BIG STATE FUNDED MISSIONS TO THE MOON. BUT WE ARE FASCINATED BY THE SMALLER WAYS WE RELATE TO IT, FICTIONAL, IMAGINED.

WE WANT TO USE THE MOON, AS A WAY TO THINK ABOUT THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL, TO THINK MORE EXPANSIVELY THAN THIS PLANET, TO IMAGINE NEW WORLDS, ALTERNATIVE FUTURES.

WE WANTED TO CENTER PEOPLE WHO EXIST ON THE MARGINS RIGHT NOW ON EARTH, WHOSE VOICES ARE SWALLOWED BY THE DISCOURSE * THINGS THAT THE MOON DOES OR DOESN'T MEAN FOR THEM.

WE'VE TAKEN THE LEAD FROM GIL SCOTT HERON'S POEM, WHITEY ON THE MOON, AND UNDERSTAND THE MOON, HAS A VIOLENT HISTORY, OF COMMUNITIES BEING UNDERFUNDED, TO FUND NEO-COLONIAL LUNAR EXPLORATION.

WITH EVERYTHING THE MOON MEANS, WE FIND APATHY * ANGER * WONDER * SOLACE IN IT. IN THIS ISSUE, WE HAVE CONTRIBUTIONS THAT SPAN THE GLOBE, FROM EASTERN MARGINS ON THE MOON'S ROLE IN LUNAR NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS, SELF-PORTRAITURE FROM ADDIS-ABABA BASED ARTIST GOULED AHMED, A COMIC FROM MARSEILLE BASED ARTIST MAYA MIHINDOU TO NAME A FEW.

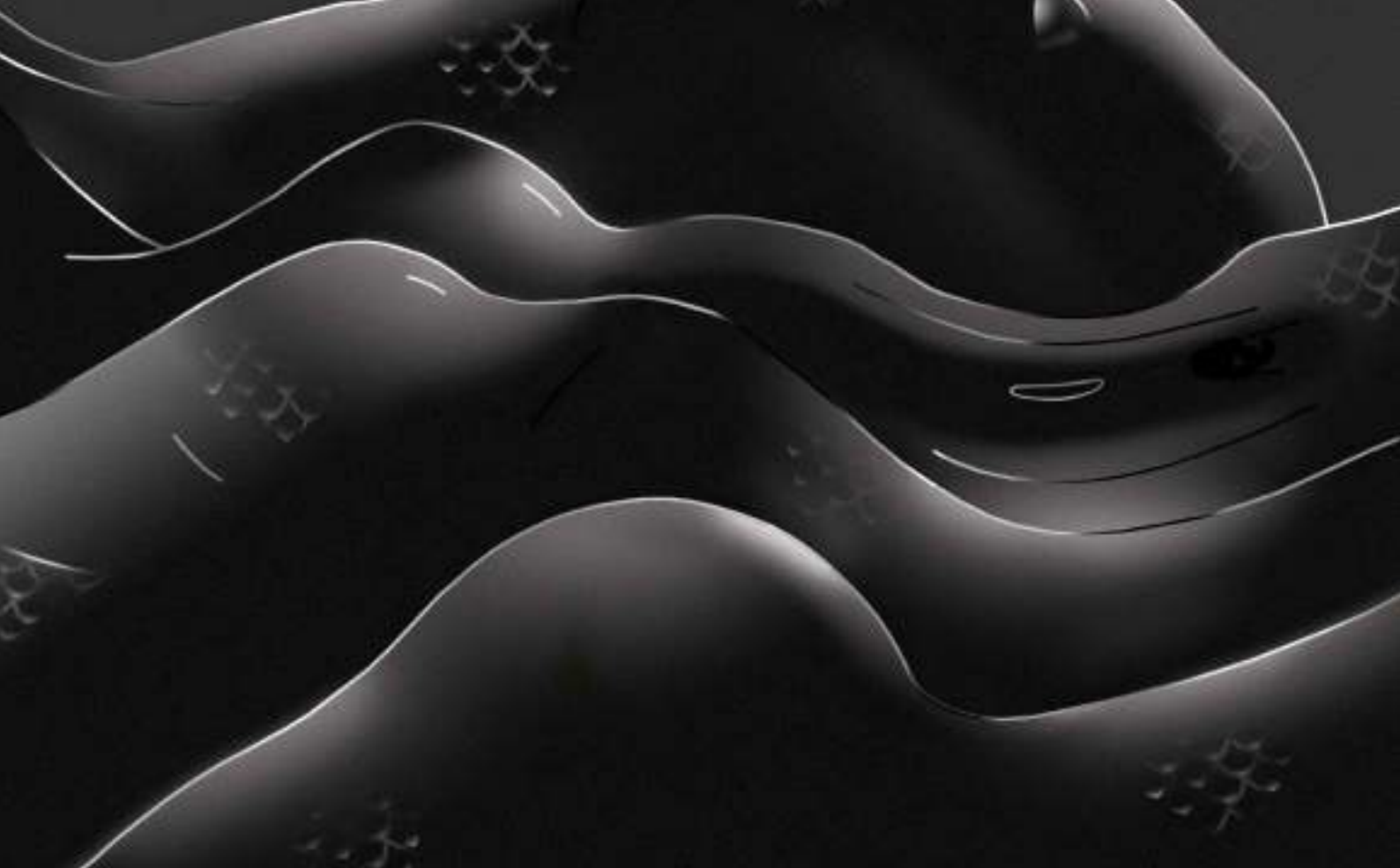
WE HOPE, THESE VOICES IN THIS ISSUE OF MOON PRESS, BEGIN TO RE-DEFINE AND RE-IMAGINE A RELATIONSHIP TO THE MOON, WHEN WE ARE QUEER, BLACK, BROWN, MIGRANT, WORKING CLASS, DISABLED.



Connotations of subjugation and adornment' from *Gouled Ahmed's* latest body of work "Our Earth Will Remember Us Again Someday







Opashona Ghosh - Hard Rock, Soft Core

Exploring the ancient technology of the future erotic (the erotic as power)

HISTORY OF THE NEWLY-EVAPORATED

JUMADY AL ULA

THE LAND HAS
BEEN PARCHED



ALL TERRAIN
AND ALL
TERRITORY



THESE
WERE
PEOPLE
WHO
CAME



FLOATING
ON THE SURFACE
OF THE SAND,
THEY WOULD
STAY



AND INK
FINDS ITS
WAY INTO
THE WELLS



THE PEOPLE KNOW THAT
IT IS OK AND FILL THEMSELVES



EVERYONE DAWAS
FROM THEIR MOUTHS



THE MONTH IS SPENT
FEEDING
THE LAND OF
THE GONE





THE LAND IS
PARCHED, THE LAND
IS EMPTIED

THE LAND TELLS THE SKY
IT IS TIRED OF SEEING THE
FACES OF THE LEAVING



MY FATHER
IS BORN
IN THE
TOWN OF
THE
EVAPORATED

PEOPLE WHO
COULD NOT STAND
THE HEAT, AND
TURNED INTO
CONDENSATION



PEOPLE WHO
WERE HERE ONE
NIGHT AND WERE CARRIED
ON LIGHTNING BOLTS
THROUGH THE
CLOUDS AT DAWN

THE CHOSEN,



EVERYONE MISSES
THE CHOSEN

BY
ASMAN DAMPA

ILLUSTRATION
BY
MARI MARI

Jex Wang

Eastern Margins

The Moon,

For as long as I can remember, I have always thought the Moon was a powerful entity. I found it intimidating that the Moon could shift our oceans. I'd ask myself, if this celestial being could shift the oceans all the way on Earth, then what else could the Moon shift?

To find out more, I began to delve into astrology. I started to understand Moon's role at the time of my birth. I started to document how I felt as the Moon changes phases throughout the month. To feel this connection provides me a sense of solace. As I try to get on with my existence in our chaotic, sometimes desolate society, I am comforted knowing I am connected to something bigger than my current place on this Earth.

So if the Moon can shift the Earth's oceans, help me feel connected to our vast universe, what else is the Moon capable of?

For thousands of years, farmers across East and South East Asia would use the Moon to dictate the timing of their agricultural activities. From this, they then began to welcome and celebrate the first Moon of every year, now known as the Lunar New Year. China, Korea, Japan, Tibet, Vietnam, Taiwan, Mongolia, Singapore, Malaysia, the Philippines, Myanmar, Nepal, Thailand all celebrate the Lunar New Year with varying traditions and rituals. The most common traditions include eating symbolic food, lion dances, gifting money, lighting lanterns and ancestral worship. Although these traditions change across cultures, one thing that is common across E&SE Asia is Lunar New Year is the time that family and friends unite.



Jex Wang

Eastern Margins

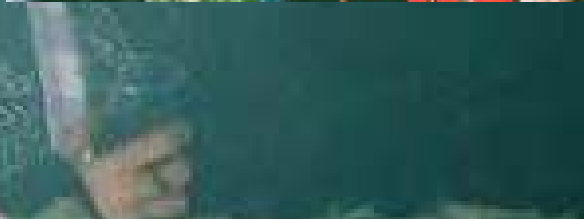
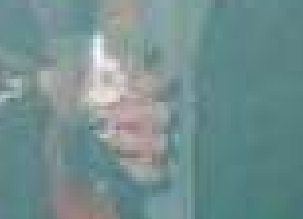
A few years ago, I found myself alone during Lunar New Year with no one to celebrate with as I had moved across the world from my family. This led me to discover Eastern Margins, a music platform for E&SE Asian artists which I now help run. At the time Eastern Margins co-founders were looking for a Lunar New Year party to attend after the usual festivities but there weren't any around, so they made their own. I was looking for a community to celebrate Lunar New Year with and this is how we all came together.

Our Lunar New Year party is a place for the E&SE Asian diaspora of London to unite and celebrate our cultures. Every year we have our party and every year our platform and community continues to grow. My heart is full seeing our community dance the night away with the Moon's embrace on our shoulders. Hopefully these parties will even become a new tradition for future generations.

The Moon's prowess in being able to shift people from all over the world, to bring them together to celebrate Lunar New Year is remarkable. Knowing the Moon isn't bound by geography, politics, culture or time - what is next for the Moon?







IBRAHIM HIRSI GHAZAL: FEMUR AND FOROR

*They were the generation born under
a red moon Shoulder first,
they all got to see the new white moon*

*The poets were the first who eyed the signs
They warned the people that
gleaming rib bone is not the same as moon*

*Coarse beard hairs, brittle nails and cracked lips
Yet another sign there has
been no change of the moon*

*We are a nation folded inside of itself
Palms outstretched
anticipating drops from the moon*

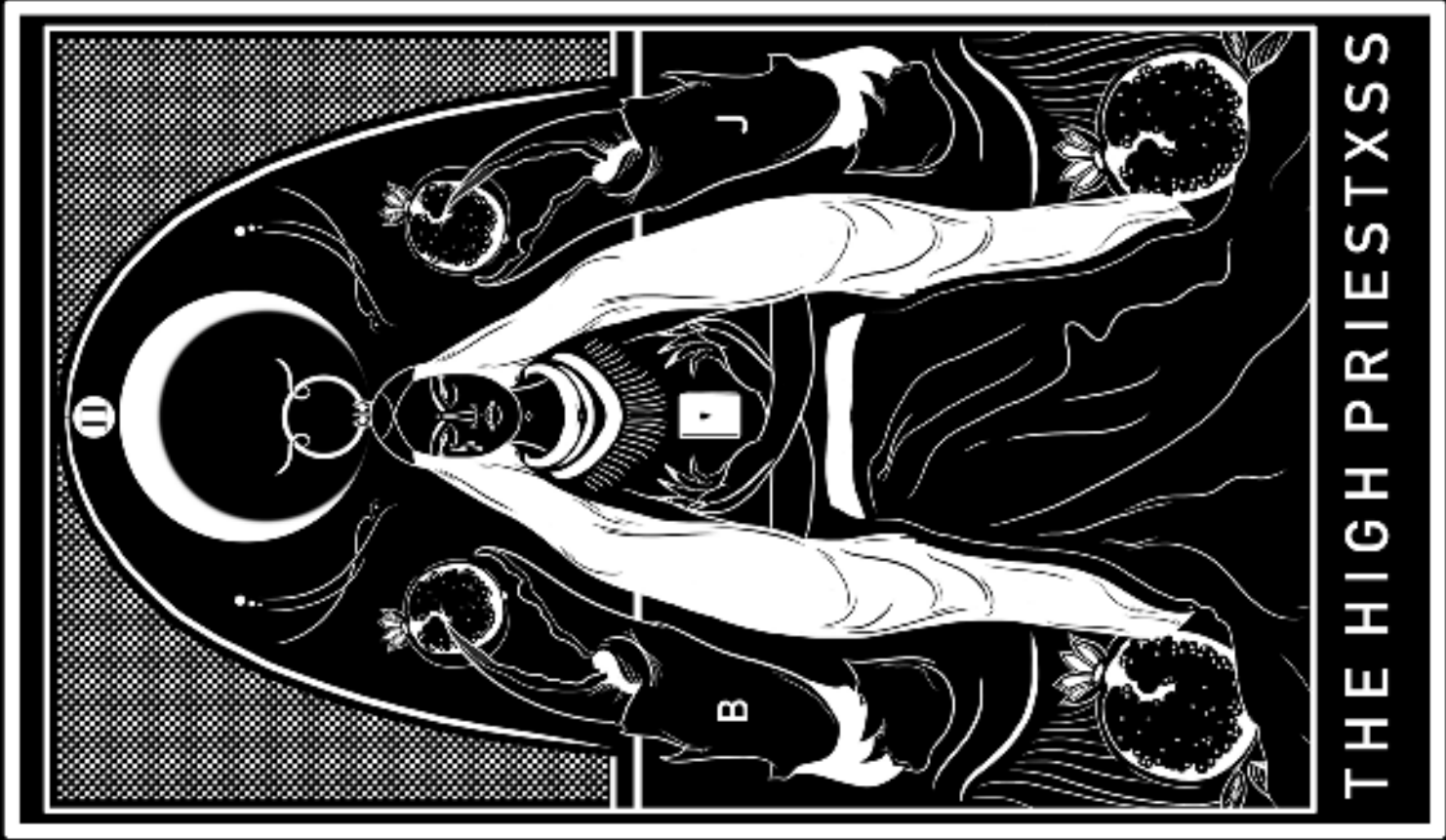
*Ruby femurs and charcoal tendons
We are so close to swallowing
satellites, competing for the moon*

*A cold war baby still locked i
n the teeth of its own desire
A hundred and fifty years of songs,
still too ashamed to look at the moon*

*In Qoryooley the stone houses will leave you in awe
Dayaxa, he said, is heaven on earth
and that's why they called it The Moon*

*And when I finally return dur-
ing that mandatory Recompense
I hope to see the original Xirsi,
the raiser of Moons*





THE HIGH PRIESTXSS

Asmaa Jama

Elegy (after, the world ends the moon speaks)



**i still think of the way they venerated my body
the way they mimicked its forms, they wrote odes to me,
they made me an unblinking god,
they laid their bones down and
called them altars
they gave up
their elders let their bodies adorn the ground, like gold,
their bodies, ruined letters,
corrupted hieroglyphics,
they turn their skin impermeable
and drew borders around them
in the end
their stomachs hollow
they came to me on their knees
already exiting
and hungry
pierced me with cloth flags
they took my name and eroded the consonants in their
mouths
once they were devoted
to me, held up their
arms like lanterns
they followed my orbits with their own
built me domes
in the songs, the poets threw me coins
because they were bright + on some nights i was bright
this was before they came to me
hands plutonium heavy
when they dug up new craters + to take back
it's just i would have saved them
their soft skin + its glistening quiet
i watched them empty the oceans
watched the beaches fill with slipped scales
on silent nights i mourn them, where their lights used to
be
i miss the way their smoke swallowed the sun
open mouthed its grey teeth against all space**



Jazmin

Morris

HIS-torically, black and/or queer folk and other marginalised identities have been undocumented and erased by colonial lenses. Now, the binary structures that are facilitating our existence continue to sensor, surveil and delete.

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ejm97

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We are presented with interfaces that feed addiction but do not water e x p r e s s i o n .

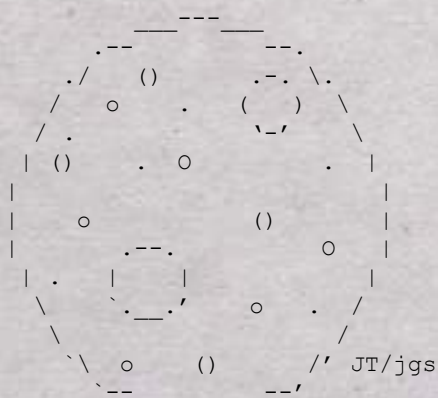
We are encouraged to USE(r) and discouraged to question.

We are trapped in languages that we can not speak, and when we learn to speak them, they advance.

H
T
M
L

Stands for HyperText Markup Language.

My HTML stands for Hope, Transcendence, Moon, and Love <3



My Python does not bite
My C# is blunt

We are forced to exist between the binary therefore, we must learn to thrive here. "The binary body confuses and disorients, pitting our interests against one another across modalities of otherness."

(Legacy Russell, 2020)



Inbetween

Binary

Inbetween

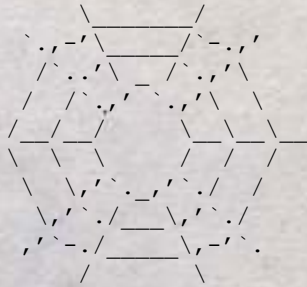
Binary

I am not sure if we can decolonise a wwweb that was built on our suffering and capitalises on our pain. The very fibres of our so-called hardware are stolen. They call it MODERN slavery but what makes slavery modern?

"When we look at the history of digital devices, it is quite clear that the burden of digital media's device production is borne disproportionately by the women of color who make them" (Lisa Nakamura, 2014)

The system is broken and so I ask, what does soft-ware feel like?

What if binary was bent?
What if the Web was a home and not a sticky trap?



I recently did a workshop with a community of femxle herbalists. One womxn touched me when she quoted the Ancient Egyptians and said:

"A society that advances technically without advancing spiritually is destined for failure." (Her name is Riaz)

Riaz is an elder, a posser of healing, herbalist knowledge. Where is the space for her spirit in their code?

We are forced to exist between the binary therefore, we must learn to thrive here.
On Thriving:

R e d i s t r i b u t i o n
We must work to redistribute knowledge, power and resources.

Foster a world in which skills are shared, not bought. Translate & create code & information in the native languages spoken by black and brown people. Use open-source as a methodology for community building. Encourage annotation:

<! -- annotation promotes education and liability -->

S p e c u l a t i o n
We must empower people to speculate, imagine and play.

Support Afrofuturism. Construct pockets of utopia. Nurture glitches and the art of tinkering.

D e g r a w t h
We must p a u s e.

Reuse, repurpose and recycle what we have. Use existing data to positively respond to peoples behaviour. Stop to think, question and critique.

We are forced to exist between the binary therefore, we must learn to thrive here.



Jazmin

Morris

Alice Sparkly Kat Scorpio Moon as Mother

My mom is a middle child. She was born in 1963 in Henan. She is the only Pisces in a family full of Gemini's. The Moon was at 3° Scorpio when she was born. 3° Scorpio happens to be the exact degree of fall of the Moon. Other words for the condition of fall in astrology is depression or humiliation. A planet in fall is an unfavored planet.

My mom grew up as her mom's least favorite child and her paternal grandma's least favorite set of grandchildren at a time when being the least favorite meant that you were literally fed less food. Henan was recovering from two consecutive famines during her childhood. Being a girl, being the middle child, and being unfavored meant that base survival needs around food were not adequately met. She was raised by a generation that remembers cannibalism, boiling bark, and selling sisters. She remembers begging the neighbors for food, remembers not having food for the last five days of every month, and remembers getting into fights at the ration lines.

But my mom wasn't the kid who did all of the chores. Her older sister was that kid. My mom was expected to do the cooking and help her mom and sister but I always got the sense that she behaved badly. She stole from her family so that she could buy herself treats. She gets angry easily and fights physically. She was raised as a boy until her brother was born. Once, when she was a teenager and cooking for her family, she dropped a meat cleaver on her foot. No one was willing to take her to the hospital and she dragged herself onto two buses bleeding and cursing the world.

The Moon in fall is a Moon that is out of place. Planetary fall is often compared to the fall of Adam and Eve—they are driven out of Eden, where nature exists in harmony, and from there on, reside displaced and misplaced. My mom parents didn't exactly support her education because she was expected to fulfill domestic duties that

that her dad and brother weren't and she performed chores poorly in retaliation. Her mom chose her as the kid who would be sent to the countryside. The fall of the Moon doesn't bode well for childbirth. My mom, like many Asian women of her generation, was forcibly sterilized in her youth. I always had the sense that she was never sure if she really wanted a child.

But my mom hasn't lived the hand that she was dealt. The state policy of sending city kids to the country was revoked before she could go. Her sister in law illegally removed the IUD that was forced inside of her by the state and she was able to have a baby despite what the doctors said. She tested well and got into college at a time when only 1% of the population got higher education. She was one of four girls in her program and the only one from Henan. She dated a kid from Beijing until his parents told him to break up with her because everyone knows that people from Henan are poor and uncultured.

My mom was always jealous of my dad. My dad is his mom's golden boy. He is fed and he is expected to do nothing in the home but study. He is the youngest of three—two boys and a girl. to fight for her education while my dad was very much a son in an Asian household. He was given what he needed in terms of food and shelter and told to study as hard as possible.

I remember my mom's Scorpio Moon as hunger, as suspicion, and as jealousy. I was unceasingly embarrassed by my parents when growing up. Not only did they seem to be these perpetuating bumbling immigrant idiots that I was saddled with dealing with, they also seemed to explode in rage whenever things didn't go their way. My mom would start screaming at cashiers when they counted change wrong. She would stand near them, checking receipts while breathing too close to their necks, until she was certain that they didn't charge her twice for anythingng.



They would cut the line at the food bank where we picked up bread. They took too much bread. We didn't even like bread. We had to finish the bread whether we liked it or not.

We ate moldy food. Slightly moldy food was always a dilemma for them. My dad would demand that we throw it away while my mom, silent and stern, would force his hands from her body in her attempt to squirrel the food away and carve out the mold. Once, when the three of us were waiting for a crowded bus, my mom took off running and abandoned us in the street, crawling into a window into the vehicle. She ran towards the United States with the same vigor, leaving her husband and kid, with hardly a look back. My dad, trolling, told me that she had forgotten about us.

The Moon falls in Mars's domain (Scorpio). The Sun exalts in Mars's domain (Aries). I was born with an exalted Sun, the only child of such a mother, and inherited famine memory. I know what my mom feels when she sees a line for resources. There's the heart thudder, the impatience, the terror of not getting what everyone else gets, and the desperate need to cheat. There's the understanding that systems of distribution are ruthless, that they can never be trusted, and that you have to think fast and move faster than you think if you want to survive. I would stand on top of tables at my daycare screaming that I was thirsty or hungry if I was fed or given water last. I learned to yell at the top of my lungs until the daycare workers learned to just feed me first so that I would fucking shut up.

Exalted planets are entitled planets. They're planets that don't understand why they should not be considered first. They're planets that move with the suspicion that, if you don't move fast, that you will get left behind.

I inherited my mom's Mars when I was peeled from her body by my aunt at my birth. According to Vettius Valens, Mars rules famines. Ares, the Greek version of Mars, is about discord and strife. Arundhati Roy writes that famine destroys social relations and that it produces migrants. Mars is said to be feral, to be a thing that moves like an animal.

I have always been embarrassed by my ambition, which feels to me exactly like fear. You're not supposed to move like an animal. You're supposed to be laidback, to be cool about things, to never show your desperation, and to never seem too hungry. Throughout my twenties, I felt ambition without knowing exactly what it was that I wanted, like someone elbowing people out of a food line without even knowing what kind of food was available. I was just living in the terror that I needed or wanted anything at all plus the terror that, somehow, these unnameable needs might not be met.

Exalted planets are visible planets while planets in fall tend to hide themselves. I was never able to hide this hunger that I inherited from my mom. I was that annoying teen who accidentally talked over everyone else when on the topic of my special interests (mostly anime, k-pop, and whatever else I was into for the month) because I was terrified of not being known. In school, if we were lining up for supplies, I never understood why the other kids milled around aimlessly instead of darting to the front in an attempt to gather worksheets first. I learned that my hunger was shameful. Hunger anxiety intensifies when you try to hide the hunger itself. Your body screams at you to move while you scream at it to stay still.

I'm not sure what healing from famine hunger looks like. It's one of those things that takes seven generations to heal. I can't imagine not having this hunger. I understand that sharing is caring and that it is alright to not get something even when you really want it and I understand that pride can become more important than your stomach when you are not at risk of starvation. But my body remembers the risk and foolishness of sharing, remembers what it's like to not have what you need, and it doesn't quite understand the point of pride. I've always been shameless. I've always lived as though I have no respect for myself.

I have inherited my mom's Moon and turned it into a Sun. I have internalized her literal hunger and turned it into an issue of pride. There is class mobility in this morphing of a fallen planet into an exalted one. I have inherited my mom's hunger in the form of aspiration.

But there is senselessness to aspiration in the same way that there is senselessness to this essay. There is senselessness to hunger and to violence. Part of the paradox of trauma is the way that it is utterly senseless but, at the same time, makes itself seem more meaningful than life itself. Traumatic events and losses make themselves seem more important, significant, and meaningful than the mundanity of staying alive. We, like addicts, repeat them and hope that one more time will produce a better meaning.

If hunger had its way, it would reform itself as ambition and achieve a neverending wealth and health that no one can ever take. If my mom got her way, I'd become a person who achieves the things that she could only yearn for. This essay would be about how I made the best of her hunger and made something of myself. That's the immigrant dream, isn't it? But hunger doesn't get its way—that's why it is hunger. It remembers a loss that happened in the past and not the future. Ambition is an inherited loss, one that you can do nothing about. I



used to think that I feared my ambition because I heard too many stories about Icarus. Now, I realize that it is because I am not the person who my mom wanted and that this is a good thing.

Alice Sparkly Kat

The Moon is an omega

I walked with my partner once, on a full moon, and we pointed up at it. “Look. The Moon is an omega!”

There’s something magic about trans life—there’s this ability to take almost anything and to reshape it, to disintegrate with it, and to disassociate just enough until that thing becomes exactly what you need it to at the moment.

I have always been interested in the Moon. In astrology, the Moon is about your experience of your physical body.

When you talk to people about their Moons, you are hearing them storytell the narrative of their bodies.

The body is an assumed reality. You can’t live life at all unless you have one, after all. But the things that you identify with physically do not need to be physical at all. You identify with your child and you experience any attacks upon that child in your own body, or with your lover or with your family. But there are also those who feels attacks on their relationship, on their ideas, and on their countries in their bodies. The body expands and it contracts. It is never static and it’s hardly ever experienced at the moment. We remember what we identify with physically in retrospect, realizing it in awe and shock. We understand love often in memory and reminisce.

Trans bodies are often just as fictional as any other type of body—just as fictional as nationalist bodies, as mothering bodies, and as binary bodies. But trans people have a unique task. We have the task of producing a body that is just only fictional but also metafictional. “Metafiction is a term given to fictional writing which self-consciously and systematically draws attention to its status as an artifact in order to pose questions about the relationship between fiction and reality” (Patricia Waugh). We have the task of creating self conscious fiction with our bodies.

There is a rich subculture, beginning in the early 2000s, of werewolf fanfiction that is just beginning to enter the mainstream. It began in the supernatural fandom but, like most verses, expanded in definition and variety as it infected everything from anime to BTS to MCU. In ABO verse, society is divided into categories of alpha, beta, and omega. Alphas are dominant and, while alphas with vaginas technically exist, most pornographic depictions of alphas show them with phalluses that knot in the same way as those of canines do. Betas are “normal” human beings with non-alien-like genitalia and they do not go into rut or heat. Omegas are vastly varied, usually submissive, and might have any type of genitalia—cloaca, vaginas, both penises and vaginas, or self lubricating anuses. Often, you find that the same writer will express omega sexuality in a completely different way from story to story. Sometimes, you find the rare story where the omega’s sexuality and genitalia changes mid-narrative, as if the writer changed their mind. Sometimes, omegas can get pregnant but not all the time.

There is no one way to have trans sex. For me, sex changes based on who I am having sex with. Having sex with other nonbinary lesbians, or sex with women, or sex with men means that my narrative of my body shapeshifts from drag to drag. This isn’t how every trans person or nonbinary person experiences sex. My partner talks about how their narrative of body stays constant through sexual encounters, about how they become a slug or an oyster no matter who they are with. Not me. I become different people based on what I feel is needed. I’m not an omega that stays the same from story to story.

I’m an omega that fluctuates based on storyline, an omega that never knows what it will become and with whom.

Trans critics of ABO verse write that it is a transphobic project. The concept of male omegas who get pregnant is suspect. It takes something that happens in real life (male pregnancy) that turns it into a kink thing. It’s



to advocate for something politically when it becomes a kink. Male pregnancy should not be a fetish in the same way that pregnancy in general should not be a fetish.

Pregnant people are vulnerable to legislation made by the unpregnant. To exist as a fetish means that you exist in the imagination of another person. Pregnant people, when they are legislated for, already exist in imaginations that do not belong to themselves and pregnant men, in particular, feel that the stories of their bodies are stolen from them.

But there are also trans people who enjoy ABO. Trans, along with queerness, is often expected to behave as a political category. ABO is a pornographic subculture. Trans people are not always political and often consume or create porn. Politics may be an act of storytelling but so is pornography. There is relief, sometimes, in porn particularly when you are exhausted by politics. The body is political but the body, sometimes, is also allowed to be erotic.

ABO verse is a queer space of imagination. There are omegas who hide as betas and there are alphas who transition to omegahood. There is usually as much shock and disgust at having genitalia as there is desire. Characters explain their gendered experiences during sex in a way that cis people do not. ABO verse is also a transphobic space because queer spaces can also be transphobic. Gender is destiny in ABO verse and the omega hiding as a beta often gives up the disguise after meeting the right alpha. Transness in omegaverse is often suffocatingly binary despite there being three genders instead of two.

Kink is a perverse space, meaning that it is not about what you want but about what you are afraid of wanting. Domination and submission is the quintessential kink play but kink is not just about power. Kink is also about the terror of being found out, the fear of being dirty, or even the shame of jealousy. Dysphoria can be a part of kink. ABO is also science fictional. Science fiction presents the present in a defamiliarized context. ABO is gender as science fiction—it presents gender as explicit and crude and completely defamiliarized.

The astrological Moon is about reproduction. The astrological Moon is often evoked in a way that remains fiercely transphobic. Reproduction is reduced to femininity and there are too many goddess images related to the Moon for my fancy. The Moon, because it is about the reproducing body, is often called queen or goddess or woman.

When trans astrologers work with the Moon in astrology, I don't think that we are not really working with Artemis or Diana or any of the various Moon goddesses that are remembered by popular culture. When we work with the astrological Moon, we are working with the metafictional body. Astrologers often work with multiple frameworks—there is Jyotish, Hellenistic, Uranian, Evolutionary, Chinese, Khaballan astrologies. These are just the hypervisible ones. There are African and indigenous astrologies that modernity has not sought to memorialize. Astrologers work with astrology knowing that, while the sky is big, that any way of looking at the sky remains very, very small.

Queers relate to astrology the way that we might relate to ABO verse. We understand that there are a lot of traditional and modern sentiments in astrology that cast our bodies through someone else's imagination. We use it anyway. We astrologize anyway and we write and read ABO verse anyway.

Working with the astrological Moon as a trans astrologer is a lot like writing ABO verse as a trans person. The work of narrating is not really about mythologizing the body. It's an act of breakage and of deconstruction.

We think about whether our bodies belong to us and when, we remember our bodies as babies through the memories of our families, and we talk often about having to earn belonging. We consider how we want to write and script the omega today, knowing full well that we might change our minds tomorrow. We narrate ourselves against the Moon and against the omega—as much as we use the tropes that circulate around the Moon and around the omega, we also repurpose, doubt, and eliminate what we feel to be superfluous to our pleasures.

Working with astrology, as a queer person, is a bit pornographic and very kinky. We are not working with an astrology that we believe in, as though astrology were a religion, but an astrology that we practice, knowing that astrology is a language that changes with its circulation. The astrological Moon, after all, is not really your body but the ways in which your body is remembered and memorialized. This memory body, nonurgent, contains memory but this memory changes. We are people who work with a changing Moon because we know what it is like to not believe in the Moon and our bodies along with it.



'START STOMPING' 2021 IS AN IMAGE STILL OF MATIĆ DANCING AS THEIR ALTER EGO 'MOONSTOMP' WHO TAKES THEIR NAME AND PERSONA FROM THE 1970 SONG 'SKINHEAD MOONSTOMP' BY SYMARIP - A SONG ABOUT DANCING TO THE MOON AND BACK. MOONSTOMP WEARS A BLACK AND RED STRIPED SWEATER VEST INSPIRED BY THE BEANO CHARACTERS. MATIĆ WAS INSPIRED BY THE LIKENESS OF THE RED AND BLACK STRIPE TO THE PAN-AFRICAN FLAG. THE PAN AFRICAN FLAG IS MADE UP OF RED, BLACK AND GREEN. RED: THE BLOOD THAT UNITES ALL PEOPLE OF BLACK AFRICAN ANCESTRY, AND SHED FOR LIBERATION, BLACK: BLACK PEOPLE WHOSE EXISTENCE AS A NATION, THOUGH NOT A NATION-STATE, IS AFFIRMED BY THE EXISTENCE OF THE FLAG; AND GREEN: THE ABUNDANT NATURAL WEALTH OF AFRICA (THE MOTHERLAND).WHEN YOU TAKE AWAY THE GREEN YOU ARE LEFT WITH BLOOD AND SKIN WITHOUT LAND. THIS IS USED HERE TO DEPICT THE STICKINESS OF HAILING FROM THE BLACK BRITISH DIASPORA AND COMING TO TERMS WITH BRITAIN AS A LAND THAT HAS YOU BUT DOES NOT HOLD YOU. "I IMAGINED MOONSTOMP AS A KIND OF SUBCULTURAL HERO, WEARING RED AND BLACK WITH NO INTENTION OF FINDING GREEN - OF FINDING HOME. INSTEAD, THEY DANCE BETWEEN SPACE AND TIME, EXISTING WITHOUT LIMITATIONS - WITH THE MOON AS THEIR PLACE OF REST" - RENE MATIĆ



RENE

MATIĆ

-

'START

STOMPING'

2021



Yasmine

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Queer nightlife is

XXX The new moon is in Libra at the moment, she is asking us to release, to re-evaluate, to reimagine, to re-focus and think about long term plans and for us to have faith in our visions.

The Moon represents the Divine feminine to me, when I am in tune with that force - I am actively praying for a revolution in a spiritual sense. Witchcraft is personal and collective - it is an ancient spiritual journey that goes against modern patriarchal worship structures. For me - God is within everything and everyone, this sublime universal energy transcends any gender.

Meditation, journaling and holistic rituals based around the Moon's phases have always grounded me in my adult life, the moon connects me to my purpose, the spiritual realm and my ancestors help to guide me with this journey. She helps me focus on manifesting abundance into my life by releasing destructive loops that are often linked to intergenerational traumas, she helps me feel connected and empowered.

Going out and dancing like a mad womxn is most definitely another form of ritual for me, dancing in a safe space with no creeps about is a much-needed release for my mental health.



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a call for evolution

These photographs were taken at a Black LGBTQ+ rave in Epping Forest this Summer. Spirituality and queerness coincided in a beautiful way that night---morning. There was a shrine where we were invited to make an offering, I gave a crystal that a good friend gave to me and let it charge there in the Moonlight - I felt so present with everyone there & this is because my queer family see me.

Queer Nightlife is a space for us to step outside of Babylon, to simply be ourselves, it is a place for intersectional awareness, as these spaces are radical and joyful spaces for marginalised folk to let their hair down - Where being an outcast is actually celebrated.

We are actively decolonising our collective subconscious - which is as powerful and expansive as the stars, through bonding, be that through conversations, movement, laughing, crying, dancing, sharing & caring. XXX











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FIRPAL

