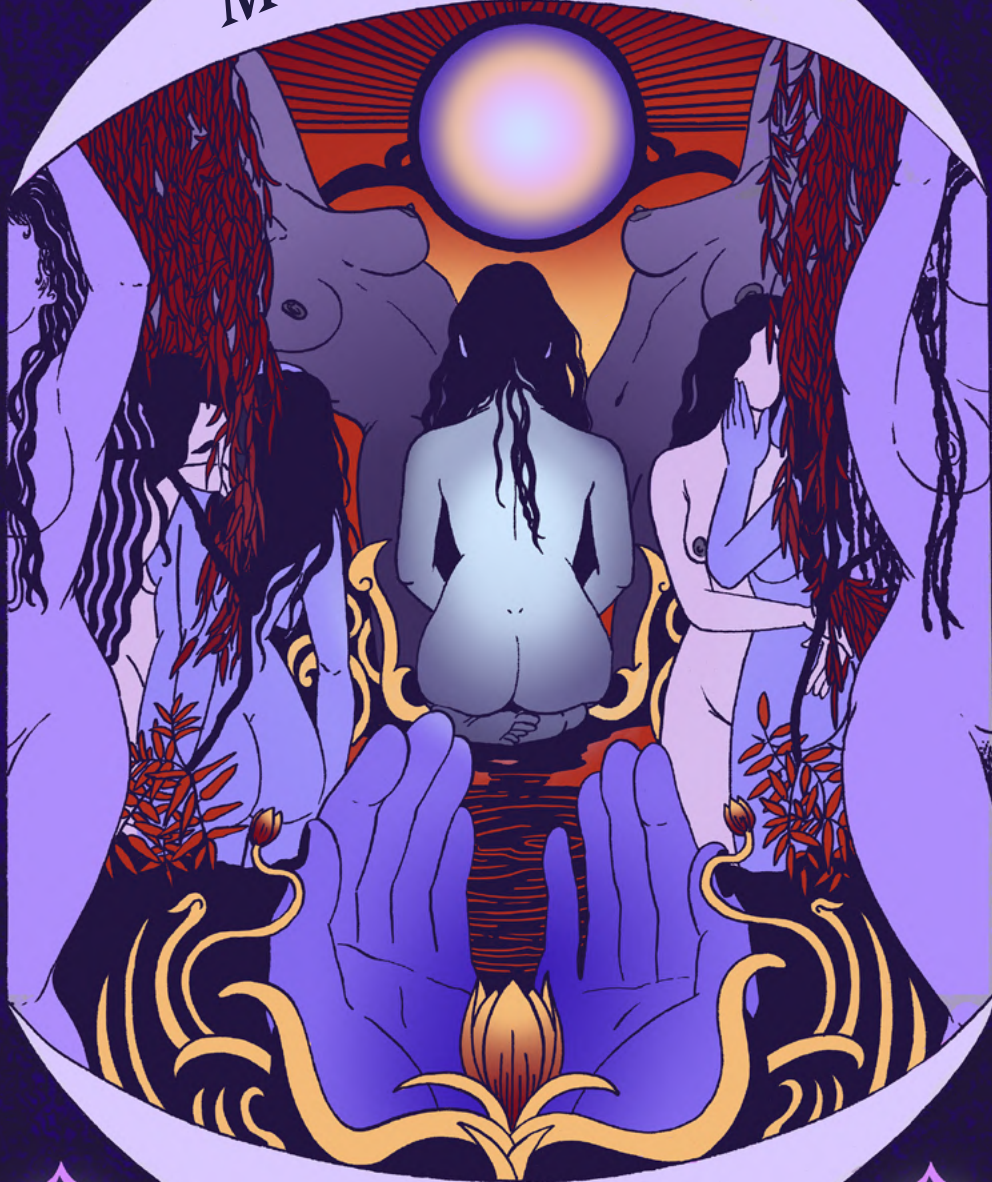


Moonpress zine



#4



*guest
editor's note*


*Anjali Prashar-
Savoie*



Moon Press's fourth issue approaches the theme of collectives and nature, using the moon as a guide towards contemplation or action.

The works in this issue encourage you to engage with nature as a means of reflecting on our existing locales, while also prompting you to imagine new ways of interacting with each other and the world around us. Artistically engaging with the ideas and realities of collectives and nature can catalyse us to move from a space of scarcity to abundance, and inspire us towards individual and collective responsibility for each other and our world.

The works in this zine inspire us to admire the connections between things—whether it's through the potential of fungi to unlock new worlds, the emotional impact of the moon on our psyche, workers rights, the moon's role in cycles of plant growth, or our reclamation of land through foraging. The artists in this zine remind us to think deeply and creatively about the natural world.



Use the opportunity flip through this zine as
a moment of reflection, pause and rest

Take a moment
Sit outside or by a window
Look at the sky
Take some deep breaths
Drink some water
Plant your feet on the ground
And enjoy these pages xx



contributors

front cover by

Merieme Mesfoui-Durgamaya

Merieme is a Moroccan illustrator, graphic designer and comic author based in Angoulême, France. Combining traditional moroccan patterns and elements from islamic art with graphic design and an erotic touch, she is expressing through her art female empowerment and is supporting the lgbtqia+ community's rights in SWANA countries as an ally.

Puer Deorum



Working with performance, costume, and sculptural prop-making, with a curiosity and nature in multidisciplines, Puer centres personal expression of liminality and fragmentation felt within their identity, narrating surreal paracosms with harmonious references and insights through word-of-mouth, oral histories and research on anthropology and folk culture/art from South Asia, specifically the Bengali Region. Puer explores nuances of intimacy, love, touch and personal censorship/repression under a homogenised gaze, highlighting complexities of interpersonal power relations and the concept of 'play' through implicit/movement based dialogue—experimenting with boundaries and limitations of navigating non-verbal worlds.

Anu Ambasna



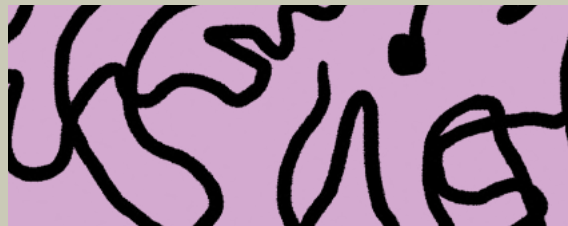
Anu Ambasna is an artist, broadcaster and DJ hailing from London. Anu's work shines with personality, enthusiasm and feeling, which can be heard on her long-standing fortnightly NTS Radio show & seen in her colorful illustrations, which both act as a diary of sorts—mirroring the depths of her internal world as well as drawing on her experiences.

Fungi Futures //

Maymana Arefin



Maymana (she/they) is a queer brown community gardener, visual artist and spoken word poet based in South London. Their work connects the mycelial threads between the mind/body, re-imagining an unjust world and the politics of hope. In 2020, Maymana founded @fungi.futures to share her love for the extraordinary world of fungi. Maymana received Best Dissertation Prize at UCL for her MSc research on how mycorrhizal networks can be used as a metaphor for mutual aid work.



Mymona Bibi 16

Mymona is a freelance poet, writer and an English and Art History teacher. She has a strong interest in accessibility in the arts and decolonising the cultural sector. She has just finished an MA in Art Gallery and Museum Studies and her research focused on innovation and new ways of thinking about and presenting culture. As a British Asian, her writing also reflects her connections to dual-heritage and identity.

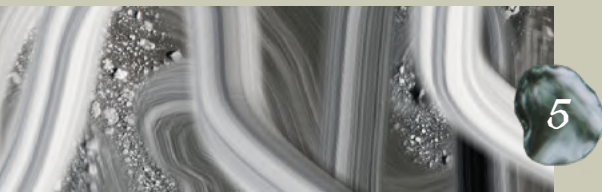
Serpent Daniel

18 The divinity of bending shadows with stillness as the camera flash flickers white is all that Serpent needs to be reminded that they are here. Self-portraiture for Serpent is magic that is strengthened by writing. It is a spiritual practice that has allowed them to investigate the presence and absence of self and further work through the trauma that has cornered them in their own room. Their chosen name is Serpent. Serpent is from Khayelitsha, a township outside Cape Town, South Africa and they are currently studying a BA in Anthropology at Goldsmiths University. A multidisciplinary storyteller and healer, Serpent uses writing, still images and moving images to transport them to worlds that exist within and beyond this one. They gather ancestral wisdom to guide the nourishment of

themselves and those around them. They are deeply curious about memory and time travel in the South African context; how real and imagined worlds can be fused, how the present can be used to rectify injustices of the past and ensure stability in the future. Serpent's grandmother continues to be their main portal into the past. Her recollection of life during apartheid, when the white Afrikaner government systematically oppressed black South Africans, reminds them of the work that still needs to be done. They are inspired by weavers of subjective truth like Lulama Wolf, Mary Sibande and Zanele Maholi. There are barren spaces in their history and the lives of those who came before them that Serpent, a black Xhosa transmasculine person, yearns to fill with celebrations of black joy and gender euphoria.

Alexandra Yellop 21

Alexandra is a gardener, landscaper and cook, whose long-term vision is to empower communities towards food sovereignty and encourage young people to spend time with the land. Decolonising and reimaging horticultural practices are of importance to her work. She is interested in ancestral ties with the land and what they can reveal to us about how we work, honour and heal with plants. Currently, she is training to be a forest school teacher, works as the project officer for a community gardening network, teaches workshops and resides between London & Jamaica.



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Harvinder Rathore

Harvinder is also happy to be called Harvey. Harvey works in events and engagement for a corporate charity and also volunteers within their local community through a radio show and community garden. As someone who is heavily invested in their community, Harvey is passionate about amplifying the stories and voices of those who aren't always heard. She enjoys live music, visiting art galleries and the theatre — as well as spending time with loved ones. Harvey is also on the Youth Reporters Board as part of Tour de Moon.

Anusha Alamgir

Anusha is a multidisciplinary visual artist from Bangladesh, based in London. Her work investigates the on-going homogeneity of culture due to globalization, media and the internet. Primarily working with photography, her images document the shifting faces of current culture. Her work aims to reclaim ownership of our lived experiences, through the documentation of the mundane.

Gisou Golshani

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Gisou is an Iranian artist based in London. Her work is a collage of audio visual material, depicting abstract narratives from seemingly disparate elements. Through multilayered editing and playful uses of translation, Gisou investigates the intimacy of the voice, sounds' affect on the body and her mother tongue, Farsi's untranslatability.

Olia Hordiienko

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Olia is an illustrator and designer based in Kyiv, Ukraine. Her work is focused on topics such as social inequality, kitsch visual culture of post-socialist countries, and mental health. Olia had graduated from the books graphics course in The Department of Printing and Publishing of Kyiv Polytechnic University. Since then key areas of interest have been self-publishing and zines. Since 2018 Olia has been a part of an independent web-zine about art in Ukraine "Vono": a cross-section between printed paper and web-zine. Moreover, Olia is interested in crafts (embroidery and crochet) as a medium from the feminist perspective. Her illustrations are sometimes like a glittering masquerade, sometimes a poorly drawn children's comics book, with a slight touch of irony.

Jordan Troy Biko

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Jordan Troy Biko is a British-born, London-based illustrator and animator of Irish and Caribbean descent. Self samples across multiple mediums feature in his work ranging from narrative fiction to detailed singular digital images with an overabundance of colour and toads. AKA Jodeci Guthrie!



Alice Minervini



Alice is an artist and writer interested in movement and fiction as ways to envision queer futures. Her practice unfolds as a series of collaborations that investigate the changing experiences of sociality, love and intimacy; with an emphasis on the emotional impacts of Internet platforms and technological interfaces. Since 2016, she has been based between London and Italy. She recently graduated with honours from the Visual Cultures Department at Goldsmiths (MA in Contemporary Art Theory).

#TourdeMoon

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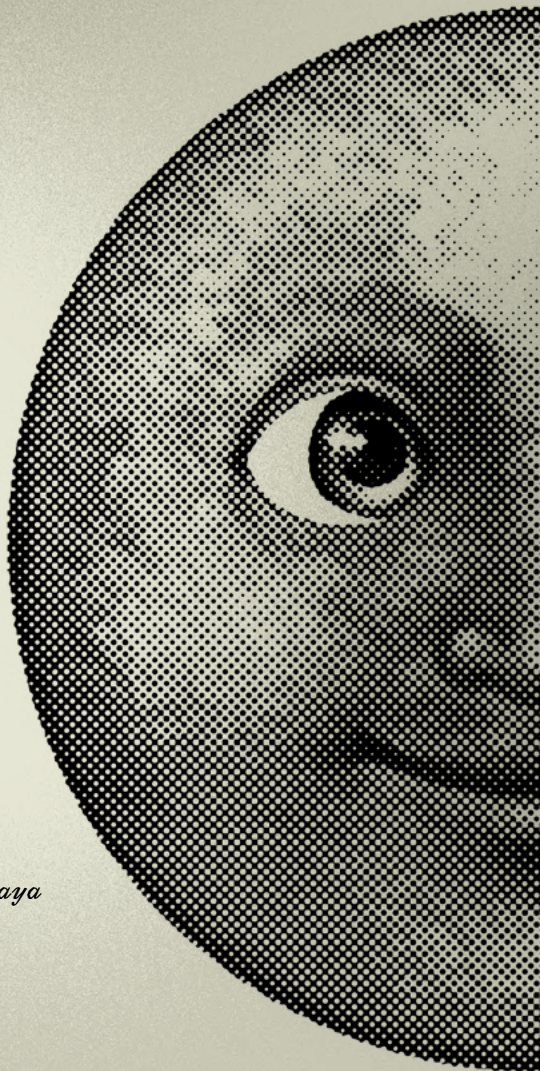
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Front cover artwork: *Merieme Mesfoui-Durgamaya*

Zine Design: *Olia Hordiienko*

Moon Press Producer: *Anjali Prashar-Savoie*

Moon Press is presented by Tour de Moon festival, Commissioned as part of UNBOXED: Creativity in the UK



Puer Deorum



*I see you in all the green around me,
the flowers and the blooms.*

*Something about them draws me in.
To caress the leaves and the petals
then snatch them from the soil
they're rooted in*

The soil I have no roots in.

The roots ready to be uprooted,

*They claim no ownership
over the land we step
foot on*

*Yet, the land claims
them.*

*How do we decolonise
without the leadership of
Amma, Khala, Sassi and
Affa?*

*When we speak the Queen's
English but
our mother tongue has our
tongues tied?*

*How do we continue the
work and care of our
ancestors*

*when we navigate the land
with the Queen's
knowledge
on the tip of our
tongues?*





This photography series explores my relationship with my mother and elder femme figures within my life of Bangladeshi heritage. It explores our connection to land, horticulture and questions the concept of decolonisation through emulations, via portraits, of an ambiguous figure silhouetted in draped Bangladeshi textiles/sarees. The works challenges preconceived societal perceptions of South Asian/Muslim women being monolithic in their cultural identity, revealing alongside care, a projected version of a different side, anger, nonchalance, towards our (dis)connection with Britain's landscape(ing). Marking territory and reclaiming land and agency with a contemporary twist on the act of foraging.





Anu Ambasna

In Hindu mythology, Soma is the God of the moon and the name of the elixir of immortality that only the Gods can drink. The moon stored the elixir and when the Gods drink Soma, it's believed that the moon wanes. Humans have been making their own versions of Soma for years, as part of Vedic rituals—it's said to have hallucinogenic effects, yet the exact ingredients of Soma differ.

Enjoy Soma

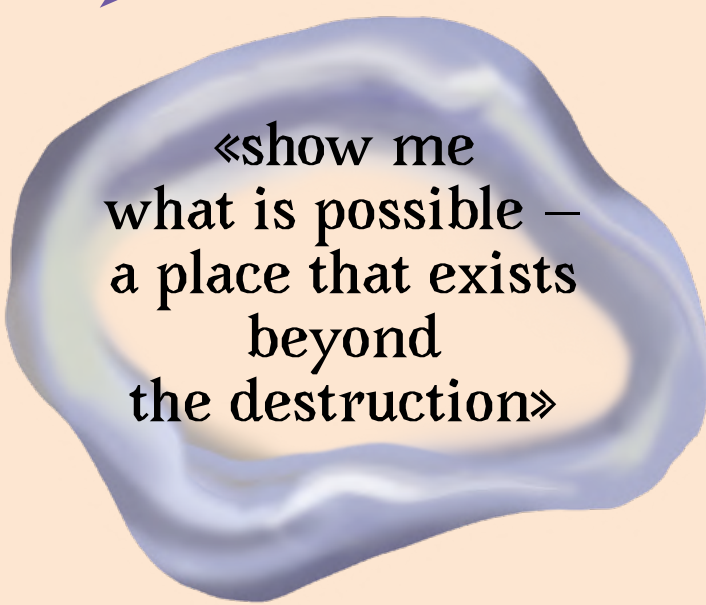
CONTAINS
REAL
MOON
PIECES



The traditional drink*

**may cause hallucinations*

Fungi Futures // Maymana Arefin



«show me
what is possible –
a place that exists
beyond
the destruction»

Through this cut and pasted version of a distant reality, the artist probes our relationships with the Earth and with each other, envisaging what abundance looks like. Here, fungal characters take centre stage, blooms of oyster mushrooms and scarlet elf-caps represent 'community' and the planet's moon watches over with a gentle wisdom. Their mycelium are knitted around us beneath clay soils. Our breath controls the tides.



Mymona Bibi

Ode to Maria

Hello Maria,
I watch you hide beneath your own
glow, and I wonder,
How do you sleep tonight?
Those who watched before me
thought of you as flowing,
Quietly, waving your beauty
across space.
'Lunar Mare', a foreign sea,
a foreign beauty.
But they were wrong,
I know you, Maria.
The ashes of eruptions long gone
have scarred you.



Blurred your soul and left
us musing.

I squint into the sky,
Waiting for you to return,
To shine and show off your
scars.

The space between you and
I far too great.
The love you have shown me
is far too immense.
The love I must show you is
more than I can pronounce.

Hello Maria,
It's nice to see you again.

Now that my eyes meet
yours, Maria, I can sleep
once more.



Serpent Daniel

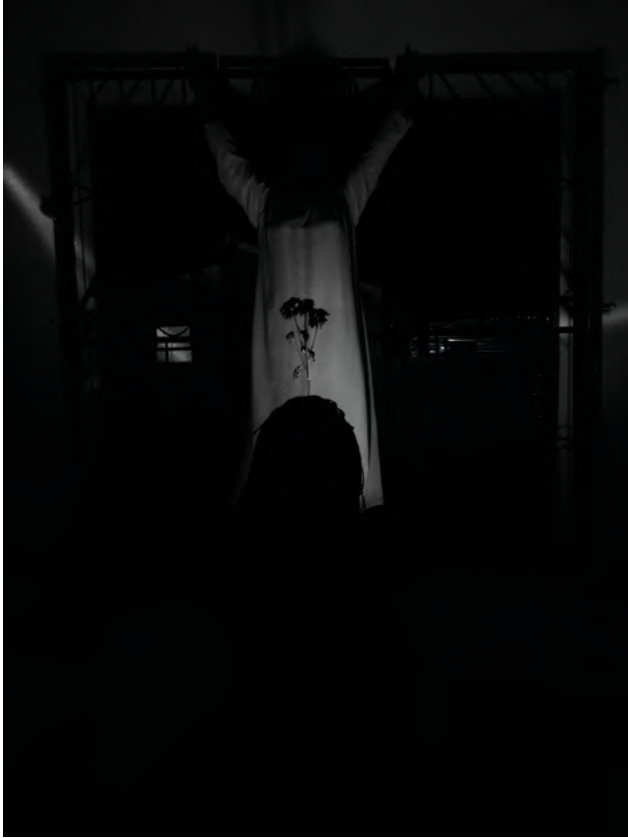


Content Warning: First paragraph contains mentions of abuse and coercion, which may be triggering

What truths did the moon whisper to the stars when it is hidden between the Earth and the Sun?

When I was younger, I often found myself in religious spaces, where congregation members forced me to surrender to the Christian God. This expectation of surrender went beyond opening myself up to being moved by the spirit of God; it went beyond welcoming the lessons — of honesty, kindness and obedience — I was being taught at Sunday school. Surrendering included packaging myself up into a box wrapped neatly in below-the-knee dresses, covered shoulders and eyes stared at the feet of the adults who were addressing me. The teachings of honesty quickly became ones of saying anything that wouldn't upset a family member. Kindness grew into holding space for adults who were incapable of doing the same for me, and obedience looked like tearing my legs open because I was told to.





The moon strung in the middle of the sky

For Your Sins is a depiction of the vulnerability that comes with being a black

and queer person. As I was hanging from this metal frame/pulling myself up this metal frame, I was having visions of God and Jesus' crucifixion, of outer space and the nothingness that surrounds the moon—heart heavy with prayers that one day I might be saved from violence. I was confronted by the disturbing and parasitic nature of sacrifice; how with the death of Jesus, sinners got to live and with every assault or murder of a marginalised person, perpetrators continued to live without repenting. I would give the world to my younger sibling, whose silhouette is pictured in the self-portrait, but the world is too destructive of a place to gift to anyone. Together, we'll exist in the darkness, waiting for the light to pour in, hoping that we do not die for your sins.

Before it wanes



For
Your Sins
will be revealed
in the light of
the night when
the moon is full and
all that was monstrous
in the dark and dimly lit
corners becomes alluring in
brightness.

Alexandra Yellop

A brief guide to Harnessing the Power of the Moon

As we observe the seasons, so may we observe the cycles of the moon. Even though many of us have been urbanised, there is a great remembering in our souls, of the power of the Moon. A great returning home to the discovery of ourselves and our place within Nature.

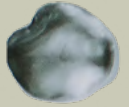
The Moon is our closest planet, shining it's divine light on us monthly. The Lunar influence over the Earth has been observed since humans could record it, each phase of the Moon recognised as serving a purpose. Although these phases being intertwined may not be scientifically or statistically proven to be related, I believe we can recognise that a Moon cycle occurring usually in a 29.5 days cycle and the common menstrual cycle being of a similar time period, have a relation and likely reveal potent knowledge of our self & beyond.

So, what do I mean by harnessing the Power of the Moon?

There are four main phases of the moon cycle, four phases of the menstrual cycle and four phases in the garden.

**New Moon//Menstrual phase*

Our body is shedding the uterine lining, often followed by fatigue, cramping and some discomfort as our body prepares an egg for ovulation. We can best honour ourselves during our bleed by listening to our inner needs at this time. Often we can feel called to slow down, put important decision making on hold and create space for quiet time.



Waxing Moon//Follicular phase

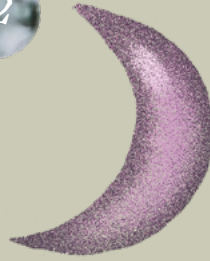
Darkness to light

1st & 2nd quarter - a time to pursue tasks which require our strength
Plant above ground crops such as kale, leafy herbs, lettuce, spinach, asian greens as well as annual (living for one season) flowers and fruits. Plants are encouraged to grow stems and leaves. Hormones during this time are at their peak levels as the body builds back the uterine lining, this can be a source of optimism and an energised state. We can turn to dark leafy nutrient rich greens that help support our immune systems, combat tiredness and are full of magnesium regulating our moods, helping us along on pursuits in this time.



Full Moon//Ovulatory phase

Our body temperature can begin to rise, followed by hyper alertness and an increased sex drive, as this is when we are at our most fertile. In many instances, we'll be pulled towards connecting with others and embracing playfulness.



Guidance

Seeds absorb more water during the full and new Moon, when moisture comes to the surface of the ground, causing seeds to swell, rise and establish with increased vigour

Do not plant when the moon changes quarters

Plant when the Moon is in a fertile sign (water or earth) and waxing, whilst harvest in a waning Moon and barren sign (fire or air) as well, cultivating the land.

Waning Moon//Luteal phase

Light to darkness

3rd & 4th quarter - time for harvesting
Plant root crops such as beetroots, radishes, carrots, potatoes, ginger as well as flowering bulbs, biennial (return for two growing cycles) and perennial (returning every spring) flowers. Plants are encouraged to develop roots, bulbs and tubers.

Our body is building back the uterine lining, as the moon is residing in size, more darkness begins to occupy the nights, signifying time for retreat, rest and the need to replenish. Our bodies can be extra tender, our moods sensitive and this is when bloating can arise. Root crops are often sweet & starchy, "comfort" foods, which can help support our cravings and nurture low moods in this period. During our last quarter, we can move away from planting, focusing our attention onto gentle movements in the garden, such as improving our soil, mulching and weeding.

Even if you do not bleed or bleed in the order of these phase, these cycles can represent the patience and grace, you may have for yourself during the Moon's transitions and within your own rhythms

The zodiac

The phases of the Moon and menstruation are a part of a larger system that we observe, when considering that on its monthly journeys, the Moon passes through the twelve signs and four elements of the zodiac.





Fire
Aries, Leo, Sagittarius

All these signs are considered barren for growth, but favourable towards harvests, that happen in the fourth-quarter of a fire sign. These times are best for preserving and storing fruits and vegetables. Leo can be a favourable period for destroying weeds.

Air
Gemini, Libra, Aquarius

All harvesting near a full moon can be done in these signs, they are considered to be best for focusing on tasks such as weeding, mulching, pruning instead of planting. Libra is said to nurture root growth, grains and flowers.

Earth
Taurus, Virgo, Capricorn

Are fruitful and kind towards planting, except for in Virgo which is said to be relatively barren, but a useful period for clearing weeds. Taurus is considered good for root crops and leafy greens.

Water
Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces

This is a gentle introduction into a complex, ancient and valued system which has many tangents to be explored and observed. May this serve you in observing your pace, your shifts, your internal seasons as well as assisting you in making sense of the Great Cosmos surrounding and within you.

Thanks and praises to Creation



*Harvinder
Rathore*





Gisou Golshani





Jordan Troy Biko

Road Trip

That feeling you get in an uber
on the way from a club to
someone's house

Anusha Alamgir

The Fire And The Flood

I grew up in a rather substandard part of Dhaka city, in the capital of Bangladesh. One of my earliest, most avid memories was witnessing a small wooden boat and a massive snake swimming cheek to cheek, on the densely flooded streets. Infrastructure was poor and the roads would frequently be inundated with a mixture of rain and sewage water. As water levels rose each monsoon, we would build higher boundary walls, and install more pipes to displace the rainwater. Rickshaw pullers peddled us through the thigh deep flood to relocate us from one dry patch to the next. Growing up it had never occurred to me that the frequent floods we experienced were specific to my region, nor had I realized it exacerbated each year because of global warming. The flooding of European countries in July 2021, seems to have set off a revelation that the effects of global warming will not only affect the low-lying plains of Bangladesh and the distant lands of Vietnam, but rather culminate to affect us all. Nature does not have favourites, and you will be at its mercy regardless of whether you drive a Benz or a bike.



In 2018, I was living in Los Angeles, working for an experiential marketing

firm based at the footholds of Beverly Hills. My boss Claire, a wonderful lady, who had lived in luxury, I'm assuming, for most of her life, had invited me to her house for Thanksgiving that year. Considering the break was too short for me to go back home to visit my family, she knew I'd be alone for the holidays and extended an invite. On the day of, I called an uber to drive me from my flat, in a quiet neighbourhood close to my office, to their house up in the hills. I took great pride in the fact that my zip code was 90016, a few digits shy of the infamous 90210. The uber picked me up and we drove through highways and driveways and forest and fauna to arrive at the dead end of a street up on a hill. "You have arrived at your destination" Siri informed us in her monotonous tone. Trying to be courteous and considerate of my uber driver's time, I got out of the vehicle and waved him goodbye. I was now on foot, in the middle of what looked like the woods to a city girl. He said we were at the right address, but there wasn't a house in sight. I walked past shrubs and peered around bushes to find a concrete driveway, at the apex of which stood a beautiful modern house. As I got to the top, my boss greeted me with her arms wide open. Claire, who was 45 going on 25, looked



like a vision with her manicured nails, freshly highlighted salon blown hair, white riding trousers and tan leather boots. Her house was a contemporary 1 storey flat roofed structure made from glass and wood. Walking through the door you were greeted with the living and dining room that came together to form an assemblance of a massive hall. The back wall was constructed of a series of glass panels that opened to their swimming pool. The pool looked out into nothing but trees and distant hills. The kitchen was just as grand with marble countertops and a beautiful wooden island. As the night progressed and more family arrived, I was introduced to my boss's mother. She was a beautiful delicate lady and looked like the type of

woman who never let her glamor die. "Take out the crystal glasses" she told my boss, then proceeded to walk to the cabinet. She raised her delicate bony fingers to bring out a Swarovski drinking glass. Her large diamond ring sparkled. She looked like how you'd imagine Daisy Buchanan to grow old to be, or how Elon Musk's mother looks like now. Assuming from the conversations we had that night, I concluded that she held a high ranking position in a fortune 500 company and was extremely well paid. When the night ended, I took an uber back down the hills, to my 3-bedroom flat, that I shared with two random strangers I met on the internet. Reflecting on my visit,

I realized I had never been around luxury like this. They were the new American dream, a house in the hills, white picket fence, and the green palm trees.

I say all this to preface the fact that a few weeks later when the forest fires wreaked havoc in Los Angeles, my boss had to evacuate her house. It was sad to see her bringing in some of her personal belongings into the office. We watched on the news the fire inched closer and closer, consuming everything in its wake. Helicopter drone footage revealing mansions at the edges of the hills, as the fire swallowed up someone's legacy, someone's livelihood, someone's fancy crystal glasses.



After an intense three weeks, the fire was finally contained on December 7th, 2018. It was later found that the fire was caused by electrical transmission lines owned and operated by Pacific Gas and Electricity located in the Pulga area of California. Dr. Cristina Santin from Swansea University suspected that rising temperatures, due to global warming, caused more moisture from the ground to evaporate, drying out soil and in turn making vegetation more flammable. The changing climate crisis has also caused a change in meteorological patterns causing less or delays in rainfall from wild-fire prone regions. Thus, making forests drier and more prone to outbreaks of forest fires.

The world saw the catastrophic implications of these consequences again in 2020, when the Woorloo Bushfires broke out in Western Australia. According to The Guardian, in the past 2 years, it is estimated that a record amount of carbon emissions was produced as wildfires burned down forests and vegetation in parts of Siberia, Turkey, Africa, China and the United States. A study done by the World Meteorological Organization (WMO) reported that the number of disasters over the past 50 years have increased by a factor of five. This has been intensified by extreme weather due to climate change. Hazards such as droughts, storms, floods, and extreme temperatures have combined to over a million human deaths from 1970 to 2019. This, however, does not consider the thousands of animals and aquatic life that have been damaged, mutated and destroyed because of issues relating to natural disasters, oil spills, deforestation, ocean pollution, chemical contamination. The current covid pandemic has culminated to over 5 million deaths and counting. And I can't help but wonder if this is mother nature's rude attempt at telling us we've gone too far.



In 1789, Thomas Jefferson wrote, "The earth belongs to the living... no man can by natural right oblige the lands he occupied... For if he could, he might, during his own life, eat up the usufruct of the lands for several

generations to come, and then the lands would belong to the dead and not to the living” As someone who’s grown up in a country that operates in the shadows of the consequences of climate change instigated by people that don’t inhabit it, I hope this essay acts as an open letter to whoever is reading to actively take an initiative in educating yourselves of how your actions might be impacting not just you, but the whole global landscape. It is time the public took a keen interest in the systems that are at play with the everyday items we buy, own, inhabit and consume. Relocation of industry, carbon emissions, trash, oil and harmful chemicals to ‘third world’ countries might mitigate the issues but only for so long. Eventually the consequences of our unsustainable actions will rear its ugly head regardless of who you are or where you live. As billionaires spend billions in their space wars, producing more carbon emissions, to leave behind

the mess they’ve created, the task of reversing climate change falls into the hands of the everyday person. Individual action and public opinion will force governments and policy makers to implement rules for big corporations to think about the long-lasting consequences of their businesses. How can we promote and perpetuate the rights of all living things to live in abundance through the choices we make in the things we buy, who we support and how we live? What would it mean if corporations retracted their insatiable desire for exponential economic growth and implemented policy to help heal the earth? What would it mean to become native to the earth again? For only when the last tree has been cut down, the last fish been caught, and the last stream poisoned, will we realize we cannot eat money.

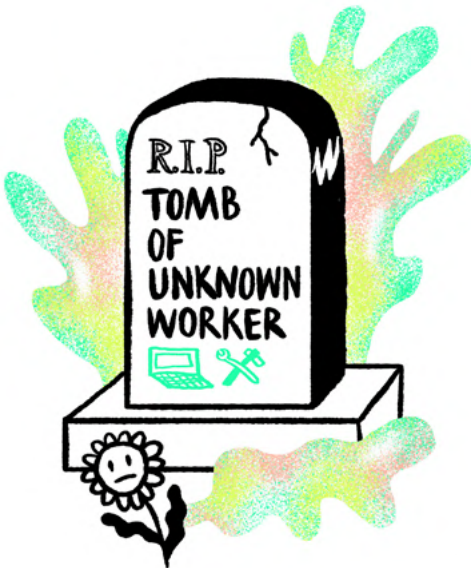
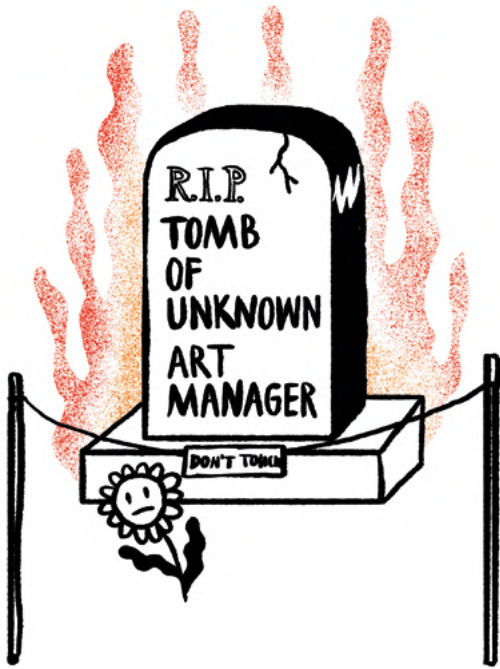
Olia Hordienko

What or who has to be sacrificed for an individual to succeed?

This series of works highlights the sacrifice of forgotten everyday workers that might not be mentioned in tribute speeches or honored with opulent monuments. It focuses on work rendered invisible in a context that celebrates individualism, scarcity, competition and a cult imagination of self-made success.

To take an example from the cultural sector, while the art manager might do much of the hard work to make an exhibition happen, they are easily eclipsed and discredited by an individual artist or curator. Further to this, the labour of motherhood is often not appreciated as labour at all — leading to a complex set of pressures for mothers and housewives who are also workers.

All of these invisible workers are atomized in a society that prioritises individualism over collective action. Through collective organising in the form of unions, atomised workers can begin to make change, speak about the pain of labour under capitalism and defend our rights so that we don't become caught in an continuous cycle of exploitation.



Alice Minervini

Everything is pitch black. Above us the primordial sea is mirroring in a starless sky, an oblivion without genesis, deepness without telos... Internet, dreams and reality started to blur again... On the other side of your telematic kiss, an intense pink moon emerges from the water. A yellow, aquamarine light permeates the sky, illuminating a mermaid next to me that I know being my grandma. *I hope she is all right*, I remember thinking. Maybe I am lucid dreaming after all. Yet the time that separates me from waking up and hearing her voice again seems interminable. When I was a child someone told me that when dreaming of someone dead, in some molecular sparkle, in some remote dimensions they were still alive; like stars shining millenniums afar their passing. In my dreams, I knew that the earth was floating and we were the only survivors. Just the pink moon was illuminating the infiniteness of the sky. All of a sudden, fireflies emerged from the darkness like a holy vision. What if fireflies are not a metaphor of primordial pasts but glitching visions of queer futures, evanescent glimpses of radical conviviality of humans and non humans? What is even nature in a post-pandemic

world? Are digital landscapes all that is left us?

Suddenly, the dream starts to feel as a dystopia. The birds are invading the city, dying in mass in the streets, unprecedented fireworks of a happy new year... «You can either blame it on the moon or on Brexit» I like to repeat at every mood swings, one last reassurance in the chaos of last years... My lover knew it by heart, that was one of the stupid jokes we used to share. A cold dry laugh trying to defuse all the barriers separating us. In 2021 the most googled word in the UK was 'Europe'. There is no way back. Or maybe...

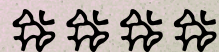
Somewhere in the Metaverse, my SIMS character is walking on a forest. The moonlight is illuminating the way... Laying in the woods I stop perceiving my body as my own. I start to feel part of the collective landscape we are all *based on* and *mentally in*. I start to feel the body as alien. Suddenly, my perception of the world-out-there shifts. I am afraid no more.

Predators aren't hostile any longer. I am part of the woods. Laying in the grass my legs become the continuation of the roots, of the forest paths. By swinging states between not



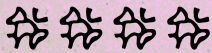
belonging-anymore and not-belonging-yet, possibilities for other realities come to life. Evanescent glimpses of post-capitalist desire. A natural urge brings the hands up to the sky as branches channeling vital lymph to the leaves. They say trees speak to each other incessantly. You are forest. Be empty to encounter. Embrace disturb. Lose yourself in the landscape; lose yourself in the ambivalent feelings of the *now*. The distance between you and me disappears. Against

your immediate instincts, you do not shoo the insects climbing your limbs any longer. These small creatures walk on you, propagate. Ants inhabit your body as if you were like any other grain of sand in the valley.



At the threshold between utopia and apocalypse, Internet and dreams became a realm to find each other and extend horizons in our rooms of echos. A surrender of external

expectations, an introspective *refuge* to re-enchant the world. Like the blurriness of the world through ketamine, you can evade shapes and time and reason. A world created from scratch where everything is aquamarine tones and people are moving as androids. It is spectral yet somehow serene... As a rave you never want to leave. As a romance that never breaks the illusion. A Matrix that you don't want to wake up from. Yet, how to find intimacy through virtual spaces? Which futures do we mobilise by indulging in these digital landscapes, in our Internet alter egos and dreams? Can social dreaming represent a personal and collective re-orientation of our shared realities?



...Is this all a search for another world within?



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