

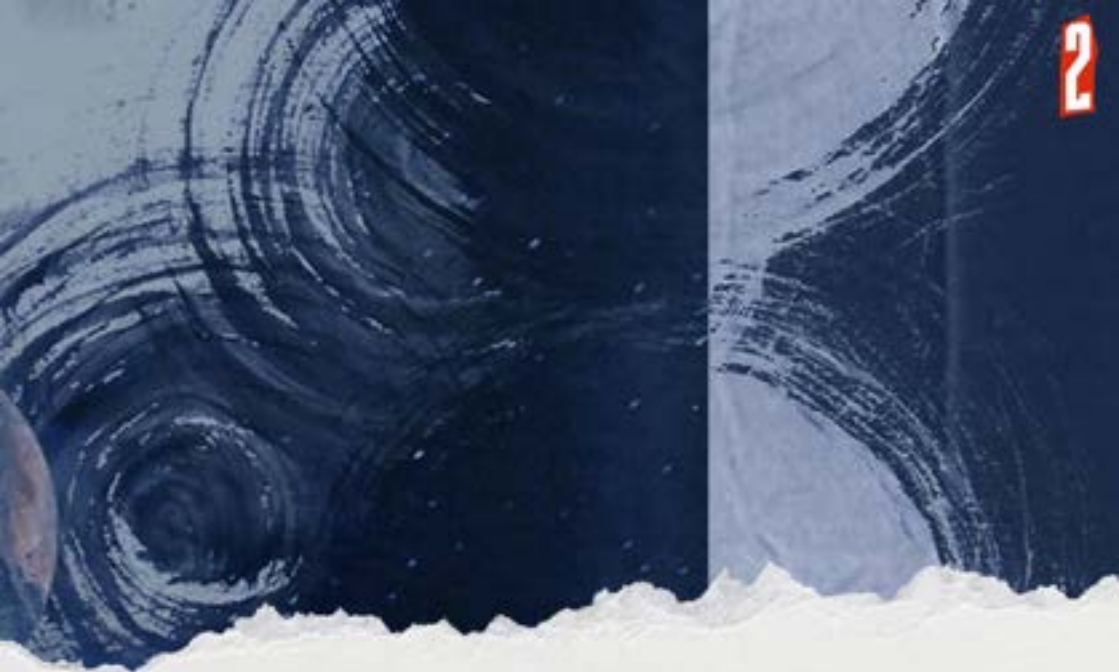


**MOON
QUAKE II**

ISSUE 8

1 MOONQUAKE II





As one of our final issues released as Tour de Moon's live events kick off across the UK and beyond, MOONQUAKE II follows a cyclical pattern in harking back to our very first issue, MOONQUAKE.

"Moonquakes - as they are known on the moon - are produced as a result of meteoroids hitting the surface or by the gravitational pull of the Earth squeezing and stretching the moon's interior, in a similar way to the moon's tidal pull on Earth's oceans." (O'callaghan, 2020)

A selection of 8 fantastic artists, writers, creatives, thinkers found through our open call populate these pages with short stories, illustrations relating to sisterhood, opulent collages, and a visual essay about the metaverse that asks who belongs on the moon and in our future, and who owns the moon and our future? Enjoy the journey these works take you on.

Kamogelo Maimela

Kamogelo Maimela is a 22-year-old digital artist based in Johannesburg, South Africa. Kamogelo is also a 4th year Game Design and Animation student at the University of the Witwatersran, specializing in graphic work such as digital collages, graphic design, and photography.

Kurtis Lincoln

As an artist and writer, Lincoln's practice operates at the intersections of fine art, camp pantomimes and raves. Juxtaposing historic and contemporary iconography to explore themes of; personal transformation through ritualistic or sexual practices, collective identities and shared joy.

He deploys humour and audience participation to create uncanny realities and charged environments, wherein both the performer and audience contribute to space and place-making. Language plays a vital role in their creative output - often hybridising multiple colloquial tongues that belong to the various cultures he operates within. This hybridisation not only creates a warped collage of his own class and sexuality, but also acts as a study into the etymology of countercultures.

Adam Scopp

Adam Scopp has recently graduated with a degree in English and American Literature with Creative Writing from the University of Kent, and has dreamed of being a novelist since he was eleven years old. His story in this publication, Lunacy, is his first formal published piece, and he hopes to one day become a household name in the world of literature. He is currently working on his debut novel and pursuing a career in publishing.

Mara Avoth

Mara Avoth is an actor, writer and poet living in London. Mara occasionally illustrates.

Tobi The Kid

Tobi The Kid is a multidisciplinary artist primarily focusing on digital illustrations. Tobi work consists of art, commissioned works and prints/products for her online store. During her studies at Coventry University, she started working as a freelance artist and it's taken root since. Since then, she has been endlessly exploring a variety of styles, incorporating them into her own to create something new and different!

Currently she is working with www.visionarieshq.com to do a variety of things which includes but not limited to creative events.

Alexandria

Alexandria is a postgraduate student in the Creative Computing Institute at the University of the Arts London. Alexandria's work and research focus on the critical study of data and digital technologies and critically re-imagining diverse futures of technology and society through various digital mediums and materials.

ThatCreative

Thatcreative is a Design page that She created to showcase her personal projects. She loves creating new and unique work.

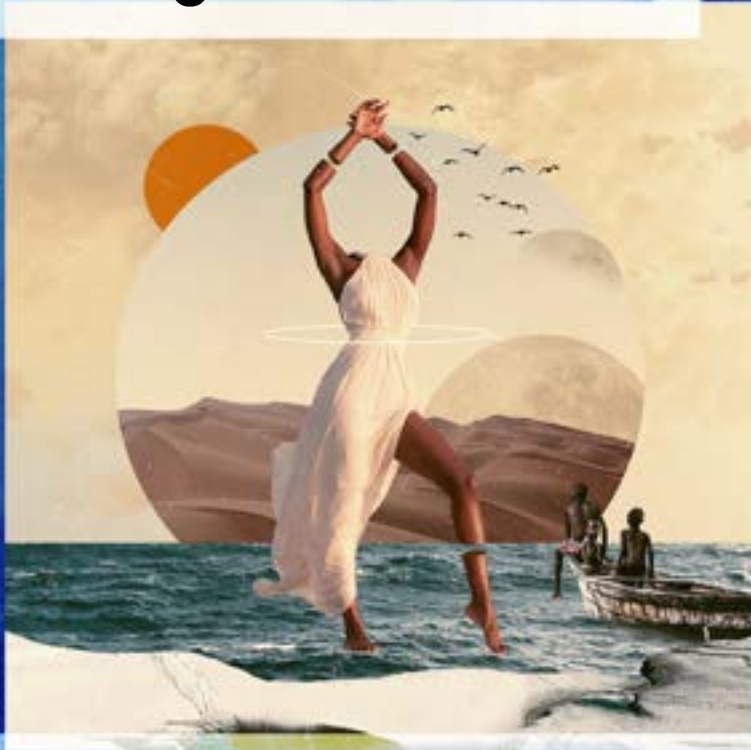
She has always loved and enjoyed Creating physical and Digital Work from an early age but it's only recently that she started showcasing her Collages and poster designs. She likes to research a lot of subjects for her work from finding her identity, understanding people's thoughts on beauty to music and sports posters.

S.A. Bákàrè

S.A. Bákàrè a queer British Nigerian postgraduate law student and writer. Influenced by Black feminism and grassroot activism, S.A. Bákàrè is passionate about women's rights, migrant justice and queer liberation.



Kamogelo Maimela



Through harnessing my creativity and digital skills, my work developed into a style that centers and celebrates the beauty of black bodies. I specialize in creating surrealistic compositions to get lost in and which showcases

Africa's opulence. I work through digital collages because this allows me to bring together different sources and assemble them to create something new. The reason I love digital collages is that there are practically no rules. It is the design equivalent of sampling in music - taking something old and using it in a new way and giving it a new purpose.



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Kurtis Lincoln

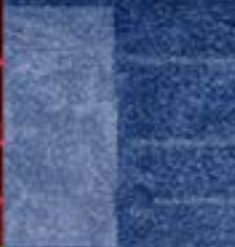
1 Body of Water

We are all one body of water
 comprised of ecstasy and
 ears all charged all
 buzzing giving all our loving
 Thanks to bass thanks to
 strobes and these beers
 Then the right leg kicks when
 one dumb prick spits Mandy
 water all over his mate Then
 the left arm ruptures when to
 dons throw punches Over
 what? We'll never know For
 the ripples dissipate and
 peace is restored we all go
 back to dancing like filthy
 little whores for we ebb and we
 flow do as the DJ tells us so

Thank you mr dj for saving my
 life and I won't stop moving
 till the end of the night

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Adam Scopp

LUNACY

16th May 2022, 2:08am - Faye

Panting, on her knees, Faye leaned against the tree trunk for support, feeling the moist moss tickle at her palm. The forest was, to her knowledge, completely empty, her only companion the blaring full moon.

Let it out, my child.

She recognised this feeling - the all-consuming frisson of power that was begging to be released. Rarely did the moon ever speak directly to her, but on these nights it would practically sing. She was one of its children, and tonight was the night to declare that.

Her phone began to ring - Kira, again - and she tapped it off. No matter how much she hated the girl right now, she wouldn't let her risk her life. Faye's eye's shot to her exposed forearm where a nasty burn resided; she had been with Kira during her solar eclipse, and no matter how much she reassured her that it was fine, that she didn't have control, she could never remove the image from her mind of what took hold of her ex-girlfriend.

The time is coming.

"Oh, shut up, would you?" Faye snapped aloud. She was sweating profusely and felt somewhat faint, and wondered if this is what an addict felt like when going through withdrawal.

A text illuminated the screen in her other hand: *Faye, pls tell me where you are. I don't want you to be alone for this*

Anger boiled in her bones, seeping into her marrow so that it spread around her body like poison. Kira lost the right to care about her; she lost the right to protect her, to text her, to touch her. Without thinking, Faye swung her fist at the bark and watched, stunned, as it plummeted to the ground, thudding so aggressively that she lost her footing and fell alongside it.

Laying on her back, Faye stared up at the night sky, dotted sporadically with stars encompassing a slowly reddening moon. She had been young, not even pubescent, when the moon had granted her her gifts. When it had revealed itself to be more than just a satellite, but rather an entity. Some even argue a deity.

With magic fizzing at her fingertips, Faye couldn't shake the thought that it yearned for destruction. For retribution, even. It had been watching as humans evolved, repopulated and subsequently destroyed the planet it vowed to protect. She could feel it deep within her, in the same place that her powers lay, that the moon was angry too.

She wasn't sure how much longer she'd be able to hold it in.

16th May 2022, 3:36am - Kira

Kira hated coming back here - she hated the smell, she hated the dark, and she hated that this was the last place she'd seen Faye before the accident. So of course, this is where she would end up, almost a year later, trying to find her ex-girlfriend before she lost herself to lunacy.

This was the first time Faye was experiencing a full eclipse since being gifted, and Kira knew better than anyone how no matter how much you fought to keep control that, in the end, they would always win.

It had taken her hours to get here; she'd called Faye profusely, to no avail. They hadn't spoken once since Kira's solar eclipse - since she sunspotted. Thankfully it was only a partial one, but it was still enough for her to lose control of her sun-given abilities and set this place ablaze.

She'd watched in sickening delight as bluish flames poured from her fingertips, like water trickling down her knuckles in the shower. It looked so natural, as if her hands were made for fire to be held within them. There was no other way of describing the feeling other than pure and unfiltered ecstasy. It was like realising you'd been asleep your whole existence, and suddenly you were given a taste of what life could really offer.

And then the eclipse ended, and her sun-kissed thoughts subsided, and there was Faye staring in horror, clutching a forearm that had been so badly burned that Kira refused to believe she'd done it.

Faye had stood by her even though it wasn't safe, even though she'd begged her to go, and the tragic truth of it all was that their love had not been stronger than the sun's pull.

But maybe it was stronger than the moons'.

"Faye! Faye can you hear me?" The only sound that greeted her were twigs snapping beneath her boots. "Please, Faye, just answer-" She was cut off as she thudded swiftly to the ground, and two shoes stood either side of her body.

"The solar witch, I'm guessing."

Kira knew that voice, and she also knew that when she flipped onto her back to stare up at him, that he would be inevitably smirking down at her. "Hugo, how you been? Killed many witches? Or are you still shit at that?"

He kicked sharply in her abdomen and Kira felt the air rush from her lungs as she heaved. "You think now's the time to be making smartarse comments? When I'm standing over you with a crossbow?"

"You know what they...they say about a guy with a big crossbow?" She looked up at him and winked through her pain, "Overcompensating."

"And you know what they say about lesbian solar witches?" He bent down and balled the hem of her shirt in his fist, forcing her close to his face, "They get to watch their lunar witch die."

16th May 2022, 04:19am - Faye

Obsidian hair was matted to the sides of Faye's face as she watched the moonlight shoot from her palms and into the dirt beneath her. Craters in varying sizes were dotted sporadically in her radius from where she hadn't been able to hold the power in. She felt like she could fly, like she could snap her fingers and watch every tree collapse.

"Faye."

Her head shot up to see Kira standing a few meters away, both hands held up, as if she was guilty. Or scared. Maybe it was both.

"What're you doing here?" Faye hissed, feeling power pulse through her. All the feelings she'd buried about Kira, all the love and hate, was threatening to spill over into the world. The last time she'd seen the girl she loved, she'd been in this exact position, battling against the temptations of the sun and failing miserably. No matter what Faye said or did, nothing could break the trance Kira had been under, and that was when she first accepted that their love was not limitless. That it couldn't save her, or any of the people she ended up burning to cinders that day.

It'd been Kira who helped her understand the changes she was going through. Who told her what it meant to be a witch, that she could cast in the sunlight and Faye could cast in the moonlight - when the two of them were bound, they made a twilight so beautiful Faye had been sure that Kira would be the girl she'd marry.

The cost of these gifts, however, was that power was blinding. The eclipses were a phenomenon, a time when the sun and moon aligned, and in those moments they fed off of each other's powers and created a surge in energy so huge that it channelled through Faye now, begging to be let out. She'd seen what had happened when Kira had let it out, and she couldn't allow that.

"You can control this." She said slowly, tucking a strawberry blonde strand behind her ear as she took a hesitant step towards her. "Please, Faye, it's almost over. You've almost done it."

"I...I can't," Faye cried, and just as she did she watched light fire from her fingers, causing Kira to jump back instinctually. "You need to leave."

"You didn't leave me." Kira said loudly, and this time with a newfound confidence she bounded towards Faye and wrapped the girl in her arms.

"No, no, you need to go...go now, Kira, please, please I'm begging you to go." She buried her face in Kira's shoulder, taking in the familiar scent of vanilla that she'd loved so much, even when they were kids.

"I'm not leaving you." She said, pulling back and locking eyes with her. The two of them stared at each other, and in that moment Faye let down the barriers she'd built up and told her, without saying a word, that if Kira didn't leave now she would die with Faye.

Kira smiled, shook her head once, and kissed her.

It was at that same moment that Faye felt something pierce her chest, and watched as the light on her hands began to slowly dim. An arrow had sliced through Kira's back and slid into Faye, and she watched as blood bloomed around the fresh wounds.

"Kira." Faye whispered, but it was a full sentence. It was all she needed to say, all she wanted to say, and Kira understood exactly what she meant.

As the moon entered its total eclipse, Faye's light finally went out.

16th May 2022, 04:30am - Hugo

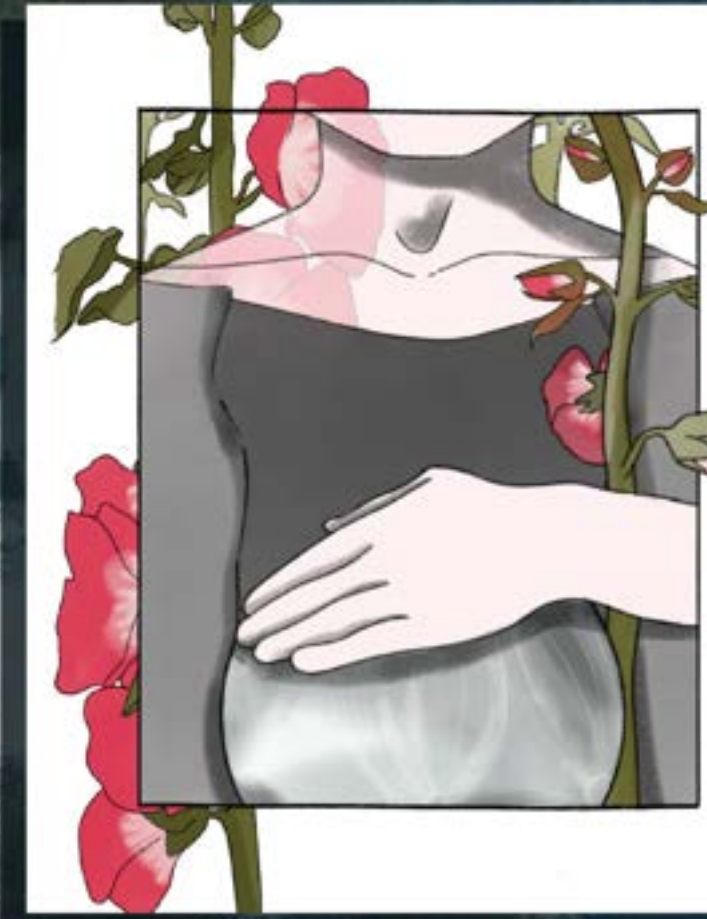
The crossbow quivered in his hand, still held up in aim at the two girls who were now bound by one point. He watched as they folded to the ground awkwardly, still embracing one another. The colourless light that had been emitting from the lunar witch slowly died out, and now there was nothing but a silence so thick it threatened to smother him.

Hugo had believed it would feel good to rid the world of people like them. That he was doing his service to this country by keeping it safe. No one should be able to do what they could do, but there didn't seem to be anyone who could stop them. And yet despite that, the nausea in his stomach swirled relentlessly, accompanied by the familiar metallic taste of guilt.

Kira had asked him a kindness, had asked to be allowed to die in the arms of someone she loved, had known that there was no hope for the lunar witch to survive such an astrological phenomenon. He never understood why the eclipses made them lose their minds, but he didn't care to find out.

He and his younger sister, Clara, had been in these very woods that day. The day the ginger girl exploded with flames, the day he realised witches weren't a thing of myth, the day his sister died screaming as she was charred. He had made a promise to her that he would find the thing that did this to her and ensure it could never do it again.

His sister had died in the arms of someone she loved, so he only thought it fair to allow the witch the same virtue.



On one side, illustration of a body with a "pregnant" belly, that looks like a moon. Growing around them are hollyhocks.



MOTHER'S MOON

May's moon peaks on the evening of the 15th.

The name originates from Old English, but May's moon has other monikers, Planting Moon (Cherokee), Flower Moon (unknown origin) or Hare Moon (Medieval English) to name a few.

MARA · AVOZH

On the other side is a title: 'Mother's Moon', and then a paragraph laying out some of the names used for May's moon, including 'Planting Moon,' 'Flower Moon,' and 'Hare Moon'.

Tobi the Kid

I was thinking about the title of the zine MOONQUAKE as well as the relationship between the earth and the moon and it reminded me of sisterhood and relationships where people are so alike but so unique in their own properties and mannerisms.



『 A love that never lacks 』

Alexandria

"THE EXPLORATION AND USE OF THE MOON SHALL BE THE PROVINCE OF ALL MANKIND AND SHALL BE CARRIED OUT FOR THE BENEFIT AND IN THE INTERESTS OF ALL COUNTRIES, OF THEIR DEGREE OR SCIENTIFIC OR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT, DUE REGARD BE PAID TO THE INTERESTS OF PRESENT GENERATIONS AS WELL AS TO THE NEED TO PROMOTE HIGHER STANDARDS OF LIVING AND CONDITIONS OF ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE CHARTER OF THE UNITED NATIONS."

[ARTICLE 11, MOON AGREEMENT, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1979] WHY DO WE UNDERSTAND THE MOON AS SOMETHING THAT CAN BE OWNED? SHOULD WE OWN THE MOON? WE DON'T OWN THE EARTH, WE ARE ONLY TEMPORARILY HERE. WE ARE BORROWING FROM FUTURE GENERATIONS AND WE ARE BEING TOO GREEDY, WE TAKE TOO MUCH, WE CONSUME TOO MUCH, WE OWE TOO MUCH. OWNERSHIP OF BOTH PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY IS A MECHANISM OF CONTROL. WHAT INEQUALITIES ARE UPHOLD BY OWNERSHIP? WHAT HUMAN RIGHTS ARE NOT EVENLY DISTRIBUTED BECAUSE OF OWNERSHIP OF IDEAS? BE CAUTIOUS OF THOSE WHO SAY THAT THEY CAN HELP EVERYONE. THE DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS [UNITED NATIONS, PARIS, DECEMBER 10, 1948] HAS BEEN USED TO JUSTIFY IMPERIALISM, VIOLENCE AND MORE HARMFUL ACTIONS. WE CAN'T EVEN TAKE CARE OF THE EARTH FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS, WE DO NOT BELONG ON THE MOON AND WE DO NOT OWN THE MOON.



THE METAVERSE IS THE NEXT EVOLUTION OF SOCIAL CONNECTION. IT'S A COLLECTIVE
PROJECT THAT WILL BE CREATED BY PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD, AND OPEN TO
EVERYONE. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SOCIALIZE, LEARN, COLLABORATE AND PLAY IN
WAYS THAT GO BEYOND WHAT'S POSSIBLE TODAY. WELCOME TO THE NEXT
CHAPTER OF DIGITAL CONNECTION. [META AN TWITTER, OCTOBER 27, 2021]

WELCOME? WELCOME?! WHO IS WELCOME? WHO IS NOT? WELCOME? WHY NOT?
AM I WELCOME? ARE YOU? WILL I BELONG? HAVE I EVER BEEN WELCOME?
WILL THIS BE A PLACE OF BELONGING OR A PLACE TO DOMINATE? WILL
THERE BE BORDERS? BORDERS ARE A KEY METHOD FOR LABOUR
CONTROL WHO WILL BE IN CONTROL? WHO WILL BE CONTROLLED?
WHO WILL BE OWNED? BY WHOM? IF THERE IS NO LIMIT TO LAND,
WHAT WILL BE COMMODIFIED? DIGITAL LABOUR? TIME? WHAT
ABOUT THE PEOPLE THAT WILL NEED TO WORK IN REAL LIFE TO
MAKE THE METAVERSE POSSIBLE? ARE WE ALL WELCOME
WHO IS WELCOMING WHOM?
IS THIS ANOTHER DIGITA
TECHNOLOGY THAT WON
SAVE US? IF THIS IS
"CREATED BY
PEOPLE ALL OVER
THE WORLD," IT
WILL REFLECT
THE WORLD, IT
WILL CONDENSE
THE WORLD, IT
WILL ABSTRACT,
APPROPRIATE, DISTORT
AND REDUCE. WHO IS
NOT REPRESENTED? HOW CAN
WE BE REPRESENTED? WHO WILL
DECIDE? "WHAT MIGHT WE BUILD TOMORROW?" GLINDS VS TO
"THE QUESTIONS OF OUR OWN RESPONSIBILITIES FOR WHAT
WE BUILT YESTERDAY (CAN YOU HEAR WHO BUILT
"YESTERDAY" WHO WILL BUILD THE FUTURE) WHOSE
VISION OF THE FUTURE IS THIS?"



WHO BELONGS IN THE FUTURE?
WHO OWNS THE FUTURE?



S.A. Bákàrè

The moon as an anchor during an existential crisis

In the short time I have lived this life, I often wonder how cosmic timing has led us here.

Here? Well here usually depends on what has provoked the latest existential crisis.

In 2020, it was the unexpected pandemic that forced me to re-evaluate what it means to rest in a society that has been conditioned to hustle. A rabbit hole that allowed me to explore purpose and (lack of) choice. This opened the can of worms that are social disparities before I pulled myself out.

By the summer, the reignited Black Lives Matter movement had me questioning change. The sustainability of a movement. The effectiveness of social media. The consequences of individualism. The violence and pain that comes with legitimisation. The cycle of outrage.

In 2021, the world was on fire. Climate issue after climate issue was reported. The UK government was called out for their inaction towards its rising air pollution problem. Most of the British public turned their backs to Insulate Britain. I was convinced the world was doomed. In the same year, the public debate on transgender issues had me losing faith in our ability to progress as a collective.

Through these times of distress, when life feels uncertain I know I can find comfort in the moon.

The moon represents the rhythm of time. Constantly waxing and waning. Yet steady and assertive. A reminder that change and discomfort is natural. That life is multifaceted, complex and beyond the binary that we are taught. Despite the countless issues that had me spiralling, life was simultaneously thriving, resisting, evolving and existing.

During moments of hopeless ruminations, I acknowledge the moon's simple existence is enough.

So our existence is enough. My existence is enough.





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