

# **PARASELENE**

**MOON PRESS ISSUE 12**

# EDITOR'S NOTE

BY LUX

Paraselenae are moonlike optical illusions, also called moon dogs, or mock moons. They resemble one, or most commonly, two bright spots in a "lunar halo", a feigned orbit around the moon. A paraselene occurs when moonlight passes through ice crystals in the upper atmosphere and fractures, warping and coalescing into two moonlike parodies; lesser luminaries that appear as the moon's playful companions.



Figure 1: Example of Paraselene

Issue 12 of Moon Press examines the connections between humour and the moon – specifically, how humour may be used as a tool for disruption, provocation and agitation. In this issue, writers, artists and performers examine everything from the etymological roots of “lunacy” and the moon’s intrinsic silliness to the role of humour within internet culture, social media and cinema.

## PROXIMITY & DISTANCE

Life is a tragedy when seen in close-up, but a comedy in long-shot, as Mami Kataoka unravels in the introduction of the publication ‘Laughing in a Foreign Language’<sup>2</sup>. Humour, in other words, “depends on maintaining a certain distance.”

<sup>2</sup> M. Kataoka, *Laughing in a Foreign Language*, Hayward Publishing, London, 2008, p.9.

Humour is all about proximity. The mechanisms of *funny* often hinge on how intimate or removed we feel from a situation or person, on how closely we empathise with or reject certain observations or archetypes. Skillful humour can take an experience and pinch-zoom in and out of it, thumb and finger coaxing forth any underlying absurdity. In terms of affect, memes succeed when they spark a punctum of non-verbal recognition within the viewer.\*

kayxastra

The moon is a suitable vehicle for humour because of its apparent proximity to the earth. Yet this closeness is entirely reliant on perception, as anyone intimate enough with the heavy swell of a harvest moon will know. Whilst the moon may appear and feel close to us, it is simultaneously unknowable and

measurably distant, as [Ilhana Vis](#) explores. Proximity is too easily and often mistaken for intimacy, especially within the pockmarked surfaces of the internet.

## MOON AS CHARACTER

[Leila/Paykubi](#)

As a character, the moon is well known for being a little silly, a little quirky, a little unstable\*. 🤪  
The original thembo, if you will. When we think of the moon, we may think of sub/culturally specific archetypes - the clown, the trans masc werewolf<sup>3</sup>, the crazed fan. In terms of character comedy, the moon is extraordinarily well-written and wears many faces.\*

3 Alpha, please

[Megan Prescott](#)

Despite the diversity of light projected onto it, there is one face that the moon does not wear, and that is happiness. If the moon were a meme - as [Teelay](#) explores - it would be Feel Like Pure Shit Just Want Her Back x<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> <https://knowyourmeme.com/memes/feel-like-pure-shit-just-want-her-back-x>

Happy people are rarely very funny without the application of satire, in the same way that being a comedian is an ultimately tragic and lonely occupation. This is good because a lot of comedians overly rely on the conditions of being a comedian for material, in a Hamlet-esque tragedy of spiralling selfcest.

The moon is a comedian - it teases strong reactions out of us, has a historically shifting relationship to capital<sup>5</sup>, is generally unseen during the day but knows exactly how and when to make an entrance and light up a room. It would probably drink a lot before a show.

<sup>5</sup> A. Sparkly Kat, *Postcolonial Astrology*, North Atlantic Books, Berkeley, California, USA, p.52.

Moon dogs act as camp parodies of the moon. (Formation through ice crystal refraction? Suspiciously fruity). And yet the moon itself is bound up in systems of parody. As [Perna Subramanian](#) points out, the moon in fact has no light of its own, but is a master of reflection.

## PARODY & REFLECTION

The sharpest of observational comedians reflect our own realities back at us. More than that, by doing so they highlight the absurdities of everyday phenomena in a way that reframes our experience of reality.

In 'Comedy Copy-Cats: Chinese Media's Appropriation of Hong Kong Comedy Film', [Kaitlin Hao](#) describes the cultural specificity of *moleitau* humour – "a type of nonsensical, non sequitur comedy synonymous with the martial arts-comedy films of twentieth-century Hong Kong", since appropriated by Chinese media and popularised by Douyin stars such as Wang Qiye. Hallmarks of Wang Qiye's videos have become international TikTok trends, such as the infamous baguette sword fight dance. International viewers may recognise and enjoy the surreality of *moleitau* humour whilst being unable to fully understand it.

"Why ought we identify the cultural specificity of something as universal as outrageous humor?" Hao questions, before exploring how *moleitau* conceals and operates around "a grim power imbalance between China and Hong Kong", and how "the nonsensicality of *moleitau* humor is a reflection of Hong Kong's absurd political situation as a territory perpetually denied agency: a British colony handed back over to China without consideration of the Hong Kong citizen's feelings or needs".

Comedy is never neutral, never universal. Humour is culturally and contextually specific, with the potential to be appropriated, misused and misinterpreted. For all that it brings joy, comedy may also bring immense or insidious harm.

## UNRAVELLING VIRALITY

In this issue, several writers explore their own relationships to TikTok. TikTok is a platform that relies on refractory methods of humour, whose algorithm is built upon mechanics of virality that are anything but neutral. As [Lil Kalish](#) examines, the spiralling mimesis of TikTok allows digital blackface to thrive whilst simultaneously suppressing the work of Black creators. [Sapphire McIntosh](#) also explores this issue, describing how viral dances originally made by Black creators are stolen and popularised by white creators without credit or compensation. "This matters," she says, "because viral can sometimes mean capital."

Whilst the highly addictive nature of TikTok is acknowledged by all writers, [Alexis Meshida's](#) work in particular addresses the unhinged nature of content consumption, how the app encourages us to make a spectacle of ourselves, and how the politics of viewership and performance are especially fraught for trans women of colour.

Structural change to TikTok is dependent on societal change, Kalish concludes. "How might we think about what humor is outside of racialized mimicry? I have to imagine the end of capitalism, white supremacy, the abolition of prisons, the repatriation of stolen land, art, and keepsakes, the decentralization of the internet, the acknowledgment and valuation of Black life – and the downfall of white dude bro comedians... Nevertheless, I keep scrolling..."

I laugh and get lost and lose an hour between sentences.”

Scrolling becomes a kind of spiralling, a haptic feedback system that both sustains and starves itself. Just one more, and then another, and then another. The resting body becomes something restless whilst spiralling, something strained.



“Spiralling” takes on an entirely new meaning on social media, and memes worm their way out of the cracks. In Rea McNamara’s work, kpop copy-pasta – a specific genre of text-based meme humour – goes viral, becoming increasingly unhinged in the process until the lyrics are robbed of their original meaning and reinscribed with, amongst other things, a loosely disguised call for class warfare.<sup>6</sup>

The landscape of social media can be overwhelming. Charm Torres describes the “snowballing” of information sharing online as reflecting “the erratic, changeable, and fluctuating trends of the Moon’s phases. And at its core, the driving force for all this exchange is intimacy.”

Social media accelerates connection. It both hinders and spawns collectivity, whilst breeding the illusion of pre-emptive intimacy. As Torres explores, “The Moon represents the gathering of the people. Abū Ma’shar al-Balkhi (787–886), a Persian Muslim astrologer of the 9th Century AD, describes the Moon as ‘...suitable in every affair, craving joy, and beauty of character, and being praised’<sup>7,8</sup>.”

<sup>6</sup> [PerspectiveFit5869]. (2022, 6th Nov). *Jopping; a Loosely Disguised Call to Class Warfare*. Reddit. [https://www.reddit.com/r/kpooheads/comments/yo5cf5/jopping\\_a\\_loosely\\_disguised\\_call\\_to\\_class\\_warfare/](https://www.reddit.com/r/kpooheads/comments/yo5cf5/jopping_a_loosely_disguised_call_to_class_warfare/)

<sup>7</sup> Same  
<sup>8</sup> C. Obert, *The Classical Seven Planets: Source Texts and Meaning*, Almuten Press, Minnesota, USA, 2020, p.47

# CUTIE SEXY FUNNY

Funny people *need* attention. It's often why they cultivate their funniness. This is why gay people are often very funny, and why deeply traumatised people make the best meme pages<sup>9</sup>. There's a kind of desperation to being funny, a fervent and relentless desire for validation that feels more than a little kinky. This is the part where I explain that the moon is a power bottom with a massive praise kink.<sup>10</sup>

Gauri B

Funny people are sexy too, by default\*. The only exception to this is if they are men.

Stand-up is the ultimate cry for attention<sup>11</sup>. What could be more beautiful and terrifying than walking into a room of people and demanding their applause based on a few words? The ever-present potential for failure just adds to the addictive psychological high. A little flutter high up in the chest, a nervous tingle through the soles of the feet just to remind us that we're alive.

Alice Sparkly Kat describes how "The Moon rules the body. When we talk about the astrological Moon, we often talk about sensations, about emotions, and about feeling. But humor lives in the body. Discussing the Moon without humor is like believing that a map of a place represents the whole place."

Whether we are looking at our phone or a stage or our friends' faces, the act of laughing roots us in our body.

<sup>9</sup> Disclaimer: author is not legally viable for comment. Author has met many painfully unfunny gay people as well as meme creators with no discernable sources of trauma.

<sup>10</sup> Disclaimer: author has no proof of the moon's sexual preferences or kink proclivities

<sup>11</sup> a Leo is writing this



# UNHINGED & QUIVERING

Helpless belly chuckles, a toenail-curling ache of cringe – laughter makes our bodies real and fluid and heaving.

To quote Mami Kataoka again, “The fluidity created by laughter has the effect of slightly unravelling complexly intertwining threads of reality and thus creating a new line of development.”<sup>12</sup>

Maria Munir

Laughter unhinges us\*, derails us. It distracts us from the productive thing that we were doing a moment ago and makes us act loosely and recklessly.

<sup>12</sup> M. Kataoka, *Laughing in a Foreign Language*, Hayward Publishing, London, 2008, p.16.

Firpal Jawanda

The moon is a performer, a sexy person, a beautifully textured unfurling thing\*. It is the act of falling, or spiralling, or scrolling, of pinching a screen and zooming out on hundreds upon hundreds of slightly different screenshots. The moon is an optical illusion with one silver thread hanging loose.

When we walk out on stage and steel ourselves – back sweating, fingers clenched – we are framed between two bright lights of equal distance.

# HUMOUR AND THE MOON

**BY ALICE SPARKLY KAT**

When I was a teenager, I was a DBSK stan. In an interview about child rearing, Kim Jaejoong (Sag Moon) said that he would only have one expectation for any child that he had: be funny.

To this day, I think that Jaejoong is right. It is much better to raise a child to be funny than to raise them to be smart or hardworking. If you can find it within yourself to be funny, then your chances for survival will increase substantially, possibly more so than if you are smart or disciplined. Most parents want their children to survive. Raise your kids to be funny.

The Moon rules the body. When we talk about the astrological Moon, we often talk about sensations, about emotions, and about feeling. But humor lives in the body. Discussing the Moon without humor is like believing that a map of a place represents the whole place. Discussing emotions without tears, without chills, and without laughter is like acting like the blueprints for your building is a satisfying depiction of home. A map or blueprint may tell you where the roads or pipes are but they will not tell you why you enjoy your home or what life lives on the land.

The Moon is what makes you funny! It describes the things that make you laugh, the things that make you lament, and the things that make you squirm. The Moon is horny and funny. It is full of sentiment and feeling. This is the embarrassing truth about the Moon—that it is unabashedly and painfully alive.

Here are some delineations about each Moon sign and its relationship to humor. I hope that this encourages you to be funny. It will help you survive better.

## MOON IN ARIES

There is no looseness with humor here. Moon in Aries loves pointed humor. They may enjoy it when their friends start goofing around senselessly but, when they initiate a joke, they usually prefer to do it in a way that makes a statement about something. They are willing to tell the same joke twice if their statement requires repeating but not any more than that. This is because they will have already thought of a different joke by that point.

Moon in Aries isn't afraid of provocation in humor. They will say things to provoke and they expect satire to jab you where you feel it. This is a fiercely vulnerable Moon. They hide nothing and they do not expect you to either. They may laugh directly at you but they expect that you will join in on the fun when they do.

## MOON IN TAURUS

A big part of why Moon in Taurus is so charismatic is because they are able to laugh wholeheartedly at your jokes. They see the humor in life and they strive to amplify it. They notice when you make a joke and when they laugh they are being sincere. No one is afraid of having some fun with Moon in Taurus because they know that, should a joke fail to land, Moon in Taurus will recognize the potential of the joke and guide it into fruition.

Moon in Taurus is funny through collaboration. When you don't notice their joke, they will make it known to you. "Did you not notice that I was making a joke?" Moon in Taurus is willing to and expects any company to be able to sit in their humor to enjoy it to its fullest potential. It doesn't allow life to go wasted.

## MOON IN GEMINI

Often, Moon in Gemini makes jokes that are impossible to respond to. They say absolutely wild things. Should you laugh? Should you groan? Grimace? Shake your head? None of these are the correct responses. What Moon in Gemini wants is for you to say something witty back.

Because Moon in Gemini tends to angle their humor so that nothing provokes a full body response, they expect that another person will continue their line of questioning the world. They know how to build conversation through wit. Once started, banter feels like a challenge where both parties attempt to outsmart the other. The humor is redirected into the response until Moon in Gemini, getting bored, decides to drop it and to move onto a more interesting topic. They love the ones who can invigorate a dead conversation through making remarkable observations.

## MOON IN CANCER

This is one of the funniest signs. They have a way of being funny without seeming to be trying to be funny. Moon in Cancer is flexible enough to turn a jab at something else into a jab at themselves whenever this becomes necessary. The purpose for humor, for Moon in Cancer, is to create comfort. This allows them to be with harsh emotions and to pull strangers in closer until they, too, are familiar.

This is also why Moon in Cancer doesn't usually try to aim for the most provocative or daunting zinger. They are not trying to stand out or to create division. Moon in Cancer has an innate belief that laughing together will bring people together and they look for the jokes that a majority of people can laugh at. There is a feeling of being in on something when you laugh with a Cancer Moon. Moon in Cancer does look for catharsis. They are not satisfied with quippy comebacks or collaborative snark. They want to make you laugh so hard that you cry.

## MOON IN LEO

This is a childlike Moon that feels really young at heart. They find pride in being able to find things that the five year old version of themselves found funny as an adult. Because their heart is childlike, they will always enjoy a good poop joke every now and then. It is okay to get juvenile with Leo Moon and there's no pressure to make artful jokes or deliberate layering. They'll laugh out loud in appreciation as soon as they realize that you are attempting humor with them.

What makes Moon in Leo so funny is that they are very good at encouraging other people to be funny around them. They know that one is more likely to be funny when the people around them are funny. To put it simply, Moon in Leo makes you willing to be yourself and they give you love when you express that self. You don't worry too much about being taken too seriously around them.

## MOON IN VIRGO

Moon in Virgo makes you pay attention. It's not bothered if you miss the joke. It won't make big claims or repeat things. It's humor is in its very slight and often subtle gestures—a quick movement of the eyes at just the right time, an object being handed to you almost as though the action were choreographed, or a quick point to something in the room.

If the joke goes over your head, Moon in Virgo isn't bothered and will not pursue it. It expects that its humor will not be for everyone and it aims for those who are like minded. Moon in Virgo also does not usually like to build humor up in long stages. It prefers to make smart and quick reactions to the ongoing state of affairs and is perfectly capable of making many people laugh with just a quick word. They are very good at puns and efficient with their tools when attempting to be funny.

## MOON IN LIBRA

How funny Moon in Libra is will depend on how funny you think they are. It's like they can sense it. If you think that they are a verifiable clown, then they will behave as one. If you think that they have a dry wit, then they will deliver this to you. If you think that they are a humorless husk of a being, then they will not entertain you. Why should they? They can tell if you do not like them very much.

This is because Moon in Libra watches for signals. They will amplify the charm and humor when they are invited into it. They will diminish it when they are asked for more refinement. They will engage in dry sarcasm readily but also fall into a frenzy of laughter when they sense that you want to laugh like kids do. This is when Moon in Libra likes you. They have the power to make any social situation funny. If they do not like you, however, they will make you think that not only are they unfunny but that you, yourself, are too when you are with them.

## MOON IN SCORPIO

What's funny about Moon in Scorpio is that they usually think themselves to be much less funny than they actually are. Here's what I'm talking about—a Moon in Scorpio has two types of jokes. Unscripted jokes and scripted jokes. They will put the most effort into delivering their scripted jokes. However, it's their unscripted jokes that are the funniest.

Unscripted humor from a Moon in Scorpio comes out right at the moments when it seems like no humor is possible. Something incredibly dark occurs. You and your Scorpio Moon friend are talking about the rise of fascism. Then, when observing the absurdity of the situation, Scorpio Moon lets out a huge guffaw. The world is suddenly reanimated in humor. It's not that Scorpio Moon has a sense of dark humor exactly—to say that would mean that they emulate dark situations as a gag. They do not do this. What they do is they create a sense of life when everyone feels dead.

## MOON IN SAGITTARIUS

Moon in Sagittarius humor is outlandish. They will take a mundane situation and exaggerate it until it becomes comical. If they lose a board game, they will portray their demise like a general who has succumbed to a war. They make everything bigger and more dramatic so that it is easier to laugh at them. If they offer themselves up as targets for taking a joke, then they will exaggerate their own faults and flaws so that they really give you something to laugh at.

As with all fire Moons, Sagittarius Moon likes to be prodded at a bit. Being made fun of with the right people feels like the type of direct attention that they just love to be tickled with. As long as you are paying attention to their signals, feel free to clown them. It will make them put up a show, re-enacting scenes that show off the very thing that you find funny about them.

## MOON IN CAPRICORN

Dry with a focus on deprecating the self. Moon in Capricorn is not afraid to appear quite wretched or to goad you into laughing at them for it. They do this because they feel constrained when they must take themselves too seriously. This is also why it will be hard to tell just how funny a Moon in Capricorn truly is until you are close to them. They need to know that you are truly laughing with them when they use their own identities or feelings to make a situation more humorous.

Getting a laugh out of Moon in Capricorn is a treat. They usually respond to zingers with a quiet appreciation and by following it up with one of their own. Usually, they do not show their love for humor by simply laughing almost as though they are attempting to hold onto or control an otherwise cathartic outburst. Their grip on the strand of humor means that they let it out artfully rather than allowing things to erupt. Humor is a pressure that they do not let rip too soon. In this way, they are able to keep a humorous conversation going for a long time.

## MOON IN AQUARIUS

Moon in Aquarius, like Moon in Capricorn, is also quite dry but with less of a focus on desecrating the self and more of a focus on pointing to the absurdity of the wider context. They may also say provocative things but always with a caveat that allows them to get out of making too strong or obvious of a point. Their favorite thing to do is to say things that are very inappropriate to the social context that they are in and make everyone in the room question why that statement felt so very embarrassing to hear.

Their jokes tend to land best when they are confident. This is a fixed sign and signs of faltering in the middle of a joke doesn't work well with their nature. They tend to build their jokes up in layers with consistency and patience. Moon in Aquarius puts their own being into their humor and this requires persistence.

## MOON IN PISCES

This is an absurd Moon. It is constantly bewildered at everything and, so, can find humor in anything. They tend to see the world through large patterns and it's these patterns that generate the most humor for them. Often, Moon in Pisces has a high attuned humor and they can be picky about how funny something truly is.

The best way to share a laugh with a Moon in Pisces is to present them with a random shape and to ask them for their opinion on it. Pick a surprising shape, maybe a shape in a map that doesn't look like it should be there. Moon in Pisces has an associative imagination. They will not inquire about the shape too closely and they will make some startling observations through free association. The shape might seem pathetic to them or very crass. Never ask them why.





**WHY  
ARE  
FUNNY  
PEOPLE  
SO  
SEXY ?**





## BY GAURI B

Credit photos:  
Clara Miller, Instagram @35.mmbyclara

At its root, humor is inextricably linked to honesty. "It's funny because it's true." Funny people can say the ugly truth in its rawest, horrific, dirtiest form and yet fascinatingly break the tension bound to accompany the truth and replace it with laughter and lightheartedness. And that is incredibly sexy.

Funny people can strip down to their most vulnerable thoughts and reveal a deep truth about themselves and society in a way that makes you laugh, at first. Then they make you reflect, and maybe even accept. Whether it is a tragedy that happened to you or trauma that you knowingly or unknowingly inflicted on others. Funny people are intelligent. And intelligence is sexy.



# COMEDY COPY-CATS: CHINESE MEDIA'S APPROPRIATION OF HONG KONG COMEDY FILM

BY KAITLIN HAO

A slender, willowy woman saunters towards the camera in a slinky red dress. In melodic Mandarin Chinese, she delivers a mischievous string of play-on-words. She uses wit and charm to ensnare the men she wants and discard the undesirables, all while looking fabulous. Foreign audiences are entranced by Wang Qiye by the tens of millions. It doesn't matter that they can't understand her jokes that only make sense in Chinese. She draws viewers in with her beauty and makes them laugh with outrageous<sup>1</sup> stunts like a sword-fight with a baguette — executing with a ballerina's exacting grace. Wang Qiye's star is rising on the Chinese social media platform Douyin and TikTok, its international counterpart. Every video is a major production, replete with product advertisements and intricate plots that elicit the joy of the new and outrageous. But whenever her videos slide into my feed, why am I struck by a wave of nostalgia, coupled by twinges of irritation and concern?

<sup>1</sup> Lisa Li (@see-popstar), "Episode 6 | #china #chinese #influencer #socialmedia #popculture #creator #queen," TikTok, September 4, 2022, <https://www.tiktok.com/t/ZTRxKflpr/>.

Many elements of Wang Qiye's videos aren't new to those familiar with Chinese film. The humor of her mismatched props exemplifies the Cantonese term *moleitau*, meaning "without head nor tail." *Moleitau* is a type of nonsensical, non sequitur comedy synonymous with the martial arts-comedy films of twentieth-century Hong Kong that began with the Shaw Brothers in the sixties, the Hui Brothers in the seventies, and Stephen Chow in the nineties.

Mainland Chinese mainstream media's borrowing of *moleitau* is mind-bogglingly brazen. While the appropriation may have begun as individual creative decisions, the involvement of product sponsorship and major online platforms like Douyin, TikTok, and Netflix frame these "homages" as systematic, perhaps state-sanctioned plagiarism. In the Netflix soap opera *Meteor Garden* (2018), a woman turns on the television to a cooking show to prepare a whole chicken, but unbeknownst to her, someone else flips the channel to an exercise class<sup>2</sup>. She proceeds to perform aerobic stretches on the chicken carcass according to the fitness trainer's instructions. Yet again, this scene is recycled content. It first appeared in the 1976 Cantonese film *The Private Eyes* with a male protagonist. Wang Qiye's baguette-sword fight recalls another scene from the same film, where a man uses sausages as nunchucks in a fight scene: itself a nod to *Enter the Dragon* (1973), starring Bruce Lee. She is a mere extension of Hong Kong's self-referential, spoof-of-a-spoof, logical non-logic. To give credit where credit is due, I created my own [TikTok](#) identifying how Wang's videos hinge upon *moleitau* humor. Commenters, however, responded with a pre-existing list of names for over-the-top, nonsensical humor: Dadaism, absurdism, or even camp. Why ought we identify the cultural specificity of something as universal as outrageous humor?

2 Meteor Garden itself is a remake of the 2001 Taiwanese soap opera, also entitled *Meteor Garden*. *Meteor Garden* is the television adaptation of the Japanese manga series *Boys Over Flowers*, which ran from 1992 to 2004.

Educating international audiences about *moleitau* may have an urgent political valence. This lighthearted entertainment conceals a grim power imbalance between China and Hong Kong. Mainland media's absorption of Hong Kong film under the umbrella of "Chinese" cultural production occurs while the Chinese Communist Party simultaneously tightens its political control on the semi-autonomous region of Hong Kong. China's efforts to promote the official dialect of Mandarin has also led to the alleged suppression of Cantonese language on television and social media platforms like Douyin<sup>3</sup>. Social media is another arena for mainland China to subtly push the narrative that Hong Kong is wholly part of China. That said, Hong Kong's historical distance from the Mainland was fundamental to the creation of *moleitau*.

Hong Kong is a port city and a former British colony that saw an economic boom in the 20th century. An influx of Western capital was accompanied by the inflow of Western media and film. Hong Kong filmmaker and actor Michael Hui, the original creator and star of the "exercising chicken" and food-prop fights, cites early Hollywood silent film figures such as Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd as inspiration<sup>4</sup>. Film scholars theorize that the nonsensicality of *moleitau* humor is a reflection of Hong Kong's absurd political situation as a territory perpetually denied agency: a British colony handed back over to China without consideration of the Hong Kong citizen's feelings or needs<sup>5</sup>.

With the transcendent power of humor in mind, I return to the question of mainland China's appropriation of Cantonese humor. Perhaps this borrowing organically and subconsciously germinates from emotional connections and deep admiration, rather than

<sup>3</sup> Xinmei Shen, "TikTok Sibling Douyin Cuts Off Cantonese Live Streams in China Because of 'Unrecognizable Language,'" *South China Morning Post*, October 5, 2022, <https://www.scmp.com/tech/big-tech/article/3194917/tiktok-sibling-douyin-cuts-cantonese-live-streams-china-because>.

<sup>4</sup> King-fai Tam and Sharon R. Wesoky, *Not Just a Laughing Matter: Interdisciplinary Approaches to Political Humor in China* (Singapore: Springer Nature, 2018), 175.

<sup>5</sup> Kin-Yan Szeto, "The Politics of Historiography in Stephen Chow's *Kong Fu Hustle*," *Jump Cut*, no. 47 (Spring 2007), <https://www.ejumpcut.org/archive/jc49.2007/Szeto/text.html>.

desires to assert political power and domination. In the seventies and eighties, mainland China was only emerging from the insular trauma of the Cultural Revolution. Meanwhile, Hong Kong was a glamorous port city with an internationally facing entertainment industry. When previously banned music, television, and film from capitalist territories like Taiwan and Hong Kong reached Mainland shores, they left deep emotional impressions. People could finally openly enjoy what had previously been denied to them. Cultural overlaps and resonances made them feel connected to the rest of the world. Today, *moleitau* elicits a collective nostalgia in Chinese contexts — one of the only forces powerful enough to transcend seemingly irreconcilable political separations.

Wang Qiye's transformative impact on gender equality through *moleitau* must also be considered. Women were often the butt of the joke in the male-dominated Hong Kong film scene throughout the twentieth century. The man was always the heroic anti-hero, who made a relatable fool of himself trying to impress women. When a female character appeared, she was often the old, ugly object of ridicule. Women weren't funny; they were to be laughed at. Wang Qiye's ability to get the better of men while being simultaneously funny, smart, and sexy is a subversive power reversal that should not be overshadowed by political complexities.

International audiences hail Wang Qiye as a queen, icon, and "of the moment" as she speaks to life's absurdities that unite us all. *Moleitau* reflects the postmodern subject's helpless position in the age of late-stage capitalism. Non sequitur comedy is a response to an overly rational society oriented towards technological innovation, relentless production, and consumption of that which appears to be "new." The contradictory and nonsensical

gives us rest from the need to ascribe purpose and function to everything. Yet I couldn't help but ask my viewers for their thoughts on what our fascination with Wang Qiye videos says about our time. Nearly three thousand people agreed with the top comment: "[Gen-Z lives] in a surreal state of not knowing what future (in any) we hold."<sup>6</sup> We will continue to live and laugh under the same moon, as long as it continues to rise.

<sup>6</sup> Kaitlin Hao (@happyendingmessage) "Douyin Trends, Nonsensical Humor, and Their Relationship to Hong Kong Film in the 90s #douyintrend #chinesefilm #stephenchow #hongkong #hongkong90s #filmanalysis #kungfuhustle #dodgingtrend #forgetsloveddown #chinese #tiktok #douyin #douyin\_ #nineties #90s," <https://www.tiktok.com/t/ZTRQdS6VL/>.





## BY LIL KALISH

When the day ends I crawl into bed and open TikTok to see what the world is up to. The algorithm, the brain outside of my own, charts a path of desire. The brain outside my brain serves me videos it knows will satiate me: a murmuration of starlings against an Italian sunset; the television show that is the American high school where students ask each other who they think is the cutest in their grade; something something transmascs in cowboy attire; Heidi Klum as an earthworm. These scenes of a life outside my own are good and nice, they often make me chuckle or feel a sense of kinship with the little people on the screen .

At best, TikTok is a smooth sedative for weary workers like myself, a shiny portal to an elsewhere. Like a Los Angeles weed dispensary, TikTok is a

watering hole for all: unhinged Zoomers, frustrated teachers, moms whose kids have flown the coop, half naked grown men in gray sweatpants slinging their meat, former vine stars, sex workers who call themselves accountants to evade the content mods, and actual accountants alike.

The algorithm seduces me with its infinite mimesis. I embarrassingly drown out hours hunched over on my side, swiping my finger to the next video hungry for more. The expanse of TikTok is more unknowable to us than the dark side of the moon. I'll watch a small sliver of life become reiterated a hundred times over. The corn kid, for example, was just a Black boy named Tariq in New York who liked the taste of summer corn until he was not. Until his words became a pop song, a meme, a greeting, the soundtrack to enthusiasm. "It's corn" became shorthand for whatever you wanted it to mean. It was cute and funny though everyone it seemed wanted a kernel of Tariq and

began speculating about his parents, their motives, the profit margins, the clout, arguing about how Black children should speak.

But of course, because I live in America, I know that when the mimesis of TikTok spirals outward, it will inevitably end in a minstrel show. My outside brain doesn't show me these things often because I have trained it well. But we don't have to see it in front of us to know that TikTok, and its humor, thrives on digital blackface. The app is powered by the bastardization of my family's vernacular, the poor attempts to capture and critique our subtle sway of hips, our turns of fingers and phrase, the contortion of our lips hoping to espouse a gospel.

There was a brief period in 2021 when Black creators struck on TikTok – it was a palpable act of refusal to have their comedic videos and original dances ripped by white creators for monetary gain. I often wonder what it would take to dim the house lights on the online minstrel show, for internet humor to no longer be able to run on unpaid and uncredited Black creations? Was the strike enough to set the gears in motion? What would have to change structurally not just on TikTok but in society as a whole? How might we think about what humor is outside of racialized mimicry? I have to imagine the end of capitalism, white supremacy, the abolition of prisons, the repatriation of stolen land, art, and keepsakes, the decentralization of the internet, the acknowledgment and valuation of Black life – and the downfall of white dude bro comedians.

**IT IS JUST AS LIKELY THAT THE MOON BECOMES UNTETHERED FROM EARTH'S ORBIT BEFORE THAT HAPPENS.**

Nevertheless, I keep scrolling – so much that I get distracted while writing these musings. I laugh and get lost and lose an hour between sentences. I know the brain outside my brain is not my brain no matter how well it might know me. There can be no freedom from it without destroying its gaze, like understanding the moon is not to be photographed. It still grips me. Each video is a panopticon of desire. Each laugh is a dangling hook. I turn over on my side finally and close the app to get ready for rest, ready to dream a new desire path unmarked, and not for sale.

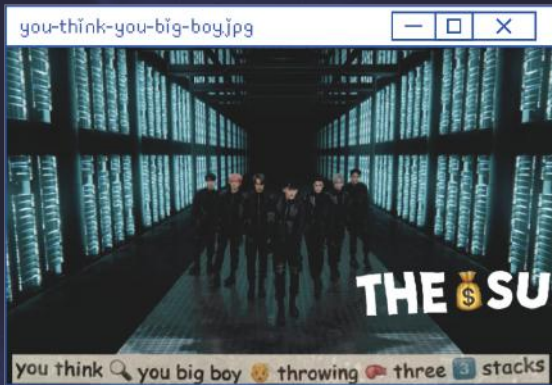
# LADIES AND GENTLEMAN AND BADDIES AND PORSCHEs<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Jopping: a Loosely Dis-  
guised Call to Class Warfare,  
[https://www.reddit.com/r/  
kpooopheads/comments/  
yo5cf5/jopping\\_a\\_loosely  
disguised\\_call\\_to\\_class\\_war-  
fare/](https://www.reddit.com/r/kpooopheads/comments/yo5cf5/jopping_a_loosely_disguised_call_to_class_warfare/)

/unjerk not to mention the thots i don't fuck with /rejerk

## MAY I PRESENT TO YOU MY FINAL PIECE OF EVIDENCE

/uj as to why i rage quit your discord and  
joined a shitposting circlejerk /rj



**IN THE FIRST LINE OF  
THIS STANZA,  
MORKLY IS CLEARLY  
MOCKING**

/uj  
paying over two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand on PCs, video call fan signs,  
and New Age 2 vinyl

## SAYING "OH, YOU THINK YOU'RE

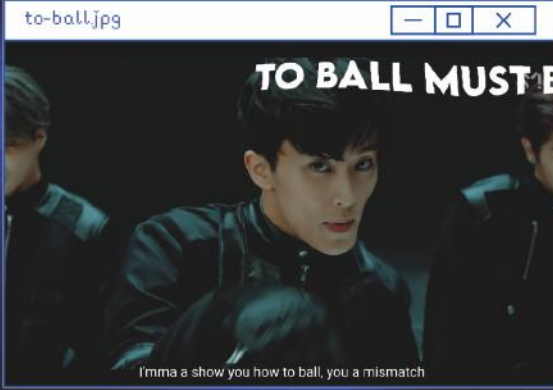
/uj grown-ass

calling this research

k-pop conference paper work-in-progress

Weverse  
bubble  
VLIVE (RIP)

OK, i'll admit  
this just became yet another rage quit



Taemin walked through the dorms and was like,<sup>2</sup> "I'm gonna take that one, take this one..."



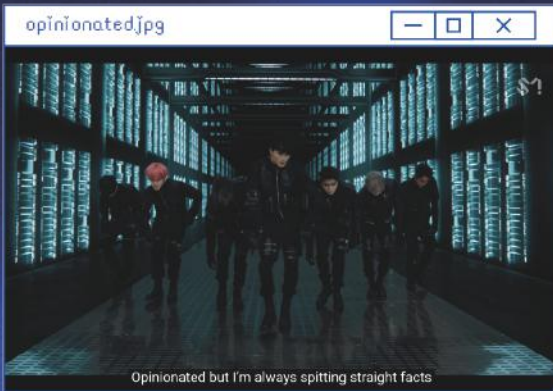
Come for my throat  
see me on the street,  
Mark Lee is the most talented.

**I WILL NOT ELABORATE.**

Like, whoa!



That lyric right there.



/uj of the lengths you go for  
your bias

drove out into the desert at 2  
AM for a 12 hours in a merch  
line

where the hell could i pump

got mastitis

you knew i was still  
breastfeeding!!!

<sup>2</sup> Carolina, Cynthia, Kat, and Terrica, hosts, "Jopping to the Moon." Not Your Average Fangirls (podcast), October 9, 2019, accessed November 16, 2022, <https://www.notyouraveragefangirls.com/podcast/episode/470bffc8/jopping-to-the-moon-or-k-pop-news>.

all for a dad hat

BY MARIA MUNIR

# UNHINGED

28/10/2022 23:53

A MOONOLOGUE



Wassup, moon cakes. I saw you from across the bar (of my window) and really liked your vibe... I thought I should come over and trauma-bond with you over my most vulnerable moments because I think we're a stellar match made in space.



Let's play a game. 🐱

Never have I ever...

1. Spontaneously given my temporary crush an empty box in the middle of a quad and said not to open it because it contained a Higgs Boson particle because their birthday coincided with the discovery of the particle at the Large Hadron Collider?



2. Had a... realisation... courtesy of Luna Lovegood whilst continuing my space rapping career at my secondary school for nerds and don't-wanna-be-nerds thereby inspiring me to make part-time Wizard Rock (Wrock)??



3. Talked to strangers about my Astronomy GCSE 10 years after I did it like it's the space equivalent of going to Oxbridge when it has the opposite of a gravitational effect on anyone worth pulling???

01/11/2022 21:27

To be fair, I knew you wouldn't have done those things because you're not an edgy egomaniac/gemini excuse/lowly earthling. And I haven't done them either, of course. 🙄 Guess I'm just kinda embarrassing... But you must know how it feels?



Let me put myself in your shoes for a second - sorry, moon boots, ugh, I'm so insensitive. But also, by the way, you shouldn't let people walk all over you. 😞

02/11/2022 23:06

You're a goddxxx 🙄



You're this glorious, pendulous orb floating in some desperate planet's sky. People stare at you in awe every night and lose sleep, wishing they could reach you. 🙄 So sincere is our devotion that when our minds burst they say we saw too much of you, we should have averted our gaze from your urgent beauty. 🙄



You cause shipwrecks just by turning the other cheek. 🙄 Entire religions live on another timeline in your honour. And when planets crash with fury and splinter their souls, you pick up the pieces to make yourself whole. 🙄

08/11/2022 22:45



But also, mooning exists? 🤔 How do you handle it if you're the butt of the joke of the entire universe? Is it actually kind of offensive? It probably makes it worse that when people ask kids for the funniest celestial object, they think of a certain planet and not you, even though you've obviously got the best assets 🍑

and you're also funny

I guess you just can't be... phased by things like that.

Also, don't ask me how, but I know you spend a lot of time waxing. Do you think that's why people are so sexist about you? Obviously, I'm not sexist but I only ever get to see one side of you 🤔

especially in the media 🤔

12/11/2022 02:49

Do you think the earth is flat by the way?

Oh, you don't?

Oh... me neither. 🤖 Haha, can you imagine if I came up to you, the moon, and tried to tell you what the earth looks like? 🤔

But to be fair, I don't know if you knew this, but the earth is not actually even perfectly spherical. It's an oblate spheroid. Because of the gravitational pressure. 🤔

16/11/2022 01:04

Fine, I'll ask Siri.



01:36

Centrifugal force... and it... BULGES at the equator? That's fake news. You probably don't have a blue tick because you're just a moon but Elon Musk will probably ban you if you tweet that.

01:54

What do you think about galactical gentrification, by the way? It's everywhere. People talk about star signs these days rather than constellations.

I'm a socialist, but still we should move to another planet. 🌹

But then we'd have to break up, we're not even together yet 🌹👉👈

18/11/2022 01:04

Okay, I can see your interest is waning.

I'm not really that into moons.

I was gonna ask if you wanted to go for a walk, but you seem kinda backward. Bit of a mare, no wonder you're so salty and bitter. Just thought I'd try something new, for science.

I prefer someone with a bit of a sunnier disposition, a bit more warm. You're not even hot. You're not as bright as you seem. You only reflect others. Kinda inauthentic, to be honest.

23/11/2022 21:17

You can no longer message each other.

# THE MOON'S JOY

## LIVING LIFE THROUGH RITUALS OF INTIMACY AND LAUGHTER

BY CHARM TORRES

The Moon's meaning is multidimensional. To look at the Moon is to be naturally polytheistic. What the Moon represents holds so much nuance and changeability throughout history, full of cross-cultural overlaps and contradictions. Depending on your point of entry, the expansive range of the Moon's significations is as boundless and infinite as the deepest part of the night, as countless as the creatures that swim in the still rivers and the volatile oceans.

Maybe you're a poet, and the Moon inspires within you the heartbreak and longing for what you never knew to desire. And so you write about the dark side of the Moon that is never seen, full of mystery and shadows. You're sensitive to the changeable light in the night sky and think, it must mean something more. It's perpetual appearance and disappearance. And so you wax poetic to your lovers about it and listen to music that conveys the nagging heaviness in your chest. You start to notice that you tend to well up with inarticulable emotions

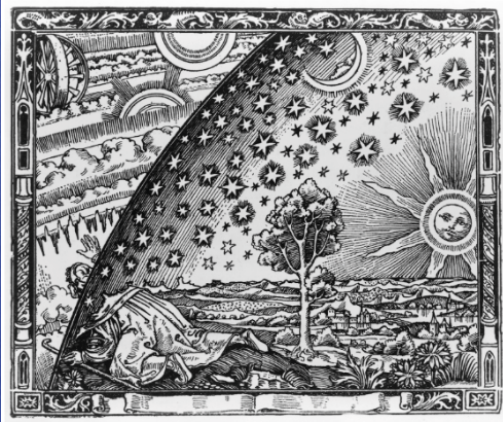
when you see just a sliver of moonlight before it gets dark and wonder why that is.

Perhaps you're a pragmatic and logical scientist. You calculate the time lapse of one lunar phase to the next for the fishmongers, the farmers, the meteorologists, and the deck-side casual crab catchers. An approaching full moon almost always guarantees a bountiful haul, they say. It's science. You measure data and disseminate facts as a master of your scientific paradigm. The Moon provides you with the ebbs and flows of tides, weather patterns, and material consequences of its fluctuating light.

Maybe you're a plant witch and gather forest herbs to make medicine. You cast spells under specific planetary configurations to concoct a tincture or a balm for your friend. So they can show up at the family home, dosed up in your plant medicine, to have hard conversations and say goodbye to their dying grandparent. To support their words and heart, so they may flow with their truth and stay present in their grief. The Moon always mirrors the cycles of birth and death month after month, endlessly throughout the beginning of time. So commonplace you forget that people die. But the Moon reminds you; death is always just behind you.

Or maybe you're a child, out with your neighbours before dinner, playing hide and seek during the late afternoon's magic hour. You find a hiding spot nestled underneath the old tree on the edge of the forest trail. You watch in awe as the low-hanging orange-tinted Moon makes an appearance in the east. And your child self wonders, why is there a Moon when it's not night time yet? But then your sister calls you back home because it's time to wash your hands and eat supper. And so you forget.

figure 1



Description Credit: Wikipedia: The print depicts a man, clothed in a long robe and carrying a staff, who is at the edge of the Earth, where it meets the sky. He kneels down and passes his head, shoulders, and right arm through the star-studded sky, discovering a marvelous realm of circling clouds, fires and suns beyond the heavens. ..The caption that accompanies the engraving in Flammarion's book reads:

A missionary of the Middle Ages tells that he had found the point where the sky and the Earth touch...[1]

Image Credit: Chatelaine.

Maybe you're like me, a Diviner and an Astrologer (see Figure 1). I approach the Moon by studying the celestial sky's motions through time and space. Astrology is ancient myths and stories. It's ancestral veneration and an indigenous practice of presence and reverence. It is a language and a way of believing. It is mathematical, and its reference systems are intellectually sophisticated. Astrology is an Oracle, and I read the omens from above to explain what goes on down below. I dedicate my life to building relationships with planets as a devotional practice. As an interpreter of planetary configurations, it is my task to make connections and meaning to the quality of life as it unfolds in specific slices of time.

In the end, no matter your perspective, the Moon stays unyielding, watching over. In joy and sadness. In life and death. The Moon remains.

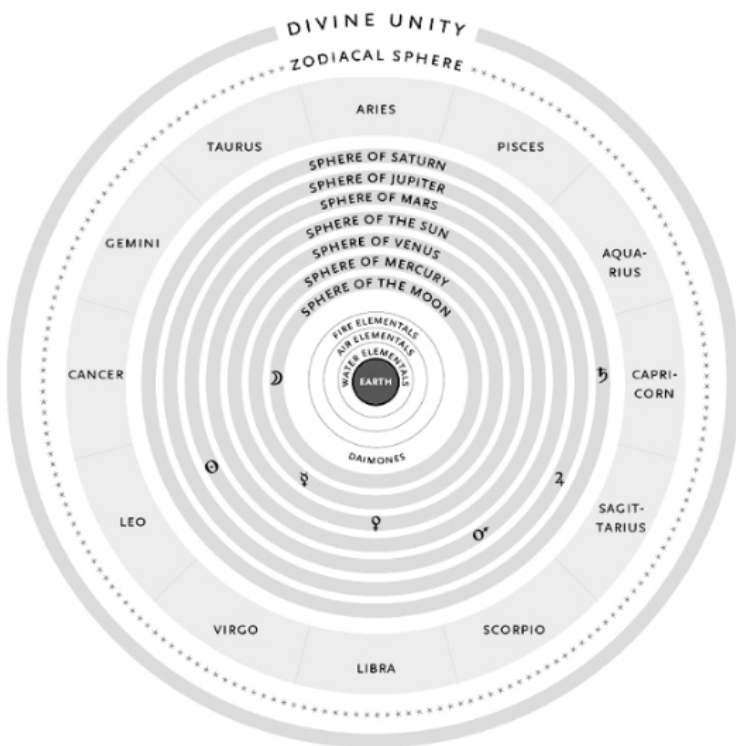


FIGURE 1. DIVINE UNITY & COSMIC HIERARCHY

*The totality of divine unity encompasses the fixed stars (the sphere of the zodiac), the planetary spheres (Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Sun, Venus, Mercury, Moon), the daimones, the sub-lunary elements (the spirits of fire, air, water), and finally, at the very center, earth itself.*

Image Credit: George, D., 2019. *Ancient Astrology In Theory And Practice, A Manual Of Traditional Techniques, Volume One: Assessing Planetary Condition*, Rubedo Press, Auckland, New Zealand.

Thousands of years ago, some of the surviving texts of western astrological schools of thought organized the cosmos according to their perceived divinity of the celestial motions from our perspective on Earth (see *Figure 2*). The seven traditional planets were seen as Wandering Stars, for their movements were erratic and changeable. They slow down or speed up, become invisible under the Sun's beams, fall underneath the western horizon and appear in the east again. The planets were the closest mediators between the Earth and the Fixed Stars, occupying the uppermost sphere in the cosmic hierarchy whose motions showed regularity and, therefore, divinity. Several bands of fixed stars were conceptualized to form the imagery of the zodiacal constellations, the background through which the wandering planets move. Before our current understanding of zodiac signs as mere markers of personality, they were originally seen as «stations for great gods» or the planet's resting place.

The Moon is the closest celestial body to terrestrial life on Earth. It holds relevant significance for our exploration here. But first, I invite you to suspend your understanding of the Moon as being about your natal signature (aka your Moon sign). Let me tell you some things about the Moon:

① The Moon is the luminary leader of the night. The night is void of the Sun's light, where vision requires a heightened application of other felt senses. To move through the night is to be instinctive.

① The Moon is the embodiment and physical manifestation of life on Earth. It is known as the «translator of light» or «transmitter of influence» as it's the fastest moving planet in the sky that touches other planets to convey, transmit, connect, give and receive.

○ The Moon is the birthing of lineages. The actual birthing process. The continuation of generational threads. The Moon is the children, their birth, care, play, and laughter.

○ The Moon has many phases. Its light fluctuates endlessly and swiftly, reflecting the multitudinous nature of its relationship with the Sun. In the sense that the Moon is somatic experiencing, the complex layering of our emotionality shows up in the Moon's ever-changing faces in the sky.

○ The Moon indicates voyages - both in journeys and conversations. The Moon delights in connections and the spreading of the written word. It's bewitching that the Moon Press is so because the Moon is traditionally the patron planet of writers and messengers, often overlooked by the more popular planet, Mercury.

○ The Moon represents the gathering of the people. Abū Ma'shar al-Balkhī (787–886), a Persian Muslim astrologer of the 9th Century AD, describes the Moon as «...suitable in every affair, craving joy, and beauty of character, and being praised.» (Obert, C., 2020, *The Classical Seven Planets: Source Texts and Meaning*, p.47, Almuten Press, Minnesota, USA).

○ For all the above significations, the Moon rejoices in the astrological 3rd house - where it derives most of its meaning of daily life, rituals, communications, proximal and familiar relationships, friendships, local intimacy and routine travels. (Brennan, C., *The Planetary Joys*: <https://www.hellenisticastrology.com/the-planetary-joys.pdf>)

In Astrology, we neatly divide the sky into 12 houses to represent terrestrial life topics. In the 3rd house, as mentioned above, I've attached the social aspect, aka social media, of being on the internet as a 3rd house activity. Social media makes connection fleeting and readily available. It's a great space for initiating, and as Lux has explored, accelerating relationships. For some time now, being a teen in the 90s and

having lived experiences and fond memories of an analogue youth, it's interesting to think of the internet as an actual location for placemaking and a source of belonging. Most of the time, I think of the internet and the snowballing of information sharing that happens within it as reflecting the erratic, changeable, and fluctuating trends of the Moon's phases. And at its core, the driving force for all this exchange is intimacy.

And so the Moon finds its joy in the dwellings of the 3rd house topics of life – which is all about proximal connection. Contrary to common knowledge about the 3rd house's significations as an extension of Gemini and Mercury, the 3rd house infers its topics because this is the place of the Moon's joy.

The Moon at its essence is driven by connection. With its hasty movements, much of it comes from a place of the need to touch base and secure bonds. With the Moon rejoicing in the 3rd house of conversations and storytelling, the Moon's proclivity for merriment can show up as an aspiration towards varying rituals and expressions of humour. Shared laughter, not as a tool of dismissal or deflection, is a portal towards vulnerability. It's so much easier to talk about difficult things and to connect with someone when the grace of humour is present and available. Humour can give way to light-heartedness as a quality of buoyancy, so one can plunge the depths with more comfort and ease.

It's beautiful to me that the Moon in your personal birth charts signifies how you care for and comfort yourself and others. It is the planet that describes your somatic and emotional world. It is receptive and sensitive. It desires closeness in whatever form, no matter how it gets complicated by other astrological configurations.



The intimacy of familiarity is a lunar principle. Depending on how your life is shaped, part of being perpetually online may be about participating in social engagement with strangers, friends and all sorts of people on the internet. Whether you're a diarist or a quiet lurker, you are metaphorically taking up space in that community theatre, so to speak. This speaks to the role parasocial intimacy plays in people's lives. Though this may have been present in the analogue world through our relationships with popular public figures, it remains similar in concept in the digital timeline. However, there is a semblance of immediacy and nearness, more so today than before.

It may be true that the subjects of our affection are within closer reach. Still, parasocial intimacy also paradoxically illustrates the gaping distance between you and the other. But if we inquire from a place of ease in the sharing of our humour, our laughter, our discourse, in the creation of new language, then what does social media offer in terms of feeling a sense of belonging? It's always such a riot for me to think of how the way one communicates online is not always easily translatable to IRL conversations. But the communication styles bleed through the fabric of unvirtual reality nonetheless.

The Moon's intrinsic predisposition towards jovial merriment is a reassuring reminder that criticism and righteous anger are not the only appropriate tools for social change. If the collective of people, which the Moon represents, were more inclined towards an encouraging practice of fierce cultivation of joy, pleasure, humour and connection as part of their activism, then we might have more collective capacity to deal with the harder and more painful things in life.

figure 3



Take, for example, the genre of Reaction Videos. As a relational planetary guide, the Moon delights in the social aspect of conversating and gathering. The Moon is the embodiment of empathy. The genre of Reaction Videos signifies, as Figure 3 suggests, a simulation of intimacy and friendship affirmation. Of being seen and understood. It serves the purpose of multiplying possibilities of excitement and pleasure. Some video reactors do it from a place of intellectual expertise, like a professional choreographer and dancer reacting to your favourite kpop idol's dance prowess. You learn something by watching them unpack their skills and show the slow unfolding of your now-shared affection. This is the genre of sincerity and performance of empathy.

I'm not a regular consumer of reaction videos, but in my occasional bursts of watching them, I often found pleasure in experiencing someone understanding the hype of whatever/whoever I'm excited about. Usually, when I watch them,

it's because I can't share my delight with someone close by or personally known to me. Or I don't have access to people who mirror and multiply the level of enthusiasm that I desire to be reciprocated. Or in my friend's case, for example, they report that watching reaction videos helps them become more thrilled as they normally would be less so on their own. Empathy encourages the development of more emotions and perspectives. This is what the Moon is all about.

Toni Morrison, on storytelling and bearing witness, said, *"I know, but it is the truth, and that's where truth lies, in our myths, in our songs, that's where the seeds are. It's not possible to constantly hone on the crisis. You have to have the love, and you have to have the magic."*

figure 4



Life is a fragile thing. The scale of horrors has always been unimaginable. Why can't we delight in play and laughter just as much as we grieve and fight? We must. It is what the Moon would want.



BY KAYXASTRA





**Libra**



**Scorpio**



**Sagittarius**



**Capricorn**



**Aquarius**



**Pisces**

1000 MOON FLOWERS  
BY FIRPAL JAWANDA





# **CRAZY AS CRITICAL JOY**

**BY PRERNA SUBRAMANIAN**

I never really appreciated anything in nature apart from the moon. Even that was because during times of being on a college-imposed curfew in a college in Delhi, looking at the moon was the only way to capture what was outside the fence of my hostel. I was called moony (a play on my surname too) by a hostel warden who found me seeing the moon like that.

The connection between crazy and the moon cycle, the "PMS" mood with the moon, to be seen as the butt of all fun - all reeked of obvious misogyny. It also reeked of sanism - me watching the moon from inside the hostel that had shut me up was "crazy", but to lock me and other women up was sane. Every time I looked at the moon, then, filled me up with grief of having been called crazy on many occasions, for many-a-oppressions.



Cut to 10 years later, I joined the BTS fandom and found so many fellow queer, neuro-divergent folks to commiserate with. Moreover, I found a new life with the moon again, thanks to BTS. Jin and Namjoon each have a different song on the moon. While Jin talks about how the moon's existence depends on the earth's and vice versa, I thought of how the connections to moon as feminine and the sun as masculine denied that the moon itself is a result of a reciprocal, dialectical and simultaneous relationship to the rest of nature. Of how the "lunar" cycles of the moon associated with "crazy" mood cycles were used to deny that their harmful structures reciprocally make us who we are to each other.

Namjoon speaks of those who are moon's children - those who stay up late at night, either creatively liberated or depressed (or both). The "crazy" fan was more than just a fan, they were real people with real struggles, going through real mental distress where the moonlight was our only companion. Namjoon talking of the moonlight as a companion to the lonely reminded me of how we all learned that the moon had *no light of its own*.

**HOW IT FILLED ME WITH GRIEF TO  
THINK OF THE MOON TO BE  
DEPENDENT ON SOMETHING ELSE  
FOR IT'S OWN LIGHT.**

But the sun gives the moon company. We aren't lonely, we are shining with the company of those who choose to shine light on us and understand us.

But despite these liberating lunar narratives in the BTS songscape, so many of us continue to get the tag of lunatic/crazy fans. And the tag has many ideological lives.

On one hand, the "crazy" fan is the femme, the queer, the non-binary person who has chosen to center the joy of being themselves through music, lyricism, parasocial bonds. That they have found a place for storytelling, world-building and imaginative, magical thinking is crazy because it is unacceptable.

On the other hand, the crazy fan is also profitable and isolatable ideological category which companies profit from. Fan wars, stalkers, violent bullies in the fandom are also called "crazy" by the very people who profit from the harm they label as "mad". The idea that these violent tendencies are the norm, the product of "sane" company decision making, are dismissed.

"Crazy" is the critical dissenter who can center both joy and have uncomfortable conversations. I would say this is my "brand" of zany where dissenting is seen as the silly thing to do. In the BTS fandom, especially, I have been called crazy whenever I have made the most profound claim of how 7 cis men from Korea can make mistakes and we can apparently speak about them. It is seen as "crazy" to see these men as mature, grown folks. It is "crazy" for grown women to "thirst" over men and make "sexual" content.

All this crazy, then, becomes the *dissenting* way of being a fan. To be a fan who is called crazy for loving and desiring their artists, or

objects, or both, is to not dissent in and of its own. Especially when being a fan is highly monetized and profitable. Fan behaviours and “fangirling “ are increasingly mainstreamed, and with that comes the right ways of being a “proper” fan. Being passive recipients of consumer products, differentiating yourself from “other types of fans” who do “girly things” or “fruity things” is the mainstreaming of the fan experience. This is the good, proper fan who fans well. They are moons without craters.

But to assert your desires in a place that continues to crush them and demean them, to continue to center your joy, to center your *pleasure outside* of passed down logics is to be a crazy fan. To continue to think in a divergent, “abnormal”, *queer* fashion is important to me as a BTS fan who wants to have space for her crazy, for her humor. Indeed, the word humour itself comes from the *fluid* cycles of our mood, and its attachment to *pleasure* and being in sync with *amusement* is what gives humor its modern meaning of funny. Humor, the moon, the crazy are attached to being all sorts of fluid, funny and fucked up, and this doesn’t seem like a coincidence. It seems quite cool!

## **BECAUSE CRAZY IS (TO BE) CRITICAL. CRAZY IS (TO CENTER) JOY.**

Within the fandom, to be “crazy” is to continue to make narratives that bring joy and dismantle harm. To be full of humor, to be full of the crazy is to embrace the moon in us. During times of extreme crisis, to continue to find places of joy is the craziest, and thus the most radically hopeful thing to do. Madness is thus to find abundant possibilities in the dark, like the moonlight at night.

When I started delving into mad studies for understanding my own experiences with neurodivergence, I saw more of myself and my experience as having been brilliantly mad. For me, madness became the experience of holding radical and abundant zaniness close, of centering unhinged joy amid a world run by a thoroughly irrational market that sucks the joy out of us through its profit motives, trying to “fix” us while damaging us, harming us, exploiting us. This reframing by the mad and the crazies shows us what kind of world is robbed out of us. As a queer, neurodivergent person, being mad was my way of engaging with the world that deemed white supremacist, capitalist logics as the “saner” fix to what it calls madness. Madness is abundance that the current world cannot hold. It is pathologized, “fixed” through monetarily motivated psychiatry. In the fandom space, then, to be crazy is to stand for, support and if you want to, *practice* queer world-building, making space consistently and persistently for the divergent, writing “off” context narratives and writing off passive fanhood, calling out your faves and the structures they work for and within. This isn’t another rota of being a good or proper fan,

**BECAUSE IN THE MOON AND IN  
ACCEPTING ZANINESS, THERE ARE  
NO COLONIES TO BE DESIRED.**

To accept any kind of label of madness is thus to recognise and reclaim, to accept your crazy and dissent against the sanity and sanitizing complex at the same time. First, it is to recognise the oppressive structures that *condition* what is sane and what is mad. Second, it is to reclaim the term by mobilizing against the world. Within the fan space, this acceptance has translated into being kin with those who strive to dissent, to keep *their* pleasure first over the profits of the industries that create fandoms. To prioritize pleasure and dissent simultaneously is to be crazy, and to be crazy with others is to build relationships that are inexplicable, zany, and maybe - just maybe - more than ever necessary and needed.

BY MEGAN PRESCOTT











### DR MOONHATTEN

We always talk about the moon's influence on our lives but never consider how it feels? Maybe it's fed up of our gravitational leash, our drama, our absolute BS. What if the moon wants to chill with Mars for a while?

### WHITEY ON THE MOON

Inspired by the 1970s Gil Scott Heron Song «Whitey on the moon». The song asks why do we look to the stars when the material needs of Earthlings are yet to be met with particular focus on class and racial inequalities.

These issues have only become increasingly paradoxical as private citizens as well as governments have such obscene wealth that they can go into orbit for a jolly. Jeff Bezos mixed with high camp Ming the Merciless from Flash Gordon highlights the absurdity.

### SWITCH OFF

Going home for Christmas this year will be rather inflammatory. Hush, hush this could be a little defamatory. Yer middle class dad starts breaking down the shed for his new log burner. The prospect of an Aldi Pigeon dinner makes ya mum do a gurner 🤔 Remember while you warm yourself by the fire, the working class we only have ourselves left to put on the pyre.

### I'D RATHER BE WARM N WRIGGLING

Isolation. Cold. Fear. The twilight of the small hours. Even the small warmth we draw from our bargain garms extracts a toll down the supply chain.

Shivering for me, shivering for you.

Spider silk burrito pouches now available in primark.

Use code «halfling» for 50% off.

## WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Juxtaposition of Elon Musk and Maya Angelou. The caged bird 🐦 references Musk's recent acquisition and capture of Twitter and consequently the capture of our diverse voices. As a platform, Twitter represented a diverse if imperfect space for expression. Musk and other capitalists appropriate the labour/thoughts of others with only a cursory understanding of the subject. Angelou's metaphor is about overcoming the material and social barriers as a child trapped in victimhood. White men of extreme privilege tend to view their «struggle» in similar terms.

## THEODEN'S DAY SPA

While self care is important it is not enough to solve the destructive course capitalism charts for our lives. When the Dark Lord is bringing a second darkness to the land is a few are a few puffs of old tody really gonna cut it? What can men do against such reckless bait?

## DUDE WHERE'S MY CHECK?

A man that does not care about the «lords and peasants» system. His only allegiance is to himself and coin.

Mashed up with an older Nike meme that on the same theme of corporations using ideologies of movements to facilitate the ultimate goals.

## GIVE SEAN, BEANS.

Building dual power and resilience in a system of perpetual crisis.

It may only be damage limitation but for some it's vital.

«Then it has all been in vain?»

«Not if we hold true to each other. We will not abandon the siblings to torment and death. Not while we have strength left.»

I am tired of Earth, these people. I am tired of being caught in the drama of their vibes.

Put on an extra jumper  
Dads in 2021

Bring wood and oil  
Dads in 2022

I CAN'T PAY MY HOSTEL BILL

BUT  
WHITEY ON THE MOON

in bed. No lecky, no gas.

peeking through the glass

I actually can't feel my ass.

I actually can't feel my ass.

I actually can't feel my ass.



I know why the  
caged bird  
sings



Eve  
Believe in nothing.  
Even if it costs you eight dollars.

JUST PAY ME.



2020

2020

2021

2022

Austerity 2.0

Mutual Aid

Mutual Aid

Practicing self care in shadow of morder



Unbothered 🤐



moisturized 💧



happy in my lane 🤔



focused..  
flourishing 🌱

# TIK TOK

BY SAPPHIRE MCINTOSH

TikTok is 7 TV series in one.

## TIKTOK IS LIKE A WHOLE 3 COURSE MEAL BABY.

A TikTok is a creation of absolutely anything and TikTok is the vastest app that I've ever used. I am not afraid to admit that I am addicted to it. I've got a tick for TikTok. Baby weaning channels may be my favourite genre for morning viewing. Moon and Rue to be in fact, this page is my starter. Where the mother films her daughter's baby food weaning process with hilarious voiceover. My main, can be anything from 1 minute cooking videos which are edited in the cleanest style possible with often both excellent sound and camera skills to obscure Reddit confessions which are usually split into two screens with the lower screen showing somebody

playing a video game, sounds mad right, yeah because it is. The dessert can be anything from super, brilliant comedy sketches, songs about motivation or peoples struggles intelligently put together with amazing soundtracks and excellent writing by the curator.

TikTok is also known as a platform for dancers with musicians often creating songs with hooks which are made in the hope that then dancers will run to TikTok and come up with dances purposefully for that song. Over the years there has been controversy about this trend of TikTok dances, mainly coming from the fact that a lot of viral dances have been created by black content creators only then for white content creators to steal and copy these dances but not ever compensating the black content creators for the original idea.

## **THIS MATTERS BECAUSE VIRAL CAN SOMETIMES MEAN CAPITAL.**

White content creators stand better to do well on TikTok due to the fact that Western beauty standards are still the celebrated element on TikTok so when they capitalise on performances not created by them they are financially rewarded with brand deals and more followers which in turn means more money.

It's not only an issue of theft but also a question around who gets to capitalise online? It's well documented that white content creators on TikTok do better and are offered more money in deals from TikTok than black content creators and that content creators of colour tend to have less followers than white content creators.

My rule is I cannot watch TikTok before bed otherwise I don't sleep, it's just all too consuming. It's a cinema movie in an app. The

constant stream of mostly interesting, stupid, smart, intelligent content makes it harder for me to put my phone down. TikTok's algorithm is highly personalized to each user. It decides which videos a user might like based on their individual interests and displays them on the users for you page. The outcome meaning you are just fed information that you mostly actually want to see.

The app was the first that introduced a new, super creative way to make content with TikTok's editing tools. These tools were already way ahead of Instagram at the time with the user having the ability to add music, add effects that can slow down or speed up the content, add different colours to the background of the videos, giving you the chance to maybe even cartoonify your content and so on and so on.

TikTok revolutionised editing tools and video creation for users on phones, since then all other social media companies have been playing catch up. Instagram instantly added the reels option and added extra tools that you could use such as the voiceover tool. YouTube did the same by creating YouTube shorts. It seems all apps since the introduction of TikTok have been taking notes.

TikTok has also had a massive impact on the music industry and produced some of the newest stars of today including Pink Pantheress, a singer-songwriter from Bath who is this years 'BBC Sound of 2022'. She blew up by posting snippets of new music on TikTok, her first song getting 500,00 likes and she's never looked back. Notably Pink Pantheress's songs are considerably shorter than usual songs for the charts, Pink Pantheress songs can sometimes just be over 2 minutes on average, the shorter version of songs have now become synonymous with new releases also notably from another amazing new act, Central Cee.



Young artists are increasingly releasing shortened down versions of singles with TikTok in mind, they know if they can create a catchy song that has lyrics you can make dance moves to and a unique hook that can be played with physically that it will then have a better chance of blowing up on TikTok. Effectively getting you followers and potentially being offered a music contract.

I guess this new trend also goes well along this new generation of people that want things quick and fast? The microwave generation? With this need for success though it's also killing musician's livelihoods old and new. Old artists are being told by management that their song must go viral on TikTok first before money can be released for them to make a music video made for their song and now the app is also saturated with musicians all trying to get a viral sound in the hope they'll be offered a record deal.

New artists are making 1 minute long videos with heavy viral elements just to get a chance to create a viral song bringing down the quality of music as a whole and changing the music scene yet again straight off the back of streaming and how that changed music. TikTok has created a new culture of fast, digestible content. Everybody knows it is important to get in on the app, businesses, news channels, celebrities, chefs, cleaners, bricklayers, hair stylists are all on TikTok making videos that have space to go viral, it seems everybody has a chance to make something of themselves on TikTok, go give it a try.

# THE CYCLE OF FUNNY

BY SAVEN CHADHA

||:  
When climactic carmine finally floods M&S cotton crime scenes  
I grate in higher jitters, higher shimmers, lower harmonics to noise ratios.  
Exhausted on this circuit; the moon has nothing to give and neither do I.  
I'm only irritable because we stand in front of an audience that's heckled  
us for centuries.

I shouldn't be here. They can tell.

*You did eight and a half minutes... if you're being paid to do ten, do ten.*  
But I own a uterus and even in death I know I know better and that  
there's always next time.

So we begin again, my cells and I, superstars for days!

We use the time to dream, to love us, to tap magic words into our  
comedy notes folder and

I kill it! The strongest jokes land, the rest get reabsorbed

Easy as pie, the moon fills, so do my DMs,

*V serious topic and made me feel weird but was overtaken  
by the immense ASMR ur voice gave me.*

A growing orb of light, a fertile clown; you think you want  
me, and you think you know why.

Without the capacity to create life I'd have three more  
weeks of this.

I am in full bloom!

In full moon! It's showtime!

Flushed with adrenaline; fast, unintelligible, forgiven  
because I'm

A glowing orb of light? I convinced you to come, but  
can I convince you to stay?

Radiant, brilliant, intense, threatening to wane,

The light that brought us to life now drowns us in  
sleeplessness,

*If they don't follow me, I'll lose it.*

Suddenly my body is mad at me, and

*Maybe it has reason to be?*

*What are you doing with this life?*

*Hopeless, tragic open mic comedian,*

*They only gave you this opportunity because you look the  
woke part, also*

*This isn't a poem, it's a long and irritating ode to yourself-  
ishness.*

Up and down and even lower down until I open a pack of instant  
ramen and decide to let it go.

:||



THE MOON HAS  
NOTHING TO GIVE

AND NEITHER DO I







# THE MOON

BY ILHANA VIS

It is two A.M. I am once again unbearably tired with heavy lids, yet when my eyes close the buzzing I feel in my entire body gathers in my head. This is a usual night for me; the only real difference is when I decide to give up on sleep and rebel against good sleep hygiene by opening up my laptop or reaching for my phone. Whichever one I choose the light from the screen blares a white neon in the darkness of my room, where I sit alone at my desk looking like the lonely sad sack of potatoes I am. So much for the whole 'Do not use electronics after ten PM rhetoric'. But that doesn't matter now, the internet is here for my perusal

and will temporarily numb the very faint urge to run out onto the street naked, loudly demanding to know why I was put on this godforsaken Earth. No real reason why I feel compelled to do that, just thought it would be a bit of fun. Then again, it IS a full moon. The last few days she was hidden, then a shy crescent.

Tonight, she is beautiful and out in her full glory. Her pale glow softly radiates in the night sky; if I reach a hand from my window that same glow would lightly cover my skin. Of course, this isn't always her usual form. She comes from a family of Goddesses, but she is the most beautiful of them all; long silvery hair flowing down her back, blueish skin that gleams and her icy, knowing eyes. Oh, I forgot to mention, we're dating. That may sound a little weird, but really, we are. We've been together for a few years now. It's kind of a funny story- we met after I realised my Moon sign was in Taurus, which is obviously horrible for my self-esteem. I left the pub



where I had been told this and sat on the pavement in distress. But the Moon is understanding. She saw me, experiencing inner turmoil and came down to me, telling me no matter what I am, she will always be there. She's the Moon. After that, we were together forever. The only thing is...sometimes I don't think she has my best interests at heart. Or maybe I'm just being sensitive.

See, she's not around too much during the day; that's more of her brother's thing. No offense to him, but he's a bit of a dick. Like, just look at the state of the planet. What's he playing at, sending us unbearable summers and deathly heatwaves? So, so rude. Not it, I say. Do you see what people DO in the daylight? Electing insane Prime Ministers, passing anti-abortion laws, making posts about straight people not being accepted enough in the LGBT community; dear god I'm getting a hernia thinking about all of it. It's just all too much for me. It's almost enough to drive a girl to lunacy! Oh, I didn't mean it like that darling. Just the insomnia getting to me. I've made her upset. Yes, I should have a glass of warm oat milk with cacao nibs in it, I will soon.

Anyway, as I was saying. I just need to get away from it all, and now I've gotten myself all stressed out. TikTok is the choice of distraction I use mostly; who doesn't love relating to random people I'll never meet out there on the worldwide web? At the very least, I'll be able to send TikToks to a friend and comment "Same", hoping to get a little love heart react back. I flip through my FYP- lesbian couple number five showing off their new house and work out routines, while assuring me that they are 'real' and 'just like me', despite their flawless skin and shiny teeth. I want to feel happy for them, but instead I sigh irritably and scroll on. The next video isn't any better; some short clip of a guy ranting on about how women are all whores and then getting a milkshake thrown at him. I feel a brief moment of satisfaction at that, until the comments inform me the girl who threw the shake got arrested. What is wrong with this planet, I think. The Moon agrees with me on this, telling me it's okay for me to find them insufferable; everyone is. Except me, of course. The next video is odd though. It's telling me that lunar cycles and tides affect behaviour and activity on the Earth, sometimes leading to...dreadful things. Studies out there say that during a full moon, hospitals are flooded with patients who are suffering from sudden inexplicable symptoms, people dying of epilepsys previously undetected.

**“DARLING, THOSE THINGS SIMPLY  
AREN'T TRUE.”**

I hear her sonorous voice, look up and she's right there in front of me, her arms sliding down my shoulders comfortingly, rubbing my aching back and whispering soothing words. The Moon reassures me, telling me those studies aren't proven, it's all pseudoscience. But I can't shake that knot formed in my gut, coiled, and twisted. That creeping down, crawling up my spine like a weed. If that isn't the problem, then what is? I open up Instagram and search for @starsoul, a friend I met at a spoken word event last November. We spoke for ages at the gallery about subliminal interpretive body language so we're quite close. She posts uplifting, yet grounding messages and I think I could really use one of those right now. "Be kind to yourself. Be in the present moment; you are here in the now", reads her latest post. I breathe in and breathe out. She's so right. I already feel a little better. She hasn't liked my posts or viewed my story in sometime though, so I just double-check she's still following me; she's on my close friends list, I'm sure she is. I look at my phone. I look at my phone. I refresh the page; my shitty wi-fi isn't working probably. But no, even after that, my name is not in her following list. I don't know why, but my breath catches in my throat; strangled. It's fine, it's just one person. It doesn't matter, it's probably a mistake! But...then I think about the other friends I have, my every day mutuals. I don't think they've messaged me in a long time either now that I think of it. Sweating ever so slightly, I go to check other page. My name isn't there. I look at another. Name not found. User not found in list. I feel a sharp rage building in me; I turn to the Moon and brandish my phone under her nose. "This is you, isn't it?! You're in retrograde or Lucozade, or whatever, and it's making my friends hate me!", I shriek, waving the screen in her face. She doesn't say a word. She simply looks at me; disappointment etched in her expression. "It has to be you. I'm in therapy, I live alone in my flat even though rising rental prices are going to kick me out eventually and everyone, everyone says I have potential. You're restricting my creativity", I pathetically sob, rubbing my eyeballs until they feel raw. I bawl into my fists, choking and literally shaking until I cannot cry anymore.

**IT IS ONLY THEN I REALISE HOW  
DARK IT HAS BECOME.**

The Moon is no longer with me. I throw my window open wider, stick my head out and shout for her, but there is nothing in the sky, only an inky blackness with no light to disrupt it. She has left me. Gripping my phone, I run to my bathroom, barely making it to the toilet before I vomit; my insides writhing and forcing my disgusting viscera out of me into the shiny bleach scented bowl. Tears and mucus are streaking down my face; my heart is beating out of its bony prison. Standing up, I hold onto the sink for dear life and look at myself. My visage is pathetic. All the slugging and moisturiser in the world wouldn't be able to save me now. All I can think of is how alone I am. But I am not giving up. Hastily grabbing my iPhone 9, I snap a picture of my visage, my mouth stretched into a wide grin. I don't even bother checking to see if she has come back; I know the night is still devoid of her presence. I click post. #Single and Independent, fuck the haters, fuck the fakers. As I lie

back down onto my bed, my back sinking into the sheets, I see the notifications pour in. "Sooo proud of you babe!" "Stay strong, text me if you need anything" "Bitch, you are GLOWING!". I smile and finally close my eyes.

**TOMORROW, I WILL BE REBORN.  
FUCK THE MOON.**

# I BEWEAVE IN FUNNY AND LUNACY

BY ALEXIS MESHIDA

A viewer's face creases  
A shining wet ball of facial greases,  
Eyes drenched, smoked wet right from  
underneath .

You say,  
Please give me some peace,  
What is this everlasting restraint you  
have on me  
Down here, at the bottom of my bloody  
sleeve.

I can't let go please .  
My hands, clenched so tightly .  
I have got an itch, bitch please .  
Tiktok, I need released, laughing so  
loud

A sight that is unsightly,  
I have shit to do  
But this right here is so funny I think I  
might puke .  
I am addicted to funny.

They say  
She is funny, a bit crazy, a bit of a lunatic, but why ?  
What truly is the cause of her lunacy? Were you born funny ?  
Or do you just want to make friends honey? And why does she make me  
laugh so much ?

Are you just playing dress up?  
Maybe take that wig off, oh wait it's your hair.  
Maybe It's her voice (being intersecting between masculine and femi-  
nine),

Or her piercing eyes, her huge mouth that claps in the wind as she  
makes my eyes spin.

Or her use of imitation that sets me off?

As she mocks the human form,  
Inflection, hiding past trauma  
She is addicted to funny.

Does my tranniness offend you?  
Or perhaps excite you?  
Or even let's say  
invite you?  
Subconsciously or consciously,  
Whether you admit it or not.  
Your eyeballs feel as though they may come out.  
As your everlasting crackle echoes, evermore .  
You're addicted to my funny.

Telling me you're glad I started a TikTok, What? Because I make you  
gawk?

Why? Perhaps it's my intersections that remain intersected?  
My blackness not so black, as i remain held back,  
like a mongrel (That's a struggle).  
Is it that which fills you up with laughter?  
Or my face turned so erratic,  
Just like how you view my gender,  
Or lack of.  
Does that excite you?  
You're addicted to funny.

She must be hiding,  
Hiding something deep,  
Maybe it was her father that ripped up the sheets,  
while she was asleep.  
Our there is a malevolent secret that's deep.  
Is she mocking me?  
She is addicted to funny.

Maybe she is trying to sell something,  
Herself? A Bogus influencer product deal made in stealth?  
More like she is pushing past something.  
Something that hurt her completely and entirely.  
But haven't we all?  
Aren't we all addicted to funny.

We need the Moon - it controls the tides, mood swing  
of course fairy girls

Til next months bad decision comes

Everybody h  
waxing or w

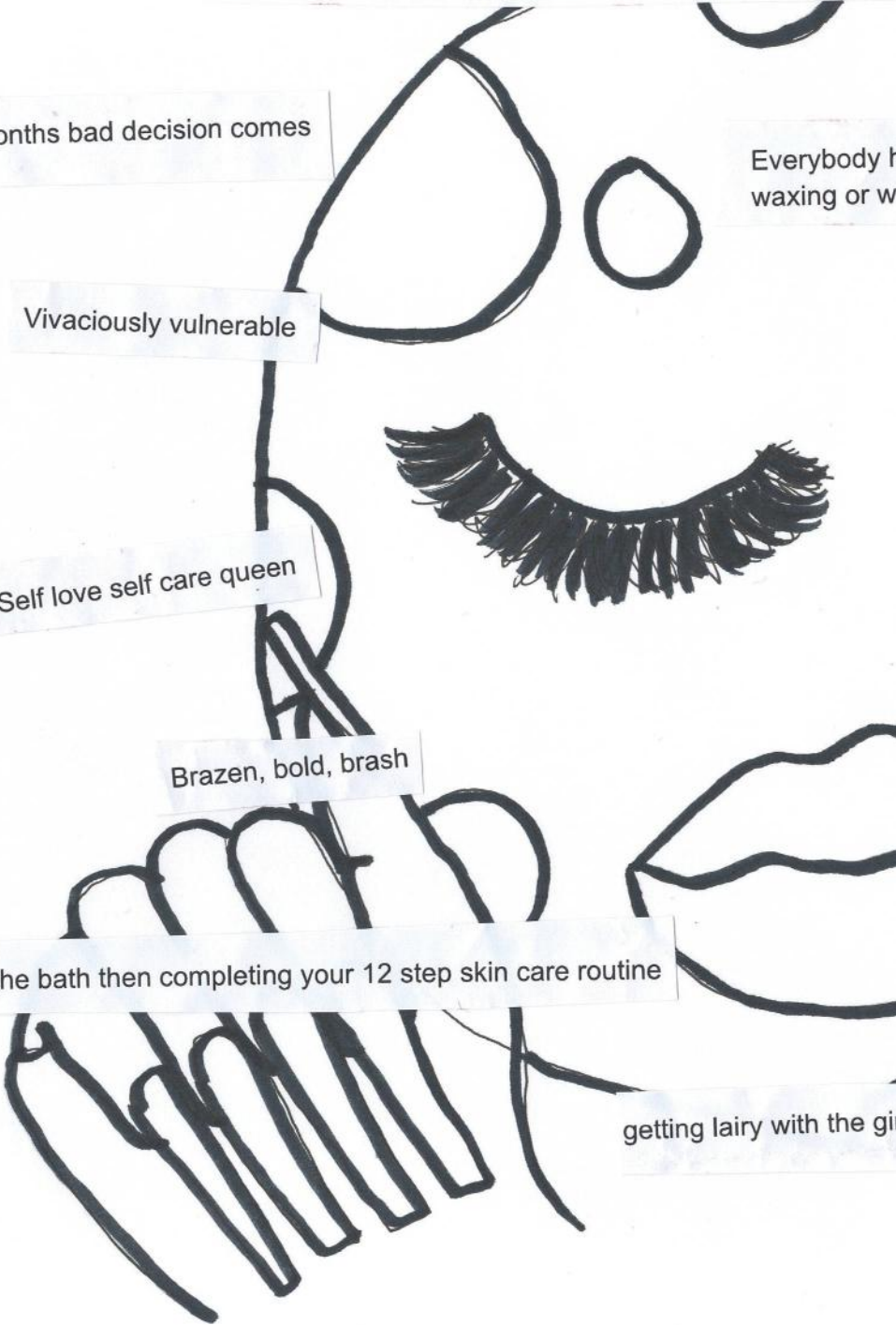
Vivaciously vulnerable

Self love self care queen

Brazen, bold, brash

sobbing in the bath then completing your 12 step skin care routine

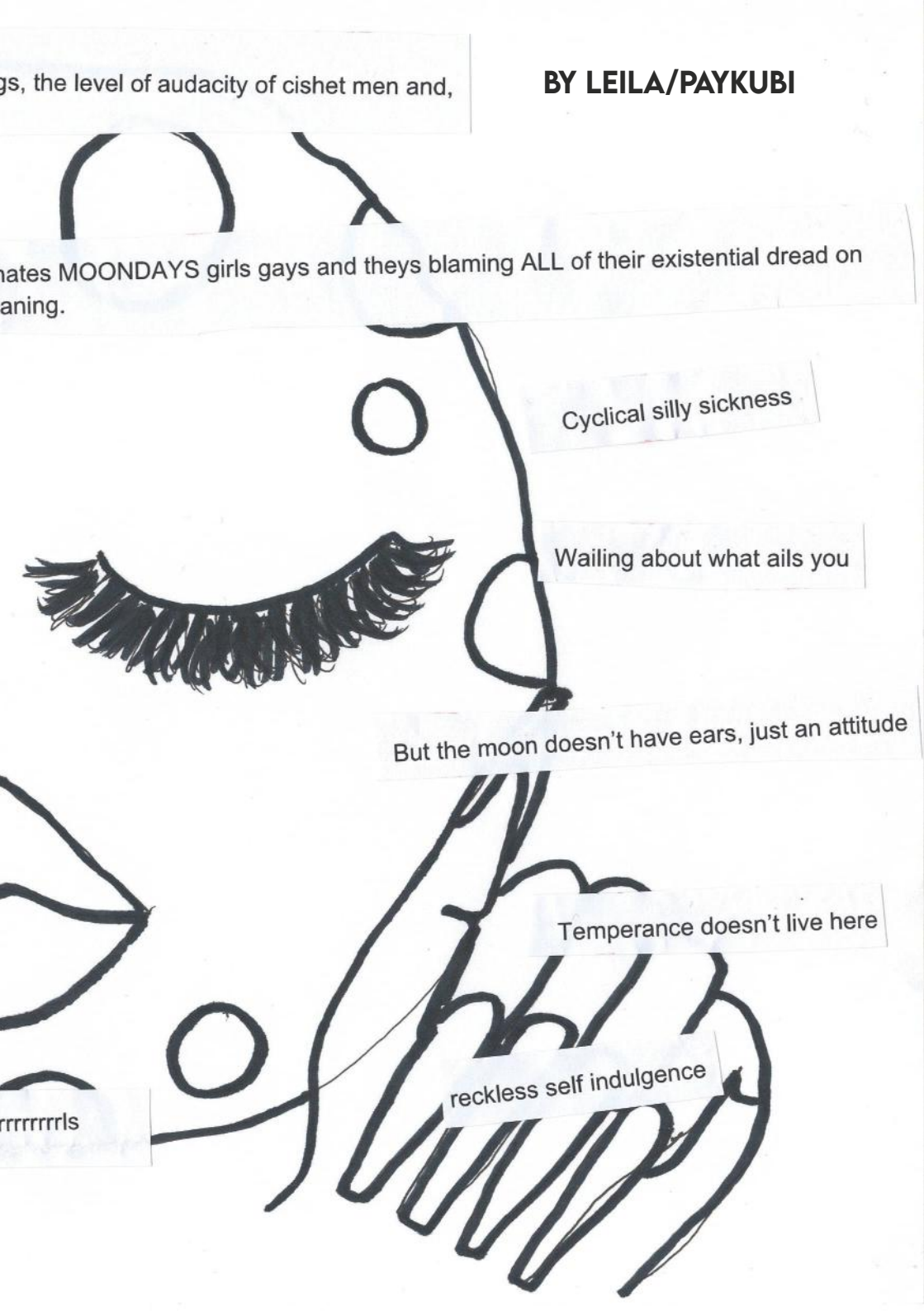
getting lairy with the gi



gs, the level of audacity of cishet men and,

BY LEILA/PAYKUBI

ates MOONDAYS girls gays and theys blaming ALL of their existential dread on  
aning.



Cyclical silly sickness

Wailing about what ails you

But the moon doesn't have ears, just an attitude

Temperance doesn't live here

reckless self indulgence

rrrrrrrls

**NOTE**





# CONTRIBUTORS

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## ALICE SPARKLY KAT

Alice Sparkly Kat is an astrologer. Their goal is to bring reconstruction back into archetypal analysis, hold historicism with spirit, and to remember with others that different futures are possible. Their astrological work has inhabited MoMA, Philadelphia Museum of Art, and The Brooklyn Museum. They're the author of *Postcolonial Astrology* (May 2021). Their website is [alicesparklykat.com](http://alicesparklykat.com).

## GAURI B

In her 3 years of doing stand up comedy, Gauri B has charmed audiences throughout Europe and the US. Her humor is dark and just on the edge, sometimes crossing it, depending on which side of the line you are. Her act is "horrifying and hilarious", as described by an audience member. She runs two highly entertaining shows in Berlin, *Hoes of Berlin: A comedy show for Your Inner hoe* and *Daddy Issues: Comedy Show for your Damaged Inner Child*.

With a following of 75K on TikTok and 11k on Instagram, she is widely captivating audience's worldwide.

IG: [itsgaurib](#)

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# KAITLIN HAO

TikTok: [@happyendingmessage](#)

Kaitlin Hao is a current graduate student in East Asian Languages and Cultures at Columbia University and holds a B.A. in art history from Harvard University. Her research concerns social media's role in cross-historical connections and identity-making in the Sinophone region. She teaches East Asian history and cultural studies on TikTok ([@happyendingmessage](#)).

# LIL KALISH

Lil Kalish is a Black trans writer and journalist living in Los Angeles.

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Insta: [@almost\\_sparrow](#)

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# REA MCNAMARA

Rea McNamara is a writer, curator, and bad mommy. Informed by a long-standing engagement with media fandom's collaborative processes, her on/offline public projects focus on the emergence of otherness and hybridity within digital identity formations.

She has curated and programmed for The Gardiner Museum, The Drake Hotel, Pleasure Dome and The Wrong Digital Art Biennale. Her work has been presented at The Art Gallery of Ontario and is in the Whitney Museum of American Art collection. Recently, she was the Emily H. Tremain Journalism Fellow for Curators with Hyperallergic and curated *dis-ease*, the flagship exhibition for InterAccess's 2021 Vector Festival.

Additionally, McNamara has written on art, pop culture, and the internet for *frieze*, *Art in America*, *Teen Vogue*, *The Globe and Mail*, *Art F City*, and more. She is currently a Curatorial Partner for the MacKenzie Gallery's Digital Exhibitions Toolkit and co-parenting an almost 13-month-old with her life partner in Tkaronto/Toronto.

# MARIA MUNIR

Maria Munir is a self-professed space queer whose GCSE in Astronomy is real, but probably expired (like you when you read their jokes). They've torn up the stage at Bar Wotever, Amnesty's Secret Policeman Tour, and queer spaces around the country with only a slight fear that their parents will find out. Maria's purpose in life is to make people so uncomfortable that the furious masses fulfil Maria's lifelong dream of flinging them into space where they belong. The video evidence of their activism-by-humour is well hidden, so follow them on Twitter [@Maria\\_Munir](#). Warning: they're pretending to be a human on there and talk about the law a lot. It's all part of the multiverse's plan...

# CHARM TORRES

Charm Torres is a professional astrologer, tarot reader and writer. She intends to support people to connect with their agency by offering nuanced and collaborative astrological narratives of her clients' lived experiences. Charm is a contributor and has been featured in the CHANI App, CUSP, Chatelaine, BBC, Global News Online, NFLUX Magazine, and Beside Online Magazine. She utilizes astrology and tarot as storytelling and remedial tools to understand human life in its various cycles and assist people in mobilizing their healing and goals. As an ancient wisdom system, Charm believes astrology can support humans in living with reverence, grace and humour.

Links:

<https://www.charmastrology.com/>  
[@charmastrology](#)

# KAYXASTRA

You can find more of Kay's work on Instagram [@kayxastra](#)

# FIRPAL JAWANDA

Firpal Jawanda is an artist, designer and illustrator based in London who draws plush chimeric fantasies based around abstracted south asian folklores and mythologies. They are trying their best!! They have shown work in Baltimore, London, Brussels, Chicago, the Venice Biennale, Bilbao and more. With recent releases with the ICA, Skims, Everpress etc...

Instagram [@firpal](https://www.instagram.com/firpal)

# PRERNA SUBRAMANIAN

Perna Subramanian (she/her they/them) is a post-secondary educator and a labour organizer. Their research is in the field of Indian contemporary pop culture and history of queer genders and sexualities. She loves seasoning in her food, sobs over their dog Jyoti and will talk to you about all things BTS, reality television, and liberation! You can reach them/her at [www.pernasubramanian.com](http://www.pernasubramanian.com)!

# MEGAN PRESCOTT

Megan Prescott is a neurodiverse actor, writer, and director who starred as Katie Fitch in the Channel Four drama 'Skins'. Megan is a board member of National Ugly Mugs, a UK - wide charity working with sex workers to do research, design and deliver safety tools and to provide support services to people in adult industries. Megan has recently been in the press campaigning on the double standards between how the media and society treats sex workers compared to how it treats actors and other creative freelancers.

These images stem from Megan's love for comedy and the fact that it is just another industry that has historically tried to exclude women. When women display any form of strong emotion, they are labeled as 'Hysterical' (a word derived from the Greek word 'Hysterá', meaning Uterus [although I would like to acknowledge here that not all women have uteruses and not all people with uteruses are women]). The word Lunatic is from the Latin word

Luna, meaning 'moon' and stems from the belief that changes in the moon cycle caused 'intermittent insanity'. The moon has long since been regarded as having strong connections to femininity and the fact that the word Lunar has also historically been connected to periods of 'insanity' can definitely be attributed to our patriarchal societies' disregard for funny/outsspoken/confident women. These images of Megan embodying a 'Moon Clown' of sorts are a nod to the fact that women should be able to be as silly, as loud, as sarcastic, and as confident in their sexuality as they want, and wider society should be able to appreciate that, but at the very least, society needs to respect that.

Instagram: [@Megartron](#)

Twitter: [@Meg\\_Prescott](#)

TikTok: [@Megartron](#)

Youtube: [Youtube.com/@MegPrescott](#)

Website: [www.meganprescott.com](#)

## TEELAY

Working class nine to fiver with a subversive and enquiring mind. Loves sci fi and fantasy and exploring the realms of possibility. Dances, cycles, vibes.

Believes everyone is capable of meaningful creative expression and diversity in spaces.

Instagram [@teelay88](#)

## SAPPHIRE MCINTOSH

Sapphire is a multi faceted artist, she's a comedian, a footballer, writer and journalist.

She has multiple characters from Yorkshire Tony to Rhonda they all bring their own set of ideas and humour to the table. Sapphire used to play for Leeds United Ladies and West Yorkshire and currently is performing all across London as a stand up comedian. Watch all her work on her Youtube channel - Saphmc and follow her on Instagram - [@sapphire\\_mcintosh](#)

# SAVEN CHADHA

Saven Chadha is a digital artist, graphic designer, and stand-up comedian based in the UK. She graduated from University of the Arts London with a BA in Graphics and Media Design (Experimental Illustration) and has since worked in communication design across several industries including fashion, the arts, food, and NGOs with a focus on Maternal and Child health. Saven began writing and performing stand up in 2019 as the culmination of a life-long interest in live comedy. Her comedic style is a playful mix of observation and galaxy-spanning whimsy.

IG: [@savenchadha](https://www.instagram.com/savenchadha)  
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# ILHANA VIS

Ilhana Vis; a queer British Singaporean brown woman trying to make sense of life and the world through horror and humour.

IG: [@foxkingsnake](https://www.instagram.com/foxkingsnake)

# ALEXIS MESHIDA

Alexis is a mixed race artist, performer, model, actor, writer and entrepreneur from Nigerian, German and Irish descent, originally born in Northern Ireland. She moved to Nigeria with her family until the age of 8 when she moved back to the U.K. Her work draws from her experiences and explores stories relating to the experiences of transwomen, with work exploring socio-psychology, gender norms, gender dysphoria, systematic racism and Transphobia.

Instagram [@iamalexismeshida](https://www.instagram.com/iamalexismeshida)  
Twitter [@AlexisMeshida](https://twitter.com/AlexisMeshida)

# LEILA/PAYKUBI

Leila/Paykubi (they/them) is 27 and the resident non binary Persian Quing of The House of Savalon. They enjoy prancing, dancing, romancing, and espresso martinis.

[@Paykubi](#)

# LUX

Lux is a white trans masculine artist and writer from the North East. Their moon is in Cancer.

Instagram [@lux\\_pyre](#)

# ANAIS

Anaïs is a graphic designer based in south of France. She likes to explore emotions and feelings through colors and gradients.

Instagram [@clubofechoes](#)





How does imagining the Moon as a new world give us space to consider culture, the environment, publishing, art, community, and politics in different ways?

Moon Press is an intervention into publishing, creating space for writers, thinkers, and artists to draw connections between the environment, humans, and outer space. As a printed and online publication, Moon Press releases issues every month in line with lunar cycles.

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