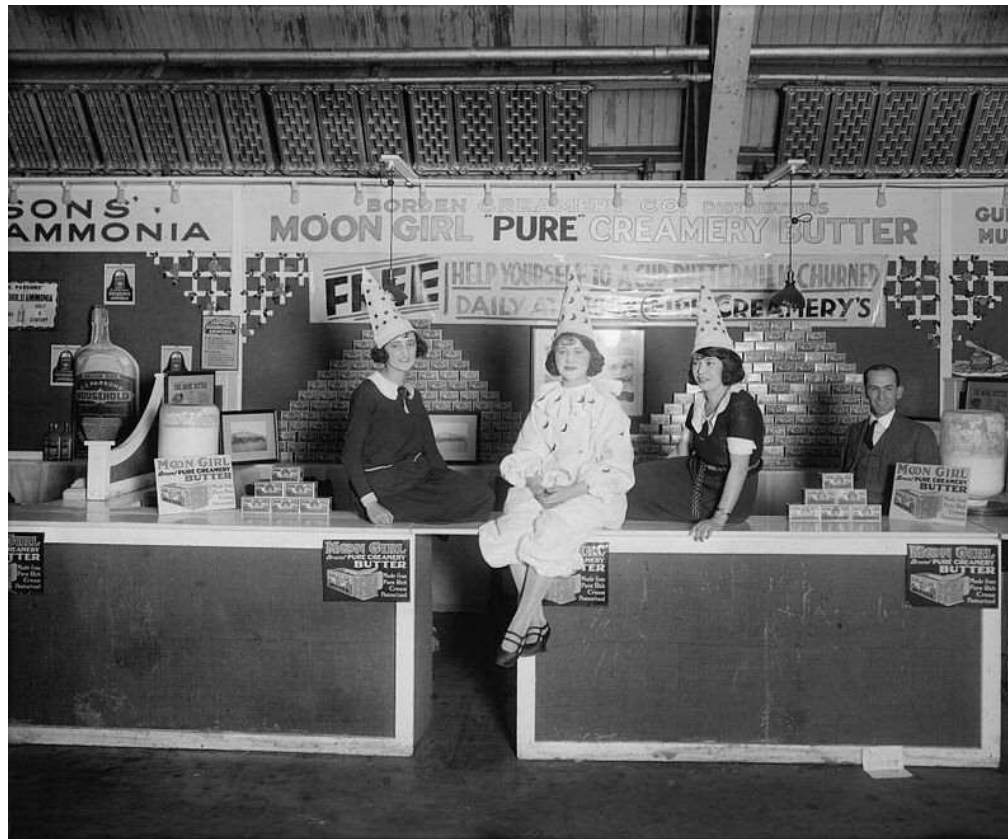


Girl in the Moon



As it is on Earth, gender inequality is a problem in outer space. Take, for example, the huge disparity between the Man in the Moon and his cousin, Girl in the Moon. Man appears in numerous mythologies, is featured in poems, songs, limericks (“There once was a runcible spoon, employed by the Man in the Moon ...”); he even has his mug plastered on a 50-centavo coin from the Galapagos Islands. In contrast, Girl on the Moon has always been considered a lower tier celestial celebrity with comparably less bling. No matter she could speak eight languages and play the piano, no one requested her services. At last, she finagled a part-time job as spokesperson for a small Midwestern butter company. She even consented to wearing wholly inaccurate moon pants while juggling plastic butter churns, a demeaning stunt that only widened the gap between her and Man. Then one day in 1969, Neil Armstrong landed on her keister and ... oh, but *that’s* another story.