

# Zine Verschenken

#14 | september 2023 | monsoon



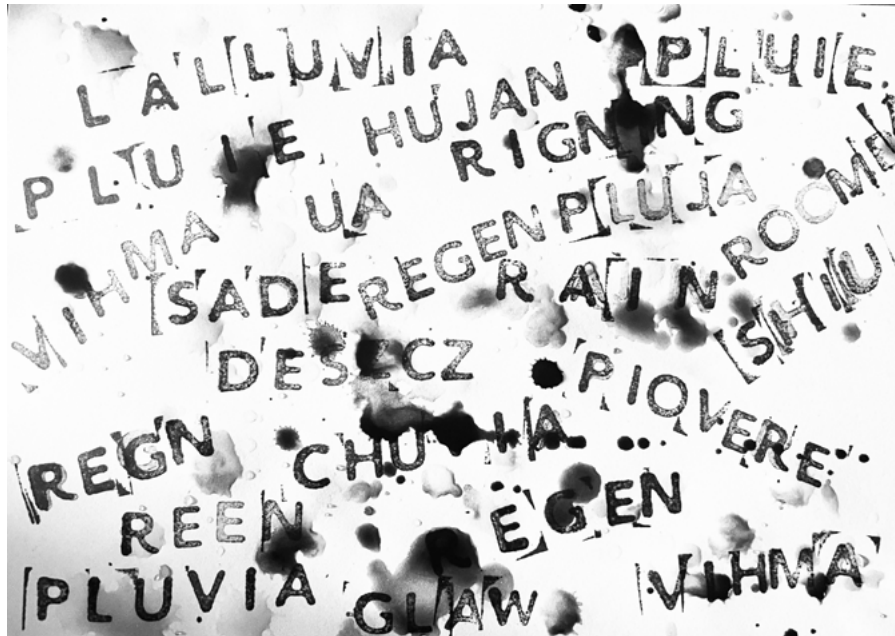
# Editorial

This year, August got sunk in the water. The days went by under storms, lightning and rains, as trapped in the rains of a tropical jungle. This year, August came and went like the monsoon.

It's the last night of the month and the air is clear. We sit on a bench at a spāti and think about the remains of a soon-by-gone summer. We drink beer and burn small pieces of paper that slowly turn into ashes. It was as full as ever. Sun and vacations and ritual dances. We had, like always, music and good times. We laughed and ran, swam in lakes and slept in the forest. We took our time, slept out of time and when we woke up it was almost gone.

Now the last rains are gone and my friend and I pray to the monsoon. We ask her for the pieces that she took with her. It's hard to sum up a time torn into pieces, even to make sense of it. Sometimes, when everything it's over, all you have is yourself, the unbearable feeling of physical exhaustion of a soon-to-be-expired body. A sense of emptiness, a flashforward of darkness and junk. But still, here we are, sitting and drinking beer just like yesterday. Tonight it's still the season.

Now, let's dance under the monsoon, let the rain tear us apart.



## Memory of a rainy day...

That morning it was too wet to go out so I was helping Mama with the housework. I brushed the crumbs into my little dustpan and shook it into the coal scuttle. She flicked her duster here and there with the energy of a Frau Hölle. Now it was the piano's turn... She played a few bars of Für Elise and then wiped down the keys. But now something was wrong and all of a sudden her hands banged up and down the piano, thundery chords which ended as suddenly as they began. Mama slumped on the stool and put her head in her hands.

I parted her fingers and put my eye close to the chink.

"I can see you," I said.

"And I can see you," she answered.

Then, "Why are you crying?"

"I'm not."

"But I can see a drip on your cheek," I insisted, poking a little finger through the hole.

"I'm a bit sad today," she said. "You're little to understand. Perhaps when you're older... Let's do something else," she suggested. So we went upstairs into her bedroom.

"Shall we cheer ourselves up and listen to my little musical box?"

I nodded.

"Did you know that Opa gave it to me before I came to England? It's special because there's a very old romantic song inside, and whenever I sing along with it, it's like talking to him, as though he were sitting in the chair over there," she said as she picked up the little cream bedside clock with a photo of Opa set in a frame on the front. She wound the silver key at the back. There was a pause, a little whirr and then a plucking sound as the melody slipped carelessly through mechanical fingers.

"Oh Mein Pa-pa," she sang, "Du bist so wundervoll. O Mein Pa-pa..."

I looked at Opa's stern face, a bit yellow around the edges, his chin resting on the back of his hand, a half smile playing on his lips.

Eventually, the tinkling slowed down and dribbled into silence. Mama wiped it with her apron, then held it on her lap as we sat on the unmade bed and looked out of the window onto wet, glistening fields. A splatter of raindrops slid down the window pane...





## Monsoon

The extreme summer weather always fascinates me. Its intense build-up, the eerie stillness, followed by the frantic movement and finally the release.

The summer months bring life, restlessness, energy and chaos until it's finally calm once more. As we tick closer to the end of the warm weather, it becomes even more erratic. Shaking every last bit of vibrancy out until finally the time comes around again to remain still. Soon, the quieter winter months will approach and pass by slowly, and with them a whole new set of emotions. We are still far from those and I'll save them for another time.

I often find myself thinking of the emotions the weather seems to mimic and how I can learn from it.

As I try to attune myself to the weather, I try to listen to my own emotions. And I mean truly listen. There have been too many times that I have tried to cover up what I'm feeling instead of letting go and embracing the moment. When mother nature shows her dry sense of humour, her irritability and her floods of tears, without any fear, regret or modesty, I feel more alive than ever.

The human need to conceal negative emotions does not lead to true happiness. In fact, it can be quite the opposite.

Taking my inspiration from the weather, I sing my feelings out alongside its strong extremes and often laughter, tears or even just contentment will soon follow. My own personal monsoon.

It's not always perfectly timed, but neither is the weather and the more I tune in, the better I become at identifying exactly what it is I feel and how it should be released.

The weather doesn't care where its extremes are released and no longer nor do I.

If I find a memory once tucked away popping back into my mind, I smile broadly as I walk through the streets.

If I see a dog doing the opposite of what it's told, I laugh wholeheartedly in the park.

If anger and frustration take over my mind in a dark cloud, I stomp and grunt while I stand at the traffic lights.

And if I'm having a day where I just can't get it right, yes I let the tears flow in the supermarket.

As Neil Finn once sang ' Everywhere you go, always take the weather with you'.

And I do. And I feel great, for there really is a rainbow after every storm and once they too have gone, I'll be ready, content, waiting for my winter hibernation.



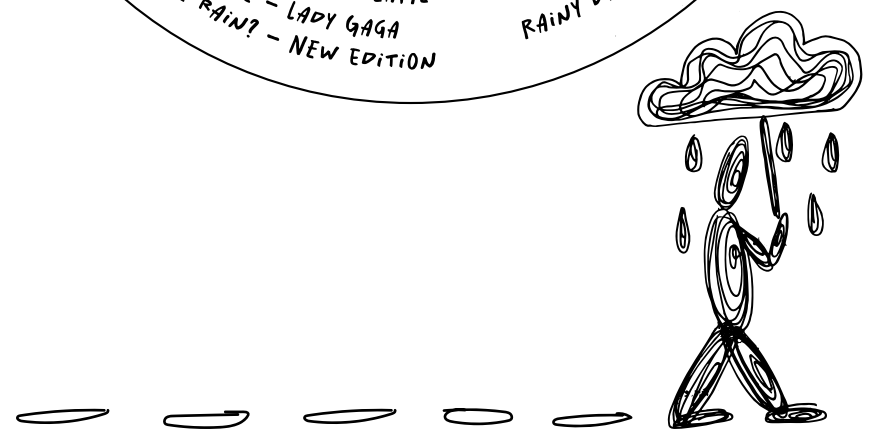
# Monsoon meditation

Dancing in the rain is good for the soul... although we need to learn how to do it. It's tempting to hide away, hole up alone and wait for the storm to pass, but perhaps it's wiser to turn our faces to the clouds, abandon ourselves to the down-pour and refresh our spirits. Afterall, a little rain won't hurt...

As people do in monsoon climates, we should immerse ourselves in the sights, sounds and feel of the rain, maybe to catch a glimpse of a bright umbrella dripping diamond drops onto the pavement, a rainbow smudged against water-colour skies, a rain soaked sari against glistening skin; listen to the chime of rain on the roof, the fluttering of leaves in the trees, the pitter-patter of dancing feet in puddles - cymbals on fingers, bells on toes; smell the minty freshness of dew-soaked grass, the perfume of rain flowers in the cool of an evening, the clarity of morning air once the mists have lifted.

So, at the first sign of a deluge, step outside and dance in the rain. Let the water stream down your cheeks, drowning out the day-to-day, washing away the worries of the world. There is more to life than the humdrum of the moment. Switch off and listen to the teeming rain as it splatters against the window pane. Embrace the change in the weather and dance to a different tune. Welcome the interruption. Don't fight what you can't control. Instead, quench your thirst once and for all. Put out your tongue and taste the clear, clean, purity of the life-giving force. Let it trickle down to the parched corners of your existence. Drink to the very last drop. Then wait for it to work its own miracles...

## PLAYLIST FOR WHEN IT'S POURING!



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**Artists** Bianca Cheung  
Elena Marcos  
Erin Johnson  
Karen Foster  
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Do you want to contribute to the zine?  
Have any questions?  
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scan the QR code to access our website:



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