

Zine Verschenken

#5 | october 2022 | nightfall



Editorial

Is anyone else feeling the shock of the sudden spiral into winter we have been experiencing? In September? Don't get me wrong, I crave the season changes. From the moment when I can shed my winter coat for the first time in spring, to the first time I dare to jump into the icy lake at the (alleged) beginning of summer, to those cosy rainy months, holed up with a cup of tea, revisiting the year in retrospect. Regardless of how we are feeling, ready or not, the new season has definitely made its impact on our beloved city and with the new month, comes our newest theme, Nightfall. And all that it brings, the good and the bad.

Are you a lover of the night? Do you indulge in the shadows, revel in the darkness, finding solace in the secrets they keep? Or are you fed up with the damp, the dank, the relentless grey that pushes you to the brink of patience, where you wish you could scream from your very soul, loud enough to pull the sun through the thick blanket of clouds? Or perhaps this is the quiet you have been craving, locking yourself away to pursue creative venues built up in your system, where you wake with them listed in your internal notepad but haven't had the time, or rather the motivation to begin with all those sunny days and late, warm nights.

Does the darkness make you wonder about the supernatural? Do you practice superstitions passed down through your family to keep the beasts at bay? Do you enjoy themes and parties connected with the night? Films or books that connect you to the darkness?

However you feel about nightfall, there is no denying there is a change of energy about the city. And collectively we, as humans do best, find our own ways to adapt and exist through our constantly changing world.

Because the Night Belongs to Yearning

Day after day, I think of you. The light enters through my window and life seems easy. Since you're gone, life is a sweet craving of the day you'll be back. I count the days, the hours, the seconds slowly. I pour the sugar on my coffee and pick the grains left on the table with my finger at the rhythm of the clock's hands. One by one. The morning's like a cherry cake. I turn the pages of my calendar with care. What day is it today, what week. Just a few days apart from you.

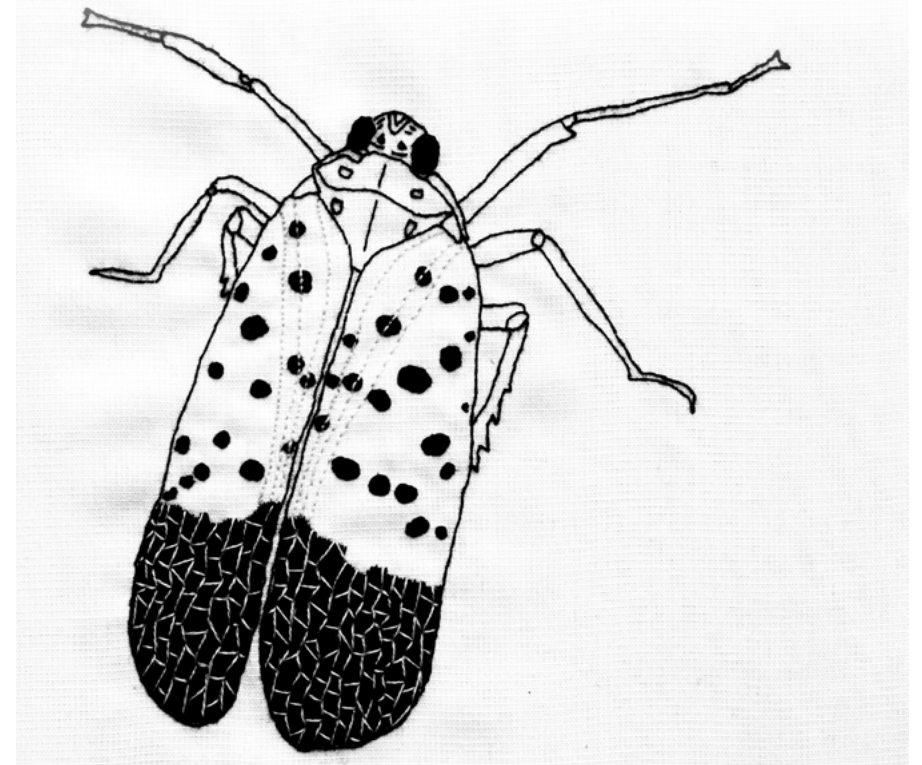
The daylight feels mild, it feels hopeful. Everything goes just the way it should. I sit at my desk and think of what you might be doing, draw on a paper the lines that look like your hair and when the doorbell rings I run, with childlike small and shivering legs, even if I know it won't be you. Just a few doorbells more.

I hear your voice in my mind, see your walk in that guy crossing the street. And it's fine to know it's never you. The perfect combination between hunger and love.

But day after day the night keeps falling. And when it gets dark I crawl upon my bed and pull my hair out. I fall into your absence like an endless pit. I stand, I cry, walk around and everyone's eyes are yours, reflecting mine, my skin untouched, my craving hands, my tongue, my mouth. And again I look at the strangers in the eyes and everyone -everyone- looks like you. And my eyes, my lips closed in the darkness awaiting impatiently for you or for anyone like you. I hear the laugh of a serial killer, falling moons, men in decay and hunger. I throw myself into an abyss.

It's been a long time since I don't feel like a replaceable body, because I constantly feel my own touch, feel the weight of my limbs, the taste of my own buds. But when the night falls, I find myself in everyone. Men and women, people with glasses, with tummies, with colorful socks, with gray eyes and souls. Strangers looking one another in the eyes, staring in an old X movie theater, starring in a horror film. Children, ageless, decrepit people, waiting for the train, waiting for the touch to come, craving ice, craving the graze of a tumbleweed, someone to pass by. All as worthless as any other. And when the darkness falls, we all turn replaceable.

AND ^{the night} FALLS,
like a moth into
THE FIRE



STARS, THEY COME & GO
THEY COME FAST
THEY COME SLOW
THEY GO LIKE
THE LAST
LIGHT OF THE
SUN ALL IN THE
BLAZE
AND ALL YOU SEE
IS
GLORY

HEY BUT IT GETS LONELY
THERE WHEN THERE'S
NO ONE LEFT
TO SHARE

THE STARS
BY THE
DARKNESS ARE
REVEALED
- E. CARP

HOW
DROWN THE MOON SHINES IN HER SKIN
REMEMBERED BY THE
STARS - W. GORDY

MUSIC IS
MOONLIGHT IN
THE GLOOMY
NIGHT OF LIFE
- Jean-Paul

DREAMS ARE
THE SEEDLINGS
OF REALITIES
- J. Allen

we're tangled in
our dreams

WE CAN
SHAKE IT
AWAY
- IF YOU'LL
HEAR A STORY
- N. Simone

LIFE
BEGINNINGS AT
NIGHT
- C. Harris

NIGHT IS THE
MOTHER OF
THOUGHTS.
- J. Florio

THE NIGHT IS THE OTHER HALF
OF LIFE AND
THE BETTER
HALF
- G. G. G. G.

I LOVE
THE SILENT HOUR OF THE NIGHT
FOR BLISSFUL DREAMS MAY
THEY ARRISE - Anne Brontë

Remember to
look up at
the stars
and
not down
at your feet
- S. H. H.

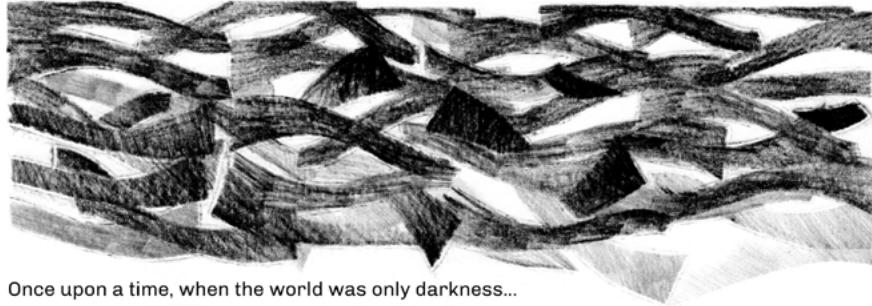
THE NIGHT IS LONGER
THAN A DAY FOR
THOSE WHO
DREAM
- J. Marlowe



BIRTH OF THE NIGHT

NAHUATL LEGEND OF THE ORIGIN OF DAY AND NIGHT

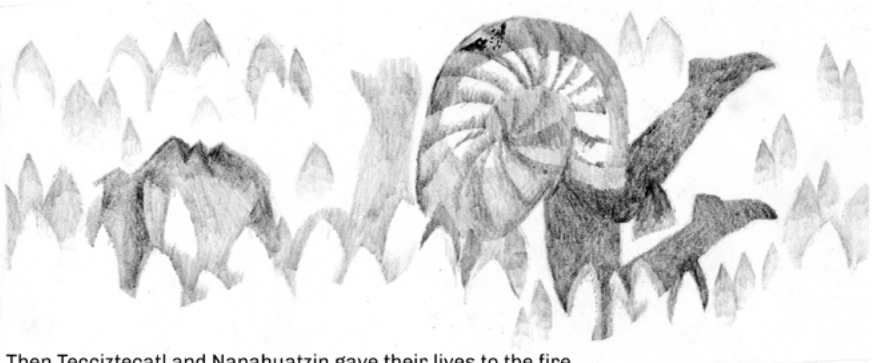
PART 1



Once upon a time, when the world was only darkness...



The gods asked - who will give the light?



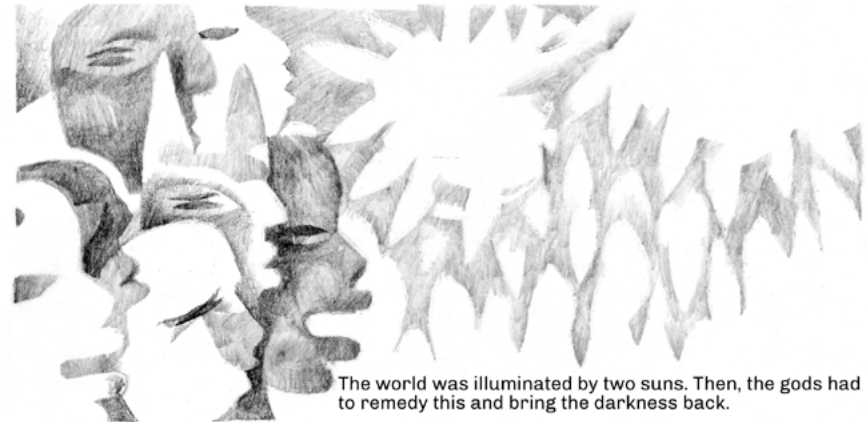
Then Tecciztecatl and Nanahuatzin gave their lives to the fire.



Chaos and confusion followed. The gods waited.



After a long wait, suddenly the light emerged



The world was illuminated by two suns. Then, the gods had to remedy this and bring the darkness back.

Interview with Sage Marie

How do travel and nightfall interact with one another?

Travel and nightfall interact with one another by showing a different side of the places you are traveling to. Recently, I took a trip to Arizona and Utah. Nightfall is much different there than where I live now. It is darker because there is less light pollution. The stars and moon become more prominent. It is more peaceful and calming in Arizona and Utah. There are different tours and activities in different places that relate to the culture of nightfall in that area. The campground I was staying at in both Arizona and Utah had nightfall tours that people could attend. I tried to attend one but the weather had other plans. It stormed so it wasn't possible.

Do you have any positive memories associated with nightfall?

I love nightfall. It is my favorite time of day. It is when things settle down so I can relax and process the day. It always starts with a sunset that can remind me that there is always something positive to look forward to seeing even after a hard day.

Does nightfall bring up any childhood memories?

Yes, nightfall was a special time during my childhood especially during the spring and summer months. I would always find myself outside catching fireflies during nightfall. I would love running around the yard finding the little bugs when they lit up. I would keep them and admire them for a while, then release them. It was something I would look forward to every spring and summer time.

Finally, as a woman, do you feel that nightfall has any danger attached to it? What advice could you offer our readers based on your own person experiences?

Nightfall does have danger attached to it, especially in certain areas. During nightfall, it is easier to get away with some crimes in many areas. This makes it harder for people to travel or be out at night, especially women. I am an observant person, so being out at night doesn't scare me like it can other people. I enjoy being out at night observing what is happening around me whether it is the environment or the people or both. I would recommend for people to be observant, use common sense, and listen to your intuition or gut when out during nightfall. Those are the major actions I take when out at nightfall. I haven't had any unsafe situations happen during nightfall. I believe it is because of the actions I take while out and about. Some other tips that I have learned to do myself while traveling are as follows.



1. Do research about the crime in the area you will be
2. Travel with a buddy/friend
3. Don't wear flashy or expensive clothes or jewelry.
4. Stay in well lit areas

You can find more from Sage on her here: <https://workyourlighttravel.com/blog>

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Artists Bianca Cheung
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Do you want to contribute to the zine?
Have any questions?
Send us an email:
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scan the QR code to access our website:



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