

Zine **Verschenken**

#3 | august 2022 | planets



Editorial

Throughout the centuries our ancestors have looked at the sky and wonder what the universe hides from us. Since the first sumerian looked at the sky at night and discovered the closest planets - Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter and Saturn - human beings have used them to create mythologies that allow us dealing with the darkness of the universe. From that moment on, each planet has been a ruler, a godly representation of one side of existence - communication, war, beauty, justice, death. This way, we were able to tell stories through them.

The current names given by Roman mythology are therefore just a mere signifier, but the stories behind them mark a continuum through all occidental mythologies. This way we have continuously thought not only of Venus, but of greek Aphrodite or the etruscan goddess Turan, when seeking for love, beauty and fertility. Mercury has flown from Turms to messenger Hermes to sneak into chemistry as a symbol of flow, volatility and rapidness. In times of war, Romans would dance and sing to Mars, to be led to victory. The land we inhabit bears the name of Jupiter's first moon, who was abducted by Zeus disguised as a bull. And Saturn, with his cutting rings and cold character, lives in pictures and songs as the unholy god who devoured his children, a symbol of the decadence and passing of time.

Planets are part of a collective imaginary that has allowed us for centuries to make sense of the world and how we relate to it. And through it we have written poems and songs, painted pictures and sculpted statues. These are not just mere representations of ideas or general concepts, but expressions of our most instinctive and deepest side. They appeal to a sense of brotherhood and community that tells us that, at the end of the day, we all go through the same cycle. That we all carry light and darkness, beauty and violence in equal shares in ourselves.

For that, let the planets inspire you today.

Ruling planets, random songs



Sun - Leo

It's fierce, it's erotic, it's a gem for any Leo.

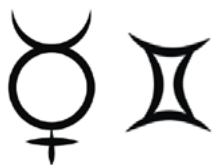
Le Chat by Pussycat



Moon - Cancer

With moonlike face and praying,
for the love of missing children.

Army Dreamers by Kate Bush



Mercury - Gemini

Here and there, never focused,
Mercury on its way.

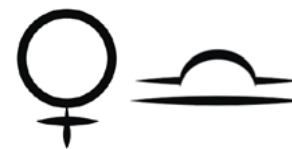
Centro di Gravità Permanente
by Franco Battiato



Mercury - Virgo

Virgos don't believe,
Virgos just judge.

Horrorscope by GENTS



Venus - Libra

The sounds, the smell, the symmetry,
perfect day at the edge of the ocean.

Sonate Pacifique by L'Imperatrice



Venus - Taurus

Shiny, shiny, shiny boots of leather,
A whiplash girlchild as a Venus in furs.

Venus in furs by The Velvet Underground & Nico



Mars - Aries

Nothing better than a volcano
to feel the burning craters of Mars in Aries.

Vesuvio by Nu Genea



Jupiter - Sagittarius

Childlike energy,
pushing the limits.

Mega Chords by Krystal Klear



Saturn - Capricorn

Just as Saturn ate his children, once I had a
nightmare where Nick Cave would suck my soul.

Soundtrack was Rings of Saturn
by Nick Cave The Bad Seeds



Uranus - Aquarius

Firefly cars, women rushing past,
the road was long and the race was fast.

Estallando desde el océano by Sumo



Neptune - Pisces

Dreamy, water in the night,
reflecting a Neptune heart.

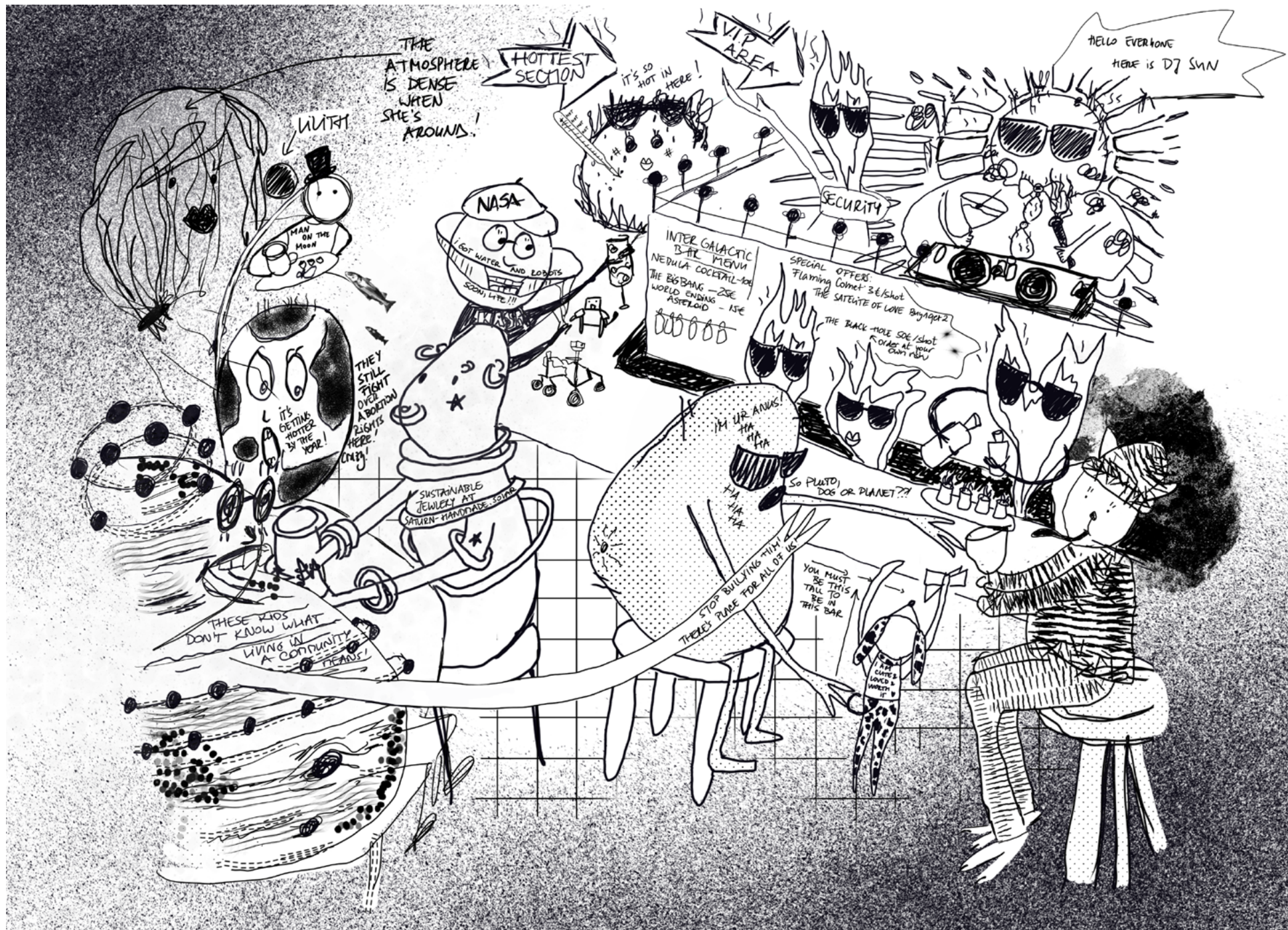
L'hawaïenne by La Femme



Pluto - Scorpio

The sounds of earth cracking,
with a sweet sweet core.

Psychocandy by Jesus and Mary Chain



Planet Berlin

Berlin has long been on a different planet to the rest of Germany. It's an in-your-face kinda place: big, brash and hearty. So much so that its inhabitants don't just call a spade a spade - they call it a 'bloody shovel!'

Even during the Third Reich it was the last remaining bastion of liberalism and free-thinking. And before that, in the Weimar Republic, it was subversive, permissive, outrageous, a cultural melting pot, a jazz hotspot, a fringe-friendly hangout. Under the Occupation, if you were a soldier in the American or British zones, you'd more than likely go out of your way to advertise the footloose-and-fancy-free high life: "Say buddy, if you wanna have yourself a good time, take my advice and drop by Berlin on your way back to your folks." Berlin was always considered a universal stop off, the carefree capital of youthful initiation before you got down to the serious business of 'sensible' living.

In comparison to Berlin, the rest of the country - even today - emanates small town vibes: twitching net curtains, hushed main streets, clean front doorsteps... Here on the planet of Berlin, on the other hand, no one really cares what your bag is, or even if you have one at all - as long as you are left-of-centre, mind your own business, think green, uphold social solidarity, behave 'cooperatively', tolerate techno, don't wear a uniform, don't live off the state and, above all, don't price the 'real' Berliners out of house and home. Hell, you can even shift your manky bed on a tram and no one will blink an eye.

In Berlin, nobody need feel alien at all except, possibly, the rest of the German population!

In the more anti-establishment satellite neighbourhoods that still resist gentrification, the ones where punk dolls' heads are purposely impaled on pikes, where squatters air their grievances on garish banners and angry graffiti upholsters every stick of street furniture around, you'll be sure to see every man, woman and their dog, whether aging revolutionary or wild child, lounge on sofas pulled up to streetside braziers, basking in 'life on the edge', or making spectacles of themselves - depending on which side of the (political) wall you're on. Negotiating the terms of your existence is an art at the best of times, but here in the capital it is, sadly, a dying one. The free-and-easy lifestyle on Planet Berlin is hanging in the balance.



Return of Pluto

When I was a child, around 7 or 8, I spent a year completely obsessed with Pluto. Maybe because it was the last planet in the galaxy, just as I was the last one at home, or because it reminded me of Pluto the Dog - whom I managed to rename as Puto the Fart, by unintentionally playing with the consonants of perro and pedo). I don't know what ulterior reason I had for such a burning love, but as a child I just adored Pluto.

I used to draw him at school: pink, purple and blue, with weird green sparkles. I read about it.

Mass: 10.24 kg.

Density: 1854 kg/m³.

Distance: 5.05 billion km away from planet Earth.

How many light years it would take to get there? I don't know. I'm not good at counting.

One day when I was a bit older, someone declared on TV that Pluto was no longer a planet. How?!- I thought.

I hadn't thought about Pluto for a long time. How could I have forgotten Pluto, I thought, miserable me. And now it's not even a planet anymore. But that can't be it, can it? They talked about issues of mass, density and what else. Pluto seems to have lost the required density to keep its planet status.

Losing density. What a trivial reason to commit a crime.

Like getting kicked out of the club for being too slim. Oh pardon me, sir, you seem to be too low weighed for this universe. Now get lost. And don't forget your hat!

It was outrageous and vulgar. And anyway, who could have made such a horrendous decision? Based on which criteria? Had Pluto ceased to be a planet or has it just ceased to be considered a planet? When is low density too low to stop being considered a planet? Is there an exact number or is it more about not being seen? And if the second, had they tried a telescope? Is it more about memory? Is Pluto just too small to be remembered? Or do you have to be remembered to even exist? That you appear in the atlases of the universe as a planet and not as what ceased to be a planet? To be included in the atlases of the universe as the planet and not as that small ball of nitrogen ice, methane and carbon that one day randomly ceased to be a planet?

The Holocaust of the Planets. And what about those people, inhabitants of Pluto? Will they lose their planetary citizen status too? Living on a satellite, what a shame. Like those ones migrating to the moon. An outrage, a joke, an insult!

A satellite. The periphery.

Pluto is the edge, the limit of the galaxy. After it, there is nothing, but at some point in my life, Pluto was the center.



Venus - We hear you Mariska

These hazy summer days have me daydreaming, forgetful, sleeping late and waking early. I feel as though I am looking through rosy 70's style lenses. And I know I'm not the only one. Berlin has taken the 70's on in a totally new way. The original 70's in Berlin was very different to the visions of the 70's we see in today's media.

As a modern woman, listening to the music of the 70's and truly enjoying it without compromise is one of the small, everyday pleasures I am grateful for. My love for 70's psychedelic rock has always called to me. It fills me with a light and happiness like no other, but the creators took the important steps to pave the way for our self-indulgences. For these artists, it wasn't easy to break through conservative governments and sing from the heart. Even more difficult for women who were only acknowledged by the media for their beauty.

"She's got it, yeh baby she's got it, I'm your Venus, I'm your fire, your desire". I'm sure you know the world-famous song, 'Venus' by Shocking Blue. But do you know the woman who sang the vocals, Mariska Veres?

My passion for music pushed me to dig deeper to get to know this woman, who seemed so proud and confident, reigning in the 70's with the chart-topping track, 'Venus'.

She was invited into an all-male band, Shocking Blue who were attempting to break out of their home country, The Netherlands to make it in the international music scene. Mariska had always pursued music; it was in her blood from the beginning. Her father was a Romani violinist who had moved to the Netherlands. Her childhood was filled with music as she and her sister would play piano alongside his slow, sorrowful melodies.

After being a part of numerous mildly successful bands, the manager of Shocking Blue convinced lead guitarist and lyricist, Robbie van Leeuwen that Mariska would be the edge they needed to take the band to the next level. He was right, their very first single was 'Venus'. It was in the top ten charts all over Europe and was number one in the USA.

This all sounds like a dream for an aspiring musician; however, the sad truth was that women in the 70's were reduced to objects, described as sex symbols, and were not given anywhere near the amount of freedom these incredibly talented artists deserved. Mariska quickly found this out. Upon her first visit to the states, she was described as a 'busty beautiful girl'. Several sources claimed her as naïve and very sensitive as she cried once (once!) when van Leeuwen shouted at her. Constantly, tabloids referred to her as a sex symbol, which made her so uncomfortable she cut her hair short and began performing in long skirts. Her dreams to become a solo

artist, were also damaged after she quickly realised her audience had not come to hear her sing, but to leer and comment on her looks. She claimed that she was not open enough to have a relationship and kept people at a distance. I think we need to reassess how iconic women in the 70's were portrayed, by journalists, managers, and the general public. In modern society, we have begun to understand the patriarchy and are finding our voices after so many of our sister's have silently suffered or were portrayed in such spiteful ways. What is written about Mariska Veres, is only little and from reading between the lines, I have uncovered just a few small insights into how unhappy she must have been. She was a strong woman, that I know for sure. When she agreed to join the band, she began by saying that she would never be romantically involved with any of the members. She was not interested in participating in the temptations of a typical 70's band lifestyle, she never drank, smoked, or took drugs. She was a woman who had her principles, she spoke up about them and stood by them. If we can take her strength with us and next time be brave enough to speak up for our own principles, then we are doing right by her and all the other women of the 70's who step by step made our modern lives a little easier. Our path as women started long ago, but it is far from being complete. I know I will sing 'Venus' with a whole new outlook in the future.

Zine Verschenken

#3 | august 2022 | planets

Artists Bianca Cheung
Elena Marcos
Erin Johnson
Karen Foster
NINANINÄ
Yehudi Villa Echevarría

Do you want to contribute to the zine?

Have any questions?

Send us an email:

zine.verschenken@gmail.com or
scan the QR code to access our website:



zineverschenken.de

