

BodySpace

Issue #01 home(un)making. July, 2026



BodySpace

Issue #01 Home/Work/Play 2026

BodySpace
Magazine

Volume 1
Number 1



BodySpace Magazine

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BodySpace asks how bodies sense, relate, build, and rebuild everyday life through gestures and spatial practices. Its first issue takes home(un)making as its ground, exploring home not as a fixed address but as something continuously built and unbuilt, through which people negotiate inhabitation under conditions of dis/re-placement. Using drawings, photographs, personal archives, walking, recipes, maps, and a card game, contributors trace three main gestures of (un)making home: anchoring, through repetition and memory; reorienting, home reimagined when familiar ground no longer holds; and connecting, when home emerges through shared presence in-between places.

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Ak knol (we make it)
Berlin 2026

PRINT RUN

100

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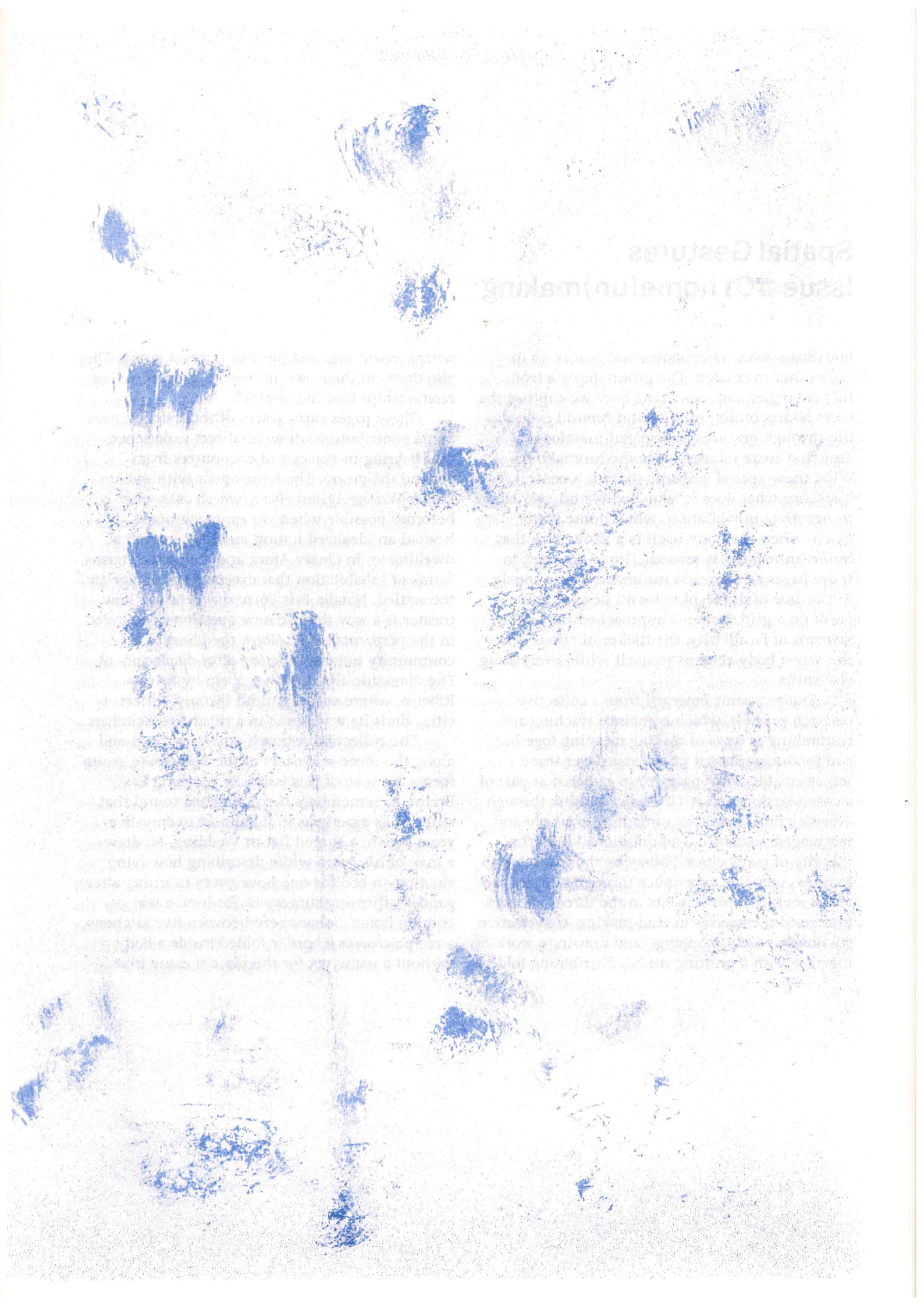
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Spatial Gestures Issue #01 home(un)making

BodySpace asks what bodies and spaces do to each other over time. The group departs from this entanglement, centering how we capture the ways bodies build, unbuild and rebuild everyday life through gestures and spatial practices. This first issue focuses on home(un)making. What these spatial gestures share is a central question: what does it take, bodily and over time, to negotiate inhabitation, when home is not given, when the body itself is a site where that home(un)making is sensed? Home emerges in these pages as a process (un)made continuously, in the face of dis/re-placement. Beyond being a point on a grid, home is approached here as the warmth of familiarity, the flicker of ritual, and the way a body returns to itself while everything else shifts.

This magazine emerged from a collective research practice, which combined teaching and researching as ways of making meaning together and producing shared knowledge. Over three semesters, the BodySpace group gathered as part of a co-research group at TU Berlin to think through everyday inhabitation as something arranged and rearranged, sustained, and questioned in Berlin, this city of many cities. Following the invitation to capture embodied experience through sensory and visual methods, participants in the three seminars immersed themselves in zine-making, conversation, go-alongs, poetry, mappings, and drawings, working together with a printing studio, distributing folders

with a tenant organization and migrant group. They also drew on their own intimacies, bringing close relationships into the research.

These pages carry traces of those encounters. Some contributions draw on direct experience; others bring in voices and encounters from beyond the group. The issue opens with Ayham Dalal's *Writing Against Home*, which asks what becomes possible when we approach home beyond an idealized notion and look instead at dwelling as, in Qusay Amer and colleagues' terms, forms of inhabitation that exceed the singular and the settled. Natalia Pais Fornari reflects on how theater is a way to raise new questions, grounded in the performance of *Albert*, the ghost of a community hotel wandering after displacement. The magazine closes with a poem by Estela Ribeiro, where coffee ground through different cities finds its way home in a third-floor kitchen.

The collective research emerging from and along the three semesters of the BodySpace group forms the core of this issue. By recalling East Berlin, K. remembers the floorboard sound that still creaks exactly as it did almost twenty-five years ago. In a shared flat in Wedding, M. draws a map of his room while describing how lying shirtless in bed for one hour every morning after gender-affirming surgery is, for him, a way of coming home. Somewhere between five kitchens, a recipe crosses a border folded inside a body, without a name yet for the place it came from.

The editorial line of BodySpace magazine follows three main spatial gestures, as "embodied placements":

Anchoring home temporarily grounded inwards, through repetition and memory, through gestures of staying and holding. *Embodied Memories (Over Time) During the "Wende Zeit"*, by Camille Poller, traces K. across the political change that led to home being sensed not as a single flat, but as a couple upstairs who left warm food, and a pub where political discussion and belonging were the same thing. *A Body Split in Space(s)*, by Jana Paim, brings a visual essay drawing on her personal archive of building homes in shared routines. *My Head Is Here but My Body Is Elsewhere*, by Melis İşcan, follows a group of three women who, like the author, migrated a few years ago from Turkey to Berlin; their home-making moves through songs, amulets, fought-for rental contracts, and words that carry intimacy where a new language cannot yet reach.

Reorienting home is situated elsewhere, reimagined when familiar ground no longer holds. A different ground built through the body, imagination, language, or what is planted in new soil. *Home Is Where the Healing Is*, by Carlo Liemen, draws a floor plan. Each object in M. 's room, like the bed, the mirror, the dresser, holds a different relation to time, to the body, to what home might yet mean. *Lesbian City*, by Carlota Maurer and Karla Yumari, suggests a different kind of map(ping):

one made from gazes at tram stations, from dancing, from occupying a square while chewing sunflower seeds. The contribution sits with the tension that mapping, as an ongoing practice, carries: between visibility and exposure, between claiming space and building safety simultaneously. *Multispecies Homemaking*, by İnci Nazlıcan Sağırbaş, sits in a balcony with plant-human companions alike, reflecting on multispecies inhabitation as a way of building new orientations.

Connecting home emerges outwardly, through relation, exchange, and shared presence. *Seeds of a Shared Home*, by Beatriz Paiva, Maria Luisa Acosta, Rozafa Rechi, Vera Gaivan, and Victor Torres, share memories of familiar meals across different places. A recipe becomes "a way of saying I bring a seed of somewhere without having to explain where." To share the table, in this case, is to open a door for sensing home. *Make Yourself at Home*, by Ana Takano and Karla Yumari, closes the issue with a card game: questions about smells, rituals, songs, and memories, played until a house is built card by card from what people share among each other.

This work closes one cycle of the BodySpace group's research (2025–2026) and opens another. We are glad to have you at this beginning.

Dr. Mariana Morais

BODYSPEACE CO-RESEARCH GROUP
BERLIN, JULY 2026

Home(un)making: in conversation

These pages gather voices, reflections, and movements from works that inspired this first issue

BS Why turn beyond the ideal of “home”? How can other ways of inhabiting be imagined? How does the body itself remake home, within place and politics?

Ayham Dalal In “Writing Against Home” [1] my intention was to urge scholars and researchers, especially those working in the fields of architecture, urban studies, and design to be careful when using the term “home”. Despite the fact that it comes naturally to us to use the term “home”, it slips our minds that this feeling of comfort and ease is related to politics and entitlement. I argue that practices of inhabitation which are collective, dysfunctional, unrealistic, irrational, contradictory, are the human reality of how we construct “homes”. To shift from these idealized visions is to see inhabitation for what it really is, and how it is shaped by human activities, and human life. My text is a call for designers to shift away from idealizing what has been taken for granted, and to look with passion, sympathy, and curiosity, to the different ways in which we, humans, inhabit the earth, beyond what the market has engraved in our minds, and politicians have established as a mantra.

We are seeing in Palestine how settler-colonialism justifies violence by saying that Palestine is “home for Jews”. Thus, these homing practices are necessarily associated with a sort of violence – towards others, towards nature, towards fears of the unknown, since home is meant to offer protection. This year at the German University in Cairo, we asked students “how can we envision housing that heals communities when return becomes possible?” Answers are developed in collaboration with architects from Gaza who have fled the genocide

to Cairo. We believe that housing is crucial for healing communities affected by war and displacement. And for that, we need to re-imagine it beyond the current narratives of “home” and “housing unit” but towards what dwelling and inhabitation practices full of imaginations, irrationalities, imperfections, possibilities, and everyday life could offer, and how they create solidarity, justice and communities against the odds of rupture and collapse we are witnessing in our world today.

Qusay Amer, Layla Dadouch, Maureen Abi Ghanem, and Simone Rueß In contexts of protracted displacement, “home” becomes more than a place as it is experienced by refugees. It becomes a contested, hybrid, and processual construct. The shifting constellation landscape of everyday practices, personal memories, and institutional constraints intersect in the making of home under conditions of temporariness and uncertainty. Drawing on the work of numerous scholars [2], “home” represents the daily, material, and spatial practices through which familiarity and routine are established; “Home” the affective, symbolic, and cultural imaginaries that are carried across borders and time; and “HOME” the institutional, legal, and political frameworks that both enable and constrain how and where home can be made.

In the participatory project “Hybrid Inhabit HOME – Home – home”, we observed that everyday homemaking is simultaneously a deeply

personal and profoundly political act. Refugees actively appropriate, modify, and symbolically charge spaces of refuge. These practices collide, often literally, with the humanitarian and technocratic logics of asylum infrastructure. In such settings, home becomes both possible and impossible. The structures intended to provide safety often simultaneously reproduce exclusion and control. Within these constraints, home becomes both possible and impossible, giving rise to new spatial knowledge—hybrid forms of homemaking that mix memory, improvisation, and resistance, underscoring the fluid and sometimes contradictory experiences of living between places, identities, and futures.

Natalia Pais Fornari Theater has the capacity to place a spotlight into any corner of a story, then move around it, and dwell there for as long as necessary. Text, direction, gesture, voice, music, silence, scenography, items to remember a place and embodiment are all there in combination, and when they’re employed specifically to present narratives of displacement, affect and closure, it can take such a binding shape, stay with the audience for a long time.

To find the body in the world, in movement, among and seen through others, to discover courage and the pleasure of belonging rather than fearing, at moments when the world itself seems to question whether we are meant to be here, are some of the inevitable and incredibly powerful “magic tricks” of theater.



“Spaces are not exterior to bodies; instead, spaces are like a second skin that unfolds in the folds of the body. Making a place feel like home, or becoming at home in a space (...) Loving one’s home is not about being fixed into a place, but rather it is about becoming part of a space where one has expanded one’s body, saturating the space with bodily matter: home as overflowing and flowing over.” [3]

Archive BodySpace: “Unworlding: Trans Anarchitectures” On a spring evening in 2025, when the BodySpace group gathered in the conference room at ICI Berlin, we listened to Jack Halberstam unfold a vocabulary borrowed from a 1970s art collective called “anarchitecture”. Halberstam’s proposal, grounded in the work of Gordon Matta-Clark, gave us some terms to reflect on dis/re-placement and trans embodiment not as a practice seeking recognition within an existing system, but as a new ground, as landscape, as a demolition site. Embodied experience, when attended to closely, opens onto the structures that shape it. These pages are inspired by this unworlding impulse, tracing new grounds for capturing socio-spatial practices.

[1] Dalal, Ayham (2025) “Writing Against Home”, in Stratford, Elaine and Walsh, Katie (eds.) The Routledge Handbook of Home. London: Routledge.

[2] Amer, Qusay, Rebecca Roberts, and Francesca Ceola. 2025. “Spatial tensions and conflict. Forcibly Displaced people in Lagos and Amman.” In Knoblauch, H., Sommer, V., & Pfetsch, B. (Hrsg.), Spatial Conflicts and Conflictual Spaces. The Dynamics of Refiguration. 213 - 234. London: Routledge. <https://doi.org/10.4324/9781003542810-13>

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Misselwitz, Philipp, and Anna Steigemann. 2022. “Architecture of Asylum: Negotiating Home-Making Through Concrete Spatial Strategies.” In *Communicative Constructions and the Refiguration of Spaces*, edited by Gabriela B. Christmann, Hubert Knoblauch, and Martina Löw, 174-194. London: Routledge.

[3] Ahmed, S. (2006, p 9, 11). *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others*. Duke University Press. DOI: <https://doi.org/10.1215/9780822388074>

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Embodied Memories (over time) During the “Wende Zeit”

A zine-based essay tracing
home-making gestures during
German reunification
Camille Poller

We explore embodied memories. We focused on the past, on home-making in a systemically challenging and transformative time. Amid geopolitical changes, K.^[1] studied, worked, and lived in Berlin, the city she grew up in, which almost doubled in size overnight. Her memories could be seen in how seamlessly she could switch between names of cities from what they were called before and after *die Wende* ^[2] (e.g., Karl-Marx-Stadt/Chemnitz).

K. is a woman who grew up and lived in East Berlin in the GDR. For this essay, I will use the first letter of her *Rufname* ^[3], “K.” It is a common German name for the time; entering any given room with women over 50 in Germany and calling that name will probably get at least one person to raise their head. Born in the early 1970s, she was coming of age during the *Wiedervereinigung* ^[4] of both German states in a place that was cut in half by the Cold War.

To this end, we conducted two qualitative interviews: one with materials such as old photos and documents at K.’s home, and one “go along” interview, co-researching the area she used to live in. We used visual methods such as taking photos, mapping during the interview walk, and audiotaping.

The methods we used helped capture transitions from the past to the present, but also specific memories that can be seen materially and that still stand, regardless of the time that has passed. The original product of the research was a zine. The collages shown here were developed for this zine and are part of our creative presentation of our complex findings.

We explored the time from when K. was kicked out by her mother for pursuing a university education, to K. becoming a mother herself. We looked at the period from when K. was, for the first time, engaging in home-making by herself and for herself, up until she became and made a home for a new person.

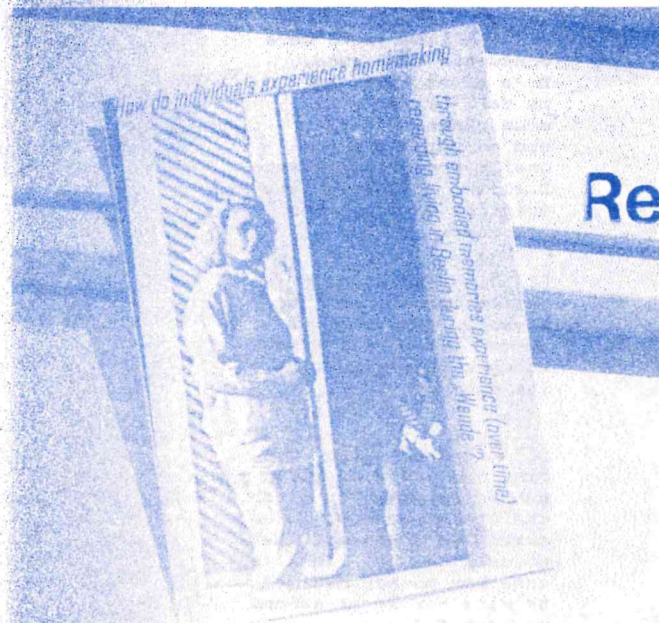
This new person is one of the researchers engaged in this project.

[1] All interviews were conducted in German. K.’s first language is *Berlinerisch*, and some phrases, words, and concepts are not easily translatable into English; therefore, the original German terms are used.

[2] *Die Wende*: the time period surrounding the *Wiedervereinigung*, in German the term is used to mark this time and its changes.

[3] *Rufname*: during the time one could be given a number of names at birth, and one of them would be marked as *Rufname* (name to call one by). In K.’s case her mother decided to mark her legal second name as *Rufname*.

[4] *Wiedervereinigung*: German reunification, Process between 1989 and 1990 where the BRD and GDR became one state.



Remembering

K. remembers first moving into a *Plattenbau* in Marzahn, but quickly switching this flat for another one in Friedrichshain.

„also in Marzahn habe ich nicht so lange gewohnt. Ich hab dann die Wohnung in einer Nacht- und Nebelaktion mit der in der Gärtnerstraße getauscht.“ „So I didn't live in Marzahn for that long. Then I swapped the apartment in a side deal with the one on Gärtnerstraße.“

The GDR had too few living quarters to meet the demand, especially ones that were in good condition, since the GDR did not have the resources for large-scale renovations after World War II. It was not unusual to get married in order to move into a new place.

Plattenbauten were the preferred living quarters because they were modern, with toilets in the apartment and central heating.

But K. always romanticised *Altbauten* [5], with their high ceilings and big windows.

The small one-room apartment was heated by a tiled stove. This shaped home-making in the house.

„Dann haben sie dir das einfach so in den Keller geschüttet. Dann konntest du mit dem Keller nichts anderes mehr anfangen außer Kohle.“ „Then they just dumped that in your basement. Then you couldn't use the basement for anything else except coal.“

This dynamic also affected the community. A gay couple lived a few stories up and cared for K.; sometimes they heated up her flat for her if she got home late from work. Warmth became an act (one among others) of interpersonal care at that time.

„[...] dann ganz oben wohnte ein, ein homosexuelles Pärchen, die mich dann so ein bisschen adoptiert haben und ich immer nachts nach Hause kam, dann hatten die halt irgendwie was zu essen gemacht oder die waren halt immer noch wach und haben gewartet, bis ich gekommen bin, haben meine Wäsche gewaschen“ „[...] right at the top lived a gay couple who kind of adopted me. Whenever I came home late at night, they'd always have something to eat ready for me, or they'd still be awake waiting for me to get back. They even did my laundry for me.“

K. often worked late hours since she did not receive any financial support from her family.

„Also ich habe studiert und gearbeitet und gefeiert. So. (...) Schlaf war damals nicht so wichtig.“ „So, I studied, worked, and partied. (...) Sleep wasn't that important back then.“

Friedrichshain in the 1990s was not a cool and hip place. K. recalls the Kiez [6] being mostly living quarters, with no restaurants and bars.

One exception were structures and institutions built around the occupation of Mainzer Straße.

„[...] es war halt so eine Kneipe, wo man sich dann eben so zu politischen Diskussionen getroffen hat. Und das war dann aber schon wieder so, dass man dann, wenn man sich halt da getroffen hat, dass man auch so dazugehört hat“ „[...] it was just a pub where people met for political discussions. And then it was like that again, when you met there, you were part of it.“

She also recalled not spending a lot of time in the flat, describing her friends as part of her home-building during that time.

„diese Wohnung für mich eher so eine Homebase war, wenn ich nirgendwo anders einen Schlafplatz hatte.“ „This apartment was more like a home base for me when I didn't have a place to sleep anywhere else.“

As well as political direct actions in the form of student strikes and occupations.

„Naja, wir haben ja auch dann eine ganze Weile rumgestreikt. Also wir haben ja auch so drei bis vier Semester einfach mal gestreikt und haben ja nicht studiert.“ „Well, we went on strike for quite a while. We also went on strike for three to four semesters and didn't study.“

Entering this physical space in a *Quergebäude* [7] of a house in Friedrichshain after two and a half decades, K. remarked: „Das knarzt noch genauso wie damals“ „That still creaks just like it used to.“

Home was not so much about specific spaces or places or even her own flat; it was about building meaningful connections, spending time with people, and contributing to political action.

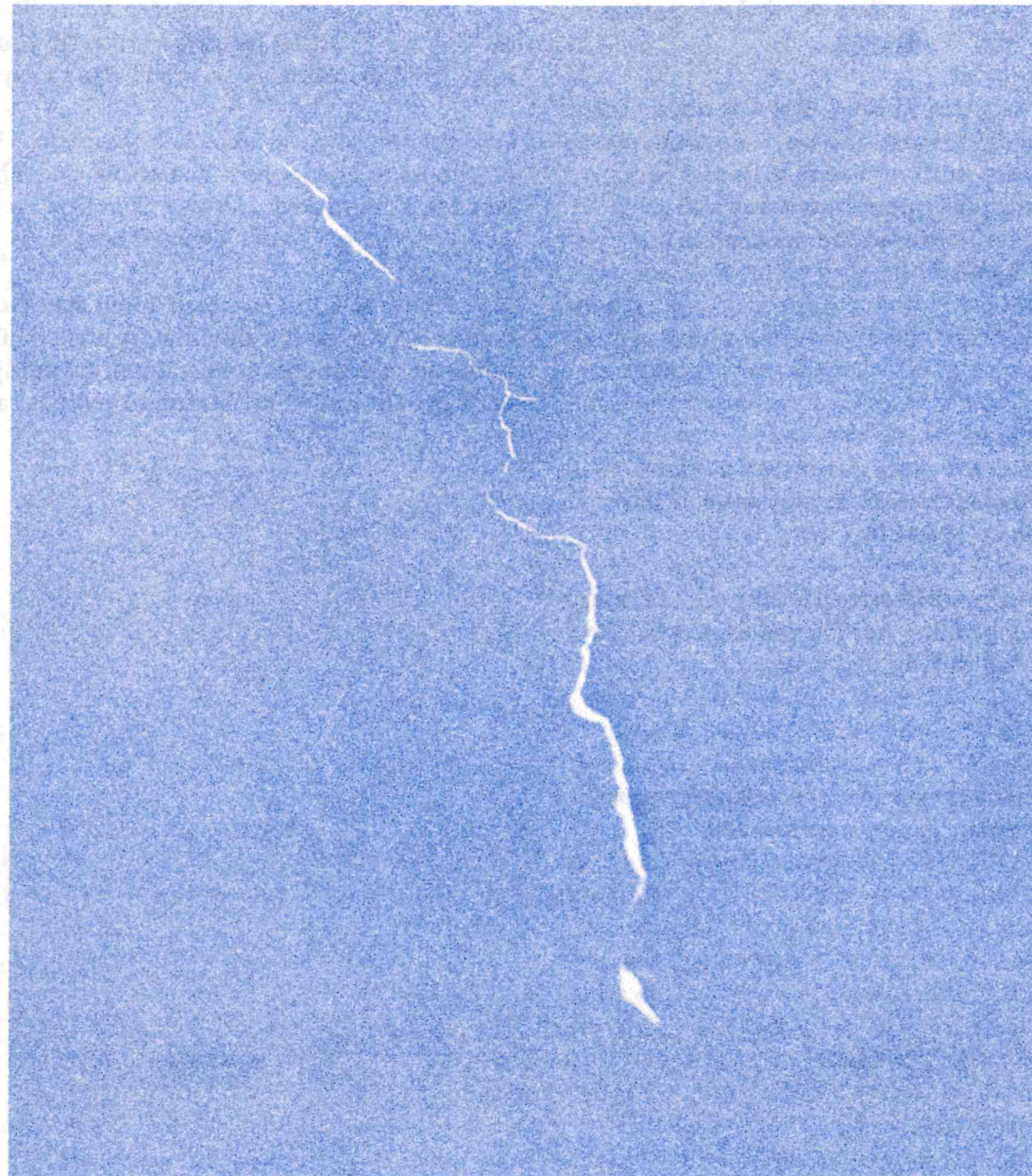
[5] *Altbau*: a specific kind of building, typically built before World War II. In Berlin many *Altbau* survived the war, and can be seen throughout the city in different modes of restoration and renovation.

[6] *Kiez*: a term for a city neighbourhood in Berlin.

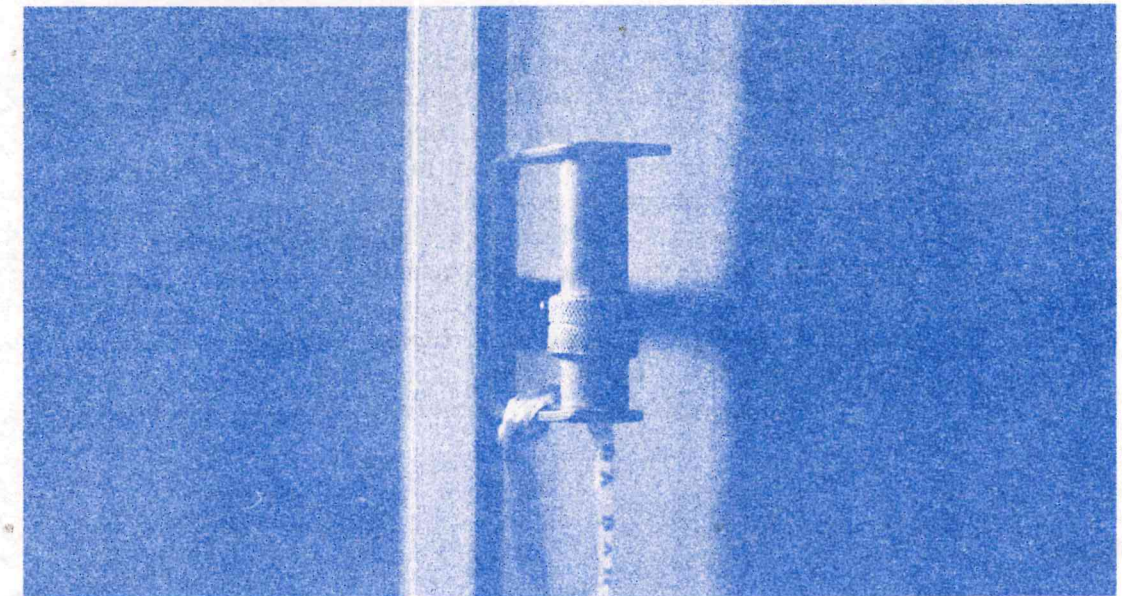
[7] *Quergebäude*: a rear house, only accessible through the courtyard. It is very common in Berlin due to the „*Bebauungsplan der Umgebungen Berlins*“ from 1862. To this date, doorbell nameplates sort names by „*Vorderhaus*“, „*Seitenflügel*“, and „*Quergebäude*“ to make it easier to find the right stairway.

A Body Split In Space(s)

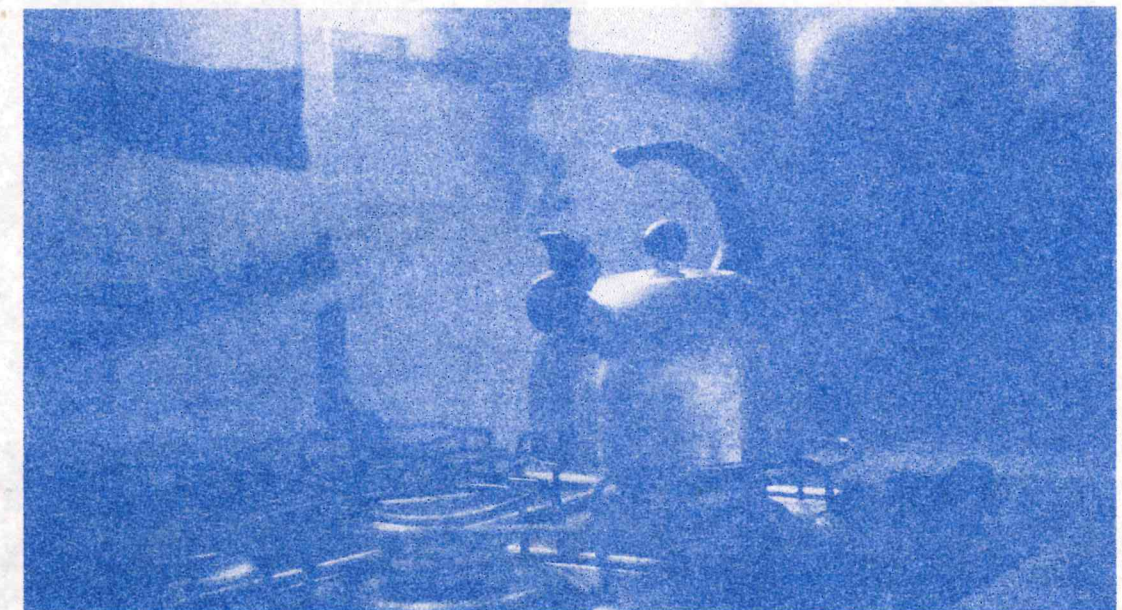
Jana Paim



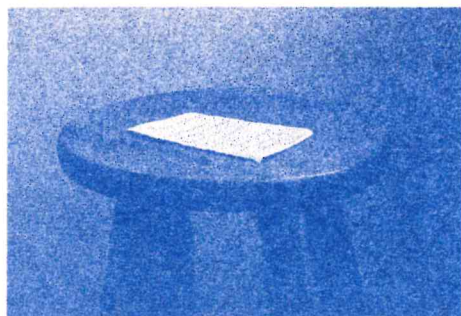
A brief visual inventory of ordinary memories



NOW

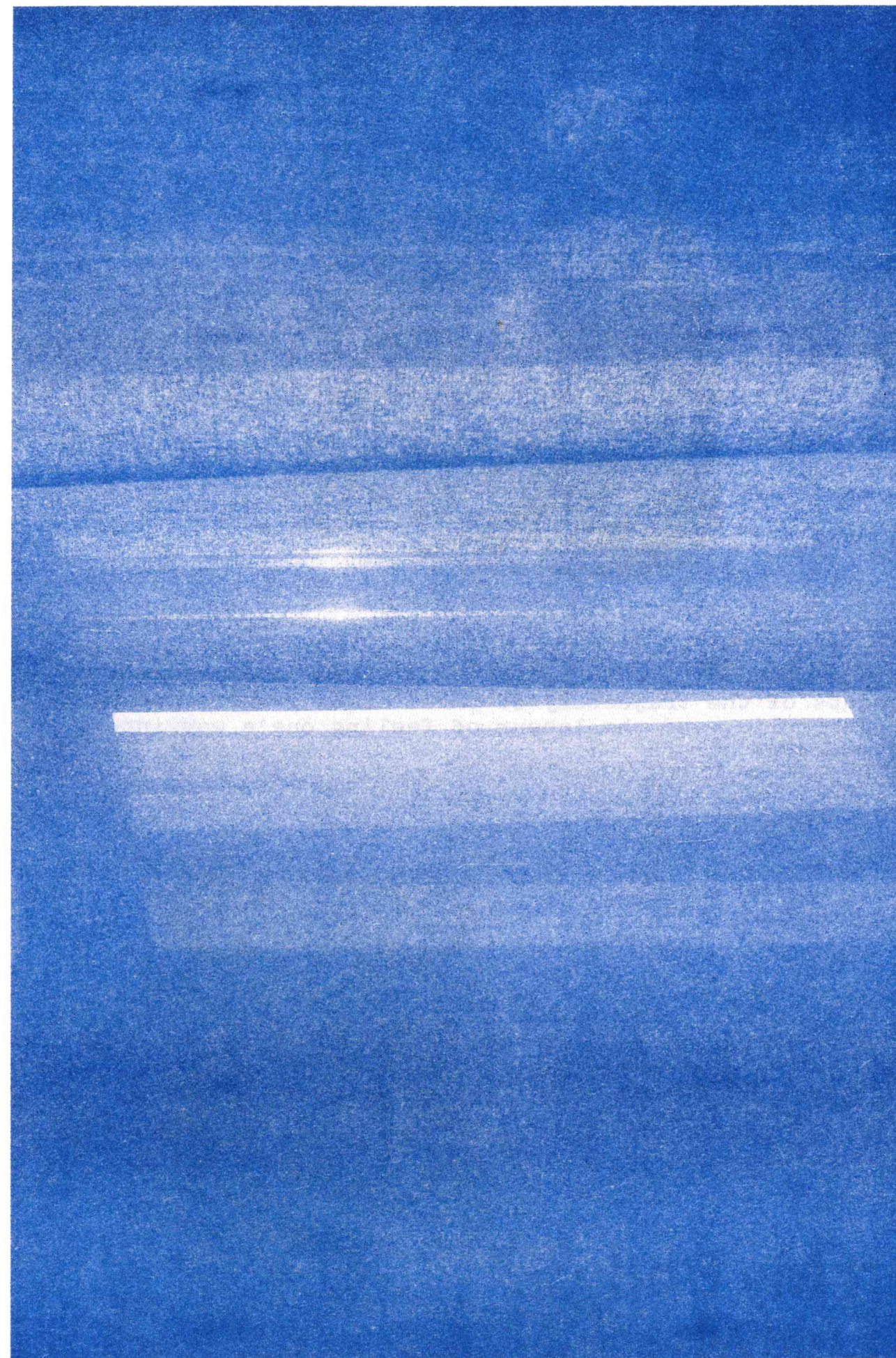
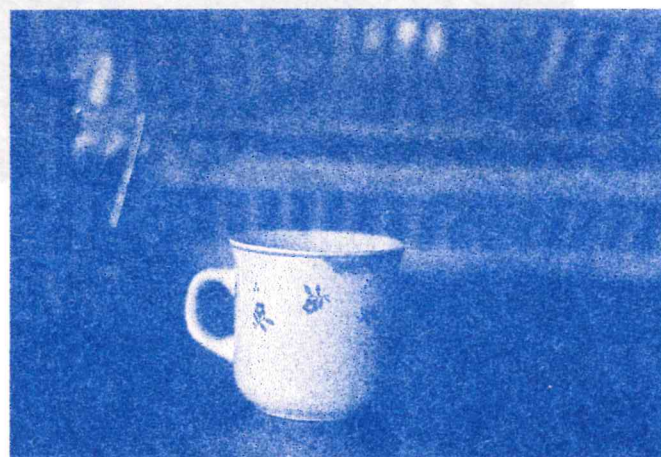
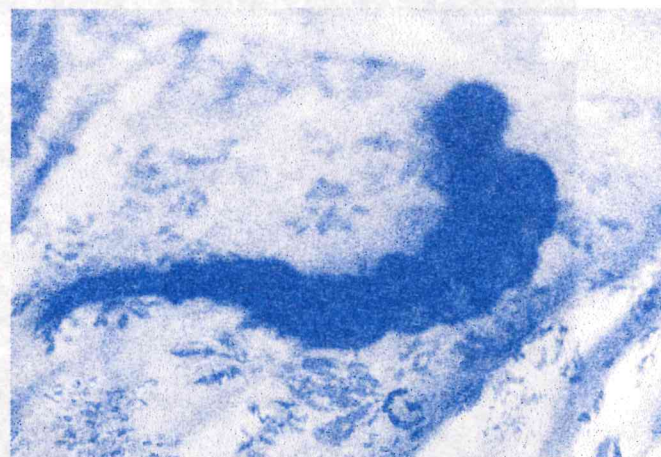


THEN



the scars of an old building ripping the wall,
a trip souvenir hanging like a friendship reminder,
the morning coffee ritual in the green kitchen,
a note left by a dear one during a stay, that moment when
the sunlight used to embrace the apartment, everyday
hidden corners and objects, the traces of a visit, a haircut
done without mediation in a time of suspension.

(from different spaces and times a body
once inhabited, or a brief album of
small things which once anchored me).



My Head Is Here



Fragments of the trajectory of three women from Turkey making home in Berlin, and the labour of feeling one's way into a new home **Melis İşcan**

But My Body Is Elsewhere



Illustrations: Estela Ribeiro

"I arrived at the airport and met a girl who was subletting her place (...) I felt like a cargo. I didn't know anyone here. I wasn't sure if it was a scam or not." These were the very first feelings of E., a master's student in her twenties coming from Istanbul. Later she said she needed to make Berlin her home to feel safe. This was also the question of my research: what is the emotional work for a group of women migrating recently from Turkey to Berlin? I raised this question reflecting on the trajectories of E., as well as A., and C., aiming to capture their individual embodied experiences. This was grounded in Hochschild's (1979) sense of emotional work, as the management of feeling to fulfill the emotional requirements of a situation, extended to unpaid work in social life.

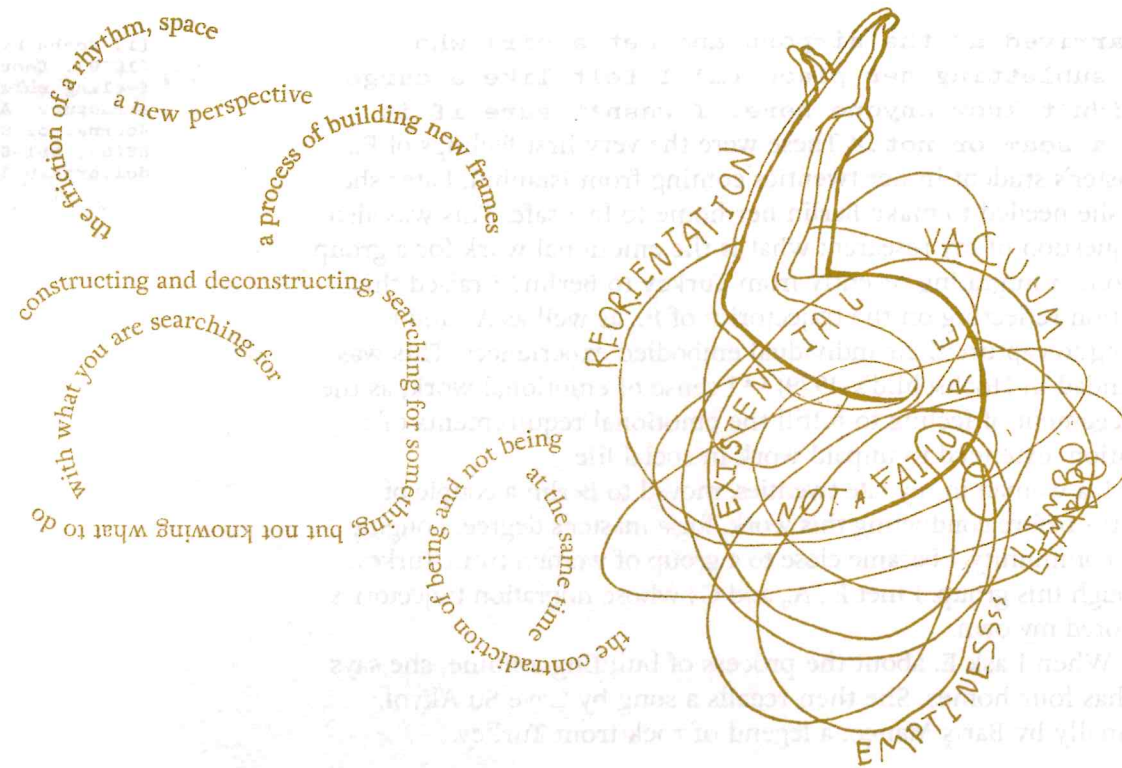
I, a woman in my late twenties, moved to Berlin a couple of months before conducting this work, for a master's degree. Longing for a community, I became close to a group of women from Turkey. Through this group, I met E., A., and C., whose migration trajectories mirrored my own.

When I ask E. about the process of building a home, she says she has four homes. She then recalls a song by Gaye Su Akyol, originally by Barış Manço; a legend of rock from Turkey.

[1] Hochschild, A. E. (1979). Emotion work, feeling rules, and social structure. *American Journal of Sociology*, 85(3), 551-575. <https://doi.org/10.1086/226049>

*Hemşerim memleket nire?
Bu dünya benim memleket.
Hayır anlamadın, hemşerim esas memleket nire?
Bu dünya benim memleket.
Tövbe, tövbe, tövbe.*

*My fellow countryman, where is
your hometown?
This world is my hometown.
No, you didn't understand. Where
is your real hometown?
This world is my hometown.
Repent, repent, repent.*



Collective poem (BodySpace III); Illustration: Vera Gaivan

For E., “home is the place that welcomes you with open arms whenever you go.”

A., on the other hand, touches upon how home is created through fights and confrontations, as the place does not open its arms to you but pulls them away. Access to housing in Berlin is shaped by structural barriers that fall unevenly on some. “I have a home, I have an address, and in that home, I have my books and paintings.” A. describes how she was able to find her place because she loudly denounced episodes of racism. “It took a bit of struggle – no one wants to rent you when your name is ‘A.’. They understand you’re from Turkey. I raised my voice somewhere. For that, I first had to confront them, to face them. I am somewhat lucky—I have an academic contract; what could an unskilled person do?”

Home(un)making while migrating to Berlin required labour, and especially emotional labour. For A., someone in her 40s who migrated following political persecution, there are not multiple homes, but constant negotiations and fights for owning a space.

C., a woman in her late thirties from Ankara, has lived in Berlin for over 5 years. She says “my head is here but my body is in Turkey.” She touches on the feeling of being “in-between.” She shares a song that stays with her, Kutlama, from Sezen Aksu:

Memleketime çoktan bahar gelmiştir
Başakları şimdiden göğşe ermiştir
Dağlarını gelincik basmıştır
Yer, gök ve yürek çiçek açmıştır.

Spring must have already arrived in
my homeland.
The wheat heads must have already risen
toward the sky. Its mountains must be covered
with poppies.
The earth, the sky, and the heart have all
blossomed with flowers.

Remembering her hometown with the pain of being away, C. talks about an object brought from her hometown as protection: the *nazar boncuğu* [a] (evil-eye bead). It sits next to her desk in her room, because it makes her feel protected. Evil-eye beads are believed to guard against the evil eye, the “bad gaze,” and their symbolism now carries an additional layer, as gazes continue to shape her experience. C. says she has always felt self-conscious about her body, subjected to a gaze that sexualised and fetishised her as a woman. In this process of migration, the target of that gaze was relocated. She mentions that this gaze is less toward her as a woman, though not absent, and more toward her as a non-European body, marked by a different language and a different name.

In some cases, this different perception on social positioning is claimed, embraced, and turned into a form of resistance. Concerning the use of language, C. reflects on her relationships with Arabic-speaking friends, drawing on shared expressions between Arabic and Turkish, such as *inshallah* (I wish, with the will of God), *yani* (namely, “I mean”), and *wallah* (for real, in the name of God). While speaking English or German, she uses these words deliberately; for her, they are “secret and intimate.”

Two dimensions can be observed from the experiences of E., A., and C.: one concerning the negotiations of life in-between countries in terms of private emotions and affairs, and secondly, the strategies and practices of recreating belonging and shaping identity in a new country. These dimensions, however, are not clear-cut, but merge into each other.

Home is created through the songs, fears, bars where one can lose herself, nazars, fights, frames on the wall, old Turkish carpets that ground, the smell of food flowing from the kitchen, the sounds of friends that gather, and the labour of staying and missing. Created through negotiation, like a mediator, and stitched together through struggle, like a tailor.

A common thread running through their stories is the liminality of their experience, an uncertainty about the future, and a feeling of living in a kind of “limbo.” As A. says: “We are actually in limbo. A lot has changed in Turkey over the last two years, and I’ve also started to stop feeling at home there.”

Rather than settling into a fixed sense of home, their everyday negotiations with people and space often reflect a condition of no longer having a home. This ambiguity shows up in the way individuals with migration trajectories do not idealise either their country of origin or their host country, but instead build an in-between place where belonging feels partial and transitional.

Fear (of the unknown), anger (at discrimination), guilt (over “leaving behind”); the perception of these emotions, together with the emotional work they involve, extend beyond navigating private matters, and enable adaptation to life in the new city through confronting, negotiating, and trying.

Over time, emotions shift or replace one another, turning into ways of coping, and quiet forms of influence that allow them to take actions. At first, however, much of this labour takes the shape of patience and endurance: one of the main ways they try to hold on to some stability in their lives, precisely because E., A., and C. are so self-aware of their vulnerabilities. This emotional management extends beyond their own feelings; it also involves covering up or hiding their experiences from families and loved ones back in Turkey, in an effort to protect them and keep their emotions in check.

[a] The *nazar boncuğu*, often translated as evil eye bead, is a glass amulet believed to protect against the envious or harmful gaze. While rooted in broader traditions, it has today spread far beyond its origins, appearing across the Mediterranean, the Balkans, and increasingly in many different places around the world, as both a protective object and a decorative motif. For Ceyda, it remains the former.

Home is where the healing is

A visual-textual floor plan of a trans* masculine person in recovery from gender affirming surgery, living in a flatshare in Berlin

Carlo Liemen

Home. If looked up in the Oxford Dictionary, one can read about this noun referring to a “place or region to which one naturally belongs or where one feels at ease.”^[1] In Leslie Feinberg’s novel *Stone Butch Blues*, a multiplicity of homes is tackled; own apartments, lovers’ flats, queer bars. However, the notion of home is not limited to a physical space. Instead, the novel’s trans protagonist meditates on the meaning of home in relation to the body itself by stating: “The [gender affirming] surgery was a gift to myself, a coming home to my body” (Feinberg, 2014, p. 287)^[2]. Having focussed on (counter)public queer spaces in previous projects in my studies, I wanted to return to a more conventional meaning of home in the context of the Body Space research group. Consequently, I approached it as the place in which one lives while still connecting it to the queered narrative of trans* embodiment as the creation of a home in the body.

As a trans* person myself, this intertwining of identity, body and space has been particularly interesting to me, in both my personal and academic life, so my connection to the community served as a starting point for this project. Eventually, I decided to hone in on the question of how a trans* person’s spatial experience of home intersects

with their embodied experience during recovery from gender affirming surgery. I was particularly interested in how emerging narratives relate to the physical dimension of the home.

To answer these questions, I combined an interpersonal interview with the co-creation of drawn material, incorporating the notion of embodiment also into my methodology.

My interviewee was an acquaintance of mine: M., a trans* masculine person in his mid-twenties living in a flatshare in Berlin. We had met through working at a queer organisation, and I knew him to be an individual comfortable in sharing his experience concerning his gender transition. Where I align my research philosophy with Donna Haraway’s contemplations on situated knowledge (1995)^[3] and, hence, reject the notion of a researcher ever assuming the role of a neutral inquisitor, I still consciously decided not to contact any person who I am close friends with or whose gender-related journey I have been an active part of. My aim here was to mitigate the effects of social desirability bias, which might otherwise compromise the honesty of responses. We met at a café which he suggested, and I recorded his answers by taking notes. Through this, I prioritised creating an atmosphere centring interpersonal connection.

At the start of the interview, I asked M. to draw a map of his room using pen and paper. This map then served as a foundation for spatially contextualising his responses throughout the interview. During my analysis, I created drawings of those objects which had been imbued with meaning based on insights from the interview.

In some cases, I confirmed the accuracy of notes with M. after the interview to ensure I captured his statements correctly. There are several aspects to be mentioned when reflecting on the interview process – most notably a shift in my research focus.

Initially, I wanted to lean into the social network dimension of the home, since I found this aspect to be prevalent in literature on queer communities and recovery. However, as I was talking to M., I realised his experiences often revealed a sense of social isolation, so I had to

adapt. Luckily, due to the narrative focus of my interview, M. could largely choose what he wanted to elaborate on and since he was very talkative, I could generate data which would later prove to be very rich in offering answers to my overarching question of understanding the narratives of home.

Further, I could rely on previously obtained knowledge from my studies as well as my personal experiences as a trans* person to accommodate this shift.

Therefore, my own positionality enabled flexibility and the ability to adapt. Nonetheless, going into future research, I would aim to include the possibility of a variety of interview outcomes, particularly beyond those suggested by existing literature, to reduce stress experienced in the interview itself.

Positionality also became relevant in another situation – I did notice how M.’s understanding of me as a non-medically transitioned trans* person might have influenced his answers in alignment with what he must have perceived as socially desirable in this dynamic. As I was trying to understand if he perceived body modification as a necessity to embodied trans* identity, he pointed out how a pursuit of all available surgeries was important to his personal embodied identity yet, the same did not apply to his assessment of others. To me, this seemed (partially) biased by his awareness of my identity and corresponding form of embodiment. For future research, it would be interesting to read more methodology-related literature to gain an understanding of how this impact can be mitigated.

Speaking of challenges in the interview process, I found a particular moment quite difficult to navigate in which M. shared his experience of a rather emotional conflict with me. In a private conversation, I would have liked to console him and show my sympathy. However, I became very aware of my role as a researcher in this moment and reacted more reserved than my emotional intuition demanded.

Knowing M. is comfortable talking about his experiences from our shared work context helped me in this

situation, but the question of academic extractivism continues to occupy me. It is my aim to capture non-hegemonic experiences so they are not rendered invisible in the academic institution of knowledge production. Simultaneously, I wonder about the (negative) effects of such institutionalisation. Literature on reparative refusal offers first ideas on how to navigate this dynamic (see Tuck and Wayne, 2014)^[4], but I am still asking myself what such implementation would look like effectively, and how this stance can be navigated in a nuanced manner.

Overall, I found the research process to be enriching and enjoyed the interview with M. In particular, I appreciated his poignant, emotionally rich answers, as well as his willingness to speak so openly with me.

This experience also helped me reflect on the relationship of researcher and researched – particularly regarding modes of conducting research within the university when working with marginalised communities. By choosing the home as a space connected to vulnerability and emotional intimacy as the subject of my project, the relevance of asking questions about care and responsibility was further elevated.

Despite concerns about academic extractivism, I still found it empowering to see how queer communities make their mark in academia, especially while researching and engaging with literature on the topic. Consequently, I was grateful for the opportunity to contribute to the body of knowledge on queer understandings of the home.

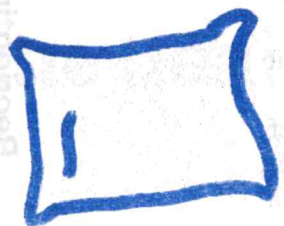
The following section outlines my findings, including quotes from the interview and the drawings I created. The resulting visual-textual map also reflects the notion of co-creation central to my research process. Referring back to my research question, the map conveys home-making as production of meaning: each element interweaves the physical dimension of the room with the embodied experience of living in it.

[1] Oxford University Press. (n.d.). Home, n.d., 1.4. In Oxford English dictionary. Retrieved August 12, 2025, from <https://doi.org/10.1093/OED/1485229823>

[2] Feinberg, L. (2014). *Stone Butch Blues* (20th Anniversary Author Edition). n.p., non-profit, non-commercial publication.

[3] Haraway, D. (1995). *Situated Knowledge: The Science Question in Feminism and the Privilege of Partial Perspective*. In C. Hammer, & I. Stieglitz (Eds.), *Die Neuerfindung der Natur: Primaten, Cyborgs und Frauen*. (pp. 73–97). Campus Verlag.

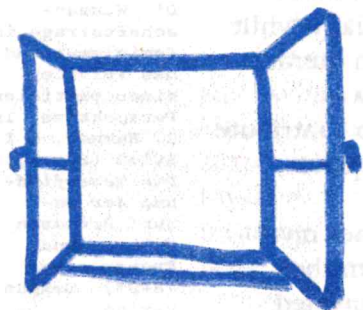
[4] Tuck, E., & Yang, K. W. (2014). *R-Words: Refusing Research*. In D. Paris & M. T. Winn (Eds.), *Humanizing Research: Decolonizing Qualitative Inquiry with Youth and Communities*. (pp. 223–247). Thousand Oaks.



CUSHIONS

"Everything has its place, there's an established order to it. My cushions are arranged the same every single day."

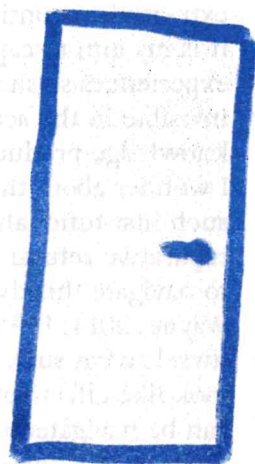
In phases of change experienced in embodiment, the room becomes a space of consistency and control. This notion poses questions about self-efficacy and security as pre-conditions to feeling at home – in a body and within a room.



WINDOW

Through his windows, he can see Berlin.

"(This) is such a fast-paced city. (...) I am never looking forward to the surgeries themselves. I am looking forward to what they achieve. To the time afterwards. To when I am all recovered again."



DOOR

The door separates an inside from an outside, a private space from shared common rooms. The latter corresponds with more complex social negotiations among all flatmates, with interpersonal conflicts impacting this process. Negative comments on his being shirtless in the kitchen occur. They are made by someone despite them being aware of the significance it holds to him. "It made me feel like I am generally not allowed to be like this in public spaces." Beyond this conflict, he sometimes wishes his flatmates, who he also considers his friends, show more interest in the process he is going through. A lack of understanding from them (as cis-hetero people) leads to frustration and, sometimes, a feeling of isolation.

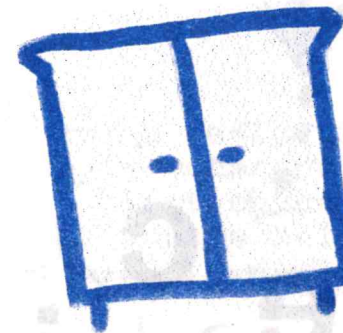
In recovery, the outside-space of regular life becomes rather inaccessible – there are limits imposed on seeing friends, exercising, or going to concerts. Being inside, hence, evokes complex emotions. On the one hand, his room is his home – it's a space of self-determination; one which he can actively create. However, there are externally dictated constraints during



M's bedroom drawn by himself.
Illustrations: Carlo Liemen

recovery, such as slowing down, wearing the vest, and wound care. Hence, the home becomes a spatial entity of rest and retreat, but also restrictions.

Simultaneously, it becomes a space of anticipation. There will be a time of re-entering the outside which he perceives to be just as constitutive a sphere for him as the home that his room represents.



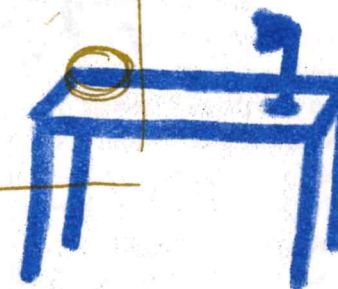
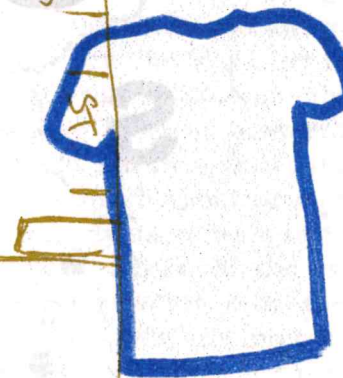
DRESSER

He carries the dresser into the room by himself while in recovery, despite heavy lifting being advised against during this period of time. He names shame connected to his need for support as a reason. Since most of his friends during this time are cis gendered and did not educate themselves on the process and implications of gender affirming surgery, a feeling of distance is fostered.

The presence of this dresser in the room poses the question of what happens to those trans* individuals who do not have access to, and cannot rely on mutual aid networks often imagined as an answer to trans* needs.

WHITE T-SHIRTS IN THE DRESSER

"There exists a mirror selfie of myself wearing a white shirt. In the background, you can see a pile of every white t-shirt I own laying in my room." After the mastectomy, wearing this piece of clothing feels no longer dysphoric. Instead, it becomes an object of gender euphoria.



DESK

Undergoing surgeries results in the need to adapt life schedules. Studies get delayed, performance is impacted. The desk as a work space becomes a reminder of the deviation from normative timelines. Recovery necessitates longer time spans for the execution of tasks, highlighting how standards are determined by a society designed for able-bodied individuals.

BED

After undergoing a mastectomy, a compression vest needs to be worn 23 hours per day for six weeks. Each day, he lies in bed shirtless after showering, rendering the bed one of the first spaces where the changed form of embodiment can be experienced.

It signifies a break from the restrictive circumstances of recovery where rest is mandated. Simultaneously, it offers a glimpse at what is yet to come: he is very much looking forward to being shirtless. Hence, the bed bridges the present and a vision of futurity.



MIRROR

"I looked at myself in the mirror for a very long time" immediately upon being released from the hospital.

The changed physical form evokes a feeling of pride, reflecting the changed relationship to the body. Evolving from negative sentiments into a sense of neutrality to gender euphoria. The mirror (literally) reflects his body as it becomes his home over time (even if he grins a little stating this, acknowledging this metaphor as bit of a tired trope).



Multispecies homemaking

An essay reflecting on how home is constantly rebuilt with plant companions grounded on my aunt's balcony.

İnci Nazlıcan Sağırbaş

When I asked my aunt, who migrated to Germany twenty-something years ago at the age of 37, with no job prospects and no knowledge of German, about how she felt in her first years here, she looked to her plants and the tree in front of her balcony. Then she answered, 'these were my best friends, and we endured it all together.'

Plants live and die on their own time, seemingly unbothered by the annoyances of our little affairs. But their spatial trajectories are intricately woven with others: seeds carried by humans, birds, and insects; seeds floating through the air; seeds projected as fruit bursts; seeds traveling along waterways. They convey their messages through changes in leaves, fruits, flowers, scents, and colours. This communication does not necessarily address us, for we humans frequently overlook the nuanced dynamics of coexistence.

Yet, the slow wisdom of plants persists, inviting us to confront established norms of communication and expand our perceptions and emotions. A hint of yellow at the edge of a leaf, a change in the smell, or the gradual softening of a stem convey meaning, as I learned from my aunt while she introduced me to her friends:

Semizotu (Purslane, *Portulaca oleracea*)
Karalahana (Kale, *Brassica oleracea Acephala*)
Karanfil (Carnation, *Dianthus caryophyllus*)
Gül (Rose, *Rosaceae*).

My aunt worked all her life, until she got married and migrated to be with her husband, leaving her home country for the first time in her life. She grew up in a small village in Eastern Turkey; she was farming and looking after animals with her family since she could walk. When they

could no longer just live with and from the land, they went to big cities and found other work. She was the youngest sibling and the last one to leave when no one from her family was left in the village.

She worked in many jobs while she lived with her older siblings, eventually became a tailor at a small manufacturing factory in Istanbul, and started dreaming of having her own boutique. Years later, she moved to a small coastal city to run a boutique with my mother, where they raised me together until she met her husband. He was living in Germany, and she thought she knew all about Germany from her brothers, who had migrated way before her. They have been on the move all her life, moved by geopolitics, moved by dreams, moved by love, moved by the family and men in her life.

I have learned from her in my own time as a migrant in Germany that we face the climatic and seasonal challenges of the new lands together with multispecies companions at home, on balconies, in gardens, or on the streets. Growing and nurturing plants not only serves as a way to cherish cultural, olfactory, and culinary connections, but also represents a form of memory work. It is a deliberate effort to establish a fresh sense of belonging and overcome feelings of uprootedness.

I also learned that plant species that are not native to a geographical region and were introduced through human influence in recent history are called neophytes, just as their human counterparts. They have made their way from other geographies and stayed. Many of these species can 'run wild' in gardens and, in some cases, may 'jump the garden fence' to become established in the wild, invade, and be called aliens. Western 'scientific' studies of plants and

ecology have confined non-human life within a domestic and patrimonial space for centuries; every species has a precise habitat, an ecosystem, a space set aside for it, and every movement of abandonment or change of

place makes the migrant into an “invasive species”.

It's this geographical reductionism that prevents us from grasping how, as well as being a positive and active phenomenon, the migration of plants and animals prompts those same mixes that enable cultures to come into being and evolve. Caring for these ‘neophyte’ plant-kins becomes a means of mourning and healing, as well as an act of resistance and transformation. This work involves an exchange of seeds, cuttings, and plant transfers under challenging conditions, followed by intense care to ensure the survival of these plants through the rough climatic conditions, such as putting them inside at night, covering them up, or talking to them constantly, in the hope that they can hear them.

Multispecies home-making and care converge. Plant-human relations become transformative for both migrant-beings, plant and human alike. Multispecies relations underline the gestures to survive and thrive, transcending geographical frontiers and forging connections across landscapes of knowledge and experience. They improve our ability to see and feel the lives and deaths of others. Uprooted and transplanted, these migrant-beings later took root in their new homes and grew only in interaction with companions.

Their displacement is marked by multispecies losses, and the creative and caring endeavours to deal with such

losses make them who they are. Such deep care grants us presence, enabling us to witness another life's trajectory. It is the work that sustains life, with embodiment, intimacy, and vulnerability. It demands responsibility for the indirect consequences of our actions, reminds us of the interconnectedness inherent to all life. It is the art of listening to the invisible aspects of living.

The act of migrating evolves as a dynamic process of navigating and renegotiating differences, challenging boundaries and borders. These intricate pathways, temporal shifts, and transformations unveil the complexity of our histories. Understanding migration and displacement as multispecies processes might uncover how we remember, care, and root with plants, animals, and other life forms around us. And honouring these familiar acts of labour reveals the embodied ritual of resourcefulness and collectively that we might preserve alongside our multispecies companions.

Deeply embedded structures of power are discreetly bound to colonialist and capitalist paradigms. Some bodies are either misunderstood based on societal norms and these power dynamics, or not understood at all. Caring beyond these norms is an enduring practice built on disrupting rigid ideologies, as our understanding and perception of life evolve with the ever-changing world around us. This diasporic power represents a distinctive form of movement, where the bodies traversing the Earth are not recognized as pure adaptive forms. They continually change and transform the environment.

When I think of my aunt in her balcony, talking to her friends while she waters and turns them to light, I think of my own trajectory of rebuilding home. She is a constant reminder that a plant doesn't just take its bark and fruits elsewhere, nor does a person. It doesn't just adapt to the world: it transforms it. It lets the climate, the soil, and life migrate with it.

Illustrations: Estela Ribeiro

Lesbian City



A map(ping) exploration of how lesbian gestures shape and create a city **Carlota Carim Maurer & Karla Yumari**

We look at the map, and we see control and power between u-bahn stations and street names, but the map fails to show us a city that accommodates our bodies – the bodies of dykes. The map does not show, as the city does not plan for our bodies, for our desires to find space. There is no smooth passing through space, but there are corners and edges we trip over. Most spaces don't anticipate our presence, they don't address us, while others are eagerly received by every space they encounter [1]. Words, movements, and gestures of a user manual we didn't get, by others always repeated, reinforcing the indications upon every entry.

As the user manual is already out of reach, out the window our bodies – the bodies of dykes – take on the space that is available. Our bodies disturb

the spaces, twirl them and shake them demolishing and rebuilding so it fits our needs. Alongside others, we hammer and plaster to make each other homes, a city full of places we invite each other in. Our body collectively changes the meaning of space, the name on the city's entrance. Our movements, affections, and relations alter who the space talks to and who will be called in the future. We put signs up giving the house each other's names.

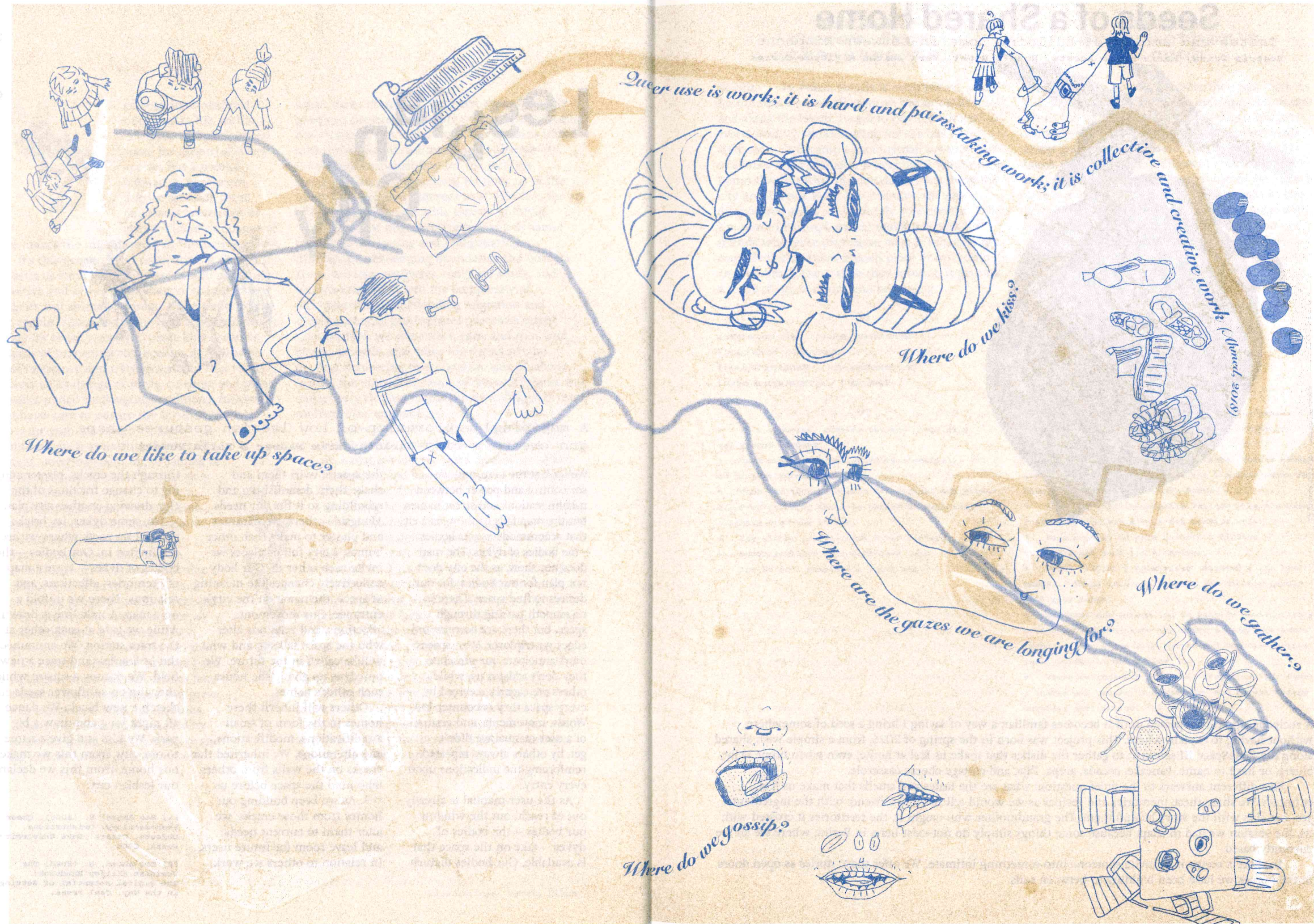
Others will inherit these homes in the form of small amplifications, modifications, and alterations. We inherited the cracks on the walls from others who used the space before us [2]. As we keep building our homes from those cracks, we alter them to current needs and leave room for future users. In relation to others we work

through the cracks, plaster and dig to change fractions of the city, drawing another city plan.

We, some dykes, lay bricks and put up roofs where we are not invited in. Our bodies – the bodies of dykes – trace a map of memories, affections, and relations. There we unfold a new map. A new line is drawn while we gaze at each other at the tram station. We announce the *Lesbenwiese* and trace a new field. We occupy a square while chewing on sunflower seeds and sketch a new block. We dance all night long and draw a big park. We kiss and give a name to our city. From this we make our home, from this we declare our lesbian city.

[1] See Ahmed, S. (2006). *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others*. Duke University Press, 2006.

[2] See Ahmed, S. (2023) *The Feminist Killjoy Handbook: The Radical Potential of Getting in the Way*. Seal Press.



Seeds of a Shared Home

Tastes and smells of building home in-between kitchens
Beatriz Paiva, Maria Luisa Acosta, Rozafa Rechi, Vera Gaivan & Victor Torres

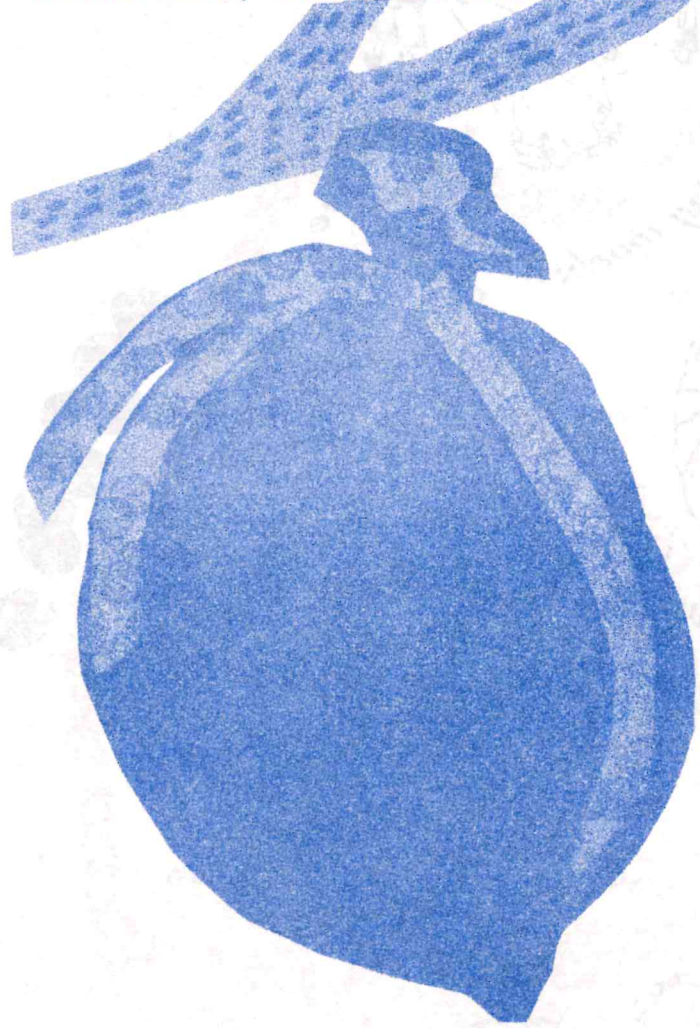


Illustration: matchmaker colorama 10.2026

A recipe is a gesture repeated until it becomes familiar, a way of saying I bring a seed of somewhere, without having to explain where. This project was born in the spring of 2026, from a simple wish shared along the BodySpace III seminar: to gather the dishes that make us feel at home, even when home is far, blurry, or hard to name. Pancake, cocada, arepa, fljja, and cottage cheese casserole.

Five different answers to the quiet question: what are the tastes and smells that make us feel at home? We share these memories and recipes as we would tell them to a friend: with the ingredients, yes, but also with the story behind them. The grandmother who taught it, the territories it crossed with us, the version we had to adapt because some things simply do not exist here, in Berlin, where we all are currently based.

To share a recipe is to invite someone into something intimate. We offer these stories as open doors to the homes we have been building in-between soils.

COCADA Sweet from the streets

Beatriz In Brazil, cocada is everywhere, sold on the streets, at small carts on the sidewalks, and along the beach. I used to buy one almost every evening while waiting for the bus home after work. It became a small ritual: my moment of silence and relief after a long day. I would walk home slowly, eating my cocada and watching the city around me. For a few minutes, the chaos disappeared and I could simply stay present. When I moved to Berlin, I started making cocada for friends whenever they came over. It became my way of offering them a small piece of my home and my heart. Every time they loved it, it gave me a sense of joy, comfort, and belonging.

2 xícaras coco ralado / 2 cups grated coconut
1 xícara açúcar / 1 cup sugar
1 lata leite condensado / 1 can condensed milk
1 colher de sopa manteiga / 1 tbsp butter

- In a saucepan, combine the condensed milk and grated coconut.
- Cook over low heat, stirring constantly to prevent burning.
- When the mixture starts to thicken, add butter.
- Keep stirring until it begins to pull away slightly from the bottom.
- For firmer cocada, cook a bit longer.
- Spoon portions onto a greased tray.
- Let it cool completely until set.

AREPAS Grandmother's touch

Maria Luisa Arepas are more than just food. As a child, I loved making them, enjoying the messy hands full of dough and learning the technique with my cousins. The best ones are always made at my grandmother's house; they have a special touch that makes them different even when the recipe is the same. My favourite way to eat them is with hot chocolate, dipping each bite into it. The perfect breakfast includes *huevos pericos* (eggs with onion and tomato), arepas, fresh cheese, and hot chocolate. Nothing brings me more happiness.

1 taza harina para arepas (arinapan) / 1 cup arepa flour
Queso mozzarella / Mozzarella cheese
½ taza leche / ½ cup milk
1 taza agua / 1 cup water
1 cucharadita sal / 1 tsp salt
½ cucharadita azúcar y amor / ½ tsp sugar and love

- Mezcla los ingredientes secos: harina para arepas, sal y azúcar. / Mix the dry ingredients: arepa flour, salt, and sugar.
- Agrega los líquidos: agua y leche. Mezcla hasta obtener una masa suave. / Add the liquids: water and milk. Mix until a soft dough forms.
- Añade el queso mozzarella rallado y mezcla bien. / Add shredded mozzarella and combine well.
- Deja reposar la masa durante 5 minutos. / Let the dough rest for 5 minutes.
- Forma bolitas y aplástalas suavemente con las manos. / Shape into small balls and flatten gently with your hands.
- Calienta una sartén con un poco de mantequilla y cocina las arepas hasta que estén doradas por ambos lados. / Heat a pan with butter and cook the arepas until golden on both sides.
- Sirve calientes y disfruta: crujientes por fuera y suaves por dentro. / Serve warm and enjoy: crispy outside, soft inside.

FLI ME SAÇ Flija Cooked Under a Saj

Rozafa Mountains have always been an important part of my life because I grew up around them. One thing I especially enjoy is flija, a traditional food that is often prepared outdoors and shared with family and friends. It brings people together, and even though it is a little heavy on the stomach, it is worth it.

Për brumin / For the batter
1 kg miell / 1 kg flour
Rreth 1 litër ujë të vakt / About 1 litre of lukewarm water
1 lugë gjelle kripë / 1 tablespoon salt

Për mazën (lyerjen) / For the topping/spread
500 g kajmak ose gjalpë të shkrirë / 500 g kajmak or melted butter
200 ml kos ose ajkë (opsionale) / 200 ml yogurt or cream (optional)

→ Përgatitja e brumit / Preparing the batter: In a large bowl, add the flour and salt. Gradually pour in the water while mixing until you create a liquid batter, slightly thicker than pancake batter. The batter should be smooth, without lumps, and should pour easily from a spoon.

→ Përgatitja e sajit / Preparing the saj: The saj is heated well using embers or a wood fire. Traditionally, a metal saj is used with hot embers placed on top.

→ Pjekja e shtresave / Baking the layers: Lightly grease the baking tray with fat or butter. Pour a thin layer of batter in a circular or zigzag pattern. Place it under the saj and bake until it turns golden. Then spread the topping (kajmak or butter) over it. Repeat the process many times, adding layer upon layer.

→ Pjekja finale / Final baking: Once all the layers are finished, the flija is baked a little longer until the surface becomes crispy and golden in colour. It is often covered for a few minutes afterward so it softens slightly from the steam.

ТВОРОЖНАЯ ЗАПЕКАНКА Sunday casseroles with lemon curd

Vera In our town, we often visited the farmers' market to buy homemade cottage cheese, eggs and butter. We often used them to make cottage cheese casserole – our absolute favourite dessert. One day, we tried adding lemon curd to this recipe, and it turned out absolutely delicious! From then on, we often made this casserole on Sunday mornings, when neither of us had to go to work, and our cosy kitchen was bathed in warm light. Since moving to Berlin, we haven't made this recipe even once. But I'm sure I'll eventually feel "at home enough" to make it again.

900 г Творог / 900 g cottage cheese
100 г Сметана / 100 g sour cream
100 г Масло сливочное (мягкое) / 100 g soft butter
4 шт. Яйца / 4 eggs
150 г Сахар / 150 g sugar
35 г Крахмал кукурузный / 35 g cornstarch
1 ч. ложка Ванильный сахар / 1 tsp vanilla sugar

→ Mix all the ingredients together without fear of ruining anything.

→ Transfer the mixture into a baking dish and leave it in the oven for 1 hour at 170 °C. The edges should turn golden brown :)

→ I love making this casserole with an extra topping of lemon curd, which you can spoon on top while the casserole is still warm. ♥

For the lemon curd:

→ Mix the zest of 1 lemon with 100 g of sugar.
→ Add 1 egg yolk and 5 g of cornstarch to the mixture.

→ Add the juice of 2 lemons and, stirring thoroughly, place over a gentle heat, stirring constantly.

→ Before it reaches boiling point, remove from the heat and place the mixture somewhere cool until fully set. ♥

→ Try it right away. It is absolutely wonderful! haha

HOCKIES Pancakes in the mornings

Victor It's Saturday morning, my parents are still asleep, and I find my sister in the living room, hanging out with Milka, our dog. We're both hungry, and we start calculating how much time it will take before my parents come downstairs. My sister says, "I'll make the coffee and you make the hockies. Do you want a cappuccino or an Americano?" To which I reply, "Whichever is easier." For some reason, it became a ritual that always reminds me of home. My dad would have his with bacon; my sister, with her homemade peanut butter; my mom, something more classic with honey; and me, the most random one, with cream cheese, fruit, or anything slightly acidic. Today, for me, no matter where I am, eating pancakes (or hockies, as my sister and I call them) is a way of being transported back to my family. It means being with them. It means being home again.

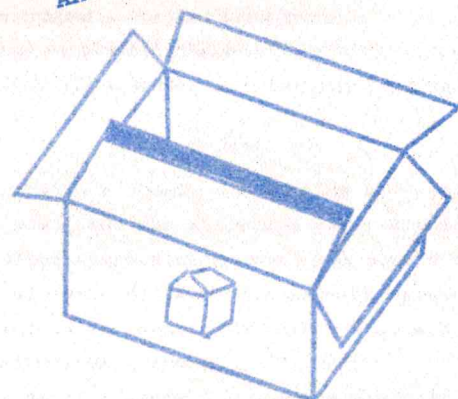
1 taza de mezcla para pancake / 1 cup pancake mix
1 plátano maduro grande / 1 large ripe banana
1 huevo, si es necesario / 1 egg, if needed
Leche o agua / Milk or water
1 cucharadita de vainilla, opcional / 1 tsp vanilla, optional
1 pizca de canela, opcional / 1 pinch of cinnamon, optional
Mantequilla o aceite para cocinar / Butter or oil for cooking
Tocino o papa hashbrown, opcionales / Bacon or hash browns, optional
Si hay remanentes de masa madre, agregar 2 cucharadas grandes /
If you have sourdough starter left over, add 2 large tablespoons

→ Machaca el plátano hasta hacer puré. / Mash the banana into a puree.
→ Prepara la mezcla de pancake, pero usa un poco menos de líquido al inicio. / Prepare the pancake mix, but use a little less liquid at first.
→ Agrega el plátano machacado a la mezcla. / Add the mashed banana to the batter.
→ Ajusta la textura: si queda muy espesa, añade un chorrito más de leche o agua. / Adjust the texture: if it is too thick, add a splash more milk or water.
→ Cocina en sartén a fuego medio, con un poco de mantequilla o aceite. / Cook in a pan over medium heat, with a little butter or oil.
→ Voltea cuando salgan burbujas y los bordes se vean firmes. / Flip when bubbles appear and the edges look set. Toppings? Lo que sea que haya en el refrigerador. / Toppings? Whatever is in the fridge.



Make Yourself at Home

A card game about the unexpected things that surface when you speak your way of feeling at home.
Ana Helena Takano & Karla Yunari



"IF HOME IS NOT A PLACE, WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS THE FIRST THING YOU DO WHATEVER/WHEREVER YOU ARE AT HOME?" At Prinzessinnengarten Kollektiv, shaded from the sun, we celebrated the beginning of spring and our first BodySpace III session outside. We played the game as a single group, exchanging memories, sensations, and stories about how we make ourselves feel at home.

when I get home the first thing I do is look for my friends and sit on their couches to chat

first thing I do: find a lamp, finding materials to create a cozy lamp

home is temporary

we always had this idea of home to feel peace and safe

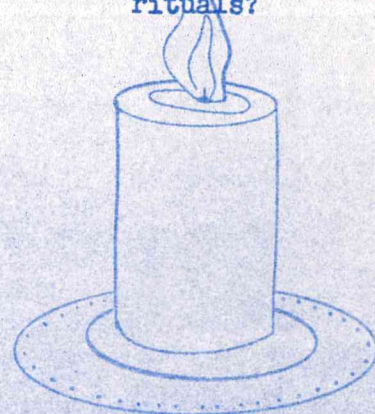
home is where my siblings are

How to play:

Get a glimpse of home-making practices and understand how we all make home in daily life in different ways.

- Cut along the marked lines to build your deck of cards.
 - Get together in a cozy spot with your preferred drink and, if possible, some tasty snacks.
 - The starting card is the door. Put it aside and pile up all the other cards, the window facing up.
 - Each card has a question. When a card is drawn, everyone can answer, or the person who picked it can choose someone to respond.
 - Answer, place the card on the table window-side up, always matching the small symbols on the edges, and draw the next card.
 - Keep going until you know enough about each other's home-making. Or maybe too much.
- At the end, you will have a unique facade of the home you built while playing the game together.
P.S.: The more secrets and gossip are told, the more you will enjoy this experience (we can assure it!)

what are your everyday/weekly rituals?

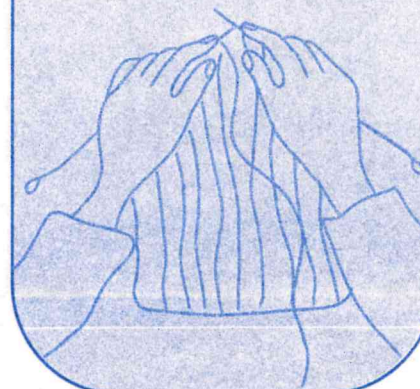


if home is not a place. what makes you feel at home?

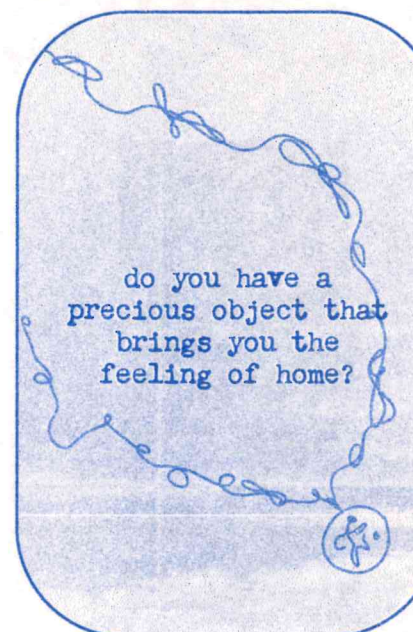
tell me about your cooking space. what interesting stories does it hold?



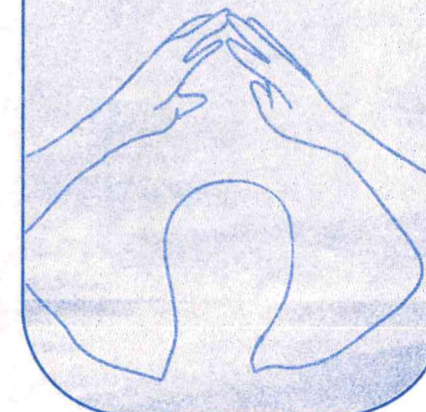
which acts of care do you relate the most?



do you have a precious object that brings you the feeling of home?



mimic an action that brings you the feeling of being home. others try to guess what it is.



what smells anchors you to a place?

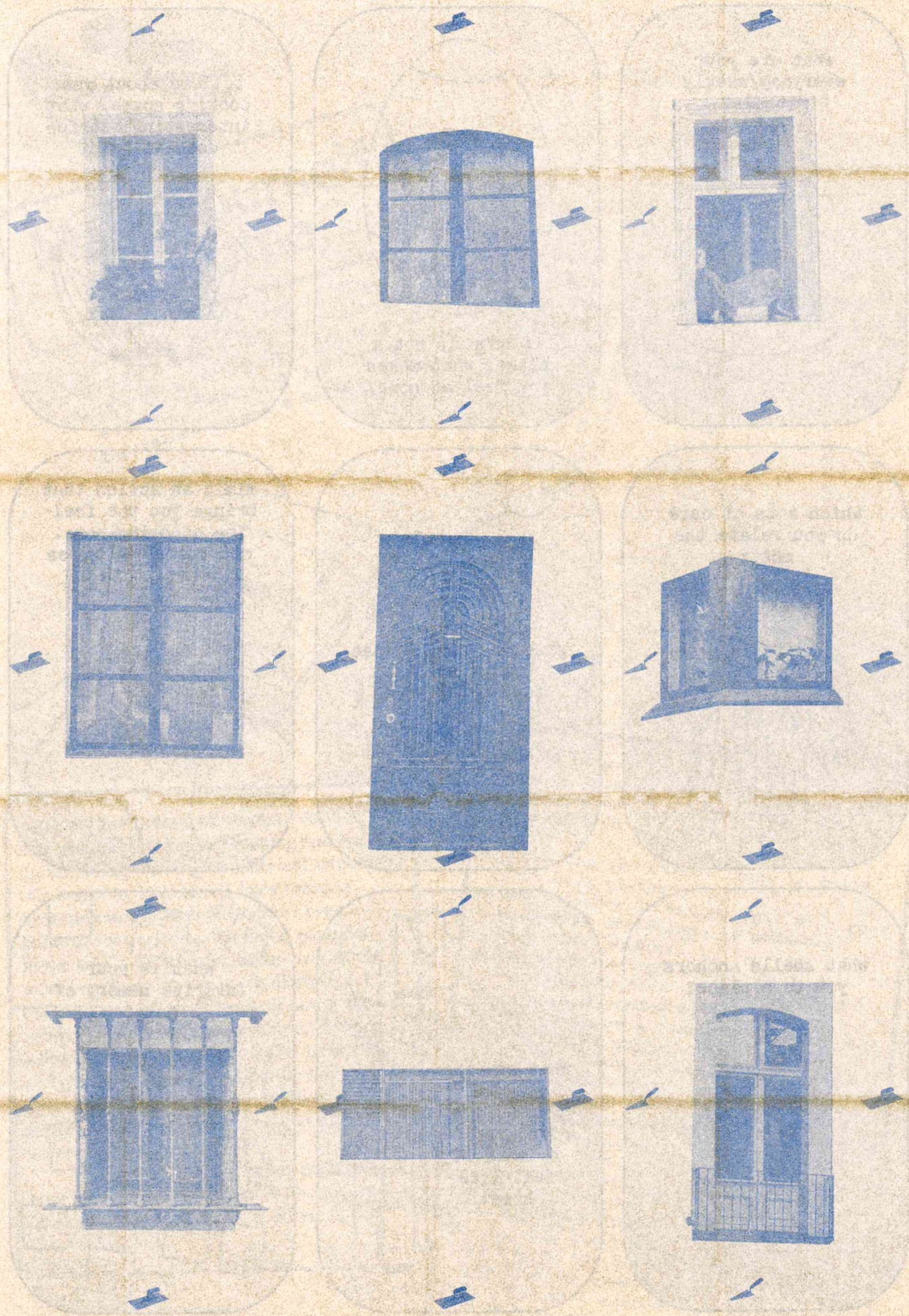


what are the special touches you give a space to make it feel like home?



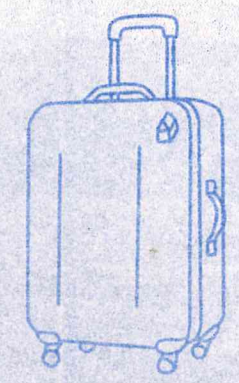
what is your favorite memory of home?



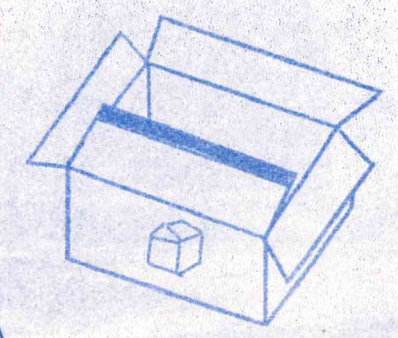


share a special and not so secret recipe.
(and maybe even arrange a cooking night)

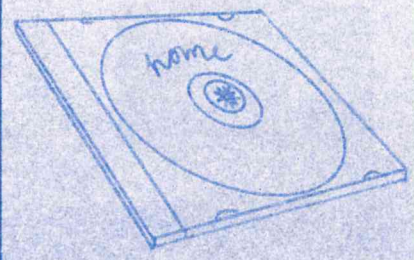
three immaterial/material things to bring to an island and make it homey!



can home be temporary? or once a home, will it always be home?



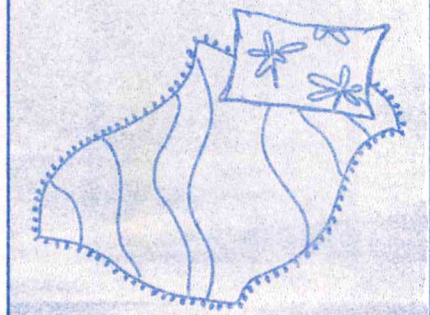
share a song that takes you back home.



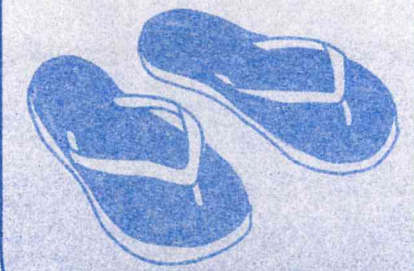
can home making be a collective practice?



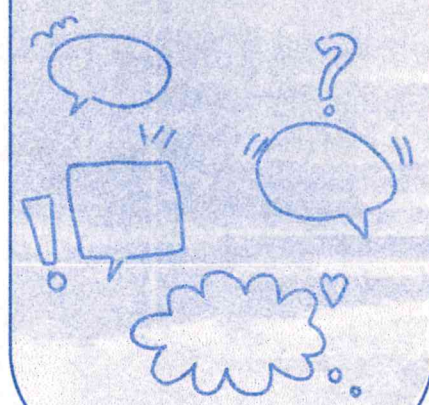
where do you feel comfortable under any circumstances?



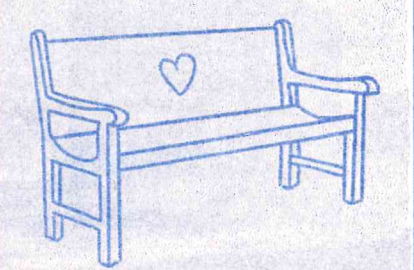
what do you do to make someone feel like they are at home with you?

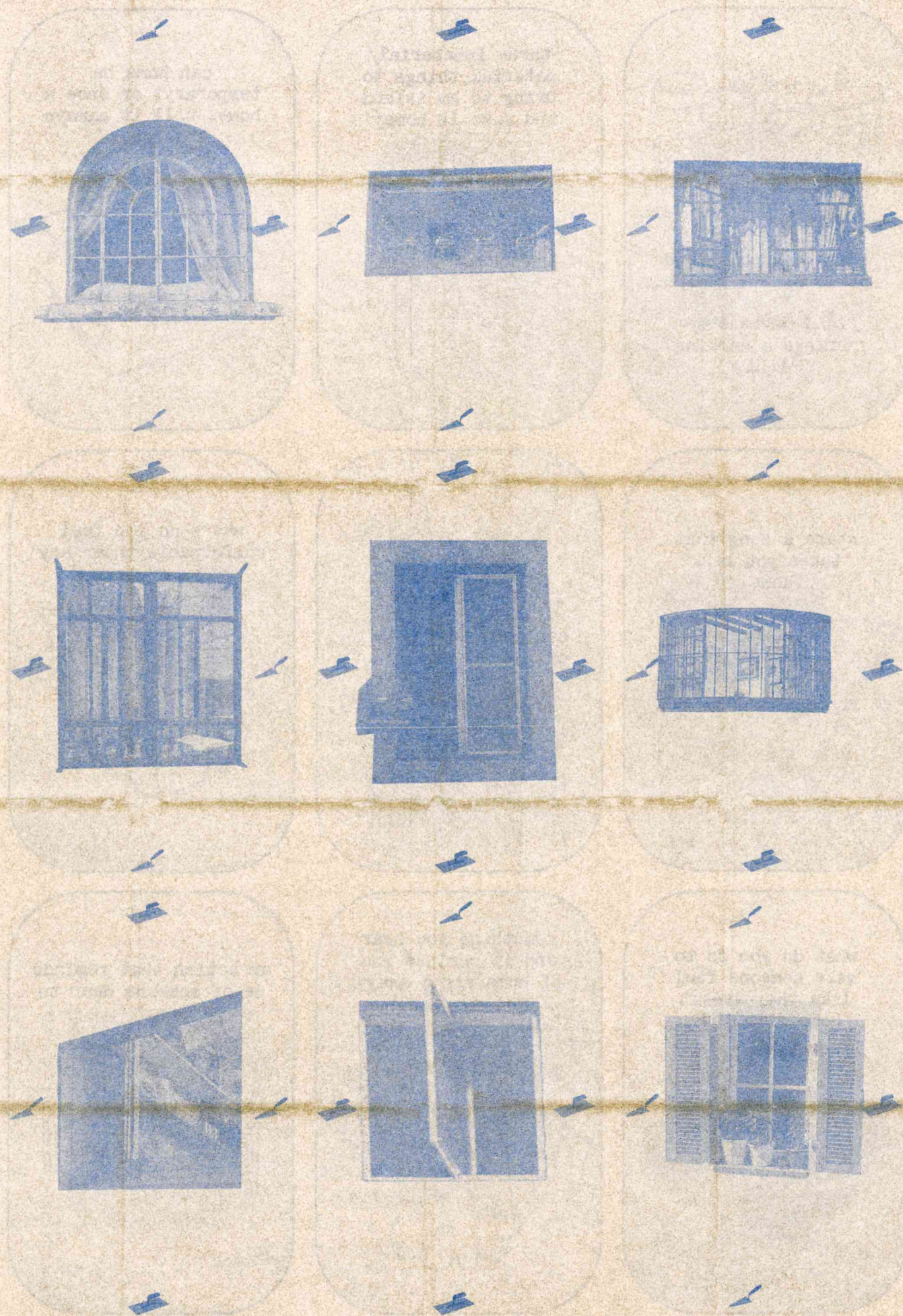


something you hear and it reminds you of home right away?



an action that reminds me of someone dear to me?





I open the little jar, pick up the coffee beans that have been picked. Grind. A cloth filter. One, two, three drops. I drip and it drips. Deep in the belly. It drips: it is the smell of coffee that drags me barefoot from the bed to the beach. When the coffee drips, without a beach, on the third floor of the eight temporary flat in the city, I am at home. I'm just grounds, fresh out of a dip in the sea. I gather myself up, ground, sulky, clean, rested in the little jar. It gets me through the day. First thing tomorrow morning, I'll drip life. Open the little pot and grind. What is no longer.

Estela Ribeiro

Illustration: Mariana Morais

