

T H E

H O M E

I S S U E



COVER BY
ALESSANDRA RISI CASTOLDI

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PROJECT
SYNERGY



I S S U E I I



P L A Y L I S T

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H O M E

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For a review of the contributors who participated in this issue, refer to the 'Artists Directory' section at the end of the issue.

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First launched, 2021.

H O M E

Dedicated to
all those who
still search for
a place to
call "home."

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LOCKDOWN

E D I T O R ' S N O T E

Dear reader,

The year 2021 is coming to a close. After Christmas comes that strange period before New Years' Eve. We're never really sure what we're supposed to do during those days. Do we sit back and reflect on our accomplishments and mistakes? Do we begin drafting our New Years' resolutions? Do we stay at home and chill, digesting? Both literally and figuratively?

For us, the end of the year is always like looking out the window on a moving car, while we play our favorite sad songs. It's a bittersweet sensation - we find comfort in nostalgia, and we brace ourselves for our future destination.

This second issue is about that feeling. What is a home? Is it a sweet memory? A group of people we call family? Is it the house you grew up in? or, is home something you're still searching for? Is home a something you might not want to remember? Is home a number of different places?

These are all questions addressed by our esteemed contributors. Ranging from a Hoduran chef who shares a home-made recipe to a photographer that captures homelessness in the cold boardwalks of

Buenos Aires, this issue treats the word "home" as a chameleon: it adapts to the contexts and circumstances of our own lives.

It's important to ask this question because it wakes us up and makes us grow. If you have somewhere to call home - do you feel close to it now? and, if you don't have somewhere to call home - how can you create it in the future that lies ahead?

As the pandemic continues, we must find a place to feel safe, to feel loved, and to feel like ourselves. We must find support in family - whoever that may be - and we must feel at peace with our own selves too.

We dedicate this issue to that piece of you who's still in *limbo* - trying to break away from some past and making space for some future.

Our first last words - *let your heart guide you home.*

Yours truly,



Isabella Ibañez and Alessia Giha
Co-founders, Project Synergy.

INTERVIEWS

G A B R I E L
M A N U E L
J O S E

B A R R E T O
Á L V A R E Z
A N T O N I O

B E N T Í N
D I E S T R O
R O S A S



HOME IS A SUITCASE

AN INTERVIEW WITH
GABRIEL BARRETO BENTÍN

WRITTEN BY
ISABELLA IBÁÑEZ DE LA PUENTE

On a busy train back to Madrid, Peruvian photographer Gabriel Barreto shares an afternoon with us to discuss his career, his life, inspirations, and his outlook on the future.

Gabriel also discloses some exclusive details about his upcoming publication, *Andinos: Encounters in Cusco, Perú*, which will crown itself as Barreto's first book.

Sebastiana and Lisset.
Choquehuanca, Lares, 2019.
Gabriel Barreto Bentín



This first question relates to our issue's core theme: "Home." For you, what does home mean?

That's a difficult question. Until I was 19 years old, I lived in the same room. Up until that point, my house had an exact definition – a street address and a number. That concept changed when I moved to New York City and became a college student. Most of my sentimental anchors – my parents, my friends, even my stuff – stayed in the same address, while I moved and acquired other definitions of what home meant to me. Now that I left New York and have no postal address, the concept of home becomes even blurrier, but I will always come back to my home in Lima. For now, my home is this small suitcase I carry with me on the train (laughs).

22 **That's insightful. Home means something different for everyone. Adding onto your feeling of home, how do you feel you shape your photography through what seems familiar to you?**

I started as a photographer when I was really young, so I believe my view on what home is to me will always, on some level, be expressed through my work. One of my first projects as a Sophomore in college was a short film called "Una Lagrima en Mi Balanza"; a visual poem I did with a close friend of mine, Antonio D'Angelo, who had also recently moved away from Lima. With that project Antonio and I tried to express the nostalgia we felt daily for the first years after leaving home.

Another project that reminds me of home is "Limbo". When Covid-19 hit New York I went back home to my family in Lima, Peru.

After a couple weeks in lockdown I grabbed my medium format camera and started documenting my everyday life. I started by photographing my family but ended up going on walks almost every day to shoot the deserted streets of Lima. We then combined it with Elisa Ciappi's writing during the pandemic to create a visual essay about our experiences. Coming back to the macro-sense of things, I also feel excited to announce I will be publishing my first book, *Andinos*, on February 2022, with Rizzoli New York. The book visualizes my experience of getting to know the Peruvian Andes through my photography. I think, in this sense, my country has made a great impact on my work.

How do you feel about this debut as a print photographer – having your own book published?

I still can't believe it. The advanced copy is still yet to arrive, but I suspect the weight of the moment will dawn on me then. I have worked on this for so many years that, when the publishing was confirmed, a lot of memories came flooding back in. It was hard to put everything together and shape it into a book. From deciding the cover's texture to the images' post-production, a lot had to be done. But the harder I work, the better I feel about the outcome.

When is the publishing date?

The book will be distributed internationally on the 15 of February, 2022 by Rizzoli. However, the BCP (Banco de Crédito del Perú) has pre-ordered 1,500 copies as a Christmas gift for their premium clients and I will be selling an additional 500 copies in Lima starting on early December.



El Comercio

Anuncian medidas urgentes para la educación y el agro

La aprobación del plan del Estado - después de 10 años -

Limbo series, 2020.
Lima, Peru
Gabriel Barreto Bentín



That's amazing. Building up on Andinos, you talked about your first experiences in the Peruvian Andes. Do you remember your first time in Cusco?

The very first time I went to Cusco, I was a young boy in middle school. It felt more like a school project than a trip, to be honest – so I would say my first real experience there was when I was about to leave for New York. I went with my uncle Carlos, and we road tripped all the way from Lima to Cusco and spent a month getting to know the region. After I first saw the pictures I took in that trip, I understood I had viewed the Andes with rose-colored glasses. We were on tourist-mode, sleeping on hotels and watching the landmarks from afar.

My next experiences were very different. I wanted to live the real experience of the Andes. In the visual introduction to the book, I try to mirror the journey I went through, as I slowly became acquainted with the rural communities of the Andes and portrayed them in a more empathetic way. In my opinion, those were the moments I felt I got to know the Andes the most.

Tell us more about your experience as a tourist. How do you think it differs from being a resident?

As I was travelling across Southeast Asia, we stayed for three nights in a Vietnamese household in Sapa Valley. They didn't speak a word of English, but they received us in their home as if we were part of their own. This made me reflect about my experiences in Peru, so I came in contact with Francesco D'Angelo, an anthropologist and friend, who ended up writing the conclusion for

my book. I asked him if it was possible to implement this idea in Peru. From then on, I became interested in the idea of not just visiting the Andes, but to live together with the communities that inhabited it. For three months, I became part of their family. I slept in their homes, ate in their dinner tables, and shared moments of deep connection with them. That was the most important thing for me.

Let's now fast-forward to the future. As a photographer, how do you see yourself in a few years' time?

That's an impossible question (laughs). Now, I'm couch-surfing in my friends' homes around Europe. I'm searching for job opportunities in Europe and in New York, discovering new and exciting projects and working with incredibly talented people. I plan to go back to New York to do a launch event for the book – but I'm uncertain about where I'll end up. I'm in a period of searching what my home is and where – both creatively and personally.

What do you think you've learned in your process of searching for where you belong?

The first thing I have learned is to patiently navigate the pressure of looking for a fixed artistic style. For a young person, it's a hard thing to do, and sometimes it is somewhat meaningless, because we're still growing. We need to find peace in the playfulness of not being completely sure what defines us. We're constantly evolving – and we should appreciate and enjoy that.



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Limbo series, 2020.
Lima, Peru
Gabriel Barreto Bentín

What would you say to the audiences that have yet to know you as a photographer?

I feel I would like them to know about the personal depth of my projects, as well as my drive to work commercially. I am one of the outliers in the photographic community who actually enjoys doing commercial work. Working with mood boards, creative directors and collaborating with brands that I admire has been the highlight of my college years. It is an important part of what photography means to me.

After some extended small-talk, the interview ended with us wishing Gabriel a great trip. Months later – you can find him in the world's airport terminals, train or gas stations while he travels the globe. At this very moment, we imagine him coursing through busy streets and taking snapshots of imposing monuments, or even busier citizens. What's next in store for him? The presentation of his new book, Andinos – one of very many milestones in his promising career.



Limbo series, 2020.
Lima, Peru
Gabriel Barreto Bentín

HOME IN BEAUTY AND GLOOM

AN INTERVIEW WITH
MANUEL ÁLVAREZ DIESTRO

WRITTEN BY
PAMELA ÁLVAREZ FERREIRA

For Project Synergy's second issue: HOME, Manuel shares his work through an interview with Pamela Álvarez Ferreira. The interview features Manuel's latest project, "Chinese megacities captured through high-speed train windows", currently in exhibition at the Arte Peatonal Exhibition in Santander and curated by Arancha Vidal.

Being a world traveller himself and tied to Spain in part only by birth origin, we couldn't help but wonder: what does home mean to him? "Home is where I am at a given moment in time. It is falling in love with the city I am in at that moment".

MANUEL
ÁLVAREZ
DIESTRO







If you look at Manuel Alvarez Diestro's profile, you will instantly come across the essence of his work: "unveiling the beauty in the cities that we build". I was expecting to find vibrant images showing the traditional charm of what we consider beautiful cities around the globe. Instead, I was faced with photographs of industrial, partially built, and somewhat crowded metropolises. "Is it irony?" I thought, and instantly knew I needed to understand how these juxtaposing ideas could co-exist for Manuel.

Born in Santander, Spain, but tied to the city only by birth, Manuel has evolved his persona and artistic career worldwide. He believes we - as humans - are geographical accidents, for whom home could be either a trap or an opportunity. In his case, it is most likely the former, as he has spent most of his life abroad, hopping across cities like Beirut, Seoul, Tehran, and Cairo, amongst many others. In his own words, Manuel captures the landscapes and areas we transform, photographing the cities we create. Although it seems like there is no human presence in his shots, he argues otherwise as they portray the 'human touch' on our surroundings, referring to that which is man-made.

Tell us, Manuel, what does home mean to you, and what would you consider to be your home?

Being that I am a citizen of the world, to me, the home ultimately is wherever I am now, at any given point in time. It is where I put my sentiment and feelings and thus grab onto the opportunity of falling in love with the city I live in. People often think that home is a single place where you build your identity - the place where you were raised, for exam-

ple - but I think that identity does not have to be grounded to a location. Perhaps these people are scared to evolve their initial identities.

Wow! You have put it in a way in which I can finally relate to an answer to the question of "what is home?". I'm curious, do you then have a city, and thus home, which you have fallen deepest in love with?

Love is created by a deep connection, and in my experience, this kind of connection was most strongly and instantly felt in those cities which are kidnapped by some sort of tragedy or those in which you undergo some personal struggle yourself. For me, these could be when I lived in Beirut, where you could feel the echo of past conflicts, or Cairo, where the Arab spring was ingrained. In these instances, social convulsion becomes the opportunity to connect through art with the city and truly grasp it in the most profound way.

Placing significant emphasis on this last remark, Manuel and I discussed his most recent photography project: Chinese Megacities from High-speed Trains. As the name suggests, he embarked on a two-year journey by train all over China, with no concrete destination in mind. For Manuel, photographing these landscapes meant materializing his connection with the country, allowing him to later share it with us, with the world.

So Manuel, why did you choose this more unconventional way of photographing Chinese cities?





I took to photographing from the train because I wanted to do something new. Most of my work features field photography, but I knew that this kind of project would be experimental and unplanned. It features the unexpected. Not only that, but I was also amazed by the speed at which Chinese cities are growing, and so I thought it an excellent metaphor to in part represent this through the fastness of the trains.

From Manuel's experience, in China, the word "city" simply fails to describe its metropolises. Thus, he uses the term "megacity" to refer to the urban landscapes he captured. These large metropolitan buildings originate from the [Chinese] Government's plan to interlink the cities around the larger Beijing metropolitan area. Not only limited to Beijing, unthinkable architecture, efficient interconnectivity, and economies of scale are some of the inarguably many upsides to the growth of these megacities. Manuel agrees: "in a way, this is the futuristic evolution model, and it's happening right now". It is how China has quickly developed a strong economic power. He further emphasizes how this kind of growth is possible because of China's strong sense of authority. It drives cities and their people to shift towards a "metropolitan thinking", coming together as one.

How do you think this shift towards "metropolitan thinking" may affect local culture and even a sense of individuality?

As I said, although these megacities bring multiple economic benefits, they also inherently affect the 'local feel'. Taking Tianjin as an example, it is now part of Beijing Tianjin Hebei metropolitan area; however, it has a very different geographical layout and

community traditions. So, as I have come to learn, in this homogenization of metropolises, people have to hold onto tradition and their ancestors. For them, home is tied to dearly held century-old traditions, past geographical origins, or "floor 45, apartment E" The people do not so strongly relate to their city but rather grip onto their past.

This remark sparked a great deal of interest in me, as it strongly contradicts what he considers home. For Manuel, home is where you are now, the process of falling in love with a city. From his journey across Chinese Megacities from high-speed trains, he gathered that home is a recollection of the past rather than a feeling of the present to the Chinese. As beautiful and effective as they may be theoretically, the megacities do strip away the local and individualism found in older and slow-growing cities elsewhere. To better understand, Manuel gave me an example of how culture and historical development would be felt in Beijing compared to Madrid, my hometown.

From my perspective, the loss of the local feel is perfectly conveyed through Manuel's photographic technique throughout his project. The images capture beautiful architecture and development, but they also feature solid blurs and no focus on the individual. Beauty and gloom - somewhat ironic. Could this be the answer to the initial paradox that characterizes Manuel's work?

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THE UNIQUE MOMENTS IN LIFE

AN INTERVIEW WITH JOSE ANTONIO ROSAS

In Jose Antonio's LinkedIn profile, an ambitious career in finance creates the stronghold image of an accomplished businessman. A Wharton graduate, a Harvard attendee and an impressive career as a Financial Officer, CEO, and Managing Partner makes for an admirable resumé.

For Jose Antonio, that's just the tip of the iceberg. If one wanders off to Instagram and searches for him

(@ja_rosas), a simple description leads the way to a whole new world: **"Fotógrafo de momentos únicos de la vida. Photographer of unique moments in life."**

I invited Jose Antonio to talk about his experience with photography. In it, he describes how a simple hobby quickly turned into adventurous expeditions in global destinations.



*Portrait of Jose Antonio Rosas.
Spitsbergen, Svalbard.*

My first question for you is - when was your passion for photography born, and when did you decide you would turn into a professional photographer?

Like everyone, I have always been used to carry a camera with me. To some level, I've been a little more obsessed with photography than the average guy, but the real interest came along when my first son was born. He has now turned 17.

At the time he was born, the first Nikon and Canon digital cameras began to make a real difference in the market. Impulsively, I decided to buy the first digital Canon there was, to start with the family documentary. At first, it was all about learning to be a Dad. Then, the interest grew to be something of its own. I started to take photos in the beach. There was something about nature that also became part of me.

With that new discovery, I began taking some specialized photography trips. One of them was traveling to Antarctica. I fell in love with it. I knew there and then that I needed to pursue photography professionally.

That's amazing. I love your pictures from Antarctica – especially the way you portrayed the Emperor penguins. How did you find that trip, how did you organize it? What did you learn on the way?

In total, I've made 3 trips to Antarctica. My published photographs are from that third trip. The first one was 10 years earlier, and it occurred almost by chance. I followed this photographer on Instagram. One day, on his webpage, he announced he was organizing a trip to Antarctica with a group

of 5 volunteering photographers. I was so psyched I didn't think about it twice – I just made the leap.

In that trip, I learned a lot about Antarctica, its nature, how to picture it and how to study it. For three weeks, I was blown away by the penguin colonies, the whales I saw up close, the community of photographers that went with me on the trip and the expedition itself. This pure, pristine world was mesmerizing to me. It was like traveling to another planet.

The last trip I made to Antarctica was especially different. With three other photographers, we camped out next to an Emperor penguin colony. To arrive, we had to fly in with a military plane from Punta Arenas in Chile to a base in Antarctica. In there, a company organizes different types of expeditions. One of them is this satellite compound next to the colony. We landed with skis, camped out in specialized tents, and enjoyed from 24-hour-long sunlight, so we had plenty of time to capture the penguins. We would walk up there, stay 3 to 4 hours, and then return to the compound. What I loved the most was the pure wilderness we witnessed.

From your perspective, what comment would you make about the home of these penguin colonies? What did you observe, emotionally, from them?

The first thing I should say is that Emperor Penguins have a peculiarly domestic lifestyle. Much like humans, penguins are adhered to the system of a family. Every couple mates for life, and it puts one egg per year.



Polar Bear over Frozen Sea.
Spitsbergen, Svalbard.
Jose Antonio Rosas (2018)

Emperor Penguins.
Gould Bay, Antarctic
Jose Antonio Rosas (2017)



The way these penguins take care of that egg is incredible – they are super careful with it. Both mother and father take care of the egg in equal measure, and the community also protects the others' offspring. At first glance, one might not believe that about the animal kingdom – but some species are incredibly caring towards their peers.

I didn't particularly notice the effects of our human activity in that particular colony, but I do know there are plenty of others that progressively have to move further south as the ice melts.



Apart from your experiences in Antarctica and other virgin ecosystems, you have also portrayed a myriad of human communities. How do you think that differs from your nature photography?

For me, documenting human communities is a form of becoming a careful observer, and opening myself up to different ways of living.

My first discovery was when I travelled to India for the first time. Back then, my photos were more spontaneous and prolific. I took photos of everything that moved. With time, I started traveling with renowned photographers to Bhutan and Ethiopia, and I started getting more involved. I began capturing people during times of celebration. When congregating, a different aspect of our humanity emerges – a freer, looser self reaches the surface. I saw that in Peru too, as I witnessed the Candelaria and Qoyllur Riti festivals. What I saw was a predisposition to come together and have fun. In a similar way, a project I did in New York showed a similar thing - I documented punk rock concerts and the people that went to them. The motives for celebration are strikingly different, but the social necessity to come together is the same one to me.

I completely agree. Now, with lockdown, how do you think has changed communities and individuals themselves?

It has been a hard blow on all of us. Multiple loss on all fronts – life, finances, politics... and also companionship. That escape route we all need – socializing and being in community, became close-shut. But I think we're slowly getting back out there. It'll pass, and we'll appreciate life more from now on.



Pilgrimage.
Lalibela, Ethiopia
Jose Antonio Rosas (2019)



*National Anthem to Start the Chaccu Ceremony (top)
Vicuña selected for Chaccu Ceremony with its Minders (bottom) .
Puno, Peru
Jose Antonio Rosas (2017)*

I personally believe we shouldn't make a distinction between humans and other species. We're all part of a continuum of evolution. Many species, not just us, have emotional capabilities, meaningful relationships, and they also thrive from belonging to a community. We're all part of a whole in this planet we call home.

J O S E A N T O N I O R O S A S

Magezi the Chimpanzee.
Kibale National Park, Uganda.
Jose Antonio Rosas (2016).

L I T E R A R Y
A R T S

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S O U T H A F R I C A
P O R T U G A L
P E R U

I	MONICA	N.	LUGUN
II	TREV		DUBE
III	FRANCISCA		MEINEDO
IV	SEBASTIAN		ALANYA

**A HOME
AWAY FROM
HOME**

50

**THE
INDIGENOUS
DIASPORA**

Memories of a distant land,
Memoirs of my elders,
Memories from my childhood
in my grandparents' home
in a distant land,
or my contemporary reality
in the urban wilderness.

- Monica N. Lugun

MONICA N.
LUGUN





Family Album, 1.
Monica N. Lugun.

Memories of a distant land, memoirs of my elders, memories from my childhood in my grandparents' home in a distant land, or my contemporary reality in the urban wilderness.

What is home?

Is home a physical virtue or something intangible? Is home a perceived reality based on memories, experiences, and emotions?

Where is home?

Is my home in the shared stories of my ancestors, the memories of my elders, or my recollection of the times I've spent with them?

The Indigenous tribal community is diasporic in nature. Even though our realities change when we leave our native soil, our lineage of oral narrations is transcendent and so are the tales of our homeland.

54 Having been brought up away from my ancestors' place of origin, the dilemma around identity and home stems from my conflicting conceptions of lived realities and narrated memories.

On one hand, I ought to believe that my home is where my immediate family resides, where I currently am, in the bustling metropolitan capital of India - New Delhi.

On the other hand, the memories of my childhood spent with my grandparents in the small state of Jharkhand, evokes a sense of nostalgia - a feeling that I associate with home.

Ranchi, Jharkhand, 2006. 8 years old.

It's the middle of the summer break. The sun is in its wee hours but the day has already begun for the people in the household. As the sun warms the day, the household gathers for the morning breakfast. I'm sitting across from my Nana (grandfather) who's reading the morning newspaper. My Nani (grandmother) is seated under the shade of one of her palm trees with my parents and the rest of the family.

I have to complete the day's quota of cursive writing practice, followed by a lesson on tenses under my grandfather's supervision. I am halfway through the book, just like I am halfway through my break from school. My younger sister occasionally comes over, curiously looking over my shoulder at times to see what I'm up to. She is five years old, and unlike me, hasn't yet started writing sentences.

Visiting our grandparents during the summer and winter holidays has become a tradition. We've celebrated every Easter and Christmas with them for as long as I can remember. Each visit ended with a family picture and a promise to see those faces again at the sanctum of my grandparents' house. My earliest memory of this time is not very distinct. These memories often overlap, distort into a blur but do eventually find consensus in an unspoken bond of togetherness called home.

Ranchi, Jharkland, 2017, 19 years old.

My grandmother would tell me stories. Stories about her humble home in the wilderness Stories about her siblings, stories about my grandfather, and the life she had before I was born. Her stories were simple, yet intricate. Her memories were fragile, yet preserved. I was mesmerized by things that she would tell me.

Fabled myths, folklores, and tales that have no written records. I wonder where those stories are now. Nature was what sheltered her and the generations before her from the colonizers.

Nature was what they were sheltering from the colonizers. Nature in its rawest form, wilderness unhindered, nature, simply, meant 'home,' a part of me found what home meant in her stories. I then sought to explore what being indigenous meant. With time, this faraway reality somehow got laced with mine. Years later, I realized, her reality and her identity stemmed from the home that she idealized.

New Delhi, India, 2021, 23 years old.

As time went by, we eventually grew out of our sheltered upbringing. The trips to our grandparents' place became an occasional thing. There wasn't much time for us to see them,

H O M E

so we exchanged letters instead. Each trip commenced at the expense of time. Each trip became delayed as time went by. We couldn't make time. They didn't have time. Gradually, we left the nest we once called home.

Some of us are still connected. Some of us have branched out. The family photograph has numerous copies. Fragments of the past kept by everyone, except those who've left this world. But their essence, however, stays in their images.

Their memories are engraved in these objects. In a way, they become immortal. My current reality transpires in the middle of a city where my parents, my sister, and I reside. There are four of us now. Although the four of us get pulled into realities of our own, we still find solace when we're back together at the end of the day.

For me, home is an emotion. Nostalgia in its purest form. Home is in my memories, sheltered by a nostalgic blur. Places that I've attached myself to, people that linger in my memory. Home is in the stories that were narrated to me as a child. A faraway reality of a distant land that slowly got entwined with mine.

Home is in connection with these realities where the sense of longing is at its peak -despite the blur.

Home is where nostalgia takes me
Home is where my memories are
Home is where I am.



Family Album, 4.
Monica N. Lugun.



U M L O M O
U Y A D A L A

'Umlomo Uyadala' is my journey of creating homes through dialogue with the body, the community, and the environment. Umlomo Uyadala means "Words Create" in Xhosa.

The theme song is "**Motherland**" by Yvonne Chaka Chaka.

The song is a reflection of the complex relationship Africans have with the home. It's a call for dance, unity, peace, love and an open dialogue.

T R E V
D U B E

The perfect home that was once infinitely welcoming grew uncomfortably smaller and smaller as I grew bigger and bigger.

Beyond touch, I could now also hear my mom singing Thula Sana, a Zulu lullaby. Her words became home as the fragile fetal fortress began to unhome. Little me couldn't fathom how the best place could be the worst place at the same time. The entrée into this world from my mother's loving womb was violent and chaotic. Birth felt like death. Everything insulted my senses, the blinding lights, the cutting knives, the sting of chemicals, and, Oh my God, the cold! I felt homeless in all senses of the word, separated from everything I knew to be home.

And then—I was introduced to mama again, the embodiment of home inside out.

60 Watching mama love herself mind, body, and soul was a lesson never lost on me. In a society that sought to alienate and lock in Black lives to a life of perpetual servitude, the act of finding home within oneself was a rebellious one. Movement was my first home language, from love kicks and punches in the dark chambers of the womb to discovering dance. Mama enjoyed dancing, and together we danced to the music of Aretha Franklin, Miriam Makeba and Yvonne Chaka Chaka. Dance healed us, wholed us and homed us.

My mom was an autodidact of sorts: curious to a fault with stacks of books that took up most of the space in our little matchbox house in Soweto, where she taught me the life-giving act of reading. Quickly, my words and worlds multiplied, opening new doors of realities and homes. I read day and night with candlelight, searching for adventures through the pages of old books that smelled

like sweet dust. It was the best 13 years of my life: a love affair with books, words and ideas. We were poor, but we flourished and blossomed in our little house with a luminous treasure trove of a garden. The garden was a place of belonging and commune, a shared space with our immediate neighbours. Time slowed down, as if to allow us to adapt to the slow growth of plants. The sight was a spectacular showcase of a life we knew nothing about, a home within our home that sought to teach us the wisdom of life *néca?mat ct*. She'd always remind me of the words of Voltaire at the end of each day in the garden, with the most awkward pronunciation of broken but beautiful French 'I'll faut cultiver Notre Jardin'.

Until that insidious dark year of the global stock market crash, when mom fell sick and lost her life.

Losing mom meant more than losing a home in my heart. It also meant losing a roof over my head. Her passing as my sole parent graduated me early into the school of life. The following years were brutal and beautiful, learning the delicate and intricate dance of being home and homeless. The first night on the streets, everything insulted my senses, the blinding lights, the cutting knives, the sting of chemicals, and, Oh my God, the cold! I felt homeless in all senses of the word, separated from everything I knew to be home. The fear of death, starvation, violent crime and all kinds of abuse was imminent, crippling me with maddening anxiety. However, there was something aesthetically pleasing about falling asleep in the moonlight with a skyline full of stars, a moment a kindred soul Oscar Wilde would've cherished. While not being physically housed was novel and the suffering incomparable,

H O M E

the state of being homeless was familiar —
An old friend.

My new home by the day became the Johannesburg Library, the first public library in South Africa to open doors to all races. It was a home with its own architectural story of reinvention and a place where I'd wrestle fundamental human questions with dead people. By night I was in the cold, wet, ugly and stinking alleys of Braamfontein where I would sing mama's Thula Nana song. Then word by word, a virtual construction of all the physical structures I'd called home would fuse and merge in new and exciting ways. Finally, the Frankenstein imaginary fortress built in my mind embedded itself into the physical world, and I was home. In my dreams, I was never homeless. I'd fall asleep in my hut on the Moon and wake up in my umkhukhu on Mars. I'd dance with stars to the jams of Sun Ra and Hugh Masekela.

Some days those dreams were the only reason I didn't pull the plug off the nightmare of my life.

I started working menial jobs from 14 years old, working 18 hour days cleaning, gardening and petrol station attending. Housing was never a problem after that, although none of the places ever felt like home. However, there was an addictive attraction about the simplicity and spontaneity of life in the streets of Jozi that kept me coming back. My home in the streets taught me deeply about the Ubuntu Philosophy, 'I am because we are', which emphasises our human interconnectedness and oneness. Our shared suffering magnified our humanity and weaved in us a common consciousness. Every homeless person's story was unique, but three types of origins were prominent. First, there were

the ones who were gun barrel bulldozed out of their homes by the apartheid government. Then, some migrated from rural areas to eGoli, "the city of gold," searching for a better life. Lastly, they were the ones who had lost their parents or breadwinners.

I was part of the latter group, The Orphans Unit (TOU), and we wore that term like a badge of honour. We were a strange fate-selected tight-knit tapestry of future Artists, Afrofuturists, Culture Shapers and Thinkers. Although we were self-confident, we had half-baked thoughts and untrained minds. However, that didn't deter us from seeking the pleasure of reading and engaging in the works of Chinua Achebe, Wole Soyinka, Octavia E. Butler, Steve Biko, Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, W.E.B. Du Bois and Toni Morrison. It was a fine balance of seeking the truth and sharpening our street-smartness, which we called guluva logic. However, I soon stopped frequenting the streets because I felt help- 61
less, unjustly lucky and hypocritical. My piece jobs couldn't piece all of us off the streets but just me.

I hated that mother Opportunity and father Luck were not fair to all their sons and daughters. I was alone, overcome by despair, hate and doubt.

One day, in a timely reading of Goethe, his words lifted me up 'In allen Dingen ist besser hoffen als verzweifeln'. I realised that words could colonise desolate spaces and create homes, so I came up with ways to be with the homeless. I went to soup kitchens, volunteered at libraries and Job Center programs. I administered words like medicine backed up by the conviction rooted in the Xhosa saying 'umlomo uyadala,' or words create.

IN MY DREAMS, I
WAS NEVER
HOMELESS. I'D
FALL ASLEEP IN MY
HUT ON THE MOON
AND WAKE UP IN
MY *UMKHUKHU* ON
MARS. I'D DANCE
WITH STARS TO THE
JAMS OF *SUN RA*
AND *HUGH*
M A S E K E L A .

Together we drank the potions from the poems of Maya Angelou, Langston Hughes, Bra Willie and Lesego Rampolokeng. With these kinds of people, I flourished. Friends for me are family, and friends for me are homes.

Thank you for staying with me ‘till the end. I hope my ongoing journey in search of the soul of home helps you find and appreciate the homes in you and all around you.

Guluva

Zulu slang for a streetwise guy.

‘il faut cultiver Notre Jardin’

French quotation from Voltaire translation; we must cultivate our garden, meaning we must tend to our own affairs.

‘In allen Dingen ist besser hoffen als verzweifeln’

German quotation from Goethe; In all things it is better to hope than despair.

Jozi

an informal name for Johannesburg.
 néčá?mat ct - “We are One” in the hənǰəmiñəm (Musqueam) language

Soweto

(South Western Townships) South Africa’s largest Black township. Soweto residents were in the forefront of demands for the development of Black equality during the country’s apartheid era.

uMkhukhu

a shack (usually found in South African townships made of iron sheets).

PLURAL,

NOT

SINGULAR

III

F R A N C I S C A
M E I N E D O

Home is the multitude of places where you leave your heart.

The concept of home goes beyond any kind of physicality, any kind of group of walls and a roof - it's where I feel safe; I would say the sensation of being at home to be similar to be at a nest for birds. I think if birds could talk, they would agree with me. and, as do birds, I can always come back home, to the the different ones I have around the globe. Home is my grandma's house with a plate of warm food set on my forever assigned seat, my first and forever house where I grew up in and it's my first apartment where I have been living alone, full of evidence of growing up, but it is not always a house.

Home is my first ballet studio where I learned to love and to lose; it's the first boy I have ever loved and everything that came with it; it's my home town where I can see the river greeting the sea and becoming one; it's my father's lap and my mother's embrace. The common thing about all these places is that I keep on coming back to them and feeling safe, even if just in my mind. Regardless of where I am going or where I have been, my heart gravitates towards them.

Do you want another serving?

If you are going up the street, it's the one on your right with the blue tiles and the stray tabby cat meowing for food. the one that looks a bit crooked and that when you go inside has the creaky spiral staircase. the one that somehow smells like family inside. A bunch of my oldest memories are inside this house - my grandparents' house. What once was a household of two and some cat guests is now a house of one and a cat, and with all the changes that life makes, it still feels the

same. There is always a plate of food being offered - my grandma loves through feeding and that house has always fed me with a warm roast, but also with love. It is the place I knew where there were little to no consequences to anything and where at the end of my stay I always had an insane amount of money to go buy an ice cream. I think more than the place itself; it was my grandparents that made it feel like home; being there (and with the memories of there) feels like nothing can go wrong. I don't know if it was the knowledge I know they have/had, the wisdom, the unconditional love or even maybe the food, but nothing goes wrong at my grandparents' place. And so (and rightfully so), a piece of my heart is hanging out there since the day I first visited it.

Wind-up box.

It feels quite inevitable that the place where I believe I learned what love was to be one of the places I like to call home. This wide-open space with light wood floors and two walls made of big windows and a massive wall of mirrors staring back at me. a room big enough to jump, spin, fall, cry, yell, laugh, smile, ... dance. my studio, my private wind-up box where I was the pretty ballerina in pink pointe shoes rotating around. This place taught me what it is like to love something so deeply that, more often than not, it hurts. here I loved and lost and loved again. For a whole lot of years, while I was a dancer there, this was quite literally my second house as I would have practice and stay after hours, either laughing or stretching. this place that so deeply nurtured my love for dance, also gave me the wings to aim higher and to find bigger, wider. studios. So I did, and then my visits to my base started to become less recurrent. now, when I

21
BIS

I THINK
I LOST
THE KEY
TO THIS
HOME.





LOVING
HIM
WAS EASY.

MAKING HIM
LOVE ME FELT
LIKE ROCKET
SCIENCE.

H O M E

visited, I would be alone and to this day, that studio that saw me as the 3-year-old that ran around in a pink tutu was the place where I felt most comfortable dancing. There, it would be just me, the stereo, and a heart that was imploding. the 3-year-old was now the sight of an almost adult girl doing flick jetés and tripple pirouettes and still everything felt the same.

dancing is gambling with your body and with your mind; it's betting that this push or this scary jump was going to make me win and in this place every bet was safe. There was no wrong or right, or a man yelling for me "repeat from the start"; there was me. free to jump enough that it felt like flying, to cry while dancing as if I was speaking and explaining where it hurt, to just lay on the floor and be there. Every time I left that studio, I knew a piece of my heart was left there, dancing on its own.

Loving him was easy, making him love me felt like rocket science.

This is a place I try not to go back to too often, but every time I do, it's with a warm smile. it's an inconvenience of life that along the lines of love we suffer, however, in my case everything else that came with it makes me grateful that it happened. it is one of those things that makes me wonder how the flap of a butterfly's wings can change the whole course of life - how a home came to be built from a youthful mess. Whenever I think about it, I usually go to a past where I feel safe, where there was no space for regrets, where I grew, where everything felt familiar and in my place. Why does it feel like home? I am pretty unsure as well, but the proportion of what I felt at the time was so massive that I had to leave a piece there.

I think I lost the key to this home.

Safety net.

I am one of the lucky out of the bunch that can, wholeheartedly, say that their parents are their safety net. as an only child, I am by default the "daddy's girl" and the "delight for mama's eyes" and those are the titles I proudly wear around my neck. nothing feels better than knowing that wherever life takes me, at the end of the day I can come back and have those two looking at me and holding my hand. My parents are the night-light when I'm afraid of the dark, not guiding me but lighting my way without letting me be scared. time and time again, they show me that it is okay to come back, to touch base and say "well, this is not working out". and time and time again, they have helped me pick up back the pieces and made sure that I knew that every piece of me was worth it. I don't believe anything in the world feels as good as being hugged by my dad or laying my head on my mom's lap - the only place where time stops and I can recharge on love. the safest foundation ever known. I wonder if my biggest achievement in life is to be their daughter and I try to work every day to own up to that title and to one day, be the same home for my kids. The ones that created my heart, surely the one that keep the biggest piece of it.

TO BE
AND
NOT
TO BE

IV

S E B A S T I Á N
A L A N Y A

Casa es ser habitación de pocas metros cuadrados
debe el espacio falta, donde todo está
ordenado, Casa es esa sensación de recordar
la pequeño gimnasio donde como que
las plantas que regaste y aún así
mueren, el sueño que sonaste y que
ahora parece más lejano, Baby,
Casa es todo aquello que alguna vez
(también)

desaste y nunca tuviste, es la vida
que pasa y el tiempo que no se detiene,
son los días tristes y los días felices,
pero tú recuerdas y tu niño interior, que
cada tanto sale a flote.

Casa es su voz llegando a tus
tímpans vibrando con ella, ~~el~~

Casa es amar y ser amado,

es la pata de tu mascota por todo el
lugar y el mat de yoga que nunca
usaste. Casa es el éxito pero también

es el fracaso. El libro que nunca
terminaste, el tatuaje que te hiciste
en secreto.

Corazón, sus venas y arterias.
Casa es tu ~~dedo~~ medio, y sus venas,

la sangre que recorre todo tu cuerpo una
y otra vez, casa es un templo, tu
templo, con sus difuntos y atributos.

Casa es todo aquello que dejas en el mundo

When I close my
eyes and think
about home,
everything
f a d e s.

Silence takes
each of the
dark corners of
my mind until it
slowly
cracks the
shadows of the
ideal and opens
way to
reality.

the smell of rain and drops
 facing the cold and dusty
 s o i l ,
 the smell of that wet land,
 the smell of nature entering
 my lungs and exhaling life.
 the morning coffees, the
 ones when no one's ever up,
 and there's just you and the
 sunshine that's out your
 w i n d o w
 This first hot sip that goes
 through your throat and again
 we talk about your body
 The feeling of the brew giving
 you energy because
 y o u
 a r e
 w i l l i n g
 t o
 r e c e i v e
 i t



The kiss of good morning, accompanied by a terrible bad breath but which, oh love, is terribly perfect. Just like you thought it would be.

And sex, sex is nothing without the nap that comes after, where intimacy and love converge into the most vulnerable act of the human being. In sleeping and shutting your system off - an act of confidence, knowing that you can close your eyes with the certainty that everything is going to be okay.

Home is all those details I said, and you got, all that you truly hear that makes me feel visible.

Home is that room of a few square meters where the space is missing, where everything is piled up, **home is that feeling of recognizing that big disaster as yours.**

The plants you watered and yet died, the dream you dreamed and now looks farther away, baby, **home is also everything you ever wanted and never had.**

HOME IS THAT
LAND YOU LEFT AT
WAR .

HOME IS THAT
PLACE YOU RAN
FROM BECAUSE
YOU HAD NO
CHOICE.

AS MUCH AS YOU
MISS IT, HOME IS
SOMETIMES
IMPOSSIBLE.

Home is the life that passes by and the time that doesn't stop. It is the sad days and happy days, your memories and your inner child.

Home is their voice coming to your eardrums, vibrating with them.

Home is love and being loved, it is your pet's hairs all over the place and the yoga mat you never used.

Home is success but it is also failure. It is the book you never finished.

Home is your heart, your veins and arteries, the blood that goes all over your body repeatedly. Home is a temple, your temple, with its flaws and virtues.

Home is everything you leave in the world, the print marked on earth, the way you made others feel and the lives you touched and left behind.

Home is to be and not be at the same time. It is to feel part of the community, but still feeling lonelier than ever. Home is the projection we have of others, but it is also the hard truth that accompanies us at the end of the day.

Home is what keeps us alive, the love that keeps us united and sane, the reason for our humanity and the reason why we stay.

Home is whatever you want it to mean.

Home is you.

V I S U A L
A R T S

PERU
BOLIVIA
ECUADOR
BULGARIA

V ALESSANDRA CASTOLDI
VI AITANA CASTILLO
VII ALEXANDRA IVANOVA
VIII LAURA MENDOZA, RENAN
PAREDES, GIANFRANCO SUITO

QUARANTINE DIARY

84

Daily painting as a need for dialogue. Adaptation processes, returning to Lima and observing different spaces in time. Small daily moments in the midst of confinement measure up to a significant value, playing with the past and present and dreams. Each piece works as an independent moment and at the same time as a collective. I generate a quick painting with the need to tell a story and release some inner knots; in the absence of means, I use vulnerable materials like paper and tempera.

Quarantine Diary (series of 32 paintings), oil on paper, varying measurements, 2020.

V

ALESSANDRA
RISI CASTOLDI



Photo: **Carolina Anaya**
(@c___anaya)
Outfit: Genes Brand



Quarantine Diary (series of 32 paintings), oil on paper, varying measurements, 2020.



Quarantine Diary: Portrait of Alessandra.



Quarantine Diary. Interior.



La Dolce Vita, 2021.

89

A fantasy.
Femininity, womanhood, housewife with a
1950s feel.

The Peruvian political situation in a
pandemic context. Love and the loves of
life, the daily routines in a vintage fantasy.
It is the sensuality in plain tragedy, much
uncertainty, and challenging times. The
music wraps the fantasy in a continuous
dream.





Fragments of Alessandra's quarantine are visible through her "Quarantine diary" wall installation. The palm trees of the city of Lima, images of the trees in the boardwalk of the Costa Verde, parts of her kitchen and the plants that hang from her apartment - these are all recurrent companions during the lockdown period, which she decided to immortalize through her art.

ALESSANDRA RISI
CASTOLDI

Daily painting as a need for dialogue. Adaptation processes, returning to Lima and observing different spaces in time. Small daily moments in the midst of confinement measure up to a significant value, playing with the past and present and dreams. Each piece works as an independent moment and at the same time as a collective. I generate a quick painting with the need to tell a story and release some inner knots; in the absence of means, I use vulnerable materials like paper and tempera.

Quarantine Diary (series of 32 paintings), oil on paper, varying measurements, 2020.

**G E N T E S I N
C A S A S Y
C A S A S S I N
G E N T E**



VII

AITANA
CASTILLO

Gente sin casas & casas sin gente. People without houses and houses without people.

Life's paradoxes are one of my favourite things. The contrasts and parallelisms we face in our everyday life can be beautiful or tragic, depending on the eyes we decide to use.

The game of images I faced that day was like an impressionist painting of mixed feelings and realities.

Most of the time, non-physical pain is invisible to the naked eye. Why? Emotions can be hidden. However, if you take a look at a person who lacks a home, we are able to see their emotions. This is because we associate that picture with heavy feelings. We then are able to see abandonment and the pain and suffering that comes with their situation. Similarly, if you take a look at an abandoned house, some kind of sorrowful feeling haunts your soul.

This experience made me want to start a photographic essay about the contrast between homeless people and "people-less" homes. I called it: "Gente sin casas y casas sin gente."

Every day, in a city full of both sides of the story, my head kept filling with questions.

***Can a homeless person be happy?
Why is a home considered our happy
place?***

A person without a home is instantly seen as miserable. On the other hand, a house without people could have a positive tone: tranquillity and calmness, silence and cleanliness. Would our *homeless human misery*

be a social construction?

I believe that 50% of our need for a home is real. But, what we do need about a home are things related to stability and care: safe water, utensils to cook our food, walls to survive the cold, a roof to survive the rain and heavy sun. The physical construction to properly live. *The house.*

On the other hand, I believe that 50% of our "need" for a home is induced: we grow up with an idealized picture of a Home. This necessity is portrayed through the movies, songs, books and quotes we grow up with. We're constantly told that we are miserable without a Home of our own. Nonetheless, it is love and care which we need.

We end up facing the *physical and emotional* side of the home. Both of them are basic human needs.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA





H O M E

In this project, I aim to show the *ephemeral* and *temporary*: the fleeting transition of having and losing—the connection of cause and consequence.

Getting in contact with these situations, I start wondering if it's healthy and truly necessary to keep portraying the *ideal home* the way we've always had. Should entertainment and education change their ways?

We should teach future generations to appreciate both individual and familial love, while also appreciating the roof over our heads. This, instead of growing up obsessing over material things and constantly afraid of losing them.

After years of thinking about this *problématique*, I've got no answers. In fact, I only have more questions. So, I politely invite you all to reflect on this topic: ask yourself about your Home, your need for one, and how your soul would feel and react if you lost it.

CALLE ARCOÍRIS 165



V I I I

A door, a window. A photograph, a mirror.

There are different portals at home that transport us from one space to another; from one time to another.

In a symbolic way, childhood also allows us to travel in space-time.

The moments that we live are stored in our brain, but by remembering them, we also reinterpret them over and over again, essentially creating new memories.

Rainbow Street 165 documents a fictional home where three people separated by space and time coexist.

In this reality, individual old memories weave a new shared home.

Welcome home.

LAURA MENDOZA
RENÁN PAREDES
GIANFRANCO SUITO





102



H O M E







Los fragmentos fugaces
como copos de nieve
se derriten al contacto

The fleeting fragments
like snowflakes
melt on contact

El árbol muerto
en sus múltiples caras
alberga aquellas ya olvidadas

The dead tree
on its many faces
houses those already forgotten

El fuego cálido
crece y crea nuevas sombras
hasta que regresa la tierra.

The warm fire
grows and creates new shadows
until it returns to the earth.

H O M E















**S E C O N D
G E N E R A T I O N
I M M I G R A N T**

114

**A M E M O I R
F R O M
I S T A N B U L**

H O M E

In the year 2000, at the age of 26, my Bulgarian father decided to leave Post-Soviet Bulgaria and pack everything he owned—leaving his family and my mother to move away to the land of opportunity that Turkey presented itself to be for countless Balkan immigrants looking for a better life. My father had the courage to randomly show up to an office on the seaside in Maltepe that his friend owned, stating that he spoke English and wanted to work. At the time, nobody was looking for years and years of accumulated work experience and internships. Whatever my dad had to offer was enough, and one year later, my mother left her family, who would have done anything to make her stay in Bulgaria with them, and joined him in Istanbul in the name of love. Several months later, my parents had me. By the time I was three months old, my family had consisted of two overworked immigrant parents and my loving grandmother, who took care of me when nobody else could. Our first home was a tiny apartment located on the seaside. My earliest memories are of what at the time seemed like the world's most spacious living room; a cluttered kitchen made entirely out of reddish wood, and my small bedroom, which had a terrace that overlooked the sea of Marmara: the Marble sea. From the very first day I was born, the sea was right there in front of me. Years ahead, I remember being taken for walks along the seaside in my stroller, playing with my grandparents on the beach, and looking out of my bus's window as we crossed the Bosphorus twice a day on the way to school and back, flying above the blue waters or frozen in endless hours of city traffic. I went to a Turkish kindergarten and spoke Turkish more fluently than Bulgarian, which we only spoke at home. In my childhood memories, Istanbul felt like the warmest, sunniest place in the world. As I

grew older, that feeling changed.

When you look up the term 'home' on Google, the first definition that appears is phrased as "the place where one lives permanently, especially as a member of a family or household". Suppose we had to go by that definition. In that case, I have two homes: my little room in the apartment I share with my roommates in Amsterdam, where I moved to after graduating from high school, and our family apartment in Burgas, Bulgaria, where I only live for the summer. While the concept of home can be flatly defined as a house, this term is also described by popular culture as your safe space, a landing track, a family. For me, however, no place has ever quite felt like that. For me, "home" is deeply distorted, as it is not defined by a specific setting, location, or country, but more so from whatever emotions I feel in the places, I find myself in. While my ultimate comfort 115 could be where my family and friends are, even this is not truly my home. No place has ever felt quite like that.

When I turned five, my parents enrolled me in the only Italian primary school in the European side of Istanbul, two and a half hours away from our tiny apartment. I was suddenly propelled into an environment where the communication between my family and school was virtually impossible. My parents couldn't speak Italian, while my teachers, classmates, and parents could not speak an ounce of English. You could probably imagine how fun parent-teacher conferences were when you were the only mediator between an upset teacher and a confused Eastern-European parent. I have no memory of how long it took me to learn Italian: it could have been a few weeks or a year.

VIII

ALEXANDRA
IVANOVA



ALEXANDRA
IVANOVA

VIII

ALEXANDRA
IVANOVA



H O M E

There were no other foreign kids. No Turkish classmates either. Our class consisted of ten Italian kids in total, two or three per grade. Suddenly my Turkish friends from kindergarten vanished from my life. Over the span of the following years, primary and middle school, I took on a role that I had no idea how to define: I was a walking mesh of three different cultures, no personal identity other than whatever my parents had taught me of Bulgaria. Looking back, I now realize how closely my identity is tied with my idea of home: who was I if I constantly felt as if I had no roots? It was easy to tune out the noise and pretend I had a sense of who I was. I taught myself how to adapt to all of the settings I found myself in. I did my best to speak Turkish whenever I could, and I became Italian. The culture, food, language, education my school provided conditioned me to act like I was born and raised in Italy. I was never fully included, nor was I ever excluded from that environment. All I remember, however, was the dull loneliness that followed me my entire childhood. Everyone lived so far away from me, didn't communicate with me outside of school, and had their little Italian community of which everyone I knew was a part of except me. I became numb to the snide comments, the jokes and cultural references I didn't understand, or teachers who criticized how I translated random phrases into Italian. Sometimes, the things I'd say made no sense to them. I began to see the personal relationships between my teachers and the Italian students. Their families blended in a village I could never be a part of, nor that I wanted to. I'd sit there and listen to the kids around me discuss the parties they and their families would go to, along with the school board. Events such as dinners and birthday parties that I was never invited to seemed as

prestigious as the MET Ball or the Oscars. When I turned 13, our exclusively Italian school days were over, and finally, we were blended as Italians and Turks in the local Liceo Scientifico. I met new kids from the city who were cosmopolitan, different, older, and significantly cooler than I had ever seen before. But I was shy, and those kids seemed as far away as the Italian kids had seemed not too long ago. In my first two years of high school, I stuck to what I knew, meaning only communicating with one or two girls, as I did not speak nearly enough Turkish to hold a proper conversation with anyone else. Eventually, I did regain my Turkish, and a part of me that seemed long lost was finally regained. But the older I got, the darker the days seemed to feel, and the more I loved Istanbul for its beauty and hated it for the coldness and emptiness it made me feel. My lifestyle seemed so stagnant and repetitive; all I kept telling myself was to count down 119 the days until the summer break - my small window of freedom.

Even as a kid, I knew that I would not be able to endure the life we were living for much longer: the countless hours of traffic every day, the solitude, and the boredom made Istanbul feel like an enormous, concrete cage, and I knew that I would never stay in what simply felt like a transitory place between Burgas, and wherever I'd end up after graduating high school. Moving away from Istanbul was the easiest decision I had ever made, and so I moved to Amsterdam for my studies in 2019. I fell in love with the city: the first weeks were warm and sunny, and the newfound freedom I had made me feel alive in a way I hadn't felt before. In late October, however, seasonal depression hit me like a truck, and the negative mindset I had made everyone feel more distant, colder,

and more estranged. The only thing that can truly wake me up in the morning is a warm light - the lack of brightness prevents me from perceiving Amsterdam as my home.

My comfort and feeling of home are emphasized when the sea surrounds me and sunlight shines upon me. Istanbul laid the foundation for this feeling, Burgas made it a concrete mentality that follows me to this day. Burgas became a safe haven from all the negativity I felt in Istanbul, as it was the only place where I felt closer to home. However, my international upbringing prevented me from fully blending in there too. In Burgas, often, I would face deep confusion regarding national identity, who I am, and which community I belong to as an individual. I faced a constant feeling of not feeling enough Bulgarian for the Bulgarians and not Turkish enough for the very community I grew up in.

120 While I love both of these countries and the memories they have given me, I will never feel as if I fully belong to either one of them. However, what they both have in common is they're both warm-climate countries that are facing the coastline. In itself, I began associating the sea with the feeling of home.

Now that I am older, I have begun to understand this concept more: I don't feel as if I have a specific house I can call "home", but more so that I make my home wherever I feel most comfortable. For me, that comfort comes from a very simple thing: the sea and the sun. Growing up, I remember spending countless hours sunbathing every chance I got. Even during the lockdown in the first months of the pandemic, when my family was locked up at our apartment: we had a retractable roof off the balcony, so I spent every afternoon sunbathing half-naked in front of my neighbours rather than working

on my assignments. To a certain extent, that saved me from numerous mental breakdowns in the first half of 2020. In 2021, due to the Corona measures, I went back to Bulgaria in late April for Easter and ended up staying until the end of the summer. For the first time in over 20 years, my family and I spent over six months in Burgas. I established a new sense of security within my hometown, a temporary summer paradise in a city that withered in the Winter and Fall but came alive in the Spring and Summer. I feel as if this place feels like home more than any other: the warmth, the sun, and the sea, alongside my family and friends. These factors create that feeling, that internal peace that can be transported anywhere with me, as long as there is a coastline nearby, a warm horizon, and sunshine on my skin. Over the past three years, I have travelled back and forth to these three countries, and I have realized that there is beauty in having no specific home and that my upbringing has made me a child of the world. My experiences have made me the person I am today, and I would not be sitting here, typing away, without all of the highs and lows. To the people this article resonates with and who struggle with their definition of home, home is found, not made. Our experiences make us realize the value of a home, which is never the same for everyone, so embrace whatever makes you comfortable, and know that home will find you.

HUMANITIES & GASTRONOMY

HONDURAS
INDIA
PERU
GREECE
PARAGUAY

IX	RAFAEL	CORDON
X	BARTOLOMÉ	BULOS,
	SPANDANA	DASH
XI	MARIA	TRITA
XII	ANDREA	KUNZLE

**T H E
T A S T E
O F
H O M E**



125

R A F A E L
C O R D O N

A P P L E
C R U M B L E
T A R T

T W O
S E R V I N G S

H O M E

In cooking, the concept of home can be implemented in countless ways. As a chef, you have to know the origins of every ingredient to properly understand the essence of each dish. For instance, you cannot cook a French dish with jalapeño peppers since these come from Mexico. When you create these culinary fusions, you are often deteriorating the origin of this culture's traditions. This deep understanding and knowledge of every culture's characteristic ingredients and traditions is the key for you to create a real "homey" dish for someone situated anywhere in the world. Due to my knowledge and experience at all the places I have lived and worked in, I have become such an instinctive chef, with the ability to represent diverse cultures when creating a dish and executing it to perfection.

For some, home can be defined simply as dishes that remind them of times spent with family during celebrations. For others, home is merely defined by the moments in between, when they feel especially comfortable and serene. The dishes that bring home to mind vary from individual to individual. For example, I know that whenever I have a baleada (consists of scrambled eggs, beans, cream in a flour tortilla) for breakfast I am instantly transported back home to Honduras. The simple fact that I can carry a piece of my cultural background with me to matter where I am in the world gives me an indescribable sense of tranquillity. It's just the simple fact that I can have a little piece of my cultural background anywhere in the world that calms me down and lets me know that I can feel back home by eating this simple breakfast dish. For Mexicans, this piece of home in a dish can be a plate of chilaquiles (fried corn tortilla chips with green salsa, normally containing chicken,

cheese, avocado, red onions and an egg), which is so simple yet so complex when executed properly. Luxembourgish people delight themselves with Gromperekichelcher, a potato galette served with apple compote or kniddelen, which are flour dumplings with bacon and cream sauce. Since Luxembourg has such a cool climate, eating heavy dishes provides a sense of comfort and warmth that is unparalleled. In essence, no dish is an all-people-pleaser when it comes to bringing someone home. It varies due to the fact that each dish and each country offer immense diversity and complexity.

Upon conducting primary research by talking to friends and family about the foods that bring them home, I came to realize that everyone had their different favourite main dishes and desserts. However, there was one thing that stood out within the desserts presented to me. Every single interviewee 127 would have cinnamon in their homey dessert. May this be in the form of cinnamon rolls, a tres leches cake or an apple pie. Cinnamon is an ingredient that comes from Sri Lanka, used globally in countless recipes both for sweet and savoury meals. What makes this such a refreshing discovery is that when analyzed and broken down, cinnamon is regularly implemented during the holiday seasons when we are all surrounded by our families and we're celebrating. It's such a fragrant and warm spice that it's very easy for it to trigger these memories of feeling home.

I will be sharing with you, my interpretation of a dessert that simply fixes any case of homesickness I might have: **an apple tart with vanilla crumble.**

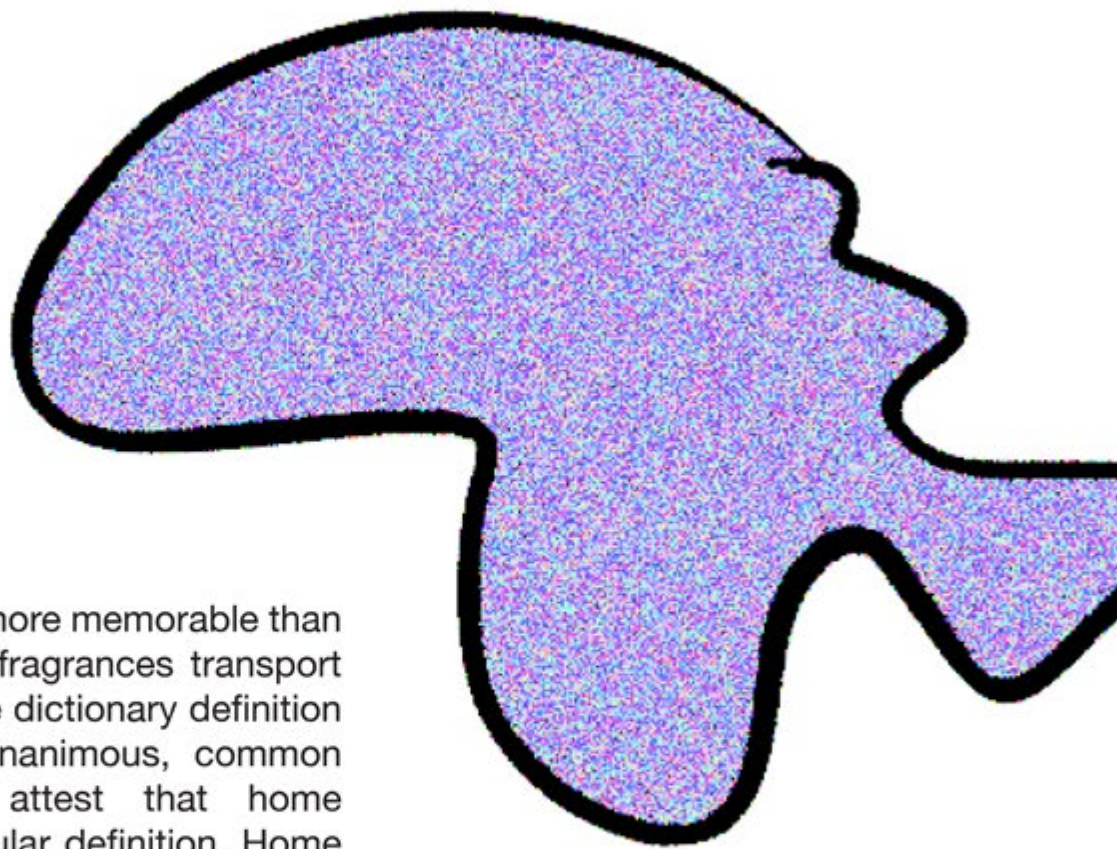
I N G R E D I E N T S

<p>D O U G H</p> <p>250g of softened butter 175g of sugar 3 eggs 5g of baking powder 500g of flour</p>	<p>F I L L I N G</p> <p>100g of butter 2kg of apples (fuji, pink lady or honeycrisp) 10g of cinnamon powder or 2 whole cinnamon sticks 100g of brown sugar 4g of salt</p>	<p>C R U M B L E</p> <p>200g of flour 250g of white sugar 100g of butter 3g of cinnamon powder A pinch of salt</p>



COOKING
DIRECTIONS

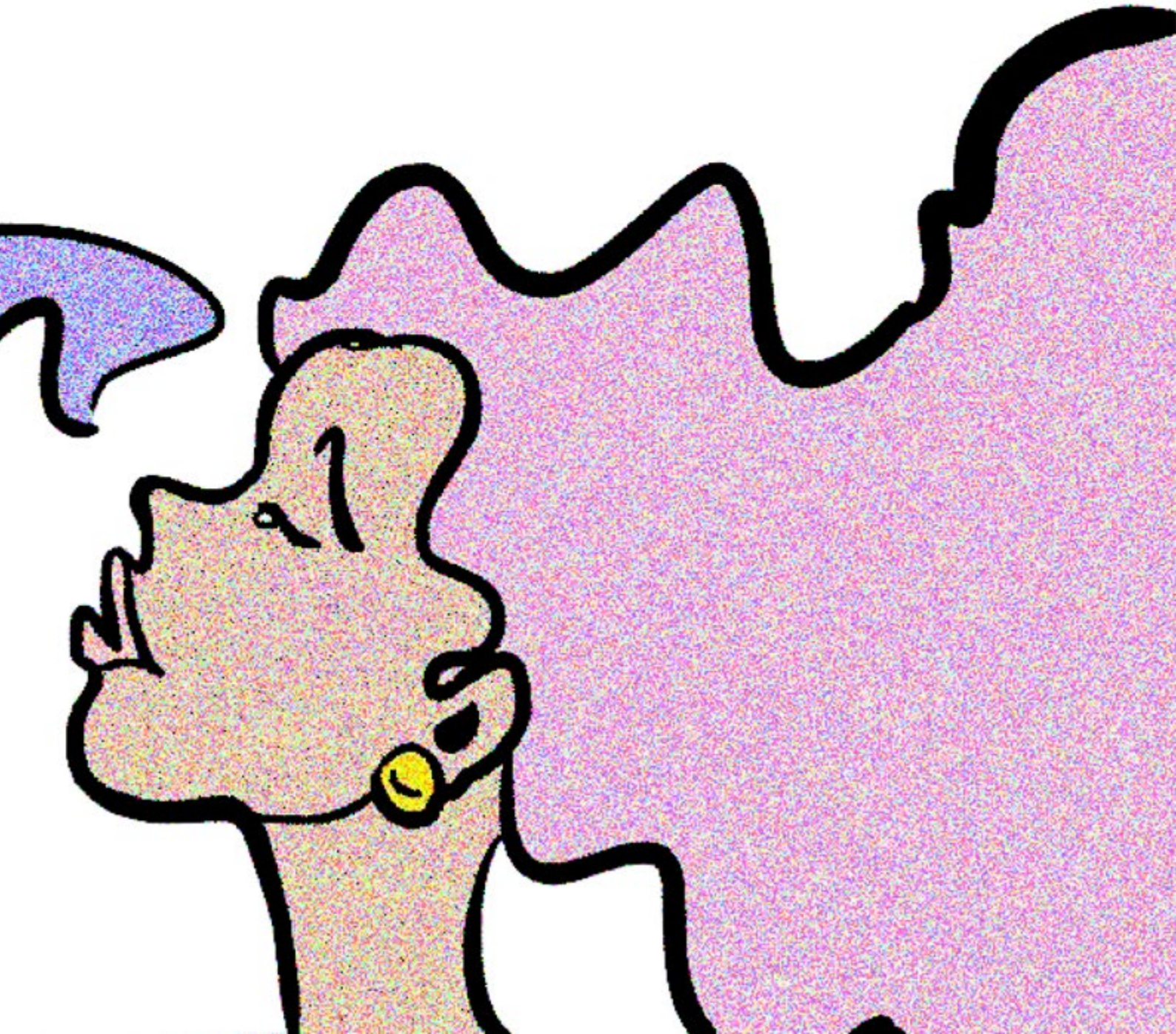
OLFACTORY MEMORIES



They say nothing is more memorable than a smell, so why do fragrances transport you home? While the dictionary definition of home remains unanimous, common knowledge would attest that home resides with no singular definition. Home is dynamic in nature, fixated in subjective meaning, home shape-shifts to the eye of its beholder. As a result, we use our valuable senses to discern the meaning of home to us - our sight, our hearing, our feelings, and even more so, smells. Our sense of smell acts as a transporter to our homes, helping us refresh the memory of someone's special cooking, a perfume, a flavour, a season, a spice. A home, our home.

The video below is dedicated to answering how smells can transport us home, and to do so we decided to interview different university students living in Amsterdam.

C L I C K
O R
S C A N



WHEN YOU
THINK OF
HOME...

XI

M A R I A
T R I T A

When you think of “home”, what comes to mind? Is it a place? Is it a person? A smell? Each one of us has our conceptualization of “home”. However, we can maybe all agree that when we think of the country or city we are born in, we probably all somehow connect this with the idea of “home”. That only allows us to think that the experience of migrants when thinking of “home” is much more emotional and tense.

As a white European who migrated to another EU member state, sometimes I have trouble understanding that I am an immigrant. However, the experiences of white European migrant in Europe and their struggle to integrate might be smoother than others. However, one thing seems to be present in everyone’s process of migration. That is the concept of “homesickness”. We all miss home. I happened to meet two people from Afghanistan in my attempt to fix my bike at the Waterlooplein market in Amsterdam a week ago. We started talking, and I learned that they migrated to the Netherlands about 25 years ago. I asked them: “do you miss home?”. I always find it interesting to see how people react to this question. They tend to smile and get a bit emotional. The guys responded, “Yeah, the Taliban is there now, so it is difficult, but you always miss home”. We all laughed and agreed, “you always miss home”. For a moment, it seemed that my experience as a white 21-year-old European who has lived in Amsterdam for three years and their experiences coincided, and we found some common ground in our experience of missing home. We all seem to share the same emotional basis that is overfilling our memories of “home”.

But then, what is the experience of second-generation migrants or people who grew up

elsewhere than what their passport dictates? To answer this question, I took a small, informal interview with my friend, Anastasia. She is half Italian and half Russian; however, she grew up in the United Arab Emirates. So I asked her, “When you think of home, what comes to your mind?”. She immediately responded, “the U.A.E.,” and then proceeded to say “, I have only recently started to feel more Italian since my family lives there now, but I feel no connection to Russia”. She also stated, “home isn’t about where you were born but more about where you have memories from”. In that sense, what we think of “home” can change. People can build lives in different places of the world and create a new home each time. Then, every part of the world you once lived or made memories in has a part of what you consider home. Our memories and our feelings are so closely intertwined that we can not distinguish between them sometimes. Even if one may have no bureaucratic connection to a state in political terms or when analysing citizenship issues, they may feel like they belong there more than any other place on earth.

Then I wanted to explore the ideas of people who grew up in the European Union and hold European citizenship from another EU member state. So, I asked my friend Chiara, who is originally Italian and German but grew up in Germany, the same question. Interestingly, she responded with “Europe”. So I had to ask for an explanation, to which she replied, “People in my region in Germany usually have a very strong feeling of ethnic pride, even about the state of Bavaria or the region, so I never identified with that, and I never identified fully with being Italian because I never lived there so for me, being European was the overarching identity that linked everything”. I was shocked since, in

H O M E

Greece, my home country, people do not identify with being European at all. However, it all started to make sense to me. Everyone's answers were so different because people's experiences were different. The concept of home and understanding what home is is not binary or black and white. Our idea of home coincides with our memories, experiences and our interactions with the rest of society.

Integration to a new country can lead to someone building a new home and changing their way of thinking to a great extent. However, your memories and experiences alter your feelings and "home", in my opinion, is one of the most emotionally charged words in the English vocabulary. Then, how can we conceptualize "home"? From what I understand, home is a feeling, an interpretation of our memories and experiences. What home means to each of us is different, and this is precisely why the concept of "home" is so important and emotionally charged. Home is something personal and empirical, an experience that is unique for each one of us. Hence, I conclude that the concept of home is not something to be researched or conceptualized and does not constitute a hard fact such as citizenship status. Understanding what people mean by "home" is not a normative debate or academic question left to be answered. The idea of "home" exists in our minds in the form of emotions and memories, and maybe this is also why this notion is so important to us.

**SHELL
SEARCHING**

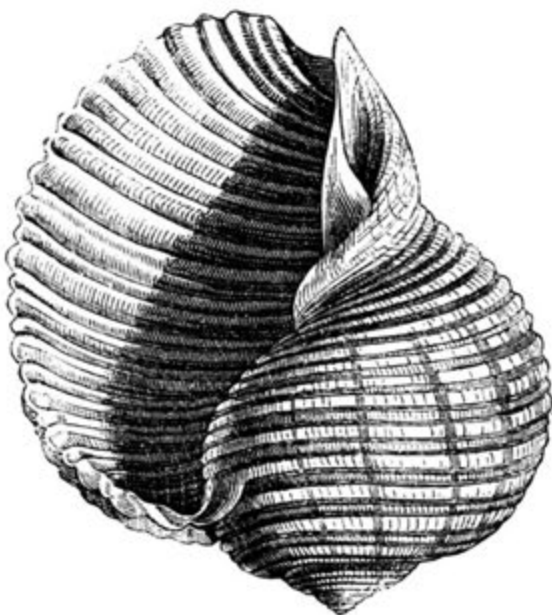
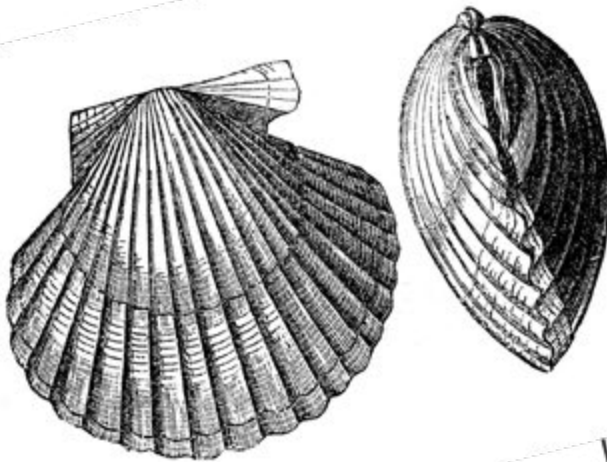
XII



ANDREA
KUNZLE

With time, hermit crabs grow and outgrow their shell. When this happens, they have to scavenge through many to find and borrow a new one that fits. We are just like hermit crabs searching for empty shells to call home until we grow out of them. We then go out into the world, searching for a new place that hopefully fits us.

Like humankind's physiological need to investigate their origins and the universe, we ache for societal belongingness. It is Maslow's step before our need for constructing our esteem and self-actualization in his hierarchy of needs (1943).



Without the feelings of belongingness and fitting in, our self-esteem suffers from a blind spot, and we never reach self-actualization.

When you grow up in a country where the sociopolitical and cultural environment doesn't match your individual values and interests, home does not feel like home. Navigating through different groups of people in hopes of finding one where you belong is never easy.

Sometimes, the local search becomes so challenging that you forsake your birthplace for a transcontinental migration to chase these desiring feelings to belong somewhere.

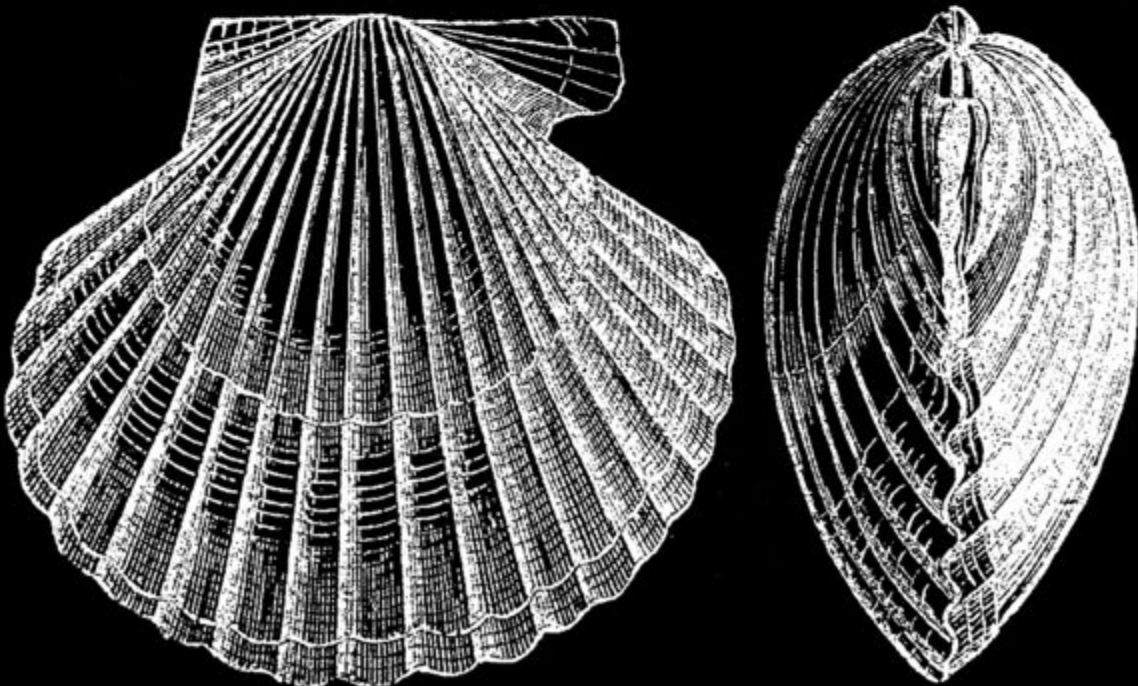
Others have always been on the move, willingly or not, and they've mastered the art of adjusting to new environments. They can make home wherever they go. Proving right to the proverb that "home is where the heart is." They fit in any shell they find their way.

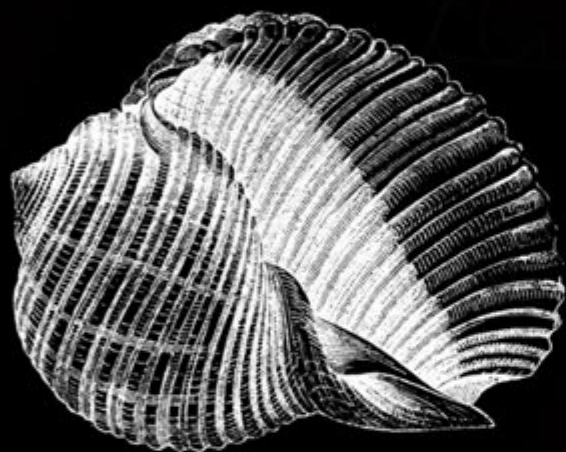
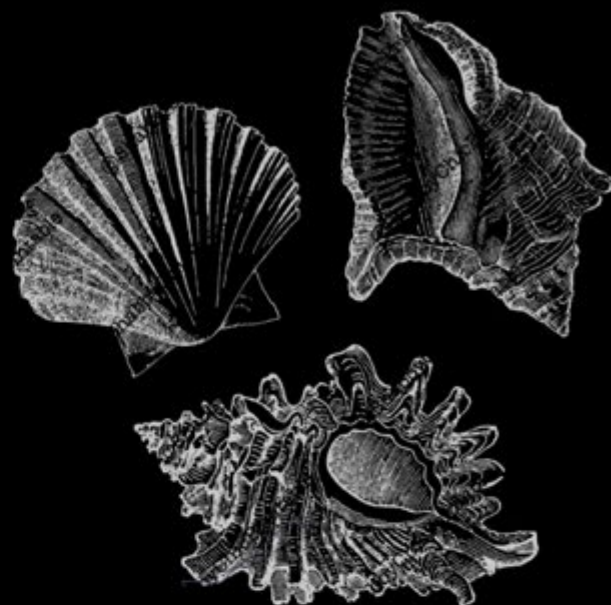
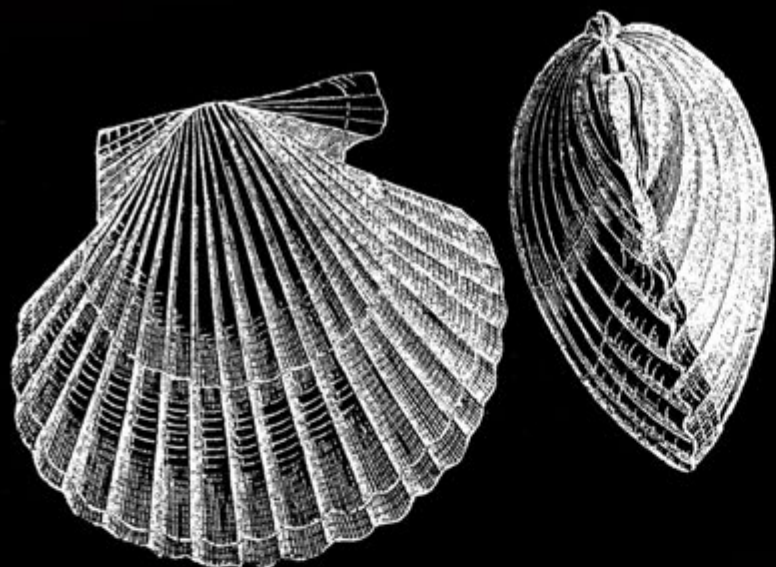
With the increased societal inclination towards globalization, we're also seeing the rise of people who identify as "international" or "global citizens." These people don't have an attachment to a specific culture, but an international one that unites different backgrounds into one and the need to discover more. These hermit crabs find belongingness in the search rather than the discovery of the perfect shell.

While bonded to many cultures, international citizens often feel wistful for wanting something they can't have.

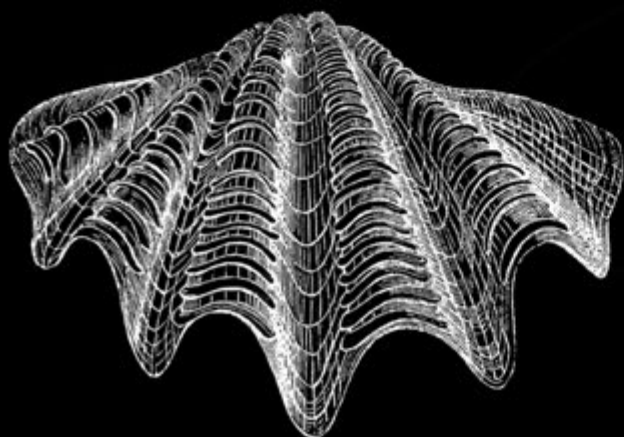
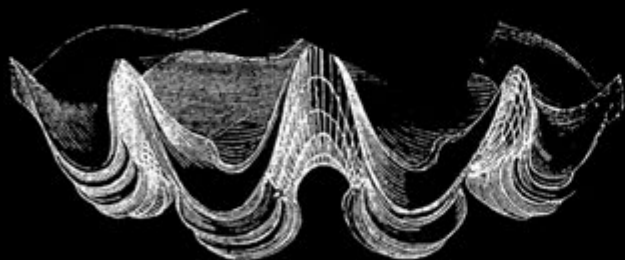
Wherever their next destination is, they are aware that they're not nationals or "true locals." As much as they may assimilate these cultures, there's always an inconsistency with complete belongingness. They know that these newly founded shells are borrowed ones, belonging to previous crabs and not naturally their own.

This wistfulness leads to 'hiraeth,' an old Welsh word that explains one's homesickness for a home they cannot return to because it no longer exists or has never existed. Some international citizens think it may be homesickness for their birthplace or childhood home. The vagueness of the happiness they experienced in their earliest years at their grandparent's house or their first childhood friends. But they know the reality is that they miss the spirits of the past, which they can no longer find back even if they were to return.





Seashell vector EPS10



Or perhaps, it's the homesickness for the idealistic version of the birthplace. Believing that time has changed the reality they ran away from.

Acceptance is the only viable option to move forward from these feelings of homesickness. We have to accept that belongingness cannot be fully achieved, but we can still reach self-actualization through this introspection. Hermit crabs may experience longing for their previous shells, but they acknowledge that they've outgrown them and need to search for a new one to call home. This introspection is vital for personal growth; without it, we can feel stuck in a shell that does not fit well with our present self.

Home is where the spirit finds comfortability, a place where one's environment mirrors one's present values, interests, and aspirations. Home is when we find comfort in the journey of shell searching or by finding our perfect shell.

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**T H I S I S S U E W A S
S P O N S O R E D B Y**



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PROJECT
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