

MAKE SHIFT

magazine

issue one: strange homes
summer 2024

FILE COPY
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Henry Gannett Chief Topographer
U.S. Geologic Survey
Topography by U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey
Interpreted by W. C. Johnson and W. C. Johnson
Culture received in part in 1912
R. B. Marshall Chief Geographer

Scale
Custom interval 25 feet.
Distances in miles and feet.

Historical File
FIL
Inspection and Editing

Issue of June 1915, reprinted 1937
California
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created by sasha shahinfar and
quentin freeman.

designed and printed in the bay area,
california.

resources to support palestinian resistance and liberation

FOLLOW

journalists on the ground in Gaza.

@wizard_bisan1 * @m.z.gaza

@hindkhoudary * @hossam_shbat

@bayanpalestine * @majdi_fathi

READ

intersectional accounts and histories.

* 100 Years War on Palestine by Rashid Khalidi

* Mornings in Jenin by Susan Abulhawal

* The Politics of Dispossession: The Struggle for Palestinian Self-Expression by Edward W. Said

* They Called Me a Lioness: A Memoir of a Palestinian Activist by Ahed Tamimi

* Queer Palestine & the Empire of Critique by Sa'ed Atshan

* Free Palestine. Stop Cop City. by the Palestinian Youth Movement [article published on the New Inquiry]

FUND

families evacuating Gaza.

* linktr.ee/opolivebranch

* linktr.ee/caggaza

* linktr.ee/deextracted

GET INVOLVED

with local organizing.

In any major city in the US, there are student encampments, major organizations, and small autonomous groups of friends and communities fighting to disrupt the status quo and free Palestine. Can't find something to tap into in your town? Talk to your friends, your family, your coworkers. Get organized. Bring supplies or a meal to your local student encampment demanding a free Palestine. Join them. Pressure your institutions to divest. There is no blueprint; engage in whatever way feels best to you. Remember that our liberation and joy are collective.

introduction***

quentin freeman

some summers ago, we woke to a burnt sky and a veil of pale ash covering my childhood backyard. an engulfing heatspell broke overnight with lightning in the hills. no rain in august, only embers on the ridge and helicopters humming low over the bluffs. fire had come home to california, turned the ocean orange and the fog black. friends evacuated, lost their houses; the redwoods charred and the oaks crisped. i drove back to berkeley with a sunken feeling in my chest.

the hills i grew up in are no stranger to wildfire, but colonial and capital interferences dysregulate and disrupt naturally resilient systems— in my home, in your home. fires in the west burn hotter on stolen land. the UC bulldozes people's park, uproots trees and the garden, destroys the community kitchen, separates people from their physical and social structures of care and respite. gaza is sieged and bombed by israel and its american collaborators,

olive trees uprooted, children murdered and imprisoned, homes in rubble.

this spring in the scorched hills, bush poppy blooms leggy and yellow; ceanothus and manzanita push waxy greens and reds through the ash, their tough seeds cracked open and germinated by the heat of the fires. this spring in berkeley, a free store with community resources popped up at telegraph and dwight, neighbors organized to take care of neighbors. this spring in palestine, gazans stand steadfast, their resilience and refusal to succumb to slaughter igniting international movements for liberation.

this is not to equate these stories, but to point out that they are connected. there are common threads, both in the violent disruptions shaping our landscapes and cultures, and in the capacity of people and place to adapt, resist, regrow.

makeshift asks the questions:
from such disturbed conditions, where
do beauty, hope, and opportunity
emerge? how do you make a home, in the
world or in yourself? after the fire sweeps
through, what seeds will bloom in the ash?

makeshift was born a year ago as our friends
scattered from memory-strewn houses in
berkeley, pulled to the places they grew up
or to places they had never been before.
we wanted to stay together in some small
way, linked on paper if not in person, and
to investigate how we go about making
a home, keeping a home, leaving a home
behind, fighting for a home. to ask if we
can expand our notions of togetherness.
maybe we can learn from each
other. maybe we can work together.

what follows is a collection of memories,
imaginings, facts, and fictions that deal with
the notion of home and its complications.

welcome to makeshift, issue one:
strange homes.
we're happy to have you.

photography by connor eid *





this is more than enough

i.

i drive home drunk too much

i wait at green lights, watching the hand flicker

thinking about how many people wait till a big red hand says it's

okay to walk

thinking about how i always wait for a hand to tell me it's okay,

it's time to start loving

ii.

and we're so domestic now. it's not a bad thing, i don't think.

we eat donuts at our kitchen table

me – holding off tears when i notice the kittens spilled yesterday's coffee

you – reading the poem i set in front of you, cradling it like broken glass

iii.

we do laundry together and realize we're doing laundry together and

then kiss

cheersing crooked teeth

i let you wear my pants so you can wash yours

and i smile half naked in our apartment building's laundry room

waiting for our clothes to be done we smoke too much again

but you hold my hand after a rotten orange falls on my head

and i steady you after you almost sprain your ankle

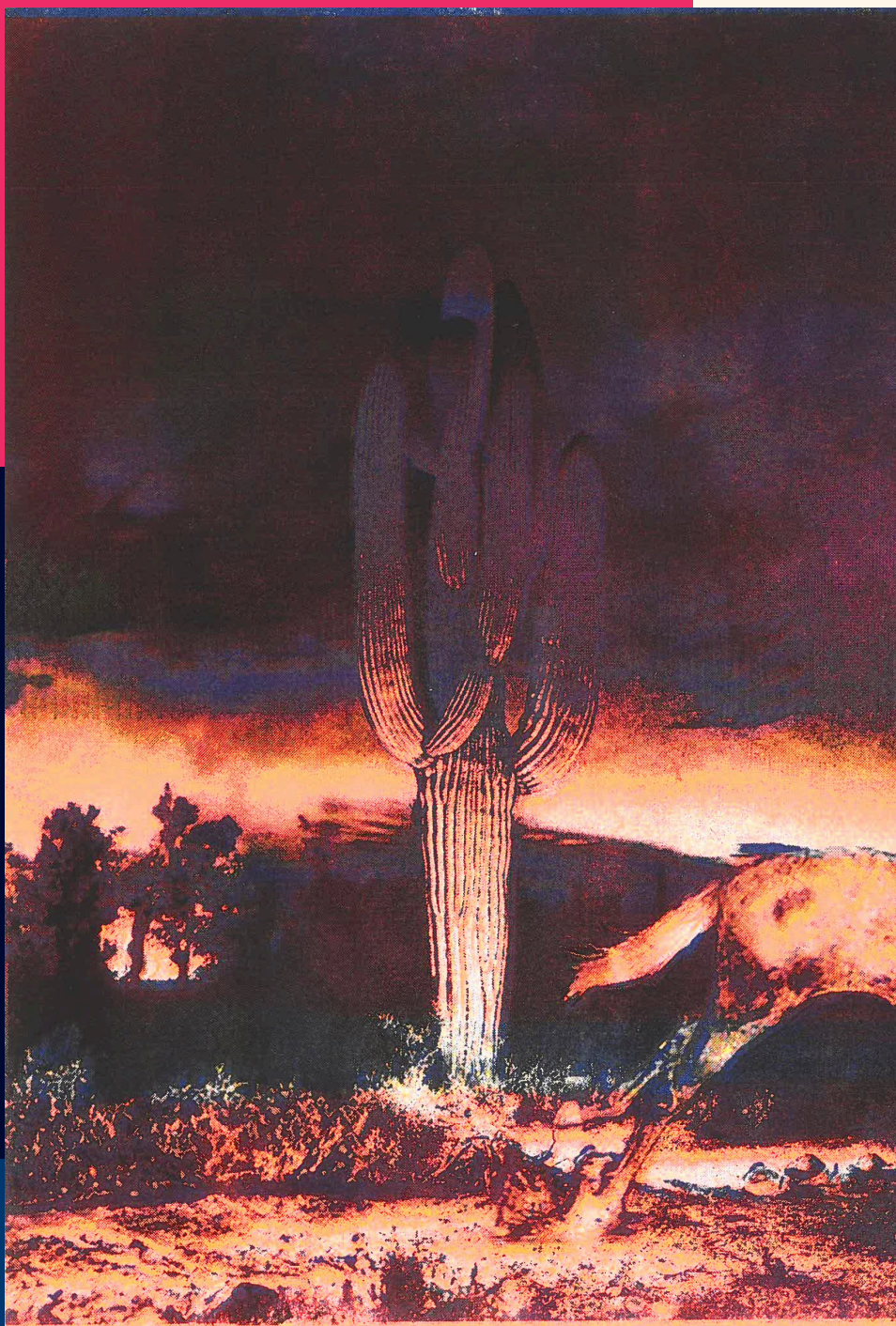
—this is more than enough—

euphoria

give it back to me – the gardening in
summer's peak, barefoot and shirtless, hand me
rakes and a belief i can stay and feel
like this, continually scraping skin,
as i knead into some other mother
give it back to me – hanging by my knees
releasing a full belly and the sting of
blisters, edging and itching to shove
through callous and run and ruin and reach
give it back to me – a twenty dollar
thrifed coat from the barn, i'll drive us to
the coast, slip down ice plant, let buttons loose
send me vials of that wind, hear the holler
give it back to me – the first time you held
my collar and kissed. catch me back and forth
while cars throb down the highway, i want more



words by clem peterson*



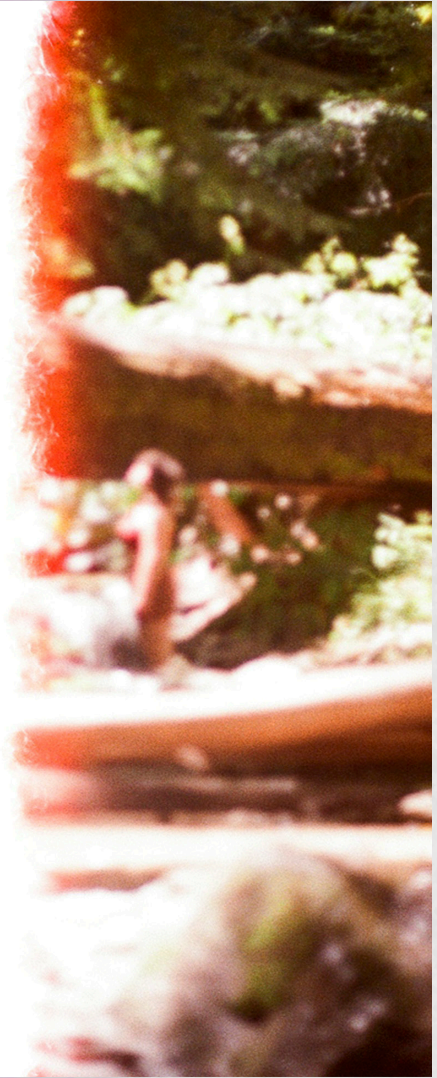


risograph by lauren anastasia*

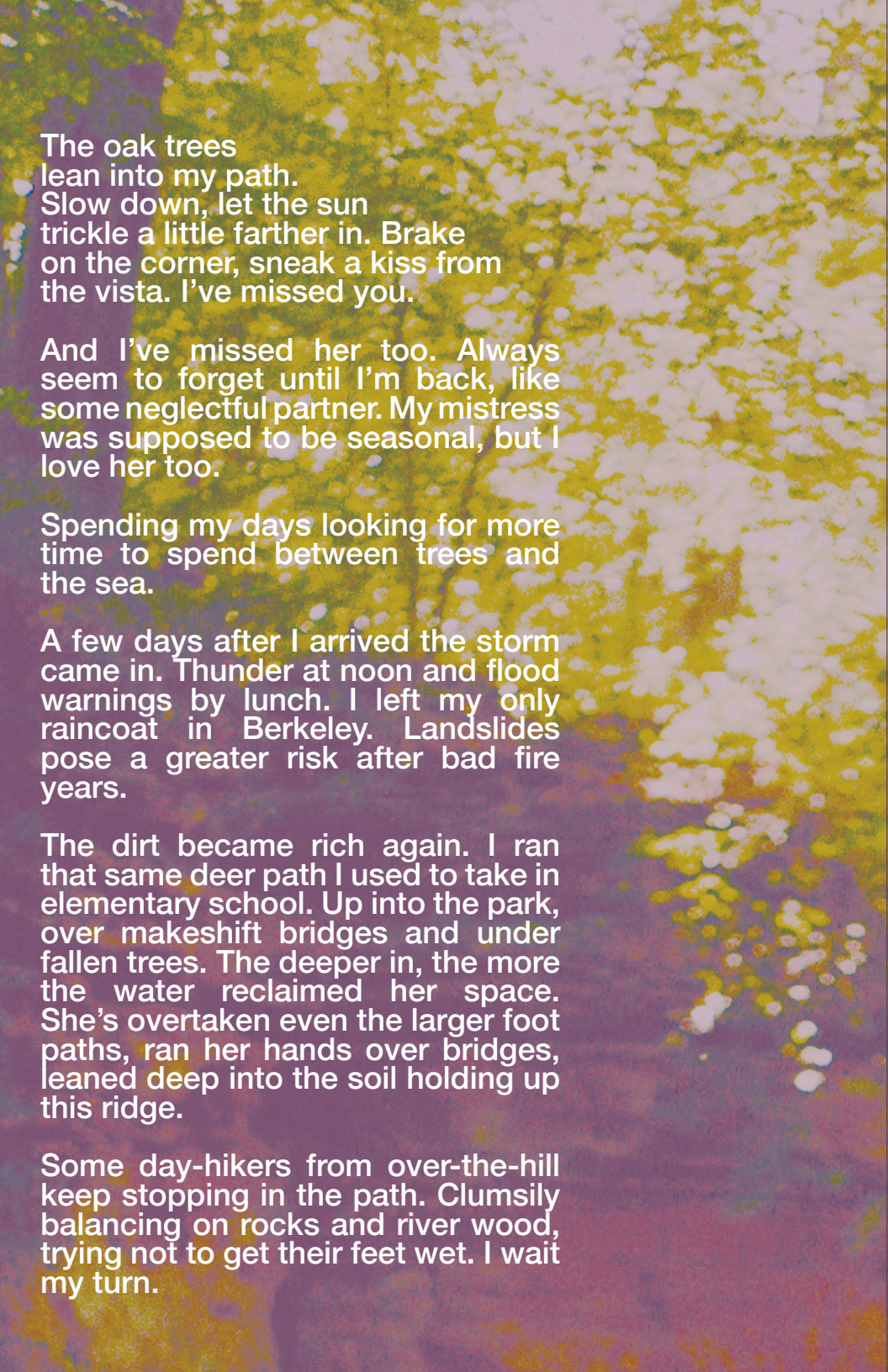
on the drive home, the road

gets narrower and the potholes more frequent.





words and image by ruby jay. keep reading ***



The oak trees
lean into my path.
Slow down, let the sun
trickle a little farther in. Brake
on the corner, sneak a kiss from
the vista. I've missed you.

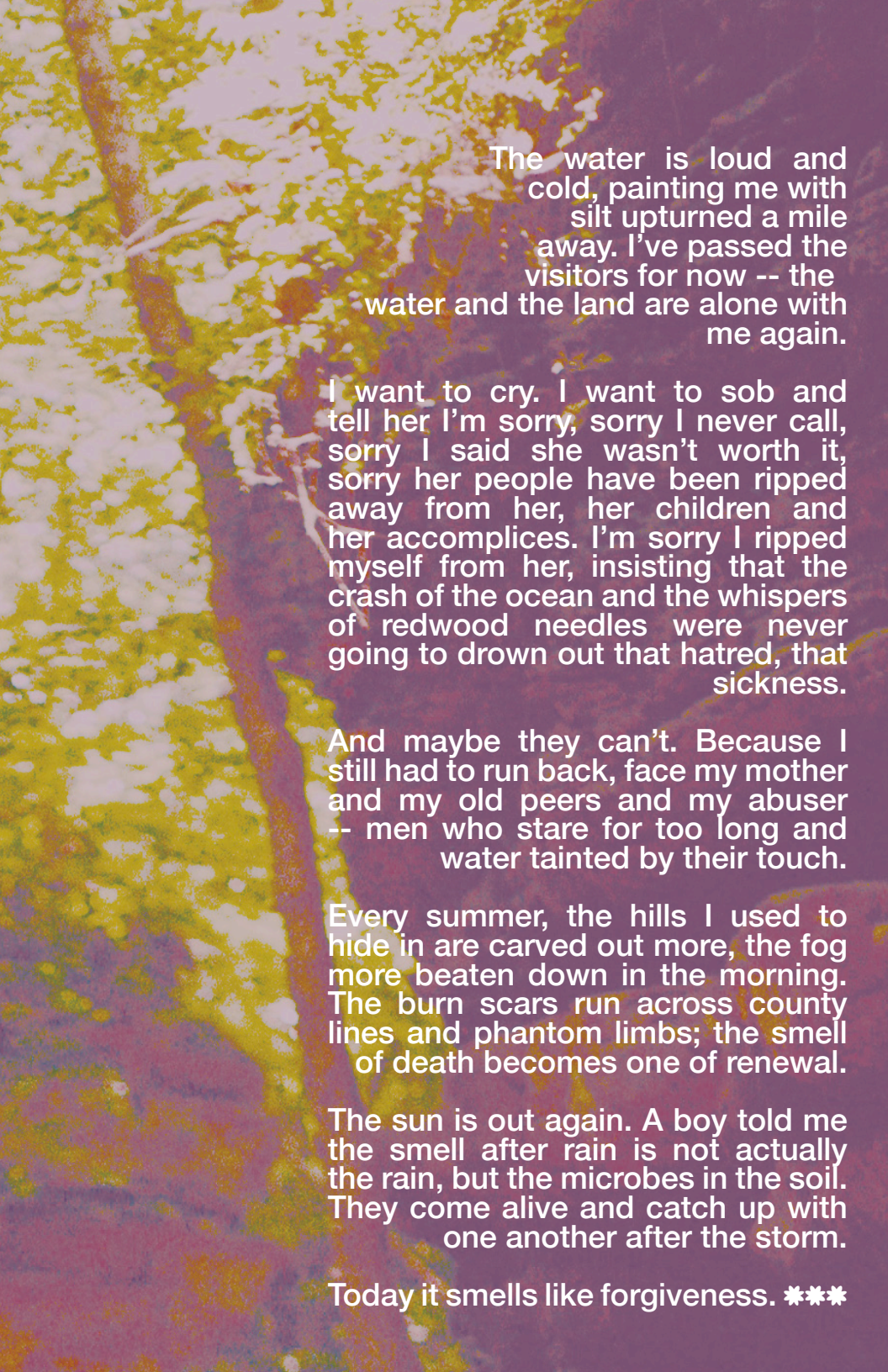
And I've missed her too. Always
seem to forget until I'm back, like
some neglectful partner. My mistress
was supposed to be seasonal, but I
love her too.

Spending my days looking for more
time to spend between trees and
the sea.

A few days after I arrived the storm
came in. Thunder at noon and flood
warnings by lunch. I left my only
raincoat in Berkeley. Landslides
pose a greater risk after bad fire
years.

The dirt became rich again. I ran
that same deer path I used to take in
elementary school. Up into the park,
over makeshift bridges and under
fallen trees. The deeper in, the more
the water reclaimed her space.
She's overtaken even the larger foot
paths, ran her hands over bridges,
leaned deep into the soil holding up
this ridge.

Some day-hikers from over-the-hill
keep stopping in the path. Clumsily
balancing on rocks and river wood,
trying not to get their feet wet. I wait
my turn.



The water is loud and
cold, painting me with
silt upturned a mile
away. I've passed the
visitors for now -- the
water and the land are alone with
me again.

I want to cry. I want to sob and
tell her I'm sorry, sorry I never call,
sorry I said she wasn't worth it,
sorry her people have been ripped
away from her, her children and
her accomplices. I'm sorry I ripped
myself from her, insisting that the
crash of the ocean and the whispers
of redwood needles were never
going to drown out that hatred, that
sickness.

And maybe they can't. Because I
still had to run back, face my mother
and my old peers and my abuser
-- men who stare for too long and
water tainted by their touch.

Every summer, the hills I used to
hide in are carved out more, the fog
more beaten down in the morning.
The burn scars run across county
lines and phantom limbs; the smell
of death becomes one of renewal.

The sun is out again. A boy told me
the smell after rain is not actually
the rain, but the microbes in the soil.
They come alive and catch up with
one another after the storm.

Today it smells like forgiveness. ***

am

my

am

my I homeagain

am learning

am

I am my home

learning again

my by learning

homeagain you

by learning

you

my

homeagain





quentin freeman*



editor's note: get text alerts
from People's Park: Send
"@PPLSPARK7" to 81010

Venmo @pparkberk to contribute
to mutual aid funds for displaced
residents of People's Park.

**liberation
is a daily practice of
unlearning
capitalistic dreams;
violent distortions of reality**

**liberation is a collection
of tangible pathways
for our survival
breaking the lock
that chained
our imaginations from believing
what was possible**



words and images by cierra cardenas*

Libera





Alicia Miyares is a creator based in the ancestral homelands of the Gabrielino Tongva and Kizh people. Alicia's reverence and deep love for Earth courses through their work, as they seek to channel truth, beauty, and love through many mediums. A self taught tattooer, Alicia's tattoo practice is ever evolving and always consent guided.

See more of their work at **alidoestattoos** on instagram.

pond scum * gracianne kirsch ***

the birds'd squack, i'd imagine,
(we weren't listening)
catching squiggles in our hands,
soft and slimy
only dropping them when we'd
reached water again,
or when they'd tickle our palms
too bad.

we'd wonder why pond predators
grew in numbers,
tempted by our tadpoles

i wish you could see the
scratchings at the dirt
heavy and compact, ripped floor
and broken root
yellow weeded field, spewing
seeds out the sides
demolition gifted by trade
we wait months, unswelling
visiting the sink for water by the
pail, to no avail
we wish to swim. (we still do)
eventual flood gives rise

slightly less so, murky puddle,
ankle deep
but when you're yay high,
kid sized,
exhilaration comes natural.
we wade, scuff shoes on rock,
sog diapers in clay

slimy goop, we'd cup hands and
fill shirt bellies
smuggling future frogs, slithery,
sluggy scum
hoping for friends and
more did come
toe biters! beaks of venom and
spiny teeth
became keepers of the lake
slurping slime, leaving shells of
frog friends behind.
Dad issued a challenge:
use sticks and shoe bottoms to
salvage frog lives
smush and whack and count
foot stomp successes
watch those toes!

the pond dries and comes close
to reseeding



boat gains weight and locks to
land and kids gain knee height,
then hip
and shed chalk diaper.
i ebb with that water, find new
ones away
lose time and place, sprout toes,
and gain weight

Dad keeps repopulating, kids
and the lake
bringing new life and new life
he stops at wally world with
babies and
buys guppies by the nickel
delivering them to the water till
one stuck,
then two: brings ducks, he knew
they would
to eat fish and slurp pond belly
gunk
green sludge this time!
cacties and cattails, Tom brings
whatever would stick
hoping they feed on clay dust
however misguided it is, they do
and they swell and take water
with 'em
and again returns the field, in
patches
lower now, hilled and ditched

i wanted to tell you these stories
of diapers and frogs
because i'm still ankle deep by
a little
the floods return us some time
but with hot summer's heat we'll
be back

to full grown soon enough
even still we won't swim
with those big bugs lurking
can't risk losing anymore to the
place

we were meant to grow long
and rigid and practice our
breaststroke and back
but instead we gained too much
to the sides
and we'd float
despite what dad would have
predicted
of our particular gravity
i thought about time in that book
where the Robin eats at algae
and chews it back up
feeding tadpoles to littles
that would stick in the muck.
i tell this story to my own mother
and we hide tears from each
other
thinking about babies that grew
up before she could help it
they'd spit and they'd wail

and mom would hum to the tune
calling it birdsongs!
i hide tears for her now
to add in buckets to the lake
pond swelling in time
and emptied all over

THE MEMORIES COME
BACK WHEN I LEAST
EXPECT THEM.

THERE'S THE PHOTO OF THE MIDDLE
SCHOOL CLASS GOING ON A FIELD TRIP
TO NORTHROP GRUMMAN, HIDDEN
IN A YEARBOOK UNDER A DUSTY
VOLLEYBALL TROPHY.

ALWAYS
TRYING TO FIND
PHYSICAL PROOF,
BECAUSE THE
SICKNESS OF MEMORY
ISN'T ENOUGH.

I WENT TO A TOP RANK
SAN DIEGO PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL
TO A UC INSTITUTION. I
WOULD LIKE ME TO BECOME
SECOND GEN SUCCESS STORY
FORGET.

IT'S THE DEFENSE
CONTRACTORS ON
CAMPUS. FOOTBALL
GAMES WITH FIGHTER
JETS OVERHEAD.
BRAND NEW CAMO UNIFORMS
FOR THE SPORTS TEAMS.

THE MOST HAUNTING
MEMORY FOR ME WAS
KEPT LARGELY OUT OF
THE PRESS.

ON FEBRUARY 3RD, 2011
AN OFFICER, A GRADUATE
OF ANOTHER DISTRICT HIGH
SCHOOL, BEAT A BLACK
MAN CROSSING THE STREET
NEAR CHICANO PARK.

THE MAN FOUGHT BACK
AND BROKE THE POLICE
JAW.

HOW
VIC



BUT YOU CAN'T FORGET! NOT WHEN THE LEGACIES OF VIOLENCE SURROUND YOU! THE DISTRICT WOULD RATHER RIDE ALUMNI LIKE KELLY MARIE TRAN THAN ADMIT THEY'RE ALSO A PROLIFIC PRODUCER OF DOMESTIC TERRORISTS! THE AURORA SHOOTER, THE POWAY SHOOTER, IN OUR OWN COMMUNITY NOT EVEN 5 YEARS AGO!

THEY'RE IN THE YEARBOOKS TOO

TWO TRUTHS CAN COEXIST. THE DISTRICT IS BOTH A HOTBED OF IMMIGRANT AND REFUGEE SUCCESS STORIES AS WELL AS NATIONALISM AND WHITE SUPREMACY. IT'S NOT JUST THE SPECTACLE OF HORRIFIC EVENTS BUT ALSO WHAT'S ENGRAINED IN THE EVERYDAY.



THE OFFICER WAS THE HUSBAND OF ONE OF MY TEACHERS AT THE TIME. SHE WAS GONE THE WHOLE WEEK. THE SUB MADE US WRITE GET WELL CARDS.

MY TEACHER WOULD CHANGE THE STORY AND DETAILS OF WHAT HAPPENED EACH YEAR.

BY THE TIME I FOUND OUT THE FULL TRUTH, THE MAN HAD KILLED HIMSELF IN PRISON

A MAN DIED BECAUSE OF THIS, AND WE WROTE GET WELL CARDS TO THE ONE RESPONSIBLE.

THE STORIES TOLD CHANGE, BUT THE ENDING WON'T

IT'S BEEN A MINUTE SINCE I LEFT, BUT THE RECKONING FLOWS THROUGH MY VEINS AND DOWN THE 5. EVERYTHING I DO AND CREATE IS FOR THE COMMUNITY I'VE BUILT SINCE, AND TO TRY AND UNDERSTAND

DO YOU CONFRONT
VIOLENCE YOUR CITY
FEEDS ON?

اتن

Attan

by

Between Memory and Flesh

Arina

Sarwari-Stadnyk





اتن

[Attan] is a traditional dance originating from the tribal Pashtun regions of Afghanistan. As most traditions that existed before the introduction of western imperialism, it is (at least, in my humble gay opinion) fundamentally queer. Oftentimes, it feels as though tradition and queerness are placed on opposite ends of a diasporic spectrum. And yet, I feel the most queer when I am dancing in Afghan clothes to the sound of rolling drumbeats. I feel the most myself.

For decades, my people have been dancing under drones. They know better than anyone that joy comes not from the absence of war, but despite the abundance of it. When I danced Attan for the first time, barefoot in a Berkeley ballroom, I remember feeling my footsteps guided by generations of women who have danced these same steps before me. The space between memory and flesh is filled with the jingling of head jewelry. A tempest of whirling silhouettes, swelling upwards in a crescendo of leaps.

What does queer joy in diaspora look like?

Clouds of colorful fabric suspended momentarily in midair. An ancient love ballad sung to the beat of drums and rubab. Embroidered coins glinting under overhead lights, bare feet hypnotized by the drumbeat. Bodies curling around the music.

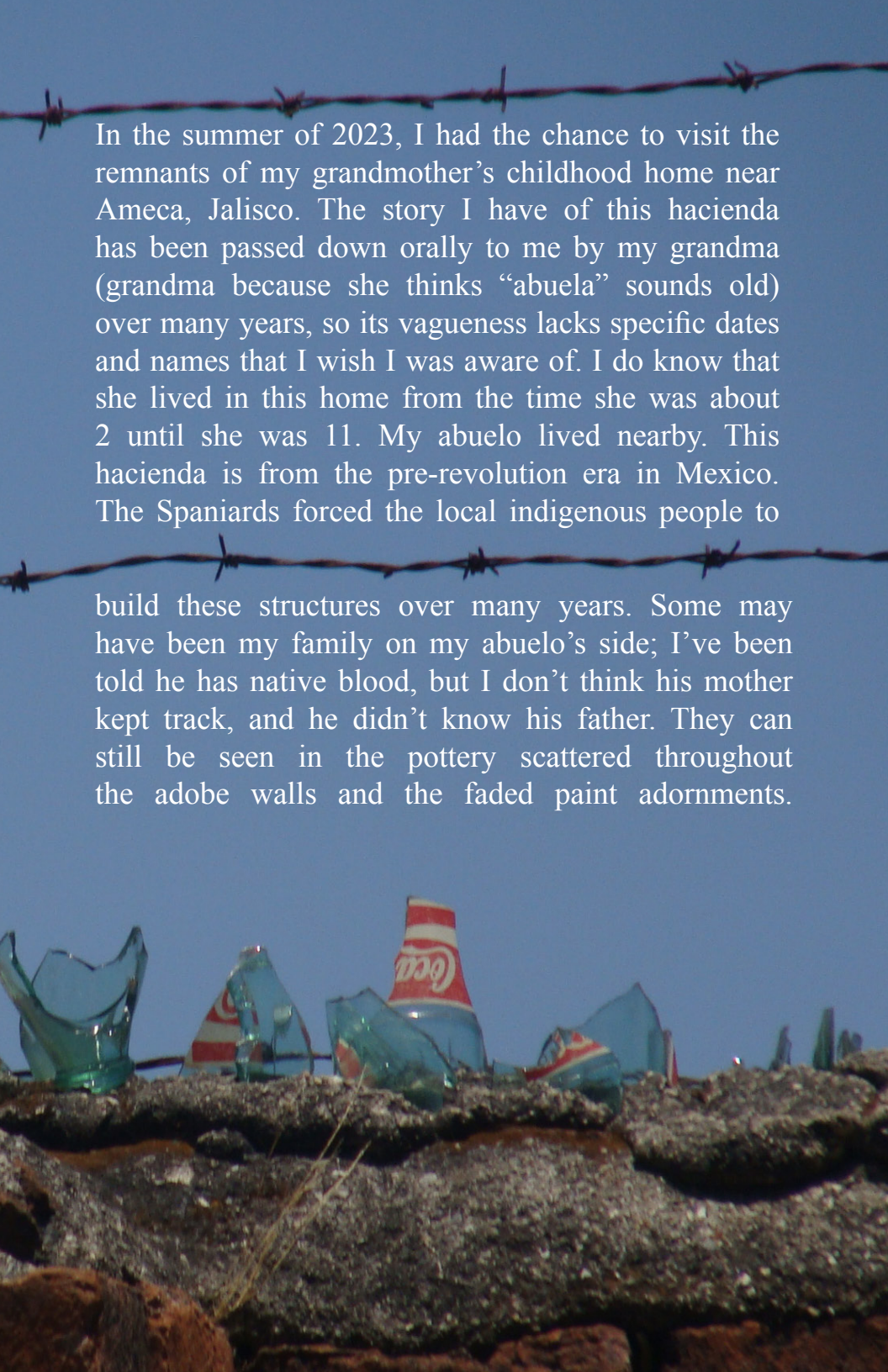
It also looks like dissonance. Like twirling and jumping while your homeland collapses. Like feeling incapable of holding these different worlds within yourself all at once, but still choosing to honor each one. It is a joy that comes not from the absence of war, but despite the abundance of it. You are your ancestors' wildest dreams.

Celebrate, for those who couldn't.

"This is the space in which our bodies remember that they are more than merely archives for storing pain"



remnants of home * by lily arnold as hemminger



In the summer of 2023, I had the chance to visit the remnants of my grandmother's childhood home near Ameca, Jalisco. The story I have of this hacienda has been passed down orally to me by my grandma (grandma because she thinks "abuela" sounds old) over many years, so its vagueness lacks specific dates and names that I wish I was aware of. I do know that she lived in this home from the time she was about 2 until she was 11. My abuelo lived nearby. This hacienda is from the pre-revolution era in Mexico. The Spaniards forced the local indigenous people to

build these structures over many years. Some may have been my family on my abuelo's side; I've been told he has native blood, but I don't think his mother kept track, and he didn't know his father. They can still be seen in the pottery scattered throughout the adobe walls and the faded paint adornments.



After the Mexican Revolution, the Spaniards were kicked out and left the hacienda behind. Now abandoned, the home went to the groundskeepers and caretakers who knew the land for generations. This just so happened to be my family, Arias. Our name can be seen inscribed on one of the walls, probably by one of my uncles or cousins trying to be rebellious.

In the courtyard, my grandmother recalls mango trees that would reach to the sky.

As a little girl, she would climb up the branches for a sweet treat in the summer. They had goats, cows, and chickens that would roam around in the dirt and lay lazily under the tree's shade in the back. The entrance to her parent's old room is framed by rusted metal and adorned with large stones and a branch. Her grandmother's room is behind the doorway stacked up with bricks.



My grandma tells me they used to be painted vibrant reds and yellows, warming the cool adobe walls. Upon further inspection of the adobe, we found bits and pieces of painted ceramic, bricks, and reeds. It made me wonder whose hands crafted these adobe bricks and put them there. Not pictured here but on her land, my grandma showed me pieces of pottery she had picked up from earth untouched for a century. I wondered who was here before me.

My grandmother and her family left this home when she was 11 and it was once again abandoned.



Over the years, local legends said that the Spanish had hidden precious stashes of gold in the walls, behind stones, and above door frames.

The hacienda was slowly torn apart and it was left in ruin. Even compared to the photos I had seen when I was little, it seemed like the hacienda had fallen even more apart. It's currently being watched by a family living adjacent who still use the old livestock building for their goats and their bull.

It was 95 degrees on a cool day when I visited in the middle of July. The journey to get to Ameca is long and expensive, so I'm not sure when I'll be able to go back. The hacienda is old and will only get older. I hope to go back to once again roam the grounds, see my family, and continue to keep these stories alive.





A River Runs Through It... I Do Believe It's Time

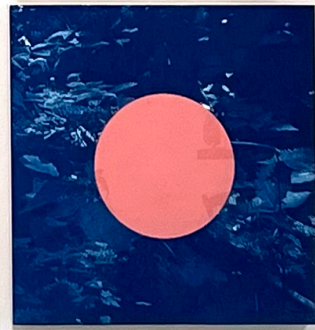
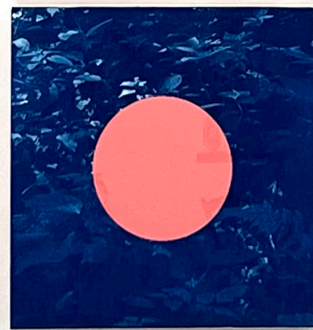
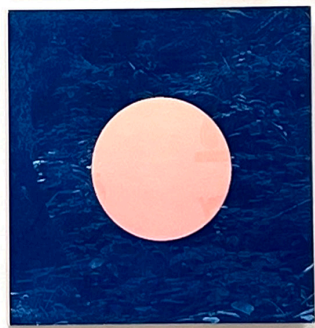
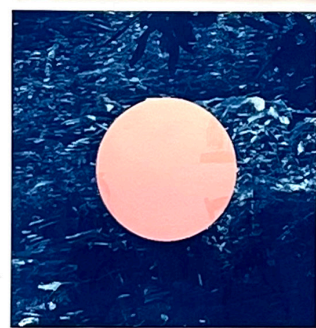
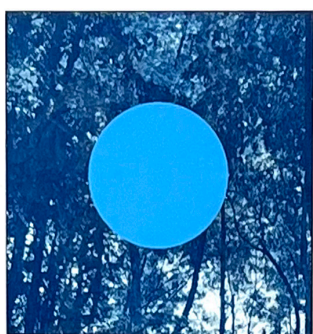
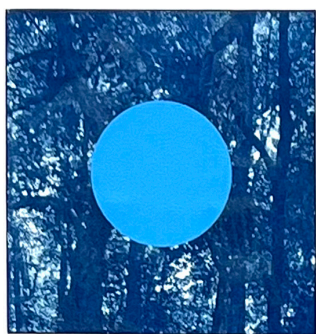
**& Restoration (Deerfield)
works by Arron Foster**

"This print was made in response to the Hocking River watershed in Southeast Ohio.

This series of works has been central to my continued exploration of place as both a physical and psychological construct. This print combines cyanotype and silkscreen and includes layers of semi transparent plant imagery. The floral forms reference plants that are considered both endemic and invasive to the region.

My ambition with these works is to generate interest in specific places as well as the environment writ large. My hope is that they will lead to awareness, stewardship and care."

"The state of Ohio currently has approximately 57 superfund sites. The focus of this piece is the superfund site found in Deerfield Ohio. The site was listed in the Superfund National Priorities List in September of 1983. My ambition with this work was to capture the ways in which the site reflects both devastation and recovery as well as the resiliency of the natural world."



on remembrance. on refusal. on return.
by arianna hee

I am home, here on the ancestral
and unceded territory of the
Ohlone, who we mistakenly call
San Francisco.

I am reborn again and again and
again, here on Ohlone land.

It is here on Ohlone Land where
I've taken my first breaths. where
I've spoken my first words. where
I've tasted my first tang yuan 湯圓.
where I've learned love and grief
and hope and remembrance.



And to the land who has been
patient with me, holding every
version of myself,
bearing witness to my early refusal
to remember my language in hopes
of assimilation.
bearing witness to my desire for
whiteness.

bearing witness
to my realizations as I could no
longer remember a language my
grandmother speaks with such
tenderness.

bearing witness to my painful
return to the classroom.

It is here on Ohlone land, where
I remember. Remember courage
that runs deep within our ancestral
lineage. It is here on Ohlone land,
where I grieve. Grieve for the child
with brown eyes and dark hair,
waiting at the hair salon for her \$10
bob and chopped bangs, dreaming
of blue eyes and blond hair. Grieve
for her mother who watches her
from the sky and visits her in sleep.

It is here on Ohlone land, where I
hope. A hope that swells and surges
and retreats and ripples. A hope
that mirrors the constant motion of
our waters. A hope that rests in the
hearts of those who have ventured
far from home and those who chose
to stay.



I think about my ancestors who
chose to leave their homes, in
hopes of a life only written in their
imagination. I think about my
ancestors who fled their homes,
never to return. I think about what
it would take for me to leave home.

I have ventured far from home and
I always return, for I am not ready
to leave.

In a world rooted in reciprocity,
nourished with collective care,
tended with intimate slowness, and
guided in remembrance.

In a world we have not seen at a scale
we need, and to continue believing
this world to be possible.

I dream of a world where we abolish
time as we know it; measure time
with the rising and setting sun;



feel time in its abundance rather
than scarcity.

I dream of a world
where we listen with our hearts;
listen to the teachings of the land
and the generosity we have been
offered time and time again; listen
to the memories that lie within our
soils and are inherited in our seeds.

I dream of a world where we
remember collectively; remember
with stories told in shared language
over shared mooncakes;
remember the homes we
left and the lands we now occupy.
Remember in rematriating the land.

It is here on Ohlone land, where I
have dreamed and witnessed and
experienced collective care and
revolutionary love that models
our future home.



And so, I am here on Ohlone land
with deep love for this place and
these people who I call home.

To continue remembering our
ancestors and our love and our grief
and our hope. To continue refusing
anything less than liberation in our
lifetime. To continue returning to
myself again and again and again.



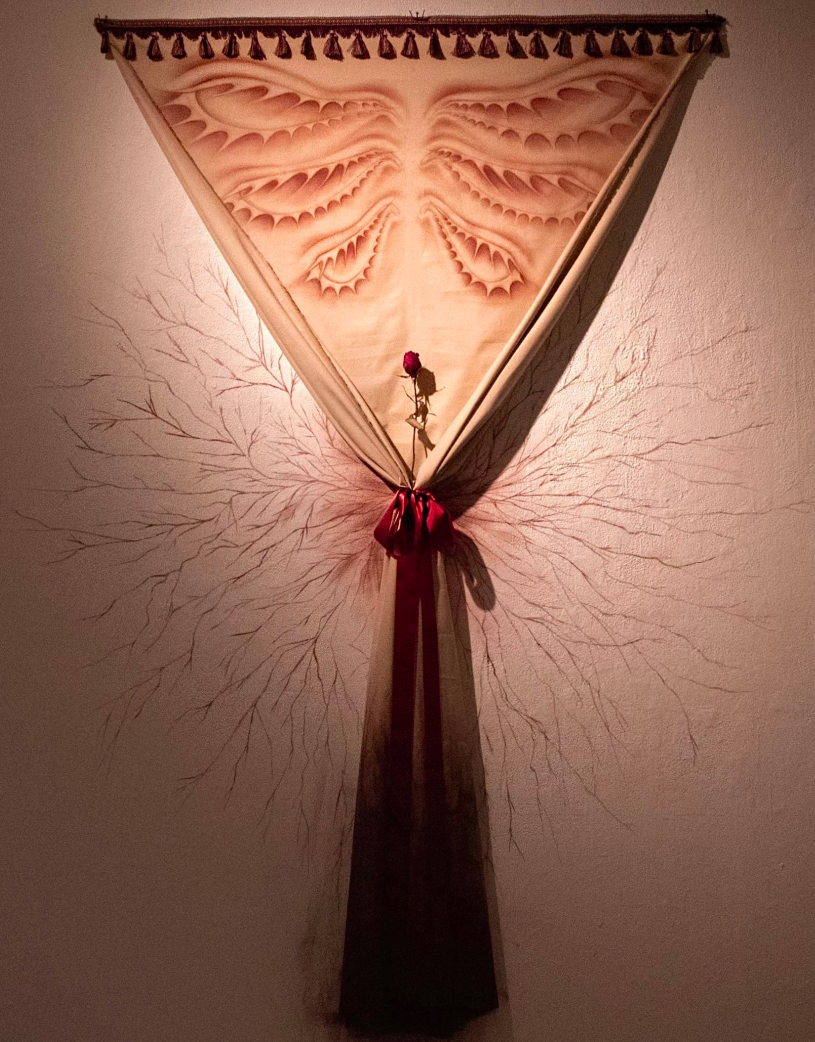


strings of fate
designed by emma petit.
photographed by
Sanjna Jain.



Strings of Fate is a design collection that explores the devotion one has to their family and how attitudes and beliefs are passed down. The thread that connects family ties and bloodline creates a bond that influences one's own consciousness and perception of life. The symbolism of the twins is meant to be a physical representation of the pressure to conform to the expectations and image of one's family. Thus when the model uses the scissors to cut the strings and separate from their counterpart, it is them damaging this bond while also being free from this restricting relationship. Through this sacrifice the individual now has the freedom to explore their own identity and become their own person.







alternative shrine
(making a home in the spiritually perverse)
armaan mumtaz

clement street.san francisco



photos by ian castro
screenprints * concept by jacob li rosenberg
styling by sasha shahinfar
modeled by ruby jay * natalie fong * jacob li rosenberg





ceramic domain
by ariana rodriguez

Instructions for catching a ghost
by sarena kuhn

Enter the house in Orange County with a koi pond in the front and a tree the mother has trained to curve in an unnatural 's' shape. Enter the baby pink room the mother painted when she was eight months enormous, resisting the doctor's bed rest sentence. In the room, hot pink decals spell "Jesus loves the little children" and "Thank heaven for little girls." Enter the bright green room, the walls adorned with ceramic plates depicting an ocean

scene, dwindling in number because the boy's friends keep breaking them. That room doesn't exist anymore, of course. It's a gray-walled guest room now. It's whatever the new residents want it to be.

Enter, please, don't be shy. Coyotes enter over the fence in the backyard and kill the son's pet dachshund, and the daughter listens through the wall as he cries.

She listens from the passenger seat in the car in the driveway when a white man yells at the mother, tells her she has a fat ass, needs to lay off all the rice. People like him are always parking in the driveway, boxing the mother in, blocking her exit routes.

The mother and the father live in the house for thirty long years, surrounded on all sides by exclusive pool parties, a constantly improving freeway, and the 2 PM traffic of a public elementary school.

I am afraid of forgetting: the corner of tile by the piano that dug into my cousin's bare feet, sending her to the emergency room the last night of her annual New Year's Visit. The igloo-shaped dog houses for two giant labradors whose lives barely intersected with my timeline. The plastic sandbox in the backyard shaped into a stationary sailboat. The flashlight shining on concrete in the front yard as my father and I hunted for crickets in the summer. A contraption of mirrors in the clubhouse my father built, designed to spy on the neighbors. Sleeping on the travertine tile with my mother when the red heat of August brought an onslaught of

power outages that stole from us the metallic chill of our overrun air conditioner.

Enter the beige house in Vallejo, where the grandfather's hearing aids don't work too well, where there are so many well-upholstered empty chairs. Sit on the couch while the grandfather's wife tells the mother that the grandfather doesn't love her.

The grandfather might not hear her, or he might be sitting in silent agreement. Enter, but never stay longer than an hour or so. Bring some food as an offering. Come unannounced so you can't be turned away.

Enter a different house in Vallejo, California, next to where the mother spent a portion of her girlhood, next to the field where the mother mowed the lawn and discovered she was allergic to bees. The mother's sister will forever live right next to this lot they all grew into themselves upon.

The mother's sister keeps the family's old Steinway piano in her crowded living room, directly in the sun. The mother's sister held custody of all the family

kimonos and geisha dolls and hapi coats until her old house burned down. Those fabrics and display stands don't exist anymore.

Enter a hypothetical room now, one covered in trash, a room filled to the brim with papers and papers, overturned cabinets and rats, a room owned by a daughter trapped by the weight of her own rubble, forced into hibernation. This is a story the mother tells the daughter when the father is away on business. The father tells stories about penguins and magical trees and desert boyhood adventure, but the mother molds her fiction into lessons. They're going to feature you on that show, Hoarders, the mother says. Her extended family is full of Hoarders. The mother is convinced it has something to do with those pesky two pieces of luggage, of all that was taken away and replaced with desert barracks in World War II. She thinks somewhere in her inheritance is an urge to collect, to protect what is hers, to ensure nothing gets taken away ever again. Enter, please, will you help me clean?

Enter the Bancroft library and ask for those documents you ordered,

the old ledgers from the Japanese Students Club. The co-op on Euclid used to be a dormitory for men. The food court on Hearst was a house the women lived in until the 60s. There are no records from 1942 to

1945. Observe three years of silence in the turn of a page before you find the entries from the 50s and look for the great-aunt's signature. If you want to look at some photos of women with neatly permed hair, the lady at the front desk will give you some ill-fitting latex gloves.

This is how we make things last.

Enter the two-bedroom apartment in Tucson where the father's parents have adorned their new space with ceramic dolls and portraits of Ronald Reagan. It smells like old and like Arizona in here. Help the grandmother find her walker and enter the hallways that smell like old and Arizona and use the elevator to go down one story and then walk to the back of the center for a buffet of hot foods and the worst brussel sprouts you will ever consume. The grandmother doesn't eat much anymore. She's too busy singing. The grandfather

has discovered a new appetite in his listless days. He has always had a habit of crunching ice between his teeth. The two-bedroom apartment and the whole assisted living center doesn't exist anymore. The two of them moved out of there a month before they died of COVID-19, two days apart, alone.

Enter the creek in the canyon surrounded by red rocks that look like God's fingers, before all of this gloomy stuff happened. Enter with your water shoes, careful to keep your khakis dry. Sit on a warm boulder and be quiet so the grandfather doesn't lose his catch of artificially stocked rainbow trout. Enter the cabin where the grandmother has heated up a can of ravioli and genuinely believes that this is cooking. Drive into Sedona and gawk at the New Age paraphernalia and shirts dyed with dirt. In a fit of cabin fever or maybe something else, the mother concocts a theory that the grandparents favor their grandson over granddaughter. Maybe it's true.

Can I enter, please? Is there a place here for me?

I am afraid of outlasting, of

obsolescence. I have a nightmare in which I am engulfed by obsolete objects and histories as if I have fallen into a grain silo. At the end, only my right hand is raised above the surface.

I am afraid of being the only one who remembers.

Most things are built for a service life of fifty years. When I tell people I am a civil engineer, they congratulate me on the good timing. All the infrastructure is aging. It needs to be retrofitted, replaced.

When I was six or maybe ten years old, I walked through the house my mother grew up in, and by then it was all rotted wood that gave slightly beneath my footsteps, sunlight peeking through the walls. I tried to imagine the pet dog who died when the neighbors fed her antifreeze or my mother mowing the lawn as a teenager, but I couldn't.

My grandfather, her father, turned ninety five years old this week. I sat in his living room and watched as he ate an entire plate of chicken and ribs, wearing his Dickies work suit while seated in a recliner.

Pretty soon, there will be no more living survivors of the incarceration camps. I still can't bring myself to ask him a question about it. Maybe it's because he feels less like my grandfather than a living archive. I don't want to act like his history belongs to me when I hardly know him. Or maybe I don't want to be responsible for telling his stories when he's gone. I'm afraid of getting something wrong.

A few years ago, my mother recorded a conversation with him about his childhood, growing up in Oakland before camp. His father was an optometrist with a gold mining hobby. In the video, he kept scratching his bald head. I offered to transcribe it. That's always been my favorite part of interviewing, the act of preservation. Before we went to my grandfather's house, I met my parents at their new home in Benicia. As my father drove us in his white Tacoma, my mother pointed out the window like a tour guide, as if we had never driven through Vallejo before. This is where, this is where, this used to be. She has spent thirty years away from home, so I humored her.

My mother's origin stories have always felt real to me because we went to Northern California several times a year growing up; it was a place within my reach. The details of her stories weren't enhanced for dramatic purposes. My father's origin stories felt like sprawling creation myths. Every night he told me about his childhood in the endless, red and dusty backyard of Arizona: the friend with a skinned cat on his driveway, the scorpion stings, the bicycles racing through dust storms.

None of these places exist anymore, not in the way that they used to, at least. I am afraid that nothing ever lasts. What happens to a house when the memories are swept away?

**Enter, please.
Stay a while, don't leave.**



generational ache* a connection test words and film by jady de leon.

featuring

lily

arias

hemminger

my mother's roots are firmly re-planted in the soils of southern california. stubborn. once harshly pulled up from the stem, they've learned to hold on too tightly. sometimes my body and my blood are strangers. when my tongue trips over syllables remembered through refracted and watered down visions of my childhood when the need (the blood-born obligation) to protect makes distance greater when home becomes a question instead of an answer when you called that morning

the sun mixed with tears on my cheeks as I tried (and half-failed) to pause the world I longed to be a grain of sand ground down by crashing waves, so small that one becomes lost, indistinguishable from the others to be rooted in the togetherness that creates a place, a name maybe i could be if my mother language had not been ripped from the tip of my tongue by a government that has since been pardoned and another that signed the bill.

that sends bombs made by my
father's hands while my mother
is a fish out of water, weeping and
landlocked across a foreign sea.

but when the wind still comes

I still go. my cup always coming
up too short halved ancestry
half boy / half empty (full?)
i go too slowly and too quickly,
too sure and too unsure

I fear my family flame, the
flame that burns bright. that I
spark and tend to and ignite,
that I worry about blowing
out like the wind, I still come
and go, balanced in delicate
branches that change with
the seasons, that force my

journey, that carry it.
the wind that blows through
blinking christmas lights and
shaky breaths on the living
room floor. that raptures,
choppy turbulence. sailing and
drowning, I take a breath and my
lungs burn under the weight of it
a breath of sadness
of exhaustion
of life

the wind fills me. It comes
and I go. and in my wake I
leave a storm.

generational ache:
a connection test.

to know love is to know life.
stop the US war machine.



watch the film here



notes on hair
sasha shahinfar ***



Haircuts and hair brushing were routine rituals in my home. Those moments were intimate, my mother sitting on in a chair armed with a hairbrush or kitchen scissors, and I obediently on the floor. I scanned my hair in the room where I recieved haircuts as a child as a practice of excavating memory, of looking matter of factly at time in the form of my hair.

closing***
sasha shahinfar

My childhood home is bloated with memories. Walls heaving and groaning with ghosts of hide and seek, dressing up in my mother's clothes, secret haircuts in the bathroom. Today, these specters persist.

The goal of Makeshift was to imagine home and its complications, to excavate memories, turn them over in the light.

In our first issue, we invited artists to bring to us their artwork inspired by their experiences of home. In this special compendium, everyone's recollections live, persist in spite of their material conditions.

As you walked beside these strange (and precious) homes, did you feel a palpable rawness? Did you feel them, teeming with history?



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