

UN(SEEN)



in the

GREEN

*N*

*W*



*E*

*S*

# Dear reader,

You are looking at a collective zine that came to live as a way to feel, understand and share our experiences in parks in the city. As boundless and fluid life is - as are the things you see in this zine.

This zine is about green spaces - but it is beyond them, as we cannot take our bodies in the vacuum of specific urban setting. We move through the streets, encounters, memories, fears, joys, routines, sudden changes, language barriers, through love, care, rage, exhaustion, tenderness, grief, hopes...

The materials inside are not polished.  
They are just as we are:

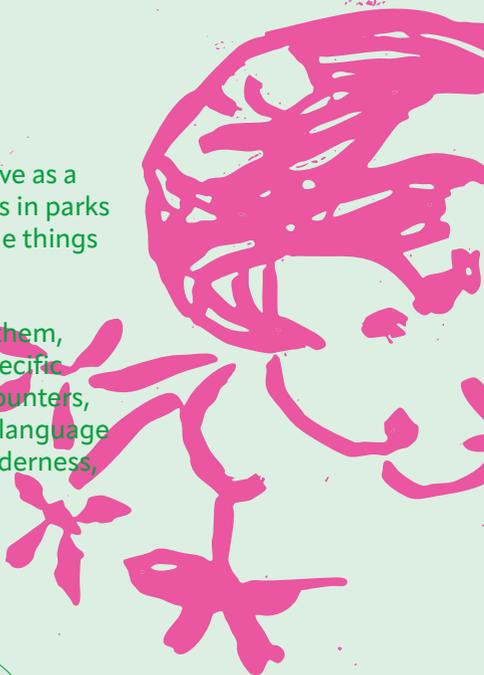
*sincere messy intimate*

They are kept close to how they were created,  
by many hands in shared time and space.

This zine is a trace of a bigger exploration.  
You can read more about it on the next pages.

Read with care.  
Read with curiosity  
for what is already here.  
Read with compassion  
for the others on these pages.  
Read with the intention  
to discover something new  
for yourself.

Lino: polina medvedeva (left), Palak (right)



# *(Un)seen in the Green*

This zine became a final part of the (Un)seen in the Green program in 2025, a participatory series of workshops for FLINTA\* youth, BIPOC and people with migration experience. The program centres FLINTA\* perspectives in urban green spaces.

During the program we shared many experiences together, outside, taking the space, embodying the space. We danced, painted, did sports in drag, touched and sensed the space, played theatre, listened and sang, cleaned the park and mapped it with our bodies.

This zine grows out of those experiences and reaches beyond them. It gathers writing pieces and lino prints created collectively during zine labs in Wedding and Charlottenburg in October 2025.

This project was a participatory exploration for FLINTA\* youth, created together with them, with artists and with KIEZimPULS and Kinder- und Jugendzentrum Schloss19, guided by Feminist Spaces Collective.

*Lino: Maki*



Daria Ma

## Dialogue between parks (poem)



Aliki

- Now what is that, schatz? you are new.
- Everything once used to be new. You did too.
- I don't even have the name. You are a fancy one.
- You're kind. Bit jealous?
- Just curious. Just tell me who invented you?
- The love itself. The people. The loneliness. The hope.
- Still having hope?
- I have to. I am to give, I am to share. I'm here to connect, to help, to guide, to give a space.
- Am I not giving space?
- You do. You're beautiful. That doesn't mean that's it.
- You're teaching me?
- I'm not. I let you discover for yourself.

- That's nice. The people love you, the animals, the birds.
- We don't have to be the way we used to be. We can be more.
- I'd like to do some more as well.
- It comes however with a price.
- What price?
- The people have to learn. The animals, the plants - they know their ways.

Most people have to learn the mutual respect. They make mistakes. It is okay. Sometimes it is a mess, but after that they'll learn to clean. Sometimes it's dark, so they will learn the light. Sometimes it's loud, so they will have to learn how to enjoy the silence.

- You're brave and bold. But how do you survive?
- I try. I do my best. I share my soul, my trees, my waters and my breath.

*I am alive when I am not alone.*

Daphne Junksi

## Aziz Park

The perfect park for my partner; a Black man who, like me, suffers from Long COVID.

*What would it look like?* It would be very big, with lots of hidden corners. It would be in Neukölln/Tempelhof.

Nature – flora and fauna, water, soil, sand...

There would be really rich and diverse, epic nature — wildflowers, very old trees, plants that give fruits and vegetables. The trees give a lot of shade in summer. There is a body of water to take a dip in, and lots of drinking water taps.

Aesthetics – a very comfy vibe, lots of clean and cosy daybeds. There is art and sculpture in the park reflecting the various cultural influences in Berlin. Earthy colours.

*What are the functions in the park?*

There's a corner for free healthy organic food, a corner for musicians to gather, play music together and exchange with each other; a corner for playing games, a library and book club corner, a singing corner, a corner for meditation and other spiritual sessions.



Daphne Junksi

"You won't know how grateful I am to have made it out of my bed into the green" (the quote refers to my long Covid Disease)

*Who belongs to the park?*

All ages, all ethnicities, all genders.

An awareness team, medical staff, an emergency Uber driver to take one home in case of a crash (paid by the state).

*No cops, no Nazis.*



“I think the creation of the best places began with wonderful visions. So I will keep on dreaming big.”



## Dialogue between Aziz Park & Tempelhofer Feld

Lena

TF: “Okay, cool, you seem to have pretty awesome ideas, but don’t you think you’re a bit delulu?”

AP: “I think the creation of the best places began with wonderful visions. So I will keep on dreaming big.”

TF: “So you’re telling me right now that you’ll go on thinking about your utopian ideas while they’re planning to build luxury buildings on me? I’m already a place that has a lot to offer. A diverse and huge number of people come and visit me daily. I’m home to so many different plants, animals and participatory projects. So much of this is going to be destroyed if you let the neoliberal and conservative parties do their thing.”

AP: “You’re right. And it makes me sad when I think about what they want to do to you. But what can we do? People went to the Volksentscheid, but the politicians don’t seem to care about what the people want. I don’t feel that we have any agency.”

TF: “Bullshit. You have to get louder and more active. You have to mobilise more people. You have to protest. You have to stand up for expropriation and redistribution.”

AP: “You’re right, but I’m just so tired and burnt out. I don’t think we have a chance against them.”

TF: “*We need a revolution.*”

Daria Ma

# The imagined park

- ① different areas, some more light and open for sunbathing f.e., some more shadowy, more like a forest, with pine and fir trees and moss
  - ② variety of different trees and plants, mosses, a lot of glowing lights for the evenings and nights. glimmering trees and sculptures (classic and modern/avantgarde art)
- ② who belongs in the park?  
everyone who is okay with respecting others, their personal space; no violence, slogans, aggression, provocation whatsoever
- ③ tables for those who read/work/learn/eat  
canal system with running water, nice lakes to take a swim/to cool down  
several stages for events
- ④ enough comfortable benches for 1 and for groups
  - ⑤ enough toilets
- ⑥ free water for drinking (enough fountains), vending machines with nice snacks, not only sweets/chips, but maybe also some salads/soups/etc

## Park name

There is a park close to our place. It is adjacent to Gärten der Welt, but unlike it this park is actually free, you just go in and enjoy, walk, chill, climb the hill, contemplate the view. Once I looked up if it had any name and it was something like Helene-Park. Which I found nice, since my girlfriend's name is Elena.

Later I looked it up again on Google Maps and found no indication of "Helene" and whatsoever. Just no name at all. How could this be? So I decided I will just name it myself as Elenapark.

## ✓ A PARK NAMED PIGEON,

flying high above the river

Belonging is a hug, when it hurts or when it's bad

Belonging is to not overexplain, justify or mortify ourselves.

Belonging is to embrace (a kiss in the neck) \*

Belonging is to affirm your weaknesses and strengths like the tree casting a shadow, transforming darkness into refuge.

Belonging is to touch the sky. Together. Alone but not lonely.

Belonging is to play. To get lost in the game. To lose and to

fall. To stand up and go on

Belonging is an eternal day. A beginning with no end

A park named pigeon, flying high above the river.

lomi

*Sveta*

## For the park named "Queer pigeons"

Belonging is when your body  
continuous to the space

Belonging is to feel in the space like in your  
own skin

Belonging is joyful

Belonging is kinship

Belonging is when you want to come back

Belonging is when care is reciprocal

Belonging is to be the one with others

Belonging is to feel in the park like at home

Belonging is connection

Belonging is when you do not have to fit in

Belonging is something you always crave for

belonging is comfort

Belonging is to be a part of something  
bigger than yourself

*Mari*

## A PARK NAMED LITTLE UNIVERSE

Belonging is...

– finding a bench that catches my back  
pain

– finding a bird that will frown at my  
tears

– sharing a bottle of wine on the grass

– sharing a beer from the Späti nearby

– watching the sun collapse as a fire ball  
on the horizon

– asking strangers what  
belonging is and they're

just lost

too

– breathing the same sounds and  
rhythms of the life around me

– resonating with gossip from some  
friends' talk on that other bench

– remembering childhood footsteps  
when hearing that sound, smelling  
that smell, consuming that dish/  
drink, having that moment

– hearing a child scream —  
because "Mom... Look what I  
did, look what they did, where  
are you?" and "ouch, I just fell"

„What if I want to break the habit of walking in the park and just want to dance through it?“

*Sveta*

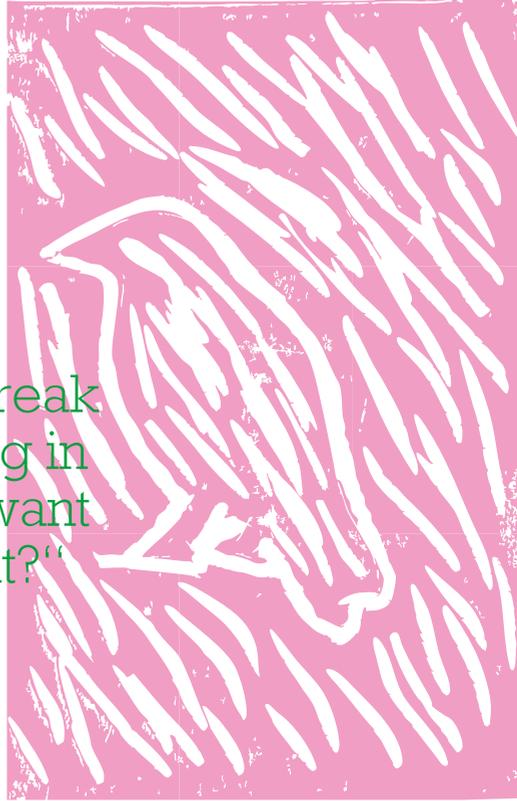
## Shaking knees

I am terrified of dancing in open public space. I want the city to have more spaces for free movement and free of anyone's gaze. What if I want to break the habit of walking in the park and just want to dance through it? I am terrified of attracting too much attention. I am terrified of being too visible. I am terrified of weird looks, comments, why can't everyone just mind

too  
too

but

I need to try to do it and not spend too much of the brain capacity to think about what other people think about me. I want to feel safe to dance in public. Not because I want to perform something, I do not need the audience, I do not need the attention. The only audience that I can accept are the rabbits in Schiller Park. I want my knees to shake not from the fear from the excitement of being able to move free in the park.



*Eduardo Coronado*

Julia Litvin

## PARK NAMED FLUFFY

Belonging

is something that waits you  
around the corner

on the very hard route

of finding yourself

of looking for yourself

of losing yourself

in despair

Belonging is here

Belonging is there

Belonging is here and there

Belonging is trying to run away

but feeling safe to do so

because they will always take you back

long lost son

runaway daughter

silly bird as they could call you lovingly

What is belonging?

Why do we need to belong?

Belong to what?

Belong to who?

Where do I find my balance?

Balance of being home and being free,  
rebellious, runaway

Balance of being lost and being found.

Unsecure and hardly achievable.

Belonging is hope

of finding home.

Lena

What happened in the rose garden

We gave each other presents

Followed palms

Made Body sculptures and pictures

Sat in the bushes playing the scenes

Was it real? we played

We encourage each other to  
Intervine

Change strategy

Be brave

Trust your guts

It was real

What happened  
in the rose garden



Lino:Lena

*Daphne Junksi*

## **Exhausted Baddie Park**

In the Exhausted Baddie Park I forget for a moment that I suffer from Long COVID and ME/CFS. In the Exhausted Baddie Park I feel like I'd be part of society, like I'd belong to you. In the Exhausted Baddie Park anybody can free their nipples.

In the Exhausted Baddie Park nobody gets harassed or insulted.

In the Exhausted Baddie Park nobody is discriminated against because of their factors of marginalisation. In the Exhausted Baddie

Park we can rely on the awareness team.

In the Exhausted Baddie Park cops and Nazis are not allowed to enter. In the Exhausted Baddie Park we stand up for each other.

In the Exhausted Baddie Park the rich have to clean up.

In the Exhausted Baddie Park my exhausted body is nourished by the earth and the roots beneath me, and by the people around me.



*Alice*



Lino (from left to right): Alikì, Atash, Palak, Daria Ma, Eduardo Coronado, Dxyra, Lena, Palak, AIMÉE Sveta, Daphne Junksi





Sophie

SHUDDR, 2025

A SOUND: scurrying,  
crawling,  
barking behind me  
rolling in front of me  
rustling under me

NO thinking, no judging  
I merely enjoy  
almost TASTE and SMELL  
the SOUNDS

A ~~tree~~ of PLANT  
ready to discover  
soundscapes of STORIES  
ready to challenge  
THEMSELVES IN THESE STORIES  
ready to TRUST  
me, themselves, the sounds

and distrust?  
the stories - they - brought

CLOSE YOUR EYES  
and let me introduce.

I AM NOW  
(the sound)  
crawling,  
barking behind you  
rolling in front of you  
rustling under you



I AM NOW  
a man harassing you  
a dog fushing its teeth at you  
a human brutally directing my anger at you  
and ultimately  
a soul, caring for YOU



Aliki

I see : your hunching  
looking for escape  
the negative energy  
FREEING YOUR FEATURES  
of your FRENZIED PAGES  
yet  
you trust me  
vulnerable  
receiving BLOW BY BLOW  
and  
I feel grateful!  
SO grateful,  
for your TRUST



Atash

time goes by  
-eyes fly open  
you describe, but  
I see... the energy  
stuck in your bodies  
a memorized fear  
an unweaving of  
a i s t a n + repeated experiences  
your tension - now mirrored  
- in me

we release together  
laugh and jump  
weird faces and falls  
exchange thoughts  
and let the energy flow  
the unburdening  
so physical  
palpable  
SO JOYFUL  
in its COMMUNAL FORM

our new FRAME  
of sound AND mind  
and I am delighted



at last now, you discover by yourselves  
and all you discover are  
not sounds  
**but old stories**  
and with your new brushes you repaint  
these stories  
in other hues and shapes  
and I am stunned  
by your new frames of narration  
and ecstatic and excited  
for your newfound love  
OF SOUND  
and your newfound tool  
of painting your OWN STORIES

WE STAY A BIT LONGER  
lingering in our thoughts  
lounging in the sands  
and I find  
MY LOVE for humans  
REFRESHED  
by the trust and love  
WE SHARE,  
by the communities  
we unknowingly have

SHUDDR, 2025  
BERLIN



*Sika*

## A park named joy

Belonging is sitting under a baobab tree  
\_\_\_\_\_ is being able to speak my mother  
tongue  
is walking without looking behind  
is warmth  
is a silent song  
is being alone but not lonely  
is remembering your childhood  
is understanding the other even  
if they speak a different language  
is rest  
is blooming  
is queer  
is being invisible and yet shining  
brightly  
is not having to think about  
belonging  
is sleeping in the sun  
is laughing in the park  
is discovering a place with joy  
is giving space to sorrow

*polina medvedeva*

## In the park named brave

Belonging is ...

Belonging is me

belonging is my close ones

belonging is дом, haus, home

belonging is принадлежать, вещь,  
иметь, давать, быть собой и находить  
себя

belonging is going out in the morning  
and smile of joy cause you are where you  
are

belonging is to give a name to pigeons  
living and building their family on the  
tree across the street

belonging is to see in the park those,  
who look like you, like your friends, like  
people you want to be friends with, to be  
with, to share your last meal with

belonging is earth and soil and leaves  
and grass and smells of rain

belonging is remembering the place  
with happy tears when the last minutes  
of life on this earth come

belonging is a safe space, is a brave  
space

belonging is memories, joys, sorrows,  
connections and small encounters that  
tight us to a place and time

belonging is what we all need, is what we  
all want

belonging is seeing change and  
changing together like leaves that fall  
and grow on the trees

like leaves on the trees in the park  
in the park named brave

# Was ist ein Körper?

1. Was ist ein Körper? (1)

1. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie. Teil der Welt.  
2. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?  
3. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?  
4. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?  
5. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?  
6. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?  
7. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?  
8. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?  
9. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?  
10. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?

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10. Was ist ein Körper? Ich bin Teil der Materie, was bedeutet es dann?

1. Körper



AIMÉE @destinyparadeyes

## Sveta

**Görli:** Do you have a fence around you?

**Sweetheart park:** No, I want people to move freely through me and not feel intimidated that they need to know how many exits I have and where they are. And you?

**Görli:** I have a fence around me. It is made from bricks, so it actually looks like a wall. People write on me, they leave messages for each other, so I can actually pass the message to another person. Sometimes they hang posters or draw some pictures. Sometimes people lean on these walls, sometimes they piss on them. A wall could be a good thing, but I don't want to have gates.

**Sweetheart:** Why would anyone want to have a gated park? For what?

**Görli:** To close me at night. So I would have almost no visitors at night.

**Sweetheart:** And where would people go?

**Görli:** Somewhere else, probably to the space that is not cozy as I am. And would miss people and other species. I would feel so lonely at night. But they do it to make me feel safer.

**Sweetheart:** I cannot believe it! Are you serious? Closing the gates will not make you safer, it will make you miserable! You are a home to so many people and non-humans.

polina

trash trash trash ash sh sh sch sch u u u uuuuuu

листья шуршат под ногами. пакеты  
шуршат под руками. я поднимаю  
цепкими щипцами то, что оставил  
после себя человек

мусор - слово такое неприятное  
мусор

м у с о р

мусор - это человек в форме, который  
преследует тебя по пятам, по  
переулкам, стоит под окном и смотрит

мусор - это тот, кто  
затокает молодых и пылких умом на  
года, отбирает вещи,  
отпечатки, отбирает будущее, любовь,  
надежду

мусор

- это олицетворение  
патриархата, ксенофобии,  
колониализма, систем угнетения

а мусор на марта ндумбе плац?  
это тоже тот же мусор?

сегодня там другой мусор - мусор  
беспечности, беззаботности о другом  
- грязный, отравляющий жизнь вокруг  
- это мусор на площади сегодня.

бычки ♦ бутылки ♦ кронкоркены ✨  
зубная паста ♦ фантики ♦ стаканчики  
♦ фольга от донера

то что питает одну жизнь - отравляет  
другую.

почему же мы выбираем жить не  
в солидарности с миром, который  
питает нас? почему же мы выбираем  
беззаботность?

в манифесте заботы писали, что в  
мире сейчас кризис беззаботности.  
танцую с щипцами для уборки вокруг  
скамеек и деревьев - я вижу это  
своими глазами. я выбираю посвятить  
выходной тому, чтобы ритмично  
подбирать мусор, чтобы заботиться.  
мужчины вокруг выбирают посвятить  
выходной тому, чтобы сидеть, пить,  
мусорить, чтобы беззаботиться.

пока мы кружимся, копаемся,  
шебуришимся, убираемся - они  
смотрят.

они смотрят, как смотрели всегда  
- беззаботные фланеры, сидельцы  
привилегий, победители этой  
патриархальной системы.

место женщины\* - за уборкой.

место мужчины - на лавке с пивом.

я злюсь так сильно - что хочется  
плакать - есть ли когда либо выход из  
этой системы?

*Camila La Rotta*

„I loved being part of a project that empowers girls to take ownership of public spaces. We need more initiatives like this! Making public spaces safe for girls and women is essential, and taking part in this project was both a pleasure and an empowering experience.“

я предлагаю одному из мужчин перчатки:

“у нас еще много, давайте с нами!” - “это очень хорошая инициатива, спасибо! но я ухожу!”

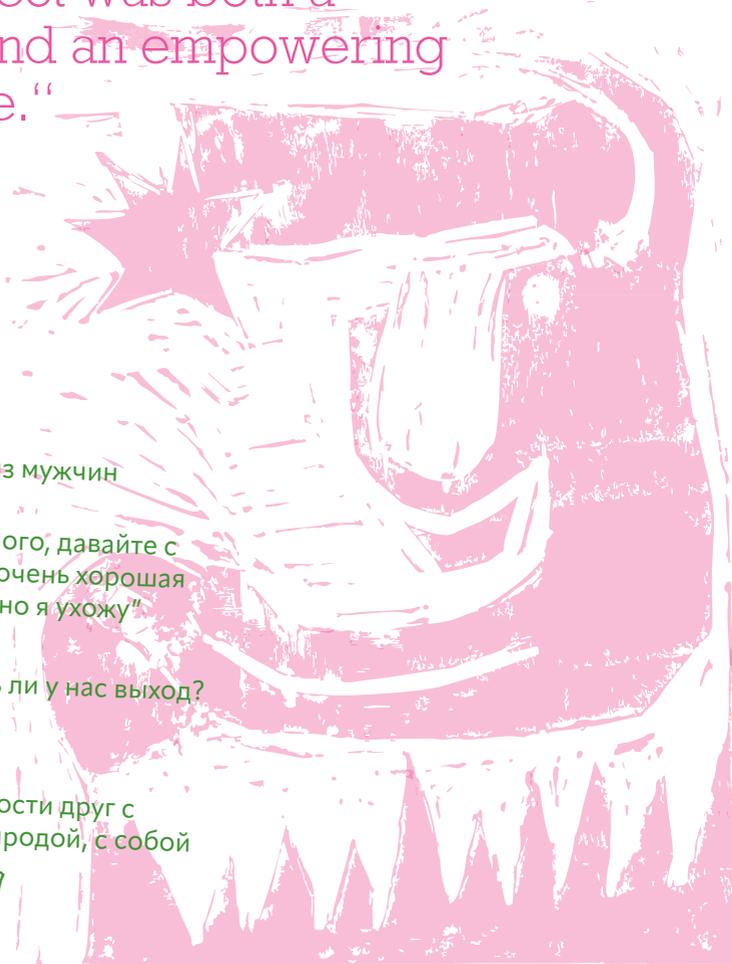
а куда уйти мне? а есть ли у нас выход?

я хочу здесь и сейчас

здесь и сейчас

я хочу место солидарности друг с другом, с землей, с природой, с собой

*я хочу заботиться*





*Lavia Lin*

## **Dance in Colors**

We lived our colorful selves — unapologetically and fearlessly — as we danced and painted, spreading our wings and expanding our comfort zones.

- With each movement, the vibrant fabrics we danced with fluttered in the air, then settled gently on the grass, gradually transforming the park into a living canvas.

Laughter and music echoed through the quiet park, which seemed to come alive with our presence. As we sat comfortably on the soft grass, sipping refreshing tea and taking in our surroundings, we realized how deeply we had intertwined with this place — in the fabrics scattered across the lawn, the traces of color we left behind, the paths we moved through, and the calm comfort we found within ourselves, our bodies, and our identities.

# Who is behind this zine?

What are you reading is a result of a collective effort of people who participated in the workshops, who led the workshops and who organised the program. Every contributor brought their unique perspective on public spaces and we deeply appreciate it that they trusted us in this process. We are thankful that they were brave to share their hearts, souls and imaginations with us and with you dear reader.

In the zine and in our work we treat art, our bodies, emotions and personal expressions as valid forms of knowledge. We see this zine as a meaningful contribution to conversations about urban affairs and how we work with, inhabit and imagine green spaces.

your notes:

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**Feminist Spaces Collective** is a Berlin-based collective working at the intersection of spatial justice, feminist urbanism, and community engagement. Our mission is to challenge the status quo by connecting and amplifying the experiences of the voices of groups oppressed under patriarchy, colonialism and capitalism. To counteract our aim is to work in an anti-sexist, anti-imperialist, and anti-capitalist way, to unlearn oppressive ways of living, designing, and engaging with urban spaces.

[www.feministspaces.com](http://www.feministspaces.com)

[www.instagram.com/feminist\\_spaces](http://www.instagram.com/feminist_spaces)

**(Un)Seen in The Green** is the program organised by the Feminist Spaces Collective in collaboration with the Olof-Palme Stadtteilzentrum's project KIEZimPULS and Kinder- und Jugendclub Schloss19 with the financial support of the Berliner Projektfonds Kulturelle Bildung.

Heartfelt thanks to all the participants who shared their stories, bodies, ideas and time with us.

**Zine Contributors:** Aimée, Alice, Aliko, Atash, Camila La Rotta, Daphne Junksi, Daria Ma, Eduardo Coronado, Julia Litvin, Ilknur, Lavia Lin, Lena, Luismi, Mari, Pali, polina, Schuudr, Sika, Sophie, Sveta, Viola, Джура

The zine was made possible through the contributions from the workshops and sessions: **Werk like Drag** by Frau Gymnastik & Vitalik, **Dance in Colors** by Lavia Lin and Camila de La Rotta, **Dance sense Dance** by Asya Ashman, **Act in the Park** by Collective «unsettlement» (Yura Shipkov & Lena Gorlatova), **Safe in Sound** by Schuudr, **Creative writing** by Weaving futures.

Special thanks to our partners Jini Blunert and Yousef El-Bohaisi, María José Garzón Rivera for making the program in Charlottenburg and Wedding possible, Eva Wendland from Interkulturelles Kinder- und Jugendzentrum SCHALASCH for providing space for the zine lab, and Yura Shipkov for the visual identity of the program.

**Graphic Design:** Katya Romanova

**Print:** we make it

**2025**

**First Edition:** /100 copies

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