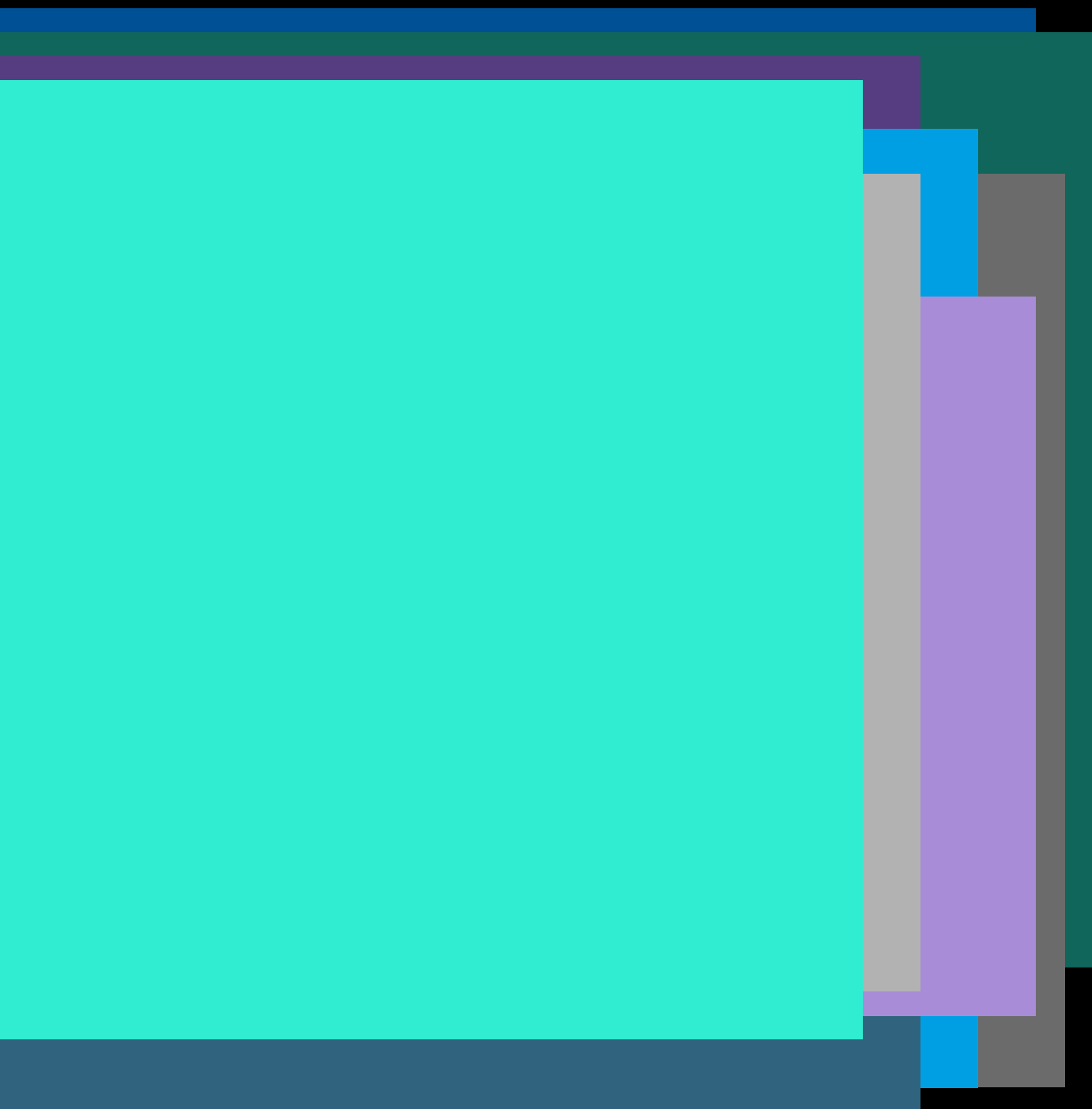


PHOTOGRAPHIC
STORYTELLING
MENTORSHIP PROGRAMME
FOR YOUNG
PHOTOGRAPHERS 2022



PROJECT TEAM

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Video and editing, technical support: **Oleg Sinkov**
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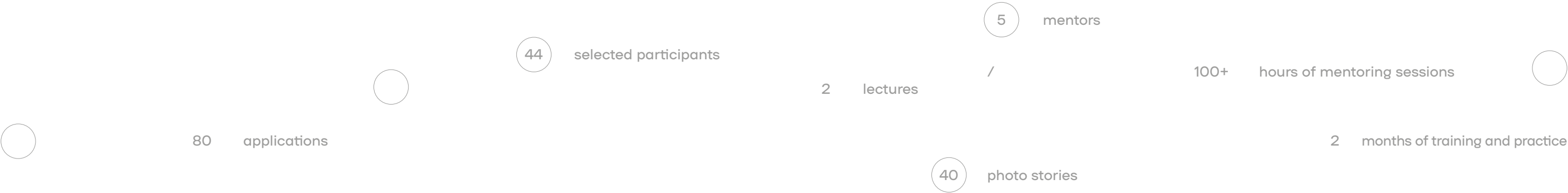


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PHOTOGRAPHIC STORYTELLING MENTORSHIP PROGRAMME FOR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS



Photographic storytelling is an art of creating a coherent story conveying experience and related emotions rather than individual images.

Education and literacy in photographic storytelling are therefore important for young authors to skilfully tell stories and avoid manipulation.

Usually we learn about wars from adults, who directly experience or witness an event. Unfortunately, teenagers also have to hide from shelling, leave their homes, live and plan their future adult life under uncertainty. Young Ukrainian photographers created visual stories about their own wartime experience in the framework of the mentoring programme.

MENTORS



MYKHAYLO PALINCHAK

Mykhaylo Palinchak is a Ukrainian street and documentary photographer. He is a member of the Ukrainian Photographic Alternative (UPHA) since 2012. He was an official photographer of the President of Ukraine in 2014-2019. He is a founder of the Untitled platform, dedicated to Ukrainian photography. He is a co-founder of the Ukrainian Street Photography group, a platform to raise awareness about and discuss Ukrainian street photography and to exchange related experience.

Palinchak is the author of two photo books *Maidan Faces* (2020) and *Anamnesis* (2020). Publications: TIME, The New York Times, Esquire, The Guardian, Forbes, Chicago Tribune, Los Angeles Times, Le Monde, Le Figaro, Liberation, Politiken, Bloomberg, Spiegel, Stern, Paris Match, Newsweek, Financial Times, The Washington Post etc. Since 24 February, he has been documenting Russia's full-scale war against Ukraine.

palinchak.com.ua



VALERIY MILOSERDOV

Valeriy Miloserdov is a Ukrainian documentary photographer and photojournalist. He started his career in the 1980s, that's why his lens caught important historic events: Perestroika, the collapse of the Soviet Union, the 1991 Soviet coup d'état attempt, the Transnistria War and others. He worked in Donbas since the late '80s, and in the '90s created a documentary photo series *Disposable People* that won a special award from the jury of the international photography competition Grand Prix Images Vevey in Switzerland.

In 2015, he worked on *Wariupol* series in eastern Ukraine. He gave photography workshops for ATO veterans and those who survived captivity in the self-proclaimed Luhansk and Donetsk People's Republics. He worked at the Izolyatsia foundation that moved from Donetsk to Kyiv, and at the Babyn Yar Holocaust Memorial Centre. He is the author of the *Photo Themes Theoretical and Practical Course* at Viktor Marushchenko School of Photography.

facebook.com/vmiloserdov111



ALINA SMUTKO

Documentary photographer, photojournalist. She worked as a freelance reporter at Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty's Ukrainian Service (Radio Svoboda) in the occupied Crimea for three years. Now, she is a part of Suspilne News team. She worked on personal projects in Ukraine, Moldova, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan and Turkey, including Donbas, Transnistria, Abkhazia and Nagorno-Karabakh.

Her photos have been published in Liga.net, Ukrainska Pravda, Focus, Hromadske, OpenDemocracy, Deutsche Welle, BBC, Politico, Reuters, Der Spiegel, National Geographic, SZ Magazine and The British Journal of Photography. Her work has been showcased in group and solo exhibitions in Ukraine and abroad. She is one of 12 RFE/RL Women Who Make Headlines in 2019 according to RFE/RL's headquarters (Prague, the Czech Republic).

alinasmutkoph.com



TARAS BYCHKO

Taras Bychko is a documentary and street photographer. His work has been exhibited at Miami Street Photo Festival (2016, 2017, 2018), Eastreet 4 – photography of Eastern Europe (2017), Odesa//Batumi Photo Days (2017), Leica Street Photo (2018) and other international and Ukrainian festivals and photo competitions.

He is the author of two books: *Sykhiv* (Lviv, 2020) and *2ROOMS* (Lviv, 2021). His work has been showcased at the group exhibition *War Diaries* (Poland-Georgia). He participated in the *Shelter* exhibit project for Ukrainian artists at Lviv Municipal Art Centre with the *Rear* series. His work has been published in LFI, Burn Magazine, National Geographic, Lens Culture, 121 clicks, Bird in Flight and others. Bychko is one of the founders and curators of the Ukrainian Street Photography group and is a member of the Little Box Collective.

bychko.com



IGOR CHEKACHKOV

Igor Chekachkov is a photographer, teacher and founder of Chekachkov Photo Academy. He started as a photojournalist and ended up in art photography. His work has been published in National Geographic, The Guardian, Le Monde, Der Spiegel, Forbes, The Economist, Bird In Flight and others.

Chekachkov's projects have been showcased at La Quitreme Image (Paris), Galerie Claude Samuel (Paris), Ukrainian Museum (New York), Ukrainian Cultural Centre (Los Angeles), Odesa//Batumi Photo Days, HYBRID (Madrid) etc. He founded Chekachkov Photo Academy in 2017, where he mentors the Art Photography course. Since 2017, he has been teaching at the Zero Year course at the Kharkiv School of Architecture.

chekachkov.com

LECTURERS



MAXIM DONDYUK

Maxim Dondyuk is a Ukrainian visual artist working in the field of documentary photography. His practice integrates multiple mediums including photography, video, text, and archival material. Maxim's works often explore issues relating to history, memory, conflict, and their consequences.

Maxim's recognitions include International Photographer of the Year in Lucie Awards, finalist of the Prix Pictet Photography Prize, Magnum Photos competition '30 under 30' for emerging documentary photographers. His work has been exhibited internationally including at the Musée d'Art Moderne in Paris, Somerset House in London and MAXXI National Museum of XXI Century Arts in Rome.

As a photojournalist, Maxim widely covers and documents Ukrainian events, including the Revolution of Dignity, the war in eastern Ukraine that started in 2014 and Russia's full-scale invasion. He documented the confrontation on Maidan Nezalezhnosti, the Battle of Ilovaisk, was wounded near Irpen.

maximdondyuk.com

Photographing
in the conditions of war
by Maxim Dondyuk

YouTube



OKSANA PARAFENIUK

Oksana Parafeniuk is an independent photographer based in Kyiv. She explores the manifestations of human resilience and dignity among people facing hardships. Her main interest is to explore creative approaches in documentary photography.

In addition to her personal projects, Oksana has worked with and published her work in The Washington Post, The New York Times, Time, Le Monde, Der Spiegel, NBC News, BuzzFeed News, The Wall Street Journal, Al Jazeera English, Rest of World, U.S. News & World Report, Newsweek, MSF, UN Women, UNHCR, L'Oeil de la Photographie, and others.

Oksana was trained at the RISC HEFAT Training in Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina in 2018. She is a participant of the Women Photograph Mentorship Program 2017-2018. Oksana holds an MA degree in French/Francophone Civilization, Culture, and Society from Middlebury College where she was awarded the Kathryn Davis Fellowship for Peace.

oksanaparafeniuk.com

Fundamentals
of Documentary Storytelling
by Oksana Parafeniuk

YouTube

PARTICIPANTS

IVAN SAMOILOV

20 Y. O.

/ KHARKIV

I study at the Kharkiv State Academy of Culture to become a cinematographer. I've been interested in photography for five years now, and started shooting regularly two years ago. I've also taken a part-time journalism course at Karazin Kharkiv National University. I'm interested in both documentary photography and documentaries. I like to walk around the city, take pictures and create! I see my future in peaceful Ukraine, in my hometown. I would like to contribute to the development of the Ukrainian film industry and culture in general.



KHARKIV NOWADAYS. WAR ESSAYS

I've lived all my 20 years of life in Kharkiv. I used to enjoy life and rarely thought the war would come to the city. After the full-scale invasion, I spent two months taking pictures of my hometown and discovering new landscapes district by district.

In the summer, I got to the North Saltivka, the most war-stricken district in Kharkiv. The name used to be something distant and barely known to me, because I'd never been there before the war. Never before had I seen such devastation. Only rescuers, old people, volunteers and homeless animals maintain some kind of life in the ruined, nearly destroyed city.

The centre of Kharkiv has also been affected by the war. The central streets are still recognisable, but a lot has changed: most restaurants and cafes are closed or have been destroyed together with the buildings they were located in. Cultural life has descended to bomb shelters. You can listen to Serhiy Zhadan reading his poems in a basement, chat with a few friends, who have stayed in the city, and then a siren goes off and here you are looking for the entrance to the nearest metro station in complete darkness.

There are destroyed schools and sports centres in my district, chipboard sheets cover holes in façades, where windows used to be. There are still tents in a metro station. Back in August, enemy's artillery attacked it every day, but it's a much quieter place now. Neighbours are coming back.





ARTEM BAIDALA

21 Y. O.

/

DNIPRO

A photographer and designer. I get started with photography in 2017. Since the very beginning, I've been shooting reportage, street and portraits of my friends. I shot on film the entire 2021. I'm interested not only in the technical, but also in the artistic side of photography and art in general.

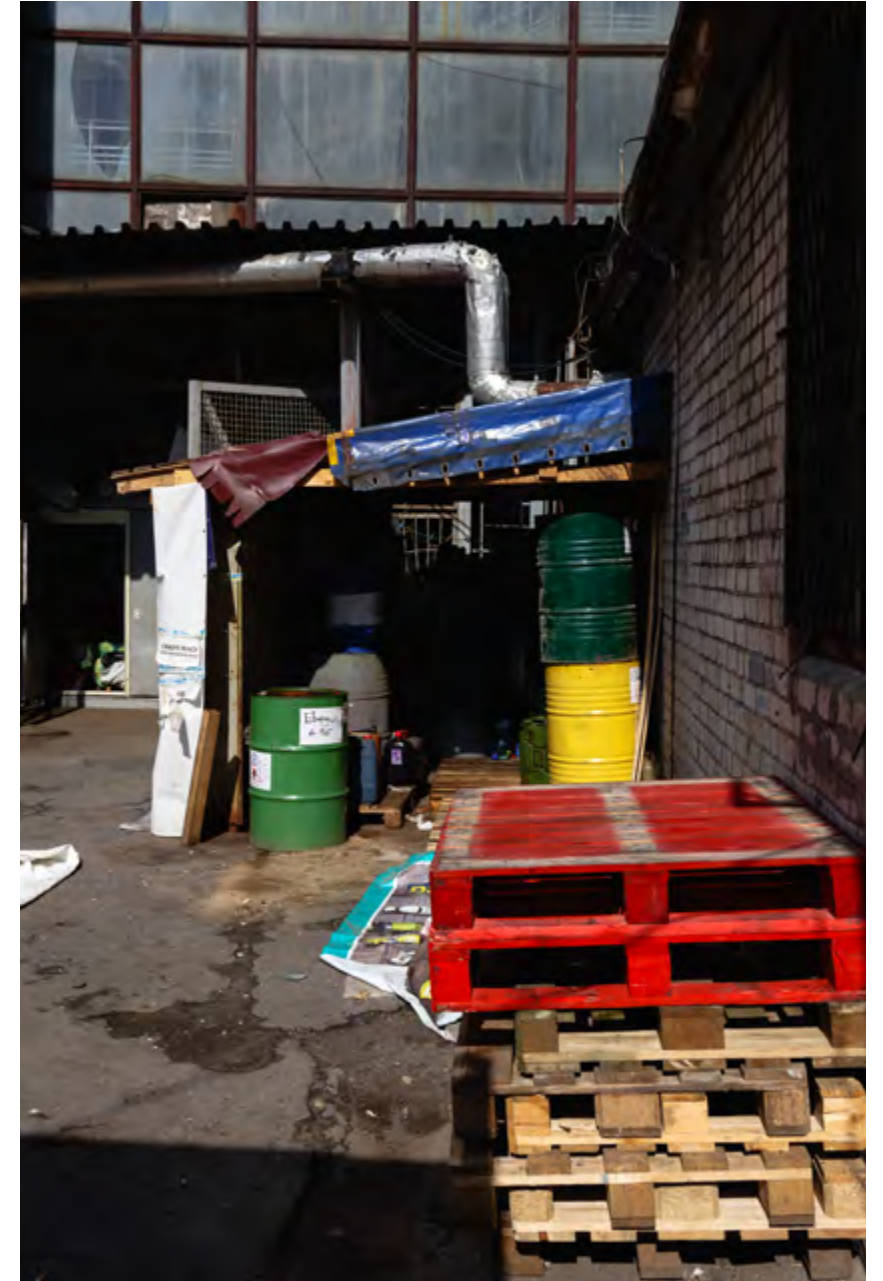
I bought my first digital camera in January 2022. I managed to take several shots for Zupagrafika before the full-scale invasion. I was in Lviv on 24 February and documented first days of the war. I decided to focus on design and photography as my main occupations. I returned to Dnipro in April. In parallel with design studies, I continue to capture my feelings and visions of war in the photographic medium.



SECOND FRONT

"You, volunteers, are our second front. I don't know, what we would do without you", said a serviceman, to whom volunteers brought a car from Lviv. I'm sure, you've heard this before. Volunteers have indeed become an essential part of the Ukrainian resistance and contributed a lot to numerous victories at the front line.

In this photo series, I'd like to show at least a part of what volunteers work. The short stories depict delivery and provision of construction materials for people, whose houses were hit by missiles; volunteers' free time in between loading of humanitarian aid; production of potbelly stoves for the regions left without heating and electricity; and delivery of a car to the front line for the military.







TIM MELNIKOV

19 Y. O.
/ ODESA

An Odesa-born Ukrainian photographer. I shoot street, reportage and architecture. From the first days of hostilities, I've been chronicling the effects of the war in Odesa. I study at the Faculty of Journalism of Mechnikov Odesa National University.



LIVING WITH WAR

I've been piecing together this photo essay since the beginning of Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine. Since the first day, I've been staying in Odesa and taking pictures of life in the city. I wanted to show how the desire to live broke through the realities of the bloody war, frequent shelling and depressive uncertainty.

The war has changed Odesa dramatically, giving it the features inherent in a front line city, although it is located 150 kilometres from the front line, in fact, in the rear. During the first months, the city was busy preparing for a possible breakthrough, but later on it became clear that such a scenario was almost impossible.

In the summer, the city missed a usual tourist season because of mined beaches. Bomb shelters were opened in many civilian institutions, hospitals, schools, and universities. Nevertheless, Odesa is alive, although it is not as vibrant as it used to be before the war. Wartime Odesa is deserted and gloomy, but not broken.







STANISLAV BOYKO

/ KYIV 19 Y. O.

I was born and live in Kyiv. I study at the National Technical University of Ukraine "Igor Sikorsky Kyiv Polytechnic Institute", at the Faculty of Informatics and Computer Science. I took up photography three years ago. I enjoy art in all its forms.



Chernihiv. School no. 21. October 2022

RUSSIAN LESSONS. CHERNIHIV. 2022 – ...

On 24 February 2022, Russia launched a full-scale invasion of Ukraine. Millions of Ukrainians all over the country were woken up by sounds of missile attacks in almost all big cities.

Schools became one of the main targets of Russian attacks. According to the General Staff of the Armed Forces of Ukraine, as of the beginning of the current school year, in Ukraine, 2,405 educational institutions were damaged, of which 270 were completely destroyed.

Chernihiv, one of the oldest Ukrainian cities, was nearly surrounded during the first days of invasion. After the occupiers had failed to capture the city, they started shelling civilian facilities, including schools. According to the Chernihiv City Council, 25 schools were damaged in the city; Russian aircraft destroyed two of them at the beginning of March. At that time, locals used both schools as shelters.

Chernihiv, October 2022



Chernihiv. School no. 18. July 2022



Chernihiv. School no. 21. October 2022



Chernihiv. School no. 21. Illia. October 2022



Chernihiv. School no. 21. Sania. October 2022



Chernihiv. School no. 18. July 2022



Chernihiv. School no. 21. October 2022



Chernihiv. School no. 21. July 2022



Chernihiv. School no. 21. July 2022

VERONIKA BILODID

20 Y. O.

/ KREMENCHUK

I study journalism at M. Ostrohradskyi Kremenchuk National University. I took up photography three years ago. I plan to become a photojournalist.

Photography makes it possible to show the whole world the horrors Ukraine is facing now and Russia's war crimes against the Ukrainian people. I think, photojournalists' work is really invaluable now, because reporting the truth is a powerful weapon against the aggressor country. My goal is to become a highly qualified photojournalist to provide high-quality coverage of events and deliver a message to everyone.



This series is about the tragedy that happened in Kremenchuk: Russia's terrorist attack on the local shopping centre Amstor. In this series I documented how the consequences of the missile strike were managed on the third day after the shelling.





VALENTYN ZHAROVSKYI

21 Y. O.

/

KYIV

My photographic journey began with Yaroslav Golubchuk's courses in 2017. Since 2019, I've been studying at Kyiv National University of Culture and Arts to become a TV and film camera operator. In 2021-2022, I worked as a cameraman at a Kyiv TV station. Currently, photography is my main focus.



LINE OF FIRE

Since the beginning of Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine, Kyiv was one of the main targets of the attempted offensive. There was a mass evacuation to safer regions. Ukrainian defenders stopped the occupiers in Kyiv Oblast. Kyiv's satellite cities and towns, as well as surrounding villages found themselves in the line of fire and suffered the most. Battles took place in Borodianka, Irpen, Bucha, Hostomel and other cities and towns. Many people returned home after the liberation of Kyiv Oblast from Russian occupation.





SOFIIA HOMIN

20 Y. O.

/

KYIV

I live and study journalism in Kyiv. I took up photography in the first year, when I shot theatrical productions, architecture, portraits, reportage with a digital camera. A few months after Russia's invasion of Ukraine, I became interested in analogue film photography. I shoot on film now, develop and print photos in my darkroom at home.

I also enjoy writing: I write novellas, stories and poems. The art of documentary allows me to combine texts and visual images to produce my own stories. I use texts and photos to explore the war and its impact on Ukrainians, which bothers me a lot. I explore the limits of peace and security, the value of human life and freedom.



THERE ARE NO TOY SOLDIERS

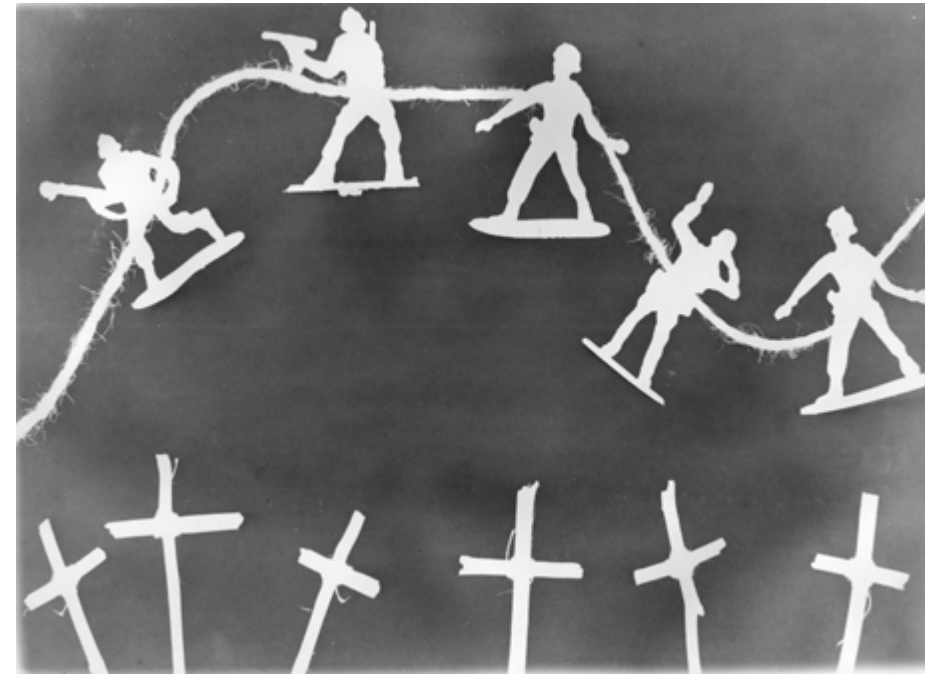
One of Putin's intentions was to capture Kyiv "in three days". The bloody dictator failed, and on 2 April, Ukrainian troops liberated Kyiv Oblast from Russian invaders.

The Russian military withdrew from Kyiv Oblast after fierce battles. Mass graves, looting, destructions are among the horrors of the war they brought with them. Despite being oafish, occupiers still pose a threat because they commit war crimes on the territory of Ukraine. Putin's minions can be called toy soldiers, puppets in the hands of the higher ranks, who send them to Ukraine to die.

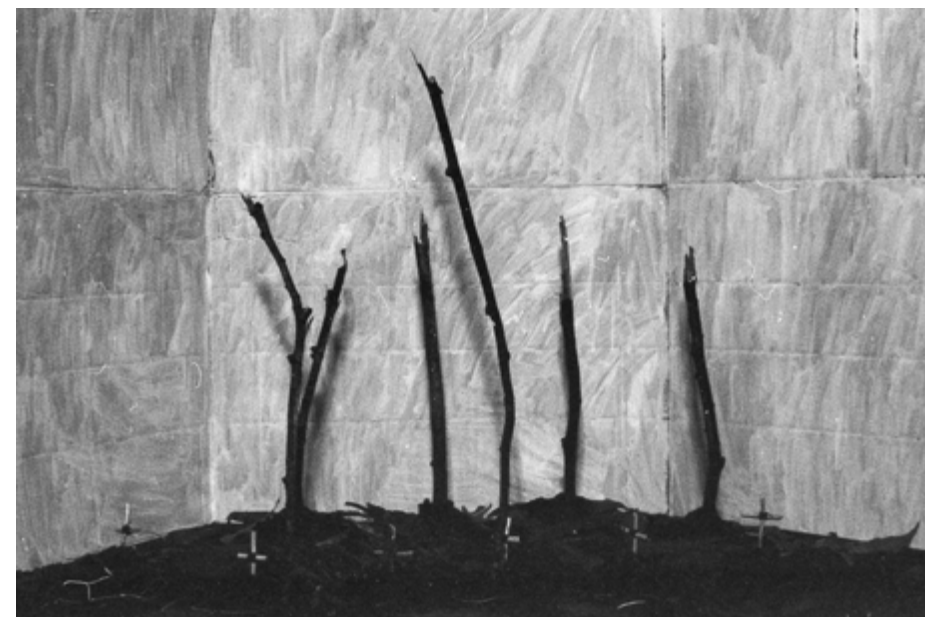
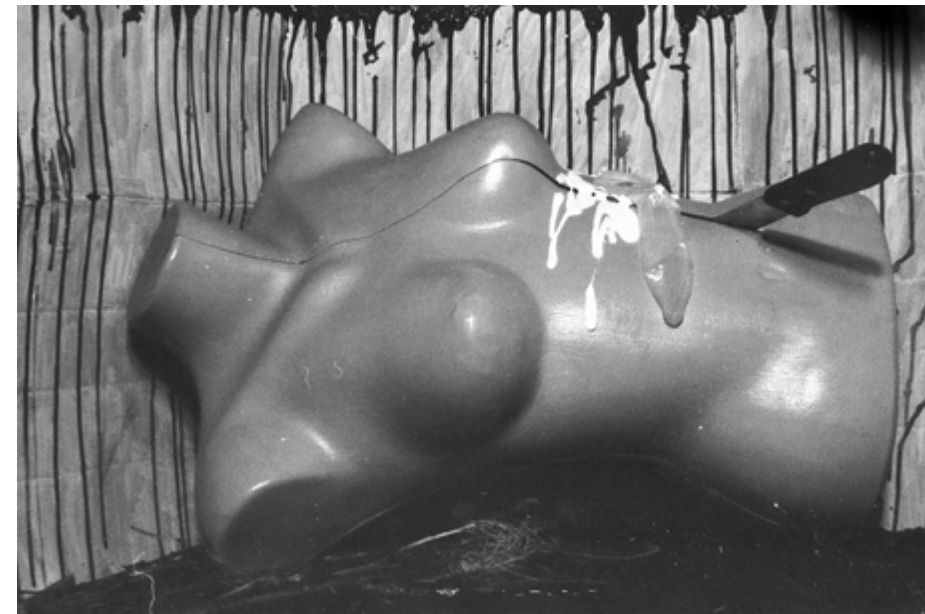
After the liberation of Kyiv Oblast, the question arose of how to revitalise the space that had been temporarily occupied. Locals can still remember the horrors of the first months of the war. Toy soldiers were expelled, resulting in a surge of the unstoppable desire to move on.

There Are No Toy Soldiers is an attempt to understand what the residents of Kyiv Oblast faced after Ukrainian troops kicked Putin's minions out of the region, and to explore what we are left with, when destruction obscures the future, and tomorrow is uncertain.

I printed photos on the Soviet photo paper. I found the objects for the photograms—broken dishes, coins, cutlery—in the liberated cities and towns of Kyiv Oblast. I also used toy soldiers I found in a box of corn flakes and made crosses out of wood and threads.



A photograph of thread, toy soldiers from a corn flakes box and wooden crosses, October 2022





A photograph of dishes that I found
in one of the destroyed houses in Bucha,
September 2022



A photograph of dishes that I found
in one of the destroyed houses in Bucha,
September 2022



KATERYNA BOKLAN

19 Y. O.

/

KYIV — PLZEŇ (CZECH REPUBLIC)

Originally from Lviv, I'm temporary staying in Plzeň (Czech Republic).

I'm interested in analogue film photography. My objective is to implement a project that would make a difference in society. Through my photos, I try to remind about important things that really matter, about feelings, and about ourselves.



I took these pictures in Berlin, Germany, in 2022.

SHOULD WE LOOK UP TO ADULTS?

hello, adults.

there is a question: should we really look up to you?

you ignored the mistakes of your ancestors. well, this became our death sentence. we couldn't bring our dreams to life. we didn't have time to discover the world, but if we had ... do you think there would be still chaos? would we steal, lie, destroy and kill in the future as you do now?

did we get you right?

sincerely yours, because we can't be otherwise,
children

According to the governmental platform [Children of War](#), as of 6 December 2022, 443 children have been killed and more than 853 have been injured during the war in Ukraine.







VOLODYMYR MATEICHUK

19 Y. O.

/

KOLOMYIA

I live in Kolomyia and study journalism in Lviv. I've been into photography for four years now, predominantly documentary.

I'm a finalist of Odesa Future Photo Days 2021, and under 21 finalist of London Street Photography Festival 2021. My work was exhibited at Singapore and Reykjavik.



A shelter in a kindergarten

RELIABLE HOME FRONT

Kolomyia is a small city in western Ukraine with the population of around 60,000. The photos show the life of a home front city during a full-scale war with Russia. Constant air raid alerts and military funerals are intertwined with people's daily lives. People are used to monitoring the news all the time. In the eighth month of the war, the volunteer centres, which were overcrowded at the beginning, are half-empty now.



A volunteer centre in Kolomyia



Children in a school shelter during an air raid alert





A procession dedicated to the Intercession of the Theotokos and the Defenders Day



A wounded soldier holding the Ukrainian flag at the torchlight procession dedicated to the Intercession of the Theotokos and the Defenders Day



The funeral of the head of the Kolomyia Education Directorate
Lubomyr Bordun, who has been killed in the war.



VOLODYMYR SHAPIRO

21 Y. O. /

LVIV — ZOLOCHIV

Originally from Zolochiv, Lviv Oblast, Volodymyr lives and works in Lviv.
He is interested in documentary photography. He has a bachelor's degree
in political science. He is completing a master's programme in cultural studies.



A camouflage net in one of the volunteer centres in Lviv.

14 October 2022

NET

Every society has its own customs, traditions and cultural phenomena. Historically, Ukrainians have been valuing freedom a lot: freedom of action, freedom of choice. This has been particularly tangible since the times of the Zaporizhzhya Sich, when free Cossacks united into communities. Back then, they already followed the principle of subsidiarity, when everybody is aware of their own responsibility and effectiveness and does not wait for someone else to do their job.

This is what we see nowadays: Ukrainians rally in the face of challenges to overcome them. The volunteer movement manifested itself with the beginning of the Russian invasion of Ukraine that started in 2014, and it is still active. Awareness of one's own responsibility and the urge to be useful for the society drive volunteer movements throughout Ukraine.

Volunteering is about the society united in a common goal, activities, and, what is more important, in common values. Volunteering is about People.





Products used to prepare food for the military,
Lviv Volunteer Kitchen.

Lviv, 19 October 2022

A volunteer, Lviv Volunteer Kitchen.

Lviv, 19 October 2022



Yarema, a volunteer (Ukrainian diaspora in Australia), Lviv Volunteer Kitchen.

Lviv, 19 October 2022



Cutting pepper to prepare dry borscht mixes, Lviv Volunteer Kitchen.

Lviv, 19 October 2022



Dry borscht mixes to be delivered to the Ukrainian military on the front line, Lviv Volunteer Kitchen.

Lviv, 19 October 2022



A volunteer (Ukrainian diaspora in Australia), Lviv Volunteer Kitchen.

Lviv, 19 October 2022

KSENIA PAVLOVA

/ KYIV 21 Y.O.

A choreographer by training, Ksenia is now studying at the Ukrainian Film School to become a camera operator. She took up photography five years ago.



ABOUT COCKTAILS: TWO RECIPES.

This project tells about two days of life of young Kyivites (25 February and 7 October 2022) during Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine.

The name of every cocktail corresponds to the mood and events of the day.

Morning of 25 February 2022. Ukraine, Kyiv. Day 2 of Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine.



An air alert; my boyfriend Lucas and I go down to the ordinary basement of a block of flats. That was my first time in a "bomb shelter" since the beginning of the full-scale war. The reality felt like playing a game.



They told us they would join territorial defence and made Molotov cocktails to fight Russian tanks.



Our friend Kyrylo called us outside to make Molotov cocktails. We met Denchik and Vasya.

Molotov cocktail

- a glass bottle with thin walls
- 3/4 petrol
- 1/4 lubricant
- 10–20 ml tar
- cloth (natural)

A Molotov cocktail is a hand thrown incendiary weapon constructed from a frangible container filled with flammable substances equipped with a fuse (typically a glass bottle filled with flammable liquids sealed with a cloth wick), from Wikipedia).

Vasya.



We could hear the sound of aircraft during the air alert. People went outside and stayed near entrances, children rode on the swings.



Lucas told me there was a bunker church on Batyyeva Hill locals used as a bomb shelter. We went to check it and hide there, if needed.



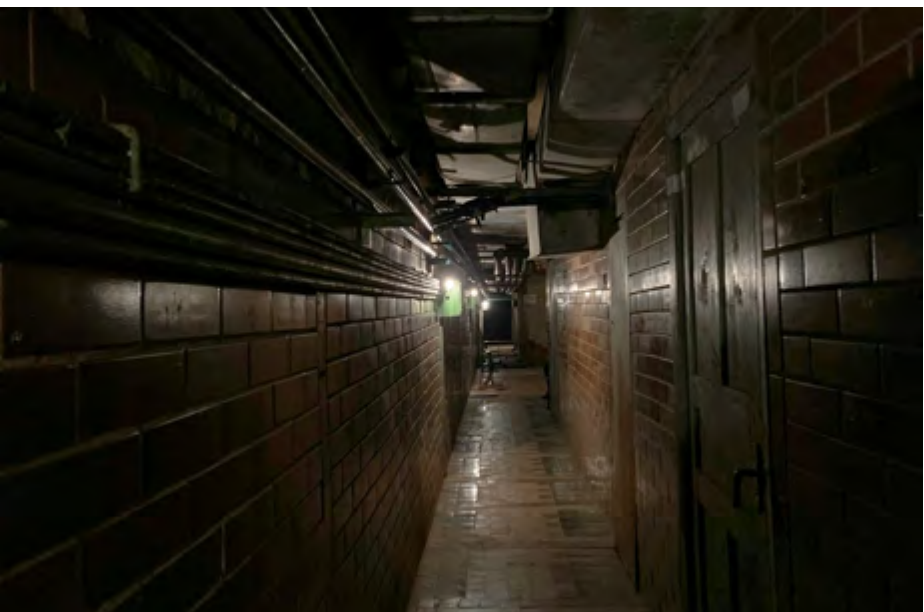
St. Michael the Archangel's Church on Batyyeva Hill.



Priest Oleksandr Fadeyev told us that the building had been built before the World War I, and people hid there during air alerts now. I was so impressed by his amazing calmness amid the complete chaos around. He was smiling and talking about something so calmly and quietly that I calmed down and felt completely safe.



The Miracle of St. Michael the Archangel at Chonae in St. Michael the Archangel's Church on Batyyeva Hill.



Not Fear, but Loathing

- 1/3 lemon liqueur
- 1/3 passion fruit syrup
- 1/3 grapefruit juice

Better drink in one go.



Vasya wanted to join territorial defence but stayed with his girlfriend. She died of cancer some time later. Vasya's mother destroyed all Molotov cocktails, called him a fascist and beat him. Then she went to Russia with his father. Vasya found a new home and job. He works at a factory. "All friends are alive".



A part of the bar interior, where we met Vasya and Denchik. That was the second time I saw the guys after 25 February. I asked them what they remembered from that day and why they had made Molotov cocktails. They said, they were ready to throw themselves in front of tanks and felt no fear at all.



Denchik says he came to join the territorial defence. He took all his documents except for passport. He managed to get to the territorial defence all the same. He served at checkpoints in February and March, and was involved in administrative activities.

After the Russian army was pushed back from Kyiv, he cycled to Lviv and won a racing event there. The guys own a workshop, where they assemble bicycles. They are planning to start producing bamboo bicycles



ANASTASIIA BAKLAZHKO

20 Y. O.

/

KYIV

I'm a photographer and a student. I study art history. I've been shooting for more than two years now. My focus is portrait and landscape photography. Sometimes, I also do collage.



NORMAL RESPONSE TO ABNORMAL EVENTS

On 24 February, Russia's aggression against Ukraine flipped my reality upside down. It took me seven months of the war to sort out my feelings: fear, numbness, hatred, and apathy. Then I realised that any reaction to abnormal events was normal.

Women in the focus of my project experience the same. I asked young women to tell about how the war had affected their emotional state, and tried to capture that.



KATYA, 20 Y. O.,
A STUDENT AND A VOLUNTEER

Kyiv — Orativ (Vinnytsia Oblast) — Kyiv

RAGE

I cried only three times: when my family and I were leaving Kyiv, when Roman Ratushnyi died and during my friend's funeral.

I've become very angry. With Russians in the first place, of course. This is rage rather than anger. I used to be a kind and calm person before the full-scale invasion: you could never guess I was irritated with someone.

I now filter what I say less and feel a lot of unspoken anger pouring out of me. On the other hand, I'm now more open in my anger: I don't force myself any more to talk to people I don't like.

I've realised that rage is a good catalyst and healthy anger is good. However, being angry all the time makes you feel very bad. I became so prostrate at some point that could literary spent the whole day looking at a wall or watching the same YouTube video.

My mother once told that my smile had changed, it became downturned. Then I started noticing it myself in a mirror. I tried to get my smile back, but it looks artificial now.



OLENA, 20 Y. O.,
A STUDENT AND AN EDITOR

Kyiv — Horodyshe-Kosivske (Kyiv Oblast) — Kyiv

APATHY

I was afraid on the first day, when I heard explosions, but the next day I became completely apathetic and indifferent. I felt no fear, hatred, or anger. I felt empty inside. My body couldn't stand it any more and decided to "freeze".

I tried to force myself to feel anything, and watched videos about Bucha or Mariupol at night. That brought at least some tears. That's how I made myself cry to release emotions. Crying made me realise I understood feelings of others. That was important to me. When I read news about liberated Bucha, I felt no empathy towards people there. That was kind of my personal defeat, not to be able to share that collective grief and hatred, but I really couldn't. I reproached myself for the lack of any response.

It took some time to overcome apathy. Perhaps, my recovery started, when our military from Azovstal were ordered to save their lives and surrender. I felt happy.

I still feel no anger or hatred. Sure thing, I'm happy that Ukrainian territories are being liberated, but this is not the happiness I was able to feel before February. I can feel elevated to a certain extent, but I can't say I'm happy.



SOPHIA, 20 Y. O.,
A PHOTOGRAPHER AND A VIDEOGRAPHER

Poltava — Kyiv — Poltava

DEVASTATION / DESPAIR

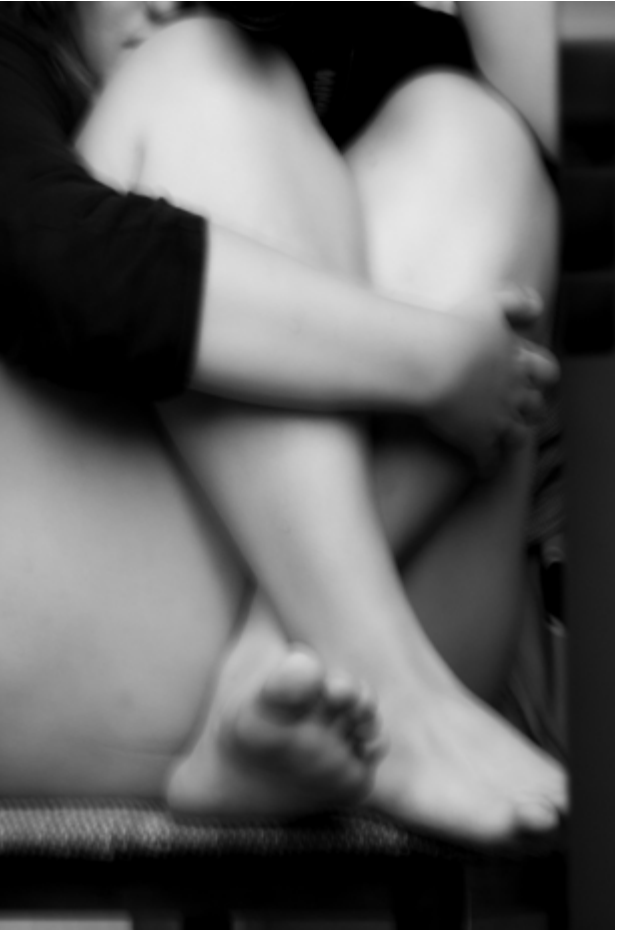
On 24 February, I was with my sister. We heard the first blast at 5 o'clock in the morning. We packed our belongings, took our cat and went to Poltava.

Life was divided into "before" and "after": I didn't feel save any more. I couldn't believe it was happening. I withdrew into myself and spent a lot of time sleeping. That was my protective reaction.

Gardening and playing piano helped me through. In the mid of March, I felt an urge to film everything that was happening. I was tired and needed time to adjust. Subconsciously, I expected that everything would end quickly. I was desolated and felt slightly disappointed and desperate.

I fully reconsidered myself, my origin and where I belonged. Before the full-scale war I was afraid I would lose myself if I stopped photographing. The war has shown that I remain myself even despite a break in shooting. This knowledge is important to me.

The perception and meaning of home has changed. My home in Poltava has become my fortress and shelter. I used to come to Poltava to visit my parents, but now I feel again that I come back home. The war has brought me back to the point, where I have unsolved issues that keep me from moving on. It seems to me that everyone has returned to the starting point.



ANASTASIIA, 20 Y. O.,
A PHOTOGRAPHER; STUDIES ART

Sumy — Kyiv

FEAR

My friend's call woke me up at 4 o'clock in the morning. 'Nastia, pack your things, there's a war', she said. It took me ten minutes to pack my most important belongings. I had a cup of coffee and went to my parents' place near Beresteiska metro station. We decided to stay in the city.

I remember well the face of an unknown woman in the underground. She was crying desperately, and tried to keep staring at the ceiling to stop. She reminded me of the image of the Mother of God.

My guinea pig helped me through. Explosions made it very nervous too. I took it in my arms to calm down. We comforted each other.

At some point, I started feeling pain and fear. I became more empathetic. I experienced every piece of news about rape or torture as if it had happened to me. I put on many clothes, because I was afraid to be naked. I felt nudity as insecurity. It was physically cold, painful and scary.

On the night of 26 February, there was a tank battle near Beresteiska metro station. I was afraid I would die. I used to think I would regret not doing something before I died. However, I was just terrified that my loved ones and I would die. I wish nobody would ever feel anything like that. This fear smells like corpses, blood and burning. It was strange to see the places where I had grown up mutilated by the war.

KRYSTYNA NOVYKOVA

/

20 Y. O.

MARIUPOL — MILAN (ITALY)

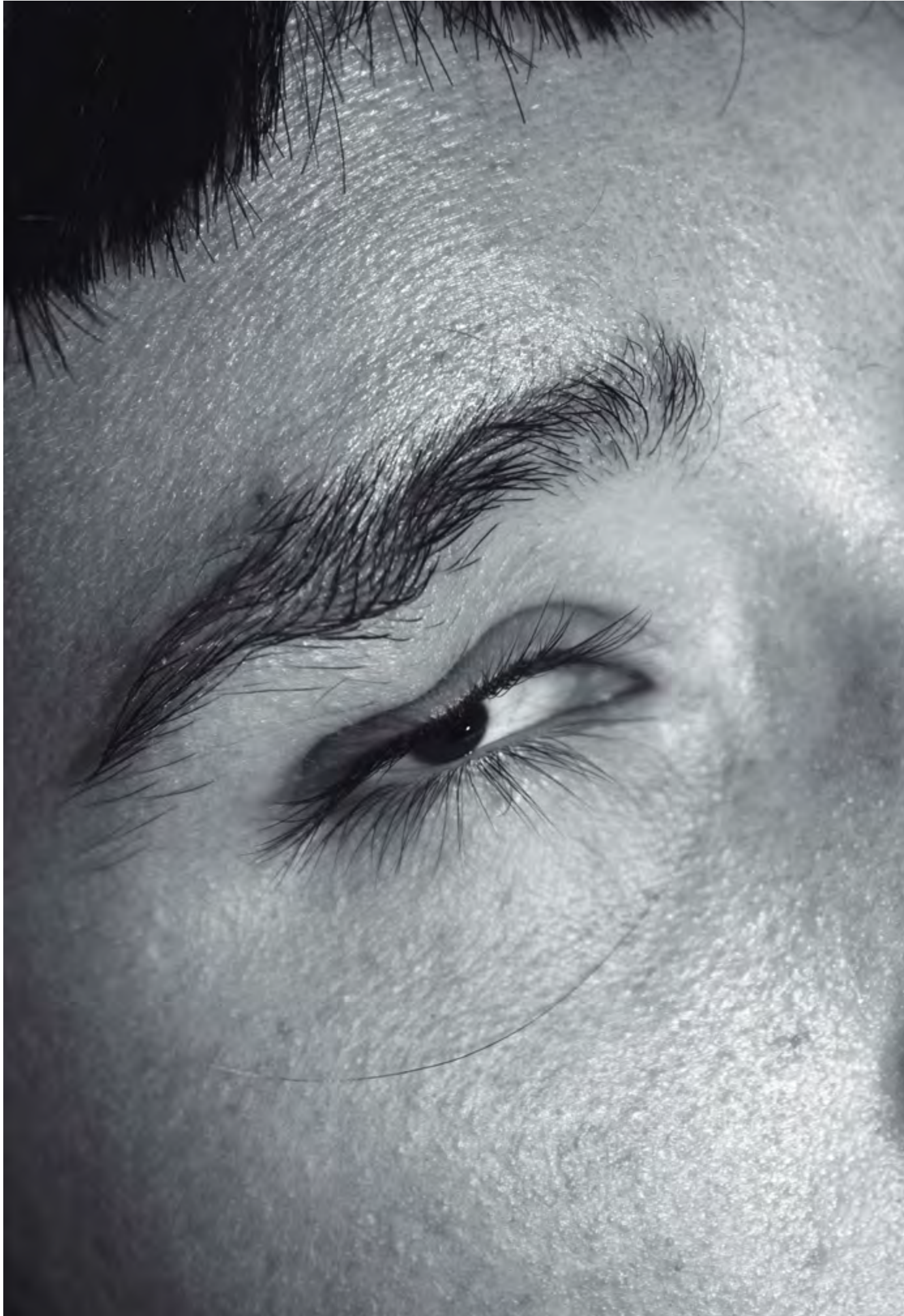
Before the war, I studied acting and directing in Kyiv, now I am working on a play in Milan. Cinema, theatre and photography coexist side by side in my personal space. I try to find balance between not limiting myself to only one thing and being focused and precise in what I do here and now. Sometimes I succeed.



DEFORMATION

24 February has changed time, space and the very form of existence for me forever. I've been in a phantasmagorical dream, where present and past intertwine. My feelings, body and memory are deformed. There's

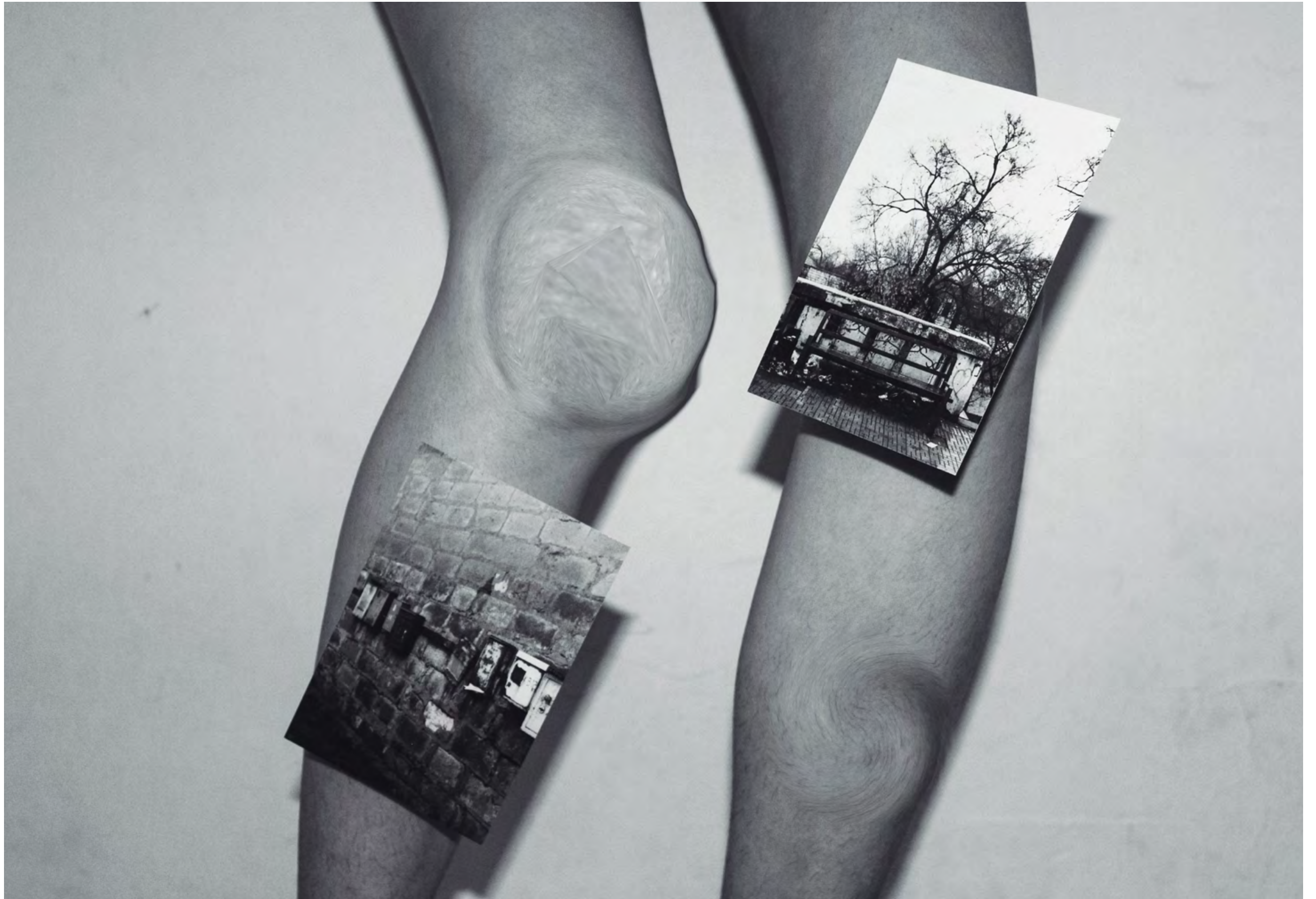
a permanent state of tightness and suffocation. Printed photos are my only physical connection with Mariupol and my first love now. They seem to be sewn into the skin. The memory of the city and the love in it is not distorted; on the contrary, it becomes even more clear and detailed every day. This project is an attempt to recreate the new reality, I, perhaps, will never be able to get used to.





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VLADYSLAV SAFRONOV

/

KYIV

19 Y. O.

I studied sociology, but left the university after the full-scale invasion started.
I study at the Ukrainian Film School to become a camera operator.

I've been into photography since 2019, and in May 2022 became
interested in fine-art photography. I try to apply cinematographic
approach to my shots.



Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine has changed lives of thousands of Ukrainians. I'm no exception. These events have forced me to rethink my attitude to the world, and I've decided to convey every stage I've gone through.



MILK

The Protagonist ends up at a party with people whom he used to feel connected to. Dramatic changes in Protagonist's life, however, have broken that connection. He no longer feels comfortable in his old environment. While everyone is talking and drinking alcohol, the Protagonist silently drinks milk left alone with painful changes.



STUPOR

Protagonist's life goes on, despite the changes, but he can't keep up. There are events that require actions, but the Protagonist is still unable to respond to challenges — there is only stupor and a desperate desire to get rid of all thoughts, even if this means taking an ice cold shower.



DIALOGUE

Failing to accept inevitable changes, the Protagonist finds himself in complete isolation. Even when talking face-to-face to other people he can't see, hear or understand them. It seems all he has to do is to reach out to establish contact, but when he looks up, he sees only a blurred form.



CHAINS

The Protagonist understands that he is bound by outdated principles, ideas and views. Once they were a part of him, but changes have turned them in chains he hid so skilfully under layers of clothing that he barely noticed it.

It's time to break them.



CURTAINS

Finally, the Protagonist understands what is the problem, why he has lost connection with the environment and, what is more important, why it is necessary to completely destroy it and build a new relationship with the world. This discovery, however, causes inner turmoil. He has to find strength to cope with.



WINGS

The Protagonist loses a part of himself, and renounces the attributes of his past life, plans, dreams, ambitions. He chooses a new, difficult path to start all over, but this a dignified choice.

Let's hope the Protagonist will have enough strength to go all the way through.

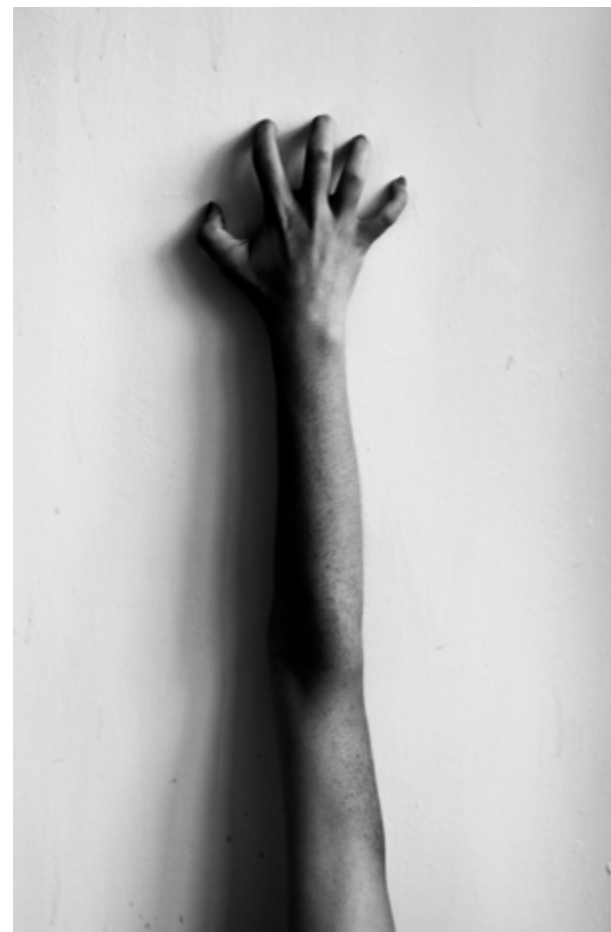
DIANA DANYLIUK

20 Y. O.

/

CHERNIVTSI

I was born and live in Chernivtsi. I'm completing my studies at the Department of Journalism. I'm fond of literature and try to write poetry. I can't live a day without music and capturing the world on camera. I love travelling. I enjoy and really appreciate my connection with nature, authentic local Hutsul culture, home and everything that made me who I am. I try to reflect upon my emotions in the least destructive way – through photography.

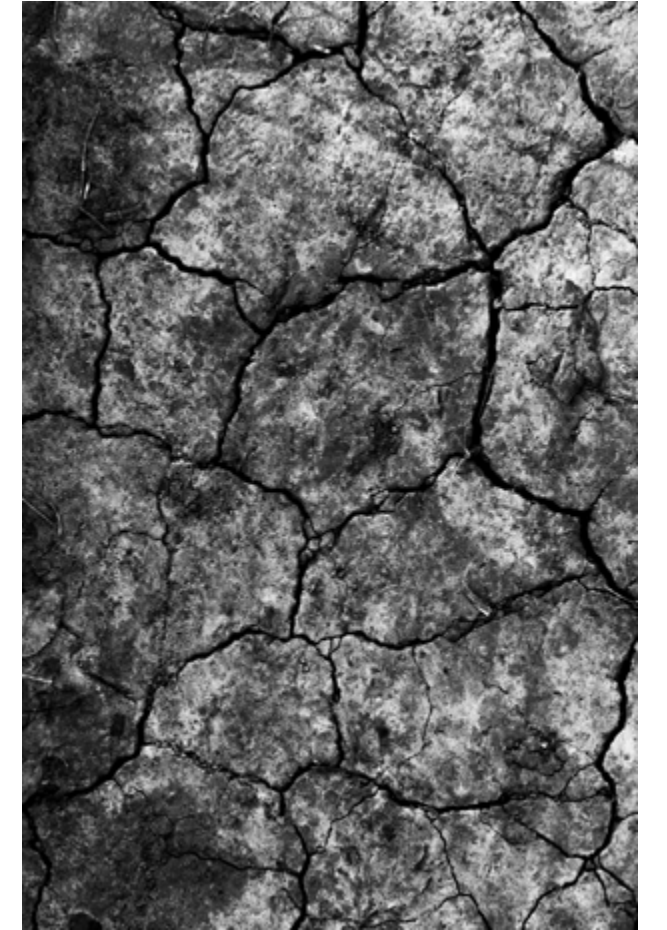
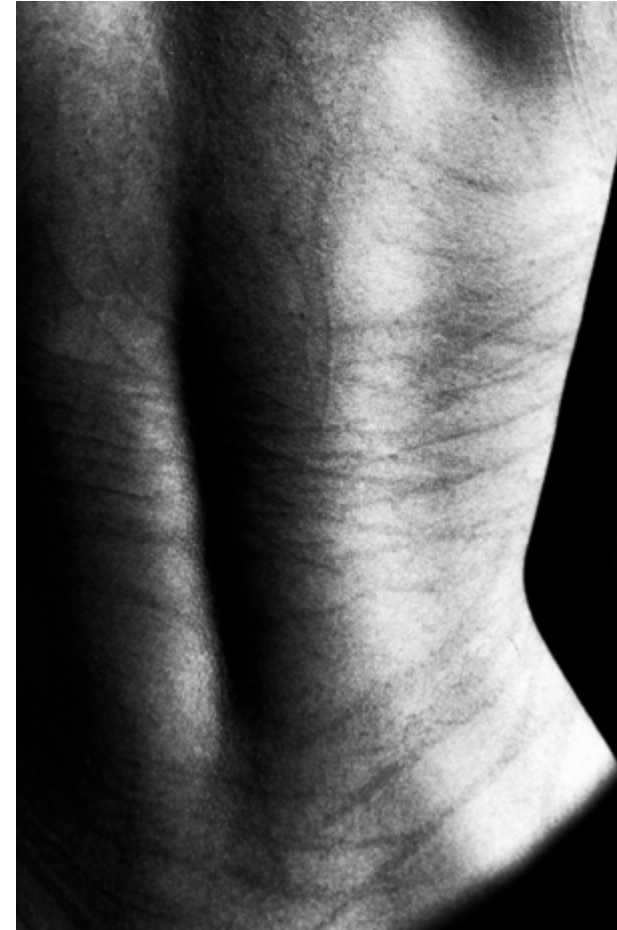


SHAPES OF SOLITUDE

October 2022.
A balcony of a grey block of flats
in Chernivtsi and Carpathian forests

Pain and burning fear, anger and hatred, outbreak, total shock, irritable panic and uncertainty of tomorrow: this is what I felt over the months of the full-scale invasion. I also felt guilty for my relatively peaceful town and myself being alive, while others were dying. Above all, I started feeling devouring loneliness. It was so strong, as if someone was beating me amid the crowd, and people were just watching, sympathetically nodding, and giving me a handkerchief to wipe off the blood and a glass of water, and then flirting with the attacker, patting him on the shoulder or simply turning away.

During yet another delay in supply of weaponry and hypocritical negotiations with terrorists shown in the news, I felt an urge to run away from Janus-faced human nature to a place, where nobody will betray me, to immerse myself in nature, to come back to my roots.



* * *

your genesis is
in an unfortunately broken string,
in metal above sight
and the laughter of keening,
in the call of trees, water
and your kind.

you want to fill yourself with colour,
revelling in monochrome.
you want to get enough of serene core,
but emerge over the surface.
you want to get to the root,
but hit the death knell.

in the end, the others didn't succeed either
in understanding the whisper of ancestors.
after all, the movement of their lips only prescribe
friendship with a hearty drink.
after all, your despair is easily treated:
by only two metres deep,
but first by green leaves
of white chestnuts over the river.

your land is the beginning,
the end, and the only sense.
so they bequeathed by song,
scream and eternal desire to grow

inherited through blood.

if you give away a piece of land
and your ancient freedom,
if you bend to their words,
coin and purpose,

then you'll have to choose:
swift jump
from a sharp cliff or
a piece of blade that'll cut
embroidery made by
an arthritis-curved hand

* * *

only other pain can fight
all-encompassing, overwhelming pain
and burning hatred, like the first
child's contact with an open fire.

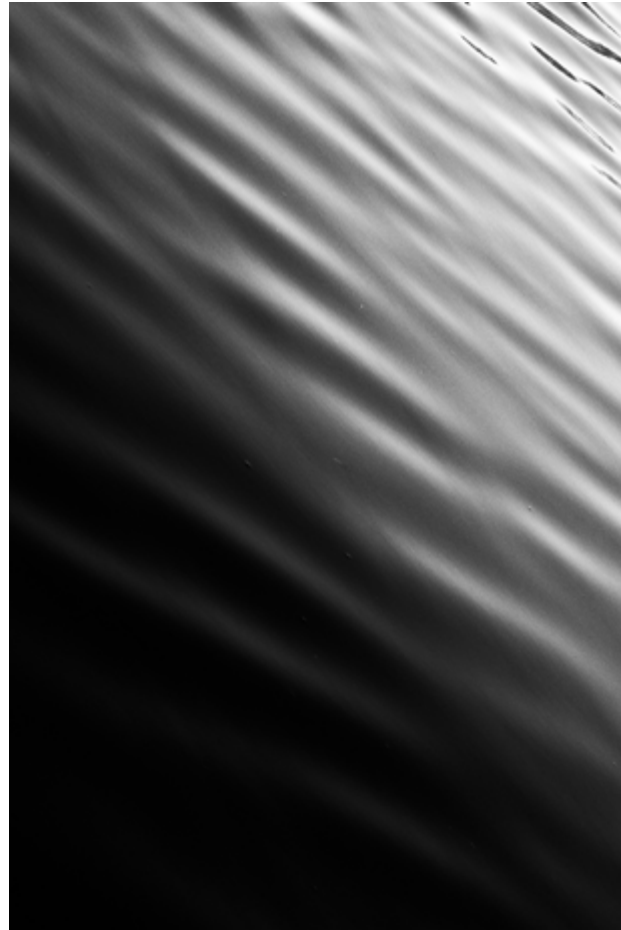
to burn out, push out from the temples,
to press hard, like with a hot iron brand,
to leave the deepest burning marks in the skin,
until I silence the inner cry.

until the screams of hundreds of others stop
ringing in my head, begging for salvation,
fighting for every doomed breath,
lamenting with a kaleidoscope of lost memories.

to sublimate every scar left
somewhere on the heart, in the brain, among the neurons
irritated by fatigue, fear and despair,
in new deepest physical wounds.

I reproach myself for every quietly lived day.
I punish myself for still having my next breath,
despite the screams of the sirens,
for still existing at the expense of other lives





killed, gutted,
with a knife stabbed and twisted
a bit under the rib
to reach the very heart.

I don't understand,
is it apple blossom,
dead October leaves,
or ashes of nuclear winter,
covering yet another mutilated body



I was a baby,
that would have known
no mother's lullaby,
no father's word,
if the bloody hand had reached
these beech slopes.

not the first, not the tenth,
not the thousandth, but the millionth
baby, which still was different
from numerous predecessors.

the flame of independence was flickering,
fuelled by orange,
loud "Yes!" chants,
and the smell of burning tires.
there were so many of us born back then.

and no matter how hard parents try,
this firm fleshy hand
stubbornly interfered, interferes
and will interfere until
it, like an ancient evil serpent,
is not cut at the forearm.

let's fight,
to prevent three more hands
from arising in its place

MYKYTA BEZUS

/

19 Y. O.

KAMIANSKIE — KYIV

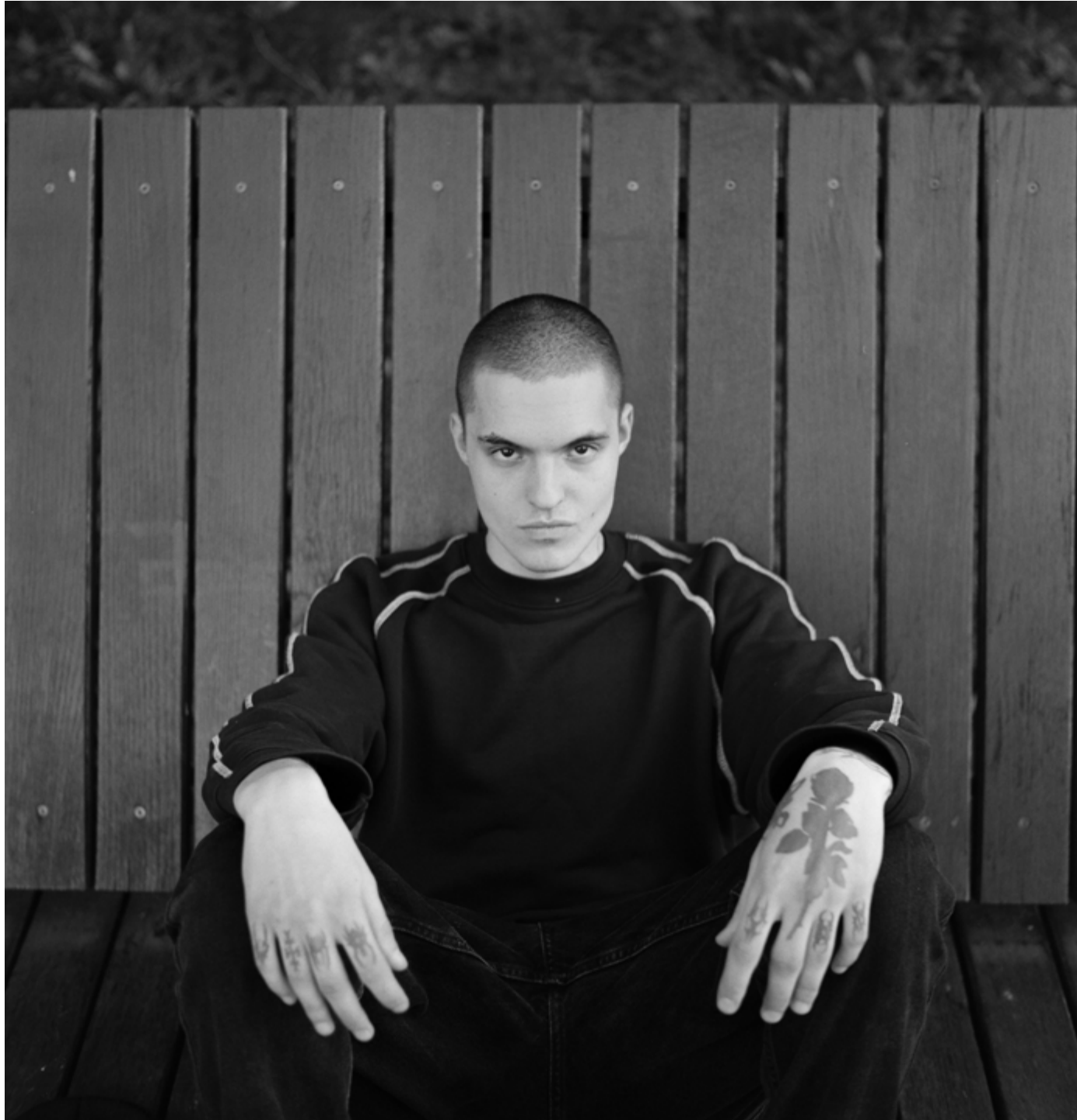
I study at the Kyiv-Mohyla Academy, the Faculty of Law. Originally from Kamian-ske, I live in Kyiv. I'm interested not only in photography, but also in cinematog-raphy and art in general. I enjoy reading.



DAWN

In our situation, it is difficult to pre-dict how the next day will pass, let alone the next week. When we give up and refuse to live on, we make a priceless gift to those who expect this from us. Being strong and resistant means to thwart all enemy's plans to destroy our life.

This series is about Ukrainian young people, their places of strength, important things and life after 24 February.



VALERA 24 Y. O. AN ARTIST

@GAMELUCKER

ABOUT THE PLACE

I used to spend my time here after 24 February. I couldn't go far, since there were many roadblocks, and there was nothing I needed there. I used to come to this place quite often experiencing different emotions. I used to listen to music here. There is a beautiful view and Peizazhna Alley.

LIFE AFTER
24 FEBRUARY

I didn't compose anything at all for five-six months. I made attempts during the first days, but I had no desire. Then I stopped trying, because I saw no sense in it: I understood that everything would change dramatically. I didn't want to continue what I used to do in the past. That was because of the Russian language. I'm from Kharkiv, and it was difficult for me to switch to Ukrainian.

When I started working and had to speak Ukrainian, it was not an issue, I enjoyed it. I believe that when I speak Ukrainian I show respect and love: it's impossible not to love Ukraine, when you speak Ukrainian. It's been two or three months since we had our life back, but the quality is worse in all respects.



WHY WILL WE WIN?

Because we fight,
and it means we'll win.



WHY IS THIS THING
IMPORTANT?

Tattoos are my NFT, so to say. They are important to me. I like them all. Once I get them, they are always with me embodying my inner world. If you look closer at my tattoos and listen to my music, you'll get a pretty good idea about me.



DASIA. 19 Y. O. A STUDENT AND A PHOTOGRAPHER

@_DYASYA_

ABOUT THE PLACE

I love my hometown of Kyiv. I adore our little streets, and try to learn more about the history. I love parks. Once I discovered a botanical garden. It's beautiful and very big. No matter how many people are here, I can always find a place to be on my own, where I can spend time, gather my thoughts and enjoy solitude.

WHY IS THIS THING
IMPORTANT?

This is not a thing, this is kind of my child, my best friend. I've had it for 13 years. I know that this creature knows me perfectly well, and it loves me no matter what, just as I love it. This is the friend I can share all my thoughts with, the friend that will be always there for me for sure.



LIFE AFTER
24 FEBRUARY

My life feels mostly the same. I'm alive and well, my work hasn't changed much. The war has of course affected my way of life, my family and my friends. This is a new experience. I'll tell my grandchildren about how I lived 10 days in a basement under shelling. Perhaps, I've also realised that the world has become black and white, there's not much grey left.



WHY WILL WE WIN?

We have no choice, we have nowhere to go. There were many attempts to conquer us, but they failed. Because it's a part of our genetic code never to give up and never to surrender. "Never to surrender, never to obey".



IVAN. 20 Y.O. A MEMBER
OF THE TERRITORIAL DEFENCE, A STUDENT

@IVAN_OLYTSKYI

ABOUT THE PLACE

Here we stood unarmoured guarding Ukrainian artillery, territorial defence, young men of my age, 20–25 y.o., who volunteered for this mission. Here I saw the enemy for the first time: we caught a sabotage and reconnaissance group, 14 persons, and handed them over to the Security Service.

LIFE AFTER
24 FEBRUARY

I just realized that I was in the right place at the right time doing what was important for me first. My children and I will live in this country. On 24 February, in the evening I packed everything I needed and joined the territorial defence. At night, I already received an assault rifle. I've realised that bravery is not about having no fear, but about overcoming it.

There are guys of different age, with different experience and status in territorial defence. We found a common language, regardless of whether we speak Ukrainian or Russian, or whether we are from Kyiv, Vinnytsya or Dnipro.



WHY WILL WE WIN?

Because we are united despite being different, and we have one goal. The darkest hour is just before dawn. Now is the darkest hour. I believe, we will see the dawn soon.



WHY IS THIS THING
IMPORTANT?

This is a thermal imager provided by the Polish foundation Otwarty Dialog during the first weeks of the war at a relatively low price. We asked for one of a lower quality, but they co-funded two that are much better. One thermal imager was sent to my brother in arms; our unit got the second one. It still helps us detect enemies at night. We can see them and therefore suffer fewer losses. The imager is our eyes.

ANASTASIIA MIETIELIEVA

20 Y. O.

/

ZAPORIZHZHIA — BRATISLAVA (SLOVAKIA)

Three years ago, I left my hometown of Zaporizhzhia to study in Slovakia, and I'm currently staying here. I feel homesick, though.

I study photography. It is my reflective art. I go through life with it and capture everything that happens to me.



TWO MINUTES TO THREE

This project is about my husband and me. I undertook it during the war in 2022. This challenging year brought us together, and we created a family. The project was born in two cities: Bratislava and Lviv.

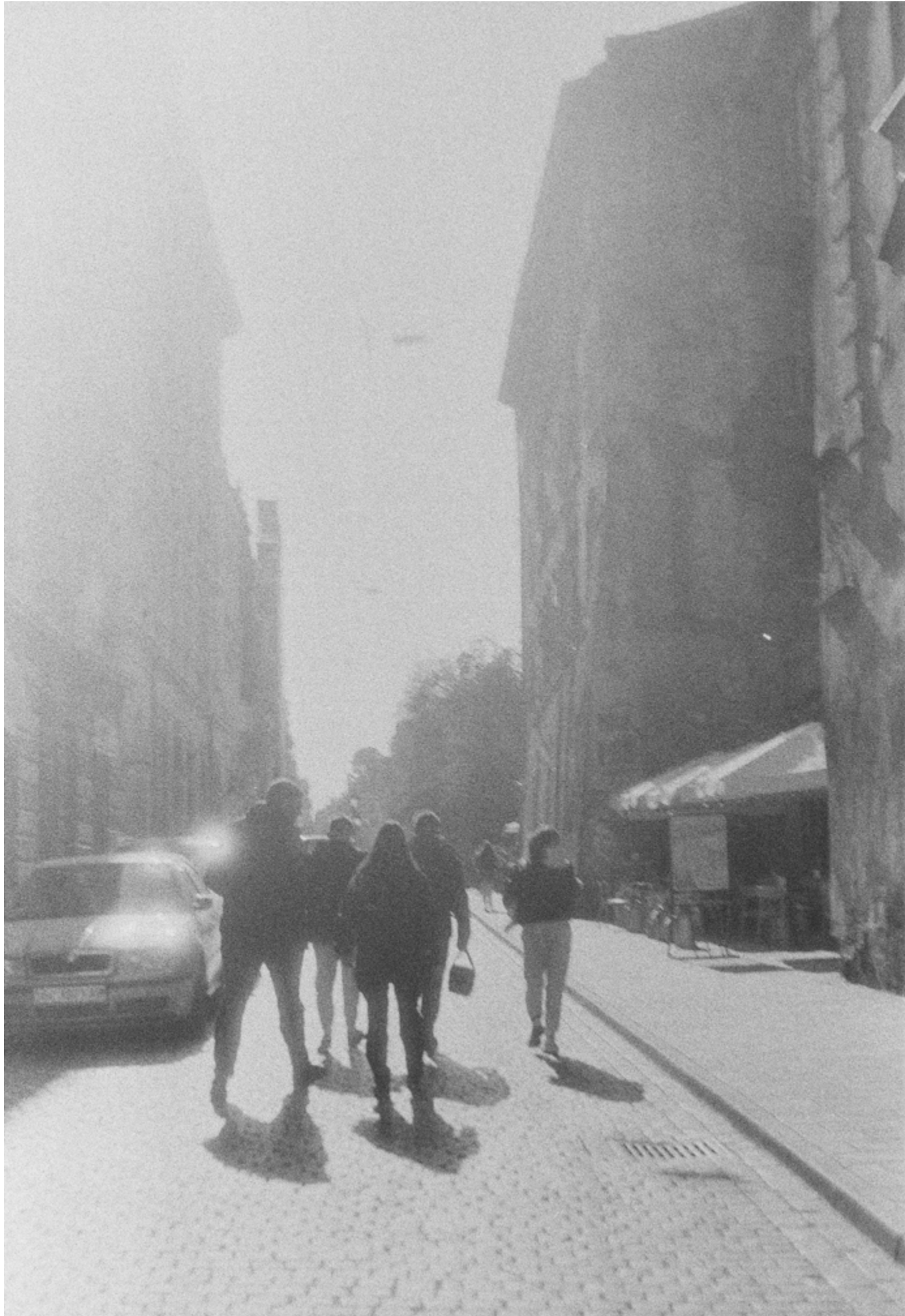
That was supposed to be an ideal week. The bridegroom, white suit, flowers, our wedding. But the war changed it all.

It was very difficult instead of preparing to the wedding not to break away from the news, showing missiles hitting our hometown and houses. And then we ourselves were without electricity and mobile communication, because the Russian military had damaged a power plant.

On the last day in Lviv, I asked my husband, 'What time is it?'

'Two minutes to three'.

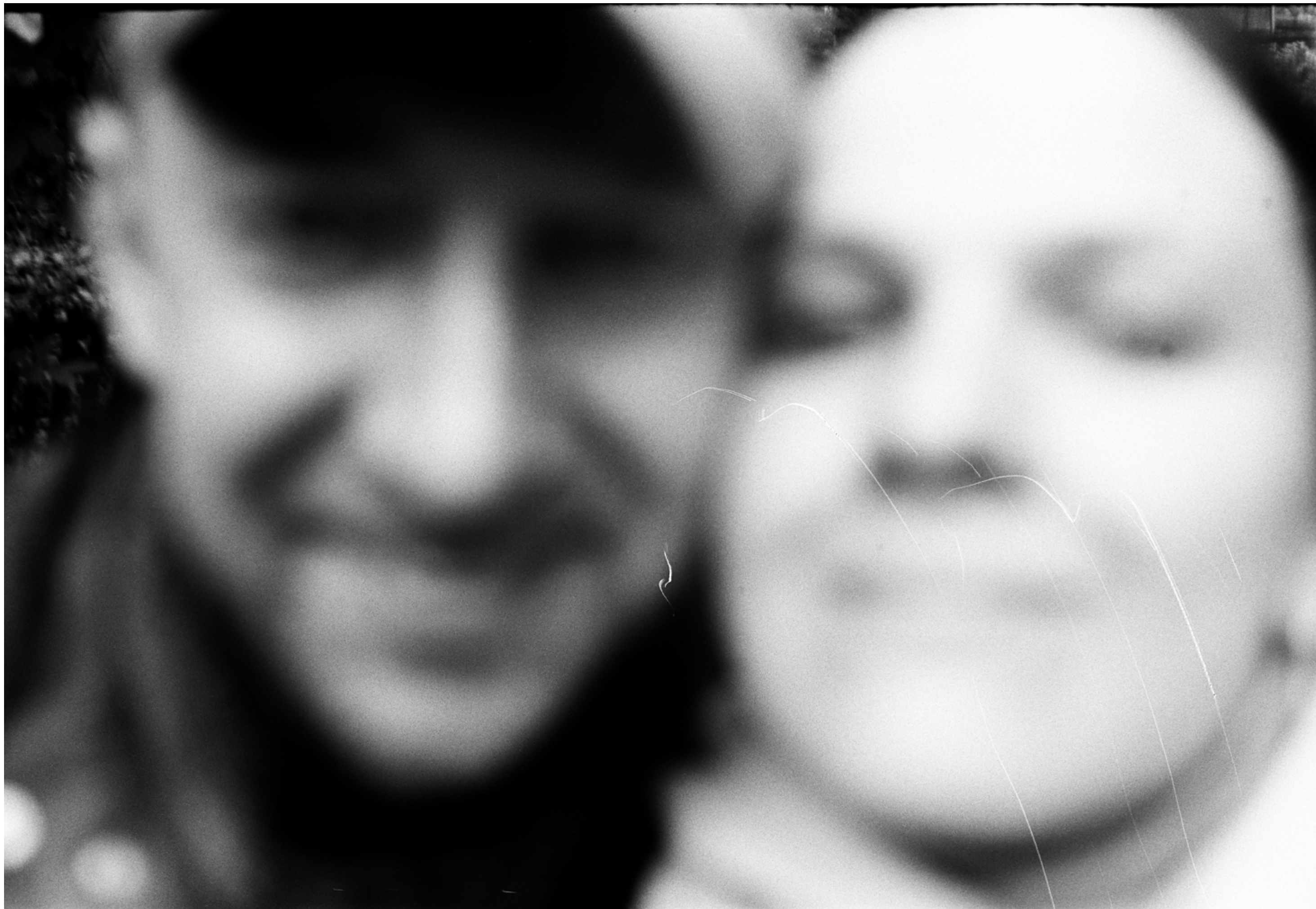
At 3 o'clock I had a bus to go abroad. He had a train later that day to go to Zaporizhzhia. We went our separate ways to fight on our own front lines.





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MYKHAILO ZUBCHANINOV

KHARKIV — LVIV / 21 Y. O.

I was born in Tbilisi, Georgia. I grew up in the Zaporizhzhia Oblast, Ukraine. I study at the Kharkiv State Academy of Design and Arts. I'm now living in evacuation in Lviv. I took up photography at the age of thirteen.



FIRST DAYS. DARIIA

I, a student of the Kharkiv State Academy of Design and Arts, was woken up at 5 o'clock in the morning on 24 February 2022 by the sounds resembling those of explosions. Russia was massively attacking Kharkiv with missiles.

I don't remember, on which of the first troubled days of invasion I met Dariia. I remember that during our first meeting we exchanged sincere, warm words and agreed to help each other. Then my roommate left Kharkiv. I was alone in my room. I felt afraid. I went to see Dariia and could no longer part with her.

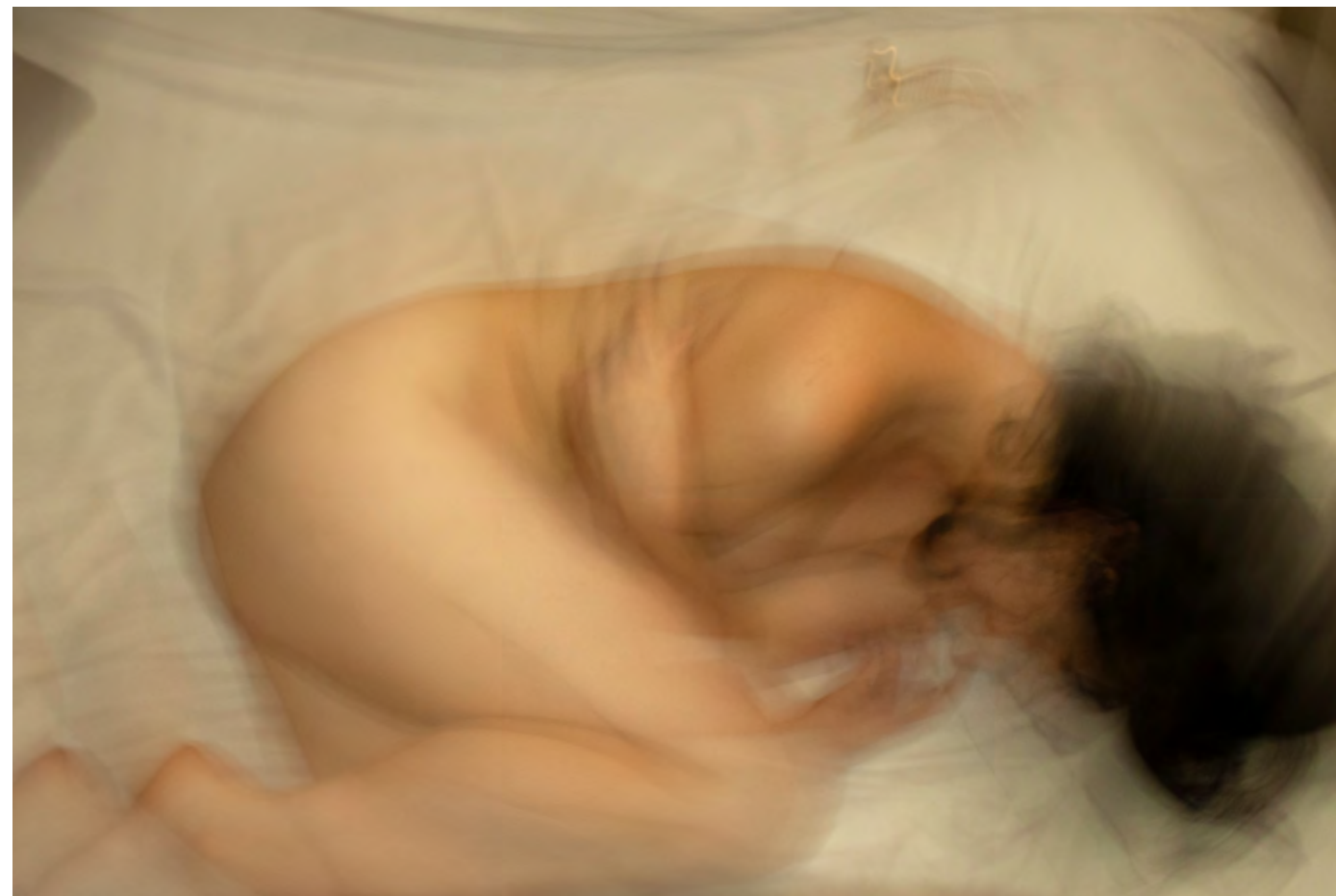
Despite horrors of the surrounding shelling, explosions and terrible news about war, together, we enjoyed the first March snow, tried to watch films on a smartphone in the evening, made pancakes with the light turned off because of blackout.

Then explosions got very close. The Academy's administration insisted that students leave Kharkiv and move to a safer place. Dariia planned to go to Dnipro. I got on the train heading to western Ukraine.

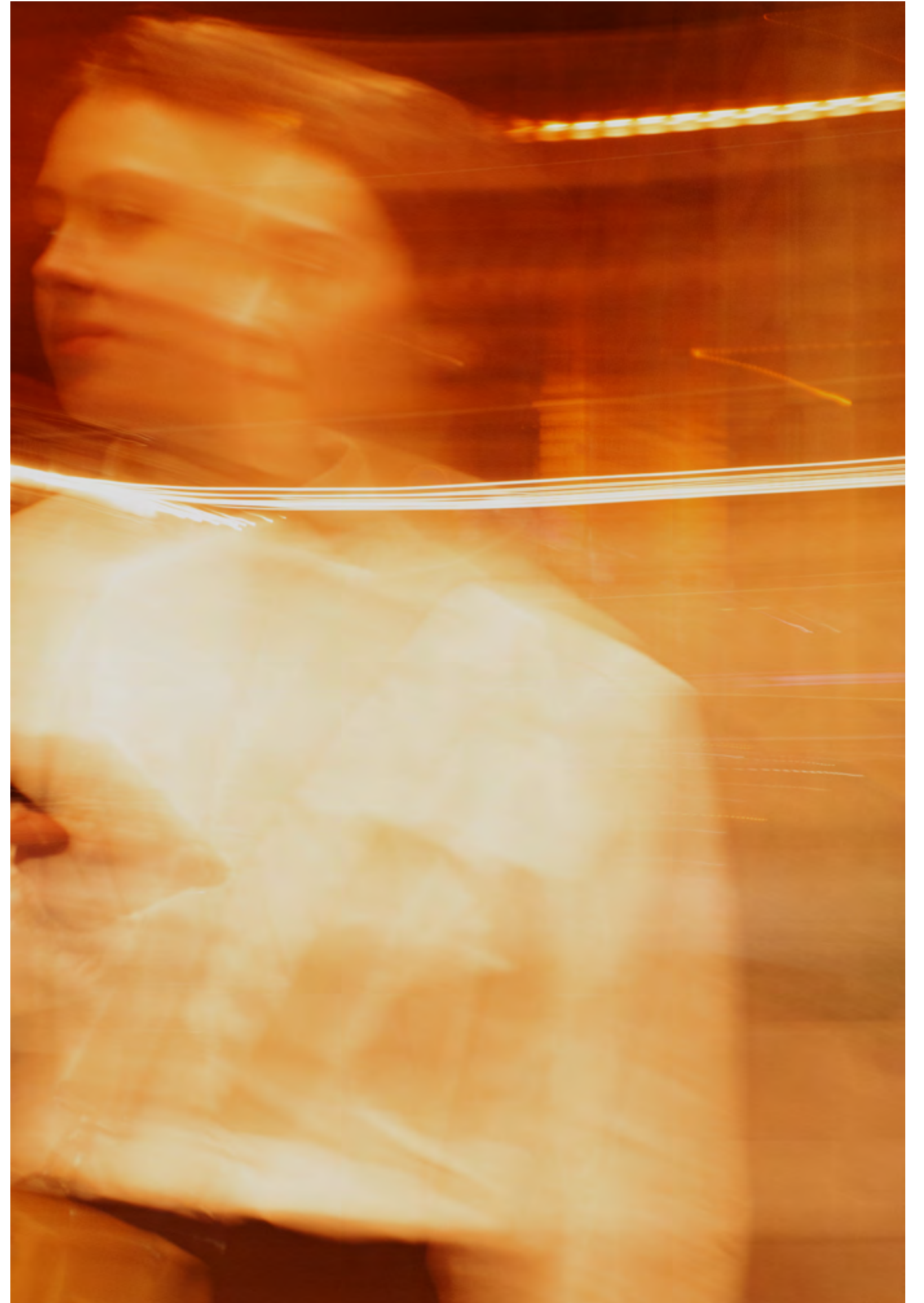
Time has passed. I'm living in Lviv now. I've met Dariia again.



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LUCY PETROVA

KYIV — CHERNIVTSI

/ 21 Y. O.

I graduated from the Law University in 2022. I continue my studies at the National Technical University of Ukraine "Igor Sikorsky Kyiv Polytechnic Institute" (Institute of Publishing and Printing, Department of Graphic Arts). I'm attending Invisible University for Ukraine implemented by Central European University.

I volunteer with the Harmony Charitable Foundation. I've been into film photography for three years. My hobbies include yoga, sport, art and video.



The first night in the basement of the house we live in that served our bomb shelter.

Kyiv, 25 February 2022

VIRABHADRASANA IN EXPLOSION

Virabhadrasana means Warrior Pose in Sanskrit. This word best describes my feelings now and at the beginning of the full-scale war in Ukraine.

On 24 February 2022, I woke up at 5:30 in the morning to get ready for my yoga classes. With the first explosion, which shook my house, my life and lives of millions of Ukrainians changed forever. For the first time I felt the fear of death and that we couldn't control our lives.

After the Russian army started an offensive on Kyiv Oblast, we fled to the west of Ukraine, in Chernivtsi. I had to graduate from the university, to take exams in the second university and to try to understand what to do next.

All that time I supported myself with art, yoga and hiking. I'm still haunted by uncertainty. Even after seven months of staying in a safe place I still feel the impact of trauma caused by the war.

I sent the film on which I shot my yoga exercises in the Carpathians to be developed in a photo lab in Kyiv. The outage caused by Russian shelling damaged it.



My father lights a candle near an icon in the basement (a bomb shelter) to raise our spirits.

Kyiv, 25 February 2022



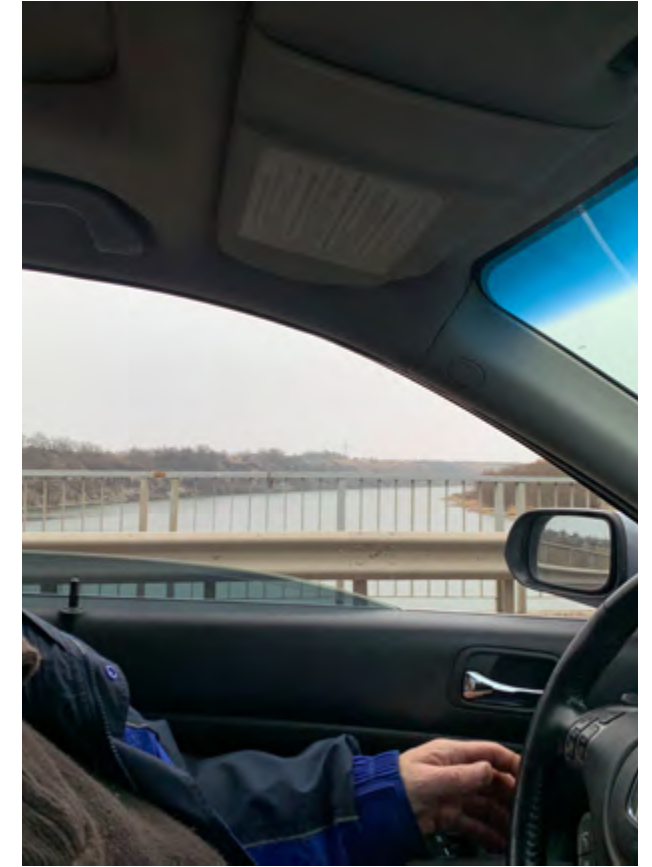
My mother Iryna and I are in the basement of the house we live in that served our bomb shelter.

Kyiv, 25 February 2022



Because of numerous explosions, we decide to leave and go to the west of Ukraine. People queueing at a checkpoint. People trying to leave the city before the curfew. It took us around 10 hours to get out of Kyiv. We spent the night in the gym, which was arranged for those who were not able to leave before the curfew.

Kyiv Oblast , somewhere near Fastiv, 5 March 2022



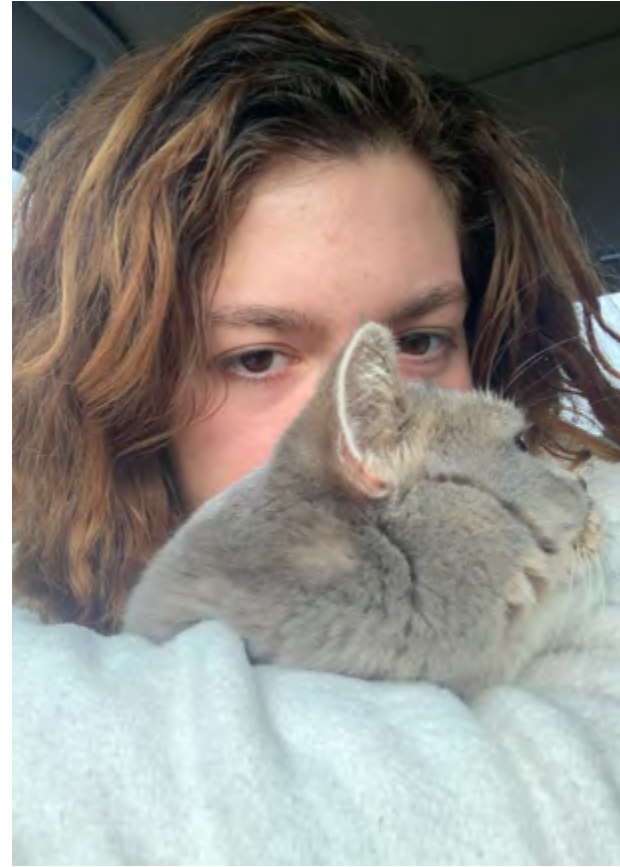
Crossing the Dniester River. We've almost reached our travel destination.

Chernivtsi Oblast, the Dniester River, 7 March 2022



The second day on the road; our cat calms my dad.

Vinnytsya, 6 March 2022



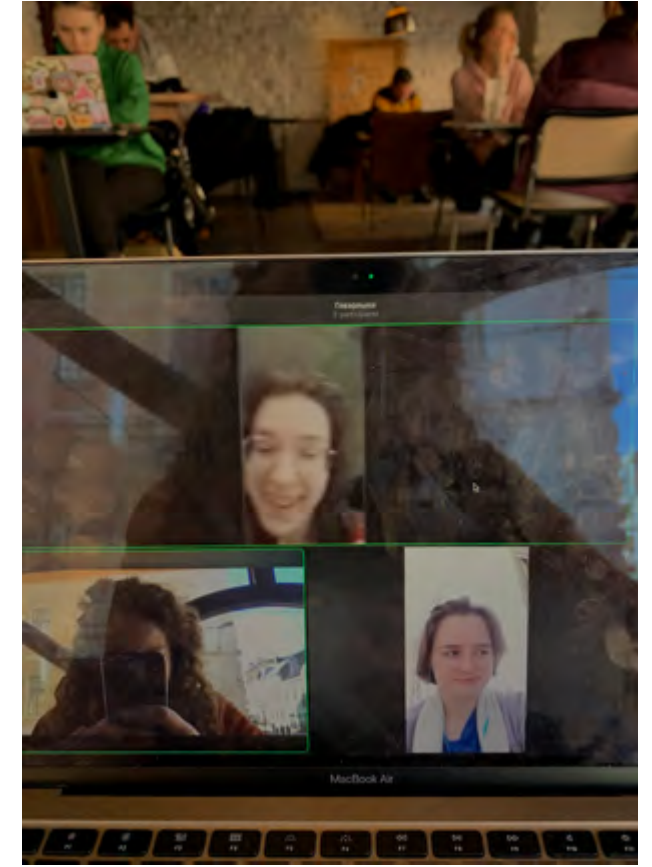
Me crying together with my cat, because we want to go home. I still can't believe that this is really happening.

Chernivtsi Oblast, 7 March 2022



We've are in Chernivtsi. It's as cold in the shower as it's cold outside.

Chernivtsi, 7 March 2022



The first video call with my friends and the first smile in four days.

Chernivtsi, March 2022



Photo taken on the film the outage damaged during development. Mountain yoga.

Carpathian Mountains, October 2022



Virabhadrasana (Warrior Pose).

Carpathian Mountains, October 2022

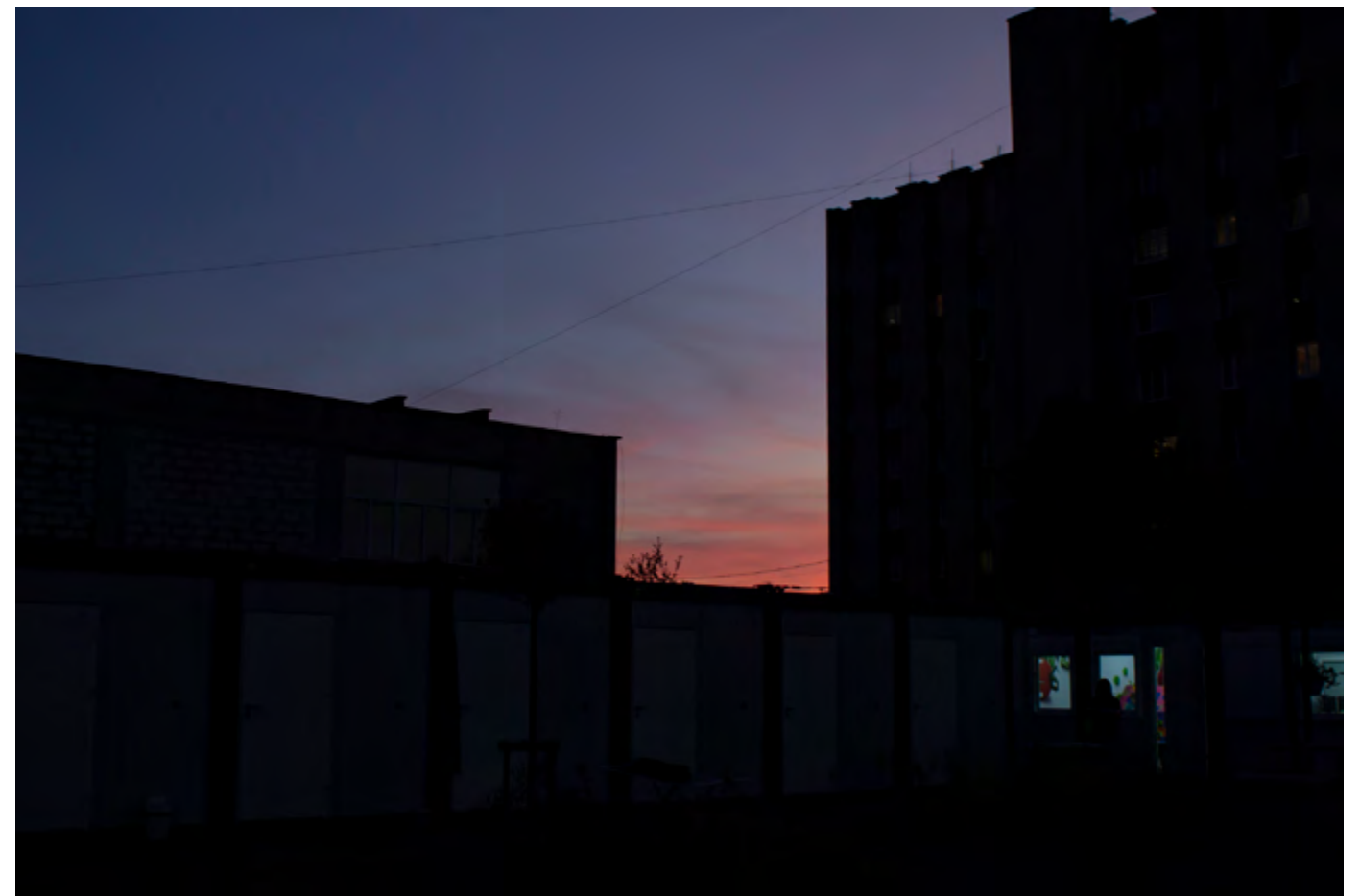
NELLY MYNASOVA

19 Y. O.

/

MARIUPOL — LVIV

I study at Lviv National Academy of Arts. I'm interested in the outside and inner world and try to explore them.



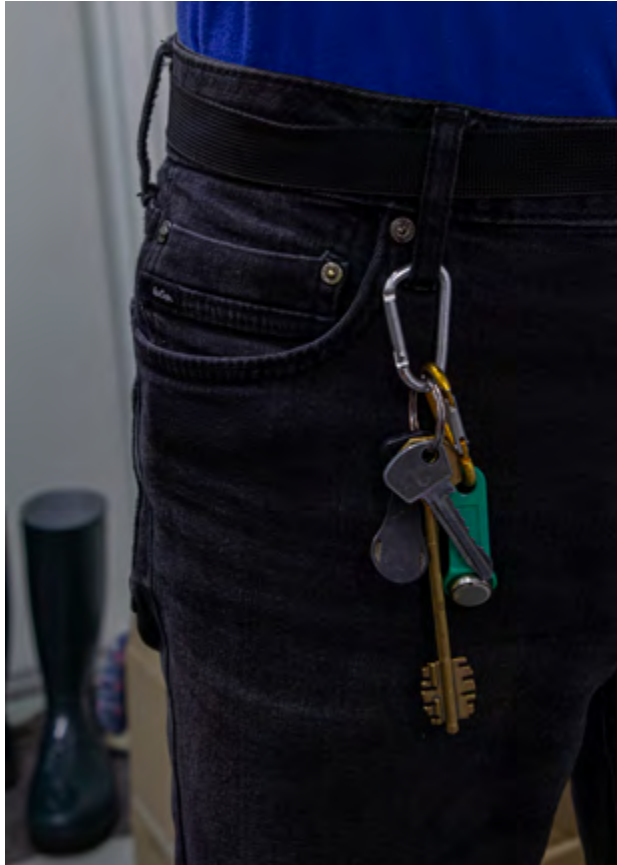
I THINK GOOGLE LIES

Будинок [budynok; a house in English] in the modern Ukrainian language means "a building", "a domicile", "premises of a state, public, trade, scientific, cultural and educational institution".

The word дім [dim; a home in English] can also denote a building, but most often this noun means "a flat, family hearth", as well as "a family; a household"; it can sometimes have a figurative meaning.

I'm trying to understand the semantic content of this word. Do we mean the same when we say "I'm at home"? Do we mean a building, or what is inside? Or is it about memories, or people, who live there, or an atmosphere, city or country?

Over recent months, I've been taking pictures of people with a different experience of displacement and asking them, 'What does home mean to you?' Initially, I googled the same question, and it seems to me that Google lies.



ARTHUR, 30 Y. O., MARIUPOL

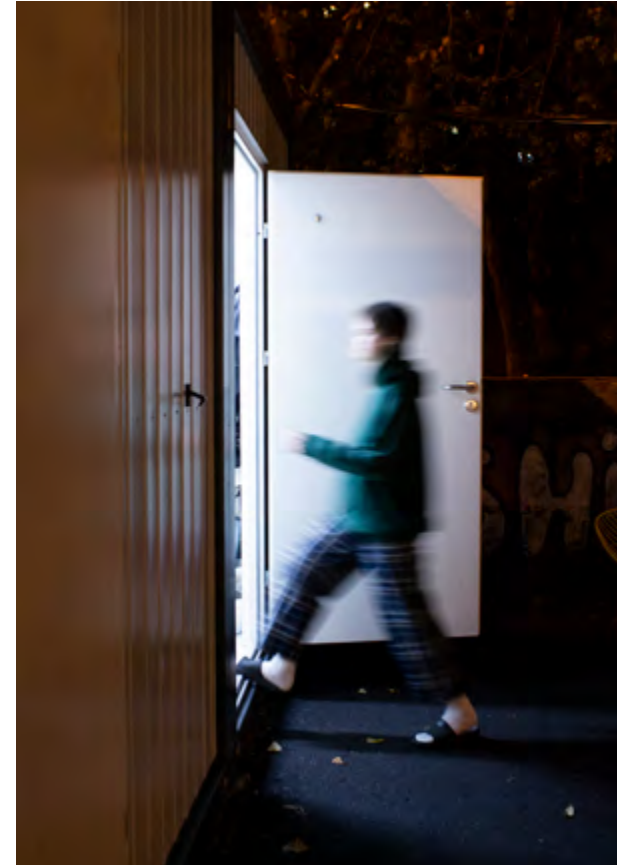
Arthur left in April

In pursuit of safety, it's difficult to resist the temptation of being hopeful. Taking house keys is like giving a consolation prize to yourself and having the situation under control again. Leaving them means to accept defeat. That's why I took my keys. I got rid of an obsessive pulsating thought, of sentencing part of my past to death.

Even when there was a lack of water, food, warmth, medicine and silence, I felt at home. It is difficult to analyse this unjustified inner state. Surrounded by possible death, I was enveloped by the feeling that I was needed, not for someone or something, but for myself.



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RIMMA, 18 Y. O., ZAPORIZHZHIA

Rimma left Zaporizhzhia on 24 February 2022 together with her family

There are several things I associate with home: a palm I should take care of; my slippers to protect my feet from cold floor; a fruitcake my mother loved to make, I guess; and scattered socks, which are also indicative of home. A home is a cosy place, full of irrational things, just for the sake of beauty: garlands, stickers, boxes and other small things that improve our everyday life. People are also important: family dinners or celebrations, a shared box of tea, taking care of each other—all these things create my home.

After leaving my home and living in four different cities, I've realised that home is a place where I am, where I feel good, where I live and where I feel the real me.



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OLEKSANDRA, 24 Y.O, LIVED IN THE SETTLEMENT OF MALORIAZANTSEVE FOR 17 YEARS, IN LYSYCHANSK FOR 1 YEAR AND IN MARIUPOL FOR 6 YEARS

In March, she was evacuated from Mariupol to Lviv

I used to associate home with safety. When I felt I needed protection or comfort, it was time to go home. The war has changed my life, the word "safety" has lost its meaning. The place where I live now doesn't feel like home. I think "home" is what you always carry inside you, it's when you can close your eyes, dive into yourself, your consciousness and feel safe there. There's a reason people say, "My home is my castle".

I don't have a physical home now, so I'm putting pieces of this concept together. Until I have the space that I'll not only own on paper, but where I can do what I want, there'll be no feeling of home.

When you find in yourself understanding and willingness to accept life with yourself, as you are, with your advantages and disadvantages, peculiarities and nuances, that's when you'll feel at home. This is the key to understanding yourself and the world around you.



The photo is taken in Mariupol.

24 March 2022



A six-month-long path of change.

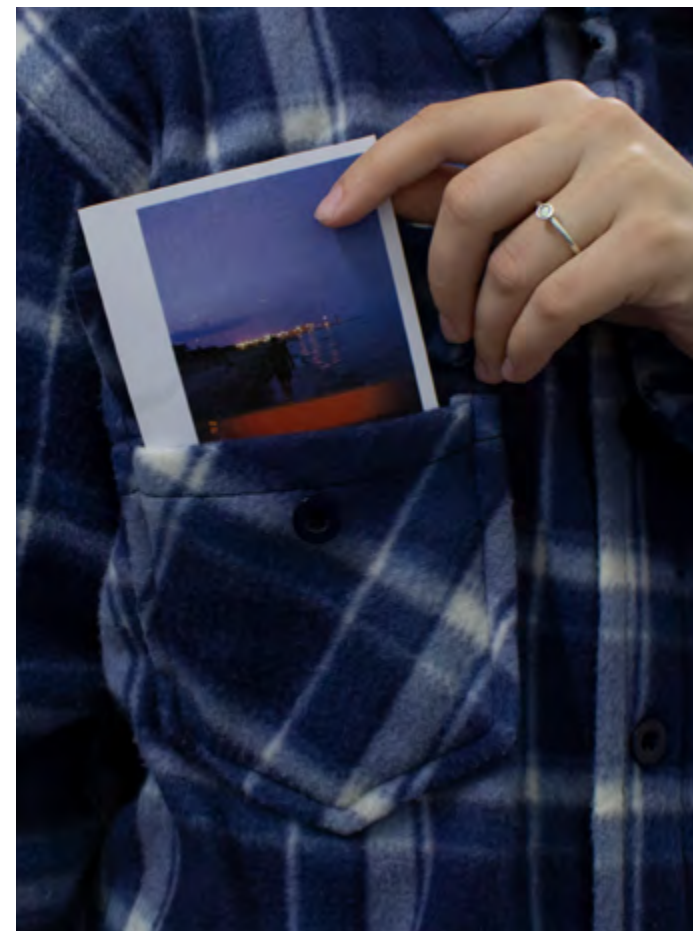
Lviv, 24 September 2022

NELLY, 19 Y. O., MARIUPOL

Last time Nelly was in Mariupol in January 2022

In January, I was at home for the last time. I lived there for 19 years, in the blooming city by the sea, the name of which now sounds too loud. I could really feel at home there. Last time in January 2022.

I've moved 5 times in the last 12 months. It's rather stressful for a person that used to travel to only one or two places a year just for fun. I felt different in those places: some places were cosy and comfortable, others were even a little scary. Now I know there's only one place I can call home, i.e. my house in Mariupol. Even despite its current condition. For me, it's not just a "building". This is the place, where I have my kind of people and where I am not afraid to be vulnerable. It has its own charm with a taste of love.



Summer evening. Pishchane village. A photo memory from Mariupol

KATERYNA ALIEKSIEIENKO

18 Y. O. / KREMENCHUK — WARSAW (POLAND)

Before 24 February, I played table tennis and designed clothes. I'm living in Warsaw now, where I'm studying History of Art at the University of Warsaw. I took up documentary photography several months ago.



Photo courtesy of Dariia

MIGRATION RECORDS OF UKRAINIANS IN POLAND

A series of migrants' photos. Please follow the hyperlink in each name to learn more about their story: what they were through on 24 February and how they left Ukraine. All of them have their own experience, which is difficult to show and convey with words. Regardless of their age and gender, all of them had to start their life from scratch.



Anzhelika

22 y. o., Kharkiv.
Left Ukraine on 2 March

"On the night of 24 February, I was in the Kyiv-Mariupol train together with my nephew. At 5 o'clock in the morning, a train attendant woke me up, saying, 'There's a war. And we don't know what to do.'"



Burnt house, 26 February, Kharkiv.
Photo courtesy of Anzhelika

When I arrived, I had a laptop, a comb and, miraculously, a foreign passport. My apartment is near Zhuliany airport, and it was obvious I would not get there.

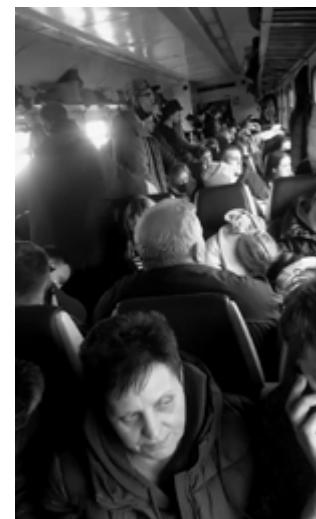
I went to my friends, we decided to go to Rivne the next day, where one of the girls had relatives. We went to the railway station. There was no timetable there, so we were just told to stand on a certain platform. The station was overcrowded. Before the train arrived, the arrival platform was changed. There was chaos, people did not care whether the train was going or not, everyone ran across the rails.

Finally, an electric train arrived. People packed the train. It took us 15 hours to get to Kyiv to Rivne. We had to stand all the way there. We put all the bags on the floor so that children and old people could sit down.

I am from Kharkiv, but six months before the full-scale war I lived in Kyiv. On the night of 24 February, I was on the Kyiv-Mariupol train together with my nephew. My sister, and her husband and their two children live in Mariupol. My nephew stayed with me for two weeks. I wanted to show him Kyiv. It was agreed I would bring him back on 24 February.

At 5 o'clock in the morning, a train attendant woke me up, saying, "There's a war. And we don't know what to do". She also told me we were no longer going to Mariupol, although we were already in Donetsk Oblast at that time. The train went back to Volnovakha, but as soon as we got there, Russians started bombing the city. The driver decided that we would go to Mariupol and to board evacuation trains there. We left Volnovakha very slowly, and when we arrived in Mariupol, people were in too much of a panic. Trains were packed with people. I wanted my sister's daughter to go with us, but she couldn't make it to us.

There were about 8 adults and 7 children in the compartment, so we could even go to the toilet. We left for Kyiv at five in the evening and arrived at 11 the next day. We didn't sleep and didn't go to the toilet. I met with my friends upon arrival, and we decided to leave Kyiv, because it was heavily bombed back then. That was 25 February.



The way from Kyiv to Rivne by evacuation train, 26 February.
Photo courtesy of Anzhelika

When we arrived in Rivne in the evening and checked into the apartment, we look out of the window and saw the light shined straight into the sky. We immediately called the police, it turned out that Russians who made those marks used some old maps, showing there used to be a military base on the site of this house. Imagine the path we made to escape from bombs and mines, and here we notice a mark right next to the house.

We stayed two days in Rivne, and then went to Warsaw on an evacuation train. All that time, my mother was in Poland, was very worried about us.

My sister stayed for 10 more days in Mariupol, and we couldn't get in touch with her. Finally, they could escape through Berdiansk and Zaporizhzhia, and then by an evacuation bus to Warsaw...

Now the whole family is here together.



Entrance to Angelika's house, 25 March, Kharkiv.
Photo courtesy of Anzhelika



The military inspects the transport, 28 February, Rivne.
Photo courtesy of Anzhelika



Bombed gas station, 15 May, Zhytomyr highway.
Photo courtesy of Olena, Anzhelika's friend



Burnt house, 15 May, Zhytomyr highway.
Photo courtesy of Olena, Anzhelika's friend



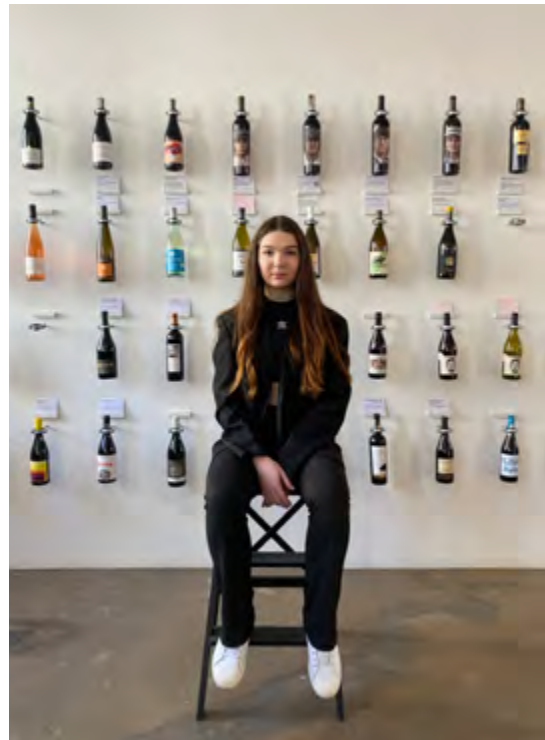
Burnt tank, 15 May, Zhytomyr highway.
Photo courtesy of Olena, Anzhelika's friend



Ievgeniia

18 y. o., Kremenchuk. Left Ukraine on 22 June.

"Easter was terrifying, because missiles were so low in the sky that it seemed they would fall down on us".



Varvara

18 y.o., Kharkiv Left Ukraine on 28 March

"...a week before the war I went to the Museum of the Second World War in Kyiv. I thought to myself, "How was that even possible?"



Dariia

19 y. o., Volnovakha. Left Ukraine on 5 March

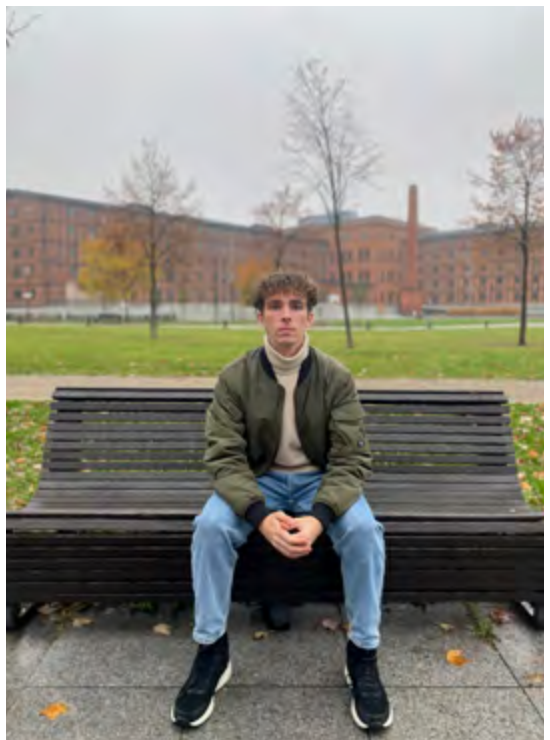
"Volnovakha is a town in Donetsk Oblast. We heard shooting all the time, we got used to it..."



Tetiana

22 y. o., Kherson, 2 June

"At the border, one of the Russians addressed me as 'the occupier's dream'. It means they understand everything..."



Maksim

19 y. o., Kharkiv. Left Kharkiv on 8 March; and went abroad for studies on 15 July.

"On the night of 24 February, I was awake watching the news with my friend. I felt something was going to happen..."



Veronika

19 y. o., Chernihiv. Left Ukraine on 14 March

"People were looking at us wondering what we were running from, but that was difficult to explain. Only blue passports and sad tired eyes gave us away".



Tetiana

34 y. o., Nova Kakhovka, Kherson Oblast. She is with her mother, two sons and elder daughter, there's also a small daughter, who is not in the picture. They left Ukraine on 31 June

"On 24 February we were supposed to celebrate my elder daughter's birthday".



Mariia

80 y.o., Irpin. Left Ukraine on 16 March

"My son told me to go. But how could I leave my home? All those things made with my own hands, all books, Ukrainian cultural heritage".

MARGARYTA RUBANENKO

21 Y. O. / POPASNA — TORUŃ (POLAND)

Margaryta is a photographer, art manager and student. She was born in Popasna, Luhansk Oblast, Ukraine. In recent years, she lived, studied and worked in Kharkiv. She was forced to move to Poland, where she is residing now.

She graduated from Karazin Kharkiv National University in 2022, where she completed educational programme "Visual Arts and Management of Cultural Projects" and earned a bachelor's degree. She is currently studying for a Master's degree in Cultural Studies at the same university. She has also enrolled at the Protection of Cultural Heritage study programme at the Nicolaus Copernicus University in Toruń to study museology. She has been a volunteer, photographer and mediator at contemporary art exhibitions. She has been employed with YermilovCentre since 2021.



HOUSE KEYS

At the end of April, I received a photo from my neighbours' friends, showing that the house where I had spent my childhood didn't exist any more. A bunch of keys is all that is left.

I have no access to a rented flat in Kharkiv either: it's still too dangerous to stay in the city because of shelling; people die every day there. Despite this, in the first months after moving to Poland, I couldn't allow myself to get the keys to that flat out of my pocket: I always took them with me.

When the war forces you to leave your home to stay safe, taking your keys means a hope to return home as soon as possible. Unfortunately, now it becomes clear that many people will have nowhere to return to, because their homes are destroyed, or if otherwise, it'll take a lot of time, until it's safe to come back.

In this photo project, I've collected the stories of people who can't return home due to various reasons. They continue living with this, even smiling, despite what they have gone through, and carrying keys to their home, they want to come back one day.



SVITLANA RUBANENKO

Popasna



Children were our main concern. In Kharkiv, the situation was uneasy from the very beginning. Popasna, however, saw first strikes on 2 March. That day, shells hit our yard near the front door of the block of flats we live in and a flat on the fourth floor of the adjacent section. We were at home. The shelling was very loud and left massive craters. There were soil, debris and glass on the flights of steps (from the 1st to the 5th floor). That is how massive the strike was. There was one more hit on the other side of the house: the shell struck the road near the park. The power line was damaged. There was no power supply in the central part of the city since 2 March. It was cold. Shelling intensified.

We went to my father's private house, because he had a wood-burning stove, where we could prepare some food. We took water from a well outside during breaks in shelling. Sometimes we went to the closest bomb shelter to give eggs to people there, because we had chickens and quails.

Once a projectile hit an opposite house and the fire started. Together with our neighbours, we went to put it out so that flames did not spread to other buildings. We saw the house of my father's parents burn almost all night long. We were able to escape from the town under shelling only on 26 March



ALIONA KORYTOVA WITH HER DAUGHTER SOPHIA

Sumy



The first green corridors were set up in about two weeks after the war started. We missed the first evacuation wave. We gathered our things, we left almost all toys, but Sophia grabbed the cat. She said, "Mummy, I won't go without the cat, I'll stay in Sumy, because we don't leave our friends". We thought we could buy other toys, but we couldn't abandon our pet. My brother remained to look after the house.

When we got to Poltava, it felt like the war was over, although Poltava is not that far from the front line. When we were passing by the Kremenchuk Reservoir, we saw that the big bridge wasn't there anymore. The view was terrifying. We saw tanks and howitzers on our way. It was scary to see burnt equipment, and there was a lot of it there at that time. We saw the whole Ukraine burning: we saw the fire and smoke in the daytime; at night the fire was clearly visible. We reached Vinnytsia by the evening. We heard the siren as soon as we entered the city. A plane had just flew over, there were explosions, and everything was on fire. We got to our hostel. It was very cold there. We woke up around 6 o'clock in the morning. Blasts made the windows shake.

There were huge queues at the border in Lviv. We were offered to go by a Red Cross bus. We were cautious but agreed, because we wanted to get to a safer place as soon as possible. Sophia was so agitated when we crossed the border. "Mummy, are we finally safe?", she asked.



ANASTASIIA CHERVIAKOVA

Kherson



My ex and I stayed in Kherson for two months and then decided to leave.

They [occupiers] were everywhere in the city. They mostly moved by cars marked with "Z". They drove around the city, as they wanted, without following any rules. There were many car accidents. The communication was disabled and we couldn't call an ambulance. They also just crashed cars with their APCs.

The rallies in Kherson were quite massive, but they were suppressed. First, they identified organiser one by one. They abducted them, took them away, and no one ever saw them again. I went to one rally, but it was already when people were afraid to gather. Every time before rallies, the occupiers lined up in front of the city hall with assault rifles. The protesters gathered near the cinema; there was a road between us. But as soon as the rally began, they came closer to us, started shooting in the air, shooting at legs, and then everyone ran away. More injuries, however, were caused by the grenades they threw.

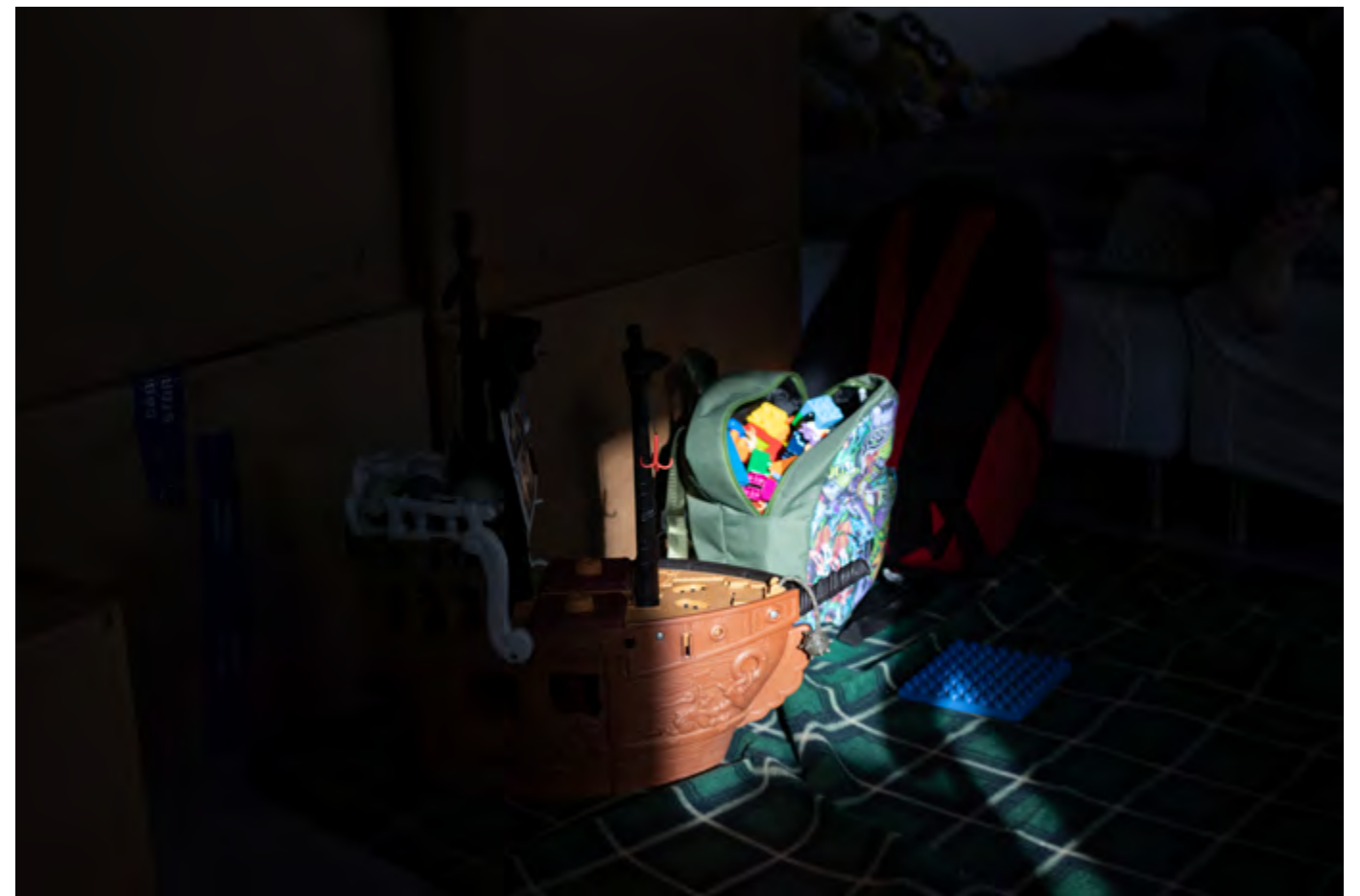
It became our daily routine to leave phones at home or to delete all apps and messages.

NADIYA TARASEVYCH

20 Y. O. /

LVIV — COPENHAGEN (DENMARK)

I was born in Chernihiv, but moved to my favourite Lviv, where I study at the Faculty of International Relations. I've been a portrait and fine art photographer for many years. I worked as an assistant at a photo studio in Lviv, where I was responsible for setting up light. I used to take dance classes before the war and will resume dancing as soon as I can. I left for Denmark at the end of March and am now living with a Danish family in Copenhagen. My parents and boyfriend remained in Ukraine. My boyfriend is fighting for our country.



LOOKING FOR HOME

The project is dedicated to stories of Ukrainian families that were forced to leave their homes because of Russia's full-scale war, and had to look for shelter in Denmark. There are people who came alone, those who had to leave their families to take their children abroad, and those who are already planning to return home.

Veronika Leontieva and Ihor Leontiev from Kyiv fled Ukraine together with their three children aged 6, 8 and 15. They had no idea where they were going. Volunteers helped them to find a shelter in Denmark. Now they are living in a small room in a dormitory for Ukrainians.



Veronika, 42, an English teacher



Ihor, 45, a system administrator



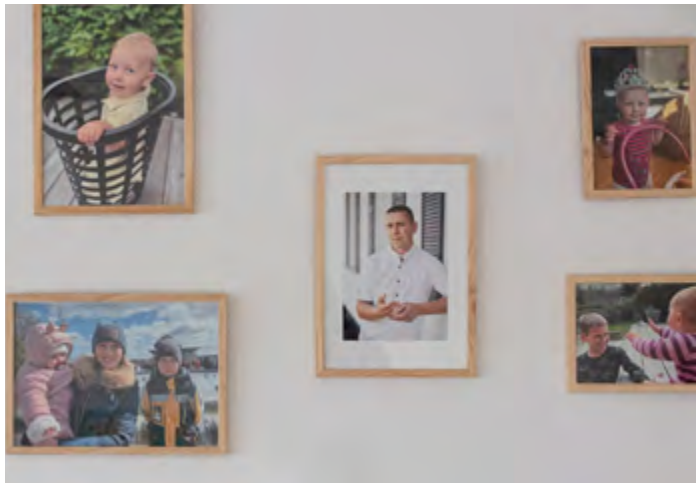
Oleksandra, 8



Yaromir, 6



Ira Vakhrusheva from Cherniakhiv, 31. Ira used to work in a visa centre. She left Ukraine at the beginning of March with two children: Varvara, 18 months old, and Makar, 7 y.o. Her husband and the rest of the family are in Ukraine. She lived with a Danish family for four months and then moved to a dormitory. Ira says, she has done this for the sake of her children.



Children can see their relatives only in photos



Dasha Yevpak, 30, lived in Kyiv with her mother Olena. They are originally from Cherniakhiv, Zhytomyr Oblast. They fled to Denmark at the beginning of March, having no friends or relatives there. Volunteers helped them to find a Danish family to stay with. They are living in a dormitory now. Dasha is homesick; she plans to come back to Ukraine and crosses out days in a calendar.



Dasha and Olena are still in touch with the Danish family that helped them



Dasha is very attached to her belongings, that's why she took her favourite jacket with her

KATERYNA MYRHOROD

/ 20 Y. O. KHARKIV — NORWICH (ENGLAND)

I'm a photographer from Kharkiv, Ukraine. On 24 February, I had to flee my homeland. Now England has become my temporary home. Photography was and remains my life, inspiration and the main way to express myself.

I work with different styles of photography: from portrait to documentary. I like to look at people, study them, talk to them and watch them carefully not to interfere with their lives, for them to remain themselves and feel comfortable.

In my pictures, I show person's live, freedom and true soul with all its subtleties, fears, traumas and secrets. When the war started, I lost peace and connection with everything good. I'm afraid and I try to bring back this light to the world. I believe in peace and freedom of all people.



FAR FROM HOME

For me, home is a place of strength.
The place where my loved ones are always with me.
The place, where I know myself and feel comfortable.
The place where I'm free, where I can be myself.

The war started destroying my home
and myself, taking the most important
things away from me.

I'm far from Ukraine now, that's why I'm looking for pieces
of home and peace in everything around me, where
I can feel harmony and real life.







SOFIA KONOVALOVA

/ 19 Y. O.

KHARKIV — LVIV

Originally from Kharkiv, I've been temporarily living in Lviv. I've been studying Photography Art and Visual Practices at the Kharkiv State Academy of Design and Arts since 2020. I'm on academic leave now. I first took camera in summer 2020 at the analogue photography course.



THE PLACE, WHERE I LIVE

I want to convey my feelings after Russia's full-scale invasion. This is the first time I live in a dormitory, and I feel claustrophobic, as if I am in a closed space that oppresses me all the time. Nevertheless, life goes on, and the packed suitcase is ready and waiting to return home, just like me.



ANASTASIA CHULKOVA

/ 21 PIK

KHARKIV — KYIV

I'd lived my whole life in Kharkiv before Russia decided to liberate me. I haven't been home since February, and I'm not sure I'll be back. I'm living in Kyiv now. I took up photography, when I was a child. I can't imagine us apart. Many say photography is work. For me photography is, first of all, self-discovery. I can hardly touch many things, unless I see them through my lens. I shoot psychological portrait. I shoot mostly black and white to focus on details. I like seeing people's essence, their synthesis in the world and how they interact with their environment. That's why in many of my series nature reveals connection with humanity.

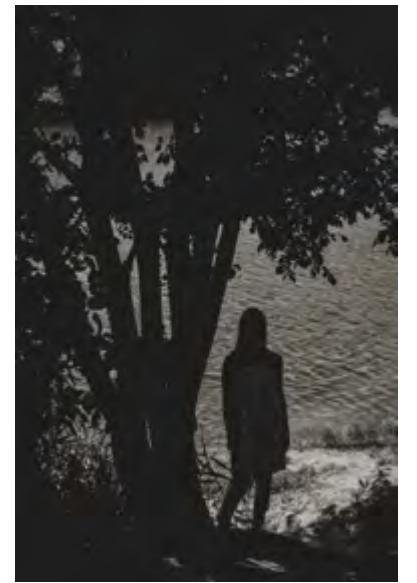


THE MIRROR OF BEING

Nature is the only thing that remains static during the war. Nature whispers about the imprints of time, allowing you to cross the line and return to your native home before 24 February 2022.

That's why it's majestic; there's a feeling as if you enter your past life through a mirror. Everything is in nature; it destroys and creates all the time. All things are in nature, and nature is in everything.

No one can take the feeling of natural home from me.





YANA ISAIENKO

21 Y. O.

/

KYIV — BERLIN (GERMANY)

I'm an actress and photographer. Originally from Lviv, I grew up in Kyiv.

I started performing in the children's theatre when I was eight, and had several roles in Ukrainian films. I took up photography at eleven-twelve, and first tried to shoot on film when I was fifteen.

Photography facilitates self-reflection. It helps find visual images that reflect my state and feelings at a certain moment.



6,200,000 people have left Ukraine looking for shelter in other countries*

MORNING NEWS

The new routine of every Ukrainian abroad is to check the news from home. Every morning we take our phones and see the news about shelling of cities, losses and new terrorists' acts of cruelty. We see hundreds of numbers. Losses, destructions, alerts, those murdered that will be always in front of our eyes. We are absorbed by the news; it becomes the only thought repeated all day. A series of self-portraits from the morning routine. When every morning you are very likely to wake up in personal grief.

Berlin 2022



204



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135,800 buildings have been ruined*

207



262 children were killed by Russians*

*Data for the period of 24 February — 22 August 2022. Sources: IOM, UNHCR, OHCHR

VIKTORIYA MAIDANYK

19 Y. O.

/ KRYZHOPIL — LIMASSOL (CYPRUS)

My friends and relatives call me Baby, because I was a tiny child. I was deaf and mute until the age of five. Then I got fitted for hearing aids and started learning to hear and talk to the world. That was challenging, but when I was seven, I was able to go to an ordinary school and study among ordinary children.

At eleven, I was operated for implant placement. I had to start over: I had to learn everything all over again, even vowel sounds. That was challenging, time-consuming and nerve-wracking, but I succeeded with the help of my family. I finished a regular secondary school and entered the University of Culture to study fine art photography. I studied there for two years, but has quitted this year and moved to Cyprus because of the war.

However, I'm still passionate about photography. I dream of becoming a fine art photographer. I have to admit it's still a bit difficult and embarrassing for me to work with people.



TOY OF WAR

In several months, the world will celebrate the New Year 2023. However, in my head, 2022 has not even started. We had no opportunity to live in the world without war, terrorism, deaths, destroyed houses and cities. It was impossible for us to live at all. It doesn't matter, whether you stay in Ukraine or abroad, every day there's the word 'war' in your head. I left home in May. But it's impossible not to think about, not to talk about, or not to take pictures of the war.



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YULIIA TARADIUK

19 Y. O. / LUTSK

Yulia was born in Velykyi Omelianyuk/Lutsk. She studies at Lesya Ukrainka Volyn National University, the Faculty of Foreign Philology. She is a photographer and civic activist. She studied at the Centre for Visual Education in Lutsk. She prefers documentary and conceptual photography.

Her work has been showcased in group exhibitions in 2022: Spring and Ashes (Dzyga Art Center, Lviv), Be Now (Hnat Khotkevych Palace of Culture, Lviv), Safe Place (Saarbrücken, Germany).



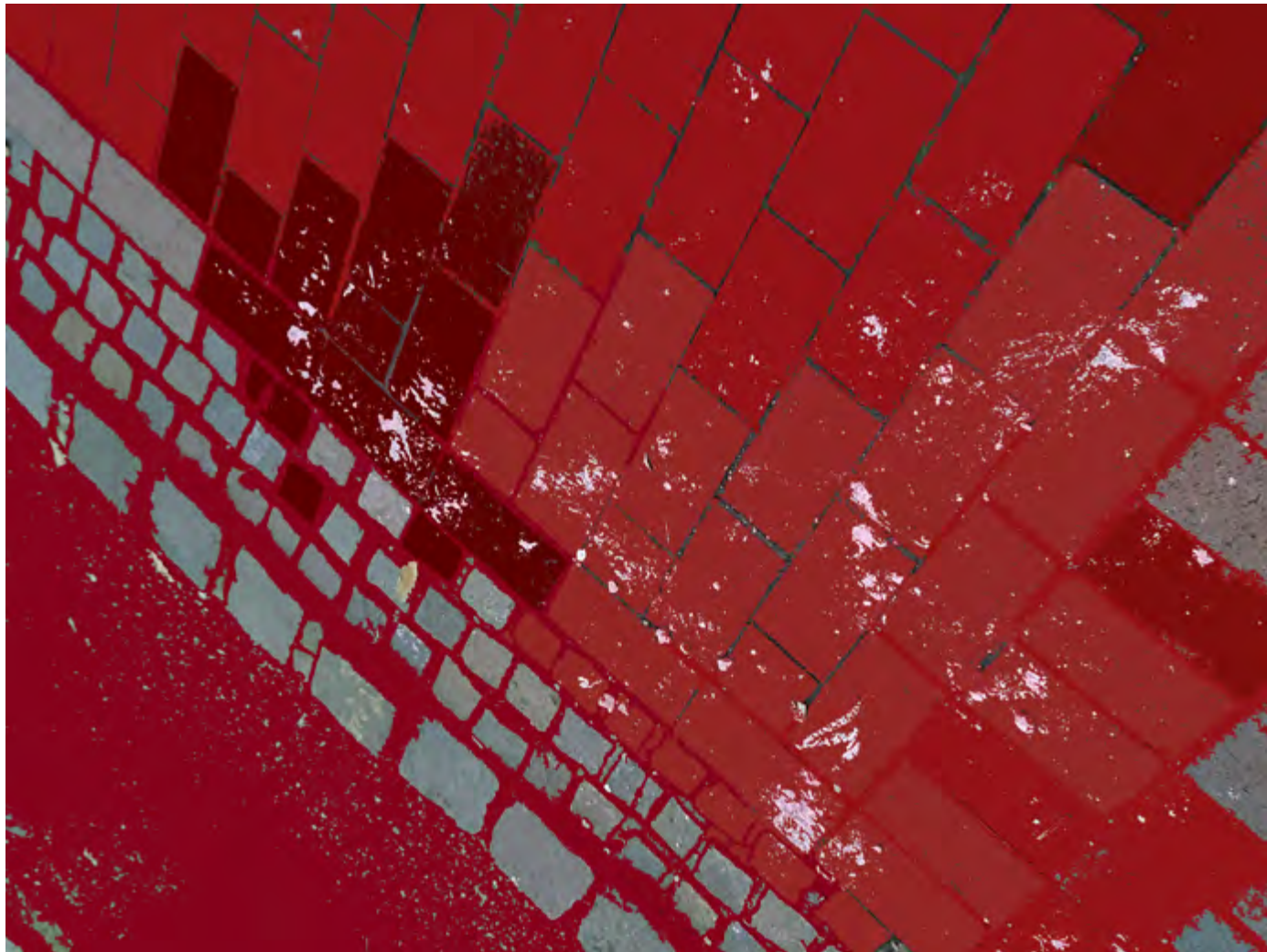
CRIMSON

Staying abroad means to be in-between all the time. Between friends and foes, between sympathy and indifference, between harmony and commotion, between war and peace, between news and reality.

German streets speak with the voice of the Germanic tribes, and people roar with streams of nouns. You just stand there exposed to a hail of reports about air alerts in your hometown. The streets become crimson: flowers turn red, trees bleed, hail falls down on cobblestones.

Any attempt to wash off the crimson with cold water makes it even more burning. It seeps into the room through the windows, telephone, and TV. You hope it will disappear after the air alert ends, but it doesn't.

The pictures were taken in Germany (Vechta, Bremen and Osnabrück) in October 2022.





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LISANNA RYZHEVSKA

18 Y. O.

/ MARIUPOL — LUBNY

Lisanna was born in Donetsk. In 2014, when the Russian-Ukrainian war started, her family moved to Mariupol. That year she lost her parents. In Mariupol, she stayed with her relatives. After finishing school, she enrolled at the Mariupol State University, the Faculty of Journalism. She is fond of photography.

After the beginning of Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine, she stayed in besieged Mariupol in February and March. She managed to flee the city and lived for a while in Europe as a refugee together with her relatives. She has come back to Ukraine and continues studying at the university that has moved to Kyiv.



+ (I'M ALIVE. FROM MARIUPOL DIARY)

A new symbol has emerged in the Ukrainian language during the Russian invasion of Ukraine (2014 — ...). When a person on the occupied territory or on the front line answers with simple '+' (plus) in response to the question 'How are you?', it means this person is alive. Alive!

From 24 February to 15 March 2022, I was in Mariupol besieged, destroyed and shelled by Russians. It was a miracle I could escape that hell. I went through numerous checkpoints, I was a refugee in Europe and returned to Ukraine. Now I want to reconsider everything that has happened to me.

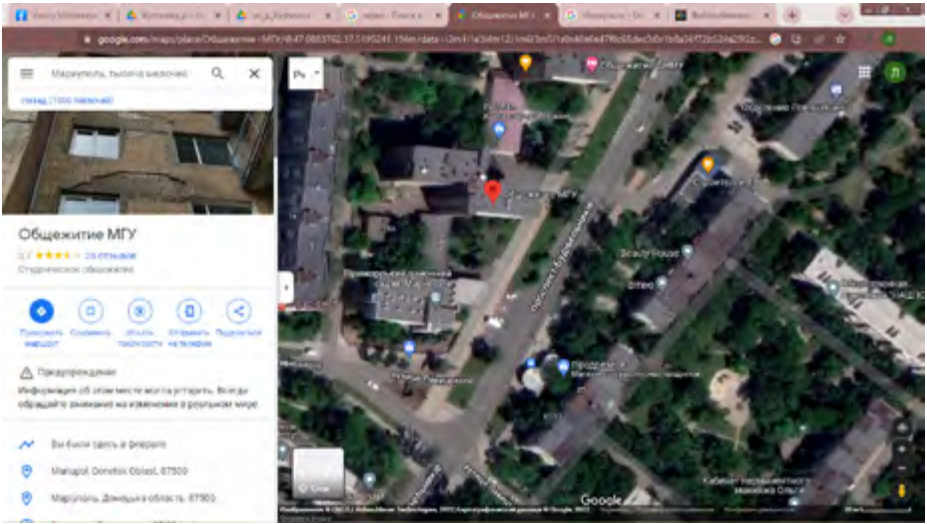
I kept a diary in the besieged Mariupol. That short notes are combined with present-day self-portraits.

I'm a student at Mariupol State University. Before the war, I lived in a dormitory almost in the centre of Mariupol.

On 24 February 2022, the city was shelled from the outskirts. It was quite loud there, but in the centre, I slept peacefully until 7 o'clock in the morning, oblivious of what was happening, until my roommate woke me up, mumbling anxiously, 'There's shooting outside! There's a war!'

I didn't believe her at first and tried to fall asleep again. 'Even if there's really something, our armed forces will stop them', I thought. But I couldn't sleep. I got nervous and started calling my family. They were fine, although scared.

Kyiv, October 2022



All shops are looted. Drug stores. Gas stations. Only servicemen, shelters with brutalised people and police are left in the city.

Mariupol, March 2022



My relatives called me and asked to visit them. Luckily, their house was a five-minute walk from my place. I grabbed my documents, medication, my favourite camera, and at 9 o'clock in the morning, I was already there. Streets were overcrowded. Scared people were running between shops and ATMs. Some, however, went to gym, as if nothing had happened, as a friend of mine did.

Mariupol, 24 February 2022

Every day, it was getting more difficult to hold on. Every day, we became even more desperate, disbelieving the war would ever end. There was no information about evacuation. As well as about our close ones. One could go crazy, especially when being alone. There were people I cared about in the city that Russians were levelling with the ground. I had no information about them. I didn't know if they were dead or alive.

That was very depressing, especially during the first several days. I was haunted by the thought: 'Only three days ago I knew they were alive, but I know nothing about them now, and the areas where they live are under constant shelling'.

Mariupol, 4 March 2022



I've lost everything. The documents, medication and the camera are everything I have. The only clothes I have are the ones I'm wearing.

Mariupol, 15 March 2022

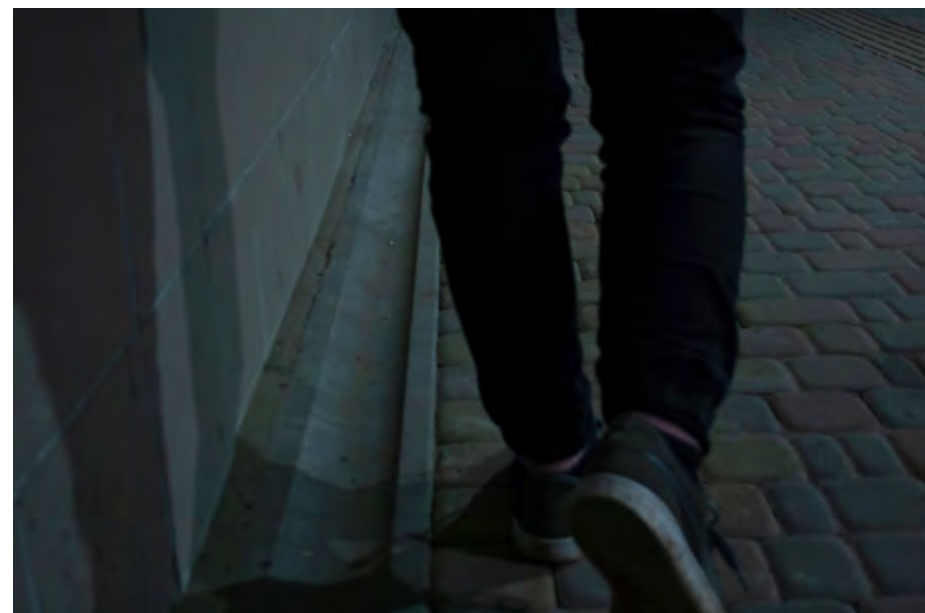
The first day without mobile and Internet communication we suddenly started losing our nerve. Some began to snap at everyone around, others cried all the time. As for me, I withdrew into myself and my feelings.

Mariupol, 3 March 2022



Our life is like Ruzsian roulette: every day a projectile can hit our house. There's a repeated thought in the head: 'Dear God, kill me, or evacuate me'.

Mariupol, 4 March 2022



The tenth day of the war. The fourth day without mobile and Internet communication. At 11:17 we got the message about evacuation. They promised to stop shelling from 11:00 to 18:00, but somehow it didn't happen. My brother is afraid this is a trap and they'll shell us on our way out. To be honest, I would rather die on the way out, than continue stewing in my own juice.

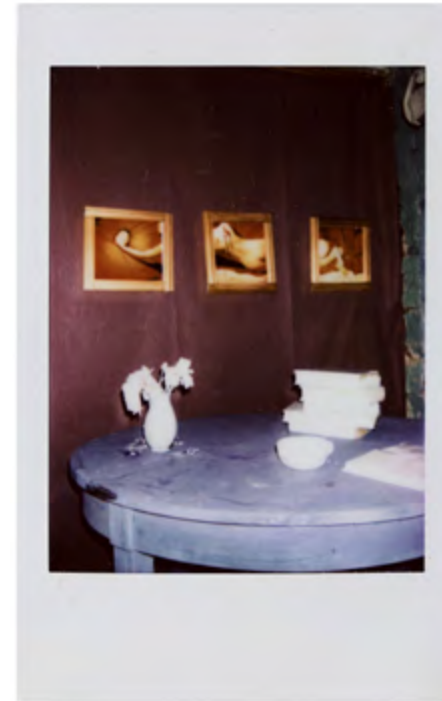
Mariupol, 5 March 2022

OLIA KOVAL

21 Y. O.

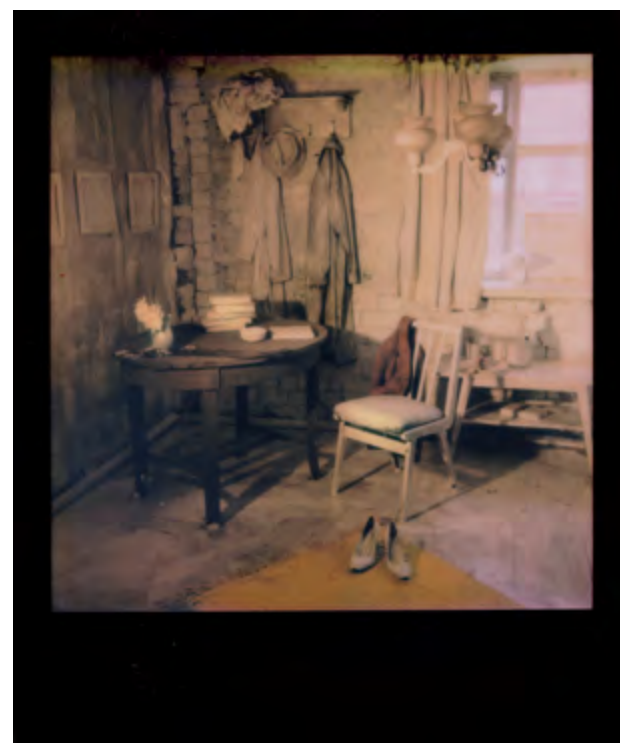
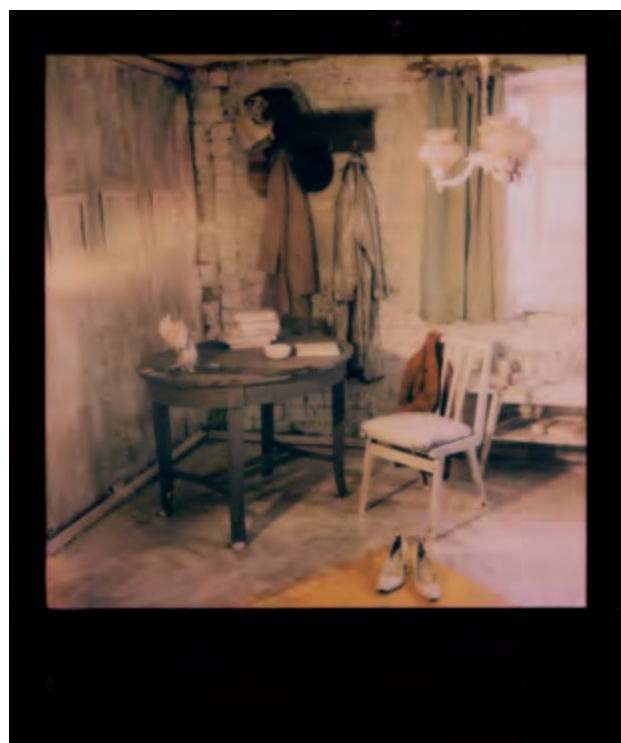
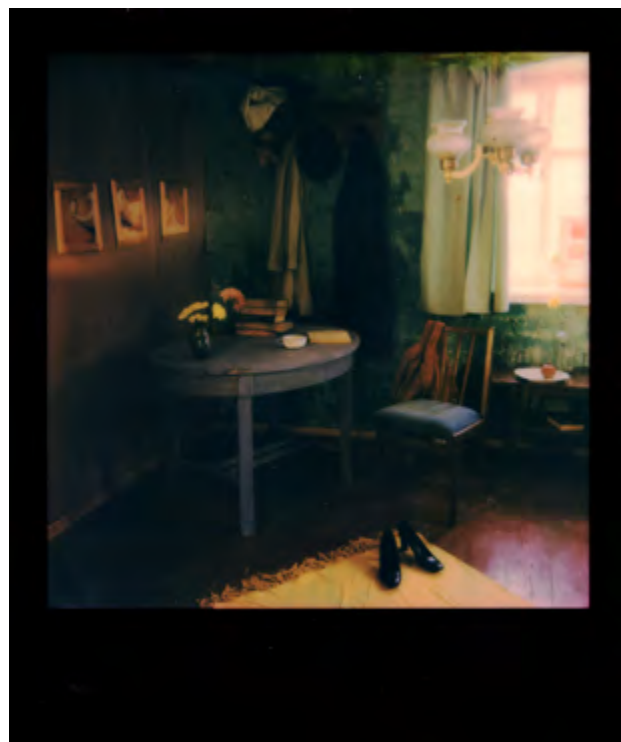
/ CHERNIHIV — KYIV

I was born in 2001 in Chernihiv. I became interested in conceptual photography in 2018. I study cinematography at Karpenko-Karyi Kyiv National University of Theatre, Cinema and Television. I completed Serhiy Melnichenko's course MYPH in 2019 and Roman Pyatkovka's conceptual photography course in 2020. I'm a member of MYPH group. Since 2020, my work has been showcased at ArtEast Gallery in Berlin.



MEMORY, 2022

Did I really see that?
Memories fade, details
are forgotten, outlines
become less clear. Time
seems to have sped up after 24 February. Large amount of information carries you away from where you are. It's hard to remember what exactly surrounded you.



YURII HOLIK

19 Y. O.

/ KHARKIV — LVIV

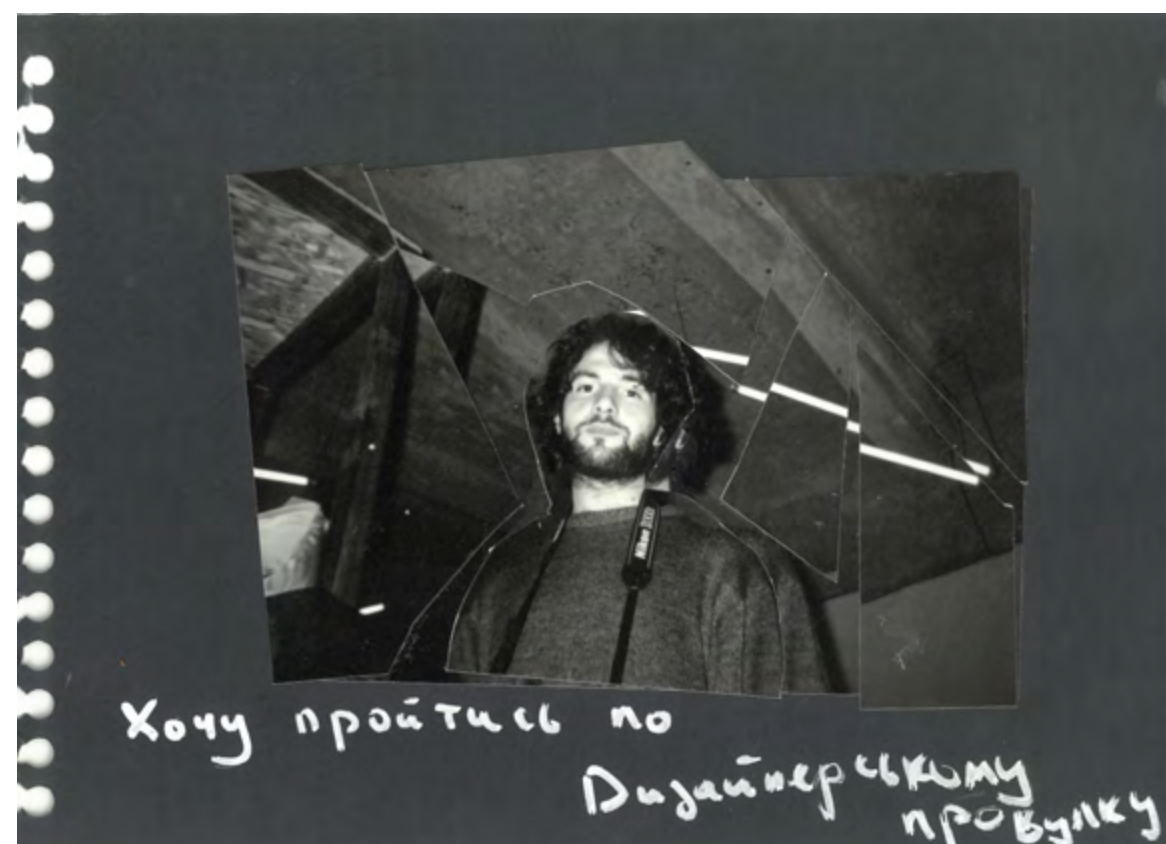
Yurii is an art manager, curator and artist from Kharkiv. Since 2020, he has been studying art history at Kharkiv State Academy of Design and Fine Arts. He used to work at Kharkiv Municipal Gallery. In 2021, he together with his friends co-founded PATIO project – a platform for creative young people (poets, artists, musicians and curators) from Kharkiv, where musical and literary events, artist talks, lectures and charity events were held. Yurii is now living in Lviv.

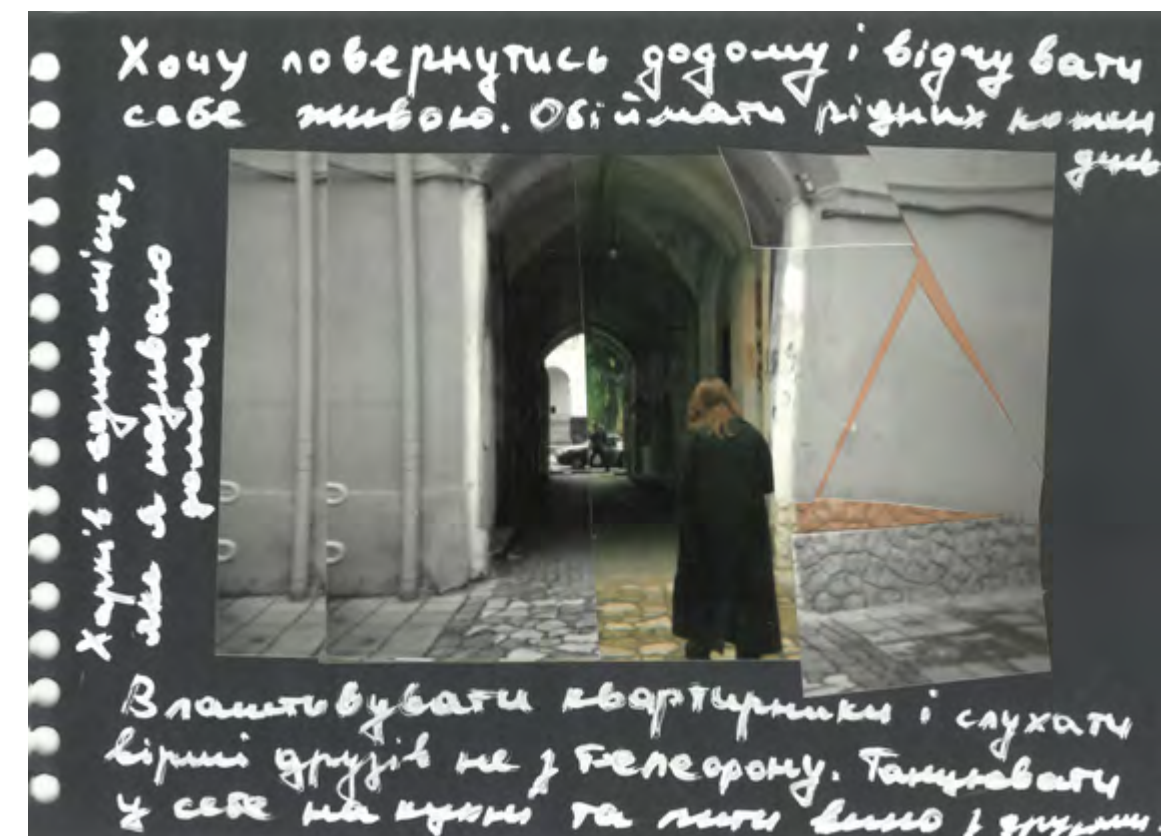


DREAMS OF KHARKIV

I made this series of collages, when I moved to Lviv in early September. I'm trying to get back to normal life here and several times a day I catch myself thinking, 'Almost like in Kharkiv'. I've met a lot of people from my hometown that are experiencing the same. I took and printed pictures, cut them in pieces and created collages. I asked people to write about their memory or association with Kharkiv and kept notes about their experience in my diary. People from other cities joined the project. The most interesting thing is to see how people, who have never been to Kharkiv, perceive the Kharkiv myth and form their own idea of the city based on the text.

Contrary to photography, collage breaks down typical relationships with truthfulness of an image, allowing artists to construct their own reality from fragments of the real world. Dreams of Kharkiv is an attempt to document my own memories and feelings, to depict the borderline state between past, a failed attempt to let go of it, and the present, which is hard to accept.





ANNA POHORIELOVA

19 Y. O.

/ KHARKIV — WINTERTHUR (SWITZERLAND)

This is how I prefer to feel the world: rhythm, colours, voices and music. I'm a third-year student at the Kharkiv State Academy of Culture. I've been fascinated by art since 2019. In 2020, I became interested in street photography. Then, in 2021, I took up fine art photography.

I've fled Ukraine because of the full-scale invasion. I'm living abroad now. Six months ago, I felt too much at once, and it seemed I was too exhausted to focus and create. Several month later, I got the opportunity to participate in Odesa Photo Days' online mentoring programme. It saved me. For now, I've decided to focus on street photography.



THE VEIL OF ILLUSION

Memories. They are so un-touchable. Only a strong thread that creates a path between thoughts and heart, and keeps everything inside. People keep seeing things that don't exist anymore. This is how memories work. Time goes by. I use collages to recall my stories from life in Ukraine and the new reality that the country has been facing.





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KAMILA KARPENKO

17 Y. O.

/

NIZHYN

In my spare time, I perform on stage and play Mafia with friends. I enjoy traveling and meeting interesting people. I learn English and German. I like reading. Remarque is my favourite author. I'm fascinated with his work. I feel related to some of his characters and their feelings.

There are stars that disintegrated 10,000 light years ago, but they still shine today. Erich Maria Remarque.



6700

The enemy killed 6700 residents of the town of Koryukivka at the beginning of March 1943 for resisting Germans. A little girl and her family survived, but she still can't forget this terrible episode of her life.

Halyna Popova is an eyewitness of those events; she recalls the impudence of the military, people's fear, confusion and panic, many bodies on the roads and the difficult path to the freedom line. Her mother saved the family by bringing children outside the fence, but there were many people left who didn't make it. The whole town was on fire and ruined. It became lifeless. The time passed and people started getting back to their hometown and rebuilding their homes.

Some more years passed, people walk along the streets as they used to do in the past. Have they forgiven that cruelty? Will they be able to forgive later on? Most Ukrainians who are connected with the occupiers through the territories, family ties, or the time they lived together, should also give an answer to this question.

In this project I try to address forgiveness: how long can a person keep pondering an issue in order to let it go and make the life easier (but will such a decision make it easier?), or to continue thinking it over?







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ARSENII KHOMENKO

17 Y. O.

/ KONOTOP

I became interested in photography at the age of twelve. At fourteen I started learning aerial photography and advanced video editing.

I study cinematography at Karpenko-Karyi Kyiv National University of Theatre. Before that, I worked for the regional media Konotop.City as a photographer and cameraman.



Church of St. Nicholas the Wonderworker in the village of Bobrove.

The wooden Church of St. Nicholas the Wonderworker in the village of Bobrove, Sum'ska Oblast. It is the oldest precisely dated wooden church of Slobozhanshchyna (about 1700). The church is dilapidated and will collapse soon

CHURCHES ARE THE LAST TO DIE

The ritual architecture of Sivershchyna has been steadily decaying. Even the preserved churches are now abandoned and crumbling.

This photo project is about an indescribable impression from visiting churches that perhaps are living out their last days. This is a sad story about light and darkness, about nature and culture, about harmony and chaos, about death and revival.

CHURCH
OF THE ASSUMPTION
OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
MARY IN THE VILLAGE
OF VOSHCHYNENE

The stone Church of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the abandoned village of Voshchynene in Sumy Oblast. The church was built in 1866, and functioned until the '1980s.



CHURCH
OF THE INTERCESSION
OF THE HOLY MOTHER
OF GOD IN THE VILLAGE
OF DEHTIARIVKA

The stone Church of the Intercession of the Holy Mother of God in the village of Dehtiarivka in Chernihiv Oblast. The church was built in 1708 led by Hetman Ivan Mazepa. This is an architectural monument.



OLEKSANDRIVSKA CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE OF PRYDESNIANSKIE

The wooden Oleksandrivska Church in the village of Prydesnianske in Chernihiv Oblast. The church was built in 1899. It was used as a granary, and served as a club under the Germans. It is in disrepair now.



CHURCH OF THE INTERCESSION OF THE HOLY MOTHER OF GOD IN THE VILLAGE OF SLOBIDKA

The wooden Church of the Intercession of the Holy Mother of God in the village of Slobidka in Chernihiv Oblast. It was built in 1834–1836 with the money of major Novitsky. It has been gradually decaying.



IHOR HORBUNOV

18 Y. O.

/ KHARKIV — KATOWICE (POLAND)

I'm a photographer and cameraman born in Kamianske, Dnipropetrovska Oblast. Around three years ago, I became interested in photography and architecture of my hometown. First, I spent the whole summer shooting with an old point-and-shoot camera. Then I went to a photo school, where I finally decided to continue doing this in the future. I'm a second-year student at the Kharkiv State Academy of Culture, where I study to become a TV and film camera operator.

I fled to Poland, after Russia started a full-scale war against Ukraine. I was seventeen back then. I'm documenting unique Polish architecture of the 20th century in Krakow. I'm interested in architecture, reportage and candid photography. I see my future related to photography and cinematography. I'm also planning to publish a book about architecture of the Polish People's Republic.



Bicycles are popular means of transportation means in Krakow. Nowa Huta also has a developed bike lane system. Poles get used to riding a bike since childhood, because fuel prices are growing and traffic congestion is getting worse

SOCIALIST QUARTERS OF NOWA HUTA

There has been no socialism in Poland for more than 30 years, but there are still areas in the country where we can feel its spirit. Nowa Huta is a district on the outskirts of Krakow, built in the 1950s as a separate socialist town for the workers of the local metallurgical plant.

Nowa Huta is now a kind of socialism reserve in Poland. It seems that nothing has changed here. However, generations change in this unchanging architecture.



Arches under buildings in the central part of the district. These promenades remain part of the main walking routes



The district also has a well-developed system of public transport. There are several tramlines



Nowa Huta was and still remains a cultural district. Nowa Huta Cultural Centre is the main community facility. This is a big Early Modernist building, hosting regular performances. A huge chandelier adorns the main hall. In the Soviet days, it was common for big community buildings to have unique lighting

Our Lady Queen of Poland Church, located in the new part of the district, is a vivid example of church architecture of the second half of the 20th century. Contrary to the Soviet Union, religion was not banned in the Polish People's Republic, that's why Modernist churches are common here.



NASTIA KOLODKA

19 Y. O.

/ KYIV

I was born in Romny, Sumy Oblast. I'm living in Kyiv now. I'm completing cultural studies programme at the Kyiv-Mohyla Academy. I'm interested in Ukrainian experimental music, gender studies and politics of memory. I'm a volunteer.



Oleksandr Zygin Monument, Poltava

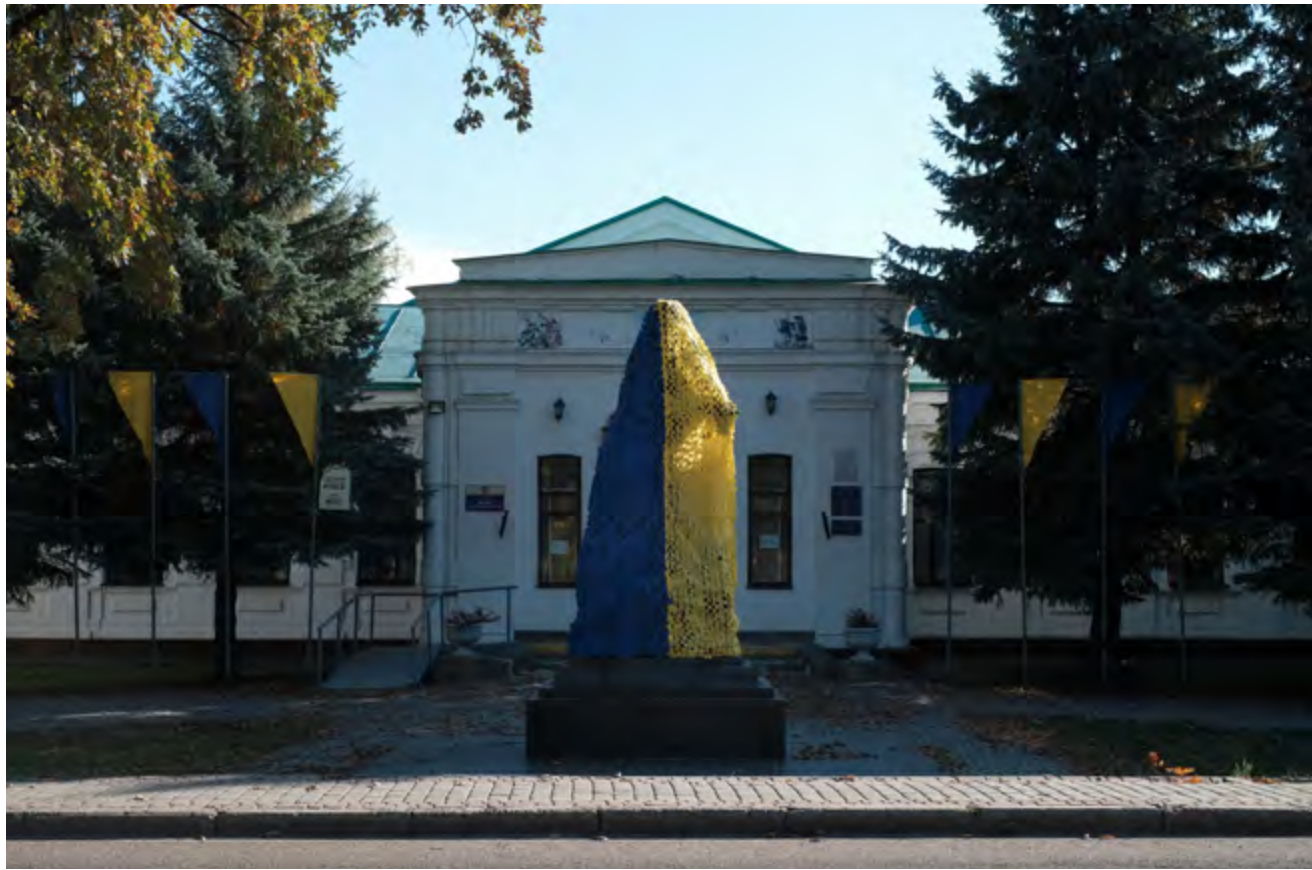
DE_COLONISATION?

According to the Ministry of Culture and Information Policy of Ukraine, Russian shelling has damaged around 500 objects of cultural heritage since 24 February 2022, including 139 monuments of national importance. The rest 361 are museums, nature reserves, memorials and religious sites. Destructions were reported in 15 Ukrainian regions.

The propaganda of the Russian Federation justifies its actions by the so-called denazification (meaning de-Ukrainization), the purpose of which is to overthrow the Ukrainian government, repress the cultural elite and public activists, and destroy the cultural heritage and national identity as a whole. The ideological simulacrum of denazification is the (un) disguised genocide of Ukrainians.

The refutation of imperialist myths, propaganda patterns and chauvinistic prejudices is a step to form the collective consciousness of Ukrainians. The decommunization policy, officially approved at the state level in the spring of 2015, aims to (re)construct historical memory by rethinking the Soviet past. According to the Ukrainian Institute of National Remembrance, there were around 2500 demolished communist monuments as of 2021, including 1300 Lenin statues.

I decided to analyse crimes of the Soviet communist and Putin totalitarian regimes by comparing consequences thereof in the form of landmarks and destructions. I believe that rethinking our past will make it possible to build our safe future.



Peter I Monument in Poltava by architect D. Vorontsov



Kyiv Picture Gallery, Kyiv



Mykola Shchors Monument in Kyiv by sculptors Mykhailo Lysenko and Mykola Sukhodolov



Institute of Philology of Taras Shevchenko National University of Kyiv.
Russia's terrorist attack damaged the façade on 10 October 2022

IRINA PILIPEYKO

19 Y. O.

/ ODESA

Iryna studies political science at Mechnikov Odesa National University. She is interested in fundamentals of political and social technologies and image making. She also develops her creativity in photography. She stays in her hometown and takes efforts to become an outstanding public figure.

MY FAMILY OF TEACHERS

I was born in a family of teachers and I'm proud of it.

My mother is a teacher of Ukrainian language and literature, my father is a teacher of Ukrainian and world history. Together, they have been passing the test of fate for about 20 years in Odesa: from the hard 2000s to the present.

Russia's war against Ukraine is no exception. They manage to continue teaching in such difficult and destructive conditions, and enrich students with interesting facts and knowledge.

School is a living monument to all teachers, including my parents, who met at school, got married, brought up the son and the daughter, and continued teaching and learning.







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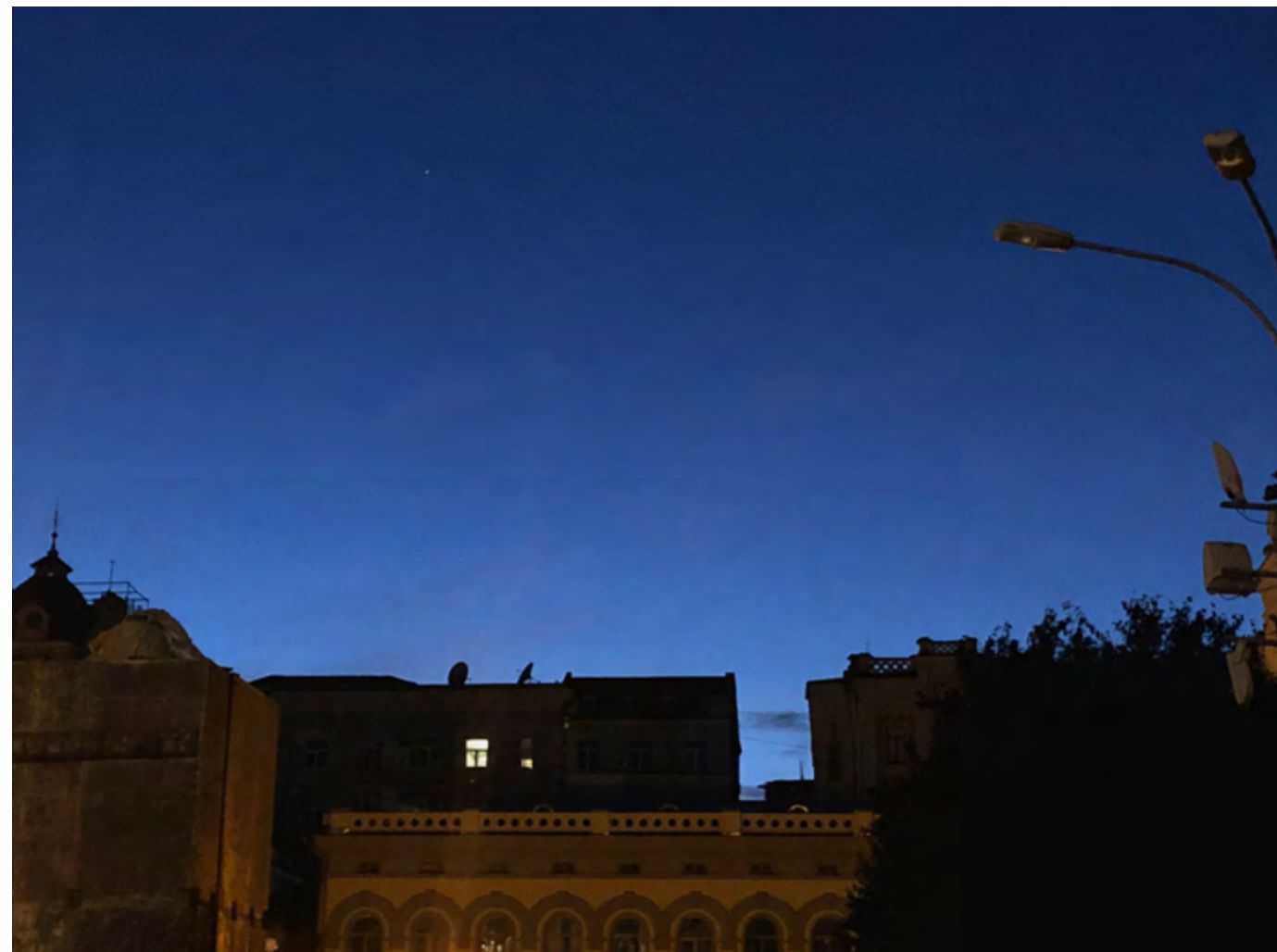
KARINA PONOCHEVNA

21 Y. O.

/ KYIV

She was born and live in Kyiv. She studies at Kyiv National Linguistic University to become a translator of French and English.

She has been passionate about photography for six years. She loves Japanese culture, Wong Kar-Wai, and architectural photography.



Kyiv, July – October 2022

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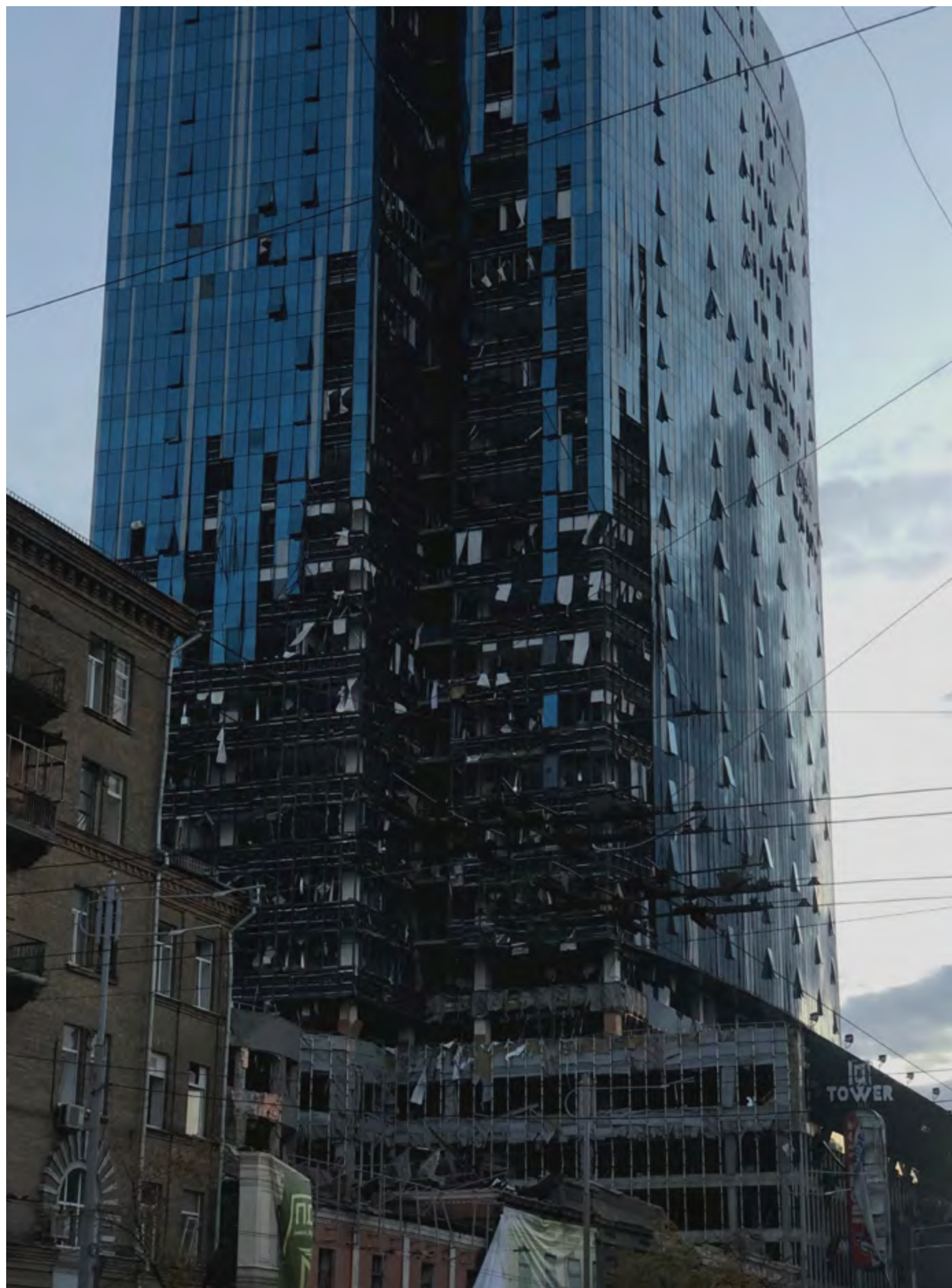
Light is hope and life, absence of chaos and uncertainty. They want to take this from us now.

Russian missiles have damaged or destroyed more than 300 buildings in Kyiv since the beginning of the Russian full-scale invasion of Ukraine.

Modern and historic architecture, illuminated streets and squares, big outdoor screens—this is what Kyiv was like before the war. Life here was always in full swing day and night. Especially at night, when the capital becomes a flash of lights.

It is not allowed to go outside from 11 p.m. to 5 a.m. now, because of the curfew. Windows are criss-crossed with tape, since people are afraid of flying glass resulting from an explosion. People follow blackout rules. They got used to hanging heavy curtains or covering windows with plywood.

The capital lives on despite missile attacks. The scars of the war, however, remain on hundreds of injured Kyivites, damaged buildings, mutilated streets, pavements and playgrounds. My aim is to show, how buildings in Kyiv have been going through such a difficult period in Ukraine's history. The period of fighting for freedom and peace. The time of struggle between light and darkness.



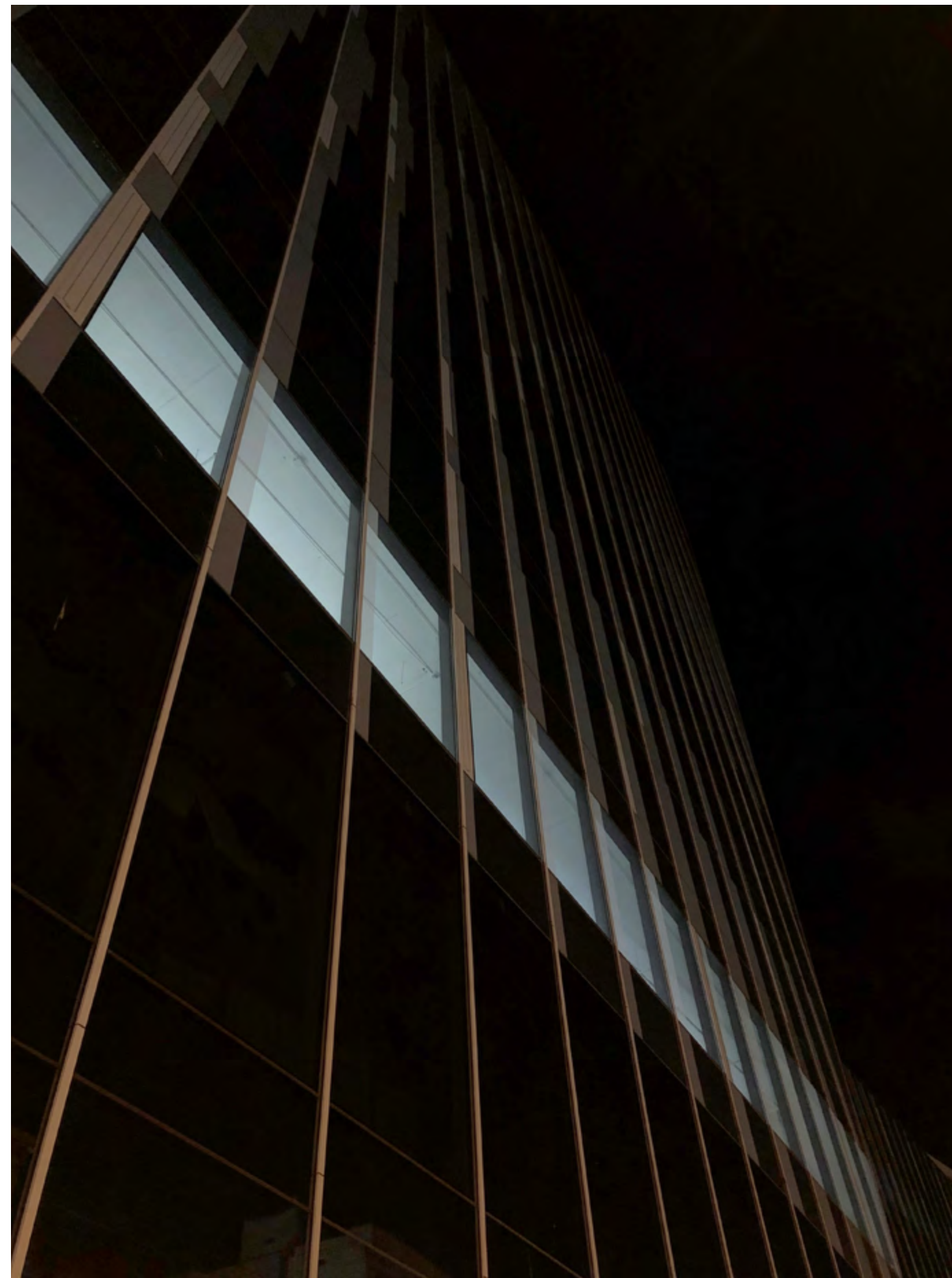
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ANASTASIIA NIKONOVA

17 Y. O.

/ KRAMATORSK — PEREMOHA VILLAGE, KYIV OBLAST

I've lived my whole life in Kramatorsk, Donetsk Oblast. Since the end of summer, I've been temporarily residing in Peremoha village, Brovary Raion, Kyiv Oblast as an IDP. I'm a first-year student at Borys Grinchenko Kyiv University, where I study Psychology of Business and Management.

I became interested in photography five years ago, after my mother gave me a camera. My other interests include psychology and theatrical skills.



LABYRINTHS

For most Ukrainians, planning for the next day is an impossible task after 24 February 2022. We don't know, if we will wake up tomorrow, or if our bodies will be pulled from the ruins of our home. Every day is yet another turn in a labyrinth. Unfortunately, not all will get to the end.

With the beginning of Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine almost 8,000 people have become victims of the bloody war. They can't be confident about the future any more.

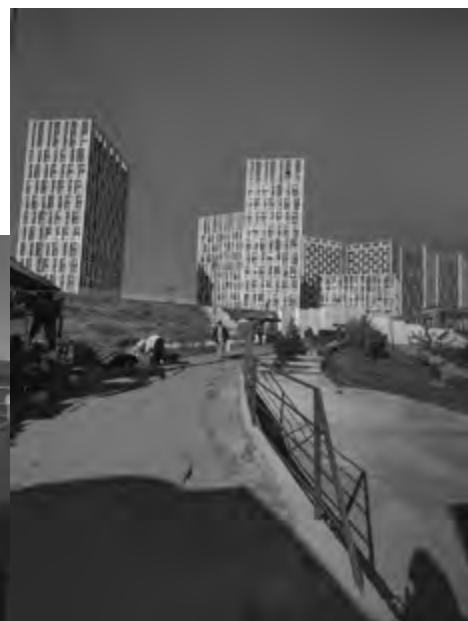
At the same time, more than 50,000 couples tied their fates, 100,000 newborns entered their military labvrinth.

Everyone should, however, know that even when you are in a dead end and it seems there's no way out, you should look at a challenge from different angles, listen to yourself and to the "signs".

Everyone has their own way out, but there's one thing in common: love and warmth will help overcome all difficult twists and turns, because our strength is in unity.

I took these pictures after 24 February 2022 in Kramatorsk and in Kyiv Oblast.





OTHER PARTICIPANTS

THIS PART REPRESENTS THE SELECTED PARTICIPANTS WHO HAVE
NOT CREATED OR HAVE NOT FINALISED THE FINAL PROJECT.

VICTORIA LYSENKO

19 Y. O.

/ KYIV — KRAKOW (POLAND)

I shoot with my smartphone. I studied photography at the Photojournalism course at university. I was a finalist of the contest "The People-Hero Shows Heroes" in the category "Photography".



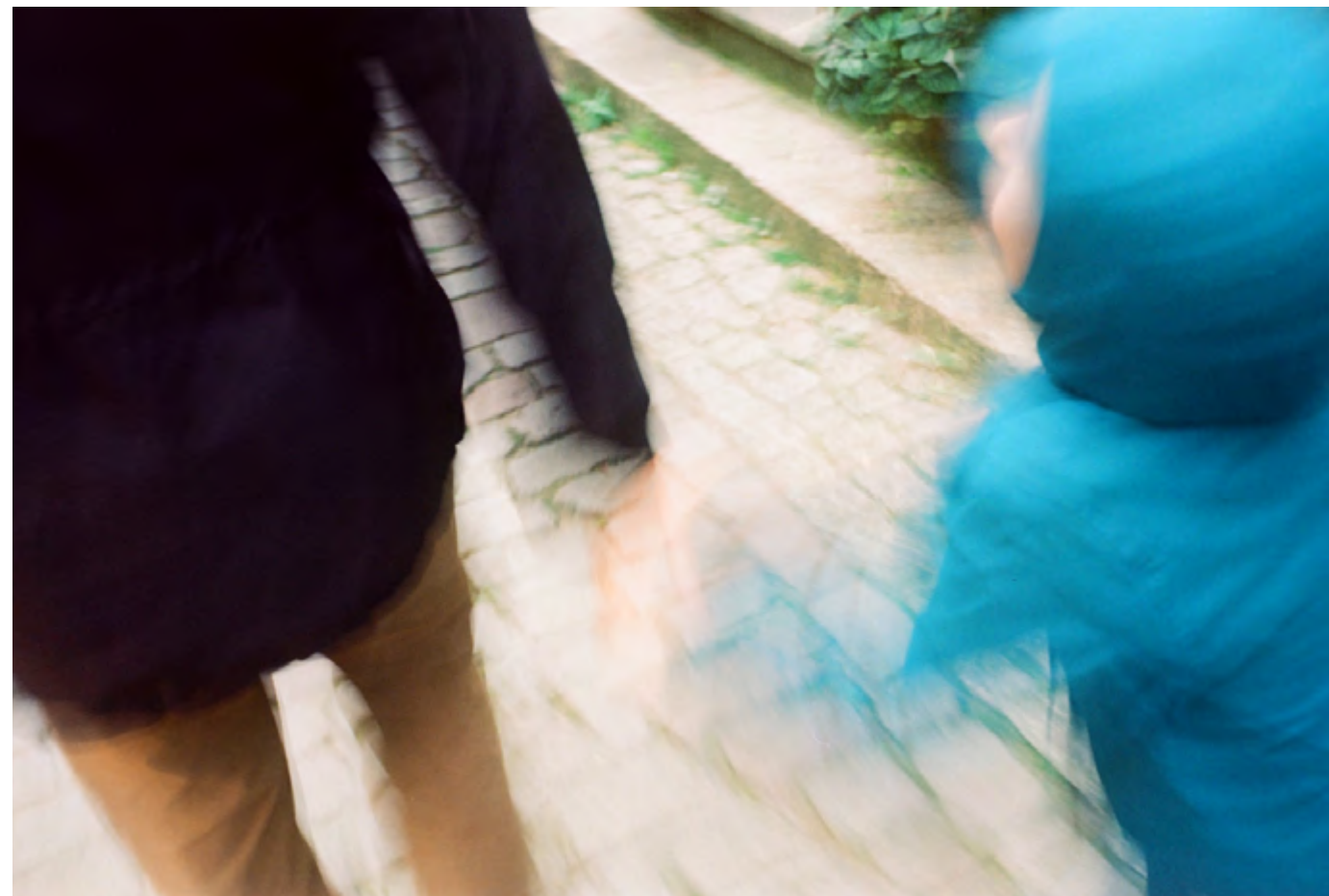
Photos from the participant's portfolio

ZLATA CHERNICHKINA

17 Y. O.

/ KYIV – WARSAW (POLAND)

I've been interested in photography since I was a child. When I was seven, I took first pictures on film. I haven't studied photography anywhere yet, but I've acquired basic knowledge from my father, uncle and grandfather, who are photographers. I shoot with Olympus Mju II, Contax G2 and my smartphone.



The project is ongoing



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NICOLETTA STOYANOVA

19 Y. O.

/ ODESA

I took up photography when I was around seven, as soon as I got a camera. When I was a child, I took pictures to answer the call of my soul, until I was inspired by war photography in 2020 and decided to take this path. I was already in love with photography, when I started the Faculty of Journalism. And so it happened, although the war was too close at hand. I've been a photo journalist and content manager at Suspilne Odesa for a year now. After the full-scale war started, I've been the only photographer of Odesa branch of the national public broadcaster, documenting the life in Odesa and Odesa Oblast.



War play. Odesa, March 2022.

Photos from the participant's portfolio



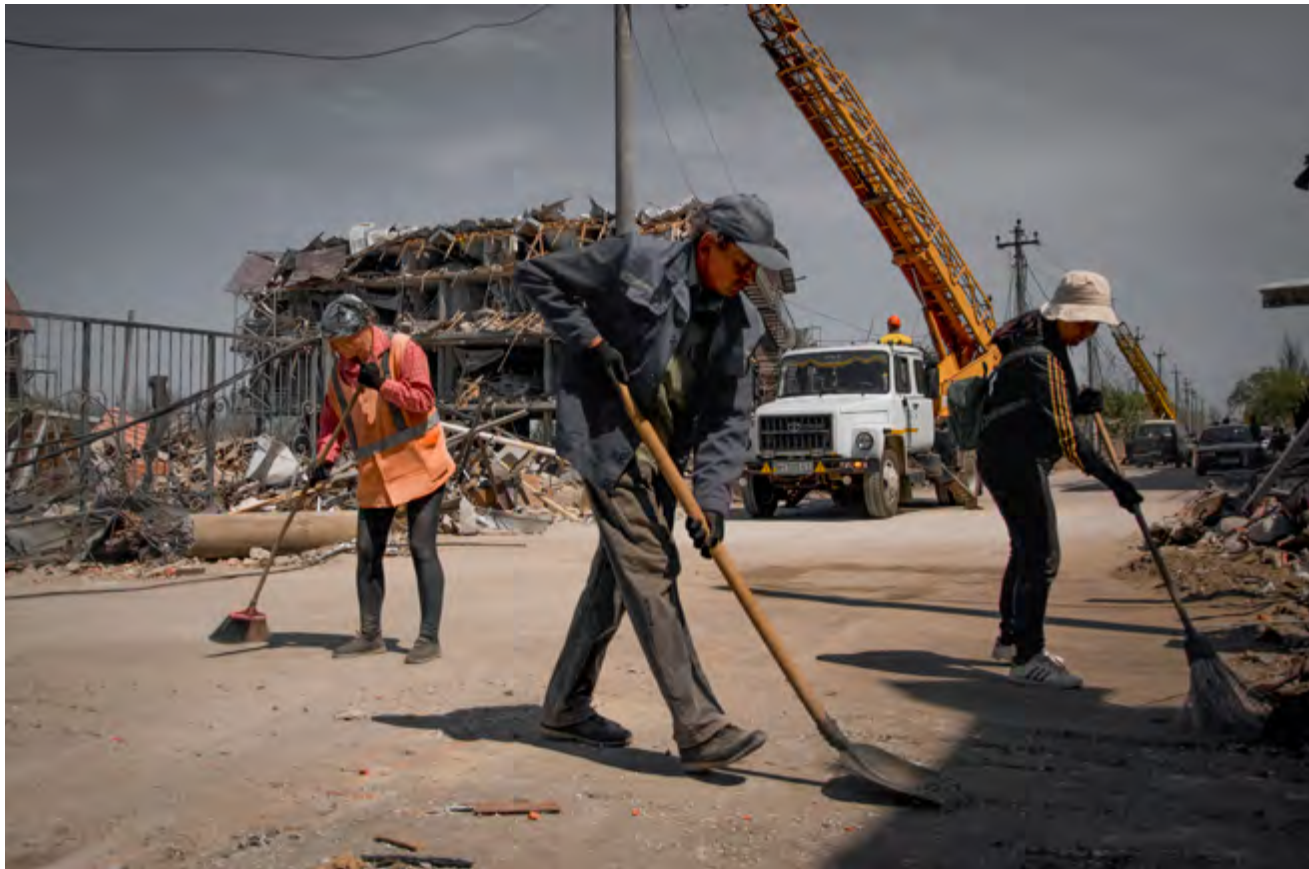
A rocket hit her house, but she survived. Meeting with grandchildren, Serhiivka, July 2022.

Photos from the participant's portfolio



Sorting of debris in Serhiivka.

Photos from the participant's portfolio



People clear the road from debris after the missile strike. Serhiivka, July 2022.

Photos from the participant's portfolio



Serhiivka, the consequences of the missile attack, July 2022.

Photos from the participant's portfolio

OLEKSANDR MENSHOV

20 Y. O

/ KHARTSYZK — KYIV

For me, photography is the main means to explore the world. I want to devote my life to photography, that's why a year ago I took up cinematography to give all of myself to my passion. I don't believe that anyone can teach you to see, but I am grateful to my cinematography school for the discipline in mastering the expressive means of photography, because when you set up lighting in a dark room from scratch, you begin to see everyday beauty in a completely different way. I'm a documentary photographer, I shoot everything I find important, but I don't shoot facts, because the form is the most important thing in photography. Content is meaningless without the form.



Volunteers of district 1 clean up the site of a shelled house in the village of Myla, June 2022.

Photos from the participant's portfolio



Irpın, June 2022.
Photos from the participant's portfolio



Borodianka, Kyiv Oblast, June 2022.
Photos from the participant's portfolio

