

ЗАМОТКА





Kitchen particularities aside, Zamotka features visual starters (photo series and reports), a textual potpourri (that, judging by the size of the portion, is the zine's main course), and – as a dessert – a range of art objects.

This zine is about food of all kinds (from leftovers to gourmet triumphs) and less bud-tickling nutritious mince of other, less joyful ingredients of our lives. Essentially, Zamotka is a printed witness to the instances in which painful experiences, like ingredients, can be dramatically transformed through our love for cooking, eating, feeding, nourishing, and sustaining others.

Zamotka is digestible in one piece like a quick snack and it also works well if savoured bite by bite. When consumed in one gulp, it resembles, to me at least, a vast and crowded food court that lacks a mundane, established menu. It encourages variety and variation, disregards strictly measured proportions, and favours unprecedented mixes and the communion of tastes.



Our *Zamotka* is also a book of recipes for love, all of them featuring a common structural ingredient, and that's what inspired us to capture – or rather wrap together – the transformations happening to the world we witness here and there with our eyes and taste buds through eating something delicious.

Leaving aside abstract appeals to the market forces which do affect what and how we eat or don't eat, we decided to focus on recipes and stories which in a quite articulate and, in our opinion, body-oriented way convey to our readers the essence of the obstacles and limitations related to this part of daily life.

I believe *Zamotka* can shift the established western media focus (which is characteristic of large humanitarian organisations in

particular) from meeting people's basic (that is, subsistence) needs, to the much larger potential for support and care that people can give to each other through food, here and now.

Some of our contributors managed to demonstrate how food can be part of surveillance, control, alienation, and injustice – and at the same time still be something that swirls, boils, mixes, unites and thus, in the end, salvages us from the hungry churning maw of differences and inequalities brought about by war.

*Polishing and editing in Kyiv.
Contributing to field research and
documentation of war crimes in various
regions of Ukraine (@koldasfire)*

It's the summer of 2023. I'm temporarily in Kyiv, meeting my friends in Podil at a reading by Faraj Bayrakdar, a Syrian poet. The stage where the reading takes place is enclosed by Mayor Klitschko's monstrosities and tower cranes, a neat creative mid-development site. A friend asks me about the zine we're working on, and what exactly is a «zamotoka?»

I give him a brief account of my Mariupol shenanigans back in 2016 or 2017, of our small diverse group from all walks of life, of people with backgrounds in BMX cycling, urbex, analogue photography, tattoos, and falafels. I tell him how we'd meet to watch a film or hang out together, how we'd bring along a multitude of wrap ingredients: greens, bell peppers, tomatoes, hummus, cheese spreads, olives, or, say, squid. And every one of us could make a *zamotoka* wrap to our

liking. Our absolute favourite base was spinach lavash flatbread due to its bizarre color.

«Was it something anti-bourgeois?» my friend asks. I don't know what to say because, first and foremost, I've never thought about it this way.

Why would he interpret that practice as anti-bourgeois? Some of the ingredients were quite pricey (like olives or squid), and oftentimes we couldn't afford them. Or, perhaps, when wrapping those things together, we somehow dismantled a hierarchy of tastes - and flavours? Revolutionized the concept of

tastiness? Maybe, our *zamotoka* wraps were somehow radical? Or we just shared that food and supported one another so each of us could expand that practice beyond the group? Or maybe the very act of preparing and eating food together was powerful and inclusive enough to create a political community around it? Perhaps these questions are the hummus in our *zamotoka*, the fire and ketchup, and you can read it and wrap one of your own...and share it.



photo JR Wallner

Food. It just so happens that my relationship with food has been complicated from the start. When I was a baby, my mum overfed me so that I wouldn't bother her by crying. Later, when already a somewhat conscientious child, I swallowed my pain when bullied with excessive food; my body weight swung back and forth, and I struggled to control it. When I fell in love, hormone-induced euphoria made me want to fly, so I tended to eat less, and when a relationship became troubled, I buried my anxiety, worries, and fear of loneliness under compulsively devoured food.

Gastro-stunts. Until recently, I lived in Italy where everything is delicious and gastronomically unusual. And while Italian food is a product of a very different culture, I still needed to feed my loneliness. Now I'm in Poland where so many dishes resemble the ones I'm used to; still, I can't help wondering why all that tasty food must be seasoned with vinegar: pies with cabbages and mushrooms - and vinegar; herring in vegetable oil - and vinegar; borsch - with vinegar, and so on. Here, in Poland, I finally allowed myself to buy a whole kilo of blueberries, though, when devouring it I wondered, why so cheap? Is it because it was gathered by Ukrainian hands?

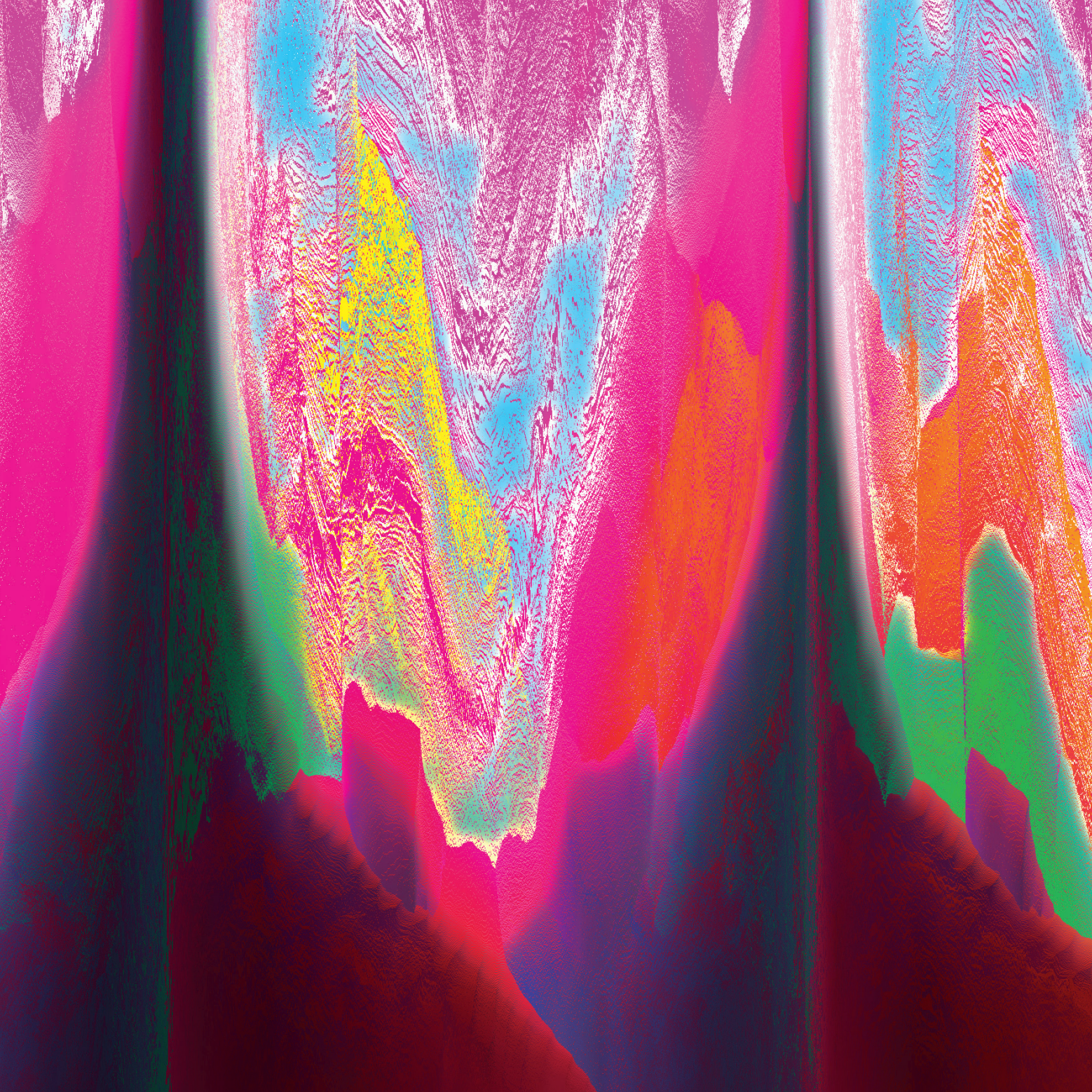
Zamotka. Wrapping this zine was quite an unwrapping experience for me: a familiar bell rang inside me. At first, I started compulsively picking artistic content; then, biting and grinding into contributors' stories. Sometimes, when letting those stories pass through me, I had a very familiar sense of fulfillment and, simultaneously, discomfort from dense and calorie-rich concentrate of existential, political, war-related, and thrilling matter.

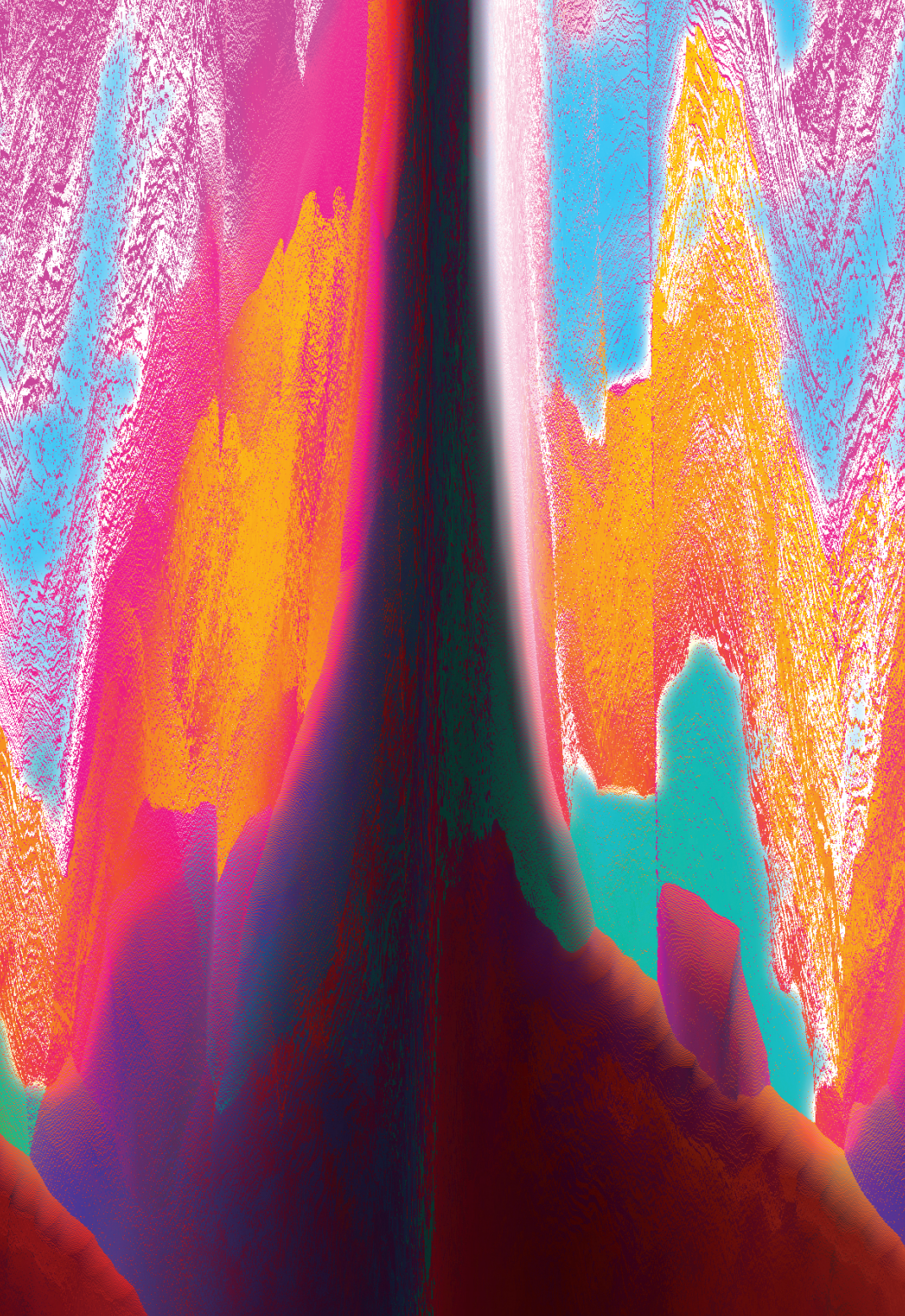
When composing this intro and after analyzing my relationship with food - perhaps, the first real relationship in my life - I came to a better understanding of my part in *Zamotka's* team. It's important for me to share my story - and to demonstrate that when a personal matter, even in its most intimate aspects, becomes public, it multiplies through empathy, gains volume, cures with sincerity, uproots loneliness, and, through all this cooking, becomes political. So, enjoy *Zamotka*.



@radio_surrealism

NATASHA TSELIUBA





YAROSLAV PRYSIAZHNIUK



The logo of the Dunno Restaurateur, a channel on Telegram
with an audience of about 800 subscribers*

While the zine was in progress, good and tragic things happened. A pizzeria in Troyeschyna raised funds for a humanitarian canteen in Pokrovsk, and another Moco was opened in Myrnohrad (Donetsk region). At the same time, Igor received numerous serious injuries while helping to carry out the wounded after the first rocket attack in Pokrovsk and being caught in the area of the second strike. You can support his recovery and treatment (the third hospitalization is coming), as well as his case in Pokrovsk via his telegram channel [@neznayka_restorator](https://www.telegram.me/neznayka_restorator)

DUNNO IN A FRONTLINE TOWN

«IS SOMEONE INCAPABLE OF COOKING ANYTHING MORE COMPLEX THAN FRIED EGGS CAPABLE OF BUILDING A SUCCESSFUL CATERING BUSINESS?»

ASKS THE AUTHOR OF THE DUNNO RESTAURATEUR CHANNEL ON JUNE 12TH, 2021.

This question gave a start to a small telegram channel titled «Dunno Restaurateur» (when I first started reading it in Mariupol, the name was slightly different: «Dunno in catering business»). The channel's author is Ihor Vinohradov, an entrepreneur from the town of Pokrovsk, Donetsk oblast. In the late 1990s, Ihor used to sell clothes at the local market, then started making clothes, but because of the outbreak of hostilities in the East of Ukraine and the economic crisis that came along with the war, he decided to try something else. In 2016, Ihor came to consider catering, and for that he found a job at the Domino's pizza chain, doing both cooking and cleaning. In two years, Ihor managed to gain some experience, accumulate funds, and open his own pizzeria in the centre of Mariupol, named after a cute cave-dwelling rodent that lives mainly in the eastern part of Brazil called a moco. Over the next two years, Ihor's business expanded (partly due to a local grant widely distributed back then among small businesses in Mariupol): Moco pizzerias opened in the Livoberezhny district, as well as in

the towns Pokrovsk and Myrnohrad. In February 2022, Ihor raised funds and prepared to open another restaurant in Kramatorsk, yet his intuition told him to wait.

Ihor met the full-scale Russian invasion in his native Pokrovsk, but the Mariupol Moco employees remained in place: for about a week after the start of hostilities, some of the team, including the manager of the first pizzeria, Alla, continued to cook pizza to the sound of explosions and deliver it to the city's bomb shelters, sometimes staying overnight in the restaurant. Very soon, hope for the resumption of normal life in the city disappeared, along with electricity, water, and heating, and Mariupol

was under siege. Over the following weeks, many managed to leave the besieged city, but unfortunately, the fate of at least three people from the Moco team remains unknown.

Both Moco Pizzerias in Mariupol ceased to exist: one was destroyed, although Instagram user fedyfedy77 wrote a comment on Moco's Instagram account saying that thanks to the flour left there, many people were able to survive that terrible March in the bomb shelter at Vulytsia Myru, 87. The second branch, they say, was looted by the Russian occupiers. However, as Ihor notes, the biggest loss for his business was

Moco Pizzeria in Mariupol city centre, near the Korolenko Central Library



the well-coordinated team that had been working together for years. The pizzeria in Myrnohrad also had to be closed, and the Moco location in Pokrovsk remained open until mid-April when civilians were evacuated from the town in huge numbers.

Ihor and a part of the Pokrovsk team moved to Dnipro and continued to cook using the funds previously set aside for the new restaurant. However, the direction and purpose of the business changed as the team decided to make pizzas for the Ukrainian armed forces, residents of Donetsk oblast, and internally displaced people. Over the course of our communication, Ihor recalled how, during the COVID-19 pandemic, the team used to deliver food to hospitals in Mariupol and Pokrovsk, and also gave out free pizza to those in need, as many people had lost their jobs and income because of quarantine restrictions. This experience of volunteering proved to be quite valuable later, but the scale of the humanitarian crisis in 2022 was incomparably greater.

«NOW, THERE ARE MANY WHO ARE IN NEED, MANY WHO LOST THEIR JOBS AND HOMES. EVERY DAY WE SEE ENDLESS LINES OF PEOPLE TRYING TO GET HUMANITARIAN AID. WE CAN'T ALWAYS FEED EVERY ONE OF THEM BUT WE'RE DOING OUR BEST,» SAYS IHOR ON HIS CHANNEL ON MAY 22ND, 2022.

In May, the free pizza initiative became a full-time activity: Ihor would buy food from local stores, the pizza makers would prepare and package a batch of pizzas at night, and in the morning, together with his colleague Anton, Ihor would load it into the car and drive to the planned destination in Donetsk Oblast. After giving out pizzas, they would return to Dnipro, pick up a new batch of food and take it to a new location, and return home late at night. This sequence was repeated every day.

«SOME MIGHT SAY THAT A KILO OF BUCKWHEAT WOULD BE BETTER THAN ONE PIZZA. AND I WOULD ARGUE THAT PIZZA HAS ALWAYS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH HAPPY MOMENTS AND A FESTIVE ATMOSPHERE. IT'S NO TIME FOR FESTIVITIES, BUT EVERYBODY COULD USE A SMALL DOSE OF POSITIVE ENERGY. AND WE BRING BUCKWHEAT, TOO.» — FROM DUNNO RESTAURATEUR CHANNEL, POSTED ON JUNE 1ST, 2022.

Soon the initiative was supported by the World Central Kitchen, and the «little festivity» turned into a nomadic festival: in total, volunteers distributed almost 70,000 pizzas from their van to those waiting in line. «Moco's pizzas were tasted both by residents of the relatively safe Pokrovsk and Myrnohrad, and Karlivka and Vuhledar, which are close

to the frontline. In one of the video reports about another trip posted on Dunno Restaurateur, one can see the distant outlines of Donetsk airport and the high-rise buildings there, as well as fresh craters from shell hits right on the road. Around that time, the volunteers' van delivered a «fix» specially for the workers of the Karlivka purification station, which was under fire. The regular cargo for such trips was not only pizza, but also food packages and other humanitarian aid. In addition, volunteers supported internally displaced people from shelters in Dnipro, and the Ukrainian military — in hospitals and in the field.

At about that time, life started to return to the deserted streets of Ihor's native Pokrovsk, even though the town had lost its centralised water supply because of the damage to the purification station in neighbouring Karlivka. IDPs from more dangerous areas of Donetsk oblast came to Pokrovsk, hoping to wait it out and return to their homes before too long. Some of the previously evacuated residents of Pokrovsk were gradually returning to their home town; Ihor explained that many people did not have enough money to stay in other cities for long.

So, at the end of 2022, a humanitarian cafeteria was opened in the former Raft café in Pokrovsk. On Ihor's initiative, local entrepreneurs donated money to provide regular and nutritious meals to locals who were in need. Over time, some NGOs joined in, and after a few weeks of «tugging», local authorities joined the initiative.

The cafeteria is run by three

employees who prepare and serve food in one shift 6 days a week. The format of the establishment is quite simple: every day (except Sunday) at lunchtime, anyone can come inside and get a tray with a lunch consisting of soup, a side dish with meat or fish, and a cup of tea, coffee or compote¹ with cookies. From time to time, Ihor comes to have a hot lunch and to test its quality and taste. On one of his visits, Ihor noticed a woman who had come to Pokrovsk from Bakhmut and got a job at a local utility company for minimum wage to cover her rent.

«THERE ARE SO MANY PEOPLE LIKE HER WHO'VE LOST THEIR JOBS AND HOMES, HAVE COME TO A STRANGE PLACE AND BEEN TRYING TO GET BY, AND MANY OF THEM NEED HELP. WE'RE DOING OUR BEST TO HELP THEM,» POSTED IHOR ON HIS CHANNEL ON MAY 18TH, 2023.

However, not everyone at the Cafeteria is eager to share their story — often, to the contrary, the Cafeteria works as a kind of safe place where one can be cared for without any questions being asked. To dine there, no one has to satisfy any criteria like age, appearance, documents or IDs, or reasons. According to Ihor, a person wearing a luxurious fur coat and jewellery can eat there, because he is convinced that anyone can be left without the means of survival as a result of the war.

On an average day, the Cafeteria serves 150 to 180 people; moreover,



recently, employees of the local social services started delivering meals from the Cafeteria to Pokrovsk residents with limited mobility; they currently make about a dozen address deliveries a day, and the number is expected to increase. Ihor has also hired two employees to deliver to Myrnohrad, Selidove, and a church on the other side of Pokrovsk to provide meals to those who live too far.

Despite some support from foundations and local authorities, Ihor continues to regularly spend his own money in order to pay his team and buy food at the local market or in other cities. That said, he is happy to accept any help (including donations of products) and offers of cooperation, as he intends to support this initiative for as long as possible.

Moco's van used for pizza deliveries and the entrance to the Humanitarian Cafeteria in Pokrovsk

After all of his commercial projects were destroyed and closed down, Ihor was unable to find a new location in Dnipro for a long time, and he did not consider Kyiv as an option, because of his preference for working in small towns with affordable rent. In the end, Ihor managed to reopen his Moco pizzeria in the capital's Troyeshchyna district, a remote residential neighbourhood on the outskirts of the city. To this description, one could add that Troyeshchyna is also home to students, low-income people (due to much lower apartment rents), and hours-long traffic jams due to the lack of a metro connection. I think everyone who has ever seen desperate Troyeshchyna residents cramming into a train carriage at the Troyeshchyna-2 station just to get

to work on the Right Bank on time still has this picture in their minds. This means that neither taxis nor food delivery from the Right Bank, including from pizzerias, are available to residents of this somewhat isolated neighbourhood.

«Despite all the loss, Moco is starting from scratch in Troyeshchyna, so the question from the very first post on the „Dunno Restaurateur“ remains unanswered. Nevertheless, Ihor's volunteer work after the full-scale Russian invasion proves that a man who could not cook anything more complex than fried eggs is still able to feed thousands of people in need.”

1 Compote — a traditional drink made of boiled fruits and berries, sometimes previously dried or canned; served warm or cold depending on the season.

oooooooo

A lunch (with fish) at the Humanitarian Cafeteria in Pokrovsk



*A train held back in the morning in February 2019,
at Troyeschyna-2 railway station*



*Another lunch (with meat) at the Humanitarian
Cafeteria in Pokrovsk*



YULIA DANILEVSKA

I don't do any study in my artistic practice. I only create images, so I am engaged in fine art. I am an artist from the city of Kherson, I often work under the nickname Malenkiy Nonstop I started using actively during my life under occupation



Holy gifts. An homage to humanitarian aid distribution.



Feast 1. Food as display in the times when it's still not accessible for all, unconditionally.



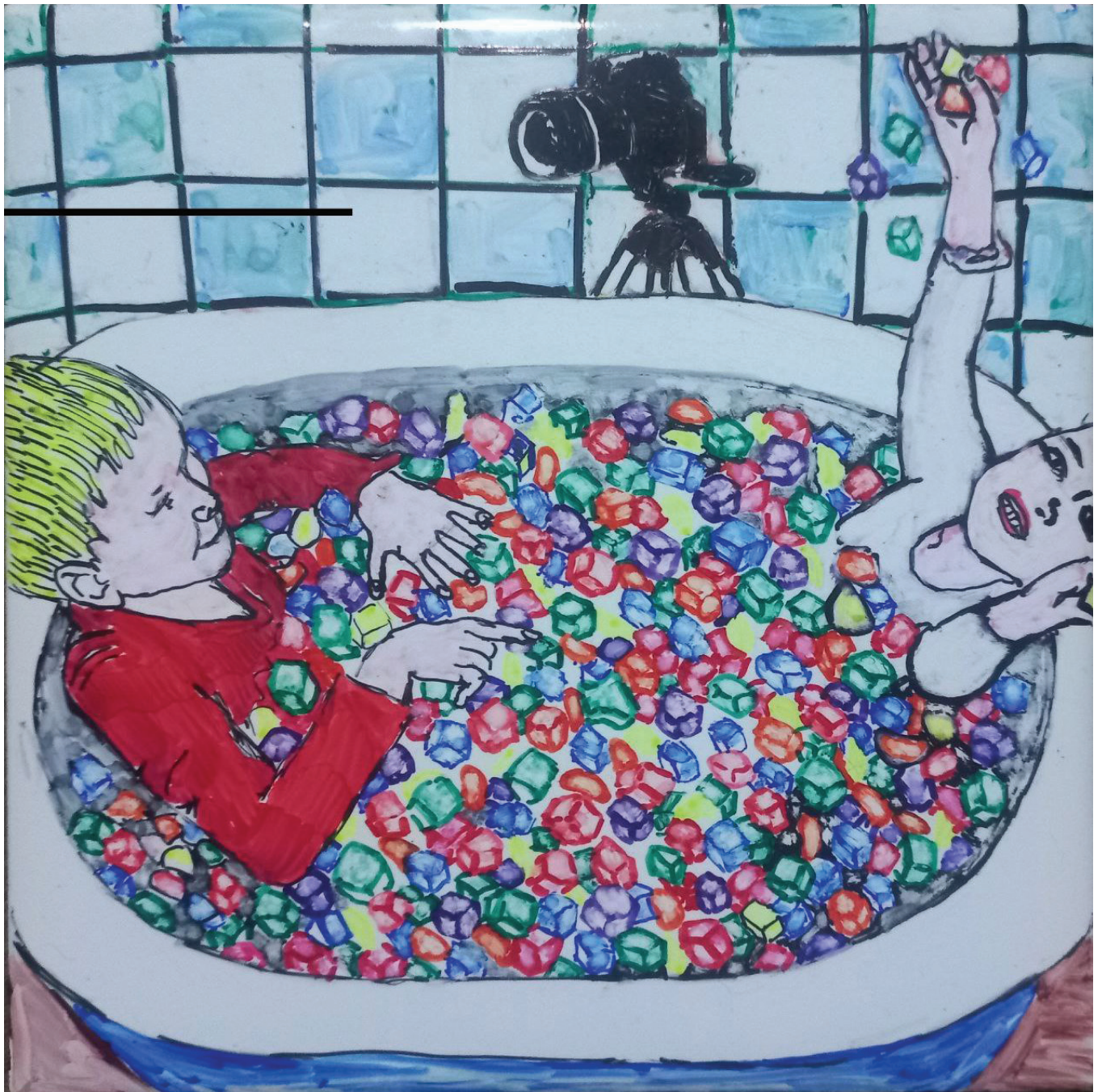
Sanctioned. From the time of the first sanctions imposed by European states on the aggressor state.

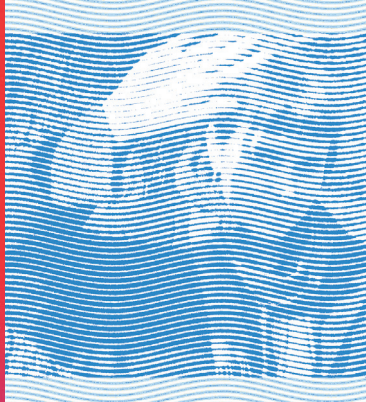


Kiwano. A sketch on the daily life of a homeless person begging for food.



Feast 2. Sacraments and traditions vs. food cults. On the idea of stuffing oneself with food to celebrate life.





Located in one of the buildings of the former book printing factory in Lviv city center, sharing the floor with Pidsoma shelter, Kukhnia was catering for displaced people in February – August of 2022. Kukhnia's members, mostly war veterans, designed universal recipes based on their food habits and favourite products. The culinary digest of Kukhnia was shared with Zamotka by researcher Daryna Mamaysour.

VERMICELLI SOUP «STUDENT FROM MUKACHEVO», 30L 27.03.2022

2 kg onions
1,5 kg carrots
1 kg soup makaroni
2,5 kg frozen vegetable mix
200g or 15 veggie broth powder
20g Sweet paprika
200ml Sunflower oil
1 head garlick
Fresh greens(dill and parsley)

Boil water
Add onions, broth cubes and carrots
Boil again for 15 minutes
Add vegetable mix
Boil 20 more minutes then add oil and makaroni.
When makaroni are done, add garlick and fresh greens.

Serve in a shelter.



KYRYLO KOVALENKO



*Artist, photographer. I work
with the media of photography,
video*

Eating is a rather intimate process, a way of bringing out some of the hidden characteristics of a person, either willingly or unwillingly and not always consciously. No wonder some people get excited by watching others eat, while others are reluctant to eat in front of someone else, as if they don't want to reveal their secrets or make a wrong impression. On one hand, it's deeply embedded in our instincts; on the other, this behaviour is heavily influenced by cultural norms, such as social conventions.

There are also lots of secondary constructs, often quite overestimated. One of them is the notion of «you are what you eat» (I do not agree that this is an absolute truth). Yet many things point to a changeable «something», including what a person consumes, how they do it, where they do it, etc.

Eating on a train, like a time capsule, frees one from everyday life by locking them in a transient state of temporary «non-existence» for the outside world, and cancels most -- or some -- of the standards, the formality

of self-awareness while interacting with others. Eating on a train becomes very similar to being in someone else's home -- a kind of game without anyone playing the role of the host. The opportunity to learn something about a person, to share a meal or a conversation with them, to experience yet another aspect of existence seems like a knot of lines drawn through space and time that will most likely diverge in different directions later. Eating on a train is a glimpse of the moment of experiencing the unique and unconventional.















LIUBOV POHREBENKO

*«Mariupol Cake» is not just a
project, it's my therapist
(Insta-page [@mrplcake.rv](https://www.instagram.com/mrplcake.rv))*

FEAR AND LOATHING IN BLOCKADED MARIUPOL: AN INTERVIEW WITH CATERING AND PASTRY PROFESSIONAL LIUBOV POHREBENKO

You mentioned that you stayed in the blockaded city for quite a long time (you only managed to leave after two months, in May) without access to many of the «joys of life,» including the food you were used to. Previously, before you started actively practising pastry-making, you had many stories related to food, right? As you suggested, let's go over what led to your relocation here, to Rivne, from the very beginning.

On February 24th, Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine began. I panicked, mostly fearing the enemy saboteurs, so I just left my rented apartment and headed to my mother's house, on foot. I remember clearly that public transportation ceased almost immediately, and some men were afraid to go outside because they feared being summoned to the military. Around February 26th, I decided to return to my rented apartment on my own to take what I could carry, but after walking 4 kilometres, I realised that I'd forgotten the keys to the apartment. I didn't want to go back empty-handed, so I went to a grocery store and, despite the shortage of everything, bought some bread and canned food with my last cash, and also a basic first aid kit at the pharmacy. It seemed as if people did not believe in what had started. When I arrived with more loaves of bread

than usual, my mother was surprised, «Why do we need so much bread, daughter? And why did you bring a tourniquet?» I left the first aid kit and food at my mother's home, made sure I had the keys, and immediately set out to my rented apartment again.

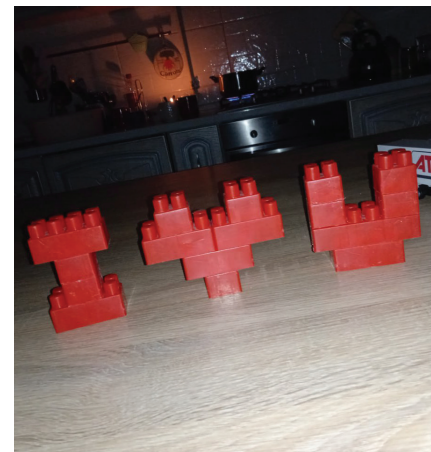
From time to time, public transportation was restored. On February 28th, I went to work. Back then, I worked as a pizzaiolo at *Grazia*, for 12 to 14 hours a day. After the full-scale invasion, I expressed a desire to quit, but we were threatened that «those who quit on the same day would not receive their salary for the last period». Spoiler alert: I never got paid. Throughout the day, I would drop things, everything would slip through my fingers, and the management scolded me, «What's your problem, don't act as if something happened, pull yourself together.»

I was surprised (and encouraged) by the clients who, despite the fact that some parts of the city were already on fire, came to ask, «Is there a special offer today, two pizzas for the price of one?» At three o'clock in the afternoon, half way through the work shift, the management of the restaurant promptly dismissed everyone. The transportation stopped again, and I was scared to walk the 5.5km home from work, under shelling. I planned to spend the night at my father's

place and try to get home the next day, but it didn't work out: the 28th of February was the last day when public transportation worked in Mariupol.

In early March, communication, electricity, water, and gas were completely cut off. It was only on March 5th that I mustered the courage to return home; my father did not accompany me, so I travelled alone. There were lots of people moving from district to district, hoping to find a safer spot. It scared me that I was walking in the opposite direction, towards 'hotter' areas... But, you know, it's quite reassuring when, on your way, you find a five-kilogram fire

A photo made on the evening of February 28th. Lyubov says, «This was the last day when we still had gas in our apartment, there was no electricity by then. My younger brother constructed things like this».



distinguisher in a completely looted ATB supermarket, and other «looters» share some Revo Alco Energy with you.

Everybody coped or failed to cope with stress differently. One day in April, I went outside and heard an unfamiliar sound, it didn't sound like any of the previous explosions, and my neighbour reassured me, «Don't be afraid, it's just a lion that escaped from the zoo.» Our neighbour, by the way, had a lot of food, but constant shellings made him crazy. He was sure everyone was trying to poison him, so he gave his food to the dogs. His apartment was stuffed with stolen food, and still, he died of starvation. We could understand why he thought that way, though. When the Russian military occupied the whole city, the United Russia Party distributed humanitarian aid to Mariupol residents. One example that proved their ostentation and hypocrisy was the boxes that read «We never abandon our own;» they had the most horrible contents, such as canned spleen stew and cow udders (I was particularly surprised when I opened them because this is literally the only thing I cannot eat!) The branding was more important to them than the contents.

To each household an udder, that's something new. Regarding the topic of «holding on»... Several people who told me their stories of the occupation said that living through (or witnessing) it was not the most difficult thing for displaced people. The hardest part was coming with these stories out to the «well-fed» and often distant and complacent world. Judging by

the comments on social media, the world simply refused to «digest» them; for example, the practice of getting together and sharing food with neighbours, having communal dinners in the staircase during shellings that the displaced people from Mykolaiv took with them elsewhere, did not make an impact on the outside world.

A lot happened in my two and a half months under occupation. One comes to things in a completely different way. Yet the most disconcerting for me was how I was treated when I returned to Ukraine after travelling 4,000 kilometres: people were cruel to me, they scammed me, and I was abandoned... No family, no friends, no place to stay, no money. I was so desperate, I was afraid to go out. I became so crushed that I called the suicide prevention line at night. And just in time, I remembered the promise I made to myself in Mariupol at the moment when I thought my body would be smeared against the walls, «I will never do anything to myself, I will never kill myself, because it's the most stupid thing possible, because any moment someone or something else can kill me.» It was this promise and all the efforts I made to survive that gave me the will to keep fighting, because at that point it would have been much easier to die.

Let's talk about the «Mariupol Cake». I remember when I watched your pastry stand-up show in a basement in Rivne (a very interesting format), I thought that finally some memories related to Mariupol could be considered 100% sweet, unconditionally.

Listening to you and tasting the desserts seemed to have a similarly calming effect on the displaced people among the audience. How did you start your pastry-related activities in Rivne and to what extent did your experience as a displaced person influence you in setting up your own business?

For a long, long time, nothing in the world made me happy: no matter what city or country I was in, everything was worse than Mariupol. But it was after I realised that «you can leave Mariupol, but Mariupol can never leave you» that I started to build my own Mariupol around me. That's how «Mariupol Cake», a confectionery museum dedicated to my home town, started. My very talented friend from Rivne, Anna-Maryna, who had never been to Mariupol, managed to design the perfect logo after my description; it looks like a water tower, but made of chocolate and cream! I'd had absolutely nothing to do with the confectionery business before, so all my efforts were directed at getting equipment and tools. I bought my first silicone mould with the money I got for donating blood, and I used to sell sour cherries on the street to buy kitchen scales.

By the way, even under the occupation, I realised how much more important street markets are as an element of exchange between people than medium-sized and large businesses. There was a time in Mariupol when no company or store could get supplies, but the city continued to exist thanks to the exchange of goods among the survivors.

Selling sour cherries on the street



So, every time I won at an open mic with my standup comedy, I went shopping for moulds, dyes — everything I needed to create desserts one can't find anywhere else because those creations are tied to Mariupol stories.

Later, I organised tea parties where desserts with a Mariupol theme were exhibited and everyone could hear about the city and taste my products. At that time, I met unique people who would help me in my time of need. My new neighbours in Rivne gave me a blender for my work, and volunteers from Freefilmers sent me a food processor from Europe. Thanks to the moral and financial support of the Ptichka Fund, I had a place to live and did not give up.

That is, while searching for resources for a cause that supports you morally, you managed to embark on this journey precisely because of your practice of caring directly for the Mariupol community in Rivne, and this seems to have accelerated the process of mutual exchange in this new place even more... How do you describe this desire to share «just for the sake of it»?

I can't call it «sharing for the sake of it». Yes, very often I do not receive financial remuneration, but literally every time I feel like I'm distracting people from feeling bad, calming them down, entertaining them, I see smiles on their faces instead of their usual tears; this is the best way people can thank me.

That is why I have continued to hold charity dessert auctions, with all proceeds passed on to the Ukrainian Armed Forces. I managed to find volunteers to bring some joy to the soldiers undergoing rehabilitation. Having become part of the Mariupol community in Rivne, we at «Mariupol Cake» recently organised a charity masterclass for children on making sweets.

This business became my life, so my main goal, given my experience, is to dismantle conventional stereotypes about the West and East of Ukraine and preserve the memory of Ukrainian Mariupol!

~~~~~

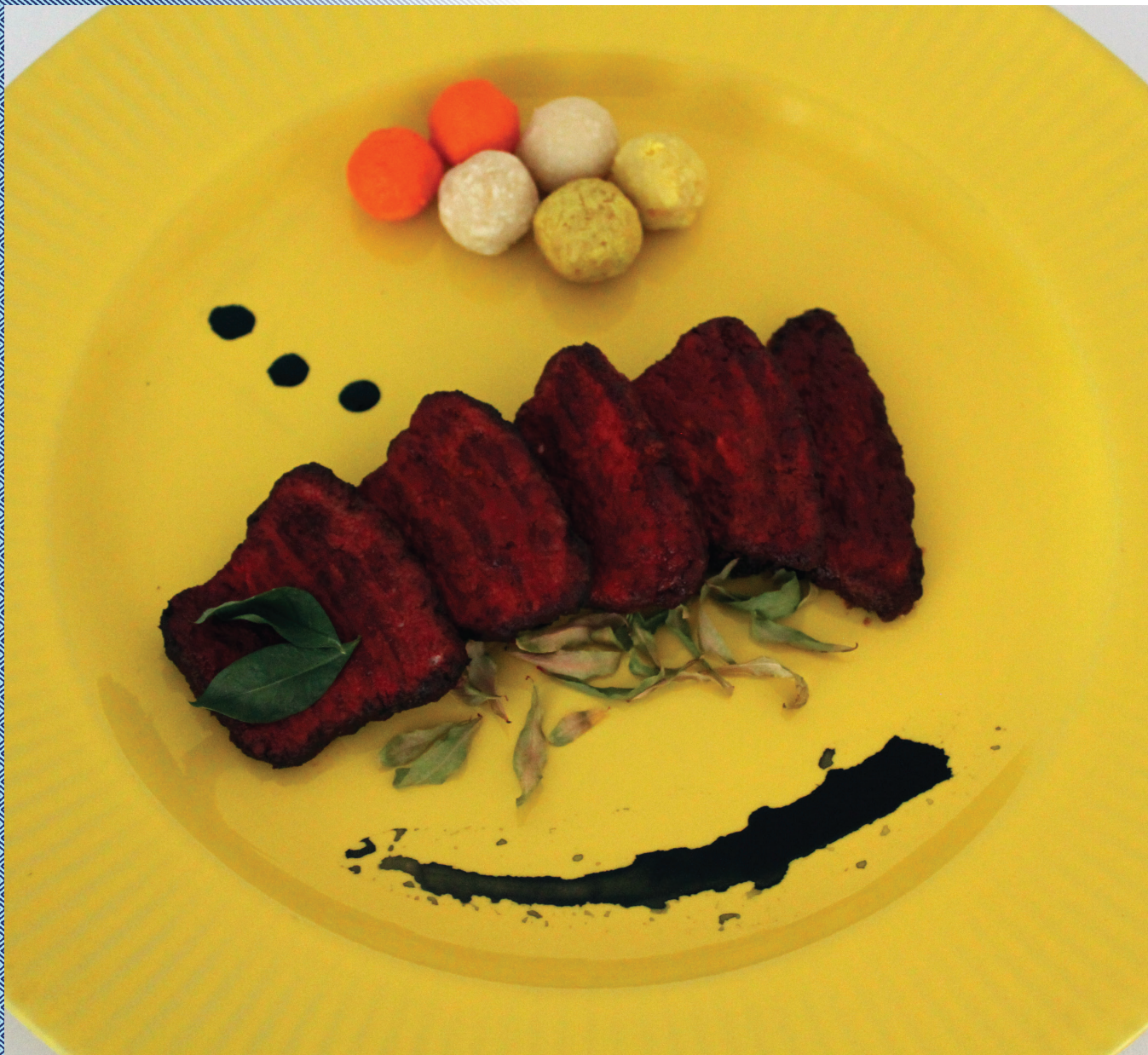


Charity confectionery masterclass for children in Rivne (with a Donetsk region flag in the back).

VALENTYNA PETROVA



A conceptual artist, curator,
filmmaker, queer anarcho-
feminist



OSTRICH SALAD WITH CALVADOS SAUCE



NORWEGIAN SALMON TARTARE
IN NETTLE LEAVES



GRILLED SCALLOPS WITH FAKE POTATO
RISOTTO AND BLACK TRUFFLE



SOUS VIDE BEEF FILLET WITH FOIE GRAS TERRINE,
VEGETABLES AND PEPPER SAUCE



ROASTED BLACK SEA MULLET FILLET WITH AIRY
MASHED POTATOES, ACCOMPANIED BY SHALLOTS,
CELERY LEAVES, CHARD, OLIVE EARTH
AND TERIYAKI SAUCE

the further the ersatz is from the original, the lower its monetary value and the less valuable it is in the eyes of the consumer. but only if the consumer is familiar with the original. if the consumer is not familiar with the original, the ersatz will continue to pass itself off as the original until it is exposed. in the case of a very conditional imitation, when the ersatz imitates only a few characteristic but also minor features of the original, it is quite possible to see such a surrogate as a separate independent product that is not a fake. an important feature of this product will be the contradiction between what is and what is called.

In this case, the ersatz loses its necessary defining features and acquires a cargo effect, when the «magical» or «divine» accompanies the process of perception and acceptance of the product and, in fact, replaces the components that constituted the essence of the original. an analogue is often not seen as an alternative - not only because it is usually not much cheaper than the original, but also because regulated overconsumption requires «conformity» to widespread rituals of joining the image of «success» in order to avoid symbolic poverty.

A STYLISH AND REFINED DINNER

WITH SAMPLES OF THE BEST DISHES OF THE WORLD'S ELITE
RESTAURANTS WITH LUXURIOUS SERVING AT AN AFFORDABLE PRICE

INGREDIENTS:

BREAD CRUMB (soaked in saliva,
chewed), EGG WHITE AND YOLK, COFFEE,
WATERCOLOUR PAINT, NETTLE, OXALIS, ACACIA BLOSSOM,
LILY OF THE VALLEY

BORSCH, SLOBOZHANSKY-STYLE (MEATLESS), 6 L

The main ingredients:

4 litres of water
7 potatoes
3 carrots
2 onions
2 beetroot
1 cabbage
1 litre of canned beans
Celeriac
Tomato paste

Spices:

salt
pepper
bay leaves

Cut the potatoes into cubes.

When the water begins to boil, add the potatoes. Add salt to the water.

Chop the onion.

Grate carrots and celeriac.

Fry the onion in oil in a frying pan, add carrots, add celeriac.

When it is fried, add the grated beetroot and then the tomato paste (to taste). Add water, a little salt, and pepper.

Simmer gently until the water has evaporated.

Add a tablespoon of sugar to get rid of the acidity.

Adding mushrooms to the vegetables is also an option.

While the potatoes are cooking, fry the grated veg.

Add the fried grated veg to the borscht and leave it to cook for a while.

It is important to time everything so that the potatoes in the borsch are not completely boiled.

Chop the cabbage, visually determining the required amount so that the borsch is not too thick.

Add cabbage and beans to the pan.

If you have fresh red pepper, you can chop half of it and add it at this stage, and the other half at the end. The taste will be more pronounced.

So, now that everything is cooked together in the pot, it's time to check if there is enough salt and pepper.

Boil until ready to eat.

Add sour cream to taste. You can also put it on a separate plate.

IDA HORDIICHUK

*A feminist activist, originally
from Crimea, I'm interested in
research on forced migration
and decolonisation practices in
post-Soviet territories
(Insta-page [@ida.hordiichuk](https://www.instagram.com/ida.hordiichuk))*

FOOD FOR FREE: BODILY EXPERIENCES, MEMORABLE MOMENTS

ACTIVISM

In 2020, I decided to look for vegan activism hubs in Kyiv. My political views had crystallised by that time: I wanted to take part in so-called direct action. As someone displaced from Crimea, I was aware of the deplorable state of social services in the country. Welfare payments to vulnerable populations were and remain extremely small and not enough to meet basic human needs. For my family and me, the last week of the month was always a time of thin porridge as we waited for the payments and fantasised about eating to our hearts' content.

So, in a way, I could really relate to the problems of people who had limited access to food. I started googling and hashtag searching for the international organisation Food Not Bombs, but this invariably led me to the Belarusian and Russian segments of the Internet. When I finally found what I needed – Ekoplatforma from Lviv and Solidarity Kitchen from Kyiv, the latter of which I eventually joined – I realised my initial mistake. Ukrainian organisations that distribute food distance themselves from the FNB name, which emerged in leftist US circles as a critique of the country's imperialist policies. Instead, the Ukrainian experience of a defensive war against a colonial state resulted in new self-designations of activist groups that were embedded in their local context.

Looking through the media archive of our chat, I come across photos of the first distributions the Kitchen group did in 2019: the former Peremohy (Victory) Avenue and the T-34 tank.



photo materials were provided by the author

Veganism and the right to food constitute the foundational ideas of Solidarity Kitchen. I had been a vegan for several years already and wanted to surround myself with people who shared my ethical ideals. That's why, in December 2020, I joined the Kitchen initiative. In a few months, another strict quarantine was announced in Kyiv; in particular, it meant you could only use transport if you had a special pass. Meanwhile, the Kitchen initiative decided to continue feeding people. Most of our regular visitors still came to us for food, although some only returned after the quarantine was lifted. I remember a pensioner who always took food for herself and her unemployed son; we did not see her during the quarantine because she lived in a distant part of the city. I also remember that my friends and I had to carry pans full of side dishes and salads. Some did it by hand, others transported the pans using bicycles. Sometimes we did not have enough people in our team, and the distributions proved exhausting, but the way we felt after those actions of solidarity – the realisation that we managed to change at least one day in these people's lives for the better – helped us to find the strength to continue caring about them.

Later, my friend and I decided to open a new food distribution point. To notify the residents of the Holosiiv district, we pasted a bunch of announcements informing them about the location and the time of the Kitchen event on rubbish bins, entrances and grocery stores nearby. The first time we had these announcements printed, a kind grocery store saleswoman who saw the message printed them for us free

of charge. We prepared «solidarity dinners» in the shared kitchen of the hall of residence where my friend and I lived. Every Sunday morning, the dormitory concierge cast a surprised look at our bags and huge thermos.

The water pump next to which we distributed food was an important object of local infrastructure. While getting water there, many people could learn about the free dinners. As food helped to break the ice and satisfy hunger, a kind of connection between people emerged in front of our eyes. They talked and got to know each other, and we got to know them.

A lot of funny conversations from that time come to mind. An elderly woman once asked us what swingers were: she had some questions after a film of the same name was screened in a local park. Some people stood out because they told us the story of their entire lives. I recall an elderly woman from Horlivka; a homeless couple; a single mother with her children. People also often wanted to thank us, with older women offering us fur coats, which we had to politely decline, reminding them yet again that we were vegans. An older man whose name I don't remember once helped us transport a pile of pans, containers and clothes to the entrance of our hall of residence on a hand truck. In winter, we started distributing clothes. First, we gave away hats, scarves and gloves; then we started asking people what items and sizes they needed and trying to find the clothes at second hand markets.

People often showed us IDs before getting a portion of food, even though

it wasn't necessary at all. We reminded them every time that whether they had documents or not, they had the right to food. Unfortunately, certain volunteer organisations that provide food to people often require them to show IDs. To my mind, when help is given on such terms, it is guided by charity rather than the idea of justice. This makes marginalised people see the assistance they receive not as care and mutual aid but as the result of the whimsical mercy of those with access to resources.







I don't need free food as urgently as I needed it in Ukraine.

SHOPLIFTING

Occasionally, I also used to shoplift. To me, it's not the theft of food but capitalism which is immoral. Desperation and hunger made me hide food in my pockets or invent different schemes I used at self-checkout. Sweets or nuts went into my pocket. Once a month, I pocketed tampons. With expensive vegetables like tomatoes or broccoli, the trick was as easy as it gets: when I weighed them on the scales, I printed out the sticker for cheap vegetables (typically onions) that I could afford and proceeded to carefully scan it at self-checkout. Sometimes I simply managed to sneak an item into my bag, but this was risky on account of surveillance cameras and security guards at the exit. Once, I got caught; to buy myself time, I pretended that I had bought the stolen groceries at another store and lost the receipt. To my surprise, they believed me. While the security guard at the exit took a few steps aside to call the person monitoring the camera, I ran out of the store and did not set foot there for several months. It was scary and reckless, considering that the supermarket in question was the only decent store in the area. Today, I can't imagine resorting to something like that; these memories seem surreal. My body no longer remembers the adrenaline of poverty and hunger.



~~~~~



# ANTON SINGUROV



*«I live, endure, and die like  
all animals» (Facebook -  
Anton Singurov)*



# BABY FOOD

Probably the most ordinary and trivial photos everybody has on their phone are «food porn» and pictures of their kids (for those of us who have kids). My compilation is exactly that; however, these photos mean a lot to me and instantly trigger memories of people, places, events, tastes and smells.

On March 1, 2022, we decided to go to the West of the country, because spending nights on the shelves of a bomb shelter with the one-year-old Ivan was not particularly comfortable. Plus, no one knew what was coming.

Having temporarily lost our jobs, we accepted free food and clothes, because - again - we had no idea what was going to happen next. Everything turned out well: we volunteered, met wonderful people, ate and drank. In May, we returned to Kyiv.



March 2, 2022, 01:27 a.m.  
Kamianets-Podilskyi, a volunteer hub in a school canteen





March 8, 2022, 2:23 p.m.  
Ivano-Frankivsk, canteen at Lyceum No. 5





March 8, 2022, 4:56 p.m  
Ivano-Frankivsk, volunteer station at Lyceum No. 7





March 22, 12:19 p.m.  
Ivano-Frankivsk, canteen at Lyceum No. 16





March 27, 2:44 p.m.  
Ivano-Frankivsk, «Legenda»





April 23, 11:03 a.m.  
Ivano-Frankivsk, «at home»





May 28, 6:08 p.m.  
Kyiv, «Ocheretianyi Kit»



# KOSTIANTYN ZORKIN



*Artist. Born in Kharkiv. I work  
in the field of performance,  
installation, puppetry, graphics,  
sculpture, land art, etc.  
(Insta-page [@zorkin\\_art](https://www.instagram.com/zorkin_art))*



# TABLE LIFE

*Ink on paper. 210/297 mm*

*A 9-part graphic series dedicated to life centred around the table.*

Food and its preparation, searching for products, attempts to diversify our diet – these are crucial aspects of our life. In extreme conditions, they are dealt with in a similarly extreme manner. Eating in order to survive, eating what you didn't eat in peacetime, because back

then you had a choice.

At the same time, we are quite hedonistic in this aspect of our life. This is our contribution to vitality in the face of war, death and destruction. Ukrainians lay out spreads and do it in a beautiful and vibrant way, with rich colours, aromas and flavours. The spread should include every possible dish. We fight evil with a fork and a

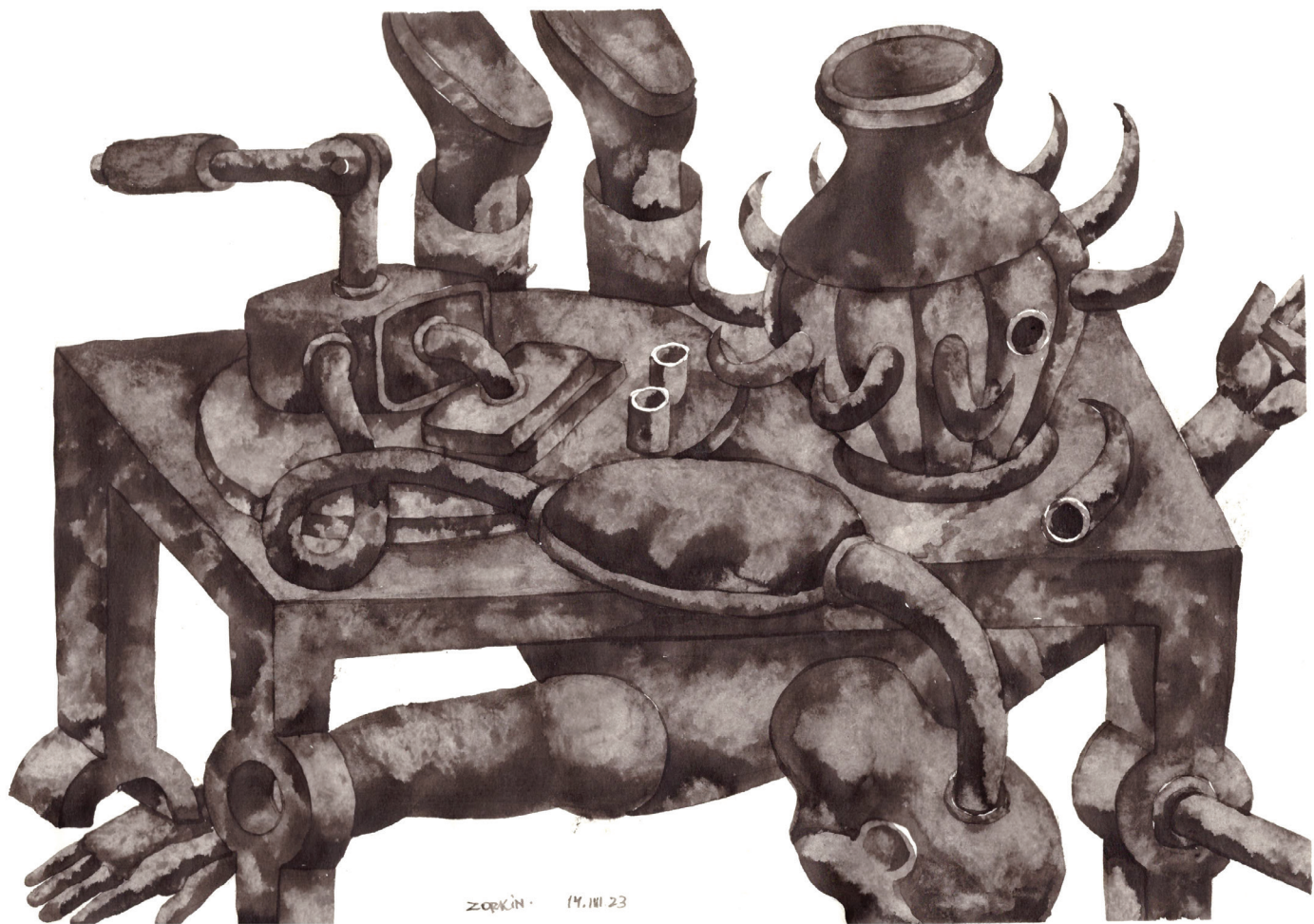
spoon, which means that the table is also a symbol of resistance. We dance around the table, unable to free ourselves from the culinary trance.

Thus, the food on the table amounts to more than an answer to our base needs. It symbolises vitality, joy and the fight against evil.

It is also a trap.







zorkin 14.III.23





ZORKIN.  
14. III. 23

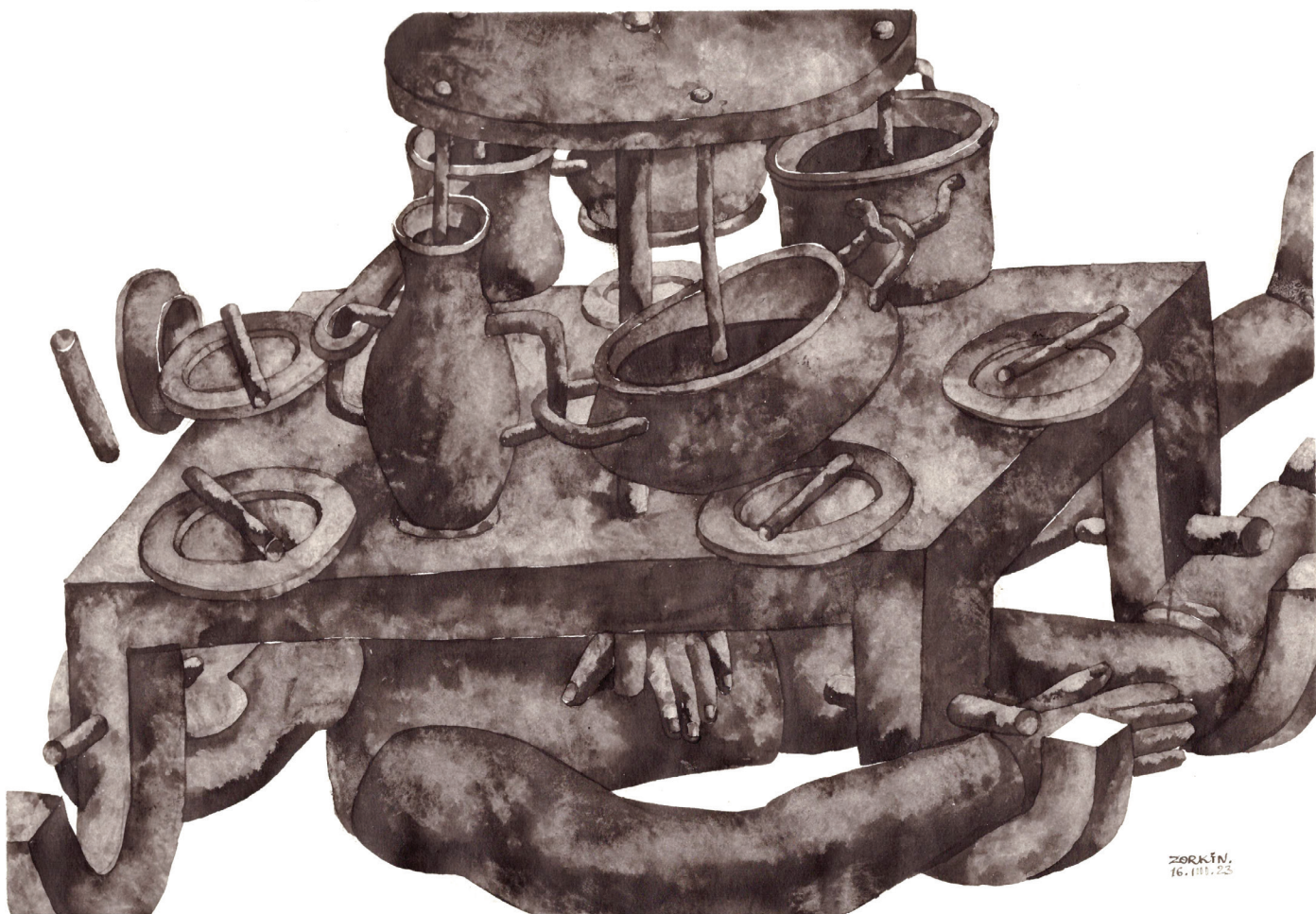






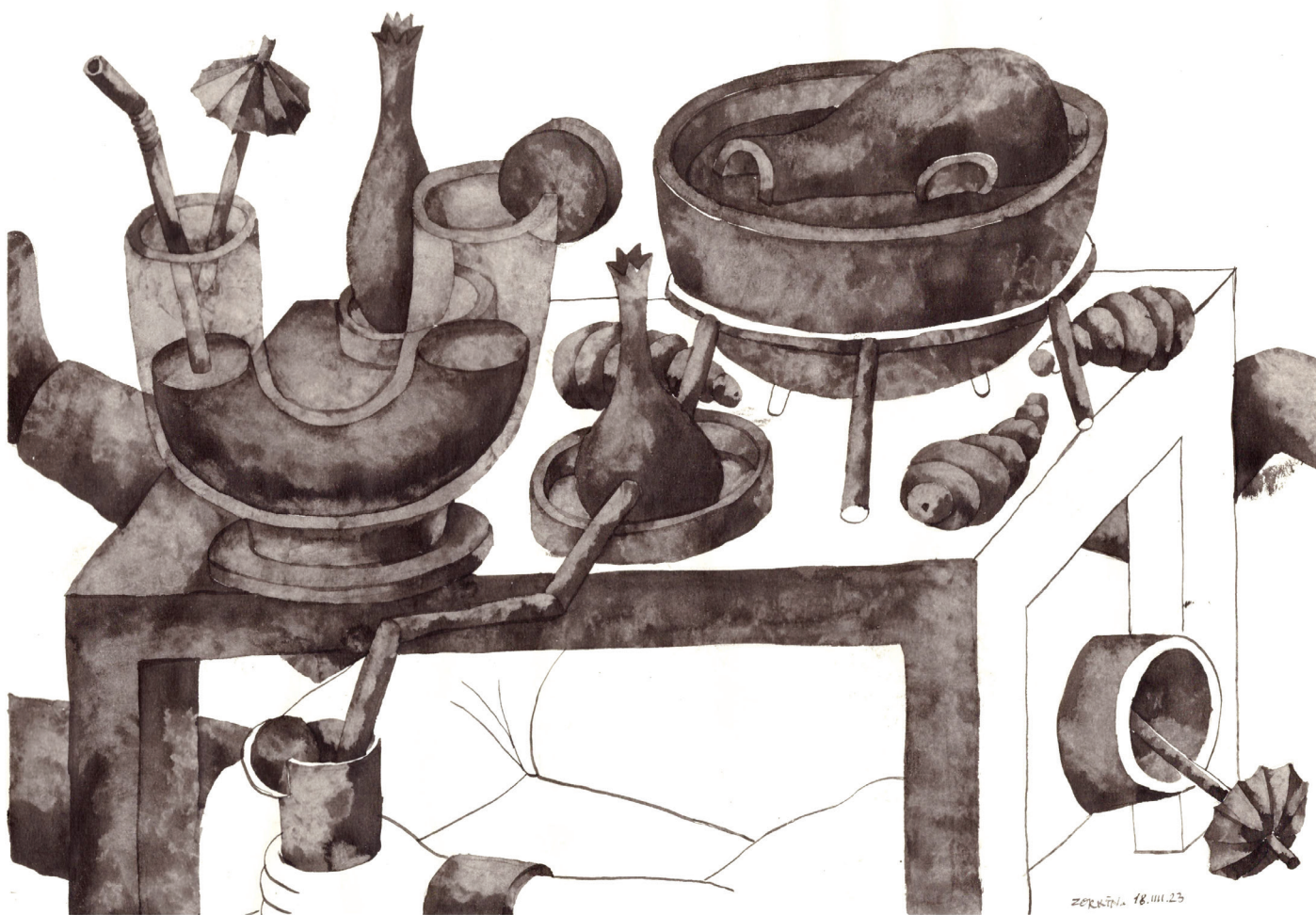






ZORKIN.  
16. III. 22.

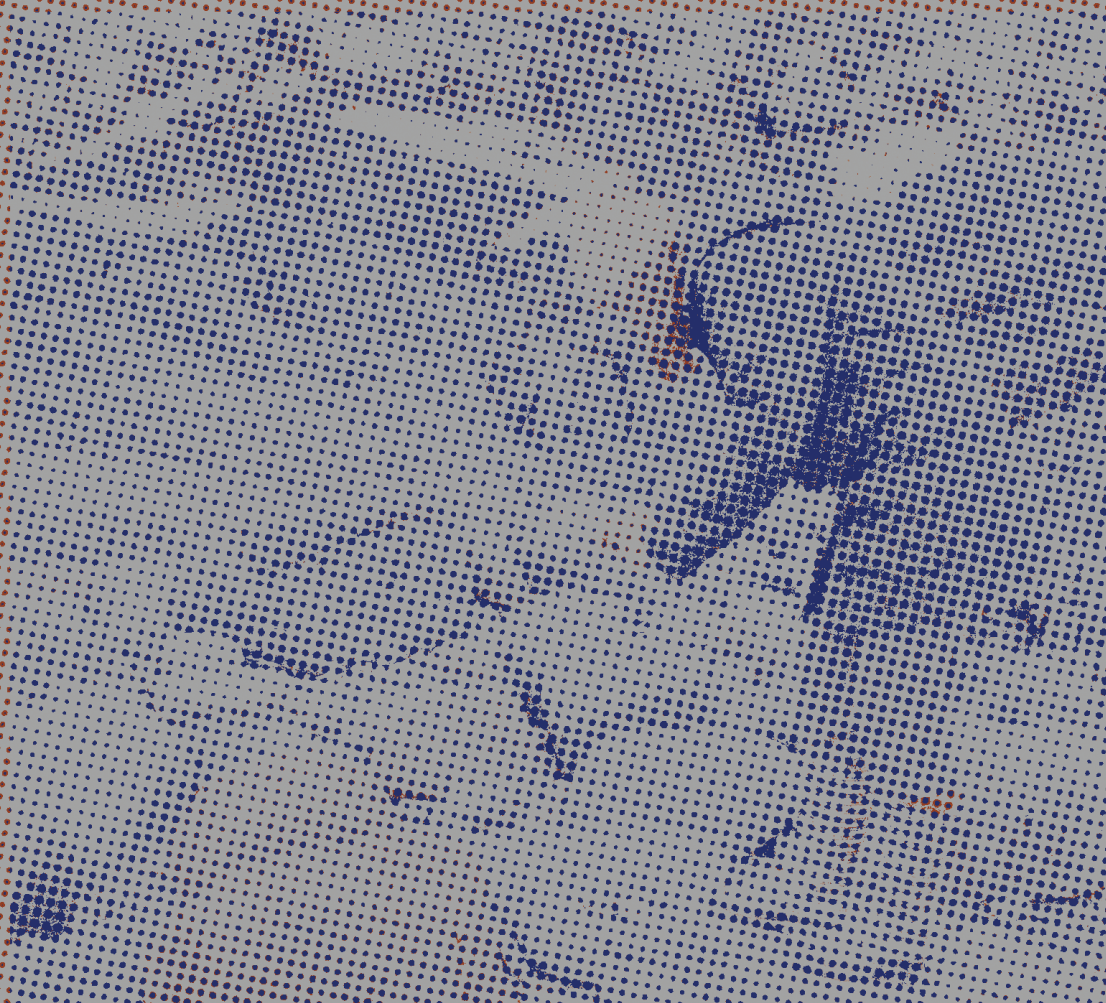






# FLORENCE

*Eight years ago, I moved to Ukraine from Quebec,  
have lived in Enerhodar and now in Ternopil, and  
teach French online*





# NO SIMPLE RECIPE

There is a topic I like to discuss with my students, once they have attained sufficient proficiency in my native language: when imagining their perfect living conditions, do they picture themselves living in the countryside, or in the city? To be fair, it is a rather binary question and, since most of my pupils are city dwellers, they tend to associate country living with boredom and a lack of stimulation from fast-paced urban life. Few of them summon up an idyllic picture of an existence rhythmized in part by cultivation. For most, self-reliance rhymes with isolation.

Being from the city doesn't necessarily keep you from entertaining romantic dreams about rural life. But setting fantasies of freshly picked raspberries aside, when it comes to sustenance, growing one's own food provides a sense of self-sufficiency. It reduces the risk of hunger in challenging circumstances. Amid the trials, destruction, and trauma brought by war, it seems that having access to their own resources spared most villages from food insecurity. What's more, the day-to-day tasks of tending to the land produce a sense of consistency not to be found in an occupied city, or so I thought. Is there solace to be found in the garden, a therapy of a kind? We took a trip south to talk to someone who could share his own perspective on the matter.

We met Volodymyr Dudnichenko at his home in the village of Velyka Oleksandrivka, Kherson oblast. We

knew his story from the testimony he gave of the crimes he endured during the occupation, which lasted from March to October 2022. As an activist and a founding member of the local ATO veterans association, he had made himself quite a reputation in the region. So, when the occupiers caught wind of his active involvement in the community, he was offered the opportunity to collaborate. He declined, and declared that even under occupation he would keep

working as he had before: arboriculture, fighting corruption, championing the preservation of nature and raising his flocks of geese. In the subsequent months, he was kidnapped by the occupiers three times, tortured and questioned, and lost his wife and his mother. In between periods of captivity, he helped his neighbors and tended to his garden.

We were encouraged to make ourselves at home and to roam the

*Volodymyr and Silver the goose on the bank of the Inhulets. Silver did not hatch correctly, but Volodymyr did not give up on him, and he became a cherished pet.*





garden to pick cucumbers and strawberries before sitting down for dinner. As the homemade wine began to flow, the subject of food and occupation arose and the opportunity to ask presented itself: does cultivating food help maintain one's sanity during such an ordeal? Perhaps a little naively, I assumed that contributing to the cycle of life would have helped him and many others to bear fear and grief. «I suppose you could say so. But really any type of work is crucial for a person in these conditions, agrarian or not. One must keep busy.» Indeed, he could not be accused of idleness. Life is blooming in his care. His days revolve around the needs of fauna and flora alike. In his yard, he is surrounded by flocks of geese, turkey chicks, a dog, a cat and her kitten. It suits him well.

It is hard to discern the traces of what Volodya has endured. Talkative, witty and very giving, never at a loss for words, he has no qualms about defending his opinions, and never tries to avoid argument. He has a strong character, for better or worse. Nevertheless, as I was cooing over the turkey chicks and enthusing about the charm of country life in the kitchen, he remarked that I seemed to like it there. «Of course, it's a slice of paradise!», I blurted. He replied, «Well, it's only half a paradise now.» To his exasperation, I asked why, befuddled for a moment. Then it hit me.

What a *faux pas*! A little dazed from the wine, I awkwardly apologized. For a moment, I had forgotten strong-willed, brave, beautiful Anna who used to live here. Her portrait hung just above us, showing her coy smile

and mischievous eyes. The sketch was based on a photograph taken after the couple managed to steal a Typhoon, an armored vehicle used by the Russian army. For Volodya, the picture embodies the moment when she underwent a transformation. «She told me that at this moment she felt complete freedom, freedom from fear. Only love and adrenaline remained.» She started living to the fullest extent and stayed in this state until a Russian anti-tank missile cut short her days. The minibus in which she was traveling was deliberately targeted by artillery, as Volodymyr found out when he was released from his final period of captivity. «She hadn't been burned, she looked like she was merely asleep.» Soon, tamarix and viburnum trees will grow at the site of the attack, a fitting memorial for an arborist.

On the last night of our stay, we once more sipped on sweet homemade wine, the occupation cuvée, 2022. We visited at a time of year when zucchinis are plentiful, so we had some canning to do. Our host was eager for us to have something to bring back home, an edible memento from Velyka Oleksandrivka. It was already quite late, but I volunteered for the job. And so we got down to business in the summer kitchen. We took up the task of cutting, marinating, and canning the vegetables. We selected pale ones and green ones, striped ones and plain, so that the jars would look more appetizing: as Volodya had already said «Beauty saves the world.» In a way, it was like paying homage to Anna, reminiscing about her life and performing the same gestures she had while following her recipe. While

chopping, I asked him if the soldiers had ever stolen food from him, as they had not shied away from stealing his arborist equipment. It turns out they did not, and he had even encouraged them to go and pick some tomatoes from his garden on the plot of land next to the river. «I was hoping that it would make them vulnerable to a Ukrainian attack from the other bank,» he laughed. It's admirable how he kept his sense of humor. On another occasion, having been forced to dig his own grave during a sadistic mock execution, Volodya recalls making sure that his garden would remain undisturbed from the turning of the soil. After a vigorous beating, facing impending death, he still tried to preserve plants around him. A person really has to think of lives beyond their own to take such things into consideration. Ever the philosopher, he assured me that these events had given him a renewed appreciation of life.

Being well on our way to pull an all-nighter, we had ample time to discuss the eternal question of what it means to lead a good life. According to Volodya, the answer isn't money: «You get money, and with all the instability you must buy foreign currency, monitor the exchange rate. Humanity falls with the value of the currency.» He'd rather put his energy into improving the world around him. Staging protests against the destruction of the forests, going so far as organizing road blockades, fighting to denounce rampant local corruption and trying to ensure that people get access to the plots of land they are entitled to, he really tries to make an impact. We had







*Jewish style goose egg (shakshuka style), a recipe Volodya inherited from a Jewish friend in Khryvii Rih*

already witnessed the work he had put in making the local beach more hospitable, tirelessly reminding his neighbors that cleanliness is everyone's business, albeit to the annoyance of some. He is inclined to call himself an anarchist, but it was clear that he felt nostalgia for a more, let's say, communal past. However, as we talked, it became apparent that what he was longing for was a deeper sense of community, not the authoritative hand of a despotic state.

He decries the fact that his people are left to fend for themselves, while corrupt officials enjoy the benefits of power without fulfilling their duties. «People were abandoned. That was the case before the invasion, and it's still the case now. When the orcs arrived, our officials handed them a list of veterans' names and ran away, and now they've come back nothing has changed». But that did not imply a return to life as it was before. New challenges have to be dealt with, the fields are strewn with mines. Eager to get back to business as usual, some landowners still hire tractor drivers to plow the land. One such case resulted in at least three casualties amongst the drivers. It's a dangerous landscape, further complicated by the aftermath of the destruction of the Kakhovka dam. The Inhulets river receded, changing the appearance of the beach. Still, it continues to be a source of enjoyment for children and geese alike. At dawn, now proud owners of seven newly sealed jars of zucchini, we went to rinse off our sweat in the river. Not the most prudent decision, perhaps, as who knows what lies at the bottom, but nonetheless a good culmination to our visit.



*Homemade wine, occupation cuvée 2022, homemade salo*



We parted with the promise to come back in time for wine-making season. Still chasing an epiphany, the secret of the resilience of people in villages who survived the occupation, I had asked if selecting and pressing the grapes was akin to meditation. «I usually recite silent prayers while making wine. My most fervent ones were said during the occupation, of course.» It might have been of some comfort, but it did not depart from the ordinary. In the garden, I had not found any magic trick to resilience, but an incredible story, as there are many now in this land. Revolting tragedy happens and leaves you scarred. You



*Anna and the captured Typhoon in the hangar where they hid it. Photo by Volodymyr Dudnichenko*



may find yourself in the city or in the summer kitchen, canning zucchini, but your life must go on. Volodya carries on his usual pursuits, in a world of trees, geese, and the unyielding battle for ecological preservation and against corruption. Much like Voltaire's Candide, after weathering the storms of adversity, he concludes that, whether in joy or sorrow, we must cultivate our gardens. He's not alone in this.

*llllllllll*

*Pinned to the wall next to Anna's portrait was a collection of her recipes, the most exotic being the «zucchini - pineapple», in which zucchinis and oranges are transubstantiated into pineapple*





*Beach on the Inhulets river Volodymyr takes care of. Before the destruction of the dam water reached the cross*



*Anna and Volodymyr, cooking dinner together during occupation times, with some burnt-out machinery in the background. Photo by Volodymyr Dudnichenko*



*The cool of the night makes the kitchen a much more comfortable place to be*



# HANNA NEVIDOMA



*A writer and independent journalist from Luhansk. I work in the genre of literary reportage. Currently, I am collecting material for a book about Donetsk and Luhansk regions and keep a diary on the telegram channel [@spluiem](https://t.me/spluiem)*



# TABLES AND SAMOVARS OF DONETSK REGION

*Pokrovsk – Novoekonomichne – Malynivka – Rodynske – Shevchenko – Chervonyi Lyman*

In August 2023, we went to the Donetsk region to gather material for a book and a film. We visited towns and villages and talked to people, mostly miners, because mines cover all of this region. In a whirlwind of conversations, often very private ones, it was important for me to understand how the war affected people's diet, to learn about local cuisine, to capture the local vibe and pin down those subtle characteristics that distinguish cuisine in the West from cuisine in the East, a pie stall in Pokrovskiy from a pie stall in Kyiv, a miner's plate from a soldier's plate. Most importantly, I wanted to find out what the mysterious Donbas cutlet is made of.

However, things turned out differently than I had planned, as it always happens when you embark on a study that can be affected by multiple variables.

For convenience, I am dividing all my findings into several sections based on the characteristics of local food and food traditions discovered in the region.

*«I eat everything! Does it show?»*

*«The miner is happy when his fridge is well-stocked!»*

## Commuter trains

It all starts with the Dnipro – Pokrovsk train, where the most iconic of traditions, pies, are sold. There are two competing pie monopolies: two women who get on the train at different points along the way. The first of these women, a cook, used to teach the second one. Because it is the Honey Feast of the Saviour, passengers have a choice of poppy seed and apple pies. In addition, there is pizza, beliashy and potato pies.

*– Well, there are apple pies, there are poppy seed pies. Why can't you choose, have you fallen in love or something?*



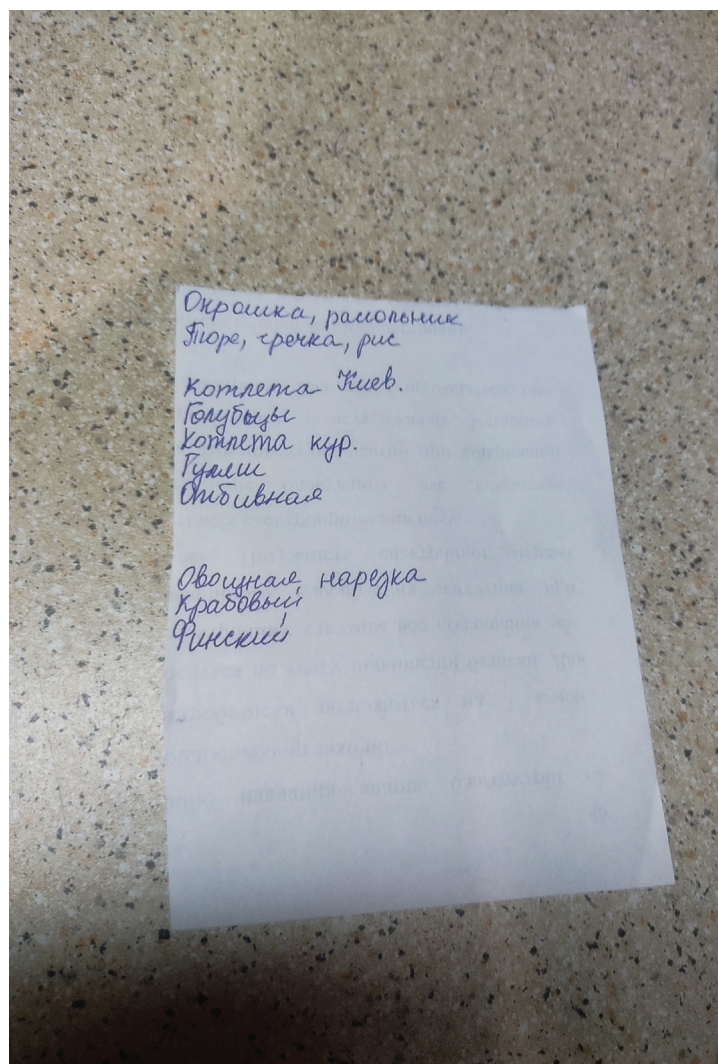


## Cafeterias

Cafeterias here are pretty much like cafeterias everywhere: food similar to home cooking for a low price. However, there is a difference: the food is meatier and fattier. The closer to the front line, the more meat the dish contains, because high-calorie and nutritious food is in high demand among soldiers. Also, more plastic

is used: access to water is limited, and plastic does not need to be washed, you can simply dispose of it.

- Can I have mashed potatoes and vegetable salad, please?
- Oil, mayonnaise?
- Oil. How much are cabbage rolls?
- 25 each. Tania, are the cabbage rolls ready?
- (Shouts at the top of her voice in the general direction of the kitchen.)
- Taniaaa! Tania is quite a character, isn't she?
- (Said by a soldier, merrily and with a wink at me).



Окрошка, рапанык  
Пюре, гречка, рис

Комплет Киев.  
Голубцы  
Комплет кур.  
Гуляш  
Оливковая

Овощная нарезка  
Крабовый  
Финский



According to Google and based on the recipe, Donbas cutlet is the same as chicken Kyiv. However, I didn't get a chance to taste it in any of the local cafes. Perhaps you have tasted it and can tell me what it is, thus solving this mystery?

– No, we don't have Donbas cutlet.

| Паста                               |        |
|-------------------------------------|--------|
| Паста з куркою .....                | 130,00 |
| Паста з телятиною .....             | 130,00 |
| Паста карбонара .....               | 115,00 |
| Спагеті болоньезе .....             | 130,00 |
| Різото з грибами .....              | 145,00 |
| М'ясні страви                       |        |
| Гуляш із телятини .....             | 70,00  |
| Ковбаска гриль (за 100г) .....      | 50,00  |
| Відбивна із свинини (за 100г) ..... | 65,00  |
| Котлета куряча рублена .....        | 60,00  |
| Котлета домашня .....               | 60,00  |
| Стейк зі свинини (за 100г) .....    | 80,00  |
| Рулет з беконом (за 100г) .....     | 55,00  |
| Котлета по «Донбаській» .....       | 75,00  |
| Сніданки                            |        |
| Яєчня з беконом .....               | 85,00  |







## Cemeteries

In addition to markets, cafeterias and commuter trains, you can find local food in cemeteries during holidays. People take home fruits consecrated in church both, and also to their relatives' graves. In summer, cemeteries are full of pears and apples. Placed in the midst of plastic flowers, they slowly bake in the sun.





## Tables

*– So I add wood chips to it like that, and it burns, smokes. Let's maybe drink something stronger, though, what do we want with just tea?*

Here, tables bend under the weight of delicious, albeit very simple and relatable food. I mean, I see it as simple, because I come from Luhansk. In summer, there are apples and pears, but also watermelons and melons, cutlets, baked chicken thighs and the classic cucumber and tomato salad. Also, on the beach, when the heat reaches +36 degrees Celsius (and that's the temperature in the shade!), you can come

across a real boiling, wood chip-burning samovar.

As to the war, people say it has not affected their diet, because living in the village means having your own vegetable garden and orchard.

*- Sure, prices are higher, but we don't live on buckwheat alone like we did in the '90s.*



## Fridges of abandoned houses

Houses abandoned by their owners are a "product" of the war. In a hurry, with only a few minutes to get ready, people had no time to clear the table, empty and defrost the fridge. Abandoned abruptly, they stand like that for months, sometimes years, a separate universe emerging inside. This is what we were able to see. The reverse side of something happy that survived here despite everything.

Talking to miners, saleswomen in stores and cafeterias, electricians, a priest and some more miners, I came to realise that war affects everything apart from eating habits. As long as there is food in the stores, eating patterns remain unchanged. Especially in summer and especially if people have their own vegetable gardens or dachas. And this is good. This is fortunate. In the midst of air-raid sirens a hearty meal creates a sense of calm, stability and control over the situation. As to holidays, of which there are plenty here, they elevate food on local tables to the next level.

~~~~~

- I had just 7 minutes to get ready. I only had time to take the frozen meat out of the freezer, throw it in plastic tubs, grab my bag, close the apartment and run out of the house. I never went back.



SOLYANKA NEW EAST: 25 L

For a 25 l pot:

*1kg white rice
500 g potatoes
500 g onions
500 g carrots
500 ml of tomato concentrated sauce
heap spoon of BBQ sauce
500 mg mushrooms (optional)
500 ml bottle of sliced pickles
400 ml bottle of black olives
some spring onions and 3-4 garlic cloves*

1. Stir fry chopped onions and carrots until brown. Add a generous amount of vegetable oil - being oily is the point of Solyanka.
2. Boil down chopped tomatoes or tomato sauce, deglaze if it gets brown. Add a heap spoon of smokey BBQ sauce to the mix (very important).
3. You can prepare 500g of finely chopped and fried champignon mushrooms for maximum umami.
4. Put water on boil. It is allowed to use bouillon cubes as a vegetable stock - extreme times call for extreme measures!
5. First throw in rice and then potatoes 5 minutes later, boil on medium until ready.
6. Add browned onions, carrots and mushrooms.
7. Here comes the magic - add sliced pickles (5 minutes to boil) and black olives, cut in half (right at the end).
8. Season generously with chopped garlic and spring onions - when the dish is ready and heat is turned off.

Serve in a shelter.



S I D

I write texts, research space, corporeality, memory and the interconnection of these things in Kyiv and on my «boloto» telegram channel (@mywalletisfullofblood)

FOOD CHAIN

we learn how to love from our elders - that's the idea
love is handed down to us from one to the other
a fistful of black berries
which we ought to
peel from the crumbs of soil and aphids
to clean it
to nurture it
to pass it on

the wrinkled fingers of my great-grandma are what i'll
remember best
and her striped robe from which she lured out barberry
sugar candies
as well as her habit of constant narration
which i won't have enough memory for
only later my mother will remind me
how she used to call me by somebody else's name
how she hid a single brown bread slice under her pillow
after the sickness turned her into a child
(the same age as me back then)
and how she squealed with joy
knowing she wouldn't die of hunger that day

or
as a matter of fact
my mom
with her bowls and bundles
her, sitting at our measly dinner table with worried eyes
her, with whom i cut through the stormy waters of a
spontaneous market
like a holy sea pilgrim and an armed guard

of her empty pocket
how she sliced the buttery body of love
to give us to school for lunch
like a surgeon leaving an operating room
bearing bad news

a love like that has a mouth full of saliva

in the hands of these women it transformed
into humanitarian aid

well how else could it have turned out
on the crevice of such sour hunger
in the glare of this flag and on this vast land
there is no excess of love in this country
just like there is no old money
or peaceful old age

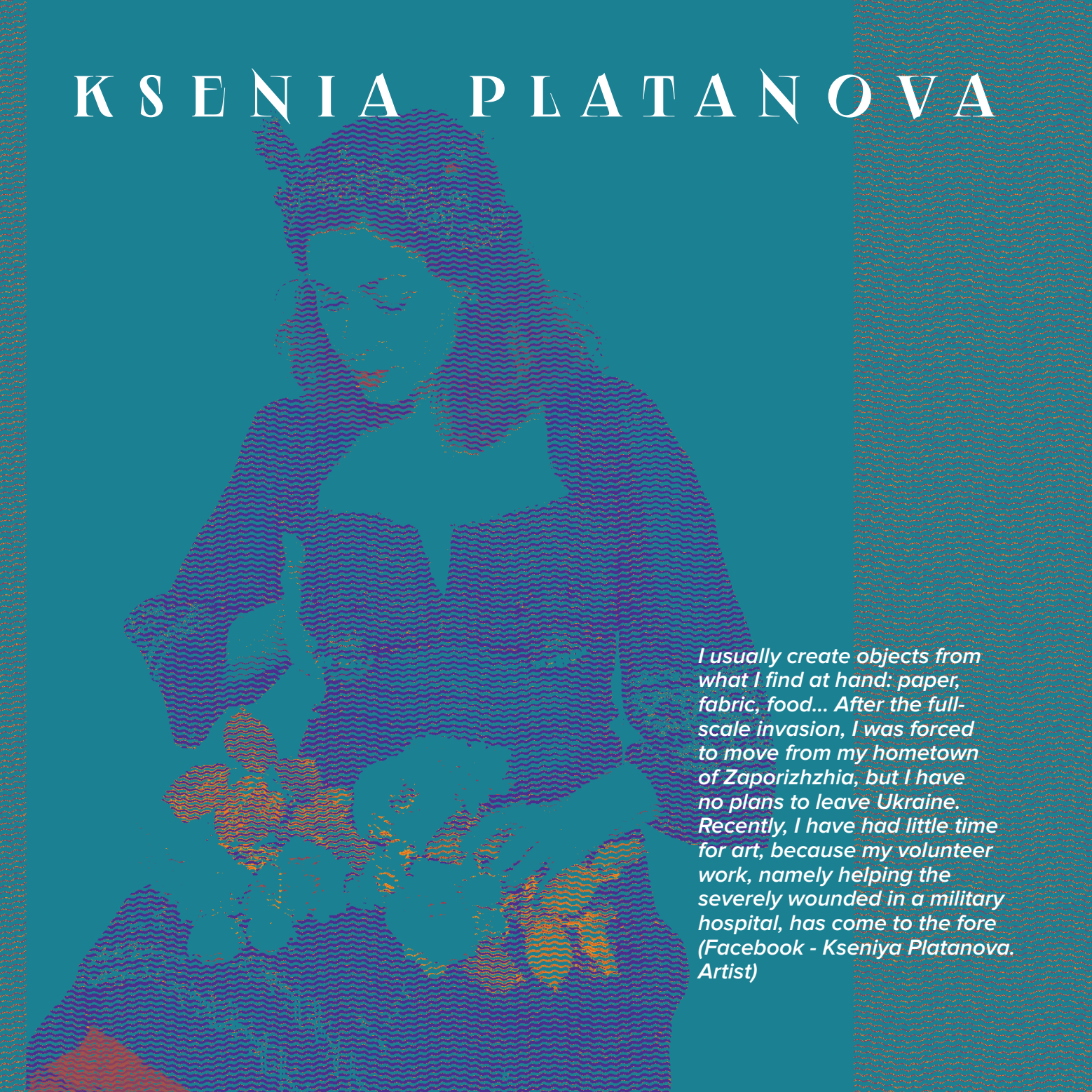
hold this love with the greed of a clenched fist
that clings to the hem of a skirt full of ripe white plums
for this is your only legacy
look how it nuzzles up to you
a fistful of black soil
a delicate pair of insect wings

and so we covertly carry this love around and sow its seeds
we learn this love by sprinkling it with sugar
we say «i love you» with this apricot pit
we husk it
we pass it on

~~~~~



# KSENIYA PLATANOVA



*I usually create objects from what I find at hand: paper, fabric, food... After the full-scale invasion, I was forced to move from my hometown of Zaporizhzhia, but I have no plans to leave Ukraine. Recently, I have had little time for art, because my volunteer work, namely helping the severely wounded in a military hospital, has come to the fore (Facebook - Kseniya Platanova. Artist)*



In wartime, I lost the desire to cook. I have no kitchen of my own, no room of my own, no bed of my own. My close ones are scattered all over the world, and I don't know if I will ever be able to see them or touch them.

Now, food is the only pleasure available. Eating tasty food and eating enough of it is almost the same as having a good fuck. People usually don't say this aloud, and yet. Alone with myself, I openly acknowledge that I desperately want to feel alive.

I give myself permission to eat fried, fatty, spicy, salty, sweet food. To eat harmful and forbidden stuff. To eat with my hands and lick my fingers. I give myself permission to enjoy myself like it's the last time.

1 8 +



























# VISHNIA VISHNIA

*A perv-artist, researcher, activist,  
I draw all sorts of things one would  
describe as cute and kinky, all sorts of  
gayness and self-exploration  
(Insta-page @double\_\_cherry)*







# DAFNA RACHOK



*As an anthropologist, I study public health policies and bureaucracy (you can read more on [@DafnaRachok](#)); as an activist and volunteer, I believe that empathy makes our world a better place*



# ON DONATIONS AND ACHIEVEMENTS IN HUMANITARIAN AID

Henry is 27 years old. I don't know whether he has cause to complain about anything in his life. I don't think he does. However, I would not be surprised if he said that his life is riddled with problems. It's doubtful, though, that I would be able to relate to them. That's because a full-scale war has been raging in my country for the last year and a half. My friends and I volunteer, collect money for military and civilian needs, find homes for homeless dogs. Simultaneously, we cling on to the remnants of our sanity and try to do some paid work which actually enables us to pursue all those other activities.

Henry lives in London. He graduated from Cambridge (yes, the very same) and currently works for a big company. He earns three thousand pounds a month and never works after 6 pm or on weekends. He feels useful, because his employer is a major actor in the field of humanitarian aid: a UN contractor, no less.

Unfortunately, Henry and I have failed to find a common language. I hate him – along with his employer and the UN – with all my heart. These days, I am used to people from first world countries seeing Ukrainians as emotional and unstable. Lately, I've been feeling really emotional.

Henry genuinely does not understand what the problem is with what he

wants people to do. He is looking for volunteer drivers in Ukraine who would agree to go beyond the demarcation line – that is, right into enemy-controlled territory – and deliver food packages. He completely fails to see why this request (innocent, in his eyes) triggers such an emotional response in me and his other interlocutors. «These Ukrainians are kind of unstable», he probably thinks.

At this point, we already know that Russian forces shot at civilians trying to flee Irpin, shelled the humanitarian corridor out of Mariupol and the corridor out of Kamianske in Zaporizhzhia oblast. Henry either has no clue about this or genuinely fails to grasp why neither I nor his other contacts in Ukraine are willing to take on the seemingly simple tasks he offers us.

My argument with Henry unfolds in early May 2022. It's been almost two and a half months since the start of Russia's full-scale invasion. Russian troops have already made their first "goodwill gesture" and withdrawn from the north of Ukraine. Supply chains are starting to improve. As before, local volunteers patch up the gaps the state is unable to address. Soon, researchers describing the phenomenon of Ukrainian volunteering begin referring to it as «distributed humanitarianism»<sup>1</sup>. There is still no sign of major humanitarian

actors, such as the UN World Food Program, in Ukraine. Henry assures me they will definitely deliver help. They just need a bit more time to think through the logistics of their operation.

Of course, Henry himself is not the problem. The problem is that big international organisations such as the UN World Food Program do not interact with aid beneficiaries directly. Instead, they use a number of contractors: intermediaries who not only make the process of humanitarian aid provision more time-consuming, but also make the whole affair more expensive, more cumbersome and less efficient. More expensive because each subcontractor (like the company that employs Henry) receives good money for their work. More cumbersome because, firstly, the more contractors that come between donor and beneficiary, the longer their communication takes; and secondly, acting through several intermediaries makes it difficult for the donor to be flexible and quick in their response to the changing needs of the beneficiaries. Moreover, sometimes international donors of humanitarian aid do not even ask those in need about their preferences and the hierarchy of their needs. Instead, big international humanitarian organisations often rely on one-size-fits-all aid packages that are not tailored to the needs of





Photo taken by Ivan Shmatko in December 2022. Ivan and I helped to buy and deliver medicine for people with disabilities in Kyiv.

specific social groups.

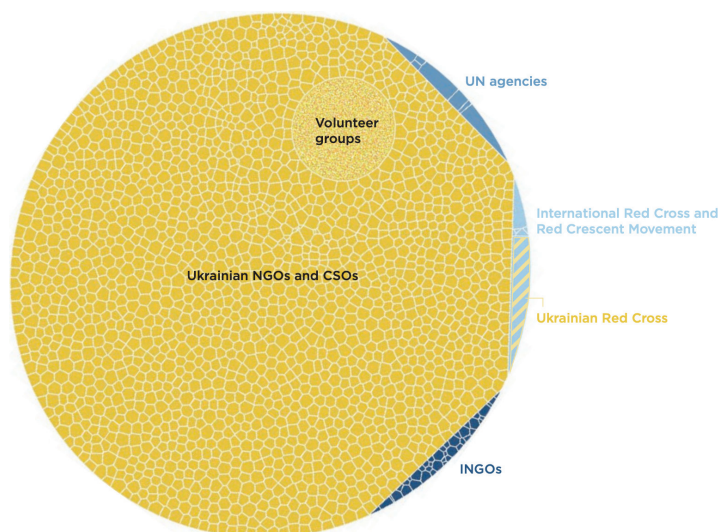
Researchers Elizabeth Cullen Dunn and Iwona Kaliszewska compare<sup>1</sup> the way international humanitarian organisations work with Fordist production. «To source, store, and distribute aid, humanitarian agencies adopted Fordism's centralised bulk logistics systems. With its emphasis on long production runs of standardised products, Fordism relied on a distribution system that put equal emphasis on economies of scale. Rather than delivering products irregularly and in small batches, large Fordist producers pumped out large quantities of products that were delivered and then held in distribution centres and warehouses, waiting to be used for further production or distributed for consumption». Similarly, big humanitarian actors, such as the

UN, rely on generic supplies that can be stored in warehouses for a long period of time before distribution to beneficiaries.

Let's not forget that humanitarian aid is also an industry whose total value in 2021 amounted to 31.3 billion US dollars<sup>2</sup>. Unfortunately, major international humanitarian organisations are much less efficient (including financially) than we would like them to be. Humanitarian researcher Elizabeth Cullen Dunn (@ElizabethCDunn) shared on Twitter that, according to rough estimates, the final beneficiary receives only 37 cents of every dollar handled by major humanitarian organisations. The rest, 63 cents, goes to various contractors. The Center for Global Development, an independent think tank studying humanitarian aid, has arrived at similar figures. As the Center's calculations show<sup>3</sup>, only 32% of humanitarian aid funds reach local governments, non-governmental organisations (NGOs) and businesses in recipient countries. That is, almost two-thirds of the funds end up in the pockets of different contractors. Like Henry's employer in the UK, these intermediaries are frequently located far from the actual countries that need humanitarian assistance.

It is therefore not difficult to understand the anger and disappointment most Ukrainians feel towards big international organisations. Major humanitarian players fully deserve the criticism they received upon proving unable to quickly get their bearings and help Ukraine either at the start of the full-scale invasion or after the Russians blew up the Kakhovka

Figure 1. The presence of various humanitarian organisations in Ukraine in March–May 2022. Source: Humanitarian Outcomes. Enabling the local response: Emerging humanitarian priorities in Ukraine. March–May 2022. United Kingdom Humanitarian Innovation Hub. 2022.



Data sources: GDHO ([www.humanitarianoutcomes.org](http://www.humanitarianoutcomes.org)) and OCHA ([www.humanitarianresponse.info/en/operations/ukraine](http://www.humanitarianresponse.info/en/operations/ukraine))



Dam. According to the independent research group Humanitarian Outcomes, during the first six weeks of the full-scale invasion, almost all humanitarian assistance in Ukraine was sourced and delivered by local organisations and volunteers. Humanitarian Outcomes researchers claim that «[w]ith a few exceptions, even the international agencies with prior presence inside Ukraine needed at least five weeks to re-enter and ramp up before they began any aid delivery<sup>4</sup>.» A small number of international organisations that already had staff in Ukraine in April 2022 were just starting their work. However, they could not reach territories not controlled by the Ukrainian government or contested in bloody battles (like Mariupol).

As research carried out by Humanitarian Outcomes demonstrates<sup>4</sup>, even though local Ukrainian NGOs and volunteer groups provided almost all the necessary assistance in the first months of the full-scale invasion, they received only 4.4 million US dollars, or 0.003% (three thousandths of a percent) of the total funds. That's right: *significantly less than one percent* of all direct funding. Meanwhile, the giants of the humanitarian industry, such as various UN agencies, received 71% of the total amount of funding. This is a shocking imbalance.

Given the way large international organisations operate – specifically their inflexibility and inability to respond to emerging needs quickly – and the fact that they receive a disproportionate amount of money, including donations, calls for the

reform of the humanitarian industry come as no surprise. Change is long overdue. Meanwhile, we can already take small steps to restore balance in the sphere of humanitarian aid. The truth is simple: it is always better to support local organisations and volunteer groups directly. They shoulder the heaviest burden and do the most work.

Incidentally, the long-awaited humanitarian aid from the World Food Program, promised by Henry in May, arrived in Kyiv in September. Who distributed it? That's an interesting question. At least some of the heavy boxes were delivered to people with disabilities by the author of this text and her partner. We used our own cars, paid for gas with our own money and worked in our spare time

on a Saturday. On the same Saturday, Henry probably sat over a glass of beer somewhere in London, thinking how lucky he was to work for an organisation that cares so much about people in adversity.

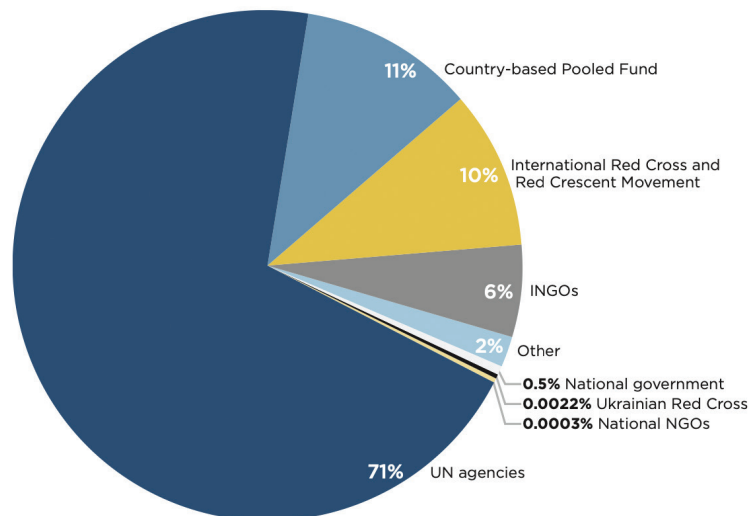
*~~~~~*

#### Literature:

- 1** Elizabeth Cullen Dunn and Iwona Kaliszewska. *Distributed humanitarianism*. *American Ethnologist*. 2023. 50: 19–29.
- 2** Alice Obrecht, Sophia Swithern and Jennifer Doherty. *State of Humanitarian System*. (SOHS) report. ALNAP Study. London: ALNAP/ODI. 2022.
- 3** Euan Ritchie, Charles Kenny, Ranil Dissanayake and Justin Sandefur. *How Much Foreign Aid Reaches Foreign Governments?* Center for Global Development. 2022.
- 4** Humanitarian Outcomes. *Enabling the local response: Emerging humanitarian priorities in Ukraine. March–May 2022*. United Kingdom Humanitarian Innovation Hub. 2022.

Figure 2. Distribution of funds between humanitarian organisations in March–May 2022.

Source: Humanitarian Outcomes. *Enabling the local response: Emerging humanitarian priorities in Ukraine. March–May 2022*. United Kingdom Humanitarian Innovation Hub. 2022.



Source: UN FTS 2022



# JÜRGEN



*Apart from veghiking and  
volunteering for Ukraine, I'm also  
exploring the trajectories of people,  
plants, and foods as part of the  
collective «eastKost»  
(insta @east\_kost)*

*photo by Elena Klappmann*



# OF BEANS, BORDERS, AND OCCASIONAL BENEVOLENCE

At the beginning of spring many years ago, I visited L'viv's Pryvokzalnyi Market. Amid the bustle of regular market stalls and countless sidewalk vendors, I was particularly amazed by the immense variety of dried beans offered as seeds, some of which I had never seen anywhere before. In the end, I left the market with more than one kilo of them. Later I took a train across the border from Chop back to Slovakia, which consisted of a single carriage without any partitions, where one could hide anything from the scrutiny of border control. After all, there were only four people in the carriage, facing an equal number of Slovak customs officers entering to conduct the checks. Time obviously being on their side, they began to thoroughly check each of my fellow passengers as well as their possessions. As I was clearly the one with the most luggage, the officials quickly came over and me to start unpacking. No doubt the many small plastic bags containing different sorts of beans caught their attention, so they began to inquire about my leguminous intentions. After I'd assured them that I was bringing the beans to eat and not to plant, the officers waved me through, probably also having realized the absurdity of their interrogation.

In 2015, I repeated that bean trip to L'viv: russia had already been waging war against Ukraine for a year, while a few months before the then Slovak

minister of the interior had set out to put on a cynical performance. He visited the Ukrainian border in order to show the media how commendably the Slovak authorities fulfil their task of protecting the Schengen area. Asked by a TV reporter, if Slovakia would be ready to welcome war refugees from Ukraine, he smiled sneeringly and said: «We have just had four Ukrainians here, who were considering applying for asylum. But we discussed it with them, and they changed their minds and went back to their home country.»

Resuming my journey, I was just trying to hitch a ride from Uzhhorod across the border, carrying my privileged EU passport and a few little bags with beans, when a man in some kind of religious outfit stopped for me. It turned out that he was a Greek-Catholic priest from Slovakia driving back from a visit to a Transcarpathian village, where he had once spent a year. He was not short of praise for the people he met in Ukraine, and enthused about a memorable trip when he'd taken his family to the seaside near Odesa. Time was short, as in just two hours he needed to hold a church service in his Eastern Slovakian parish. Nevertheless, the long queue of cars at the border crossing suggested a waiting time of several hours. So he simply sped along the lane for diplomats, then jumped out of his car in full priest gear and showed our passports to the

Ukrainian border police booth. Just a few minutes later he was back, saying: «I promised the border officers I'd say a prayer for them, so they agreed to wave us through.»

Enriched by this transcendental Schengen experience, back in Bratislava I shared the beans I'd brought from Ukraine with some friends, who then planted them in their gardens.

**«Veghiking»** /vedʒhaɪkɪŋ/ is travel undertaken to transport fresh produce by means of public transport or hitchhiking.

I'd already met quite a few veghikers while I was hitchhiking through rural areas of Ukraine. Usually they are older people asking for short rides, like to the next town, bringing plenty of fresh produce from their garden, which they want to sell at a market or just from the sidewalk. Besides that, veghiking seems to be a common sight on Ukrainian *marshrutkas* and *elektrychkas*.

I also took to veghiking myself, every time I visited Ukraine. Combining the joy of visiting local fresh produce markets or sidewalk stalls – I usually prefer the latter, cause that's where you find the real gardeners – and then taking veggies from there to my home in Bratislava or my native





village near Salzburg, where even my mum started to grow beans or tomatoes («Anna»! «Chornyy Prynts»!) from seeds of Ukrainian origin. Furthermore, I established garlic as the most common present I bring from Ukraine for my friends.

Until recently, there was a market in my beloved border town Uzhhorod, which perfectly covered the needs of veghikers. Located near the main street, Prospekt Svobody, it was a bustling area centered around the long-abandoned concrete shell of an unfinished market hall. The market was called Bilochka («squirrel») bazar and by some people – slightly pejoratively – referred to it as a local «Shanghai», maybe due to its dense, informal structure and casually chaotic atmosphere, as it might look to an outsider. Nevertheless, for me that market was a kind of haven, combining many of the features of Transcarpathian culture that I cherish – from the numerous, mingled languages to the rich diversity of vegetables and fruit grown in that sunny and fertile region. And Bilochka was also very popular among locals, as the goods on sale there were often cheaper than elsewhere, and it was considered a good place for generating additional income, whether you owned a stall or occasionally sold your produce ad hoc on the sidewalk.



Well, until recently. Because during my first visit after several Covid lockdowns, I discovered that the squirrel had disappeared to make way for a steel hall surrounded by a vast car park. The only reminder of the vanished market was a few relentless vendors who continued g their business along a nearby sidewalk. So I bought some garlic, tomatoes, beetroots, and – of course – beans, and



took a marshrutka to «the pedestrians and cyclists only» border crossing point in the divided village «Mali Selmenci-Veľké Slemence», located a few kilometers south of Uzhhorod. The Ukrainian part of the village used to be a hotspot of small border trade, with a dozen little shops and stalls lining the street, offering everything people coming from Slovakia would desire – ranging from the obvious spirits and «Konfety» candies via fake designer fashion to garlic and beans. But to my surprise, I found all those businesses closed and abandoned. A local harvesting grapes in his garden tries to explain to me what seems obvious: border closures during lockdowns had killed trade.

Walking on towards the crossing point, the Ukrainian official even seemed delighted when checking my passport, sighing, «Finally, somebody!»

On the Slovak side of the border, the atmosphere was rather grumpy, with an overstaffed crew performing tedious routines. As I started to unpack my backpack for the customs check, the officer asked the usual question, «Alcohol? Cigarettes?». «No, only vegetables,» I responded. «So you got the exact thing you are not allowed to bring across the border!», the customs official said, to my bewilderment, pointing at an announcement stating in bold letters: «Keep plant pests and diseases out of the European Union. You are not allowed to bring plants, fruits, vegetables, flowers, or seeds into the EU without a phytosanitary certificate» (1). But after rummaging in my «legumina non gratae», the officer says «Let's make an exception this

time. Next time you'll know!»

Continuing my journey along the Slovak part of the village's main road, I passed a few abandoned houses succumbing to the wilderness their gardens had become. In the middle of a forlorn arrangement of dried-out concrete flower tubs that probably defined some kind of square, I bumped into a bearded old man, who I thought seemed familiar. I wondered if I remembered him from visits years ago, when I met him sipping beer and playing cards with his neighbors in a pleasantly upbeat local pub named «Euro Bar», that had now, yes, closed down. When I asked him how he felt now, having lost his regular hangout, he replied listlessly: «I don't mind, I'm fine anywhere.»

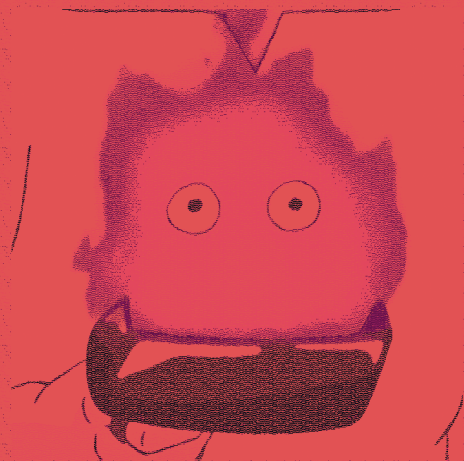
In early March 2022, I find myself at the Slovak-Ukrainian border again, talking to an elder who has just escaped the Russian terror from a village near Kharkiv. She says that back home she was just preparing for the growing season, raising little tomato seedlings, but now everything would be lost. I grab her bag with a few belongings and guide her to the food tent, where fellow volunteers are offering hot drinks and compiling sandwiches from different batches of humanitarian aid which are stranded at the border. It seems as if Slovakia has finally entered its «Ukrainians welcome» stage, even if just for a while.

~~~~~

¹ The new phytosanitary legislation of the European Union entered into force on December 14, 2019. It contains new requirements for the import of plants and plant products in the baggage of passengers, placing restrictions on passengers who import plants and plant products without a phytosanitary certificate from outside the EU.

F E E M N I A

*An activist, feminist and just
a beauty, but, unfortunately,
under occupation*





The first dish I made for myself after leaving the occupied territory and the first photo on my phone after filtration procedures. Up-left: a list of vacancies; up-right: the most disgusting minced meat product consisting of toilet paper and ground animal bones



An announcement¹ about free meals where people are assigned numbers in lines.

¹ (in russian) Attention. March 19th, 2023, at 12:00 The Young Guard of United Russia and the Volunteer Company invite you local dwellers to DINE at Mikrorayon Vostochny, Kievskaya street 74, Humanitarian Center Vostochny

The candy a kind woman gave me in line for humanitarian aid. It's in the plastic cup left after my friend with Kyiv registration bought me a beer. The houses in the back are tilted (lensing effect), but like our friends say, I don't care



Салат "Праздничный"
1 банка ананасов (кольцами)
1 пачка крабовых палочек
240 гр.
3-4 яйца варёных
1 банка кукурузы
1 пекинская капуста
(средняя)
Всё порезать и за-
вить майонезом.
Приятного аппетита

The recipe² I found in the ruins of my friend's house. I tried and liked it, by the way.

2 Salad «Festive»

1 can of pineapples (take those in rings)

1 pack of surimi crab sticks 240 g

3-4 eggs, boiled

1 can of sweet corn

1 Chinese cabbage (middle-sized)

Chop everything and add mayonnaise.

Enjoy.



Soup.
Borsch.
Ukrainian style.³
One day they'll wrap their stupid heads around the fact that borsch is not a soup, but the Universe will collapse sooner.

3 The writing on the instant meal package is in russian



A poster^{4,5} on the wall of School No.5:
my questions to this are numerous but I have no answers

4 The party chooses healthy air in classrooms
have YOU already quit eating chebureki?

5 Chebureki – deep-fried minced meat pies originating from Crimea, popular streetfood in Ukraine

Only god knows for how long has this bottle⁶
been lying there, burned out physically and
perhaps emotionally. I didn't dare to come
closer: under occupation, you'd better not roam
in the fields

6 Lvivske Svitle is a popular Ukrainian brand of cheap lager beer.





I wanted to make a good photo of my cactus named Vokha in bloom. Only after three or more days I noticed beer and salted fish in the back.



Candles from my birthday cake: my sister wanted to spell CHMONYA⁷, from a then-popular meme but ended up with SHMONYA⁸ instead

⁷ Chmonya is one of derogatory names for russian soldiers used online by Ukrainians

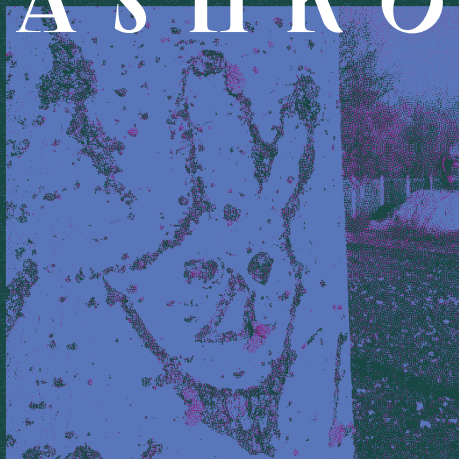
⁸ Shmonya is a derivative of «shmon», a street term for a brutal police search in one's home or property

SASHKO PROTYAH

SCORCHERS 2022

To Olya Volodina

@sisterly777



My first «Carolina Reaper with strawberries»
blew up Shevchik together with his thugs.
In neighbouring apartments, behind closed doors,
fried potatoes on stovetops spiced up on their own.

Each kolaberater must be scorched with pepper.
Though sadly capsaicin isn't always lethal:
the Bus Director of Kherson
needed more of my chilli!

Bring me the latest handful
of black Melitopol cherries
so I can cook a russ-scorcher,
bust the ass of propagandists,
boost the morale of Ukraine.

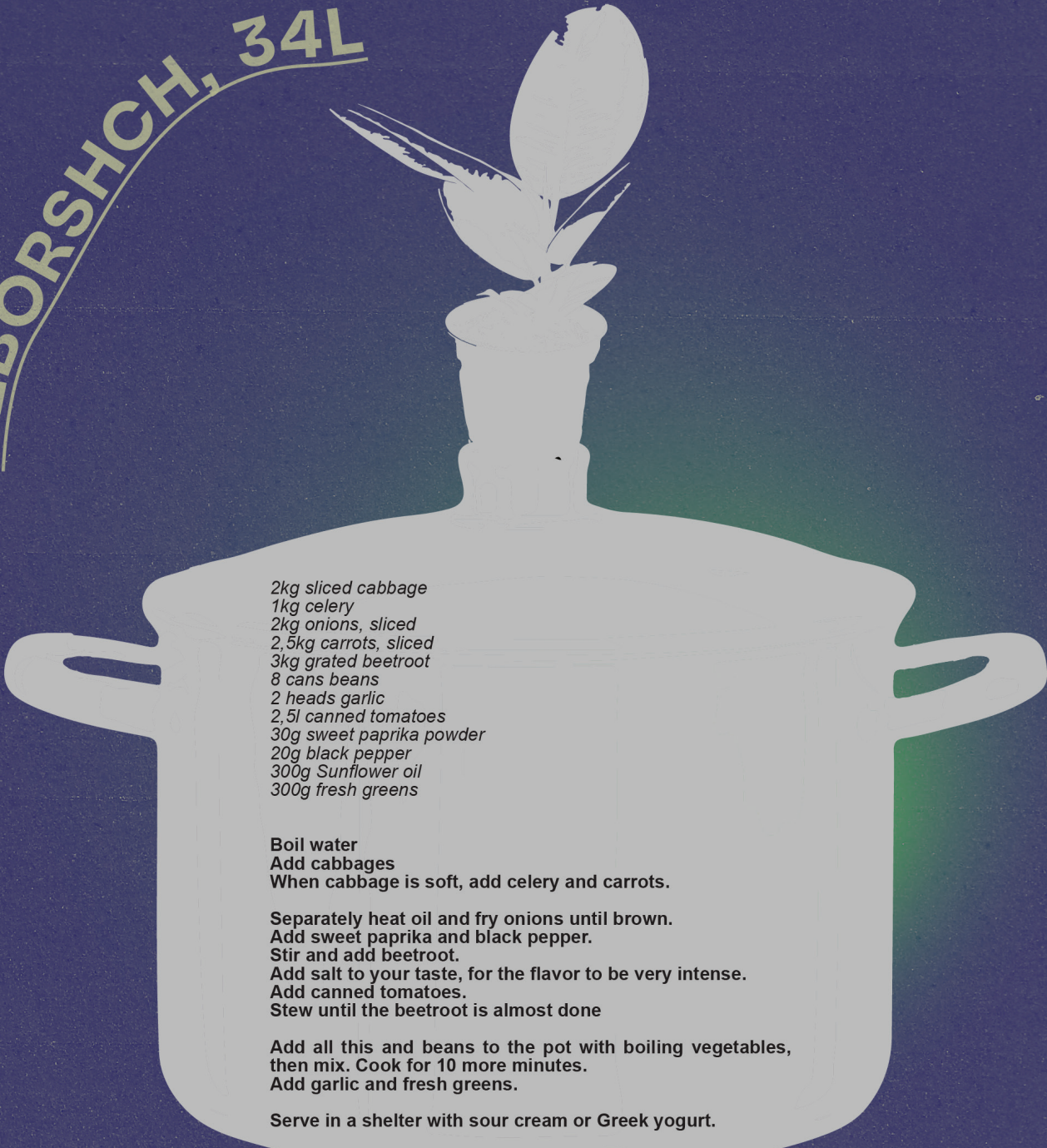
I'll boil sea buckthorn into ajika dip
and sear mahonia into russ-agonia
and crush viburnums into fiery sriracha -
and my capsaicin will dissolve their Order of Courage
and the town of Hola Prystan will sing along with us!

The Tsarina of «Education»
will get my scorching dogwood treatment
with a pinch of sugar yet no hint of mercy -
kolaberaters' tears are tasteless.

A traitor, name of Vampire,
used to sell meat in Pushkin street.
As I was slicing chillies without gloves,
his leg was amputated in holiday-camp Crimea.

My final sauce of '22
was made of jalapeños and quince -
Zubaryev blew up in Yakymivka
as soon as I started stirring the mix!

NEBORSHCH, 34L



*2kg sliced cabbage
1kg celery
2kg onions, sliced
2,5kg carrots, sliced
3kg grated beetroot
8 cans beans
2 heads garlic
2,5l canned tomatoes
30g sweet paprika powder
20g black pepper
300g Sunflower oil
300g fresh greens*

**Boil water
Add cabbages
When cabbage is soft, add celery and carrots.**

**Separately heat oil and fry onions until brown.
Add sweet paprika and black pepper.
Stir and add beetroot.
Add salt to your taste, for the flavor to be very intense.
Add canned tomatoes.
Stew until the beetroot is almost done**

**Add all this and beans to the pot with boiling vegetables,
then mix. Cook for 10 more minutes.
Add garlic and fresh greens.**

Serve in a shelter with sour cream or Greek yogurt.

SONY A ERICSSON



*I write about my being and forgetting in three places:
I hide (telegram channel [«living wage»](#))
I plant (Insta-page [@street.aid.daily](#))
I am in solidarity (Insta-page [@solidaritycollectives](#))*

TWO IN A BOAT, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE DOG, OR HOW WE SURVIVED ON THE SUBSISTENCE MINIMUM FOR 3 WEEKS

given: two people living separately; a dog named Bambi

goal: to live on the allocated amount of money for a month without losing dignity and health

it's hard to say what pushed us to undertake the experiment the most perhaps it was a simple desire to seize – at least briefly – and redirect our anxiety from universal infinite and enormous things like for instance a war in our country to something smaller and more specific something clear and logical, like calculations

the experiment was definitely not an attempt to prove that it's possible to live on this amount of money we believe that no human being should be forced to survive like this and that the subsistence minimum as defined by the state¹ speaks to the failure of politicians and shows how out of touch with the people they are

already by the end of the first week we understood that living on this money was no culinary adventure: it required more than just a change of diet and introduced a set of rules that soon fully absorbed our attention

to comply with its restrictions (UAH 604 per week), you have to be purposeful, consistent and predictable

it's forbidden to get ill, get injured, attend paid events, experience force majeure
it's forbidden to eat in restaurants, drink in bars and cafes, buy tobacco or make donations
it's definitely not recommended to go out at all as this increases the chances of getting ill or injured, or triggering force majeure

previously, it seemed that planning a dinner based on ATB discounts is one hell of a strategy: you simply go to the store in the evening find those yellow price tags and combine more or less compatible products into a meal
turns out, however, that to survive on the subsistence minimum you have to forget about both

discounts and daily visit to the supermarket:
the yellow price tags are no magic pill

that tempt you into spending money meals should be carefully planned in advance
otherwise you are dooming yourself to poor nutrition and want going it alone is tough
it makes sense to work with others, since you can only plan long term by pooling your meagre budgets.

the habit of smoking tobacco disappeared without a trace within the first week
we dug out some vape liquid found a few years before in a garbage bin in Odesa
and got the hang of refilling an Iqos,



Ready-made supermarket food with a 40% discount. Photos by andrey sobaka https://instagram.com/andrey_sobaka

to stick to the budget, you have to almost religiously avoid places

itself found in a Kyiv dump
we smoked it with great relish and
gusto but got bored soon
during the second week, we bummed
tobacco, bought it by clubbing
together
and repurposed old cigars.

dog food was a more complicated
matter:
since Bambi could not consent to the
experiment, she participated in it in
name only
she continued to eat well, her diet
suffered no sudden changes, only
now she got more treats - *khriatsyky*² -
than we got as humanitarian aid

we kicked the habit of going to coffee
houses
instead, we got used to making
filtered coffee at home, brewing it
right in the thermos
when we got the urge to «go out for a
coffee», we brewed the coffee,
poured it into the thermos and went
outside

friends generously helped us with
food during our experiment
(it lasted a bit longer than three
weeks)
to ensure its integrity, we tended to
accept offerings whose value could
no longer be expressed in terms of
money

for instance, a comrade who joined
the army gave us jars of honey, jam
and pickled peppers, because they
did not fit into his soldier's backpack
in Lviv, a friend gifted us jars of
peanut butter past their use-by date,
heroically saving them from the
humanitarian aid warehouse where
they were about to be written off

we gathered wild nettles in the
Holosiiivskyi forest - totally free - and
scavenged
for partially rotten avocados behind
the supermarket
and crushed tomatoes behind the
vegetable stand

we visited friends and on such
occasions
happily treated ourselves to food,
exchanged stuff, hustled and rolled
cigarettes
also, we did not pay for spotify
we jumped over the subway turnstile
twice to avoid paying (and are not
proud of it)

the experiment lasted 25 days
(April 1-April 25, 2023)
we just had to get through the five
final days, but, in a treacherous twist
of fate,
we ran out of money

*Guacamole tacos made with avocado and
tomatoes (pictured right)*



Omelette with young nettles gathered in the Holosiiivskyi forest in Kyiv

Tomatoes left behind by the vegetable stand at the end of the day



Avocados from the supermarket garbage bin

multiplied by two, the subsistence minimum amounted to UAH 5178

while our expenses reached UAH 5165.86

this is what's behind these numbers:

one birthday (mine)

the day Coyote the rat died and was buried

one trip from Kyiv to Lviv

3 free group therapy sessions for women* provided by FemSolution

2 plates of free soup from the grassroots initiative Hodiivnichka

1 free lunch at Lviv Vegan Kitchen

1 free tattoo from a beginner artist

UAH 367 for 38 cups of brewed and occasionally instant coffee (made at home)

2 cups of coffee bought in cafes, 7 cups we drank at friends' houses

and 2 we got from the coffee machine in Silpo

UAH 260, double fare for one taxi ride while an air alert was on

UAH 410 spent on public transport

UAH 462 for flying around on Bolt scooters

UAH 654 for Bambi's dog food

living on the bare minimum

yielded maximum results in some respects

now we know that taking your own pu'er, boiled beets, instant soups and drinking water

with you when travelling by train makes sure you don't incur great expenses during the trip

you can get boiling water for free from the boiler inside the train car

three baked onion pies, one cake from ATB and a bottle of homemade limoncello

are enough for a lavish birthday celebration

I was inspired to try my hand at alcohol alchemy by Koschei: at the bar there

they only had *nastoiankas* - liquor infusions - and beer from the supermarket around the corner

the only possible cocktail was a combination of infusion with Schweppes,

which was how I tasted each *nastoianka* and then had another couple of rounds

Red lentil soup at Hodivnychka in Lviv is free for everyone



and tasted them again, neat since then, I occasionally made different alcohol infusions rather out of interest and for the sake of the experiment than strictly adhering to recipes
I find it fascinating that you can make an 80 proof (or stronger) drink using anything at all: nettles, linden blossoms, even wormy plums

in fact, this is one of my most energy-efficient hobbies:
I work for several hours while processing raw materials (berries, fruits or herbs)
then for the next month+ they are soaked in alcohol
at the end I put in another hour of work: filter the infusion, brew glucose syrup
add water, measure and increase ABV to the desired level using alcohol meter

pour in the syrup and leave it for another ten days or until I have time to check on it

I ignore labels, hardly use the postal service
my bottles travel with me across the country
or are passed from person to person (punk-style delivery)
to help friends raise funds for military and other needs, I've recently remembered this skill
and fell in love with it anew:
I pour limoncello and lustful strawberry infusions into small kefir bottles,
sell them and donate half of the money

the calculations needed to draw up the budget
constitute a huge amount of invisible work

Birthday onion pie



that requires a lot of time, energy and focus
living on the subsistence minimum means you have to come up with a collective strategy
and is almost impossible for someone leading a secluded way of life

the practices of giving and caring were integral to our experiment:
people around us fed us, treated us to this and that, gifted us things and hosted us overnight

~~~~~



*Oatmeal patties and homemade limoncello*



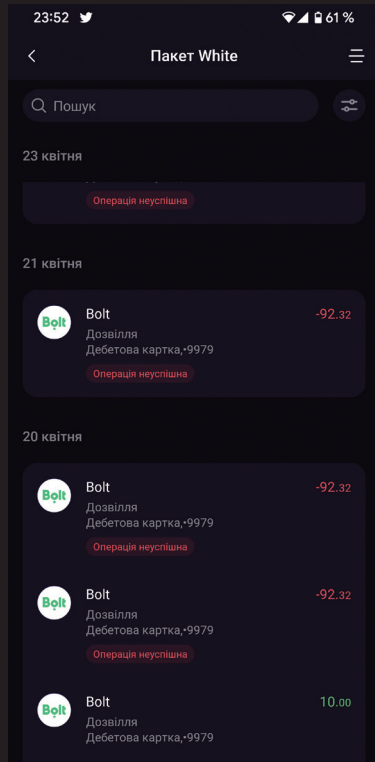
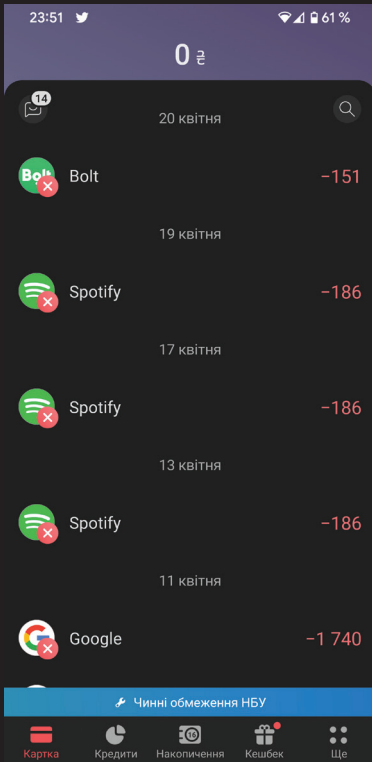
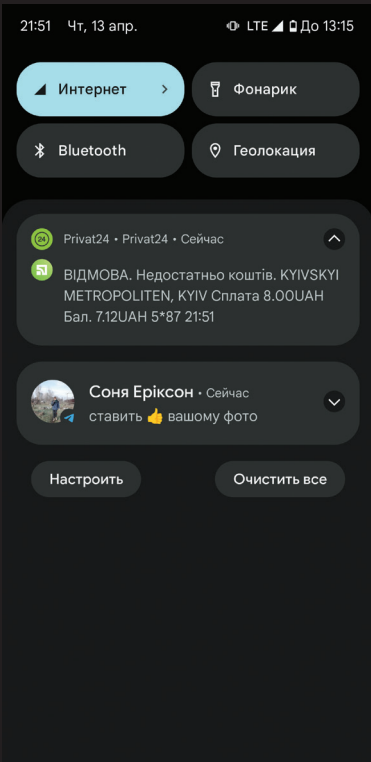
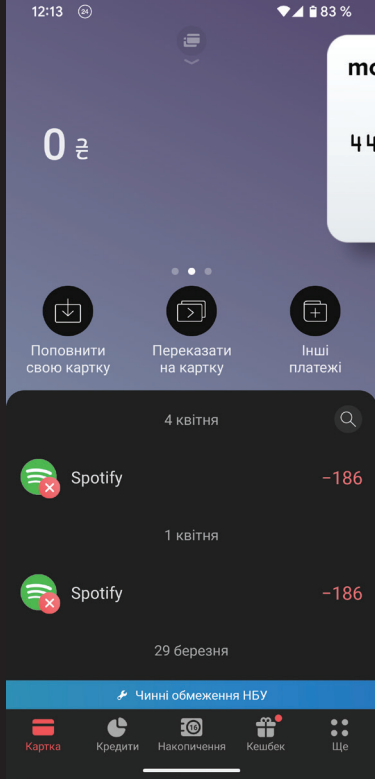
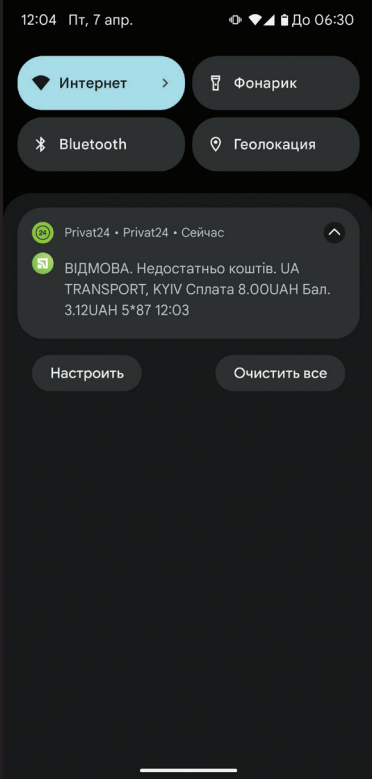
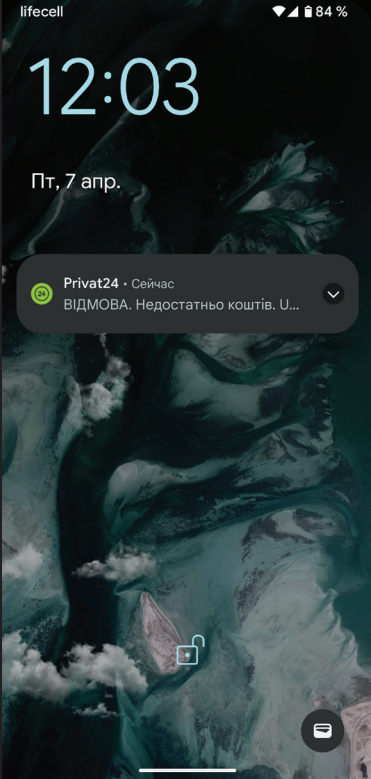
**1** the subsistence minimum is a cost estimate of a consumer basket containing a minimum set of food items, non-food items and services needed to preserve human health and ensure human welfare.

in Ukraine, it amounts to UAH 2589 per month (for an able-bodied person).

the subsistence minimum is used to determine unemployment benefits, alimony, maternity leave payments, pensions and salaries in the public sector.

**2** animal food. we owe this word to Diadia-Batia from Huliai-Pole in Zaporizhzhia oblast.







ТВОРЧ СХІД

# WETFILM

**ROSA LUXEMBURG STIFTUNG В УКРАЇНІ**



