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"And that's how it was": Small stories of

big histories in post-Soviet Ukraine.

Declaration of Authorship I, Elena Liber, hereby declare that this thesis and the work presented in it is entirely my own. Where I have consulted the work of others, this is always clearly stated.

Signed: Elena Liber   Date: 19th August 2020

For Baba

Для Баба

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Abstract

This thesis examines the complex terrain of how history is transmitted and what counts as history in post-Soviet Ukraine, investigating the role of storytelling, material objects and landscape in the way the past is articulated. Following the Maidan protests new "de-communisation" laws were introduced which unsettled official accounts. These laws had the effect of rendering invisible significant experiences and events, transforming public space and reshaping certain discourses around the history of Ukrainian nationalism. Focusing on L'viv, Western Ukraine, this thesis follows the flow of traces and stories through different spaces, moving from the home outwards to public sites of memory, the urban space of the city, the cemetery, and the forest, before finally arriving at the space of the square, or *Maidan*. Utilising methods such as walking and talking, life history and oral history interviews and a focus on material objects, and engaging with walking tours, museums, sites of nostalgia and the commodification of the past, it explores how multiple, sometimes conflicting narratives jostle for purchase in L'viv.

I argue that recent events, such as the Maidan protests, allowed certain narratives to surface and be activated in the present. These narratives inform the political lives of young people in L'viv and shape the way that they imagine the future. The spaces discussed within this thesis are sites where intimate personal and family narratives come into contact with official accounts of the past, and are grappled with by multiple generations. Inherited memories and first-hand experiences are negotiated and inform one another under the shadow of the painful past of the city and Ukraine. By focusing on intimate individual and family stories, and their interaction with collective and official memorialisation, this thesis explores the way that history and memory are felt, experienced and lived in the city of L'viv.

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Glossary

- *Bat'kivshchyna* – Fatherland, also the name for centre/centre-right political party led by Yulia Tymoshenko.

- *Berkut* – The military police force under former president Yanukovych.

- *Generalplan Ost* – the Nazi plan for Eastern Europe.

- *Holodomor* – Stalin's man-made famine in Ukraine in 1932-33.

- *Hryvnia* – Ukrainian currency.

- *Lebensraum* – The term used by the Nazis to describe "living space" for the master race. Used in reference to plans for settler colonialism in territories occupied by the Nazis.

- *Leninopad* – "The fall of Lenin", the process of the toppling of statues of Lenin across Ukraine beginning in 2014 during the Maidan protests.

- *Nebesna Sotnya* – The Heavenly Hundred: the term used for the one hundred demonstrators killed during the Maidan protests.

- *Oblast* – Administrative geographic division of Ukraine.

- *Ostarbeiter* – "Eastern Worker". Slave labour taken from central and eastern Europe and Russia to work in heavy industry and agriculture in the Third Reich.

- *Raion* – Administrative district of oblasts or cities.

- *Svoboda* – Freedom, also the name for a far-right political party.

- *Ukraiins'ka Narodno-Revolyustina Armiya* – The Ukrainian paramilitary group led by Taras Bulba-Borovets'. Formerly known as the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, the name was changed to make the group distinguishable from the Ukrainian Insurgent Army of the OUN-B.

- *Verkhovna Rada* – Ukrainian Parliament

List of acronyms

- DP – Displaced person. Used to refer to those displaced by the Second World War.
- DNR – Donetsk People's Republic and (*Donetskaya Narodnaya Respublika*).
- LNR – Luhansk People's Republic (*Luhans'ka Narodna Respublika).*
- EVW – European Volunteer Worker. The British scheme which recruited displaced people from the camps to migrate to Britain to work in industry.
- GULAG - *Glavnoe Upravlenie LAGerei*, Main Directorate of Camps. The network of forced labour and concentration camps which wer part of the Soviet penal system.
- IPN - *Instytut Pamięci Narodowej – Komisja Ścigania Zbrodni przeciwko Narodowi Polskiemu,* The Institute of National Remembrance – Commission for the Prosecution of Crimes against the Polish Nation.
- KGB - *Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti*, Committee for State Security – main security agency for the Soviet Union from 1954-1991.
- NKVD - *Narodnyy Komissariat Vnutrennikh Del*, People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs - The Soviet interior ministry.
- OUN – *Orhanizatsiya Ukraiins'kykh Natsionalistiv*, Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists – The political organisation.
- OUN-B – the name given to the OUN faction led by Stepan Bandera following the split of the OUN due to the tensions between the older, military veteran leaders who lived abroad in exile, and the younger, more radical Galician members.
- OUN-M – the name given to the OUN faction led by Andriy Mel'nyk.

- UDAR *Ukrayins'kyy Demokratychnyy Al'yans za Reformy Vitaliya Klychka,* centre/centre-right political party Ukrainian Democratic Alliance for Reform

- UINR – *Ukraiins'kiy Institut Natsional'noii Pam'yati,* Ukrainian Institute of National Remembrance/Ukrainian Institute of National Memory. Formed in 2006 under president Yushchenko as an institution to preserve and restore Ukrainian national memory. The institute had a central role in the drafting of two of the 2015 decommunisation laws.

- UNA – Ukrainian National Army

- UPA - *Ukraiinska Povstanska Armiia*, Ukrainian Insurgent Army. Initially a separate organisation lead by Taras Bulba-Borovets' following the failure of negotiations to collaborate, the OUN-B co-opted the name UPA for its own military wing of the OUN in the early 1940s. The organisation of Taras Bulba-Borovets' was renamed the Ukrainian People's Revolutionary Army.

Timeline.

This timeline features dates which are relevant to the topics discussed in this thesis and is by no means an exhaustive timeline of the history of Ukraine.

- 1917: Russian Revolution.

- 1917-21: Ukrainian War of Independence.

- 1922: Establishment of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. Galicia and Volhynia became part of the Second Polish Republic.

- 1924: Lenin dies.

- 1932-33: The *Holodomor* took place. A man-made famine orchestrated by Stalin which killed millions of Ukrainians.

- 1939: The Molotov-Ribbentrop pact between Hitler and Stalin was agreed. Galicia and Volhynia were annexed by the Soviet Union and incorporated into the Ukrainian SSR.

- 1941: Nazi Germany invades the Soviet Union and begins enacting the Final Solution on Ukrainian territory.

- 1943-45: Volhynian massacres take place with thousands of Poles killed by Ukrainian nationalists in the regions of Volhynia and Easter Galicia.

- 1945: End of the Second World War. The Soviet Union regains control of the territory of the Ukrainian SSR.

- 1945-46: Nuremberg Trials.

- 1942-59: Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA) actively fighting the Soviet Union and (between 1947-49) the Polish People's Republic.

- 1953: Stalin dies.

- 1954: Crimean Peninsula transferred to the Ukrainian SSR.

- 1959: Stepan Bandera, leader of the Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists, assassinated.

- 1985-91: *Perestroika.* A period of restructuring of the Soviet political and economic systems under Mikhail Gorbachev.

- 1989: A series of revolutions take place across the Eastern-Bloc culminating in the fall of the Berlin Wall.

- 1991: Collapse of the Soviet Union. Ukraine becomes independent.

- 2004: The Orange Revolution. A peaceful revolution against the election of Viktor Yanukovych which was widely seen to be rigged. Viktor Yushchenko eventually elected president.

- 2010: Viktor Yanukovych elected president.

- 2013: Yanukovych withdraws from the signing of the European Union-Ukraine Association Agreement.

- 2013-14: Maidan Protests take place across Ukraine culminating in the killing of more than 100 protestors by the state and the overthrow of Yanukovych's regime.

- 2014: Crimean Peninsula annexed by Russia and separatist conflict breaks out in the Donbas region of Eastern Ukraine.

- 2014: Petro Poroshenko elected president.

- 2019: Volodymyr Zelensky elected president.

Note for the reader.

Translation

Unless indicated otherwise all translations in this text are my own. In relation to place names I have chosen to use the Ukrainian spelling for all place names unless explicitly indicated otherwise. For example Kyiv rather than Kiev, Odesa rather than Odessa and so on. This is due to the fact that these are the names and spellings my participants would use.

Anonymity

I have anonymised all my participants in this text using pseudonyms and, at times, changing the places that they are from. This is to ensure their safety and to ensure that the stories that they shared with me and which are contained in this text do not put them at risk in any way.

Introduction

It has shown me that everything is illuminated in the light of the
past. It is always along the side of us [...]
on the inside, looking out.

Jonathan Safran Foer

The Revolution of Dignity.

The Maidan protests that erupted in Ukraine in 2013-14 were a convulsion. A rupture

triggered by the perceived loss of a future that felt almost within grasp. In the winter of

2013 president Yanukovych withdrew at the last minute from the signing of the

Ukraine-European Union Association Agreement, an agreement that was widely seen as

a precursor of full EU membership. His government had opted for closer economic ties

with Russia instead of with the EU. This decision unleashed a wave of student protests,

the largest in Kyiv's *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* (Independence Square), organised by

students and young people from across the country, many of them travelling from other

regions (known as *oblasts)* and districts (known as *raions)* to attend the demonstrations,

to make their voices heard, and demand a say in their future. After the first night the

demonstration grew, with more and more university students traveling to join the

protest. This demonstration grew to such a scale that some claim that it was the largest

pro-EU rally in history (Lutsevych, 2013). After three days of demonstrations the state

responded by attacking the demonstrators with tear gas and *Berkut* military police in riot gear. This act generated an unanticipated response. In reaction to the younger generation being attacked by the state, many more citizens of different generations came out on the streets not only to protest the withdrawal from the agreement, but to rally against the abuse of civil and human rights that they had seen inflicted on the young demonstrators. As the demonstrations grew, they evolved; while they began as an outpouring of anger at the withdrawal from the signing of the trade agreement, their purpose shifted and they became about the removal of Yanukovych and his corrupt government that was seen as being in the pocket of president Putin. The people were calling for a complete removal of the current government.

Independence Square remained occupied into the New Year, and as the demonstrations grew so did the actions of the state to suppress them. The train line between Kyiv and L'viv (where a large number of protestors had travelled from, and where the largest demonstrations outside of Kyiv were taking place) was suspended and more weapons were brought to Kyiv both from storehouses outside L'viv and from Russia. Barricades were built on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* and the Maidan Self Defense Force was formed. The violence culminated in the killing of one hundred demonstrators on the 20th February 2014 by government sniper fire. The demonstrators who were killed became known as *Nebesna Sotnya*, the Heavenly Hundred. In late February 2014 the *Verkhovna Rada* (the Ukrainian Parliament) voted to remove Yanukovych from office and he fled to Russia as the presidential palace was occupied by demonstrators. The Maidan protests became known in Ukraine as the Revolution of Dignity.

◊

Whilst the withdrawal from the Association Agreement was the spark that set off the revolution, the tinderbox was set by the legacy of the events that took place in the 20th

century such as the famine of 1932-33 known as the *Holodomor*, the Second World War, the conflict between the Soviet Union and the Ukrainian nationalists and independence to name but a few. The aim of this thesis is not to provide a chronological historical account but to identify the traces of the past that have risen to the surface following the Maidan protests and that live on in the lives of those with in L'viv. In her work *Unsettling Memories* Emma Tarlo articulates the need to interrogate the "dynamic relationship between moments of disruption and moments of calm" (2003:6). The Maidan protests were precisely one of these moments of disruption, yet as the dust has settled and day to day life has resumed events from the past re-surface, are re-arranged and reconfigured.

Certain moments and events become impossible to ignore, jostling with each other for purchase and in the process certain themes emerge and recur: territory and place, the nation, hunger, conflict and suffering. These fragments of the past emerge in the form of complex, tangled threads of memory, at times almost indistinguishable from history. In a country with a painful history of occupation, partition, civil war and nationalist insurgency, there are many historical accounts which coexist, sometimes in opposition, and are enmeshed with national, local, family and personal memories. Intimate, personal forms of memory become a lens through which "big" history can be viewed, however this is like looking through a keyhole and getting glimpses of fragments of the past, detached from the bigger picture. The pasts that become animated in the present by political upheaval allow for a new perspective, they shift and transform in relation to new layers of memory and experience, never fixed always subject to change.

◊

The revolution set in motion the process of selecting an interim government to oversee elections which resulted in Petro Poroshenko getting elected on a platform of pro-European, anti-corruption policies. There was also a series of unforeseen yet not wholly unpredictable consequences. Russia, declaring that the revolution was a coup lead by far-right Nazi sympathisers, invaded and annexed Crimea, claiming that they were protecting ethnic Russians from Ukrainian hostility. Following the annexation pro-Russian demonstrations took place in Eastern Ukraine which escalated into an armed conflict between the Ukrainian government and the demonstrators, with separatists taking control of the administrative offices in the *oblasts* of Donetsk and Luhansk which is collectively known as the Donbas region of Eastern Ukraine which shares a border with Russia. The separatist groups declared themselves the Donetsk People's Republic and the Luhansk People's Republic (*Donetskaya Narodnaya Respublika*, DNR and *Luhans'ka Narodna Respublika*, LNR respectively). Although officially a civil conflict, the separatists have close contact with the Russian State which is believed to be funding, supplying and training the separatists, with the Ukrainian government claiming that there are Russian soldiers present in the separatist controlled regions. The conflict in Donbas has been ongoing since mid-2014 to the present, with more than 13,000 killed, over 1.5 million internally displaced, and almost 1 million who have fled abroad at the time of writing.

In the months following the election of Poroshenko, an oligarch and politician who had made his fortune in chocolate, there were discussions of de-communisation legislation being introduced. Poroshenko appointed Volodymyr V'iatrovych as director of the Institute for National Memory, now known as the Institute for National Remembrance (UINR – *Ukraiins'kiy Institut Natsional'noii Pam'yati)*, which had been formed under president Yushchenko. Its primary focus is conducting research into the history of the Second World War, the history of the liberation struggle and the

Holodomor. V'iatrovych is an historian from L'viv who until his appointment had worked at the Centre for the Study of the Liberation Struggle in L'viv. The Institute and V'iatrovych were directly involved in the drafting of the de-communisation laws. This legislation, it was claimed, was aimed at de-Sovietising public space, removing the symbols of the oppressive Soviet regime and replacing them with symbols and references to Ukrainian nationhood and the struggle for independence. They include four separate laws which deal with distinctly different topics and yet were presented together to the *Verkhovna Rada* as a package: the law on the commemoration of the victory over Nazism in the Second World War 1939-1945; the law on the condemnation of the Communist and National Socialist (Nazi) totalitarian regimes in Ukraine and a ban on the propaganda of their symbols which includes the removal of all Soviet statues, symbols and memorials (with the exception of war memorials and cemeteries), and the renaming of all regions, cities, towns, villages and streets with Soviet era names; the law on the status and commemoration of the fighters for the independence of Ukraine in the twentieth century; and finally the law on granting access to the archives of the repressive institutions of the communist totalitarian regime 1918-1991 (Tornquist-Plewa & Yurchuk, 2017).

One of the laws of particular interest to this project concerned the status of the fighters and veterans of the Ukrainian struggle for independence in the 20th century which stipulated:

> *Citizens of Ukraine, foreigners, and also stateless persons who publicly insult the people specified in article 1 of said Law harm the realization of the rights of the fighters for independence of Ukraine in the 20th century and will be held to account in accordance with Ukrainian law […] The public denial of the fact of the legitimacy of the struggle for Ukrainian independence in the 20th century*

mocks the memory of the fighters for independence of Ukraine in the 20th

century, insults the dignity of the Ukrainian people and is illegal. (Rudling and

Gilley, 2015)

These laws seemed aimed, at least in part, at sanitising the history of the nationalist

groups of the 1940s such as the Organisation of Ukrainian Nationalists (*Orhanizatsiia*

Ukraiins'kykh Natsionalistiv, OUN) and the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (*Ukraiins'kykh*

Povstans'ka Armiia, UPA) and significant figures who led them such as Stepan Bandera

(leader of the OUN-B) and Roman Shukhevych (leader of the UPA) who are widely

considered to have been complicit in the Holocaust and the ethnic cleansing of Poles

from Volhynia and Galicia. This law was met with a strong response from academics

internationally who claimed that this was a restriction of free speech and would limit

academic freedom (McBride, 2015; Coynash, 2015; Marples et al, 2015). The response

was that these laws were required to overturn years of historical oppression and to

correct the inaccurate historical account that had been crafted by the Soviet Union

(V'iatrovych, 2015).

The drafting of these laws posed a number of problems. Under such laws how

would people be able to tell their family stories about the OUN, the UPA or the history

of these movements and the history of communism and the Second World War? How

would they be able to transmit family memories if these failed to conform to official

narratives? This links to the wider question of what new methods of storytelling are

devised by individuals and groups when particular histories can no longer be spoken,

and when officially crafted histories fail to represent the stories of individuals and

groups or render certain histories invisible (Wolf 1982)? How are family histories made

tangible through stories, narratives and objects and what role do objects, photographs,

diaries and domestic space itself play in the telling of these stories? These were some of

the questions that I carried with me off the plane when I arrived in L'viv, Ukraine, the country of my grandparents' birth.

<center>◊</center>

I aim to critique the notion that one, official, 'true' historical account exists and can be written. While Ukraine is an independent nation state, this has only been the case since 1st December 1991. During the course of the 20th century the territory of Ukraine has passed through the hands of many regimes, it has been divided and unified, with regions added and taken away at the whims of powerful occupying forces. An official historical account often serves those currently in power, diminishing their acts of violence and emphasising their acts of heroism and those of their ancestors (Trouillot, 1995). This can be seen in how the Second World War is taught in Ukraine where Britain barely features in the account. While Britain and America were Allies, the true war was between the Nazis and the Red Army and fought on Ukrainian territory. One woman stated to me that 68% of the Red Army were Ukrainian born soldiers, meaning that it was actually Ukraine who won the war and not the USSR. This was in response to a discussion about how the "Soviet Union" and "Russia" were used interchangeably during my own history classes at school. The outrage that this provoked was understandable. It was outrage at the erasure of Ukraine from the historical account.

Tornquist-Plewa and Yurchuk argue that in producing one "de-Sovietised" historical narrative that aims to correct the Soviet account, the Ukrainian state is operating "within the 'Soviet' framework of history writing, where there is a strong belief in the existence of only one 'correct' interpretation of history" (2017:12). In doing this they reproduce the mechanism by which many accounts of Ukrainian experience were silenced and erased from the official account or rendered invisible (Deane, 1990). The production of a new historical account within this framework in

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effect permanently ties this account to the Soviet account: it can only exist in relation to the narrative it has been produced to correct.

Drawing on Alain Badiou's discussion of multiple different centuries taking place within the 20th century (2007) I will approach the history of Ukraine and L'viv as multiple different histories diverging, converging and coexisting, sometimes uncomfortably, sometimes silently, but always present within the boundaries of the nation, and within the city. I am particularly influenced by Tanya Richardson's notion of place acting as a kaleidoscope, "refracting history in ways that render particular political and cultural geographies visible and invisible" (2008:21). By discussing history in relation with location (or dislocation) I utilise Richardson's concept of "kaleidoscopic history" in order to demonstrate how history, memory and storytelling interconnect in the way the past is thought of, discussed and brought to life in L'viv, and the role the past plays in the way the citizens envisage, and act to realise, the future (Boym, 2001). In order to do this, I will focus primarily, as does the Institute of National Memory, on the history of the struggle for independence, the Second World War and the Holodomor. There are a number of excellent historical works which document in great detail the longer history of Ukraine (Subtelny, 1988; Reid, 1997; Wanner, 1998; Magocsi, 2002; Brown, 2004; Plokhii, 2015; Liber, 2016) and I will draw on aspects of this history to ground this thesis within wider Ukrainian history. I have chosen, however, to focus mainly on the above events as these are the accounts that are alive and present in the city of L'viv and in the imaginations of the people I worked with.

Spaces and stories.

This thesis is about stories. Located in L'viv, Western Ukraine, it follows the way stories flow (or not) between different spaces, from the intimate space of the home, to the winding, cobbled streets of the city, moving through museums, restaurants, memory

spaces and monuments out to cemeteries both active and ruined before moving outwards again to the dense forests outside of the city where stories infuse the earth and the trees with meaning. It finally arrives at the space of the square, or *maidan,* where many stories met and became part of new accounts. The spaces I have chosen to discuss in the text that follows were selected for a number of reasons. The movement outwards is intended to represent how some stories and memories can travel or flow between spaces while others remain confined. In choosing the particular locations to discuss others, which also spoke to the same history and demonstrated the same flow, were omitted. Each location, each home, museum, memorial, cemetery or other space was selected as I felt that the stories and histories attached to them were especially representative of how the telling of stories and sharing of memories is connected to space. I was incredibly lucky to have carried out fieldwork in a city where every street corner, every doorway or building is inscribed with different accounts of the past, yet this also posed a challenge in which sites to choose to discuss. Although I have structured the thesis in terms of specific sites I hope that I have also given a sense of how the past infuses the city as a whole.

The diverse architectural styles and the material layout of the city is a physical representation of the border changes and ethnic diversity of the city over the decades (Reid, 1997). The many names of the city also speak to the changes in borders and regimes: Lwów under Poland, L'vov under Russia, Lemberg under the Austro-Hungarian empire and the Third Reich, known in Yiddish as Lemberik and L'viv in Ukrainian. Although it is located in the Westernmost region of Ukraine the city has played a central role in many of the "critical events" (Das, 1996) that have shaped the memories and histories that circulate in Ukraine. Walking the streets of L'viv you can see and map the traces of communities whose residents used to walk the very same

streets. Peeling ghost signs, faded mosaics and embellishments (Ackerman, et al. 2017) occupy worn walkways which many feet have trodden previously.

Collective memory.

Maurice Halbwachs argues that alongside individual memory there is a collective memory of a society or group which endures beyond individual lives and exists within "social frames" of the collective. As a result, an individual's memory and understanding of the past is closely informed by this collective memory (1992 [1952]). Collective memory, whilst useful to think with, is complicated in contexts such as that of Ukraine, where the official narrative has undergone significant changes over a relatively short period of time, and when different regions of the country have significantly different memories of the same events such as the history of the Ukrainian nationalist movement. The UINR has been working to craft one "national memory", which centres the Second World War and, under Yushchenko and Poroshenko, the *Holodomor* as key points in the recent history of Ukraine which have shaped Ukrainian collective memory. Halbwach's displacement of memory from the individual to the collective does not, as I will demonstrate, capture how memory is contended with in L'viv and in Ukraine, and how the memory of these events is significantly different from family to family and place to place, whilst also being informed by official narratives.

Pierre Nora's work *Les Lieux de Memoire,* whilst speaking to the work of Halbwachs, focuses on "Realms of Memory" in France to outline the changes that the national history of France had moved through and to consider the relationship between living memory and history. He explored how the particular memory evoked by the "Declaration of the Rights of Man" provided a framework from which the idea of the Republic and national identity could be formed (1989). However, Nora argues that this also had the result of politicising memory and caused the "unitary framework" of

collective memory, as delineated by Halbwachs, to be broken down into smaller

identities or structures (ibid). Nora worries that in large scale acts of commemoration a

society is formed in which memory is simply a trace of history rather than something

living and that "*Lieux de memoire* exist because there are no longer any *milieux de*

memoire settings in which memory is a real part of everyday experience" (1989: 1).

The notion of a site of memory is expanded by Paul Connerton, who argues that

something as simple as a place name could constitute a memorial place: "At the

moment when names are assigned to places, those who do the naming are often

particularly aware of the memories they wish to impose" (2009: 11). Inscribing names

on the cityscape serves to legitimise a certain history and a certain sense of endurance.

Such things were seen across the Soviet Union, with place names and street names

being changed or re-written to honour Soviet and communist heroes and icons. Yet, as

has been seen in post-Maidan Ukraine, these names can be changed, replaced with

alternatives which represent a different, and in the case of Ukraine, names that represent

diametrically opposing ideologies or understandings of the past. As Connerton states,

those who chose the "de-communised" names were hyper aware of the political nature

of the past and of the "memories they [wished] to impose" (ibid).

Considering Halbwachs, Nora and Connerton together offers a framework to

consider the collective and place memory of L'viv and Ukraine more broadly. The work

of the UINR demonstrates the centrality of national memory to the work of the post-

Maidan governments, yet also shows how the crafting of a unified memorial narrative

and the implementation of national memory policy does not translate into a uniform

understanding of the past. L'viv began the process of de-communisation in the early

1990s with the toppling of the statue of Lenin, yet in many cities across Ukraine Lenin

remained until 2014. The photography project "Looking for Lenin" (Ackerman et al,

2017) demonstrated the many different relationships that Ukrainians have with Lenin and how his likeness has been desecrated and destroyed, and also preserved and protected for a time when he will be allowed to re-emerge.

The relationship between "official history" and personal or family remembrance is, in part, mediated by "social frameworks", sites of memory and other spaces where they come into contact. Yet the interaction between these different forms of memory varies within cities and across the country. Different traces of the past are layered across the city and are interacted with in different ways depending on what is taking place in current events, what time of year it is, who is listening and many other factors. Different memories surface at different times and special attention should be paid to the different techniques of surfacing memory that occur in L'viv.

James Young offers some tools for engaging with the complex landscape of memory, in relation to Holocaust memorials. He argues that "neither a purely formal nor a historicist approach accommodates the many other dimensions at play in public monuments" (1993: ix), and defines what he calls the "texture of memory" as "both the physical and metaphysical qualities of these memorial texts, their tactile and temporal dimensions" (ibid). In taking this approach his work encompasses not only physical memorials but their social lives and their biographies: the conversations and activities from which they emerged, the exchange which occurs between the memorial and the viewer and "the responses of the viewers to their own world in light of a memorialised past – the consequences of memory" (ibid).

In a city with such a complicated network of memorialisation, interrogating the different memories which sit at times in tension or conflict with each other may seem daunting. Young addresses competing recollections of the past in relation to Holocaust memorials in Poland:

As long as we continue to look only at the anti-Jewish context surrounding Poland's memorials, for example, we are going to neglect other legitimate, highly complex sets of assumptions undergirding memory there. This is not to minimize the anti-Jewish bias that continues to play a role in Poland's memorials, but to recognise it as one of many contributing factors in the creation of any national remembrance. Better in this case to make room for the many layers and dimensions of national memory than to create a monolithic memory for every nation. I would rather preserve the complex texture of memory – its many inconsistencies, faces and shapes – that sustains the difficulty of our memory-work, not its easy resolution (ibid).

In engaging with memorialisation in this way collective memory, officially crafted memorial narratives and personal and family memory can be examined and the relationships between them can be teased out. This allows for an approach which incorporates ideas about the future and the ongoing lives of memorials and memory. The biographies of memorials are still being written as approaches to memory shift, new national memory laws are written and social movements demand more of a say in how the past is recalled and represented in public space.

This is not restricted to the former Soviet Union or to countries which experienced the devastation of the Holocaust. These conversations have risen to the surface in relation to Britain's colonial history and the statues of confederate generals in the United States to name just two. The toppling of the statue of Edward Colston in Bristol in June 2020 was demonstrated the many different memories of the past that the statue represented. The plaque on the plinth read "Erected by the citizens of Bristol as a memorial of one of the most virtuous and wise sons of their city". Following its toppling the plaque was modified to read "rejected by the citizens of Bristol, 2020".

Whilst the statue was erected during a particular period of nationalism in Victorian England and represented Colston as a philanthropist, what the toppling demonstrated was the other histories and memories inscribed in the monument such as the transatlantic slave trade and cruel treatment of young people in his Alms-houses.

James Young challenges the notion of collective memory, presenting "collected memory" as an alternative. He proposes that a memorial does not hold a "collective memory", but rather contains an assemblage of "discrete memories that are gathered into common memorial spaces and assigned common meaning" (ibid). He extends this to the collective memory of a society, arguing that a society's memory might be considered to be a collection of the diverse and often competing memories of its members, "[f]or a society's memory cannot exist outside of those people who do the remembering" (ibid). If the memory of a society is a collection of the memories of its members, it is also the case that certain dominant narratives rise to the surface while others fall or are obscured. This was seen during the Soviet period where certain accounts, such as those of the *Holodomor,* were silenced. In these cases the act of remembering was a political act, an act of resistance. Similarly to how many other memories were inscribed into the statue of Edward Colston, many other memories were attached to the statues of Lenin which came tumbling down after the collapse and during *Leninopad,* and as shown by the "Looking for Lenin" project, there were many different feelings about the removal and destruction of the statues as well.

The collected memories of L'viv exist in the city in a dynamic way, in more than purpose-built memorials. James Young's notion of the texture of memory can be extended far beyond the site of a memorial to encompass the city as a memorial landscape within which many different memories coexist, at times in opposition, sitting alongside each other. In applying Young's theories of collected memories and the

textured nature of memory I aim to demonstrate the complex interweaving of narratives in L'viv and how they connect the past to the present and also to the future.

Palimpsests.

Drawing on the work of Barthes (1977), Huyssen, (2003) and Basu (2007) I employ the notion of palimpsest throughout this thesis to consider the different layers of memory and trauma embedded within the cityscape and the landscape around L'viv. Palimpsest was originally used to describe a physical text or manuscript which has been written over, sometimes multiple times, with the words beneath still partially visible, previous layers peering out from beneath fresh inscriptions: "a multi-layering of meanings which always let the previous meaning continue, as in a geological formation" (Barthes, 1977: 58). This has been employed by Huyssen and Basu to consider memory in public space, or as Basu articulates "palimpsest memoryscapes" (2007), and I extend it to include private spaces such as the home which also contain layers of memory which require careful navigation through complex negotiations of access and investment. The concept of palimpsest speaks closely to Richardson's conceptualisation of place as acting as a kaleidoscope. The connection between memory and space required a particular attention to the way that the boundaries between different understandings of the past are mediated not only by stories but by different methods of storytelling and how they are located in different spaces. In drawing upon the concepts of palimpsest memoryscapes and kaleidoscopic history I demonstrate how sites of memory, the home, the city, cemeteries and forests can be read in many different ways by many different people, and how L'vivians' relationship with the city is closely informed by their relationship with the past, and vice versa.

Ukrainian historian Andriy Pavlyshyn also draws upon the idea of the palimpsest to describe L'viv, stating:

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The city of L'viv is a palimpsest. A city with a layer of inhabitants [that have] been erased from the face of the earth. And that new cultural stratum that emerged in it after the Second World War is very gradually fusing with its foundation, with the root, with the past. (2017)

This articulates precisely why employing an approach which interrogates the multiple layers of the past and how they inform each other is essential when examining memory and history in L'viv. As will become apparent, the history of L'viv is one of war, occupation, genocide, contestation and suffering, with complex relationships with and between categories of victimhood and complicity further complicating the messy nature of this history. This history exists in the city in the form of official memorials, museums, memory plaques and monuments, but also in the small stories and memories of its inhabitants and those who came before them. These stories and memories illuminate different histories which otherwise may be obscured, they provide a lens to view the past through and emphasise its complexity. This thesis does not aim to "untangle" this history, but rather to examine the nature of these relationships, to think through how different memories and accounts of the past are able to coexist, what happens when they come into contact. How are certain memories and histories activated and made use of in the present and how does that inform the way the future is imagined?

Reflecting on three periods of fieldwork in L'viv, Ukraine between 2016 and 2018, I examine how memories are preserved, managed, cultivated and transmitted between generations in a time where the official historical account is being reconstructed. I have chosen to divide the majority of this thesis in terms of space: the home, the city, the museum, the cemetery, the forest, and the square. How do memories and meanings move between these spaces? What and who can move freely and what is

confined? How do other stories emerge in relation to these spaces and what tools of commemoration are used to engage with the past?

Violence and place.

Attention to place allows for a particular engagement with the histories of violence that are present in the builtscapes and landscapes of L'viv. The biographies, narratives and memories of violence in the city and surrounding region are harrowing and not limited to one singular historical event. In the city of coffee shops, trams, cherries and pastel coloured architecture the violence which took place here contrasts uncomfortably with the beauty of the built space. Filippucci argues that "the materiality of places may give them the potential to evoke and therefore transmit the incommunicable" (2010: 165). The city of L'viv emerged from the Second World War relatively intact, in contrast to cities such as Warsaw which was virtually demolished by the retreating Germany army. Despite this, the events of the Second World War are still present in the city in the form of traces and presences as well as through monuments and memory plaques. The monumentalisation of the city makes clear the relationship between place and the past. Whilst everyday life goes on in the city there is an awareness of the connection between the city and the events of the Second World War that has, in the words of Filippucci, "crystallised into a particular sense of place" (ibid: 176).

Violence is a theme which is present throughout this thesis both implicitly and explicitly. Questions surrounding how to write about and represent violence are at the forefront of many conversations currently taking place in anthropology and the social sciences more broadly. Representations of violent events can stretch from thoughtful and sensitive reflections on accounts of suffering and violence to gratuitous, voyeuristic retellings of instances of brutality and cruelty. Accounts of war, conflict, suffering and pain in L'viv are messy and speak across ethnic, political, and religious lines. They are

connected to the Soviet past, the Nazi occupation, nationalist insurgency, the legacies of partitioning and invasion, they are part of the collective memorial fabric of the city and also intensely personal. Complex subjectivities are embedded within memories of violence in L'viv which are, in turn, closely associated with the space of the city. The question of to whom does the memory of violence belong is a fundamental one in L'viv, as many people from many groups have known the city as home and have claim to the cityscape and the memoryscape.

One particularly painful and contested element of the violent history of L'viv is the legacy of the Ukrainian Auxiliary Police created in 1941 by Heinrich Himmler and Ukrainian Waffen SS "Galizien" Division established by Otto von Wächter in 1943. A significant number of the Ukrainian Auxiliary Police were former members of the Ukrainian People's Militia which had been created by the OUN in June 1941. The Ukrainian Auxiliary Police played a central role in the perpetration of the Holocaust in Ukraine including registering Jews, participating in raids, guarding the ghettos, and facilitating the transportation of Jews for execution (Pohl, 2008). They also were involved in the orchestration of the massacres at Babi Yar and in Dnipropetrovsk, Volhynia and Kryvyi Rih in which hundreds of thousands of Ukrainian Jews were killed.

The Ukrainian Auxiliary Police were also involved in the persecution of Poles in Western Ukraine and, in 1943 the leaders of the OUN-B secretly instructed Ukrainian Police to desert with their weapons to join OUN military units in Volhynia. Having received training and weapons these members were highly valuable to the Ukrainian Nationalist movement and it is estimated that as many as 10,000 armed policemen joined the ranks of the UPA. These groups went on to carry out ethnic cleansing of Poles in Volhynia and Eastern Galicia. The complexity of the movement between these

different groups allows space for denial of responsibility (something which will be discussed later in this introduction), but what is clear is that the violence which took place on the territory of Ukraine, perpetrated by Germans, Soviets and Ukrainians, is hard to fathom. The brutality of this period is present in the space of the city and the memories of its inhabitants, and the question of complicity and guilt is one which is deeply contested.

For those who inhabit or have inhabited L'viv and for the many who lost their homes and often their lives the during the changing hands and multiple occupations of the city, the relationship between people and place is less clearly defined. Katherine Verdery (1999) argues that in burying the dead in the earth a group is laying claim to that territory as a place where that group will be for posterity. Yet the landscape of L'viv, Ukraine and much of eastern and central Europe is populated by the graves of those who were murdered precisely because they were believed to have *no claim* to the land. There are now people travelling to L'viv from various diasporas to encounter the city where violence was inflicted upon their families, to walk the cobbled streets, to locate the houses where relatives were born and lived and to engage with the history of the place.

The cruel violence of the 1940s at times defies comprehension. We can attempt to render it intelligible through facts and figures, through numbers of dead. Six and a half million inhabitants of the Ukrainian SSR were killed during the Second World War (Snyder, 2017). Of that number almost 1 million were Ukrainian Jews – almost 60% of the entire Jewish population of Ukraine. In Galicia, the territory where L'viv is located, that figure is closer to 90% (Dawidowicz, 1999). These figures can give us an idea of the scale of the violence but in quantifying this violence something is also missed out. These numbers sit alongside the stories, diaries, oral history collections and images of

this period which show the pain and brutality of these events. Yet, within these different representations silences also exist.

Veena Das states that the "failure of grammar […] is what I see as the experience of world-annihilating violence" (2007: 8). At times experiences of extreme violence defy articulation, they leave the speaker mute, unable to express the unexpressable. This has been well documented in relation to Holocaust survivors (see Hirsch, 1997; Kidron 2012). There are other ways to engage with a traumatic past, other ways of communicating experiences or instances of violence. Filippucci argues:

> *Where words fail, things may help to bridge the gap between the sayable and the unsayable, the shareable and the unshareable, they may help to grasp or denote the unrepresentable* (2010: 182).

In engaging with different spaces and places in L'viv, and the things which inhabit them, different memories can emerge, different stories be told, and different histories be encountered.

The "unsayable", "unshareable" and the "unrepresentable" pose a challenge for a researcher who is trying to consider how to engage ethically and sensitively with memory and history whilst also remaining attentive to that which is left unsaid, and that which *should* remain unsaid. Perhaps the attempt to translate such violence into text can be experienced as a violence in and of itself (Arendt, 1998 [1958])? This research was carried out paying careful attention to the gaps in stories, the pauses and moments of silence. I recognise that this text cannot capture the true richness and texture of life stories, but through paying attention to the relationship between stories, memories and place the complexity of the history of violence in L'viv can be engaged with.

Postmemory.

Marianne Hirsch coined the term postmemory to describe the experience of the descendants of Holocaust survivors (1997) and expands this to encompass more broadly the "descendants of survivors (of victims as well as of perpetrators) of massive traumatic events" (2008: 105). She defines postmemory as:

> *Postmemory describes the relationship that the generation after those who witnessed cultural or collective trauma bears to the experiences of those who came before, experiences that they "remember" only by means of the stories, images, and behaviors among which they grew up. But these experiences were transmitted to them so deeply and affectively as to seem to constitute memories in their own right. Postmemory's connection to the past is thus not actually mediated by recall but by imaginative investment, projection, and creation. To grow up with such overwhelming inherited memories, to be dominated by narratives that preceded one's birth or one's conscious- ness, is to risk having one's own stories and experiences displaced, even evacuated, by those of a previous generation. It is to be shaped, however indirectly, by traumatic events that still defy narrative reconstruction and exceed comprehension. These events happened in the past, but their effects continue into the present. This is, I believe, the experience of postmemory and the process of its generation.* (ibid: 106-7).

A crucial element of Hirsch's definition of postmemory is a focus on its generation as well as the experience of carrying postmemory. A focus on stories, images and actions is central to considering how postmemory is produced and lived with, and the relationships which lead to its generation. I would expand it further to include spaces beyond the domestic or spaces meditated by kinship. Hirsch draws a distinction between

familial post-memory and affiliative post-memory, where those who witnessed rather that were victims or perpetrators of extreme violence also carry traumatic memories which can be passed on in the form of postmemory. In the case of L'viv, I suggest that the notion of postmemory is useful to think with both in relation to familial memory and in relation to place memory. It allows us to interrogate not only how past events are inscribed in the physical cityscape but also the dialogue between the physical fragments of the past and the stories and memories carried by each generation, and how events which took place at a different time in different places can be felt and experienced in ways so personal that they might be articulated in the language of memory and postmemory.

The topic of memory and post-memory is also closely linked with the disciplines of psychology and also neuroscience. While there are anthropologists who bridge between anthropology and psychology when working on memory (Dein, 2019) I have not engaged with literature on psychology and memory for this thesis for a number of reasons. Firstly, I formulated this research and carried out my fieldwork with a focus on social memory, how stories are told, the role of objects in the storing and transmission of memory and how sites of memory are connected with individual and family memory. As a trained anthropologist with no background in psychology or training in psychology and anthropology I did not feel that I was equipped to draw upon psychology as an aid in the interpretation or analysis of the stories detailed in this work. Secondly and relatedly, I felt cautious about engaging with work on the psychology of memory without a good theoretical for fear of seeming to reinforce my analysis with psychology. I do not feel I am positioned to offer any form of psychological interpretation of the stories and storytelling of my participants and felt it was appropriate to remain focused on the social life of memory and storytelling.

Storytelling.

The telling of stories is central to this research. How are stories told about the past? When and where are they told? How do these stories move between different spaces and what mechanisms are used to enable them to move? Julie Cruikshank states that attention to life histories and storytelling requires us to "[take] seriously what people say about their lives rather than treating their words simply as an illustration of some other process" (1990: 1). Cruikshank makes the crucial point that her participants' stories "tell us as much about the present as about the past, as much about ideas about community as about individual experience" (ibid: ix). She emphasises the need to attend to all aspects of storytelling and the different narrative forms used at different times. I would make the same argument about the stories told by my participants in L'viv. Some stories detailed here are stories of first-hand experience, some are of stories passed down in families, others are broader narratives shaped by many other sources of historical information. Some of the stories I was told on fieldwork were told in many different ways at different times, each telling revealing something new about the events being discussed. Attention to detail, and to other elements of storytelling such as emotion, atmosphere and body language, supplement the stories being told, and provide additional interpretive possibilities.

I draw upon the work of Cruikshank and Michael Jackson (2013) particularly to consider both the act of storytelling and the social life that the stories acquire in the tellings and retellings. Jackson outlines the capacity of stories to mitigate separateness, and to allow "common ground" to be found. In a place such as L'viv with such a painful and bloody history common ground is, at times, hard to come by, particularly when discussing incredibly contested elements of history such as the OUN, the UPA and the Holocaust. At times during my fieldwork the sharing of stories generated heated

tensions, yet the raking over of the past also led to moments of common understanding or mutual respect despite disagreement.

I do not wish to misrepresent the nature of the stories and storytelling which occurred during my fieldwork. It would be impossible to detail every story told in this thesis. I have chosen to tell stories which I feel capture the different ways that memory is present in the lives of my participants in L'viv yet in all stories there are silences and this is also the case in this work. As mentioned above, the history of Ukrainian involvement in the Holocaust and in the ethnic cleansing of Poles is a deeply contested element of the past in L'viv and was one which was often skirted around during my fieldwork, with many of my Ukrainian participants acknowledging that there was some involvement but that those who were responsible were the greater powers such as the Nazis and that the Ukrainians involved were anomalies, a few "bad eggs". This subject was particularly challenging to discuss with my participants due to strong resistance to discussing the subject of guilt or complicity and also due to my own hesitance to push too hard for fear of jeopardising my relationships. An additional layer of complexity in relation to this issue was also the fact that members of my own family were killed by Ukrainian nationalists (something which I did not disclose to my participants) and it was a topic which I myself found challenging and painful.

The stories contained within this thesis give a glimpse into how the past is present in the lives of my participants, and while I can offer my own perspective on the silences in those stories, topics which were brushed over in favour of others, and the moments where tensions emerged, I cannot offer a great number of first hand stories of Ukrainian complicity in the Holocaust or the ethnic cleansing of Poles as these were areas of resistance and contention during my fieldwork and were not discussed in the same level of detail as other aspects of the past.

Tanya Richardson notes the "complex flows of knowledge among different contexts" (2008: 42) in Ukraine. In the following chapters I aim to trace these flows focusing especially on stories and storytelling, where and how certain streams of knowledge and understanding emerge, where they meet and entangle with each other, and how they move through the lives of my participants in L'viv, shaping and being shaped. The past is present in many aspects of life in Ukraine, either explicitly or implicitly. Everyone who shared their stories with me had an intimate understanding of their place in relation to this history and what that meant for their engagements with their families, friends and the state. Young people in particular are invoking an inherited past in their political engagements. Those who traveled to Kyiv to take part in the protests which became the Maidan Revolution connected this participation with an inherited legacy of struggle; struggle against Russian/Soviet Imperialism, struggle for self-determination, ultimately – the struggle for a future.

Disruptive histories.

Alongside the private ways that the past is recorded and recalled, the official account has shifted multiple times, causing a ripple effect which disrupts family narratives and provides a new lens through which the past can be viewed. Whilst the catalyst for this research was the decommunisation laws introduced following the Maidan protests, not all of the changing narratives have been acts of censorship or whitewashing. Perhaps none was fully one or the other but a complex interwoven tapestry of stories, some becoming visible and others being rendered invisible. The uncertainty generated by changing narratives is not a new experience for many Ukrainians; they have learned to navigate the shifting landscape of memory well over the years of external rule. Michel-Rolph Trouillot states that

[i]n vernacular use, history means both the facts of the matter and a narrative

of those facts, both "what happened" and "that which is said to have

happened." The first meaning places the emphasis on the sociohistorical

process, the second on our knowledge of that process or on a story about that

process (1995:2).

I aim to examine the "that which is said to have happened" primarily. I am interested in how, when and where people tell stories, which images they create, what feelings they evoke and how the space that stories are told in influences what is articulated. Trouillot goes on to argue that "any historical narrative is a particular bundle of silences" (ibid:27), where these silences appear and how they are felt is a central focus of a number of chapters. There are spaces in the landscape of Ukraine blanketed in silence, a silence which becomes all-consuming like a black hole, drawing attention like gravity.

In L'viv the legacy of Ukrainian nationalism is more present than in many other Ukrainian cities. L'viv was a hub of the Ukrainian nationalist movement of the 1940s and it maintains this legacy to this day. Although during the Soviet period this history was framed as a history of terrorism, atrocity and suffering, during the presidency of Viktor Yushchenko Stepan Bandera, the other leaders of the OUN and the UPA, and the veterans were proclaimed the heroes of the liberation struggle, as those who began the fight which, while unsuccessful at the time, ultimately laid the foundation for Ukrainian independence. Throughout the Soviet period alternative accounts of this history were confined to the home, to kitchen conversations among close kin (Watson, 1994; Wanner, 1998; Pine, 2007; Joyce, 2015; Alexievich, 2019). Yet following independence these stories began to emerge, the flow of knowledge of the nationalist movement was allowed to move outside the domestic space and the circles of trust to which it had been limited and into more public spaces. How are these accounts of the past engaged with,

how do they interact with other understandings of the past and how do they compete for space in Ukraine and in L'viv?

While this research is closely connected with the history and memory of many painful events of the past my aim is to provide insight into how memories live, shape and are shaped in the lives of Ukrainians in L'viv today, both publicly and privately. Laurence Kirmayer describes memory as selective and malleable, like a "roadway full of pot-holes, badly in need of repair, worked on day and night by revisionist crews" (1996:176). I find this metaphor helpful when thinking about memory in Ukraine, where history and memory are hotly contested and ever changing.

L'viv.

On the 7th November 2016 the small airplane I had taken from Munich descended over L'viv, due to arrive at *Danylo Halyts'kyi* International Airport at 1:30pm local time. As I looked out of the window at the patchwork of fields that covered the landscape, I felt a mixture of apprehension and excitement. This was the first time I had set eyes on the place that had lived inside my imagination for so many years, the country of my grandparents' birth, where their stories began. I don't know what I was expecting, my ears were full of the many jokes from friends and family that I was returning to the motherland, that I would meet a Ukrainian man and settle down and in doing so bring the family's diasporic story full circle. This was accompanied by a warning from my father not to get a Ukrainian boyfriend and suggestions to wear a ring on my wedding finger to discourage potential suitors (something I refused to do). However, as my flight touched down and I stepped off the plane and on to Ukrainian land the feeling was underwhelming; after all the hype about "returning" the first step of "the return" was somewhat anticlimactic. I collected my luggage and caught a taxi into the city to meet a friend, Marichka.

The taxi turned on to the cracked tarmac of the dual carriage way, passing a golden domed Greek Catholic church before speeding towards the city, passing houses with lush gardens which gave way to Soviet apartment blocks that in turn transitioned into older, Polish and Austro-Hungarian architecture. Tramlines were cut into the road and electricity cables crisscrossed overhead providing power to the trolleys, trams and buildings on either side. With a thud, the road suddenly became cobbles, the windows of the old taxi rattling as we continued along at the same, brisk pace. We passed down streets which I would come to know well over the next two years, past the L'viv Polytechnic University where my grandfather once attended his accountancy classes, down *Solomii Krushel'nyts'koii* street at the edge of Ivan Franko park, the trees almost bare and the ground covered in damp, amber leaves. Philippe Sands (2016: 31-34) evocatively writes of a bench which stands in the park, silently observing as the names and functions of the streets, buildings and the park change around it. This image captured my imagination pre-fieldwork and passing by the park I made a note to return and find a bench to sit. I had a brief glimpse of the grand building of the L'viv University before speeding past down towards Freedom Avenue (*Prospeky Svobody*) and the L'viv Opera house. We turned a sharp corner and arrived at an ornate black door set into a tall building, one street back from the Opera House. *Teatral'na* street was my home for the majority of my fieldwork.

Marichka had arranged for a small room for me next door to her. A previously large apartment had been divided into three smaller ones, each branching off a small, dark corridor lit by a single, bare lightbulb the switch to which I never found. Marichka's room was to the right of mine. She showed me into my room and left me for a while to settle before we ventured out to have a look around. I needed to pay my rent so I asked if she could show me the best place to exchange money. The best place to buy was in the entrance foyer of a museum in the centre of the city. A middle-aged

woman sat behind the glass watching the news on a small, portable television screen. As we approached the window, she turned to look at us and my friend asked for the exchange rate for dollars; this was written on a small slip of paper which was passed under the glass. Marichka approved of the rate and asked for the price of the number of dollars which we needed. She had decided that it was best for her to do the transaction rather than me as she believed that once they heard my accent, they would charge me more as a foreigner. We handed over the *hryvnia* and the dollars were passed underneath – an incredibly small pile in comparison to the stack of wrinkled, Ukrainian notes we were exchanging. Marichka then went through the meticulous process of examining each dollar individually, turning it over and over in her hands to make sure that it was in pristine condition. If one didn't meet her expectations, she slid it back under the glass and asked for a different one. Once she was satisfied with the condition of the dollars, she hid them within a plastic wallet, thanked the cashier and we exited through the decorative doors of the museum.

This was my first introduction into the simultaneous circulation of different currencies in Ukraine. I asked Marichka why she had examined the dollars so closely and she told me that if she were to try and exchange those dollars back to *hryvnia*, any with any damage would not be accepted. While dollars might be used to pay tuition, buy a car or pay rent, *hryvnias* were used for everyday purchases and engagement in the official economy. Almost every individual I encountered had a stash of dollars in their homes as savings, indicating the insecurity of the Ukrainian currency and the relative stability of the dollar by comparison. Having paid my rent and bought some food from the market I returned to my room on *Teatral'na* Street, paid for with illegally purchased dollars, and sat for a quiet moment, processing my first afternoon in L'viv.

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Hirsch and Miller (2011) articulate the "wish to see, touch, and hear that familial house, that street corner, the sounds of the language that the child often does not speak or perhaps never did. Never straightforward, the return […] is always dependent on translation, approximation, and acts of imagination" (10). Over the time that I lived in L'viv the city became familiar and felt like home but in its own right rather than through some sense of homecoming or historic belonging. The belonging which I built with others allowed me to know the city through my own experience and through my relationships with my participants, many of whom I now count as close friends, yet history was always present. Walking the streets, I would sometimes feel overwhelmed by the sense of those whose feet had walked those streets so many years ago. My first experience of this was walking down *Prospekt Svobody* one evening exactly one week after arriving; the sky was a deep indigo, the rich blue of just before nightfall, the lamps on the avenue were illuminating the pedestrian walkway between the trees and I could see the L'viv Opera house at the end of the path. The first snow had fallen two nights earlier and it had been piled up in large drifts on either side, burying the base of the trees, the benches and lamps in crisp, cold white. I was struck by an acute awareness of the big events of history that had taken place here, a memory of an image of the opera house from a period where Nazi flags and swastikas were draped across the city flashed into my mind. I imagined that I could feel the presence of the many people who had walked this avenue before me, of the huge-ness of the history but also the intimacy of everyday lives. This "sense of place" (Feld and Basso, 1996; Filippucci, 2019) sat with me for a long time and has shaped my relationship with the city throughout my fieldwork and since.

Over the days and weeks that followed I began my language training and met up with some of the contacts I had made in the months prior to arriving and they in turn introduced me to more people. A regular question was "why are you interested in this?

Why do you want to research Ukraine"? The question was generally delivered with curiosity and sometimes with suspicion and highlighted the trust needed to get access and build rapport with potential participants. This is where my heritage began to play a central role, I often answered this question by saying that my father is Ukrainian and I had grown up with stories about Ukraine and about the war from my grandparents and this had built a strong interest in me to visit Ukraine, not only professionally but personally as well. This response was almost always well received and an understanding "ahh" often preceded the response. This gave the impression that the belief was that people who research Ukrainian history and memory whom they had encountered previously also has a personal relationship in the history. Memory studies is a well-known discipline in L'viv with many seminars and talks being given in various university departments, institutes and museums on the topic, particularly the memory of the UPA and the Second World War, which were generally well attended both by academics and members of the public. Once it had been established what my position was new contacts often took charge and made decisions on whom I needed to speak to and to meet.

I built relationships outside education institutions and developed a network of young people who were themselves interested in memory studies outside their formal education, or who were involved in political activism which was directly informed by the legacy of the OUN and UPA in L'viv. This network was the foundation of my fieldwork and one where my heritage was fundamental in building the original relationships. As the bonds grew between myself and a small number of participants, the wider network also grew, with many people both young and old offering me their time and their stories. This occurred organically and my carefully planned methodology was shifting rapidly in response. I became aware that the most important thing was to follow where my participants chose to lead me rather than rigidly stick to an agenda,

and my project began to take shape around the stories of my participants, layer upon layer spreading outwards like the many paths of the city spread outwards from the main avenue.

Methodology

As touched upon in the previous section I began developing my network prior to fieldwork through existing contacts in London, my supervisor and family. Once I had arrived in L'viv I drew upon these contacts to expand my network of participants such as attending a class that taught by one of my existing participants in the Ivan Franko University[1]. I stood before the class on a November morning and introduced myself as a PhD student from London who was interested in the history and memory of the Second World War in L'viv. Before I could say much more the tutor intervened and asked the students to go around the class and each state what their families were doing during the Second World War. The class was comprised of approximately thirty students aged eighteen and nineteen. They obediently went around the class each providing a brief statement such as "My grandfather was sent to Siberia" or "my grandfather was in the Red Army". After they had finished I stated that I was interested in speaking to any and all of them about their family stories and if they were interested in participating in my research to please come and see me at the end of the class and we could exchange contact information.

This was the approach which I took to begin building my network of participants at the beginning of fieldwork. In my research proposal I stated that I aimed to use snowball sampling to build a network of research participants which was something which I pursued in the early stages of my fieldwork. I was acutely aware that in a city

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[1] This is also touched upon in the cemeteries chapter.

and a country which has experienced such painful and turbulent events, each individual and each family would have a story to tell, and each of these stories would be of relevance to this research. I was particularly interested in how young people engage with the past and their families' stories, therefore building a network of young people was a central focus of my early fieldwork. With this in mind I employed a very minimal criteria when engaging with those interested in potentially participating in my research. If they were interested in talking to me, I was interested in talking to them. Over time, certain connections developed into more longstanding relationships where I was invited for tea and to meet family members, while other connections remained at a more surface level. Each of these of relationships were valuable, either providing more general background context or offering more in-depth insights into the stories of these families.

After I had spent a few months in L'viv I began attending seminars held at museums and research centres which also became sites where I met older participants. Similarly to building the network of young people, I was interested in talking to anyone who took an interest in my research as strongly believed that everyone's stories had something to contribute to my understanding of the city and it's history. Through attending these seminars I built a small network of older participants who offered particularly illuminating insights into the history of L'viv and Ukraine and and the role of memory in their lives and their families.

As all ethnographers know, unexpected things occur on fieldwork, and the project you present in your initial proposal is rarely the one you end up pursuing once you are on fieldwork. When formulating this research I did not expect to spend any time with people who were members of far-right groups or subscribed to far-right or neo-Nazi beliefs, yet once I was on fieldwork I encountered and made friends with a number of people who were around my own age who had previously been members of such

groups. It was through discussions with them that I began to feel that in order to get an understanding of how history and memory is present and active in the lives of young people I also needed to consider how it informs the political lives of young people who are members of such groups. As such, it could almost be described as an accident that I ended up spending a significant amount of time with a group of young people who held such political views.

Emotion as method.

Before embarking on fieldwork I had formulated my project aiming to utilise participatory methods such as mapping and visual life-lines; individual and family histories produced collaboratively through objects and photos; collaborative photography asking young people, singly and in groups, to photograph significant domestic and public spaces; discussion groups; comparing timelines from school text books and other public sources and individual and family life-lines (see above) to examine different understandings of "history"(Zonabend 1986; Pine 2007). I planned to explore the aesthetics of memory by recording (through text and image) the domestic arrangement of objects, memorabilia, adornments and portraits, photo albums and snapshots. I aimed to carry out informal, unstructured interviews with members of different generations in each family, using objects and photos as elicitation techniques and semi-formal/formal interviews with teachers and officials about the history taught in Ukraine throughout their careers. Additionally, I planned to carry out archival research looking at education curricula, socialist history textbooks, contemporary media and press, and newspaper archives, popular histories and magazine articles (Wanner, 1998; Richardson, 2008).

I made a careful plan of how to pursue my various research aims and attempted to discuss with my new participants how best to do this; however two of my closest

friends, Marichka and Natalia, advised me that perhaps my attention was better focused elsewhere. This initially was challenging, but once I had visited a number of sites with Marichka and Natalia I felt it was important to allow the flow of stories to guide my fieldwork plans. This was the beginning of what I have called "intuitive fieldwork", thinking through the complexities of storytelling and memory alongside my participants. This required paying special attention to the different landscapes of memory (Kirmayer, 1996) both literal and figurative, the different methods and techniques of storytelling, the silences present in the different spaces in the city (Young, 1993; Das, 1997; Moutu, 2007; Kidron, 2009; Fowles, 2010), how certain stories were confined to the home or to kinship networks (Pine, 2007; Hirsch, 1997, 2009, 2012) and how different stories flowed between different spaces in the city (Young, 1993; Huyssen, 2003; Basu, 2007; Richardson, 2008; Witeska-Młynarczyk, 2013). In paying attention to these elements, I aimed to disrupt more static ideas of place memory, where once memory is monumentalised it becomes "dead" history (Nora, 1989), whilst also acknowledging that embedded within choices about what is publicly commemorated, there is always a choice about what is to be forgotten (Connerton, 1989, 2009).

Alongside the focus on space and place there is an element present in each of these components of my fieldwork which guided my approach and has been central to writing: emotion. It is my heartfelt belief that history should be, and is, felt. Through attending to emotion during my fieldwork I attempted to demonstrate how memory and history is not only living but lived. Focusing on how my participants engage with the past emotionally, through their bodies, through their stories and their engagements with space and place, I attempted to document how stories and memories flowed through the city and through the lives of my family, friends and participants.

Many anthropologists have demonstrated the importance of engaging with emotion when carrying out anthropological research (Abu-Lughod, 1991; Rosaldo, 2004; Rylko-Bauer, 2005; Behar, 1996; Waterstone, 2019;) and yet in seemingly highly emotional contexts, emotion seems woefully absent. As fieldworkers we become deeply emotionally invested in our relationships with our participants and in their lives. We do fieldwork with our bodies, with our stories, and the exchanges which take place during fieldwork shape us not only as researchers but as people. I believe this to be the case regardless of where we study or how seemingly "unemotional" our fieldsites are. Whilst some may argue that feelings are not present *in* their fieldwork, we always have feelings *about* our fieldwork. These feelings inform when we engage, how we engage and with whom. Our participants also have feelings and emotions about participating, our presence can prompt many different feelings. Being asked about aspects of one's day to day life, work, home, family, prompts one to consider the ordinary as the extraordinary (Tilley and Cameron-Daum, 2017) which in turn generates many feelings.

In the context of my own fieldwork I was asking people to rake over the events of their pasts, both lived and received memories, instances of trauma and suffering, and I was asking them to locate themselves within these narratives. This is no small thing to ask, and it is essential that as anthropologists we deal caringly and ethically with the emotional labour we are asking our participants to undertake. Working with memory and trauma demands a particular approach by the researcher which changes from person to person. As I locate myself within the sphere of those who have felt the impact or inherited the memories of the events I was asking my participants to discuss, I felt that I was able to draw on my own experience to respond to the needs to my participants; however this did not always mean that I got it right. The emotional toll of discussing traumatic pasts of conflict and genocide, in a context where old conflicts have erupted

again in Eastern Ukraine, is long reaching and something of which it was essential to be mindful during fieldwork.

As an anthropologist researching a topic which is very personal in relation to my own family history and memory, emotion has been something to consider both during fieldwork and during the writing process. When carrying out research there is a pressure to remain detached or to maintain objectivity, this is especially challenging when researching such a painful history and engaging with individuals who, as detailed above, hold very different perspectives from my own. This is something which I found difficult and at times painful. I approached my research with the belief that even those who hold views different to my own have the right to be treated with respect and have their stories taken seriously, however I do not equate that with condoning or legitimising their beliefs. During a break from fieldwork I was asked by a friend whether I thought engaging with people with far-right views was tantamount to legitimising their political views. This was something which I considered for a long period and still think about to this day. I believe that by engaging with those who have views that are wildly different from our own, views which we actively disagree with as I do with some of my participants, there is a space for dialogue and conversation, and to learn. I also believe that I have a responsibility to care for each of my participants and take them seriously. During my fieldwork I was clear with my participants when I disagreed with their views and when I thought that the position that they were taking was wrong, but I did not ever state that this meant that I thought they were bad people. This is an important distinction to make as it connects closely with the painful and contested nature of the past in L'viv. Each of the people I worked with has been affected by the events of the past, either firsthand or indirectly, and while this does not explain away nor justify beliefs or actions which harm others, it offers an opportunity to

examine how the past informs how people engage with the world around them in a meaningful way.

During the writing process I found this particular painful and at times frightening to write about. I was fearful of offending my participants who had shown me such generosity, fearful of contributing to harmful narratives about "Nazi-Ukrainians" which are used to justify Russian aggression in the East, fearful that the views of some of the people I worked with would eclipse the stories and memories of the many others who I worked with who have far more nuanced understandings of the past. With this in mind, I acknowledge that there are topics which I found too painful and frightening to write about, both in relation to my own family history and in relation to my fieldwork. The avoidance of writing about this is by no means an assertion that these topics do not matter – they matter enormously – and it is something which I agonised over during the writing process and which I do not think that there is an answer to. Taking emotions seriously as an ethnographer means to pay attention to the emotions present on fieldwork, to the relationships we build with the people we meet, it also means to write with emotion while taking seriously the need for objective analysis.

Despite the importance I place on attending to emotion, it is also important to emphasise the need to not allow a focus on emotion to detract from other elements at play or to impede critical engagement. Sands in his work *East-West Street: On the Origins of Genocide and Crimes against Humanity* (2016) strikes a balance between allowing space for the emotions and feelings of those he works with and himself whilst always maintaining a critical eye and telling the history clearly. He engages with Holocaust survivors and their descendants, friends and acquaintances of people he is attempting to track down, the sons of senior Nazis and his own family with extreme care whilst always maintaining grasp of the narrative he is crafting. Often emotion and

calm rationalism are placed in opposition to each other, yet I would challenge that. Sands work demonstrates how one can be intimately invested in a subject and also be critically engaged, that these are not mutually exclusive. Through critically and emotionally engaging with the recollections of participants and the stories and histories which shaped their worlds, the memorial practices employed by my participants can be examined on a number of different levels.

This thesis engages with the processes of remembering by which moments from the past are thought through in the terms of the present and ultimately inform how the future is imagined. This work is emotional work, and to divorce emotions from the act of remembering would be to misunderstand what Goddard means when she states that the act of remembering is a political act (2018). Goddard engages with the work of Arendt (1990 [1963]), Nelson (2004) and Berkowitz (2010), stating:

> *[W]e are urged to think and to reflect in relation to the world and our responsibility towards it, to doubt ourselves, to question, while engaging with others freely in the plurality of thought and experience; to face reality, which means living with doubt, contradiction and discomfort. Arendt does not deny suffering but rather urges us to go beyond it to come to grips with the fact pertaining to the conditions that give rise to it. [...] The challenge is to be led neither by the passions, which can mislead and distract through their intensity and immediacy, nor by rationality, which can impose a homogenising, unifying metanarrative and discourse to the detriment of the plurality of social life. Instead, Arendt emphasises the importance of thinking, of reflection, including self-reflection, and of staying in touch with reality, no matter how difficult this may be* (2018: 56).

Narratives of suffering were ever-present throughout my fieldwork and writing about these stories posed a problem for me post-fieldwork. It felt impossible to do justice to these disclosures. How can a text capture the multiplicity of emotions and experiences related to me by my interlocutors?

Throughout the writing process I have reminded myself that my goal is not to write a "unifying metanarrative" but to think through the stories entrusted to me by my friends and participants. This brings with it a responsibility to feel. Not to feel the emotions of my interlocutors, but to feel alongside them. To engage emotionally with their stories and memories. To feel is to appreciate the magnitude of the events which have shaped their lives, both big and small. It is, at times, hard to not impose the grand structure of "history" on to these stories, yet throughout this thesis I have been committed to caring for the stories relayed to me, to thinking through these stories both emotionally and rationally, and to sitting with the responsibility that brings with it.

Thesis outline.

Inherited histories.

Chapter one provides an overview of my family history and its relevance to this work. It discusses the importance of positionality and reflexivity and draws on the work of Abu-Lughod (1991), Hirsch (1997), Skultans (1998), Rylko-Bauer (2005, 2006, 2019), Sands (2016), and Waterstone (2019), to demonstrate the way in which my positionality informed my ethnographic practice both on fieldwork and during the writing process. Discussions of reflexivity and positionality are at the forefront of much anthropological debate currently, and this chapter will outline my own investment in this project, the family and life stories I brought with me to the field, and which sat on my shoulders as I wrote.

Bread.

Bread and hunger are two themes which are regularly referred to in stories of hardship and resurfaced during the Maidan protests. Chapter two unpacks the history of the *Holodomor* in more detail and, through focusing on bread, demonstrates how the memory of hunger is a key component of memory in L'viv. It examines how young people attempt to connect with the past through self-inflicted hunger, and how the memory of hunger and the fear of hunger shaped and continues to shape the life of an elderly man. Bread and grain are hugely significant symbolic foods in Ukraine, and the care exhibited in the making and consumption of bread interconnects with memories of suffering and hunger.

The home.

Chapter three examines the space of the home as a site where different forms of memory meet, overlap, are curated, stored and protected. It considers how the home is a receptacle for memory, a space for storytelling, for staking some claim to the past and asserting some agency over a past which at times become difficult to grasp. It introduces two of my participants who, whilst hugely different, keep their own collections carefully within albums on shelves in their homes. By examining these two cases, this chapter makes the argument that individual family and personal stories are grounded in collections which are stored in the home. By maintaining these collections and policing the access to them individuals are able to create a space for their stories to live, whilst also ensuring that the memories which they lived and also inherited are protected and reinforced with evidence.

Sites of memory.

Chapter four presents five ethnographic snapshots of different sites of memory in L'viv: a museum in the heart of the city, a memorial museum located in a former prison, a monument located next to the site of another former prison, and two restaurants whose themes are constructed around two significant aspects of the city's history. It engages with the different techniques of remembering employed at each of these sites and thinks through the different memories which are surfaced and made use of, and how the past is made consumable (in some cases literally) at each of these sites.

The city.

Chapter five explores walking and talking as a method of engaging with the traces of the past. Detailing how the use of walking emerged in response to the distress and discomfort of one of my participants and developed into a method which I used extensively with many different participants. This chapter tells the story of two walks to demonstrate how walking and talking in the urban space of the city allows for traces of the past to be illuminated and thought through together. Both walks engage with themes of silence and absence and demonstrate how silent areas of history are still visible in the city if you know where to look.

The cemetery.

Chapter six looks at two different cemeteries in L'viv. One is *Lychakivs'kyi* - an active cemetery and now tourist attraction which contains many different military cemeteries and memorials as well as the graves of famous historic inhabitants of the city. This cemetery is a physical representation of the many border changes that L'viv has experienced and is an example of how the contested histories of the city are managed. The other is the ruined Jewish cemetery on *Rappoporta* street in the centre of the city. This cemetery shows how traces of the past are still very much present in the city and

this section of the chapter discusses the different stories which grow up around these traces, refusing to settle.

The forest.

Chapter seven moves outside the city to the dense forests, telling the story of a walk I went on with two friends, one Polish and one Ukrainian, and the stories that were told amongst the trees. This chapter thinks through the difference between the forest and the city as a space where stories are told, memories shared, and the past engaged with, examining the relationship between postmemory and imagination. It discusses the forest as a place where the imagination can run wild informed by folklore, stories, memories, films, literature and many other medias. It engages with the mass graves which lie silently across the landscape of Ukraine and the memories associated with them. And finally, it considers questions of the politics of suffering and its relationship to the stories which circulate in the forest.

The Maidan.

Chapter eight, the final chapter of the thesis, arrives at the space of the *maidan* or square, engaging with both the *maidan* as a space and the Maidan as a movement. It tells the story of the Maidan protests and emphasises the importance of individual narratives in understanding what took place on the square and its implications for the future. This chapter engages with themes of revolution, trauma, belonging and hope to think through how different stories of the past informed how people engaged with the Maidan. It considers how the activation of memories and events from the past fuelled hope and sustained the protests which ultimately saw Yanukovych overthrown.

Inherited histories.

People are trapped in history and history is trapped in them

James Baldwin

It is important from the beginning to situate myself in relation to this research. My understandings and interpretations of my fieldwork and the relations which emerged are intimately informed by my being located both on the inside and the outside of my research. My interest in examining memory in Ukraine in relation to the events of the 20th century emerged from my own family history. My paternal grandparents were Ukrainian; my grandmother from the east, my grandfather from the west. The threads of their lives were tightly woven around the history of Soviet communism, Nazism, oppression and suffering, and shaped by events over which they had neither control nor choice. This position is not a unique one, it is one which millions across the world have experienced. Theirs are small stories of big histories, each one individual yet also, in some ways, collective and shared. I do not aim to write this thesis as an auto-ethnography, yet to omit my family history would be to leave an essential piece of the picture obscured.

The work of Vieda Skultans (1998) has been invaluable for figuring out how to demonstrate the dialogue which takes place between narratives and autobiographies told during fieldwork, and the stories which saturated my own childhood. In considering this I realised that the telling of my family history would achieve more than just situating myself in relation to my participants and my field site. It would tell a family's account which runs in parallel to the history which underpins the stories and memories contained within this thesis. The family history which follows is by no means exhaustive, I have only included the facts as I know them and that I believe to be accurate. I wish to stress that this story does not belong to me, it belongs to my family and is a part of a complicated set of identities which each of us carries in different ways. This history does not provide me with a moral license to claim to speak on behalf of those I worked with and who trusted me with their stories. I include this account so as to emphasise that this research is, in part, "an encounter between my memory [both first hand and inherited] and the memories, both textual and personal, of my narrators" (ibid:2).

"And that's how it was."

My grandmother was born in the village of Pidlypne in present day Sumy Oblast in the north-east of the Ukrainian SSR in 1924. Her father Samilo was an officer in the Red Army and a skilled metalworker, her mother Maria was an invalid with severe epilepsy that was the result of a beating from her first husband and father of her first daughter. Following her divorce, she met and married Samilo and had my grandmother, Nila. They lived in a small house with my grandmother and her half-sister, Vera. In 1932 the famine known as the *Holodomor,* began. The quotas for food production from the local collective farm were raised impossibly high and villagers were executed for withholding even a handful of grain. My grandmother would often tell me a story about this time:

My mother was in the house and I came in. I was so tired I went to lie down in the corner to sleep. My mother came over and said "get up! I need you to help me. Get up!" And I thought "what does this silly woman want? Why can't she let me sleep?" Now I think if she had let me sleep I would have died. She saved my life by making me get up. And that's how it was.

My grandmother and her parents survived the famine and a few years later her father was sent to Siberia to build the railway. Shortly after, her mother had a nervous breakdown from the stress of his deportation and was institutionalised in an asylum and my grandmother was sent to live with her aunt Elizaveta in a neighbouring village until finally she was able to go to her sister who was at that point studying chemistry in Moscow. Here, she was not permitted to attend school because she was Ukrainian, so she cared for her sister's baby son while her sister was at work. Eventually, in the late 1930s, her father returned from Siberia and was able to get her mother out of the asylum and my grandmother returned to the village.

On 22nd June, 1941, the day after my grandmother's 17th birthday, the Nazis invaded the Soviet Union. When they reached her village all of the inhabitants hid themselves. She told me that they marched through with heavy artillery and tanks looking very well organised in their smart, clean uniforms. Those who resisted were hanged on the central street as a public warning. My grandmother would repeatedly recall that "not even the horses would walk by". Following catastrophic defeat in Russia the Germans were pushed back through Soviet Ukraine. During the occupation and as they were retreating the Nazis were enacting the *Generalplan Ost* which was part of their racial policies for creating *lebensraum* or "living room" for the "master race". This policy designated Ukrainians (and all Slavs) as *untermenschen* or "sub-human" and

aimed to exterminate 65% of all Ukrainians and enslave the remaining 35% (Snyder, 2017). Another regular story we were told growing up was:

> *One day I was walking down the side of the street. A man came up to me and pushed me off the pavement and into the road. He looked at me and said, "the pavement is for people". I was so angry, but I couldn't say anything because I would be punished. Imagine it – being told you are not a person.*

Approximately 3 million Ukrainians, including my grandmother and her parents, were deported to Germany as slave labour known as *Ostarbeiter* or "eastern worker". My grandmother and her parents ended up as slave labour for the steel company Krupp (now part of present-day Thyssenkrupp) where she worked as a lathe turner making parts for German U-boats and was imprisoned in a camp for slave labourers located next to the factory. Following the end of the war her camp was liberated by the British and she and both her parents survived.

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My grandfather, Hryhoriy, was born in 1923 to Mykola and Pelaheya in the village of Cherche in the former Stanisławów Voivodeship, Second Polish Republic, now the Ivano-Frankivsk Oblast in Western Ukraine. When the *Holodomor* took place, his region was located on the Polish side of the border and he did not experience the devastating impact of the famine. His first experience of Soviet power was following the 1939 Molotov-Ribbentrop non-aggression pact between the Soviets and the Nazis which partitioned Poland and saw the western regions of Ukraine incorporated in to the Ukrainian SSR. From his account, the rapid industrialisation of the Soviet Union led to many benefits in Western Ukraine such as an improvement in schools and education, but it also saw an increase in hostilities with the Ukrainian nationalists in the region.

The civilian population became caught between the Soviets and the nationalists and there was imprisonment, torture, deportation and execution inflicted upon civilians by the Soviets and torture and reprisal killings by the nationalists. His mother, my great-grandmother, was the victim of the Ukrainian nationalists, something from which I believe my grandfather never recovered. He enrolled in an accountancy course in the L'viv Polytechnic University which he attended up until he was deported as slave labour under the *Generalplan Ost* to work in agriculture in Germany. In contrast to my grandmother he was not slave labour for a large company, but for two German farmers producing food for the Third Reich, with a period of imprisonment in a concentration camp as punishment for an attempted escape with a group of other slave labourers. Following his liberation from slave labour he ended up in the same Displaced Persons (DP) camp as my grandmother and her parents where they met and married. She wore a wedding dress made from the silk of an old parachute.

There were some options available to displaced people in post-war Germany. The British signed an agreement with the Soviet Union to repatriate all Displaced People who had been Soviet citizens pre-1939. This agreement threatened to tear apart my grandparents' new family and would have led to my grandmother and her parents being returned to the Soviet Union where they would have been categorised as "socially dangerous" and imprisoned sent to GULAGs for "re-education", a fate which befell thousands of repatriated Soviet slave labour camp survivors. My grandfather, having been born in western Ukraine, was permitted to seek a new home in a western country. My grandmother and her father, with the help of sympathetic doctors and British officials, were able to secure papers which allowed the rest of the family to escape Soviet repatriation and join my grandfather in the UK under the European Volunteer Worker (EVW) Scheme, which recruited stateless refugees from the DP camps to come to the UK to work in industry and help to rebuild a war-devastated Britain. They came

on "Operation Westward Ho!" which was the only part of the scheme that permitted those coming to bring dependents with them. The EVW scheme gave the Ukrainians who came to the UK an ambiguous migration status; while they were refugees displaced by war and the British government had cited humanitarian aims as one of the motivations for the creation of the scheme, the signing of the repatriation agreement and the fact that few provisions were made for dependents and spouses challenge the claims of humanitarianism made by the UK government at the time (Kay & Miles, 1992).

The impact of the repatriation agreement is an area of relative silence in the history of the post-war DP camps. My grandmother told me stories of rows of graves in the DP camp which belonged to Ukrainians who had committed suicide rather than face repatriation and, when I was older, she told me that she and her father had made a pact that they and her mother would join those graves rather than be returned. However, they were spared this fate, and they and their growing family were housed in a camp in Alsager in the North-West of England before moving to Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, eventually getting a house and continuing to raise their family.

My grandfather found work in the potteries and my grandmother worked preparing deserts in a department store restaurant. Growing up I was immersed in the stories of this period by my grandmother who had an amazing way of directing any conversation towards her experience in the war, and her life in the Soviet Union. It was as though her life had stopped once she had arrived in Britain, so that she continually lived in the past, surrounded by her memories of painful times. My grandfather on the other hand rarely spoke of his war and pre-war experiences, with the occasional exception. My grandfather passed away when I was a child and my grandmother passed away during one of my breaks from fieldwork in 2018 and they are buried in the same plot in Hanley, next to the canal, overlooked by the old bottle kilns of the potteries,

thousands of miles away from where their stories began, in the town where they found some sense of belonging.

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Many stories my generation of the family received were filtered through my father and his sisters, and their own interpretations of the history of the family. Hirsch's concept of post-memory resonates with the experience of growing up in a family dominated by narratives of suffering and loss. The desire to carry out this research is undoubtedly informed by the stories I have received; however, I wish to stress that my aim is not to produce a text which acts as some form of exorcism of family demons. I hope that the position from which I approach this research allows me to engage empathetically with my participants and build relationships based on shared connection with a past which "will neither fade away nor be integrated in to the present" (Hirsch, 1997: 40). So, how to write a text which is true to my research participants, friends and family and to all those who participated in my fieldwork in different ways, generously giving me their time, energy, space, food and stories in order to allow me to explore family narratives, while also connecting it to the wider literature and to "big" history? How to approach a topic where my participants, and at times I too, struggle with the discomforting presence of "what no longer is" (ibid: 23)? Susan Sontag wrote "[m]emory is, achingly, the only relation we can have with the dead" (2003:103). The dead are present throughout this thesis, both clearly in focus in some areas, and more peripheral in others, but always there. While writing it is easy to become weighed down by history, in dates, numbers, events and deaths. The history of Ukraine is one of occupation, conflict, contestation and genocide and much inspirational work has been written regarding the events of the past (see Reid, 1997; Brown, 2004; Liber, 2016; Sands, 2016) and I draw on that work throughout; however, I do not aim nor desire to attempt to offer a new account of these

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events. What I can offer is a perspective on the perspectives of the people I worked with, the place of memory in their lives, and how it lives and is protected and cultivated.

One of the challenges of writing this thesis was how to avoid getting too tangled up in the histories that infused every part of the city where I worked. During my fieldwork I was taken on many journeys; physically through the city and figuratively through individual and family histories, exploring the pathways and avenues of the city and of memory. This thesis is an account of those journeys, where they have been and a reflection on where they might lead. The "roadway full of pot-holes" (Kirmayer, 1996) leads in many different directions and I followed where my participants chose to take me. The question of subjectivity is something which has been discussed at length within the discipline of anthropology due to the fact that "every view is a view from somewhere and every act of speaking a speaking from somewhere" (Abu-Lughod 1991, 141). I have found Alisse Waterston and Barbara Rylko-Bauer's concept of "intimate ethnography" (2005, 2006, 2019) particularly useful for thinking through the complexities of doing research in a place which, while in some ways foreign, I feel I have known all my life through the stories of my grandparents. There is an intimacy associated with doing research in a place such as that, a place which has lived inside my grandparents' home and within their stories, a place which suddenly became tangible when I stepped off the plane in L'viv. This feeling of intimacy resonates with Lila Abu-Lughod's description of "halfie anthropology" (1991), where she describes the experience of anthropologists "whose national or cultural identity is mixed by virtue of migration, overseas education, or parentage" (ibid:137). She goes on to state that "[t]he importance of [this group] lies not in any superior moral claim or advantage they might have in doing anthropology, but in the special dilemmas they face, dilemmas that reveal starkly the problems with cultural anthropology's assumption of a fundamental distinction between self and other" (ibid).

This notion of "halfie" when combined with the concept of intimate ethnography allows for a particular approach to fieldwork and writing ethnography. Abu-Lughod argues that halfie anthropologists "travel uneasily between speaking 'for' and speaking 'from'" (ibid: 470), however I feel that in my own case where I am able to "speak from" is not geographically located as much as it is historically located. Having grown up in the UK, in rural Wales, I in no way feel as though I have any additional claim to be able to speak from the position of a Ukrainian for, as mentioned before, our experiences are very different. I do, however, feel as though I have some capacity to speak from the position of someone who is personally invested in the history of Ukraine and the events which took place historically. This is where the concepts of intimate ethnography, "halfie" ethnography and post-memory intersect in my work. This shared investment in history is something which allowed for particular forms of relations to build in the field, both with family members and with my participants and is something that will appear throughout this thesis. This allowed for a particular form of intuitive fieldwork to develop, navigating through the complex tangle of history, feeling my way alongside my participants.

Growing up the war felt constantly present in the peripheries of my mind, refusing to settle. I felt a strong drive to visit Ukraine, to meet this place which had been so present in my life as though it were a long lost relative. I was drawn to L'viv, the city where my grandfather attended university before being taken to Germany. I felt a desire to find out more about the man I knew relatively little about, and to walk streets that his feet had walked decades earlier. This process of enquiry led me to the work of Sands (2016) and the strands of the stories and histories which he had traced back to L'viv. Sands' work is written evocatively, taking the reader on the journey through the lives of four men: Leon Buchholz (Sands' grandfather), Raphael Lemkin (who developed the concept of genocide), Hersch Lauterpacht (who developed the concept of Crimes

against Humanity) and Hans Frank (The Nazi governor of occupied Poland which included L'viv). Each of these men's life histories were woven around the history of one of the greatest crimes of the 20th century and their stories can all be traced to the city of L'viv. While these men never met, their stories were intimately connected not only with each other's but also with the city of L'viv, which features almost as a character in and of itself in the book. Sands' connection with the stories he weaves is not only academic, his own family history is intimately entwined in his work. It is partly this which makes his work resonate so profoundly with my aspirations for my own. The ability to be so closely connected and simultaneously detached and clear. The effect of this writing is to lead the reader to feel what is written, to feel the history, while also learning and understanding the legal processes which were developed during the Nuremberg trials and where they originated from.

The writings of Abu-Lughod (1991) Hirsch (1997), Skultans (1998), Waterstone (2019), Rylko-Bauer (2005, 2006) and Sands (2016) form the inspiration for the approach that I take in this thesis. In continuity with my assertion that emotion is part of fieldwork, I consider that history should be felt, and I believe that an anthropological approach, both methodologically in terms of long-term, ethnographic fieldwork, and also in the writing process, offers the possibility of accessing the past in a way that does not reduce it to numbers, facts and statistics. I approach this history from the perspectives of people: of the people who I worked with, the people who this history and memory is built on and around, and of the people who are no longer with us but who offered access to the human side of history. I do not claim nor aim to produce an "authoritative account of the past" (Richardson, 2004:109). Rather I hope to show a snapshot of a period of time that I spent with a group of people in L'viv and the ways in which the past rose and fell to and from the surface in the lives of the people with whom

I worked. Some of the final words from Vieda Skultan's family history spoke to my own experience doing fieldwork:

I do not feel intact after my fieldwork [...] [the] effect on me was an uncomfortable combination of exhaustion and determination to do justice to the narratives entrusted to me. (1998:8-9)

The memories I carry with me were heavily shaped by the stories which swirled around me as a child, growing and changing alongside my own story. The guidance of my friends, family and participants has allowed me to encounter Ukraine on my own terms, the trust placed in me by my participants is one of the greatest privileges of my life and I will strive with all that is at my disposal to honour the trust and the memories of all who are present in this text.

Bread.

A story enables us to fuse the world within and the world without. In this way we gain some purchase over events that confounded us, humbled us, and left us helpless. In telling a story we renew our faith that the world is within our grasp.
Michael Jackson, The Politics of Storytelling.

The flag of Ukraine represents the clear blue sky and the yellow fields of wheat, two equal halves forming a simple, geometric depiction of the centrality of wheat to the Ukrainian nation. Sheaves of wheat appear in many traditional images and paintings, and are used to weave headdresses, wreaths and decorations. At Christmas time a key decoration is a *didukh,* literally meaning "the spirit of ancestors". A pre-Christian tradition, it is a sacrifice from the autumn harvest usually made from the first or the last harvest of wheat and tied with colourful ribbons. The earth of Ukraine is known for its incredible fertility and Ukraine has been known historically as "the breadbasket of Europe" due to its immense agricultural output (Reid, 1997; Perrotta, 2002). Exports of grain from Ukraine were essential to the feeding of the Soviet Union, were a significant motivator for the Nazi colonial plan for the country (Snyder, 2017) and to this day exports of grain and of sunflower oil (the sunflower being the national flower of Ukraine) form a significant component of the Ukrainian economy.

Before its incorporation into the Soviet Union a huge number of Ukrainians were peasants and subsistence farmers; this meant that once the collectivisation process and the deportation of kulaks began the impact on the economic and social landscape of Ukraine was great. The collectivisation of agriculture enabled the *Holodomor* to be enacted swiftly and devastatingly, focusing on the seizure of food, particularly grain, as a method of subduing, and ultimately killing, swathes of the Ukrainian peasantry. Quotas for food production from the collective farms were raised impossibly high, all food was deemed property of the Soviet state and the theft of any food was punishable by death (Wanner, 1998). At the height of the famine in 1933 production levels were approximately 10 million tonnes of grain higher than the first harvest after the famine in 1934 (ibid), yet millions of Ukrainians starved due to the forced appropriation of grain.

The number of deaths caused by the *Holodomor* is debated and contested. At different times the numbers have been claimed to fall anywhere between 2 million and 20 million. On the seventieth anniversary of the famine 25 countries signed a joint statement at the UN which stated:

> *In the former Soviet Union millions of men, women and children fell victims to the cruel actions and policies of the totalitarian regime. The Great Famine of 1932-1933 in Ukraine (Holodomor) took from 7 million to 10 million innocent lives and became a national tragedy for the Ukrainian people.* (2003)

The number 7-10 million has since been disputed and revised to between 3.3 million (Snyder, 2010: 53) and 7.7 million (Marples, 2007: 50). There are many aspects of the history of the *Holodomor* which have been and will continue to be debated and contested, but the story of the famine is now part of the national history and national memory of Ukraine. Many of my participants argue that the removal of grain, a food both essential to life and also deeply symbolically significant, was an assault on

Ukrainian people and Ukrainian-ness itself and also had an effect on those who did not directly experience the famine. They go on to argue unequivocally that the *Holodomor* was a genocide against the Ukrainian people.

The definition of the crime of genocide is the planned destruction of all or part of a group (Sands, 2016), and while legally there is some debate about whether the famine can be considered a genocide, Raphael Lemkin, the Polish-Jewish lawyer who conceptualised the term genocide, wrote:

> *[T]he Soviet plan was aimed at the farmers, the large mass of independent peasants who are the repository of the tradition, folklore and music, the national language and literature, the national spirit, of Ukraine. The weapon used against this body is perhaps the most terrible of all – starvation. Between 1932 and 1933, 5,000,000 Ukrainians starved to death. ... This is not simply a case of mass murder. It is a case of genocide, of destruction, not of individuals only, but of a culture and a nation.* (2014 [1953])

The question of whether or not the Holodomor can be considered a genocide is an intensely political one which has been and is still debated in Ukraine and internationally. Whilst I do not want to leap head-first into this debate, what I aim to demonstrate is how the history and memory of hunger is active and present in the lives of my participants, and how bread and grain carry with them many different symbolisms and memories. I will examine how memories of hunger are animated in the present and made use of, noting which accounts emerge as the more dominant narratives. In exploring these issues I will also address the question of how events in the present offer new insights into the past. As Das points out particular "critical events" are experienced differently by different people and communities but they also share a common link. In case of the *Holodomor* this link was hunger, which has shaped the

landscape of memory in Ukraine, L'viv and the lives of the people with whom I worked. This chapter will examine the past as it is recalled in the present through bread and the experience and memory of hunger, sometimes by those who lived through the events being detailed, sometimes by those who have received this memory through family stories, history education and different forms of memorialisation and remembrance. It will detail how these accounts and narratives intersect with national memory or at times contradict it, and how the connection to place (or lack of) plays a role in the way the past is brought into the present.

"It didn't happen here or happen now, but it happened to us".

The last Saturday of November is the day reserved in Ukraine for remembering the *Holodomor*. Every year you are encouraged to light a candle and place it in your window and observe a minute of silence at 4pm to remember the millions of Ukrainians who died during the horror of Stalin's famine. On this afternoon in 2017 I had planned to meet Alla, a young woman I had met through a friend a couple of weeks earlier and we had become friendly. We had been planning to attend the official memorial event which was taking place in L'viv that afternoon but instead we were going to meet some of Alla's friends. They all belong to a group of young, far-right political activists and had collectively travelled to Kyiv during the Maidan protests and had lost friends in the violence that had been inflicted by the state during the demonstrations. This group actively takes part in "patriotic political action", particularly to draw attention to the crimes committed by Russia, both historically as the Soviet Union, and currently. Many of the young men have travelled to or are planning to travel to the East to take part in the fighting - either as part of the Ukrainian military or as part of other affiliated militias. Each of the people I spoke to saw themselves as inheritors of the liberation struggle which was fought by the OUN and the UPA, either directly through their

grandparents' experiences or collectively as "sons and daughters of Ukraine", freedom fighters resisting Russia while the world stands by and does nothing.

This particular afternoon there was a plan for an activity which, for all present, was deeply meaningful. They were beginning their fast. "We don't eat for three days - only water. To feel what they felt. To know what it was like. It didn't happen here or happen now, but it happened to us. To Ukraine". This fast was to honour the victims of the *Holodomor*, to experience bodily what they would have felt while they were starving and in doing so connect with them across time and space. I immediately stated that although I would like to spend some time with them, I would not be joining them in the fast. Initially this seemed as though it might be a problem, so I hurriedly explained to her that my grandmother had survived the famine, that I had grown up with stories of the suffering and starvation and that I felt it would be a dishonour to her to attempt to try and experience what she had experienced. Once this had been explained Alla said that I would be welcome to come and spend time with them, and that perhaps I could tell them the story of my Baba. "None of us lost family, we feel it, but it didn't happen here". She had repeated the statement "it didn't happen here" a number of times during our conversation and it seemed as though she was trying to explain that although it may not have taken place in L'viv due to L'viv being on the other side of the western border during that period, they still acutely and collectively felt the assault that Stalin had inflicted on the Ukrainian people.

Yelena Rozhdestvenskaya outlines what she calls the "biographic work" put into the narrativization of the life stories of Russian *Ostarbeiters*. She demonstrates how narratives shift between the collective and individual experience through focusing on the use of "we" and "us". For the *Ostarbeiters* she interviewed she argues that the collective pronouns "identify the collective protagonist of stories and act as figurative language scaffolding, projecting a particular image of the social environs of the narrator

and establishing the boundaries of his or her social self" (2015: 84). Whilst Alla is not herself a survivor of the *Holodomor,* in speaking in terms of it happening "to us" she is staking a claim to this memory and making clear that when stories and accounts of this event are told they are experienced collectively. Whilst she had known that I had Ukrainian heritage, the information about my grandmother was crucial piece of evidence to demonstrate that not only did I know what had happened, but that I felt it too, that I was part of the "us".

Returning to Marianne Hirsch's definition of post-memory as "the experience of those who grow up dominated by narratives that preceded their birth, whose own belated stories are evacuated by the stories of the previous generation shaped by traumatic events that can neither be understood nor recreated" (1997:22) I argue that while her work is concerned with the experience of the close descendants of Holocaust survivors, this is acutely true for the people that I worked with such as Alla. The *Holodomor* happened on the other side of a border, in a different place, at a different time, but it is still felt collectively by those who live now.

We discussed the different stories that Alla had grown up with, comparing them to those of my own childhood. She was born a couple of years after Ukraine gained independence and had become more consciously aware of the historical suffering of Ukrainians during her teenage years, during the presidency of Yushchenko. Following decades of historical silence, Ukrainian independence allowed for the stories and accounts from the famine to enter the public domain, revealing what many already knew to be true and the question of whether the *Holodomor* constituted a genocide was at the forefront of much political discussion of the famine. In 2006 the *Verkhovna Rada* passed a law defining the *Holodomor* as an act of genocide and made public denial illegal. While there is much academic debate about this question and many others, the people that I worked with experienced these moments not as academics or politicians

but as members of a group coming to term with a past which had risen to the surface where previously it had been silent.

We met near the university and began our walk to the coffee house where we were going to meet her friends, making sure to stick to the outside edge of the pavement to avoid the sheets of ice falling from the roof tops. Her friends were already there, seated in the warmth around a table drinking *kakao* and mulled wine. After introductions and ordering our drinks we sat down and Alla asked what the plan was. "We're going to eat one last time together, and then when it gets dark that's when we'll start", stated Myroslav, one of the older members of the group. While they weren't planning to spend the whole three days together, this was the marking of the beginning of the fast. While seated around the table we shared stories that we knew of the famine, and talked about the upcoming, English language film about the *Holodomor*, *Bitter Harvest*. We had all seen the trailer and while most of the people at the table felt excited that an English language film was going to tell the story of the *Holodomor* to a Western audience, several people expressed concern that the film would focus on the romantic relationship of the two main characters rather than the story of deliberate, genocidal starvation and would not do justice to the victims or to the history. Once we had gotten to know each other over the course of an hour or two, Alla announced "Elena's Baba survived". This resulted in a ripple around the table, and in an immediate round of questions: which region was she from? How old was she? Where is she now?

The stories we tell connect us with the past, allow the distance between then and now to be collapsed, for those who are no longer with us to be present through our remembering. Whilst none of those present had lost immediate family or had a close family connection with the events of the *Holodomor*, this did not mean that their relationship with this history was any less meaningful or that the stories that are told

about the famine do not profoundly resonate. Michael Jackson articulates the power of the telling of stories in his book *The Politics of Storytelling*:

> *Our lives are storied. Were it not for stories our lives would be unimaginable. Stories make it possible for us to overcome our separateness, to find common ground and common cause. To relate a story is to retrace one's steps, going over the ground of one's life again, reworking reality to render it more bearable. A story enables us to fuse the world within and the world without. In this way we gain some purchase over events that confounded us, humbled us, and left us helpless. In telling a story we renew our faith that the world is within our grasp.* (2013: 240)

The telling of stories from family histories, alternative historical narratives or from national or official accounts also enables "separateness" to be overcome. Whether this is the separateness caused by geography, time or experience, it can be collapsed by the emotions and connections evoked by such remembering. In the moment when we were sharing stories of the *Holodomor* there was profound feeling of collective grief, pain and anger, a shared attempt to grapple with the suffering that had taken place decades earlier and which had been unacknowledged and suppressed during the Soviet period.

The plan to mark this anniversary with a fast was an attempt to connect with the past, not only for it to be articulated in stories told by later generations but to be felt bodily. Alla, Myroslav and their friends were attempting not only to remember but to experience for themselves some fragment of the physical suffering that had been inflicted on millions of Ukrainians by the forced appropriation of all food by the Soviet government and the laws which prevented the starving peasants from migrating elsewhere. What does the desire to embody these experiences say about the way the memory of the *Holodomor* is active in the lives of this group of young people?

Reflecting on the statement "it didn't happen here", I would suggest it is, in part, to further build the feeling of collective suffering which in itself is tied to the histories which are central to Ukrainian national memory.

The *Holodomor* was and still is acutely felt as an attack on the Ukrainian identity and, in the case of Alla, Myroslav and their friends, an assault that is very much alive in the present. At a time where territories of Ukraine are occupied and annexed by Russia, hundreds of thousands of Ukrainians are displaced by war and thousands have been killed in the conflict, the *Holodomor* stands out as an example of where Russian oppression can lead. The slogan associated with *Holodomor* Memorial Day is *Mu Pam'yatayemo* - we remember. The young people I spent time with that afternoon remember not only through stories but through physically enacting the state of hunger. In doing so they make the statement that this event cannot be silenced or rendered invisible, that they physically feel a connection with a past that they are reclaiming from those who sought to silence it.

"They were in heaven and we were in hell."

I arrived at Mykola's office at 11am on a snowy March morning, a large bar of dark chocolate in my bag as a gift. He waved at me from the first-floor window before coming down to let me in, telling me off for not having my scarf wrapped around my head. In his mid-eighties, he was still teaching occasionally at the Polytechnic University, a job he had held since the Soviet times. We entered his office and he proudly showed me his Soviet era patents for things he has invented, before giving me a tour around his offices. The building where his office is located is a former monastery attached to a church. Through the double layered window I could see its slightly run-down dome. His teaching room had a large, dark red chalkboard at the end, and a worn parquet floor. Small wooden desks sat in rows down the middle of the room, with

workbenches running all the way around the perimeter, cluttered with old radios, aerials, and technical equipment. Down a narrow corridor lined with windows was his office which doubled as a storeroom with tangles of electrical cable, more old radio equipment and a desk scattered with papers with a small upright flagpole with the flag of Ukraine. Mykola pulled a handful of seeds from a clear plastic bag in his top desk drawer and we made our way back down the corridor, before we reached the end he paused at the window. On the window was a black pigeon, looking in through the glass. He opened the window and gently placed the handful of seeds on the outside sill. "Her husband died, now we only have each other" he told me, watching the bird peck at the seeds.

We went back into his classroom and sat down at one of the desks. He brought out a folder which contained a copy of the constitution of Ukraine, and a collection of photographs. Inside the cover of the constitution he wrote in slanted handwriting "To Dear Miss Olena, A Ukrainian who was born abroad" before opening it and showing me a photograph of a young woman with dark hair standing next to president Yushchenko. Pointing at it he stated that there was a resemblance between me and the woman in the image and that it was proof that although I am only "mixed blood", I look "pure blood" and I should be proud of that. Unsure of how to respond, I moved on to ask about his childhood growing up in Galicia, his memories of the Second World War, the Nazis, the Soviets and the UPA.

Mykola was born in the early 1930s in a village in what is now the L'viv oblast. The child of Ukrainian parents, he spent the first few years of his life living under Polish rule. Ukrainian language schools were restricted and there was a stark ethnic divide between the city, where the majority of Polish and Jewish citizens lived, and the more rural villages where many Ukrainians lived. While he had some vague memories of that period, he more clearly spoke of when the Soviets arrived in 1939. Following

Hitler's invasion of Poland and the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact the regions of Eastern

Galicia and Volhynia were incorporated into the Ukrainian SSR, leaving the remainder

of Poland to Nazi occupation. While the OUN had had a presence in Galicia and

Volhynia for the past decade and had clashed with the Polish government, incorporation

into the Soviet Union lead to greater levels of oppression, with thousands of Ukrainian

nationalists imprisoned in prisons in L'viv. Those found to have sheltered fugitive

nationalists were also subject to punishment and deportation to Siberia.

While big history was happening all around, Mykola's life was going on

relatively as normal. He was aware that his mother was saving pieces of dried bread in a

cloth sack hidden in the kitchen, but this was just something that happened and not

something to be thought more about. This lack of awareness came to an abrupt end in

June 1941 when the Nazis invaded and occupied L'viv. Stories travelled to the village

of a massacre at one of the prisons where the NKVD had executed hundreds of

Ukrainian nationalists who were being held as political prisoners, before retreating from

the advancing Nazi army. During his storytelling Mykola brushed over much of the

period of the Second World War, preferring to talk to me about the Ukrainian

nationalists and his memories of the conflict between the UPA and the Soviets. He

recalled an event from his teenage years where three boys, a couple years above him in

school, were pressured to join the communist youth organisation *Komsomol*. They were

told that if they did not join up that it would be taken as an indication of their allegiance

to the Ukrainian nationalists rather than to the Soviet state and their lives and those of

their families would be at risk. Soon after word reached the local UPA division that they

were now members of *Komsomol*, something which placed them in direct opposition

with the UPA and signalled their enmity. The UPA found the boys in their homes and

brought them out into the village where they tortured them in the presence of the

villagers before executing them as enemies of the UPA. Mykola explained that this was

both as retribution for their disloyalty and to demonstrate to the villagers what the consequences of collaboration with the Communists were.

It was at this point in the story that we returned to the hidden bag of dried bread. As the conflict between the UPA and the Soviets intensified, so did the suppression of support for the nationalist movement. Over the course of the conflict between the UPA and the Soviet Union tens of thousands were deported to GULAGs in Siberia. GULAG is an acronym for Main Directorate of Camps (*Glavnoe Upravlenie LAGerei)* and encompasses the entire Soviet network of forced labour and concentration camps. The data concerning the number of prisoners in the GULAG system was kept highly secret by the KGB and the numbers are still debated. "Opponents of the Bolshevik regime, participants of national liberation movement, representatives of non-Bolshevik political parties, NGOs, intelligentsia were sentenced in concentration camps. A majority of the imprisoned were sentenced according to the Article 48 of the Criminal Codex of the USSR for "counterrevolutionary activity"" (2013). In the late 1940s participants in national liberation movement, former prisoners of war, and other "hostiles" from the Soviet republics and satellite states were being imprisoned in the GULAGs for "anti-Soviet expressions" (ibid) and, in Ukraine and the L'viv region more specifically, being "sent to Siberia" was a real and present fear in the lives of many.

As increasing numbers of people were being deported to Siberia for collaborating with the nationalists, Mykola discovered that his parents had been secretly providing food for the nationalists, baking bread and leaving it out for collection. It was because of this that his mother was collecting and hiding dried bread. It was in a hidden yet accessible place so if they were suddenly to be threatened with deportation she would be able to grab the bag to take with her for the journey to Siberia, a small lifeline in the face of a potentially fatal possibility.

This period coincided with the process of the repatriation of Ukrainians who had been taken to Germany as slave labour during the war and survived. Those who had been taken to Germany returned to the Soviet Union as traitors for having worked for the enemy. This meant that many of them were sent to GULAGs for 're-education', prevented from accessing state employment and welfare, and treated with great suspicion (Portnov, 2013). Stories were told of those who had chosen to migrate rather than return to the USSR. Mykola saw this as a far greater betrayal; not only did they work for the enemy, but then they chose not to come back and support their country, they went to Canada, America or the UK and lived a wonderful life free from the hardship of conflict and oppression. "They were in heaven and we were in hell. We had to live with the communists, but they got to go and live in rich countries and live good lives". Whilst in recent years there has been more discussion about the suffering of Ukrainian slave labour camp survivors, there are still many misconceptions about the experience of survivors, and Mykola still expressed some disbelief in the idea that they had been taken by force and not gone by choice.

Mykola's recollections of the hardship that he experienced in the early years of his life revolves around narratives of hunger, suffering and conflict and they have a real impact on his life to this day. This is manifested most clearly in his relationship with bread. On a different afternoon I accompanied him to the market to buy some groceries. After selecting the vegetables we went to the bakery to buy bread. This initially seemed as though it would be a relatively quick process, but it was the longest part of the afternoon. Although his daughter brings him homemade bread as often as she can, he often comes to this bakery to buy his bread. The woman behind the counter greeted him warmly and asked if she could help. He looked at all of the different loaves and asked how long they had been on display. After much thought, discussion of different flours and seeds, he decided that he would like *chorny khlib* ('black bread' – brown rye bread*)*.

She handed him a loaf which he smelled and knocked the base to hear the hollow sound reverberate through the crust. The loaf appeared to pass the test and he handed over some small notes and she wrapped up the bread, handed it to him and he placed it carefully on top of his other shopping before thanking her and departing with me following.

Mykola's daughter told me in a separate conversation that when she was growing up her father would save the pieces of bread that were left over in a bag in the kitchen. At various times when the bag would get too full her mother would insist on using some of them in soup, or for feeding their animals. At Christmas every year he would tell them the story of hunger and hardship, about the possibility that they had faced of being deported and being hungry, of suffering at the hands of the communists while being caught between the USSR and the UPA. "He gets very emotional when he tells these stories and shouts when he thinks we are not listening". Despite some of his stories seemingly presenting the UPA in a negative light, he expressed great admiration for those who were fighting for an independent Ukraine. The care with which he handles the bread demonstrates how precious it is for Mykola. Bread symbolises suffering and survival and evokes the memory of both hunger and of plenty. At a time where bread is readily available, Mykola reminds his family that this hasn't always been the case, that this time of prosperity is fragile and to be protected and cherished.

◊

A common thread that runs through the way the *Holodomor*, the war and civil conflict are remembered in these cases is the memory of hunger and of place. While the young people who were fasting were intensely conscious of the fact that the *Holodomor* had not happened in L'viv, Mykola spent a great deal of time locating his story in the L'viv region, and made reference to the association of *bat'chkivshchyna* (the fatherland) with

grain and bread. Just as the grain that is used to make the flour that transforms into bread is immensely symbolic for Ukrainians and Ukraine as a nation, the final product of bread is also inscribed with meaning. While Mykola was growing up there was bread available, yet it was still essential that some was saved just in case. These various memories of suffering, hunger and uncertainty intertwine with the legacy of Russian oppression. The recent events of the revolution, the annexation of Crimea, the war in the East, the declaration of martial law along the border with Russia, and the recent elections provide a new thread which runs alongside these pasts which have emerged in the present; allowing them to rise to the surface as well as offering new perspectives on them .

Memory and hunger.

On 1 Stepan Bandera street in L'viv there is a museum housed in a former prison, *Tyurma na Lonts'koho* or "the Prison on Lonts'koho Street". The events which took place within this prison are the subject of a later chapter, but there is one aspect which is relevant here. On the first floor of the prison is a room where artefacts of resistance are displayed including plastic tupperware containers with secret messages scratched into them, small items of embroidery and, encased in glass, a tiny, delicate, black rosary. Looking more closely there are impossibly small beads strung on a fine thread, with a small cross hanging from the end. "This rosary was made by a prisoner from small pieces of bread", said pani Liliya, the invigilator guiding me around the museum. "They saved small pieces of the black bread, even though they were only given very little to eat and rolled them into beads". The use of bread to make beads to fashion into a secret rosary seems to encapsulate the importance of bread for literal and figurative survival and resistance. In a context of Soviet atheism, Russification and oppression bread not

only enabled physical endurance but, being so connected with Ukrainian identity, could be seen to enable cultural and spiritual survival as well.

The crafting of rosaries from bread is not exclusive to Ukraine. Rosaries were crafted from bread in prisons during martial law in the 1980s in Poland, by Polish prisoners in Auschwitz, and in the Gulags in Siberia. Bread is a symbol of survival in dire situations, and hunger is closely associated with memories of oppression and suffering whether that is Nazi concentration camps, Soviet Gulags, Ukraine during the *Holodomor* or many other contexts of persecution. My grandmother used to tell a story of when they were in the slave labour camp they would be given one small slice of bread to last two days and they would savour it, eating one tiny piece at a time, trying to

make sure it lasted the whole two days. However, when the Allies would bomb the factory they would quickly eat the rest of the bread: "So we didn't leave it behind".

Bread is also associated with plenty and is an important feature in many celebrations in Ukraine including religious festivals such as Easter and Christmas, weddings, and welcome greeting ceremonies. Wedding bread, known as *Korovai*, is intricately decorated with flowers, birds and sheaves of wheat, all carefully crafted from bread dough. *Kolach*, a sweet, braided yeast bread, is made at Christmas and symbolizes good luck, eternity and prosperity. Bread is simultaneously linked with day to day sustenance, and elaborate celebrations. Marichka once explained to me that certain basic loaves of bread were subsidised by the state to ensure that their price would not rise beyond what any Ukrainian could afford. This, she explained, was to ensure that anyone, no matter their circumstances, could afford to eat and formed part of what she called the "social fairness" subsidies.

The painful memory of hunger is felt both individually and collectively, both through stories told within families, and through the national commemoration of the *Holodomor*. Because of this, narratives of hunger and of bread (or lack of bread) resonate on many different levels and ensure that bread, and wheat, remain hugely important symbols. In 2019, Sara Netanyahu, the wife of Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu, almost caused a diplomatic incident when arriving in Ukraine. After disembarking their plane, Benjamin and Sara Netanyahu were welcomed with a traditional greeting ceremony including a *korovai* loaf and salt, where the guest is expected to take a small piece of bread and eat it with the salt. Apparently unaware of the importance of this ceremony, Sara Netanyahu discarded her piece of bread, allowing to fall from her hand to the floor. Whilst both the Ukrainian and the Israeli governments downplayed the incident, it was widely reported with many heavily criticizing her on

various social media platforms and one Ukrainian news anchor referring it to as a "scandal". In old Slavic tradition, if you were to drop a piece of bread on the floor the correct thing to do would be to pick it up and kiss it. This is an uncommon practice in Ukraine today, but some elderly Ukrainians and those who live in rural areas still perform it, and it reveals the long history of the importance of bread in Slavic tradition.

I have demonstrated a few of the ways in which the past emerges and is articulated in the present in L'viv through the experience and memory of hunger, and the central place that bread holds in these narratives. Young people such as Alla and Myroslav inflict hunger upon themselves to bridge a geographical and historical gap between them and those who lived and died during the *Holodomor,* an expression of connection and collectivity. Mykola deals with his memories of fear and hunger by enacting similar practices such as collecting scraps of bread and saving them in a cloth bag, taking his time to carefully select and cherish the bread he buys and ensuring that the later generations know the importance of times of plenty and the risk of times of hardship. Bread and hunger are at the heart of how they engage with the past through their bodies as well as through their stories, just as bread and grain are hugely important symbols for the nation they are hugely important in each of their lives.

Bread is one of the oldest man-made foods, and is closely connected with the development of agriculture, religion and cultural festivals. In Ukraine, an assault on grain and bread was an assault on Ukrainian-ness itself and is remembered as such. The intimate, embodied experience of hunger is closely connected with accounts of Soviet oppression and features in many stories of hardship during the Soviet times. The next chapter will examine the home as a space where individuals and families can store and curate collections of objects and artefacts which accompany accounts of the past,

policing the access to them and transforming the home into a space of stories and

secrets.

The home.

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back
ceaselessly into the past.
F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby

Yelyzaveta: "Tears of a wounded angel".

Yelyzaveta, an undergraduate at the state university in L'viv, had a lot to say about the

history of L'viv, the Second World War and the Soviet period and narrated her family

history alongside the major events of these periods. She spoke with remarkable clarity

and very evocative language about the stories she had grown up with and the memories

that had been passed down to her by her grandmother. She invited me into her home to

show me some of her family photographs and tell me more of her family history.

Yelyzaveta's home was on the fifth floor of a Soviet apartment block on the outskirts of

the city. She opened the door and handed me a pair of large slippers to replace my shoes

with before inviting me into the kitchen and offering sweet tea. After catching up on

how our weeks had been, we moved in to the living room to look at the photos. One

wall of the living room was obscured from view by a large, polished wooden dresser

with many shelves and drawers as well as a space in the centre where a deep CRT

television sat. The shelves held rows of framed photographs, boxes and other small

objects, sitting behind them were rows of books, photo albums and, on one shelf, some worn vinyl records.

She moved aside some frames and removed a red photo album from the shelf. We sat at a small table and she flipped through the album to find the photo she was looking for. The photo she landed on was a sepia toned family portrait, the mother and father standing either side of a teenage boy and two young girls. All four were looking directly at the camera, none had a full smile, but none looked wholly serious; smiles hovered around their mouths as though they were holding back for the sake of the photograph. Whilst there is nothing in this image that informs the viewer of its relationship with the Second World War, the NKVD, exile and suffering, the stories elicited by this image explained why Yelyzaveta would keep it in a private album rather than on display.

Yelyzaveta's great-grandmother, Ulyana, was born in 1923 and lived through the Soviet annexation of Western Ukraine, the Second World War, Nazi occupation, and the Soviet period. Before the Second World War Ulyana married Ostap and became pregnant. When the Germans occupied their village, they were relocated and carried on life under Nazi rule. When Ulyana went into labour a German soldier came to her aid and following the birth of her son he tearfully showed her a photograph of his family in Germany. This exchange softened her perception of the Germans and from that point onwards she and her mother began to provide small amounts of eggs, milk and *salo* (pork fat) for the Germans: "and so it became like before". When the Red Army recaptured the village from the Nazis all of the young men were conscripted into the army, however Ostap managed to avoid conscription. He was subsequently arrested for being a member of the OUN and imprisoned. Ulyana bribed a guard to allow her to visit her husband who, when they saw each other, instructed her to cut all ties with him for fear that she would also be arrested, but she refused. This refusal led to her incarceration, but not before she had left her young son at a train station to be cared for by her parents. At this point Yelyzaveta brought out a scan of an archival document and showed it to me. It contained a brief paragraph stating that Ulyana had escaped from prison, been arrested in the Volhyn region and would now be exiled to central Russia.

From this point onwards Ulyana never saw Ostap again. Upon her release she returned to her village, remarried and had two daughters, the youngest being Yelyzaveta's grandmother, Maria. It was Maria who told these stories to Yelyzaveta, always with the same caveat: "Mama did not like to talk about the war. She always said: 'The common people did not tell the truth... We did not expect the Germans. But Stalin, daughter, Stalin knew ... Stalin knew everything!'". Yelyzaveta's impression of what this statement meant is that despite the brutality of the Nazis and the war, the responsibility lay with Stalin as he knew what would take place and yet did nothing to

prevent it. It should be noted that this story is one that has been filtered down through the generations, passed orally from mother to daughter. Despite the fact that Ulyana did not like to talk about the war, she still passed on her story to her daughter who then passed it on to her own daughter and granddaughter. In these tellings and retellings things can be added and taken away as the stories transform in relation to events which have taken place subsequently. Yelyzaveta's mother embarked on a period of in-depth archival research in 2002 which unearthed old documents pertaining to Ulyana and Ostap's imprisonment and the escape attempt. While these factors featured in the stories before these documents were discovered, the addition of documents to the story served to solidify and validate aspects of the story which before had only been spoken.

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During the period that Ulyana and Ostap's story focuses on, Western Ukraine was a region which was continually being contested and fought over, subjected to non-aggression agreements, partitioning and ongoing nationalist insurgency and resistance. During the Soviet period it was claimed that those imprisoned and sent to GULAGs were political enemies who were fighting for the OUN or UPA, you could be categorised as this for actions such as providing bread for the UPA, possessing nationalist materials or being seen associating with others suspected of being members or supporting the nationalist groups.

For Yelyzaveta, the GULAGs and "being sent to Siberia" were central in stories she was told by her mother and, at times, her grandmother. During her childhood most of the storytelling took place within the home, with Yelyzaveta a captive audience to her mother's and grandmother's stories. What is it about the space of the home which allows for the telling of difficult or traumatic family stories? As Yelyzaveta (and many others) described it, many storytelling sessions take place in an organic manner, often

prompted by seemingly innocuous everyday events such as cooking, cleaning or performing other household tasks. Food often plays a significant role in eliciting stories of hardship or suffering as we saw in the previous chapter. Food features not only in stories about the *Holodomor* but also in stories about the war when food was scarce, and many civilians were playing an active role in providing small amounts of food for different military organisations such as the UPA or the Nazis. I would suggest that the safety of the home creates an environment conducive to the telling of painful stories. Under socialism and, arguably, still today, there were and are certain stories which it is risky to tell in public spaces where you are unsure who might hear them. It should be noted that this is not universal and is also dependant on the type of building you live in and how sound travels. Many interviews which I carried out for this project took place in spaces outside the home and the participants I was interviewing either expressed or exhibited discomfort at being in spaces where they felt exposed. This led to many interviews being carried out while walking, a topic which is discussed at length in a later chapter.

The confinement of some forms of comfortable storytelling to the domestic space limits those who have access to family stories to those who are permitted to enter the home, and within that, those who are permitted to enter certain spaces within the home. There are many layers of access within the space of the home; just as the photo albums sit behind the framed photos, there are more secretive stories which are concealed by the family's more publicly known stories. While some older people's storytelling style may sometimes seem, from the outside, like an unfiltered endless flow, there is a subtle hierarchy to the stories that are told which is dictated and regulated by the relationships between the storyteller and the listener. The war and the Soviet period shaped the lives of all who lived through them, and many storytelling sessions which take place between peers seem to converge around a shared understanding and

experience of those times; the hardship, the poverty, the hunger. Older men often also share stories of times of combat, less about actual fighting than the comradery of fighting together in the forest. Many of these stories fit a wider narrative of the glory of war and the brutality of the Red Army, yet in the space of the home, with more intimate kin and friends, the stories became more individualised and focused more on the direct experiences of the storyteller.

Carole Kidron writes of her surprise when, unexpectedly, her interviewee Michelle gets up from the table and returns with a spoon, informing her that it belonged to her mother. Aware that she was missing something Kidron responds with bemused interest, to which Michelle, smiling, explains "this was my mother's spoon in Auschwitz. This is what she ate with, you know, *the soup"* (2012: 11 emphasis in original). Kidron is taken aback by this, and more so when Michelle explains that her mother fed her oatmeal using this spoon. Kidron's initial reaction is a feeling that this spoon, despite its day-to-day functionality, carries an association with the Holocaust that means that it is inscribed with exceptional meaning. Upon reflection Kidron states:

> *rather than being displayed behind glass in frozen sites and times of memory, the spoon remains woven into the daily practices of the home so that it may perpetually inscribe within the lived body (Merleau-Ponty, 1962) the sensual experience of survival. The materially constituted and sustained embodied memory of survival, thus tightly interwoven in the everyday domestic social milieu, depicts what Nora (1989) and Halbwachs (1980) term 'lived memory'.*
> (ibid: 12).

The memories contained within Yelyzaveta's photo albums and collected documents inform her relationship with the past and are mediated by the space of the home. Just as the memory of survival is interwoven in the "everyday domestic social milieu" in

Michelle's home, for Yelyzaveta, memories of the war, Soviet abuse and suffering are also entwined in the environment of her home.

A few weeks after visiting her home, I received an email from Yelyzaveta:

I hope you found our discussion in the last week helpful. I have thought about it and I would like to give you some more information as there were things which I missed. I have written my family story for you with the correct dates and with some other information as well and I hope it will be useful for your research.

Attached to the email was a word document which contained a beautifully written account of Ulyana's story accompanied by a scan of the photograph and document she showed me. She had titled the story "Tears of a wounded angel" (*Sl'ozy poranenoho anhela*). Comparing the account Yelyzaveta wrote to the discussion we had in her apartment, sat at the table, flipping through her photo album revealed a clear tension between the "official" family narrative, the one which it is okay to write down and distribute, and the levels of meaning which are conveyed through more than words. The tone and emphasis of the words spoken, the pointed looks and touches which allude to unspoken things are not conveyed in the same way through text. I asked her if she would prefer me to use this written account rather than the interview, wondering if that was her motivation for sending it. The following day I received a reply stating that she was happy for me to use both, and that she had just wanted to confirm the dates and factual information.

The interview had been an interesting one which was intimate and revealing. The words, stories and images had been deeply emotional. The contrast between written account and the interview illuminated the same tension which exists between fieldwork and writing: how can we translate our experiences and encounters in fieldwork to the

page? The home is a space where history can be felt in all of its intimate and raw detail and Yelyzaveta allowed me a glimpse of that. This interaction between the outward facing and inward facing memories and stories confirms that the home is an important space for exploring in relation to memory, to examine the accounts which have been preserved and protected.

The motivation for sharing family stories is multiple and complex, shaped by the years that stretch between then and now, with pieces added and taken away in response to events of the present. This takes place in the home and young people learn to navigate the different silences and absences which exist around certain periods of history and certain memories. Yelyzaveta told me about the things which her grandmother was comfortable talking about and the things which she brushed over, skilfully replicating the same action that her mother had employed when she didn't want to talk about something; touching briefly on it before quickly moving on, leaving a very present silence. These silences caused Yelyzaveta to use her imagination, accompanied by the archival work that her mother had been doing, to try and flesh out the gaps in her grandmother's story. It is in these acts of imagination that the history learned outside of the family becomes incorporated into retold narratives. Although Ulyana refused to talk about certain things, Yelyzaveta had enough information from history lessons and documents collected by her mother to make an educated guess at the name of the particular prison Ostap had been incarcerated in, the Nazi military division of which the tearful soldier had been a part and so on. This filling in of the gaps using internet searches, found documents and more general historical knowledge is one of the many ways that family memory and official history become inextricably entwined.

Between the inside and the outside.

Tensions emerge between the official state historical account and family histories through the telling of these stories. These tensions rise to the surface when children go to school and learn a version of history which may not correlate with the history they have learned at home, something which Tanya Richardson (2004, 2008) explores in schools in L'viv, Kharkiv and most extensively in Odesa, noting that "[i]n Ukraine there are complex flows of knowledge among different contexts – particularly, but not only, between schools and domestic spaces" (2008:42). Foucault theorised about the role of education in the production of political subjects yet, as Richardson argues, the complex and contradictory ways in which Ukrainians in different regions experienced historical events complicates this endeavour, as within the classroom there will be a wide range of differing memories, family histories and personal understandings of the past, among students and also among teachers (2008).

The complexity of the flows of knowledge, as Richardson describes (ibid), is increased when the official historical account itself is in a state of flux. Tornquist-Plewa and Yurchuk's argument that the Ukrainian state has reproduced the Soviet framework of history writing where only one true account exists (2017) resonates with Richardson's assertion, drawing on Foucault, that "discourses on the nation are transmitted through history education in schools to reinforce particular historical knowledge as 'truth' and thus (ought to) 'discipline' students to think about the past in a way that constitutes them as national – 'Ukrainian' – subjects" (2008:41). However, she goes on to state that "multiple coexisting historicities (Soviet, Ukrainian, Russian) […] undermine the formation of students' taken for granted acceptance of a Ukrainian nation-state" (ibid:47).

Whilst the context in which I carried out fieldwork is very different both temporally and geographically, I agree with Richardson's argument that the coexistence of multiple accounts disrupts the process of informing young people's relationship with the national historical account and as a result does not achieve the aim of producing "disciplined" Ukrainian subjects; however, contrary to those in Richardson's case, I would argue that in L'viv there is no question of the acceptance of the existence of a Ukrainian nation-state. In the context of post- Maidan L'viv, the people's conviction in Ukraine's right to self-determination and independence from Russia is stronger than ever and is continually being reinforced through the ongoing Russian involvement in Donbas and Crimea.

Kitchen table stories play a significant role in young people's understandings of their place in the wider arc of history, not only within the family but nationally. Yelyzaveta expressed the importance of sharing these stories now so as to ensure that the lessons of the past are not forgotten. There is a bitterness expressed by many of my participants at the lack of recognition of the suffering of Ukrainians at the hands of the Soviet Union during the *Holodomor* and in the GULAGs. Increasingly this is expressed in a drive for young people to talk about and share their family stories. I would suggest that there is an added dimension to this ability to speak more freely about certain histories; for young people this history is experienced in a different way from the experiences of the earlier generations. Many of the young people whom I interviewed never lived under the Soviet system.

Whilst the older generations can take for granted that their peers have some shared experience of the hardship of socialism which can help to ground certain stories young people need different ways to build a comprehension of the past. Not only do they express this as necessary, they express it in terms of morality. Walter Benjamin in

his essay "Theses on the Philosophy of History" interprets Paul Klee's painting *Angelus Novelus* as follows:

> *Angelus Novus shows an angel looking as though he is about to move away from something he is fixedly contemplating. His eyes are staring, his mouth is open, his wings are spread. This is how one pictures the angel of history. His face is turned toward the past. Where we perceive a chain of events, he sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage and hurls it in front of his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and make whole what has been smashed, but a wind is blowing from Paradise; it has got caught in his wings with such violence that the angel can no longer close them.* (2007 [1969])

This might offer us a metaphor for thinking about the necessity of learning from the past as expressed by my participants. To avoid the catastrophic events which have shaped the past, they have a moral obligation to learn from the history of their families as well as of the nation in order to prevent the atrocities of the past being repeated. Despite this, there is the added complication that all families have different stories, and while some are publicly represented by the state account, others are rendered invisible. Along with this is the understanding that what constitutes the atrocities of the past is not always shared, particularly when it concerns the actions of the Ukrainian nationalists. This is where the intersection between collective memory and individual or family memory becomes especially pertinent, and complicated.

Rebecca Solnit offers a response to Benjamin in the form of the "Angel of Alternate History", inspired by the classic film *It's a Wonderful Life* where the angel Clarence shows the despairing protagonist what the world would have looked like had he not been in it, what Solnit articulates as "the only sure way to measure the effect of our acts, the one we never get" (2016: 71). Drawing upon this she analyses the impact

of movements whose successes are measured by things which *do not* happen such as environmental victories: "the land wasn't annexed by the army, the mine didn't open, the road didn't cut through" (ibid). These victories, she argues, are "invisible except through storytelling" (ibid). This is where the Angel of Alternate history emerges:

> *Benjamin's angel tells us history is what happens, but the Angel of Alternate History tells that our acts count, that we are making history all the time, because of what doesn't happen as well as what does.* (ibid).

The morality embedded in the stories passed down the generations is twofold. There is the obligation to know, to grasp what happened. But there is also the obligation to learn, for your actions to be shaped and directed by this knowing. This could be in the form of continuing to tell the stories, to ensure that they are not forgotten, but it could also be in the form of participating in movements such as the Maidan, inspired by those who came before and understanding that "our acts count".

Rubie Watson argues:

> *[Under state socialism] small acts of sometimes private, sometimes public, unsanctioned acts of remembrance kept alive memories and histories that produced and were produced by this shadow world. Our examination of memory and secret histories takes on an added significance when we consider that many of these unapproved rememberings are now the stuff of which new histories and new states are being created* (1994:4).

The writing of history in many post-Soviet countries is seen as a method of retrieving the nation's past from being forgotten and also as a way of shaping the national consciousness of future generations (Witeska-Młynarczyk, 2014). It works in response to the legislated and enforced forgetting which took place during the Soviet period. This

allowed stories and memories which had been confined to the home to be spoken publicly, for the experiences of those who lived them to be recognized and, in some cases, celebrated as heroes. This, however, becomes especially complicated when the history being written is one as contested as that of Ukraine, the former Soviet Union and satellite states. There are few groups in Ukraine with a legacy as contested as that of the OUN and the UPA and many in my fieldsite agree that the OUN, and the UPA especially, are heroes, although there are those who dispute that. While historians, politicians and the Institute for National Memory debate the writing of the "correct" historical account, families and individuals grapple with memory both lived and received, a past which will "neither fade away nor be integrated in to the present" (Hirsch, 1997).

Confining these memories to the home allows for an element of choice in how and when these stories are engaged with as well as a space to engage them in. The way these memories are stored varies between different homes and different families. Whilst many of the people who I worked with have specific photo albums in specific places where they keep photos and clippings, there are other people who are far more regimented in the way they keep their record straight. The next section introduces a man who was an important person in my life during fieldwork and with whom I still exchange letters. Over the years of his life he has collected and stored thousands of items which document the history of L'viv and he keeps them in very precise order in one room of his home.

Andriy: The Unofficial Archive.

My first meeting with Andriy was in a coffee shop named *Svit Kavu*. We sat at a small round table next to the second-floor window which looked out on to one of L'viv's many cathedrals with its barred, stained glass windows and snow resting in the nooks

and crannies of its intricately tiled roof and on the windowsills. After exchanging initial greetings and introductions he sat while I ordered coffee and cake, before sitting down to talk properly.

Andriy was in his mid-to-late eighties, uncommonly tall. He holds himself with great poise, straight upright with his shoulders back and head high. He has shining blue eyes where his smile first appears before arriving at the corners of his mouth. He is always impeccably turned out in a dark jumper, shirt and tie except on special occasions when he wears an embroidered *vyshyvanka*. The only time I saw him in slightly more informal attire was when I helped him plant some flowers in pots for his balcony. The day we met for coffee in *Svit Kavu* he was wearing a dark burgundy jumper, a blue checked shirt and dark grey tie, sitting at a small round wooden table, drinking black coffee and eating a slice of Napoleon cake with a tiny silver fork. We talked about how I was finding L'viv and how I was settling in and I admitted that I was feeling a little disrupted in the moments when I found myself at a loss for what to do. He nodded with a knowing smile and told me the story of when he relocated to Belarus for work in the 1970s, "it was a hard time, I missed my family and I felt like a stranger, even though we were all Soviet it all felt very different".

Andriy attended many public seminars on the history of L'viv, usually sitting close to the back and always asking at least one question. He was simultaneously known and unknown and kept his cards close to his chest, although people knew he had a keen interest in the history of Ukraine and had a vast collection of items connected with this history. After one seminar where a question he asked generated a particularly animated discussion I approached him and introduced myself as a PhD student from London. Standing more than a head taller than me, he looked down at me as he shook my hand and asked what I was researching. I said that I was interested in the memory and history

of the war and communism and he suspiciously asked why I would be interested in that history. A look of understanding passed across his face when I explained my family story. "It's an important history" he said, giving little away.

Sitting at the table in the coffee house I told him that I had heard that he collected documents. "I have my own archive, but it is not an official archive". I asked him to explain what he meant by "unofficial" and he explained that it was just something that he did for himself, that there was no professional or accredited element to this. He seemed wary to show me when I asked if I could see it, unsure of my motivation. I told him that what I wanted was to speak to people, to hear about their memories and stories of these times, but if I could get an opportunity to see his archive it would be an immense privilege. He seemed satisfied by this and said "I will show you, not today, another day. Maybe next week, maybe after…"

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Andriy became a prominent figure in my fieldwork following our initial meetings. He introduced me to many other people who became significant participants and he guided me through some of the more uncertain patches in my fieldwork. He would call me at all hours with small pieces of information or to insist that I cancel my plans to go and see the thing he wanted to show me. He was the first of my participants to call me *nasha Olenka* ("our Elenka") an event which is one of my fondest memories from fieldwork. A few weeks after our meeting in *Svit Kavu* he showed me his unofficial archive. I arrived at his home in the *Pidzamche* district of the city on a cold, sunny afternoon. He welcomed me in, showed me where to leave my boots and hang my coat and offered me a pair of slippers. I presented him with a gift: a Welsh tea towel and English breakfast tea in a tin shaped like a red telephone box. He thanked me warmly before setting about

making coffee in a blackened Turkish coffee maker with just a hint of the copper around the rim indicating its original hue from years ago.

Handing me a small cup of very strong coffee he told me that it was a special kind of coffee from Crimea which he had been made many years previously by a friend who is a Crimean Tatar and he had fallen in love with this way of brewing coffee. While drinking our coffee we chatted and Andriy asked me how my research was going. I said that I had met many interesting young people through a class that my friend taught at the university and that they had told me lots of stories about their grandparents' lives during the war and the Soviet times and that some of them had travelled to Kyiv to participate in Maidan rather than protest in L'viv. "You know, it's terrible how this happened. These things never change", Andriy lamented.

We didn't speak too much more about the topic of Maidan after this. We finished our coffee and he invited me through into his office. One wall was covered with an enormous map of L'viv from the period when it was known as Lwów and was part of Poland. We stood in front of the map, Andriy pointing out familiar locations and noting how the names had changed over the years and how they were now changing once again. "The names change but the places stay the same". The edges of the map had small metal eyelets seemingly for hanging it, it hung there as a reminder of the turbulence of the 20th century, of the legacy of partition and occupation, and of the uncertainty of the future. The room itself had a light parquet floor mostly hidden by a threadbare, red-brown rug with an intricate floral pattern on it. One pale pink wall with a large window with an off-white lace curtain, obscuring the street below. Two walls had floor to ceiling bookshelves. The books were an eclectic collection of history, art and politics in Polish, Ukrainian and German. He pulled *Mein Kampf* down to show me, handing the large pale grey book for me to hold which I took, not wanting to offend. He

watched me expectantly as I sat in a low chair and opened the cover. "It has essays in it which talk about the time when it was written and what happened after" he said earnestly. "I'm sorry, I don't read German" I said, half regretfully, half relieved. He shrugged somewhat indifferently and took the book and placed it back on the highest shelf.

Following this exchange we turned to the bookshelves to examine his "unofficial archive". The shelves were covered with books, framed photos and photo albums; there was nothing about this space that looked different from any other office space on the surface. Photos of his children and grandchildren smiled out from polished frames, a charcoal portrait of a man in a stiff military uniform, slicked hair and moustache looked out surveying the room. Andriy reached out and removed a pale blue photo album covered in pink flowers from its place on the shelf, its spine slightly faded from where the slanted light from the window had fallen on it for many years. He flipped it open and held it out in front of him so I could see its contents. Each plastic wallet intended for photographs contained a newspaper clipping or a number of clippings, a small label made from masking tape stuck to the plastic with the date written in thin slanted

characters. This particular album contained cuttings from 1959, coincidentally the year which Stepan Bandera was assassinated. On the yellowing paper, in small Cyrillic lettering were written stories about military, economic and political events. None stood out as particularly significant at first glance - ordinary articles from an ordinary day in 1959.

"These tell the story of L'viv" Andriy said firmly while gently turning the pages so as not to disrupt the delicate paper within the sleeves - the strength of his words contrasted with the fragility of the album. I asked what made him choose the different clippings, what made that clipping worth saving rather than another one. He explained to me that these were so he knew what was true. "But how can you know from a Soviet newspaper what is true and what is not?" I asked. "Because when they change their story, I can go back and prove that what I know they said they said". Looking up at the shelf there were too many albums to count with no sense of what was protected by the covers and the cellophane within, each one working to conceal Andriy's carefully kept treasures. It seemed to me that one of the purposes of this collection was to support his own narrative of the past, to go back to refer to when facts or things changed, to ground himself. In a country where the historical account has changed so many times, silences imposed, others lifted and active attempts at enforcing forgetting are taking place, in declaring his collection an "unofficial archive" what is Andriy saying about the nature of the stories preserved in plastic in his home?

Collections form part of the process of remembering activating "moments from the past in the present" (Mavlian, 2014), never remaining static, being shaped by new events taking place which alter the lens through which the past is viewed. Grounding his understanding of the past in these albums of documents and photos provides a sense of continuity which is absent in the shifting historical accounts, some of which are

diametrically opposed. While the official accounts over the years have focused on the big narratives of painful, contested histories such as the legacy of the UPA and the *Holodomor*, the documents contained in Andriy's unofficial archive tell many different stories, each one self-contained yet also contributing to the whole. The day to day events which revolved around everyday people, while the war of ideologies raged between the leaderships of the nationalists and the communists, the lives of their members and those caught in between were shaped and sometimes shattered by the policies and conflicts taking place. The account which is told by the documents which Andriy has saved all of these years and continues to add to is formed from narratives produced by both Soviet and anti-Soviet publications and, following independence, by both pro-Western and pro-Russian publications.

In making the choice of what is worth preserving he is active in constructing the narrative told by his collection. He explained that he chooses the articles to save based on theme rather than political affiliation and focuses primarily on discussions of the war, communism and political change, essentially on narratives which are particularly susceptible to change such as the OUN, the UPA and the Holodomor. By collecting and keeping articles concerning these topics it is possible to build a narrative not only of the events as they were reported at the time, but it is also to also trace the moments where narratives changed and, when this occurs, cross reference them with the reporting which took place at the time. This provides the security of being able to support your own recollections with archival evidence, albeit evidence published in newspapers which were written with political agendas. With the benefit of a historical lens it is possible to also interrogate what was published taking into account things which emerged in the years and decades following publication. The collage of stories and histories created offer a kaleidoscopic view of history, just as place refracts history in Richardson's

(2008) work, here Andriy's archive refracts history, offering multiple accounts and the possibility of multiple interpretations.

It is important to emphasise the risk Andriy was taking in collecting these documents during the Soviet times. While keeping cuttings from official newspapers was no crime, he showed me multiple pamphlets and newsletters which had been produced by the Ukrainian underground including leaflets for Christmas and Easter with declarations such as: "From house to house, from hand to hand, CHRIST HAS RISEN – AS UKRAINE WILL RISE" (*Z khaty do khaty, z ruk do ruk. KHRYSTOS VOSKRES – VOSKRESNE I UKRAÏNA²*). Had they been found they would have put him at serious risk particularly during the period when the UPA were actively engaging in guerrilla warfare with the Soviet Union. During this period L'viv was governed by the Soviet Union but the OUN and UPA had established a shadow government across an area of 160,000 square kilometers which was home to more than 10 million people (Zhukov, 2007). This existence of two different governments in the same space caught citizens in a double bind. On the Soviet front deportations to the GULAGs or to Kazakhstan were commonplace and whole families could be deported. On the UPA side show killings took place as reprisal for working with/for the Soviets and informing on the nationalist underground and were often brutal and very public so as to act as a deterrent to other Ukrainians (Burds, 1997). It was in this context which Andriy started collecting and the gaps in his archive are rare and coincide with the period where he worked in Belarus during the 1970s and was unable to collect and archive newspapers, pamphlets and leaflets.

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2 7 This was from an Easter leaflet produced in the late 1940s.

Andriy transformed his office into a receptacle for history and memory, although he would not refer to it as memory. When I referred to it as a space for memory he strongly rebuked me and stated: "This is so memory is not necessary. Memory isn't correct like history, this is so when you remember something small you can check and see what happened". We clearly had (and still have) differing ideas of the relation between memory and history and it has been a topic of conversation between us since we first met and will continue to be a point of contention. Andriy seems to consider it a moral duty to maintain this archive and this duty seems to have a number of purposes. He has stated to me on a number of occasions that it is so later generations can know what happened and how it was written about, yet he guards his collection carefully and only allows certain people access. His criterion for access seems to be motivation: what is the person's motivation for wanting to see it? Is it some form of morbid curiosity, or is it a search for some sort of meaning in or understanding of what took place? My impression is that there is another layer to Andriy's collection and its role in his life, a layer that is privately guarded and which I have only been permitted to glimpse a handful of times.

Despite the huge amount of time Andriy invests in his collection he rarely looks through his albums. Connerton argues that "the control of a society's memory largely conditions the hierarchies of power" (1989:1). Soviet control over "what is said to have happened" (Trouillot, 1995: 2) allowed for the account to be manipulated multiple times, with the narrative shifting continuously. This resulted in a sense of uncertainty akin to 'gas lighting', with citizens' understanding of "what happened" not aligning with "what is said to have happened", which generates confusion in memory. However "control over memory and time is never total … [u]napproved memories of the past create and are created" (Watson, 1994:67), and I would argue that Andriy's act of creating an archive is a deeply personal one and the act of shaping a narrative has

shaped him in return. He is keeping his own record straight, providing a space of certainty where his own narrative can be located. They sit on the shelf silently, behind the photos of his growing and changing family, and I believe he finds comfort in knowing they are there, all of his carefully collected stories within his reach. This is why, in the years following independence when the risk was lifted, he has maintained a tight control over access to his archive and continues to conceal it in faded floral photo albums on the shelves of his office in his home. It is so effectively camouflaged within the domestic space that a visitor would have no idea of the troves of memory protected by thin sheets of plastic only an arm's length away.

Feeling the past.

Moutu writes "there is nothing continuous with loss experienced except the memory of that loss" (2007:97). Yelyzaveta and Andriy are just two examples of participants whose lives have been moulded by events which refuse to settle, which are alive in the imaginations and memories of them and their families. Andriy's archive acts to guard against the loss of the past, against it being wrenched from his grasp like a rug being pulled out from beneath him. Yelyzaveta told me that she mourns the loss of relatives who died decades before her birth because she knows the circumstances of their untimely deaths, and the ghosts of those lost live inside the photo albums that sit behind the photo frames and other paraphernalia on her family shelves. Her image of her great-grandmother is shaped by the memories and stories elicited by the images and documents collected and carefully stored in her home, informed by the memories of previous generations. Yelyzaveta encountered and got to know Ulyana through the combined efforts and memories of her mother and grandmother. Hirsch describes post-memory being generated by "events which can neither be understood nor recreated" (1997:22) yet that does not stop people from attempting just that. These traumatic

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memories live in the scraps of paper inscribed with Cyrillic in faded flowery photo albums, and in soft, worn photographs in red leather albums, small windows into a past that can never be fully reached.

The home is not only a container for objects and artefacts which pertain to a particular past. It is a space which allows for history and memory to be felt intimately, for unknown relatives to be mourned and for trauma to be grappled with. For both Yelyzaveta and Andriy this past will "neither fade away nor be integrated into the present" (ibid:40) and is repeatedly activated by the political turbulence which continues to shape Ukraine. The narratives which live in the home are entwined with the history which exists outside of the home, and which is currently disrupted by the new memory laws. A common response to such disruption, as I have observed, is to retreat into the past, to mobilise memories which are acquired in the home to make sense of the present and to imagine the future. These memories are invoked when topics such as Maidan, Crimea or the War are brought up, and in L'viv they are often a platform on which a shared understanding can be reached. Not a shared understanding of the OUN or the UPA or any of the other events which are continually contested, but a shared investment in the past.

The collections of objects in the home, and the arrangement of the domestic space is significant in how memories are passed on to later generations and how postmemory is formed. Yet the process of collections is not confined to the home or private spaces. There are many different sites of memory located across the city that are involved in the process of curating objects to communicate a particular account of the past, usually the official one. The dialogue between private family memory and official narratives has been touched upon, and the next chapter will unpack five different sites of memory as places where personal and public narratives meet and inform one another.

Sites of memory.

And all this mourning has veiled the truth. It's not so much lest

we

forget, as lest we remember. Because you should realise [...]

there's no better way of forgetting something than by

commemorating it.

Alan Bennett, The History Boys.

L'viv is a city of many museums. There is a post office museum, a pharmacy museum, a museum of ancient history, the ethnographic museum, the museum of ideas and many more. There are other sites of official commemoration such as monuments and parks where the official historical narrative is presented. Alongside these sites of official commemoration there are "emotional restaurants", also known as "museum-restaurants"; these different restaurants select a piece of L'viv's history and construct their theme around it, transforming the past into an interactive, literally consumable experience. These spaces represent multiple different techniques of surfacing memories, claiming a stake in certain histories and making assertions in relation to history. These sites are also places where different understandings and interpretations of the past come in to contact; intimate personal memories intersecting with the officially crafted account. This chapter will present five ethnographic portraits of two museums, one memorial and two museum-restaurants all located in the city of L'viv. One of the

museums is built on the site of atrocities committed by the Nazis and the Soviets and constitutes what Violi would define as a "trauma site museum", and the other is a purpose-built museum (2012). The memorial is located on a street in L'viv but is attached to a building which was formerly a Soviet prison and, arguably, occupies a liminal space between the "trauma site" and present-day L'viv. And finally, the emotional restaurants are located in the centre of L'viv with one overlooking another "trauma site" who's history is closely linked with the theme of the restaurant. The different sites discussed in this chapter challenge Violi's categorisation of "trauma sites" and "trauma site museums".

Violi makes a distinction between purpose-built museums such as Yad Vashem in Jerusalem, and museums built on or within sites of atrocity such as the Auschwitz Memorial Museum. Whilst she acknowledges that such a distinction does not encompass all museums and that there can be overlap, she argues that this distinction is useful to think through the features which characterise these spaces. She argues that "trauma sites" are defined by their indexical link to past traumatic events and confines those events to specific, bounded sites such as prisons, or specific locations (ibid: 38). This poses the question, however, if these are "trauma sites" how might we define what lies outside the boundaries of these sites? In a city such as L'viv where layers of memory and trauma are inscribed in the landscape, defining these spaces is perhaps more challenging. There are sites, such as the former prison on *Lonts'koho* street where the NKVD massacred thousands of prisoners, where specific traumatic events took place, but there are also many traumatic events which took place on the street and infuse the cityscape itself with memory[3]. Violi argues that the visitors of trauma site museums are situated "between memory, awe and 'dark tourism'" (ibid, 40). This is certainly the

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[3] The chapter following this one will discuss the space of the city.

case for some of the sites which I will discuss in this chapter. This chapter engages with different methods of presenting history at these sites and asks what truth claims are made and how do they compete for space and legitimacy? Who engages with them and how? What stories are presented and which obscured? How does L'viv tell its history through these different sites and through the interactions of different people, spaces and monuments?

Different sites of memory make different demands of the viewer as "consumers of history", ranging from what might be considered more conventional methods of presenting history such as written narratives and displays in museums which are presented as neutral, to memorial museums located in trauma sites which promise authenticity by taking the visitor to original sites of atrocity, to memorials which recall (or fail to recall) experiences of victims, to sites such as museum-restaurants where a sanitised, folklorised version of history can literally be consumed. These different sites require different levels of reading between the lines or imaginative construction on the part of the viewer and evoke different emotional responses in those whose histories are represented (or not) by these spaces.

The museum and the map.

There is a museum on *Ploshcha Rynok,* the central square in L'viv, with a labyrinth of halls containing artefacts pertaining to different periods of L'viv's history. The number of objects contained within the cabinets, and documents on the walls, is overwhelming. The walls behind the displays are wallpapered with posters, documents, images and propaganda, with certain items foregrounded against the collage. Claude Lévi-Strauss describes bricolage as the task of linking or relinking a limited set of materials to build something new (1966). This museum combines objects and artefacts from Soviet and Ukrainian archives, private collections, and other museum collections to build the

narrative of the history of L'viv, situating it within the wider history of Ukraine creating a collection that is greater than the sum of its parts. It was in this museum, encased in its own wooden and glass cabinet, with a Nazi helmet and rifle sat upon it, that I first saw a Nazi flag, an unexpectedly affecting moment. I realised that I had only ever seen images before and the real object was profoundly disturbing.

Sherry Turkle states that "we live our lives in the middle of things. Material culture carries emotions and ideas of startling intensity" (2011: 6) whether in relation to objects in museums, family objects in the home, or moments where an object takes you by surprise. As you move through the different rooms of the museum, you move along the timeline, encountering the Western Ukrainian People's Republic and an enormous bust of Symon Petliura, the president of the short-lived Republic and head of its army, before reaching the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact and the annexation of Western Ukraine by the USSR. Continuing through the rooms which tell the story of the Nazis, the Second

World War and, in one small corner, the Holocaust, you arrive at a room which focuses on the Soviet times and more specifically, Soviet oppression. On one side of this room, standing underneath a tall window, is a map. This map is slanted at an angle so the viewer can lean out over it and examine the different sections. It shows the Soviet Union, a great mass with snaking borders which denote the different republics and regions. Across the map are small red bulbs, contrasting starkly against the monochrome of the map. Next to the map sat a woman whom I would come to know well over the following months.

Her name was Sveta and she had worked invigilating the museum since she had retired from her job as an administrator. She spends her days sat near to a large window in the room of Soviet oppression engaging visitors in conversation and asking what they know about the GULAGs. She then directs attention to the lights on the map explaining that each red bulb represented a GULAG during the Soviet times. On our first meeting I suggested that I introduce myself and tell her a little about the work that I was doing in L'viv and she could tell me a little about herself. I explained to her what my project was about and that I was interested in gathering stories about the war, the Soviet times and the way that this past is remembered and connected with what is going on now.

Sveta's whole family had been involved in the Maidan protests. Their involvement began with her grandson who had gone to Maidan for the student protests and when things escalated her whole family had been drawn in, taking it in turns to travel from L'viv to Kyiv, swapping places with the family members who would be returning. She talked passionately about how the Maidan was started by students and young people, and how the older generations joined them later to protect them but also to look to the future. I shared with her that I had Ukrainian heritage and that my whole family had been following the events of Maidan from the UK and keeping in touch with

family members who were in Ukraine. She then asked me how my family came to be in the UK and I told her that my grandparents had been slave labour for the Nazis and managed to get to the UK after liberation rather than return to the Soviet Union and face the possibility of the GULAGs. At this point she reached out and grasped my hand tightly and we sat in silence for a moment, a sense of unspoken things hovering between us.

Following this first meeting I would visit the museum regularly, pay the 10-hryvnia student entrance fee and go and chat with her about the history of Ukraine, her family, her memories of childhood and her mother. Many of our conversations would orbit the topic of the GULAGs. It wasn't that it was a topic which was off limits, far from it, yet there was always a present silence, words which remained unsaid. Sveta would sit in front of the window next to the map, greeting all who passed through the museum and directing them to the worn, yellow plastic folders which contained printouts of information sheets in Ukrainian and English. Her greying blonde hair always perfectly combed, she would wear smart trousers and a warm jumper with a floral scarf around her shoulders. Her blue eyes would light up with a smile whenever someone was interested in the exhibits. She especially enjoyed when young people came to see the displays, saying to me on more than one occasion "it's so good to see young people who care about history. It is so important that we know the things that happened". Her generosity and genuine warmth towards everyone who came through were infectious.

The map of the locations of the GULAGs was one of Sveta's central focuses and she always directed the attention of visitors towards it, telling stories of deportations and terror, and recommending that everyone read Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*. I visited one morning, bringing with me a bar of chocolate as a gift. She was sat in her

usual chair with a flask of tea on the windowsill next to her. I had picked a Thursday morning to come and see her as I was relatively certain it would be quiet and there would be few visitors. I told her that I wanted to talk about the map in some more detail as I had heard so many stories about the GULAGs now, and that I wanted to know the importance of the map to her personally. She pointed to a small cluster of red LED bulbs on the eastern edge of the map, near to Vladivostok. "This is where my mother was sent". It was from here that her story began and wove its way across Europe, illuminating the reasons why Sveta felt so strongly about telling the history of the GULAGs and making sure that people saw the map.

> *My mother was taken to Germany during the war. She worked on a farm for the Germans. When she got out she was in a DP camp run by the English and she met my father and they had me. They wanted to go to America, they knew that they would be punished if they returned to the Soviet Union. They decided to try and get to the American zone as they had no agreement with the Soviets to send us back. My father managed to escape to the American side and said he would come back for us but we never saw him again. My mother and I were sent back to Ukraine when I was three and I was sent to live with my mother's sister. My mother was sent to a GULAG in central Russia and was then moved to the east. No-one that I know who was sent to the east ever came back. My mother died there, I never saw her again.*

Sveta had spoken clearly and calmly throughout the telling of this story, but as she reached the end her voice broke and tears filled her eyes. She cleared her throat, turned to me and asked "have you read Solzhenitsyn?", "I haven't, I know his story but I haven't read his book" I responded, feeling unexpectedly guilty. "You must read it! It's all true, it's what happened!"

This reminded me of my grandmother's insistence that I read *Babi Yar: A Document in the Form of a Novel* by Kuznetsov as it was the story of "what really happened" in the ravine in Kyiv. Kuznetsov himself begins the novel with this statement:

> *This book contains nothing but the truth. Whenever I used to tell parts of the story to people they would always, without exception, declare that I ought to turn it all into a book. I have in fact been writing that book for many long years. What might be called the first version was written when I was only fourteen. In those days, when I was just a hungry, frightened little boy, I used to write down in a thick, home-made notebook everything I saw and heard and knew about Babi Yar as soon as it happened. I had no idea why I was doing it; it seemed to me to be something I had to do, so that nothing should be forgotten. […] I am writing this book now without bothering about any literary rules or any political systems, frontiers, censors or national prejudices. I am writing it as though I were giving evidence under oath in the very highest court and I am ready to answer for every single word. This book records only the truth-AS IT* REALLY HAPPENED. (1970: 1-2)

The emphasis on "what really happened" is something which has been emphasised to me countless times during my fieldwork, by friends and participants. There is a desperate need to hammer home the truthfulness of the stories told orally, those represented in museums, history books, films and novels. For my participants such as Sveta the connection of individual stories with other representations of suffering and trauma seems to be aimed at reinforcing those narratives and deepening understanding. I would argue that this understanding is not limited to knowledge of the facts, it seems to me that it is far more important that the listener is seen to be *feeling* what is said as well

as hearing it; that in retracing the steps of a story the listener is truly walking alongside them.

I asked Sveta if her and her mother's story was why she not only worked in this museum but in this specific room. "Of course, it is so important to tell this story, we can't forget what the Soviets did to us. More Ukrainians died in the GULAGs than anyone else, but that doesn't get talked about". The individual stories of different events, the details unique yet also intimately recognisable, demonstrate the way in which the lives of so many were shaped, transformed and destroyed by what is now written as history.

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The museum is a space where these histories are encountered, and stories are told. The women who work in these museums offer more than just the directions to the next room, they tell stories and provide a lens through which to view the exhibits. Whilst many I spoke to characterise history as objective "truth" there is also a clear understanding that history is also inherently political. These two things seem incompatible, but another invigilator of the museum explained to me that lies have been told using history and that it is their job to tell the "correct version". The telling of this "true" version of history is therefore a political act as it is counteracting the false account which was propagated by the Soviet state. The collections of objects in the museum are animated by stories which accompany them; however, this is complicated by the fact that some of the stories which accompany the objects at times contradict each other. Whilst there is a belief that these collections correct the account, the narratives which animate the collections (Moutu, 2007) are entirely personal and subjective. These collections, like those which came before them, tell a story which is infused with political, familial and personal allegiances and motivations. In recognising

this I am not saying that they do not have value. However, as pointed out earlier, in some ways they reproduce the same "Soviet" dynamic of history production by replacing one dominant account with another, as Törnquist-Plewa and Yurchuk suggest (2017), and in doing so are obscuring other stories and experiences.

Andrew Moutu (2007) draws a connection between the assembly of collections, the experience of loss and the potential of collections not only to exist as a representation of a period of time but also to act to bring people together to share recollections or accounts of that time. In the case of this museum in L'viv, the collections of objects represent the 'corrected account' of Ukrainian and more specifically L'viv's history, but they also act as a catalyst for the telling of personal stories. The family stories which are elicited animate the collections of objects in multiple, sometimes divergent ways. Objects can be experienced as retaining something of their previous owners in them (Mauss, 1990 [1950]); I would argue that this is through the stories associated with these objects. Moutu describes Gregory Bateson's purchase of Iatmul flutes, known to the Iatmul as "birds". He describes the Iatmul's distress at the fact that the birds would not be able to "sing" as Bateson did not possess the required knowledge to make them sing. Moutu argues that, for the Iatmul, the flutes themselves are not important if they cannot be "animated" by the knowledge of how to play them (2007: 104-105). The stories told in association with the collections in these museums animate the objects in intimately specific ways.

In Sveta's case the map of the locations of the GULAGs allows her to act on the pain and the loss of her mother and provides the possibility for her to assert some form of agency over events which she had no control. This map activates the memories of her loss but also allows her to act on it in the form of storytelling. Whilst she keeps the story of her mother close to her chest she tells other stories which humanise the history of the

GULAGs, providing some form of face for the nameless. Michael Jackson asserts that "in telling a story with others one reclaims some sense of agency, recovers some sense of purpose, and comes to feel that the events that overwhelmed one from without may be brought within one's grasp" (2013:52-3). In telling stories and associating the stories of Solzhenitsyn with the map and with this history she is compelling those with whom she interacts to *feel* the history as she does.

Sherry Turkle describes "objects as companions to our emotional lives or provocations to thought" (2011: 5). The map in the museum accompanies the emotions of loss and grief which Sveta feels in relation to her mother, while also depicting larger history of the GULAGs and the Soviet penal system. The history of the GULAGs and the deportation and persecution of political dissidents is one which is particularly present in L'viv, seen as it is as the hub of Ukrainian nationalism in the 1940s, and it is felt intimately and collectively. When I had first met students at the university, inviting them to participate in my research, almost half of them had told me that they had at least one grandparent who had been "sent to Siberia". Whilst narratives of oppression juggle for space at the museum on *Ploshcha Rynok,* there are other museums where such narratives are central to their very identity such as at the converted prison on *Lonts'kiy* street.

Tyurma na Lonts'koho

The prison on *Lonts'kiy* Street or *Tyurma na Lonts'koho* is a memorial museum located at 1 Stepan Bandera street. The museum itself is an old prison which was used at different times by the Poles, the Nazis and the Soviets up until its closure in 1991. Following the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact the prison was run by the NKVD and used to imprison, torture and execute Ukrainian nationalists and political dissidents. In the summer of 1941 when the Nazi army was approaching the NKVD massacred

approximately 1,000 prisoners in the prison, and 4,000 in total across all the prisons in the city before their retreat. After occupying the city, the Nazis discovered the bodies, some of which had been buried in a mass grave in the prison and the others which had been left in the cells. Jewish prisoners of the Nazis were forced to move all of the bodies out to the courtyard, Ukrainian families were invited in to search for their relatives and identify the bodies and the entire process was documented by Nazi photographers and film cameras. This footage was utilised by the Nazis to make a propaganda film condemning the actions of the Soviets and encouraging Ukrainians to support the Third Reich. Simultaneously the Gestapo took control of the prison and used it to imprison, torture and kill Ukrainians, Poles and Jews who resisted Nazi occupation. Following the liberation of the city by the Red Army the NKVD and then the KGB re-took control of the prison and recommenced their actions there up until independence in 1991.

When I first visited *Tyurma na Lonts'koho* I met pani Liliya, who offers guided tours in Ukrainian and English language for visitors to the prison. She greeted me at the entrance and when I introduced myself in Ukrainian as a PhD researcher from London she switched to English and welcomed me in. We entered the first room of the museum, an entrance hall where prisoners would have been required to wait under guard before being processed and sent to their cells. The walls of this room were painted half green, half cream with large boards with photos and textual information detailing famous prisoners, the history of the liberation struggle and the actions that Ukrainian nationalists committed for which they had been imprisoned there.

All of the information was in Ukrainian but on A4 print out sheets there was some English language information. Liliya explained to me that it was important to have some English language information as it should be a priority to teach about the oppression of the Ukrainian people to as many people as possible and that if the

information is only in Ukrainian then only those who read Cyrillic and understand Slavic languages would have any comprehension of what the museum is about. These information boards also included images of documents produced by the Nazis once they had discovered the massacre which had taken place in the prison. Grainy black and white images of rows of corpses were layered with the copies of these documents providing painful illustration for the information written in small black type-script: "The documents prove what happened. Everything which is written here is true and the documents prove it". On other boards there were portraits of many of the Ukrainian political prisoners who were tortured and executed in the prison, accompanied by details of the political activities that they had been involved in. Liliya at this point turned to me and said clearly and firmly "the Soviets said they were terrorists but they never were terrorists, they did political assassinations. The Soviets said that the UPA killed citizens but that's not true. The NKVD dressed up like UPA and killed people to try and turn them against the UPA".

Moving on from this room you arrive at a corridor with many cells branching off on either side. It is here that the death row cells were located, designed to deprive the prisoner totally of all sensory experience before their death. A couple of these cells have been left in their original state so that visitors to the museum can see for themselves the brutality of the prison system. Other rooms such as the office of the NKVD guards include the original holding cell, desk, chair and cabinet. The preservation of the space as close to what it would have been like when it was a functioning prison is aimed at offering the visitor an authentic glimpse into life in the prison from the perspective of a Ukrainian prisoner. Violi argues that Trauma Site Museums maintain

> *an embodied memory of the actual agent that caused them. The past they reveal*
> *to us is not a reconstruction or a 're-evocation' of what is no more, as is the*

case in more commonplace museums or memorials, but something more cogent,

something they have directly witnessed*: these places are themselves* testimonies

of the past (2012: 39, emphasis in original)

The doors to the preserved cells are closed and locked, with the small observation hatches opened to offer the visitor a view inside. Inside one of them the cracked and uneven concrete floor holds a lopsided metal bedframe. The plaster at the base of the wall is crumbling away to reveal the broken bricks beneath. Liliya tells me that a cell like this was, at times, used to house as many as thirteen men at a time, with one bed and little more than standing room. The next cell along was a death row cell, the hatch opened into dark nothingness. The small black square emanated an oppressive silence which was far more effective at evoking a sense of the terror inflicted on prisoners in the hours, minutes and seconds before the end of their lives than the sight of the cell itself. The inability to see what lies beyond the door of the cell other than darkness, despite the logical assumption that it holds a cell almost identical to the previous one, demands an imaginative engagement with the horror of the past. The absence of the content of the cell, and the silence reverberating through the hatch forces the visitor to not only consider what literally lies beyond the door, but to image what it was like to be faced with what this cell meant. (Barthes, 1986; Assman, 1999). In this sense, returning to Violi, it could be argued that the darkness within the cell acts as the witness and is itself a testimony of this past.

Each of the remaining cells is dedicated to a different aspect of the history of the prison and related to different events which took place within its walls. Some are dedicated to showing examples of Soviet propaganda, some document the numbers of dead, and two are dedicated to the massacre of June 1941 showing the photographs and newspaper cuttings from that time, and another showing a projection of the Nazi film played on a loop with footage of distraught women and families moving between the bodies searching for their loved ones. Encountering this footage on the site where it happened while also knowing by and about whom, how and why it was produced provokes a strong combination of emotions which is further compounded by the fact that the building is in relatively the same condition that it was while it still functioned as a prison.

> *To remember is, more and more, not to recall a story but to be able to call up a picture. [...] Narratives can make us understand. Photographs do something else: they haunt us* (Sontag, 2004: 80)

Something I have considered when writing this chapter is whether to include the images of the cells where the photographs and footage of the aftermath of the massacre are shown. Although the pictures of these cells provide a good sense of the experience of encountering these images, I feel that in showing these images there is the risk of reproducing some problematic power dynamics in relation to images of suffering. In addition to this, the fact that these images were produced by Nazis adds another layer to the politics of re-using them. I am concerned that in including images of the images of the violence, suffering and death inflicted by the NKVD would undermine the power of these images, implying that the only way we can relate to suffering is by seeing visual representations of it.

The narrative produced by the museum as a whole, while it does mention deaths of Poles and Jews, is primarily focused on the suffering of Ukrainians. At the end of one of the corridors in the prison there is a wall of names, all written in Cyrillic. The majority of them are Ukrainian, although there is archival evidence that many Poles and Jews were also killed within the walls of the prison. One possible reason for the lack of discussion of Jewish victims may be the fact that a common propaganda technique used by the Nazis was to associate the crimes of communists with the Jews, with the Bolshevik Jew being a common anti-Semitic stereotype deployed. As such, the massacre of approximately 7,000 Ukrainians at *Tyurma na Lonts'koho,* and the prisons on *Brygidki* and *Zamarstynivs'ka,* have been cited as one of the triggers of the L'viv Pogroms which took place in June and July 1941 and claimed 4,000 Jewish lives in the first days and culminated in what is known as the "Petliura Days" when 2,000 Jews were killed in late July, 1941 (USHMM, 2011).

Again, this discussion returns to the question of the hierarchy of suffering. When discussing the atrocity of slavery in the United States, Susan Sontag writes that

> *[t]his, it seems, is a memory too dangerous to social stability to activate and create. […] To have a museum chronicling the great crime that was African slavery in the United States would be to acknowledge that the evil was* here. *Americans prefer to picture that evil was* there. (2004: 78-79, emphasis in original)[4]

In Ukraine, there is full knowledge that evil was here, but the evil wasn't *us* it was *them,* whether that is the Soviets, the Nazis or the Polish. At the end of one corridor in the museum there is a large glass panel inscribed with the names of victims of the NKVD

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[4] In the time that has passed since Sontag wrote this such a museum now exists in Washington.

with a wreath of flowers laid at its base. As we stood in front of this wall, reading the

names, Liliya asked me why I was interested in researching Ukraine, to which I

responded that my father is Ukrainian and I grew up with stories of the war. Upon

hearing this she turned and grasped both my hands in hers, looked into my eyes and

emphatically said:

> *The diaspora has to help us! The Russians have so much money and they can*
> *make so much propaganda, but Ukraine has no money and we can't afford our*
> *own propaganda. The diaspora needs to tell the world about what is happening*
> *in Ukraine!*

The war in the east, in this context, is seen as a continuation of decades of struggle

against Russian dominance, and the crimes of the NKVD which are detailed and

evidenced in this museum stand as testament to those atrocities. Sontag writes that

"victims are interested in the representation of their own sufferings. But they want the

suffering to be seen as unique" (2004:100). There is an ongoing negotiation at many

museums and memorials in L'viv in relation to the relationship between Ukrainian

suffering and Jewish suffering. At times it focuses on numbers, which is why the

number of victims of the *Holodomor* is so intensely debated and contested; at other

times it focuses on recognition, with some of my participants questioning why Jewish

suffering is commemorated far more than Ukrainian suffering. All aspects of this

conversation contribute to the issue of competing suffering which is at the core of many

debates surrounding acts of commemoration of the war in L'viv. Considering this in

relation to the history represented in *Tyurma na Lonts'koho,* the absence of Jewish

names from the wall of memory and from the accounts of the events of 1941 contributes

to the perception that for fear of undermining their own victim position Ukrainians are

reluctant to discuss events in which they themselves are complicit (Amar, 2011, 2015).

Silence is one way that this conversation is dealt with and there are areas in L'viv which are infused with silence, which draws attention far more effectively than any inscription.

The empty frame.

In the *Pidzamche* region of L'viv stands a former NKVD prison. Located on *Zamarstynivs'ka* Street, this prison was the site of a massacre like the one which took place at *Tyurma na Lonts'koho* and also at *Brygidki* prison. As mentioned above, these massacres were used for propaganda by the invading Nazi forces to incite the L'viv pogroms and the Petliura Days. Now on the site of the former prison on *Zamarstynivs'ka* there is a memorial. This memorial is dedicated to *"The Victims of Political Repression of 1939-1941"*, focusing specifically on the first period of Soviet occupation following the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact. In contrast to other similar memorials this is remarkably specific about whom this monument commemorates: Ukrainians, Poles and Jews, showing the Ukrainian *Tryzub*[5], the Polish Eagle and the Star of David side by side. The centre of the memorial shows a large cross with barbed wire stretched across it, a contorted body tangled in the wire, simultaneously evoking images of Christ on the cross, and of victims of concentration camps and GULAGs. The walls surrounding the memorial are covered in golden names, each etched into the surface of the stone. This memorial is new; the names are still being added. This is also because not all of the victims have been identified yet. I visited this memorial with a friend, Dmytro, who explained that this memorial is important as it is one of the few to explicitly state that Poles and Jews were also persecuted alongside Ukrainians, rather than just including the names in the lists. This was important, he said, as it showed that there is more which unites the victims of Soviet terror than divides them. This, I felt, was a veiled reference to the violence and ethnic cleansing of the OUN and UPA, the

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[5] The Ukrainian coat of arms – the trident.

collaboration with the Nazis and the civil conflict between the Ukrainians and the Poles. There is an ambiguity with which many people talk when discussing controversial or contested aspects of the past in L'viv, akin to a sort of dance, where you carefully step around one another, attempting to ascertain where the other is speaking from. This ambiguity is a form of "doublespeak" which allows one to claim that what they said was misinterpreted if it emerges that they are speaking from different perspectives. This is something which I encountered many times on fieldwork and something I also participated in, carefully navigating ambiguous conversations. This also emphasised the need, as Ricoeur argues, to pay attention to the "duality of linguistic games" (1973: 98) and, as Cruikshank extrapolates, to make a distinction between what is being *said* and what is being *talked about* (1998: 36). When engaging in conversations about the legacy of the OUN and UPA and the Holocaust, paying attention to the ambiguities in conversation was particularly important.

In front of the memorial there are pillars. Dmytro explained to me that each pillar was dedicated to each group: one for Ukrainians, one for Poles and one for Jews. The Ukrainian pillar used the same golden, Cyrillic script as the rest of the memorial, the Polish pillar had light grey engraved names in Polish, and the Jewish column was absent. In its place stood a metal frame, exactly the size of the column which should be there, outlining its absence.

The empty space inside the frame outlining the absent pillar represented more than the pillar's presence ever could. The contrast between the intention inscribed on the wall and the reality of the empty space highlights the apparent impossibility of representing Ukrainian and Jewish suffering simultaneously. This is one of the major criticisms of *Tyurma na Lonts'koho,* where one people's suffering is obscured by the other's. The empty frame evokes thoughts of the resistance many people had expressed to memorials dedicated to the victims of the Shoah. A little way down the road from this memorial is a children's playground that is built on the site of a destroyed synagogue. All that remains to inform passers-by of what used to be there is a memorial plaque which has been vandalised multiple times so that the word synagogue was effaced, the erasure of the word replicating the erasure of the building it referred to.

The empty space within the frame seemed to share the same quality as the oppressive darkness which reverberated out of the small hatch in the cell door, speaking to the "traumatic events that can neither be understood nor recreated" (Hirsch, 1997:22). This brings to mind the work of Nora (1989), who argues that when memory is externalised or monumentalised it is no longer living. The absence within the frame feels electric, demanding attention. "People wonder why it is said that we don't want to commemorate the Holocaust, but then things like this happen", Dmytro stated wearily. "But this memorial isn't about the Holocaust?" I pointed out, although the absent pillar

had immediately brought my mind to the Holocaust rather than the event the memorial was actually commemorating. "But now it is", he responded, shrugging and jutting his chin towards the pillar. Severin Fowles argues that "packed between the multitudes of self-evident things, are crowds of non-things, negative spaces, lost or forsaken objects, voids or gaps – absences, in other words, that also stand before us as entity-like presences" (2010: 25), going on to make the case that we must attend to these absences and take them as seriously as actors in the world as we might objects. He defines loaded absences as "object-like absences" with "their own particular emotional and semiotic charge" (ibid: 27). The space within the frame carries with it its own emotional charge and invites speculation. Speculation as to why it is absent. Who might have planned it? Is it some sort of cruel joke? Or a case where the consequences of multiple small decisions and bureaucratic mistakes or delays have led to the creation of a monument which represents something far beyond what was intended? This memorial was intended to commemorate the victims of Soviet oppression between 1939-41, and it now draws attention, not only to the annihilated Jewish community, but also to the silence surrounding the Holocaust.

Dmytro and many others to whom I spoke about Holocaust memorials in L'viv and the way that the Holocaust is talked about expressed despair at the political nature of memorials in Ukraine. The political nature of this history erupts in public seminars, conversations over dinner and in chats in museums. It is continually tangled up with the history of suffering and complicity in Ukraine. Primo Levi emphasises the complex entanglement of positionalities which occur after situations of extreme violence and suffering (1986), something which I think sits at the heart of some of the conversations around commemoration and memorialisation in L'viv. As I have already point out, whilst there is a desire for suffering to be seen as unique (Sontag, 2004) it is also somewhat competitive (Amar, 2012). Dmytro told me that he felt that this sense of

competing sufferings undermines any attempt to remember the loss of human life that took place in the city, and until that happens this history would continue to haunt the city and its inhabitants.

The holding of emotions.

The final ethnographic portrait I will present in this chapter concerns "museum-restaurants" or "emotional-restaurants". Emotions are tightly interwoven with this history, something which has not been overlooked by businesses in L'viv. There is a wide range of different establishments which connect their themes and marketing with the history and heritage of the city. None does this more-so than !FEST, a company which runs a chain of restaurants and shops in L'viv. The slogan of !FEST is "the holding of emotions" and its mission statement on its website states that its goal is "[t]o create a unique scope of emotions and impressions, to make: itself, the city, the country and the world better". This section introduces some of the restaurants run by this chain, exploring the techniques they use to "surface memory", how they engage (or not) with the histories they claim to represent and what relationship they have to the museums in L'viv.

The first "emotional restaurant" I visited is called *Kryjivka* meaning "shelter" or "hiding place". It is one of the first of the emotional restaurants in L'viv and takes its name from the forest bunkers that the UPA used during the guerrilla war with the Soviets. This restaurant is an UPA themed restaurant on the main square of the L'viv Old Town, *Ploshcha Rynok.* From the outside there are no signs or indications that there is a bar or restaurant called *Kryjivka.* Accompanied by one of my research participants, Oksana, I entered a hallway and knocked on a door. A small hatch opened and an

elderly man asked us for the password. "*Slava Ukraiini*" we recited. "*Heroyam slava*"[6] came the response before the door opened to reveal him standing there in military uniform, dark grey beard and bright blue eyes. He asked us if we were Russian, we both said that we were not and he asked us to prove it, producing a flask of *horilka*[7], pouring us both a shot and asking us to drink. He explained afterwards that if a Russian was to drink Ukrainian *horilka* he would die. Once we had drunk our shots (and not died) he tugged at a bookcase next to him which swung open to reveal a narrow wooden staircase descending in to the ground. We clambered down the steep stairs and found ourselves in a dark, dimly lit underground space, stone walls propped up by wooden beams and pillars. Suspended from the ceiling were backlit fabric sheets with photos of UPA members and families in the forest. Wooden tables and benches were tightly squeezed in and the waiting staff moved between them skilfully, dressed in military uniforms. On the walls were glass cabinets which held coins and medals produced by and for the UPA and in one corner there was a space where you could dress in an UPA coat, hold a replica gun to have your photo taken. Oksana, who had brought me here, asked me if I wanted to have my photo taken, to which I responded quickly and categorically that I did not. I came to *Kryjivka* only a few weeks into my fieldwork and dressing up as a member of the UPA felt totally inappropriate. She seemed surprised at my strong reaction and asked me if I was sure. I was more measured in my second response but repeated again that I didn't want to dress up and she accepted it. We sat at a small table and opened the menu, the options were all stereotypically Ukrainain: *deruny*[8], *kvass*[9], *borshch* and on one side of the menu a section for dumplings. Most of

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[6] *Slava Ukraiini. Heroyam Slava* is translated as "Glory to Ukraine. Glory to the heroes", and was the official greeting and response of the UPA. It is now commonly heard in Ukraine and was used as a greeting and response by public speakers and the audience at the Maidan demonstrations and has now officially been adopted as the greeting of the Ukrainian military.
[7] Ukrainian vodka or other strong spirit.
[8] Potato pancakes.
[9] Fermented rye drink.

the options under the dumpling section were Ukrainian *varenyky*[10] but at the very

bottom there was a final entry, *pelmeni*[11]. Next to this entry, where the price would be

was a small mocking comment which stated that they did not serve Russian food in their

establishment.
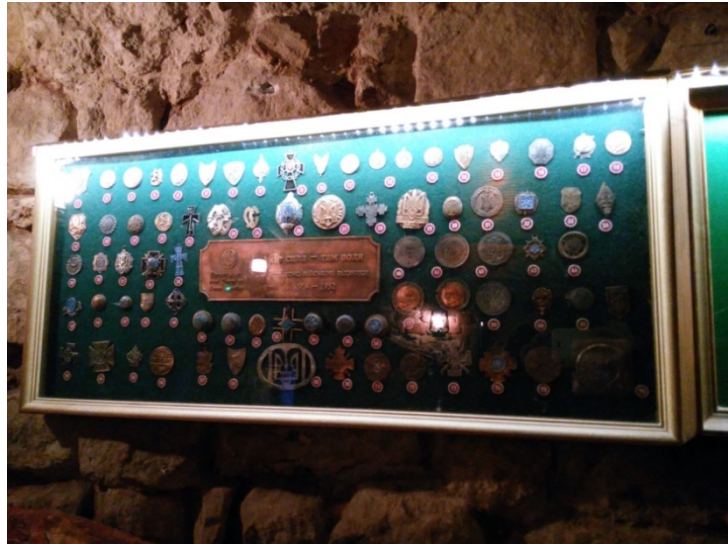
Throughout the restaurant was evidence of anti-Russian and anti-Soviet sentiment. Nearby the dressing up area was a shooting range where you could shoot pictures of Stalin and Putin with air rifles and in the outside area there were other Soviet and Russian figures with crosshairs drawn on them. In one corner of the restaurant was a replica cell with a solid wooden door and a small hatch where visitors could go and sit and contemplate truly being imprisoned. The door was darkly evocative of greatly similar doors in *Tyurma na Lonts'koho.* This space is designed to invoke the memory of the UPA and give the visitors to *Kryjivka* the experience of being part of the liberation struggle. On the !FEST website *Kryjivka* is presented as:

> *Somewhere at Rynok Square. The most visited restaurant in Europe, 1 000 000 visitors per year. It is the last hiding place of Ukrainian Insurgent Army left from the times of the World War II. Its motto is "The Fight Continues".*

Although it is hard to verify the claim that it is the most visited restaurant in Europe it is undeniable that *Kryjivka* is an incredibly popular restaurant and bar in L'viv and features as a major tourist attraction. The space is curated to provoke an emotional response from those who visit, designed to provide an immersive experience where the visitors can engage in UPA related activities, eat Ukrainian food and imagine that they are part of the liberation movement.

Whilst this restaurant seems to be compelling the visitor to engage with what it would be like to live underground in a bunker like this with the possibility of being imprisoned or shot, it has turned this history into a theme park attraction. Nadia, a student of history from the Ukrainian Catholic University, pulled a disapproving face when the subject of *Kryjivka* was brought up. "It's kitsch and horrible. It commercialises an important part of our history". Nothing encapsulates this more than the contrast between the replica cell in *Kryjivka* and the preserved cells in *Tyurma na*

Lonts'koho. Whilst the utmost effort has been made in the prison museum to demand emotional engagement from the visitor, the replica in *Kryivka,* despite it being designed as an "emotional-restaurant" seems totally devoid of any of the emotions present in the prison.

<p style="text-align:center">◊</p>

In addition to *Kryjivka* !FEST also runs another "emotional restaurant" named *Pid Zolotoyu Rozoyu* or "At the Golden Rose" which is marketed as a "Galician Jewish Restaurant". The restaurant takes its name from the Golden Rose Synagogue which is located directly next door. The Golden Rose Synagogue was built in 1582 and was the oldest synagogue in Ukraine. In 1941 following the occupation of L'viv by the Nazis the synagogue was vandalised and in 1943 it was burned down. The ruin of the synagogue still stands in the city and shares a wall (and a name) with *Pid Zolotoyu Rozoyu.* There has been much controversy around how the ruin should be handled, with a proposal to demolish the ruin and build a hotel on the site in the early 2010s, a plan which thankfully never came to be thanks to the intervention of the Centre for Urban History in L'viv. In collaboration with international groups including the EU the site was transformed into a memory place called The Space of Synagogues. This memory place consists of trees planted on the space where the synagogue used to stand, grassy areas with walkways between them and large stone slabs with quotes from survivor and witness testimony inscribed on the stone in Hebrew, Ukrainian and English. This site was envisaged as a calm place of reflection where the past could be engaged with and silent acts of remembrance could take place.

To the left of the Space of Synagogues, *Pid Zolotoyu Rozoyu* entices customers in offering an experience of "Jewish customs". When you enter you are greeted by staff wearing black hats with long black curls who welcome you in with the words "Shalom". The floors are covered with intricately painted tiles and the walls with an assortment of objects and artefacts which supposedly represent the Jewish history of the city. There are collections of black and white images of pre-war L'viv which show Jewish families walking familiar streets. The wooden tables are covered with crocheted table clothes and through one of the low windows the Space of Synagogues can be seen. The menus offer a range of supposedly "Jewish" food, including a number of pork options, and no prices are listed. The purpose of this omission becomes clear once you ask for the bill. A small box is handed to you which contains a receipt upon which is written a truly astounding price and you are informed that if you want a more reasonable price then you must haggle and propose your own price; once you have proposed your price the

server will consider it and then ask for something in return for accepting the price. This can range from asking for a coin from the customer's country of origin (if the customer is a tourist) or asking them to sing a Jewish song or do a Jewish dance. If the task is completed satisfactorily then you will be presented with the true bill and allowed to complete the transaction and leave. One of my participants told me that she had taken some Canadian friends to this restaurant who had been horrified at the premise and demanded to leave, declaring it deeply anti-Semitic.

Philippe Sands writes of a similar response, recounting the shock he and his son experienced when they peered in through the door:

> *[W]e peered through a window and observed a clientele that gave the impression, superficially at least, of having been transported from the 1920s, a number of people dressed in the large black hats and other paraphernalia associated with the Orthodox Jewish community. We were horrified"* (2016: 384).

What *Pid Zolotoyu Rozoyu* and *Kryjivka* have in common is that they tap in to and commercialise a past which many in Europe and beyond consider untouchable for purposes such as these. Many young people in L'viv called these places "kitsch" but stop far from declaring them anti-Semitic or offensive. The people who work in these places are not only expected to serve food to the customers, but also to perform the roles which they have been assigned, whether as a member of the UPA or as a "Jewish" waiter. These performances seem far removed from the imaginative or emotional investment required by the memorial museum or the monument on *Zamarstynivs'ka,* or the intellectual engagement required by the museum where Sveta tells her stories. *Pid Zolotoyu Rozoyu* and *Kryjivka,* which stand only a short walk from each other, each present a more palatable and literally consumable version of history and divert attention

away from Jewish suffering and Ukrainian complicity. However, whilst this may seem particularly unsavoury, all of the sites I have discussed in this chapter are engaged in their own processes of obfuscation. Whether it is Sveta's museum where the one, "true" account is presented in a coherent narrative, or *Tyurma na Lonts'koho* which presents Ukrainian suffering without discussing or acknowledging Jewish suffering, or the memorial on *Zamarstynivs'ka* which, intentionally or not, draws attention to the absence of the Jewish community, each is engaged in a politics of representation which presents a particular version of history.

Places that matter.

The tensions which exist between different narrations of the past are not something which is unique to L'viv or to Ukraine. Many countries, particularly in Central and Eastern Europe, have grappled with complicated entanglements of victimhood, heroism and complicity. The ways in which these are articulated in public space is something which has been discussed at length, particularly in much post-socialist ethnography and work written about post-war memory in Europe (Watson, 1994; Verdery, 1999; Huyssen, 2003; Snyder, 2010; Macdonald, 2013; Witeska-Młynarczyk, 2014). James Young writes about the different "textures" of memory in post-war Germany, noting the complex discussions and conflicts which took place over commemoration of events for which Germany itself was responsible. He argues that most monuments help to reinforce and reproduce the heroic narratives of the state. He draws on the work of Pierre Nora to make the case that the concretisation of memory in the form of monuments removes from citizens the obligation to remember, as the responsibility to engage with the past is placed on the monument. One example of a memorial which attempts to ameliorate this is the "counter-monument" in Hamburg, a large soft lead column named the "Monument against fascism". Visitors are invited to engage directly

with the monument, signing their names in the soft lead with the metal implements provided. Once the bottom is covered with signatures it is lowered into the ground, providing a clean section for more names to be inscribed. The quicker it becomes covered in signatures, the more rapidly it is lowered into the ground. Once it has completely been consumed by the earth, a stone marker will be placed on top as a memorial to the monument, "[a]ll that remains, then, is the memory of the monument, an afterimage projected onto the landscape by the rememberer" (Young, 1993: 32). Perhaps something similar takes place in the empty frame of the memory on *Zamarstynivs'ka?* Unintentionally perhaps, by leaving the space empty, the frame prompts the viewer to engage with the memorial in a more imaginative way. How better to remember a vanished people than by drawing attention to an empty space?

The museums, memorials and restaurants detailed in this chapter, while disparate, speak to the different pasts and memories which bubble beneath the surface of the city, rising to the surface, being overtaken, supressed or subsumed by others. Monuments, whilst built with clear intentions, always end up representing more than intended. The increasing number of abstract monuments which demand more from the viewer, or counter-monuments like those which Young describes, demonstrate the imaginative ways in which designers, artists and architects are attempting to grapple with this issue. There is an understanding that depicting something in stone can sometimes serve to render it invisible, as Robert Musil implied when he wrote "there is nothing in this world as invisible as a monument" (1987: 61). Yet the stories told by people like Sveta, Liliya, Dmytro and others serve to activate the histories in these spaces in a more living, felt way. Pierre Nora argued "[t]he less memory is experienced from the inside the more it exists through its exterior scaffolding and outward signs" (1989: 13). I would argue that the internal and external experiences and representations of the past are not mutually exclusive. The different spaces detailed within this chapter

demonstrate the relationship between how memory is experience and felt on the inside and how it exists through its outward signs. Examining this relationship is crucial to understanding how the many different pasts flow through the city and are brought into the present. The empty frame is a prime example of this. Through the literal scaffolding which represents the pillar which was never built, the veracity of felt memory is emphasised. Without the "inside" experience of memory the empty space would simply be an empty space, yet with the presence of stories and memories this space becomes electric, infused with many understandings of the history and memory of L'viv.

Absence has been incorporated in to many Holocaust memorials, demanding imaginative engagement in picturing that which is present through its absence. When we look at the cages of spectacles and shoes displayed in the museum at Auschwitz, we are being invited to see the people which used to wear these items. When we see the bronze shoes lined along the bank of the Danube, we see their wearers in the moments before their deaths. The power of absence has been utilised by many artists and architects in designing memorials, particularly memorials which commemorate the Holocaust. In contrast, the empty frame on *Zamarstynivs'ka* is not a memorial to commemorate the Holocaust, it is to commemorate the Ukrainian, Jewish and Polish victims of the NKVD massacres. Yet, in leaving the memorial unfinished, in leaving an empty cage where the Jewish names should be, one is immediately reminded of the Holocaust and of the devastating eradication of L'viv's Jewish community. Whilst this memorial was intended to demonstrate the shared suffering of these three groups, the incompleteness of the memorial, the very visible absence of the Jewish names, serves to further demonstrate the disparity.

Young outlines his distinction between memorials and monuments as follows:

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I prefer to distinguish a memorial from a monument only in a broader and more generic sense: there are memorial books, memorial activities, memorial days, memorial festivals, and memorial sculptures. Some of these are mournful, some are celebratory: but all are memorials in a larger sense. Monuments, on the other hand, will refer here to a subset of memorial: the material objects, sculptures, and installations used to memorialize a person or a thing. [...] I treat all memory-sites as memorials, the plastic objects within these sites as monuments. A memorial may be a day, a conference, or a space, but it need not be a monument. A monument, on the other hand, is always a kind of memorial.
(1993: 4)

I find this definition useful to think with due to the complex nature of memory in L'viv. As shown above, there are many places where history and memory are articulated, commercialised, contested and represented in the city, both in conventional ways such as monuments and museums, but also in more unorthodox or controversial ways such as the "emotional restaurants" run by the !FEST organisation.

Claude Lévi-Strauss' famous observation that things are good to think with (2004 [1966]) is undoubtedly true of monuments and memorials. This can also be applied to "object-like absences" (Fowles, 2010). Present absences, as in the case of the empty space on *Zamarstynivs'ka,* can be even more effective to "think with". Drawing attention to empty spaces forces the viewer to do some of the work. You are forced to imagine what should have been there, what is missing, what used to be there. Philippe Sands described L'vivians as inhabiting "spaces made by others" (2016: 383), himself drawing attention to those who are missing. Katarzyna Kopecka, Piotr Pawlak and Jan Janiak, three artists from Łódź in central Poland, devised an art project to draw attention to absences titled "Currently Absent" where they placed transparent *matzevah* (Jewish

gravestones) on the sites where Jewish cemeteries used to be located. They stand silently in the middle of car parks, streets and empty swimming pools as testament to "what no longer is" (Hirsh, 1997). The disappearing monument, the transparent *matzevah* and (unintentionally) the empty frame, compel the viewer to imagine, they present the challenge to consider the absence and the reason that it is there. Just as Sveta draws attention to the small stories which are invisible in the museum, these monuments draw attention to those whose lives were erased.

All of these sites evoke feelings and demonstrate the "dynamic relationship between things and thinking" (Turkle, 2011: 9). Just as Mauss argues that when a gift is exchanged it continues to hold some remnant of the giver, and of the network which generated its value (1990 [1950]), similarly objects or, in this case, object-like absences, are animated by the network of negotiations, memories and emotions which infuse them with meaning. These sites of memory are important. They matter. They matter to individuals like Sveta who has dedicated many hours of her retirement to compelling visitors to the museum truly to engage with the history of the Gulags and what it means. The memorial museums, monuments and the many other sites of memory scattered around the city challenge the viewer in ways not immediately obvious; they are infused with meanings and understandings that go beyond the intentions of the commissioner and creator.

I have demonstrated how the policing of memory is never absolute. Multiple memories, stories and interpretations of the past have the capacity to bleed into each other. These points of intersection show how memory cannot be concretised completely, and Nora's assertion that once a memory becomes a monument it becomes dead history misses the very much live interaction between different forms of remembering. The telling of stories at monuments, in museums and in restaurants speaks to the stories

being told by these spaces and the stories told become part of new stories. There is an ongoing negotiation between different interpretations of the past which include silences and absences. These missing things hover on the edge and draw attention. The next chapter will move out of buildings into the landscape of the city, showing how walking and talking in the city illuminate certain aspects of the past which, at other times, are hidden. Just as homes, museums, monuments and restaurants curate memory in particular ways, so too do acts of walking.

The city.

Silence, I discover, is something you can actually hear.
Haruki Murakami, Kafka on the Shore

The Citadel.

"I have to show you this place. For your research it's really important". These were the words that Natalia greeted me with one frozen day in February 2017. We had done several city walks before this and as they had gone on they had become increasingly more specific and focused, with Natalia taking a much stronger lead. As we had gotten to know each other she had developed a clear idea – much clearer than any I had at the time - about what she thought my research was about and was keen to do everything possible to help it in this direction. We met on the central square of L'viv: Rynok Square (*Ploshcha Rynok*). The central government building, the *Ratusha,* stands in the middle, its tall clock tower one of the central features of the L'viv skyline. The square is lined with cobblestones that become lethally slippery when covered with a thin layer of snow, and around the edge stand many terraced Austro-Hungarian buildings. These buildings are home to shops, coffee houses, restaurants, museums and one (Russian) bank.

Natalia is a doctoral student with a keen personal interest in memory and the history of the Second World War in L'viv. She grew up in the post-Soviet era with a

strong sense of connection to the liberation struggle and a deeply held belief in the righteousness and heroism of the OUN and the UPA and as a teenager took part in many nationalist activities. Above all she was interested in discerning the stories of the city, and it is perhaps this that drove her to sign up for a summer school on Jewish history and memory in L'viv and was introduced to stories about her city that she had not encountered or that had not been foregrounded before. Due to this her position on the history of the OUN and the UPA began to shift and at the time of this walk was more nuanced than some of the other young people that I spent time with who deny any form of collaboration, while simultaneously stating that even if collaboration occurred, it was justified in the struggle for liberation. That does not mean, however, that she did not have strong feelings about this history.

Despite knowing that collaboration with the Nazis took place, including participation in the Holocaust, she is committed to the common belief that these were the crimes of 'bad eggs' within the nationalist movement rather than the policy of the OUN and UPA leadership. She once stated to me that she could not be friends with someone who didn't think that Stepan Bandera was a hero. This was a sticking point in our understandings of history and was highly personal due to our respective family histories so I chose not to discuss it in detail with her, staying silent when this topic arose. Due to her close understanding of what my research was investigating, the walks that I went on with her were often far longer, further afield and more detailed than those I went on with other participants. What I am about to describe was one such walk.

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Despite my persistent inquiries Natalia wouldn't give me information about where we were going when we met on one February afternoon. Instead, she wrapped the scarf more tightly around my neck (an action she regularly performed when we were

together), pulled her green felt beret on a bit more firmly and we set out from the square.

We wove our way between crowds of Polish tourists, young people heading to the square and many groups of people on their way to the winter market located on the square next to the ice-skating rink. We dodged out of the way of a tram and on to the pavement, down a small side street and on to *Prospekt Svobody*, lined with tall trees and almost entirely cobbled. One-way traffic moved rapidly down each side, old Ladas and newer cars rattling along the uneven stones, with a large pedestrian area in the centre. At the northernmost end of the avenue sits the L'viv Opera House, a building that has stood through many occupations and witnessed many different displays of power. Midway down the avenue is a large statue of Taras Shevchenko, Ukraine's most famous writer, political activist and ethnographer who is credited with providing the foundation for the modern Ukrainian language. He stands with open arms as though he is reciting from his work. In front of this statue can often be found a small tent adorned with red and black flags, as well as the official blue and yellow. The red and black flag is the flag of the OUN and is often seen flying alongside the official flag in L'viv.

The purpose of this tent, another participant, Marichka, explained, is to remind the government that Maidan happened, and can happen again. It is to remind those in power that the power of the people is stronger than the power of the state. During my time in L'viv this tent also staged patriotic events and events related to the war in Donbas. These events include erecting large boards with photographs of those killed in the war in the East, handing out leaflets in support of the military and playing loud, patriotic music. The tent was manned exclusively by men dressed in military outfits who had conversations with anyone who engaged them. This was one of many ways

that the war was made present and real in L'viv even if the actual warzone was 1,259 km away.

We continued walking and wove our way through the tall, narrow streets of the L'viv Old Town, gripping each other's hands to stabilise ourselves on the slippery compacted snow. While also practical, the intimacy of holding hands created the feeling of travelling somewhere together, Natalia guiding me to a place that would reveal a new layer of history with which I was not yet familiar. This sense of togetherness is something that had developed over time with Natalia due to her closeness with my project. Holding hands seemed to represent the interconnectedness of these different strands of our relationship. We passed by many old Austro-Hungarian era buildings in varying states of preservation; some with cracked and crumbling plaster, some newly renovated. The contrast between the different types of plaster seemed somehow emblematic of the relationship that L'viv has with the past. Some elements are new and shiny, held out to the world as examples of Ukrainian history and heritage, some neglected and forgotten, being allowed to slowly crumble while people pass by. Visible yet invisible.

Many buildings have shops and restaurants on the ground floor at street level, such as *Puzata Khata* which is a popular fast food chain which serves many Ukrainian dishes. It is cheaper and more popular that McDonalds and while many teenagers go to McDonalds, *Puzata Khata* is frequented by students, families and people of all ages. If you look up while walking the experience of the Old Town is entirely different: ornate facades with intricate symbols embellishing plaster of different colours; wrought iron balconies with the skeletons of plants hanging from them, nestled in the snow waiting for the spring. On one wall where all the plaster had been removed there was a passage of poetry visible in black lettering. It is common throughout the L'viv old town to see

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poetry painted on the walls of buildings. Some of the poems have been painted with the city council's consent, but others have been inscribed by citizens.

L'viv has a strong connection with Ukrainian poetry due to the fact that during the Russian Empire the Ukrainian language and Ukrainian language publications were banned and poets such as Lesiya Ukrainka, Ukraine's most famous female poet who was also a prominent political and feminist activist, published their work in the regions of Ukraine that were part of the Austro-Hungarian empire such as Galicia; it would then be smuggled back to Kyiv to be illegally distributed. Ukrainian language and poetry are strongly intertwined with national identity. In L'viv and the majority of Ukrainian cities you can see statues of and buildings named after Taras Shevchenko, whose work is considered to be the foundation of modern Ukrainian literature, streets named after Lesiya Ukrainka, and L'viv's most famous poet, writer, political activist and ethnographer, Ivan Franko, after whom the L'viv University has been named. These three poets and political activists are revered throughout Ukraine and in the Ukrainian diaspora. Poetry protected the Ukrainian language against repeated attempts to eradicate it, and L'viv's history of being home to Ivan Franko and the location where many works were published illicitly is one of the aspects that makes it a key location of the Ukrainian struggle for recognition and self-determination.

In a city that prides itself on playing a central role in protecting Ukrainian national identity from repeated and sustained attempts to wipe it out, there are many histories that are at risk of being forgotten because they are inconvenient truths that threaten the national myths being built and reinforced in post-Maidan Ukraine. Moreover, it could be argued that a city (and a nation) that has built its national historical narrative on the memory and history of resistance and struggle against a powerful external oppressor has, in turn, reproduced the same process of oppression by

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rendering invisible difficult and traumatic histories that do not serve the nationalist project such as the Holocaust and Nazi collaboration. Nevertheless, just as the Ukrainian language was protected during times of oppression by confining it to informal, private spaces, this seems also to be the case with the inconvenient histories mentioned above. Traces of these histories can be seen throughout the city, inscribed in the urban space in the form of ghost signs painted on walls in Yiddish and Polish, faint engravings on paving stones and unmarked structures that have been appropriated to serve a different purpose. Although these histories are silent, they are not absent in the urban space of the city. Weller (2017) asserts that silences speak in a variety of different ways, and the absences that accompany such silences are visible through the traces that remain. These traces outline the empty space where the silence is located. This space draws attention from the surrounding area like a black hole, a space we are unable to enter but can only observe from the edge and wonder what used to be there.

The further we walked out of the Old Town the more Soviet era buildings and modifications began to appear. At first there were new balconies attached to the outside of old buildings: "Can you see this? It's ugly! How can someone do this?" Natalia exclaimed in disgust. The functionality of these extra balconies did not excuse the vandalism of old buildings in her eyes. It was unforgivable. As we continued walking we began to see whole structures from the Soviet period squashed between older buildings; a patchwork of houses and apartments that formed a crosshatching between the old and the new(er). The roads suddenly changed from cobbled to tarmac and large billboards appeared advertising *Roshen* chocolate (the chocolate brand owned by the president at the time, Poroshenko), new build apartments and *Svitoch* chocolate (another chocolate brand which is based in L'viv). Dirt tracks form pavements during the summer time but in the winter the walkway is delineated by compressed snow. Throughout the winter these tracks get wider as the centre of the path becomes

increasingly slippery from daily walking. Large uniform apartment blocks line the roads, with covered balconies which are used primarily as additional storage space during the winter; Marichka told me that as part of the "post-Soviet syndrome" no one throws anything away. This is because, she explained, during the Soviet period things were so hard to get that if something broke it would be placed out on the balcony until it was fixed or could be used as spare parts when something else inevitably broke. While this may be partially true for the older inhabitants of the city, in many of the apartments of young people I have visited the balcony is used more for storage of surplus items during the winter, and for drying laundry during the summer.

We started walking up a hill that was covered in bare trees, dark against the white snow. Between the trees sat more apartment buildings, old factories and electricity pylons. The transition from Austro-Hungarian and Polish architecture to Soviet architecture is a physical representation of the industrial expansion that occurred in L'viv once it had been incorporated into the USSR, and the large number of apartment blocks speak to the drastic increase in population that took place due to large numbers of Eastern Ukrainians and Russians moving to the region.

As we walked, the snow created the effect of seeing things in black and white, the only specks of colour being Natalia's green beret and my red scarf – startlingly bright against the black and white landscape. Natalia still wouldn't tell me where we were going: "you'll see when we get there" she told me cryptically. She repeated this phrase a number of times throughout the walk and the further we went without me knowing where we were going, the more the suspense built up. The monochrome effect of our figures against the snow created a peculiar sort of temporality, giving the sense that we were walking backwards into the past, to a history that we hadn't yet arrived at.

A place where we didn't quite belong; two visitors who would be tolerated but not invited to stay.

Natalia led me off the street and on to a barely visible footpath through the snow and trees. It seemed as though only a few pairs of feet had walked this path before us. We moved away from the buildings until all we could see were trees. The sun was getting lower and the shadows of the trees were getting longer when we reached the top of a bank that overlooked a flattened area on the top of the hill where the trees were thinner. Nestled between the trees sat three small structures, not quite as tall as the average person, with pointed, snow covered roofs and openings on each side blocked by metal bars. We scrambled down the bank and walked towards these strange buildings. In a clearing not far from our location stood an enormous cylindrical, red brick tower surrounded by an empty moat and a chain link fence topped with barbed wire. As we walked nearer a small hand painted sign became more clearly visible above the large doorway. In black lettering it was written that this building was a storehouse for the Vasyl Stefanyk Scientific Library in the city. The red bricks were in various states of decay. While the entire tower still seemed structurally intact the imposing building was crumbling at the edges, hidden in the trees on the hill above the city. During the summer it would be impossible to see from the outside, but with the trees bare in winter, the silhouette of this strange tower can just about be seen on the peripheries of the city.

Natalia still wouldn't tell me where we were going: "You'll see when we get there", she said again. We turned back and walked past the three strange constructions sitting there silently, their purpose invisible to the eye. We walked through the trees passing no one except an old man walking his dog, who greeted us, tells us to stay warm and admonished us for being up there, two young women alone in the forest. We eventually came to a tarmac road that wound away from the trees and started walking along it, thankful for not having to trudge through deep snow. As we walked small abandoned buildings begin to appear. At first they look like small store houses, but as we kept going bigger buildings came into sight, old factories and warehouses surrounded overgrown vegetation. On the side of one of these buildings was a large faded mural. It was possible to see that there was an image but it was so faded that it only became clear as we walked much closer. It was a mural from the Soviet times that survived the decommunisation process. It depicted young soldiers in the centre, holding guns and walking towards the viewer. On the right a woman stands holding a pot in her hands, surrounded by sunflowers and wheat, and on the right stands a man holding tools of industry. The background was filled with apartment blocks and factories, symbols of the massive industrial expansion of the Soviet Union. The mural was severely faded by many years of extreme weather and neglect, so much so that the only colour that is still visible is a pale red. A ghost of the Soviet past.

As we got nearer to our destination, there was palpable sense of tension in the air, the conversations had dwindled, the silence in our conversation seemed pregnant with meaning that I could not decipher. Turning the corner we arrived at a grand gateway also built from red brick. A glass plaque on one side read, in English, *The Citadel Inn*. We paused here just for a moment before moving to look through the entrance. The driveway sloped gently downwards, a car park on one side, the snow efficiently cleared and several expensive cars parked there. On the other side there was a row of evergreen trees, standing silently in the snow. At the end of the driveway sat a tower identical to the one we had just seen in the forest but in a drastically different condition. Expertly renovated, this tower stood tall and pristine, overlooking the city with a striking view of the old town, the church domes and towers, and the tower of the central *Ratusha* clearly visible in the afternoon light. It was here, standing just inside the gate, that Natalia told me why she had brought me here.

This complex of structures on the hill overlooking the city was built by the

Austro-Hungarian government as a display of military strength following a citizens'

uprising in the early 1900s, but it was never used for that purpose. Soon after the

Austro-Hungarian government would fall and L'viv would become part of Poland. The

three strange structures in the forest were ventilation shafts for a large bunker under the

hill. There are numerous access points dotted around the forest but all are unmarked and

unsafe to climb down in to. Not far from the towers there is a rectangular building

which is also made out of red brick and now houses an investment bank. These

buildings once formed the concentration camp Stalag-328.

The former camp was operated by the German army during their occupation of L'viv, primarily for Soviet POWs and resistance fighters, both Ukrainian and Jewish, with a number of Western European prisoners being interred as well. During the three years that it was operational 250,000 prisoners were interred there and 142,000 died there of disease, starvation and execution, primarily in the tower we were now looking at. This earned it the nickname "The Tower of Death". After the end of the Nazi occupation and the end of the war the tower fell into disrepair before being bought by a developer in the early 2000s and transformed into the Citadel Inn. There is no mention of this history on the website of the inn, which omits the entire period from its historical account:

> *The medieval fairy city should necessarily have its own fortress. L'viv Citadel is one of the few buildings of a kind that have still remained in Ukraine.*
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> *The complex of fortification buildings was constructed in the specially evened mountains Kalicha[12], Shenbek, and Pelchynska. Austrian government worked out the fortification project after the events of 1848 – the so called Spring of Nations. The Citadel was built not for the L'viv protection from outer enemy, but for the safety of the Austrian government and frightening the citizens.*
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> *Actually, L'viv Citadel was never used as intended, and only in 1918 during the November Action, the Sich Riflemen fired from the Tower #1 on the Poles. After the several week battles the Tower was occupied by Poles and since that time has stayed half-ruined (at the moment the book depository of the Vasyl Stefanyk Library is organized there).*
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> *Citadel consists of barracks and six towers – four round and two square ones. Round towers of such type on the territory of the Austro-Hungarian empire were called Maximilian towers (on the honor of the Austrian Archduke Maximilian of Austria-Este, who was first to bring to life the*

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[12] *Kalicha Hora* is the hill where the Citadel is located.

drawings of the French military engineer Charles Montalembert). The Citadel was surrounded by deep ditches.

Today, the Tower #3 is ruined, and #4 is restored but not in use. In the Tower #2, restored and refined, the hotel Citadel Inn is located. The beautiful view on the central part of the city is opened from the Citadel hills.

Visiting "Citadel Inn" Hotel & Resort you will be able to admire L'viv from the unusual perspective – in the retrospect of time, among the luxuriance of Austrian imperial style, in the midst of majestic views and medieval spirit. Citadel Inn is the place where the exquisite interior and impeccable service are combined, and every guest feels himself the chosen one.

One may argue that the silence that surrounds this place only appears as a pregnant silence once one has been given the information about its history, which requires it to be passed on orally by someone who has had it passed to them. However, I would suggest that in a city such as L'viv, which witnessed Nazi and Soviet occupations during the Second World War, the absence of any mention of that period points to a deliberate omission. There is no memorial or sign to mark this site as a place of memory other than a small statue about waist height between two trees just inside the gates and set far back from the walkway. On this plaque is inscribed in Ukrainian and Latin, "To the eternal memory of the event".

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Much academic work that has been produced by Ukrainian historians on the contested
history of the Second World War (Hrytsak, 1996; Portnov, 2013; Havryshko, 2015;
Viatrovych, 2015; Liber, 2016). There are a number of narratives that contradict each
other yet are incorporated into the national narrative. This is not specific to the post-
Maidan period, but existed throughout the Soviet period. When, after this walk, I
interviewed people about these buildings, some knew they existed but thought it was
right that there was no museum or memorial there. What L'viv needs, I was told, is jobs
and hotels for wealthy visitors, not a memorial to suffering, another reminder of a

traumatic past. The silence surrounding this painful history fits a larger pattern of silence that surrounds the events of the 1930s and 40s. One explanation for part of this silence is that from 1945-1991 it was official Soviet policy not to recognise Soviet POWs as war veterans due to the fact that they had been captured and should have died for their country rather than be imprisoned and work for the enemy. The status of Soviet POWs and war veterans remains unclear due to the aggressive de-communisation process which has resulted in an increasing ambivalence about Soviet war memorials and stigma surrounding Red Army veterans, particularly in Western Ukraine where they are seen as traitors because they fought against the UPA. The suppression of memory during Soviet times, the temporal distance between the period in question and independence, and the continuing ambiguity of the status of Soviet POWs has created a situation where many events have passed out of living memory or circulate within private, unofficial discussions and remain invisible to the public eye.

Natalia stated:

> *Not many people now know what this place was. People pay to get married here. Can you imagine? Getting married in a concentration camp? Not many people can say that about themselves. This should be a memory place, not a hotel.*

This invisibility has allowed these spaces to be transformed into places such as the Citadel Inn. There is a growing number of people who are increasingly aware of these issues but on the whole they seemed to feel that Ukraine has more important priorities than creating memorials. The location of the tower on top of the hill overlooking the old town gives the hotel one of the best views of the city. The revelation that it is the site of a former death camp *after* it's been converted into a hotel could result in massive loss of revenue and would also reinforce the image of Ukraine (particularly Western Ukraine) as incapable of confronting its past.

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This combination provides a strong motivation for the hotel owners and the city council to avoid any discussion about the history of the Citadel and how it came to be a hotel. One man stated in a group discussion that what Ukraine needs is to be unified under one ideological memory that serves a larger purpose: unifying the nation and advancing Ukraine's reputation in the world. This goal is not achieved by constantly looking backwards to darker times, but by looking forwards. This is a sentiment that was echoed by many of my participants, particularly the older ones who argued that Ukrainian suffering was not internationally recognised and these revelations would undermine any hope of that happening. Additionally, a significant number of my participants denied that Ukrainian collaboration had ever occurred and claimed that any evidence to the contrary was Soviet or Russian fabricated propaganda. This attitude towards history and memory left little space for discussion of complicity or for the reconciliation of painful pasts in public discourse.

The intergenerational transmission of oral histories combined with the abandoned or repurposed sites of trauma are emblematic of the problem that post-Maidan Ukraine faces. With the ongoing politicisation of this period of history, sites in the city such as the Citadel or other locations such as the ruins of the Golden Rose Synagogue, the *Pidzamche Raion* (the former Jewish district) and areas where paving stones have been made from headstones looted from abandoned Jewish cemeteries, are left to decay or be demolished or renovated. Of these locations, the site of the former Jewish Ghetto and the site of the ruin of the Golden Rose Synagogue that was burned down by the Nazis are some of the few sites that been turned into memorials with financial support from outside of Ukraine. Along with decay or re-appropriation comes forgetting and silence, and the silence surrounding the Citadel is emblematic of that. It is only through collecting life histories and connecting them with spaces in the city that some of the hidden histories begin to appear, and this is particularly sensitive in the

current climate of censorship and criminalisation of certain stories. However, these histories refuse to disappear entirely and continue to exist in private spaces and to be passed on through oral history. Combining interviews with city walks allowed for more organic conversations about the past to take place with fewer concerns about being overheard. Although there are many concerns about how Ukraine is viewed internationally and a strong desire to keep negative histories out of international discourse about Ukraine, the informal discussions I had with people while walking revealed a less rigid view of the past and a desire to unpack and discuss these issues.

An accidental method.

Walking as a method emerged, in part, as a strategy to address a problem I was encountering when doing interviews early on during my fieldwork. Many of my elderly participants seemed very anxious when talking, especially when talking in spaces outside of their homes or in homes where sound travelled long distances. One of them would get up to check the door and windows at regular intervals, another would jump and change the subject whenever there was an unexpected noise outside. This disrupted the flow of the interviews and I felt concerned that I was putting my participants through an unnecessary amount of stress and anxiety through carrying out interviews in this way. One afternoon I was interviewing an elderly man, Nazar, in a coffee shop and he kept glancing around to check if anyone was listening to us; this stress got to the level that I felt it was important to end the interview as I felt it wasn't good for him to be put in this position. I instead asked him if he would like to get a kakao to take away and we could go for a walk around the city. He agreed enthusiastically and, clutching paper cups of hot kakao, we stepped out into the city. Once we were walking he seemed to relax and ease into the walking. I wasn't recording or taking notes as I hadn't anticipated this would become an interview of sorts; however, after walking a little way

he pointed to a building and recalled a moment from his childhood when he witnessed the NKVD violently searching an apartment. As we walked on, he would be struck by a memory and would mention for example about how he used to play in the street with his friends and how they would all scatter when they saw the police or soliders coming. He talked about the old names of the streets, what they meant and how he felt when they changed – the walk was not only spatial but also had a temporal dimension. People were walking past us, no one paying attention to an elderly man and a young woman walking and sipping drinks. Nazar had his arm linked with mine, leaning heavily for support when the road became uneven, uncoupling to point at windows of apartments which used to belong to this person or that person. His memories settling over the city, the space eliciting thoughts which had been dormant prior to this walk.

Not only did the city allow for a particular kind of remembering, it seemed to alleviate some of the stress he had been feeling. Although we were surrounded by people we were not static and it looked more as though we were a grandfather and granddaughter out for the day than a man being interviewed by a young woman. This allowed us to pass innocuously through the city and that seemed to reassure Nazar. Much has been written about walking, space, place and memory and prior to this first walk with Nazar I had read relatively little about walking and place, having envisaged my project being very much located in the domestic space, yet following this first walk it felt appropriate to ask my participants to take me on walks around "their L'viv". Young and old alike, everyone had a relationship with the city which, in some way or another, was shaped and influenced by their understanding of the past. The war lives in the city in traces and memories. On my first week in L'viv I was walking down *Prospekt Svobody* towards the L'viv Opera House and I suddenly had a flash of a memory of a photo that I had seen of a large Nazi parade taking place on this avenue. I became acutely aware that the route I now walked had been walked decades earlier by

Nazis. Months later, after having carried out a handful of walks with friends and participants, I reflected on this moment. If this was something I experienced during my first week, was it because I was new to the city, or was it just a fragment of what L'vivians frequently experience? Was it something which you learned to live with, the constant presence of the past?

The cities within the city.

There has been a wide range of literature on the topic of walking both anthropologically and beyond. Walter Benjamin's flâneur walks aimlessly in the city, encountering sights, smells, and experiencing the different aspects of the urban space (1999 [1982]). De Certeau writes about walking as a practice of everyday life, and the inscriptions which are written on the city by all the routes and directions taken by people carrying out their day to day lives (1984). Tanya Richardson contrasts the work of Benjamin and De Certeau with the "My Odessa" walking group, a group of Odesans who systematically walk the streets of Odesa, guided by a man, Valery, who informs them of the history of the buildings. They debate history, talk with inhabitants of the buildings and, occasionally, take historic roof tiles home as souvenirs (2008). In contrast to Richardson's walks in Odesa with the walking group, the walks which I embarked upon with my participants were not events which took place regularly, they were walks which I arranged individually with each participant, usually going on multiple walks with the same person. The first walk would usually be a walk around "their L'viv", which would often begin with visiting the major landmarks of the city: the opera house, the university, the Ivan Franko Park and the memorial to Taras Shevchenko. These sites would often be accompanied by stories of personal memories of these buildings along with the generic history of the city and these sites. Subsequent walks would be focused on specific areas of the city where they had spent significant periods of their lives,

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looking at street names, apartment buildings and small shops, discussing what had been there previously and how it had changed. This had the effect of laying a map of the past over the present day open space, like holding up a transparent photograph and allowing it to line up with the street in the present, noting the presences and absences.

The walks became intimate, often focusing in more detail in instances of deeply felt emotion, whether that be trauma, grief, pain, joy, happiness, fond memories or feelings which cannot be adequately expressed in words. These emotions offered a glimpse in to each individual's relationship with the city in which they had grown up and lived, and also into the ways in which they understand the past through the cityscape. Walking and talking brought to life stories which otherwise would have been confined to anxious interviews in coffee shops, office desks and at kitchen tables. The fluidity of talking while on the move allows for a particular kind of interview to take place, often non-linear and jumping from place to place as and when spaces and places are encountered. This is not limited to buildings and streets. One strikingly detailed story was elicited by the indent where a *Mezuzah* used to hang, a common sight in certain areas in L'viv. This prompted the elderly woman I was walking with to tell the story of her best friend from childhood whose family were forcibly evicted from their apartment next door to hers, the *Mezuzah* torn away leaving a wound in the doorframe which, although it faded over the years, never truly healed and now represents the absence of her friend whom she never saw again.

The walks detailed in Richardson's work reveal the discrepancies in different understandings of history within the "My Odessa" group (2008). Whilst I asked my participants to choose the routes, they were not exclusively planned. Some of my participants would choose a specific place which we would walk to, others would plan a route which would take us past a range of different monuments, and others would arrive

unsure of what it was that I was actually asking and then we would wander around the city, stories being evoked by the surroundings, more like the flâneur than any of the other walks. In contrast to Richardson, the walks which I went on with my participants were focused on where they wanted to take me, in some instances going to sites of particular historical importance, in others more akin to Michael Jackson's articulation of storytelling as "retracing ones steps" (2013). The value of these walks was rarely in the final destination as much as in the process of walking together, the city space eliciting stories and memories, arm in arm navigating the urban space together. These stories allowed access to the human lives which took place in these streets.

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Remembering is political both in small acts of commemoration and in large city decisions surrounding what should be monumentalised and where. Across the city memory plaques can be found. Almost all of the pre-war plaques were destroyed by the Soviet government and new ones detailing Soviet histories were installed (Sereda, 2012). Memorial plaques detail important historic inhabitants or functions of buildings or explain the names of streets, providing small pieces of information about the people after whom the streets are named. Viktoriya Sereda argues that "memorial plaques and street names become a material embodiment of memories expressed in landscape and produce a system of meanings to legitimize a particular vision of the historical past" (ibid: 365). The erection of monuments was a significant aspect of the assertion of Soviet control over the city, and between 1939 and 1941 the Soviets efficiently erased monuments, memorial plaques and street names relevant to the Polish past of the city and erected their own monuments (ibid). James Young argues that "monuments concretize particular historical interpretations" (1993: 153), yet in places such as L'viv where such "particular historical interpretations" have been subject to revision multiple

times in living memory this notion is complicated. The replacement of plaques, street names and monuments is something with which L'viv is familiar, the most recent being following the 2015 Decommunisation laws. Memorial plaques continue to be added and removed from the urban landscape of the city. In 2017 decommunisation was declared complete, but that is only one stage of the redefinition of history in L'viv. Weber states that "history hates empty pedestals" (2016). Just as history hates empty pedestals, it also hates gaps where plaques once were.

Whilst monuments and memorials play a role in "naturalizing particular versions of the past" (ibid: 127) alternate accounts continue to exist. Witeska-Młynarczyk (2014) details this in her work in the town she has named Marianowice, Poland, where she demonstrates the dialogue between Soviet, post-Soviet, national, local and individual understandings of the past and shows where and how they come into conflict within the city. Citizens of cities and countries "hold an intimate knowledge of the past violence, in which they were often personally involved. … [T]he 'new version' … [leaves] them with no space for the social understanding of their past and present positions, no space for defence, denying them the right to complex situatedness" (Witeska-Młynarczyk, 2014: 171). Carrying out one-to-one city walks with my participants demonstrated this "complex situatedness". Whilst certain accounts are silenced and others legitimised by what is currently officially commemorated, this has not led to an absence of stories. Many of the stories I was told have endured multiple shifts of official narrative and are still elicited by different spaces of the city even if the plaque is gone and the name has been changed.

Science fiction author and trained anthropologist China Miéville in his novel *The City and the City* (2009) writes about fictional twin city-states in Eastern Europe: Beszel and Ul Qoma, said to be located to the east of Hungary and to the north of

Turkey. These two cities occupy much of the same space yet the citizens of each are required to diligently "un-see" the other city - the border between the two cities policed by a shadowy secret agency called "the Breach". Besźel uses a language with a Cyrillic alphabet and Ul Qoma a Latin based alphabet, whilst Ul Qoma is officially secular Besźel is Eastern Orthodox with Muslim and Jewish minorities. Areas of the cities are designated "total" (for areas where the space is occupied only by city in which you reside), "alter" (for areas occupied exclusively by the "other" city) and "crosshatched" (for areas which both cities occupy the same space simultaneously and citizens need to navigate their own city while "unseeing" all aspects and citizens of the other city).

The image of two cities occupying the same area yet separated and policed by rules and laws about what can and can't be seen or said resonates with the sense of different L'vivs occupying the urban space. While you have present day L'viv, a proudly Ukrainian city which boasts of being the "most European" of Ukrainian cities and simultaneously the "most nationalist city in Ukraine", you have traces of Polish Lwów in the form of peeling ghost signs, graves in cemeteries and Polish era architecture, of Russian L'vov in the Soviet apartment blocks, old Ladas which rattle along and the remnants of Soviet era memorials which are systematically being removed from public space. Austro-Hungarian Lemberg is still visible through much of the Austrian architecture, aging and in some places crumbling facades and in the former parliament building which is now the Ivan Franko University. If you look more closely you can still see the Jewish Lemberik in the faint inscriptions in paving stones, fading paintings on walls and decaying ruins scattered through the city. The name Lemberg and the traces of the Jewish community also evokes memories of another Lemberg: the Lemberg of the Distrikt Galizien of the General Government of the Third Reich.

These different L'vivs live in the urban space of the city in the form of traces, some seen, some unseen both wilfully and not. Memory laws and acts of official commemoration police the boundaries between the different cities, what is and isn't discussed officially and how it is remembered in public discourse. However, the stories and memories of the inhabitants of L'viv allow you to see the other cities more clearly. Walking with a L'vivian allows you to see these different sites and sights, blurring the borders between past and present. There are attempts at policing these boundaries, one example of which is the decommunization laws, yet the walks I went on with my participants demonstrated how stories and memories are communicated and how "crosshatched" some areas of the city truly are.

De Certeau argues space exists as "practiced place" (1998:117). In the relating of a story on the move a slightly different city comes in to being, appearing before your feet as you walk and talk. Witeska-Młynarczyk beautifully articulates how during her fieldwork "tiny, absurd stories helped me understand the illusory quality of grand narratives" (2014: 167). The personal memories and stories related during walks around the city have a similar effect. They illuminate certain aspects of certain histories which may otherwise remain invisible, blurring the boundaries between public and private remembrance. The act of walking and talking together feels like an intimately private act taking place in a public space, the traces of different pasts guiding the story, shaping the exchange between the two participants. These small stories shine a light on the grand narratives which are produced, reproduced and replaced by different regimes. They live on beyond the official declarations of "true history", weaving their way between the cracks in the narrative.

The second walk I am going to discuss also concerns the history of the Second World War but rather than being a walk with a final destination this walk encounters a

number of different sites while traveling around the *Pidzamche Raion* of the city. I was taken on this walk by Yana, a young woman I became close with who has a strong academic and personal interest in the Jewish history of the city. This walk reveals the traces of the pre-war Jewish community in L'viv and how the history of the Holocaust is (or isn't) commemorated. It raises questions about the relationship between commemoration and everyday life.

Pidzamche

> *Silence is of different kinds, and breathes different meanings.*
>
> Charlotte Brontë

In September 2017 I met Yana off the trolley on *Prospekt Svobody* in the wide pedestrian space in front of the monument to Taras Shevchenko. Yana had learned about the Jewish history of L'viv from attending seminars at the Centre for Urban History in L'viv and had been deeply moved by the opening of the Space of Synagogues in L'viv in 2016. She led professional city walks for visitors to the city on behalf of her boss and the research she carried out for these walks had increased her knowledge significantly over the recent months. It was a warm, overcast day and we were going to go on a walk to the *Pidzamche Raion* of the city. Historically this region had been home to the large Jewish community which resided in L'viv pre-Second World War.

We departed from *Prospekt Svobody* heading towards the Opera house at the north end of the avenue. From there we followed the main road down to Forum L'viv, the large shopping centre in the north of the city which only recently opened in 2015. Visible from the open space in front of the shopping centre is the railway bridge under which passes the dual carriage way which is one of the main routes out of the city towards the northern regions. As we walked by Forum L'viv the road suddenly changed

from cobblestones to tarmac, a signifier of the transition from old town to what is now the outer regions of the city and which once was the suburbs. Once you pass under the railway bridge you encounter two sights at once. On the left there is a wide open area paved with light stone, two walls move towards each other, sloping inwards forming a funnel and where they meet is a black metal gate. This gate is the entrance to the new museum the Territory of Terror. This museum documents the oppressive totalitarian regimes such as the Soviet and the Nazi which have occupied L'viv. On the day we visited they were showing an exhibition which consisted of large portraits of elderly men and women who, as you discover from reading each accompanying description, were Ukrainian or Jewish survivors either of the Nazi concentration camps or slave labour camps, or of the GULAGs. These portraits lined the walls leading in to the museum and once through the gates they continued down the side of the wall. Overlooking the museum, up a steep bank, was the currently functioning train track, but within the walls were replica train tracks of the original train line. Standing on the tracks was a cattle truck, a replica of the ones used to transport millions of people to their deaths across Nazi occupied Europe. At various points throughout the museum stood watch towers from which you could survey all which was taking place within the walls of the museum. The museum itself was inside a number of single story wooden buildings which replicated barracks. The entire museum is designed to evoke thoughts of concentration camps and GULAGs.

On the other side of the dual carriage way there was another row of the same portraits, stood on a low bank of grass within the boundaries of a low metal fence. We crossed the road and entered through a small gate. This space was designed as an alleyway, the centre of the area was cobbled, with grass and other vegetation growing from between the cracks in the stones, indicating the limited care which had been given this space over the months. On either side of the alley lie Jewish gravestones as a symbolic "Road of Death" (Yakovleva, n.d.). At the end of the cobbles closest to the gate stood a large sculpture of a Menorah with an inscription at its feet which reads in

Cyrillic: "Remember and keep it in your heart". The lettering was engraved in the style of Hebrew script. At the far end of the cobbles stood a large statue, an abstract stone carving of the figure of a man emerging from a pile of stones, bearded face turned upwards to the sky, arms held up, outstretched, reaching for the heavens. The torso of the statue is carved in a geometric style, giving the viewer the sense of a body contorted in pain and suffering. At the base of the statue are laid a number of wreaths and a handful of glass candle holders all faded and worn by sun and rain. From the gaps between the items left there and the cracks between the rocks grow weeds and other plants, stretching upwards just as the hands of the statue turn up towards the sky. Amongst the gravestones there are three dark stone slabs, one inscribed in Hebrew, one in Ukrainian and one in English which reads:

Through this "road of death" in 1941-1943 were passing 136,800 Jewish victims martyred by German Nazi-fascist occupiers in Lvov ghetto.

This is the memorial for the L'viv ghetto, which once stood on this site. Overlooked by the present day train tracks and fully visible from the gates of the Territory of Terror museum across the street, this memorial stands on the boundary of the L'viv Old Town and the *Pidzamche Raion*. Large portraits of the survivors overlooked the alley. Each person depicted in these portraits is looking directly into the camera, eyes clear, face neither smiling nor non-smiling, surveying the symbolic gravestones, the wreaths, the statue and the Menorah as though in mourning and also in defiance against those who had sought to eliminate all traces of the Jewish people from Europe. As we were standing in the memorial a freight train carrying timber came speeding past, taking several minutes to clear, a startling reminder of the everyday, in a moment where we were immersed in thoughts of the past. The sudden passing of a train emphasised the dual sense of continuity and rupture, while the trains keep running, their function has changed drastically over time. Although the portraits represent those who survived and show that the ultimate goal of the Final Solution was never realised, the slow dissolving of the traces of the once thriving Jewish community speak to the history of a community of almost one quarter of a million people reduced to approximately 2,000. The trains trundle on, cars drive past either way down the dual carriage way and people walk past on their way to the new shopping centre. It is almost as though two temporalities occupy the same space, each visible from the other yet neither quite touching.

Standing in the ghetto memorial, Yana said "today we're going to visit the old Jewish district. I was taken on this walk by an American professor and we can see some of the old Jewish buildings and what is there now". We turned and walked out of the gate, leaving the portraits behind us, walking deeper into the district which had once been the home to those now represented by the gravestones in the memorial and by the portraits overlooking the museum and the monument. As we walked along the uneven cobbled roads leading to the *Pidzamche Raion,* paintings appeared on the walls of the

buildings. These are part of the L'viv Street Gallery, rows of large square paintings depicting some fantastical, some abstract scenes, the peeling and cracking at the edges from exposure to the elements making them blend into the surroundings, as though they had always been and would always be there. Feeling the uneven cobbles under our feet we continued on, down winding streets, past sprays of red geraniums tumbling from plant pots on balconies high above. The metal tramlines inset into the cobbles cut through the pattern of stones in resolutely straight lines and tangles of electricity cables criss-crossing above our heads connected each home to another with threads of copper, rubber and flows of electrons. The early autumn light combined with the yellowing and faded buildings created the sense of a world in sepia tones, further reinforced by the old structures and patchwork repairs. Newer shop fronts at street level were superimposed on top of the beautiful old buildings, balconies and ornate windows overlooking the street, the only splash of bright colour coming from the spray-painted graffiti tags on the front of the store.

We turned down a wide street with cars parked on both sides, the road transitioned from cobbled to tarmac with pavements on either side. Large white satellite dishes hung from many different buildings starkly contrasting with the historic Polish architecture. Along the street, each building had a large archway wide enough for a car or a horse and cart to pass through, with wooden double doors blocking them; one side of the doors held within it a smaller door for the use of people on foot. Every doorway for every building was open, the courtyard beyond visible from the street, except one. Large rust brown doors were tightly closed, a metal code lock preventing you from walking through. Yana said to me quietly "It's this courtyard that we want to see. There is a reason why they keep this door closed, they don't want too many people coming to look". I was perplexed by this. I couldn't work out what was different about this building and Yana wouldn't tell me: "it's better for you to see it for yourself".

She keyed in a few different codes into the lock but it held fast. I suggested knocking but she said "no, they won't let us in if they know why we are here". At this point a man walked down the street, white carrier bag in hand. He glanced at us but didn't take too much notice, and keyed a code into the door which we had been trying to open and walked through, holding the door for us once he saw we were wanting to go in. We walked through the short passage off which two staircases ascended on either side. At the end was a courtyard which was fairly typical of most courtyards in L'viv, balconies and windows looked out on to it from the four-story high walls, a small patch of scrubby grass had a number of tyres half buried in it, seemingly a play area for children who lived in the building. A number of clothes lines stretched across from one wall to a metal arch with pegs hanging from it and a large patch of yellow flowers growing tall in the centre. The wall facing the door which we had passed through was windowless until two stories up and looked as though it had been patched up with many repairs over the years. There was a large rectangular shape with what looked like a faint painting on it which was slowly being eroded away by exposure to the outdoors and by the many evident repairs. As we got closer it became possible to see a pattern at the bottom of the painting, and the more in focus it became the clearer the Hebrew script.

"This wall was once a part of a synagogue, but it was burned down by the Nazis in 1942". Yana directed my attention to the right and high above our heads I could see a large circle filled in with bricks. "These two things are the only parts left which show that this was a synagogue. I went on a walk with a professor from New York and he brought us here. This is why the people who live here keep the doors closed. Because they don't want tourists to come here. They don't want to be reminded that they live where a synagogue used to be". Right next to the upper left hand corner of the painting was a small rectangular PVC window, cut in to the wall, slicing through what once had been the border of the painting. On the windowsill sat a small pot with a mini cactus growing in it, a mundane representation of the day to day life going on in this space, sharing a wall with the past.

This faded painting and bricked up window is one of the many traces which remind L'vivians of the "layer of inhabitants" which used to occupy much of the city. Pavlyshyn (2017) articulates the ways the city itself is entirely inextricable from this history and more broadly from the legacy of the Second World War. Snyder (2017) states that "all of Soviet Ukraine was occupied for most of the war, which is why for Ukrainians today, war is something that happens here, as opposed to elsewhere". Those who live in the apartments which look on to this courtyard live on top of a stark reminder that this happened *here.* The peeling, fading painting and bricked up circular window the only remnants of the worship which once took place within these walls. Now, the traces of the Jewish community in L'viv are slowly being eroded, fading away from the city which they once called home.

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The traces of the Jewish past lie throughout the city, slowly being drawn further into the blurred edges yet resolutely refusing to disappear entirely. Our walk through the *Pidzamche Raion* to this small courtyard with its faded painting revealed traces which I had not noticed before. As day to day life goes on and you walk down streets on your way to your destination; it is easy not to pay attention to your surroundings, to focus on the weather, the traffic, the time if you are running late, what you are going to have for dinner or when dinner might be. All of these things are mundane aspects of everyday life. This is the power of walking and talking as a method. Going on city walks, taking the time to look and feel the traces of those who no longer are, allows you to engage with this past in a way which does not become all consuming.

The presence of the past.

These two walks show that these histories, while being concretised in certain senses, are alive in the minds and imaginations of young people in L'viv. Although I have only discussed two instances, every young person I spoke with was able to situate themselves in the history of their families and the city. Although there were wildly different understandings of the Holocaust, the nationalist movement, communism and the Second World War, I encountered no-one who was uninterested in or unknowledgeable about the past. In the Welsh language there is a word, *hiraeth,* that does not directly translate into English. It is a word for a particular type of nostalgic homesickness, a painful longing for a place or a time which no longer exists or never existed in the first place. It is a feeling which sits in your body, in your bones. A feeling of knowing a place yet having never been there, a feeling of loss for something that was never quite within your grasp.

Svetlana Boym describes nostalgia, in its clearest form as "a sentiment of loss and displacement, but it is also a romance with one's own fantasy" (2001: 19). This fantasy or imagined home is both located geographically and also temporally. I do not think that all L'vivians feel *hiraeth* or nostalgia for the L'viv evoked in these walks, but I do think that there is a sense of a place which no longer is, accompanied by a sense of the place that could have been had war, occupation and genocide not shaped the course of Ukrainian history. Some, like Yana and Natalia, deal with this by engaging head on with the history of the Holocaust and the Second World War in the city. Others do it by arguing that more focus needs to be placed on the suffering of Ukrainians at the hands of the Nazis and the Soviets, as is displayed in the exhibits at the Territory of Terror and *Tyurma na Lonts'koho.*

There is a weight to the history of L'viv, to knowing that these things happened *here.* Snyder captures this so simply yet powerfully when he states that the events of the 20th century taught Ukrainians that war takes place at home not away (2017). Walking and talking as a method allows this weight to be lifted. The dialogue between "big history" and the "tiny, absurd stories", I believe, is what enables the past to be felt so acutely in the present. Walking and talking as a method offers access to the local stories that can be encountered throughout the city, while strategically it alleviates anxiety about eavesdropping (or worse), and it makes interviews feel more equal, rather than one person interrogating the other. Two people on a journey through the city, and into the past, together.

A Walk

My eyes already touch the sunny hill.

going far beyond the road I have begun,

So we are grasped by what we cannot grasp;

it has an inner light, even from a distance-

and changes us, even if we do not reach it,

into something else, which, hardly sensing it,

we already are; a gesture waves us on

answering our own wave…

but what we feel is the wind in our faces.

Rainer Maria Rilke.

The cemetery

[M]emory is never seamless, but always a montage of collected fragments, recomposed by each person and generation.
James Young, Textures of Memory

The traces and inscriptions of the past that lie all around the city speak to the absence of people and communities, particularly of the Jewish community. They also speak to the presence of death; death through the sites such as the former ghetto, the Golden Rose synagogue, the prison on *Lonts'koho* street, the Citadel and many other locations. Now we will turn to the spaces which are dedicated explicitly to death, to the dead and to dead bodies. The burial and reburial of bodies in the ground has been written about at length in many spectacular works (Bloch and Parry, 1982; Verdery, 1999; Merridale, 2000; Naumescu, 2004) and I draw on those works throughout this chapter. However, my main intention is to examine the spaces which are built up (and at times torn down) around dead bodies. How are these spaces engaged with, what sort of memories are present in these spaces and how do different forms of commemoration and remembrance intersect in these spaces? Although I do at times engage with the bodies themselves, this chapter is concerned with how these spaces are sites where certain pasts are activated and informed by things that are taking place in the present. The two cemeteries on which I focus are very different from one another yet are also closely

connected with different aspects of the same history. The different methods of remembering which take place in these spaces demonstrate how they are sites where the veil between the past and present grows thin, where stories are told, unearthed and can become rooted.

The first cemetery I discuss is one where multiple pasts are nestled against one another, seemingly in opposition yet also coexisting within the same walls. This cemetery is a map of different military campaigns for the city, of different occupying powers and conflicting understandings of the city. Whilst the military cemeteries are distinctly separate there is significantly more layering and blurring in the civilian section of the cemetery with Ukrainian poets lying in rest next to Polish academics and Soviet politicians, along with many other inhabitants of the earth sharing the space. The cemetery is a microcosm of the city, where the exchange between communities takes place whilst political boundaries are drawn. The relations between groups are far more nuanced than their political representations. This space is one where the multiple border changes and political regimes are the most visible, where the complexity and confusion of the past meet and become entangled. This entanglement is particularly hard to think through as the contradictions or oppositions existing in this space are seemingly incompatible. There are graves and monuments dedicated to men who died fighting each other, separated by hedges, just as in life they were separated by borders and uniforms. How can one space hold these incompatibilities? There seems to be an understanding that this cemetery is a place where these inconsistencies are suspended, and the dead can be mourned with respect for those who lie on the other side of the hedge.

The second cemetery introduced is a ruined Jewish cemetery in the heart of the city where the fragments of *matzevah* lie in the grass, vegetation slowly rising up

around them. It is a site where the long Jewish history of the city, its violent destruction, and the neglect of this memory are viscerally visible. This section will consider the history of this cemetery and detail how the reclaiming of the fragments of Jewish gravestones from L'viv and Ivano-Frankivsk Oblasts is working against the loss of memory, and providing a new space where the dead can be cared for and mourned (Hertz, 2004 [1960]; Filippucci, 2019). I examine how different memories and stories flow between the fragments, and how the traces of the past are still alive and felt in L'viv and the fragments of the gravestones take on new meanings, and new understandings of the past based on events which took place many years later.

Graves and borders.
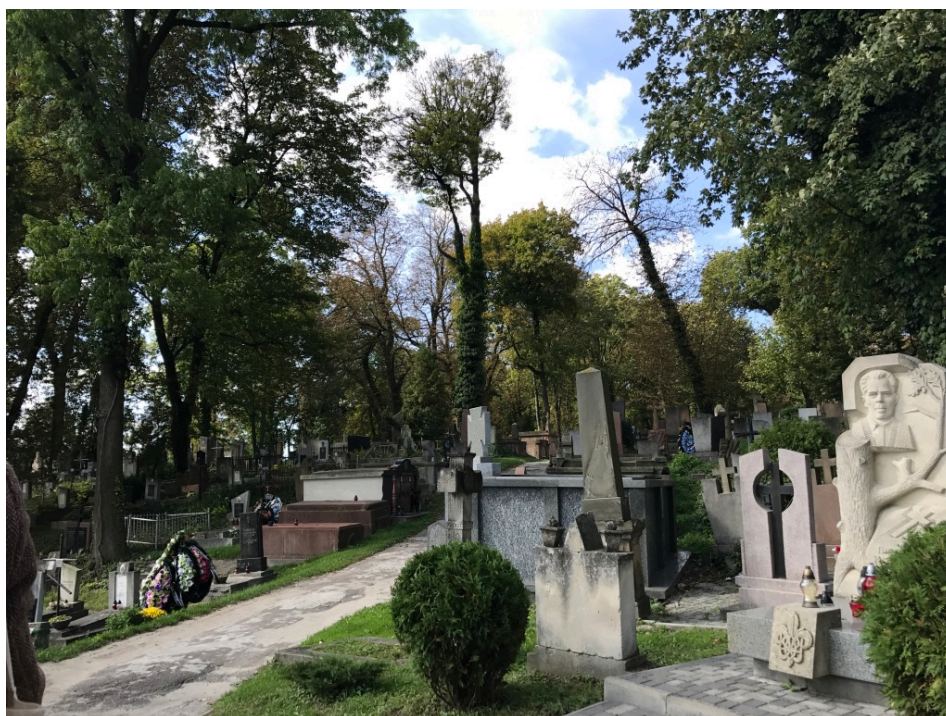
In a south-eastern district of L'viv lies *Lychakivs'kyi* Cemetery, situated on a hill. The walls of the cemetery enclose a large wooded area with graves nestled between the trees, rising and falling with the natural folds of the hill, some overgrown, some carefully tended and decorated with flowers and candles. Stone paths wind their way

like arteries between the graves with narrow, unpaved but well-trodden paths breaking off in different directions like smaller capillaries snaking their way between the tombstones. This cemetery holds the remains of many people from many different periods, political regimes and countries, including the graves of significant citizens of L'viv such as the poet Ivan Franko, the singer Solomiya Krushelnytska and the historian Ivan Krypyakevych. It also holds military cemeteries from several different regimes, some of which died fighting each other.

The military graves that fall under the authority of the cemetery include the Ukrainian Military Cemetery, which contains the graves of members of the UPA. Within the walls of the cemetery are clearly defined areas dedicated to specific armies and specific battles. In one half of the Ukrainian military cemetery can be found the graves of members of the UPA and others who fought for the liberation struggle in the 1940s. Between those graves there is a tall memorial constructed from red granite dedicated to the Waffen SS 'Galizien' and the Ukrainian National Army who fell fighting the Soviets. On the other side is an active military graveyard for the soldiers from L'viv who have been killed in the war in Eastern Ukraine. Each headstone bears a portrait of the grave's inhabitant, yellow and blue ribbons adorn some of the most recent graves, and many candles and flowers lie before most of the graves. The youth of some of the men lying in these graves is starkly evident through the images on the headstones and the dates of birth and death inscribed in the dark stone. This second half has three large grassy areas which stand empty, a reminder of the ongoing war and of the bodies which one day might lie interred there. The "Cemetery for the Defenders of Lwów" stands on the side of the hill separated from the Ukrainian section by a large hedge. This cemetery is dedicated to the Polish soldiers who died successfully defending L'viv from the Ukrainians in the Polish-Ukrainian war and includes the Lwów Eaglets (Polish teenagers who died fighting the Ukrainians). This cemetery is pristine and well-tended

to, with bright white gravestones in clean rows, and a large chapel overlooking the graves, also built from white stone. This part of the cemetery had been demolished by the Soviets and turned in to a truck depot but following independence the cemetery was restored and re-opened in 2005.

Outside the walls of the cemetery but still under its authority is the "Fields of Mars" memorial (*Marsove Pole*). This memorial was built in 1974 and contains the graves of 3,800 Soviet soldiers and members of the NKVD who fell fighting the Nazi occupiers of Ukraine and the UPA up until 1950. A vast open field with a strip down the middle lined with stone markers engraved with the name of each of the soldiers buried there, many Ukrainian names appear on these stones, and while a large number of the dead buried here died at the hands the Ukrainian nationalists, this provides a reminder that in comparison to the Polish-Ukrainian conflict which was fought in part along ethnic lines, many of those buried under Soviet symbols were divided differently. A large hammer and sickle symbol is embedded in the ground at the bottom of the strip, one of the few that remain in the city. While many with whom I talked (and I myself am guilty of this at times too) create a clear division between Ukrainian and Soviet, the lines themselves are perhaps not so clear. While millions of Ukrainians perished at the hands of the Soviet Union, many also fought in the Red Army and, as one of my participants remarked, played a significant role in the victory over Nazism in the Second World War. While this contribution is often lost under the umbrella term the USSR, the Soviet war memorials in many cities (which are exempt from the de-communisation legislation) serve as a reminder of those who lost their lives between 1941-45. This, however, does not seem fully compatible with the de-communisation process that has been taking place in Ukraine. While war memorials and war graves are exempt, they are inextricable from the memory and symbolism of the Soviet period. In L'viv, although many people I interviewed had a grandparent or great grandparent who had been in the Red Army, many also had relations who had been part of the liberation struggle, who were deported to Siberia and suffered greatly at the hands of the Soviet state.

In 1991 in newly independent Ukraine, there were questions about what to do with the many Soviet statues and memorials which dotted the landscape. In a large number of cities, the Soviet era statues remained standing until *Leninopad* or 'the fall of Lenin' which took place after the Maidan Revolution. In L'viv, however, the statue of Lenin was toppled in 1991, demonstrating the urgency with which the people of L'viv wished to break with the Soviet past and create something new. In the years following independence a number of changes/additions have been made to the Field of Mars. A large cross was erected at the top of the field at the head of the strip of names which marks the graves of a number of Sich Riflemen who fought in the Polish-Ukrainian War. However, the positioning of the cross creates the impression of an attempt to

redefine the terms of the cemetery, rejecting Soviet atheism and Soviet ideology in a more striking way than destroying the memorial itself. More recently still the remains of the victims of the NKVD, Ukrainian nationalists who were massacred in the Prison on Lonts'koho Street (*Tyurma na Lonts'koho*) in 1941 shortly before the Nazi invasion, were re-buried on the corner of the bottom end of the memorial, marked with simple white crosses. A striking reclamation of space considering that there are members of the NKVD buried in the Field of Mars.

There is now a large memorial to those who fought for the UPA standing at the bottom of the Field of Mars, a golden trident or *tryzub* (the official symbol of Ukraine), and a Ukrainian flag flying overhead. While the Ukrainian and Polish cemeteries are separated by hedges and marked with plaques detailing commitments to reconciliation, the Field of Mars and the more recent graves of the victims of the NKVD and the UPA fighters demonstrate the painful and often hostile relationship between Russian and Ukrainian commemoration. When visiting the Field of Mars, a place once revered as a site for commemorating the heroic dead, you can now see people walking their dogs and treating the space as a park rather than a cemetery containing 3,800 graves. The Field of Mars, and *Lychakivs'kyi* as a whole, offers an opportunity to consider how the politics of the present influences the way we commemorate the war dead and the way meaning can be reconstituted around the graves of the dead.

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Early during my fieldwork I presented an overview of my research at the university in L'viv. I stated that my project was concerned with memory in L'viv, specifically the memory of the war, communism and the UPA. The tutor instructed the students to go around the class and each state if they had any family stories about these topics that they wished to share. who invited me to come and talk about my research as a strategy for finding more participants. Without fail each one of the twenty-five students present had at least one grandparent or great grandparent who had been in the Red Army, the UPA or who had been deported to Siberia. At the end of the class Olha was the first to approach me: her great-grandfather had been arrested by the Soviets for being a member of the OUN and her great-grandmother, who was as equally committed to the liberation struggle, continued to support the OUN and UPA throughout the war, providing food and supplies for the men living in the forest.

Following our first meeting we exchanged phone numbers and over the course of many meetings discussed history, the Maidan Revolution, her family and much more. Eventually I was introduced to her mother and grandparents and carried out a number of interviews with them. During each of my meetings with Olha and her family the topic of the war in the east was discussed, the death count calculated and despair at the situation expressed. It was in this way that the topic of *Lychakivs'kyi* came up. I had already visited a number of times, but I had not discussed the military graves with Olha or her family until this conversation.

> *I am so proud that the men who are dying now are buried next to the heroes of the UPA. They deserve the same recognition, they all died fighting against the Russians and we should remember that.*

Olha's grandmother Lesiya spoke these words to me during the conversation when the connection had been drawn between the liberation struggle and the current war in the

east. "But most of the UPA in the cemetery died when they were old? They weren't killed by Russians" I said, wondering whether I had misread some of the gravestones. "They may not have been killed by the Russians but they fought against them and we wouldn't be here without them!" Lesiya responded sharply, rebuking me for seeming to have questioned the heroic deaths of those interred in the cemetery.

While each individual grave acts to connect individuals and families to their ancestors, collections of graves become something very different. Bloch and Parry argue that "the tomb and the reunited dead within it represent the undivided and enduring descent group" (1982:34). Burying the dead in the ground states a claim to the land. It demonstrates a permanence of presence, a statement that this community, these people, will be here for posterity, yet this is only possible if the individuality of the dead is subsumed by the totality of the cemetery (ibid). This is especially the case with military cemeteries; the uniformity of the graves creates a sense of a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts. Each headstone represents an individual and private family mourning and loss, yet its inclusion in the whole leads to it becoming part of a nationalistic assertion of ownership of the land. *Lychakivs'kyi* Cemetery holds the graves of tens of thousands of civilians; each of their tombstones crafted separately, at different times, by different hands, and when combined form the majority of the cemetery, each death becoming part of this whole, with Ukrainian graves, Polish graves and Soviet graves lying alongside each other. There is a fluidity and a merging with the civilian graves, although it is possible to distinguish between them on the basis of the symbols carved on each gravestone. Contrastingly, the military cemeteries are separated off from the rest of the graves and from each other with clearly defined boundaries, replicating the armies for which each of the interred once fought. Just as the uniform once separated one from the other, now death has replaced the uniform with a gravestone.

How, then, does one interact with a cemetery which not only marks permanence, but also demonstrates the uncertainty of nation states? *Lychakivs'kyi* Cemetery holds within its walls many opposing memories, both bounded and also bleeding into each other, never fully separate. Bloch and Parry argue that graves are part of the construction of "an idealised material map of the permanent social order" (ibid). If this is the case, then how can we think about the conflicting cemeteries which are separated by hedges rather than state borders? As discussed in previous chapters, the 20th century was one of moving borders, conflict, suffering and death, with the city changing hands no fewer than eight times between 1917 and 1945. The history that this cemetery is witness to is a painful one with many conflicting and opposing sides, yet within the boundaries of the cemetery, among the trees and vegetation, the dead coexist as neighbours.

So, with this in mind, how might we think about the different histories and memories that exist within the cemetery? The cemetery itself is now one of the major tourist attractions of L'viv, and all tourists must pay an entrance fee. It is possible to book a guided tour which will lead you around all the graves of the most significant historical figures who are buried in the cemetery. These tours purposefully avoid discussion of the conflicting military cemeteries, with the exception of pointing out the architectural elements of the different structures. They seemingly wish to avoid any political discussions, particularly considering the high number of Polish tourists who visit the city each year. Despite the entrance fee, if you are coming to the cemetery to mourn or pay respects to a grave you can enter without charge. On my first visit Olha taught me that if you go to the small shop opposite the gates of the cemetery and purchase a candle (this shop sells flowers, both real and fake, and a wide variety of glass candle holders, candles and matches) and show it to the security guard then you can enter as a local who is coming to visit a grave, rather than as a tourist. Each time I

visited subsequently I would buy a red glass candle holder, a tea light candle and a packet of matches (I always forgot to bring the packet from the previous time and by the end of fieldwork I had an impressive collection in my room). I would place the candle on one of the recent graves in the Ukrainian military cemetery and feel sorrow that after so many years and so much death the wheels of war were still turning and that contestation and conflict were claiming still more lives.

Paola Filippucci talks about the First World War battlefield at Verdun, France and the death, trauma and violence which infused the landscape, and the negotiations surrounding memory and how to commemorate the dead and acknowledge the extreme suffering which took place. She describes how an Ossuary was built to hold the bones of the dead which had been unearthed, with the names of those killed inscribed on the stone. This ossuary holds the remains of 130,000 unidentified French soldiers, and in 2014 the name of the first German soldier was added (2019). The addition of this name and the inclusion of German and French commemoration in the same space was an acknowledgement of the suffering which occurred regardless of allegiance and aimed at collective remembrance. In contrast, in *Lychakivs'kyi* the bodies of the war dead do not lie in the same space, yet there is some similarity here. Whilst there undoubtedly is a tension between the different cemeteries, as is exemplified by the column of Michael appearing over the hedge, there is also a suspension of tensions which allows the Polish and Ukrainian cemeteries to lie next to one another. This is encapsulated in the statements of reconciliation which are inscribed in stone on the gateway between the two spaces. However, this does not seem to be the case for the Soviet military graves, which lie outside the walls of the cemetery. The building of the UPA memorial at the foot of the graves and the burial of victims of the NKVD next to the site all indicate an attempt to prevent the conflict between the Soviets and the Ukrainians from being forgotten. Whilst there seems to be suspension of tensions between the Polish and

Ukrainian cemeteries, the tensions between the Soviet and Ukrainian sites is emphasised.

There are a number of factors which underpin the difference between the Ukrainian, Polish and Soviet cemeteries. Whilst there have been attempts (albeit not wholly successful ones) to reconcile and work through the history between Poland and Ukraine, the conflicts which are represented in this cemetery are more firmly located in the past than the conflict between Ukraine and Russia. The relationship between Ukraine and Russia as one of occupied and occupier, oppressed and oppressor, victim and aggressor, is ongoing and with the empty, grassy spaces in the Ukrainian military section are being slowly being filled with those killed by Russian backed separatists in the east. With ceasefire negotiations stalling, the genealogy of conflict is still being written and is extending into the future. Whilst the history represented by the Ukrainian and Polish graves is still painful and contested, it seems bounded, just as the cemeteries are bounded by hedges; it is possible to suspend animosity to pay respect to the dead. This appears to be far harder with the graves of Soviet dead, although this is not exclusively the case. These graves again demonstrate the tension between official state commemoration and individual family stories. Whilst commemorative services and the curation of the cemetery is overseen centrally and is informed by national memory policy, there are many in the city whose family histories are interwoven with the history of the Red Army and victory over the Nazis in the Second World War, and the graves of the Red Army dead speak to that history as well as to the history of the conflict between the Soviet Union and the OUN and UPA.

The graves in the cemetery, both military and civilian, exist in tension with each other and with the history which has grown up around them as the trees and plants have. Whilst the languages engraved on tombstones, the hedges which divide military

cemeteries and the dates which indicate whether they were buried in L'viv, Lwów or L'vov, all demonstrate these tensions. These graves coexist, visitors walk among them, candles are lit, flowers placed and ribbons tied. Just as multiple conflicting histories jostle for space in the city, they do so in the cemetery, the bodies beneath the earth and the stones each being inscribed with new meanings and becoming part of new stories.

The cemetery on Rappaporta Street,

To the north-west of the main avenue in L'viv stands the Maternity Department of the 3rd Municipal Clinical Hospital. The building is tall and decorated with intricate brickwork and an imposing dome which overlooks the street in front. The day that I visited with Yana the rain was falling heavily as we walked up the street towards the hospital, droplets dripping from the hem of my raincoat into the back of my trainers. It had been an unbearably hot month and the humidity had suddenly given way to torrential rain and intermittent thunder and lighting. The grey clouds provided an imposing backdrop for the dark dome of the hospital with its elaborate red bricks. We paused on the street where Yana told me "this used to be the Jewish hospital before the war. Now it's the maternity hospital, it's where my brother's wife had her baby". She pointed upwards to the grey dome with its yellow patterned tiles and oxidised copper green spire, "see around the bottom of the dome? There is the Star of David, this is how you know this was the Jewish hospital". Around the base where the dark tiles met the light, small red Stars of David repeated themselves, edging the seam of the dome with the main building.

We walked up to the hospital and slipped in through the entrance to the ambulance bay, under an archway and past some large refuse bins to a grassy area containing many trees. Densely scattered across the grass were weather-worn, mossy stones. Sitting uncomfortably next to one another like an unfinished mosaic, nothing held them together other than the vegetation growing in between them. A paved path cut through the grass in perpendicular straight lines, bright green grass sprouting from between the cracks, straining towards the sun. "This was a Jewish cemetery for many years, it was made in the 1400s", Yana remarked, indicating that we should walk up the path. At the end of the path was a gloss black plaque inscribed in Hebrew and Ukrainian, with a number of weather-worn glass candle holders scattered in front of it. In one corner of the space a mound of broken fragments of *matzevah* sat, almost as tall as an average person, with vegetation growing from between them. "Since the laws were passed people have been secretly returning the stones that they took. They just leave them here like this. No respect", Yana said with disgust:

It's shameful how people can just take these to build their things. This should be a memory place, people should know this is here but they don't. Ukrainians suffered a lot, but that doesn't mean that we can't remember others also. But people think because people don't see our suffering that we don't have to remember other people. It shouldn't work that way.

This was one of the oldest Jewish cemeteries in Europe with mentions of it going as far back as 1414. The cemetery was officially closed in 1855 and in 1920 it was given special monument status by the Austrian government and restoration work was carried out between 1928 and 1931 by the Jewish community. It is estimated that between 25,000 and 30,000 people are buried on the site. Following the occupation of the city by the Nazis many of the gravestones were destroyed by machine gun fire and the site was used illegally to bury the bodies of those who had died from disease and after the end of the war the gravestones were used in various construction projects across the city including paving streets, building retaining walls and paving the surface of the central courtyard in *Tyurma na Lonts'koho* (Kharchuk, Zarechnyuk and Pavlyshyn, n.d).

"This cemetery was destroyed by the Nazis and then the Soviets used the stones for building. It is only recently that it became illegal to use these stones for building

work", said Yana, gazing out across the stones. From this statement I assumed that the engraved memorial was dedicated to the destruction of the cemetery and situated it within the wider narrative of the Holocaust in L'viv. The style of the memorial, with two glossy plaques inscribed in Hebrew and Ukrainian, is aesthetically extremely similar to other memorials in the city, however these plaques simply listed the names and birth and death dates of famous Rabbis who were buried in the cemetery. The cemetery used to span a much greater area than what remains today. It has slowly been encroached upon by buildings, markets and other development projects, yet the space enclosed within the walls behind the hospital seem to have escaped this slow erasure. Within this space there is a clear sense of the dead.

All that remains of this cemetery are the scattered fragments and piles of stones on which can still be read the faint Hebrew inscriptions, and carved lions, trees and hands can still be made out. Nearby is a small market where household items, vegetables and occasionally, as on the day that we visited, kittens can be purchased. There is a stark contrast between the everyday life of the market, the new life being brought into the world in the hospital and the presence of death in the abandoned graveyard. Sites such as these are scattered across Eastern and Central Europe. James Young writes about the "fragments of shattered Jewish tombstones [that] have become the predominant iconographic figure by which public memory of the Shoah is constructed in Poland today" (1993: 185) and examines the different ways in which the "fragments are not recuperated so much as reorganised around the theme of their own destruction" (ibid). As discussed in the previous chapter, there are sites where the history of the Holocaust is commemorated and the absence of the Jewish community is visible, both through that active drawing attention to absence and through the traces visible in the city. Where does this cemetery sit within those categories?

Whilst spaces such as the ghetto memorial or the Space of Synagogues are accessible and visible directly from the street, the cemetery on *Rappaporta* is hidden, just like the fading mural in the *Pidzamche Raion.* The link between the gravestones and the individual bodies which lie in the ground has been severed due to the years of abuse and neglect that the cemetery has been subjected to. Time and the weather have eroded the fragments of the stones and it is almost impossible to make out the inscriptions on the stones with the exception of some of the images on the large pieces. There is an ongoing project by Rohatyn Jewish Heritage which Yana introduced me to. Located in the neighbouring Ivano-Frankivsk oblast, this project, amongst other things, reclaims *matzevah* from abandoned cemeteries, digs them up from where they have been used in construction and are in the process of building a new cemetery where the stones can be relocated. Whilst Jewish law prohibits the exhumation of bodies, the retrieval of gravestones and the reconstruction of a cemetery acts as almost a proxy exhumation – it provides a space where mourning and commemoration can take place.

The act of collecting the stones also collects together the people invested in creating the new cemetery which, in turn, imbues the stones with their stories and memories. The weather worn, mossy fragments become the bearers of multiple stories, and multiple histories. As they are carefully retrieved and arranged in the new cemetery they take meanings which extend beyond the intention with which they were created. Tilley argues that material objects "are not replete unto themselves. They are always more than themselves: in a process of *becoming* rather than a static state of being" (2006: 28). This argument also applies to landscape:

> *Landscapes are contested, worked and re-worked by people according to*
> *particular individual, social and political circumstances. As such they are*
> *always in process, rather than static, being and becoming. Landscapes are on*

the move [and] are structures of feeling, palimpsests of past and present (ibid:

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The landscape which the *matzevah* have been part of in the past and which they are now becoming a part of again has been contested for many years. It is permeated with memories, and the fragments of stone in the cemetery on *Rappaporta* and in the new cemetery in Rohatyn are inscribed with layers of continually shifting meanings.

How can we think about the relationship between the bodies in the earth, the fragments headstones which once marked these graves, and the way that they exist in the present? When discussing the ossuary at Verdun Filippucci draws a distinction between cemeteries, where the emphasis is on the individual, their name and on whole bodies, and the ossuary, where the names are not so directly linked to specific bodies, providing a place to go and mourn the missing who were no longer "quite so missing" and helping to forge a relationship with the dead. It became a place where the dead could be cared for (2019). Robert Hertz states that "the living owe all kinds of care to the dead who reside among them" (2004 [1960]: 29-30), and the creation of the ossuary was a way of caring for the dead who had no graves. The cemetery on *Rappaporta* has been a site where individuals, their bodies and their names have been mourned and their graves tended to, yet in the years which have passed since the cemetery was active, the events which rampaged through L'viv have transformed this space. The destruction of the Jewish community was mirrored in the destruction of the cemetery, and the reduction of the stones to fragments transformed the bodies in the earth to a collection of unidentified bodies. In collecting the fragments together and creating a new cemetery, the fragments no longer only represent those buried in the cemetery, but also those who were not permitted graves, whose ashes were scattered across the landscape of Eastern and Central Europe, and whose bones lie silently in mass graves in the forest.

The construction of the cemetery by the later generations of survivors "gives the dead a body" (Filippucci, 2019) and helps later generations to "forge a relationship with the dead" (ibid).

James Young describes his interaction with an attempt to build a memorial in Łódź, Poland from *matzevah*:

> *When I came across these layered sheaves of matzevoth forty-five years later, I couldn't help but see them still as a memorial: not to the destruction itself, but to vacated memory. The unerected monument reminded me of one consequence of so vast a destruction: with no one left to preserve the memory of those who came before, memorial activity ceases altogether, except in the eyes of visitors* (1993: 196).

Standing in the ruined cemetery on *Rapporporta* Yana and I were visitors walking amongst the stones, across the earth which holds the bodies of so many who came before, whose names we would never know. The memory we encounter as individuals in those spaces is informed by our own stories and family histories, some of which we keep close to our chests.

Sharika Thiranagama explores belonging and place among Tamil Muslims displaced from Northern Sri Lanka; she uses the Tamil word *ur,* meaning natal home, to consider the relationship between person and place:

> Ur *not only make person-centric places, they also make place-centric persons. […] Stories of home, of the Eviction, were not just stories of the past. Told in spaces, settlements, and camps, that were structured around the assumed importance of former* ur*, they were injunctions to remember the past, remember difference, and thus were also stories of the future.* (2007: 131-4).

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This sense of belonging which is transformed through displacement into a different relationship with the former home is something which is present in the way that the Rohatyn Jewish Heritage engages with ruined cemeteries and sites. Whilst for those who survived the Holocaust in L'viv the cemeteries and synagogues of L'viv were real places that lived in their memories and concrete locations, for the later generations who encounter these sites their engagement is informed by post-memory, history education, storytelling and imagination. The rebuilding or recreation of cemeteries is informed by this multi-faceted engagement. Tilley argues:

> *People routinely draw on their stocks of knowledge of the landscape and the locales in which they act to give meaning, assurance and significance to their lives. The place acts dialectically so as to create the people who are of that place. These qualities of locales and landscapes give rise to a feeling of belonging and rootedness and a familiarity, [...] They give rise to a power to act and a power to relate that is both liberating and productive.* (1994: 26).

From speaking to friends in L'viv like Yana, who are invested in the work of Rohatyn Jewish Heritage and in the commemoration of the Jewish history of L'viv, it is clear that there is a fear of forgetting, that these spaces which have historically been so important will no longer be remembered except by external spectators. The works of Young, Thiranagama and Tilley speak to each other when considering the cemetery on *Rappaporta* and the Rohatyn Jewish Heritage Project. The new cemetery being built is aimed at working against the forgetting which Young notes, commemorating not only those who are buried but also those who were not permitted the dignity of a grave, and providing a space for those who are encountering L'viv as an ancestral home to which they are making some kind of return. The collecting of the stones is also an act of recollection (Moutu, 2007), allowing for stories and memories to be shared and located

in space, providing a sense of rootedness and belonging which assuages the fear of forgetting (Young, 1993; Tilley, 1994; Thiranagama, 2007).

Between the fragments.

The two cemeteries discussed in this chapter demonstrate different registers of remembering which become entangled in the space of the cemetery. Both *Lychakivs'kyi* cemetery and the cemetery on *Rappaporta* street demonstrate how big historical narratives and personal remembrance intersect in the space of the cemetery. There is official commemoration in the form of military cemeteries, the names inscribed in uniform stones, telling a story about the past whilst also speaking to individual family memories, facilitating the transmission of memory whilst also making a political statement about the past (Naumescu, 2004: 153). The destruction of the Jewish cemetery on *Rappaporta* street by the Nazis and its erosion from the looting of stones and the overtaking of vegetation allow for new interpretations, the gaps between the fragments of stone bearing memories of violence, suffering and displacement (Young, 1993). This chapter has endeavoured to grapple with the complex entanglement of memories and meanings which exists within the cemetery. Over time new events and new understandings have settled, like a "geological formation" as Barthes (1977) would describe it. Attempting to untangle these different threads seems like an impossible task, just as untangling the different histories of L'viv does. Yet examining the nature of the entanglement, and the role that graves play in understanding how seemingly incompatible understandings of the past can coexist in one space, provides an insight into to how official commemoration and private remembrance meet in the cemetery. Similarly, by examining what has emerged from in between the gaps in the fragments of *matzevah,* and how these fragments are being reclaimed and used to rebuild a cemetery

it is possible to consider how belonging and a sense of rootedness, however fragile, can begin to be reformed against a backdrop of unimaginable suffering.

Marianne Ferme discusses how the vegetation which accompanies destruction can be read as ruins, and states that vegetation can be "both a memorial to the past and a sign that the past is yielding to new forms of life" (2001: 25). The plants that grow between the fragments of stone in the cemetery on *Rappaporta* street could be seen to be speaking to these new forms of life in terms of giving life back to memory. Whereas the building of memorials and monuments has been theorised to freeze memory or transform it into history (Nora, 1989; Connerton, 2009), the building of the new cemetery by Rohatyn Jewish Heritage is not only reclaiming the stones themselves, but is exhuming memory (Naumescu, 2004). The memorial cemetery has created something greater than the sum of its parts. Young describes memorials built from rescued *matzevah,* stating that "the fragments are not recuperated so much as reorganised around the theme of their own destruction" (1993: 185), going on to say "[the] mind pours itself into the gaps between the fragments, like so much mortar, to bind the remnants together. We are reminded that memory is never seamless, but always a montage of collected fragments, recomposed by each person and generation" (ibid: 198).

The bodies of those who have passed on, some through conflict and violence, some peacefully, infuse the land with meaning. The bodies of the dead are buried in places which represent permanence; while the physical body will gradually become part of the earth and families may move and disperse to other regions and other lands, there is a root that remains in the city in the form of graves, fragments, traces and memories. This memory may not be a lived memory, rather a memory that has been passed on and informed by stories, films, education and imagination. My grandmother used to take me to the graves of my great grandparents, buried next to each other in the corner of a

cemetery in Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. We would take artificial flowers from the market, vibrant colours of blue, red and yellow with bright green plastic stems, and a rag with some marble cleaner purchased from a magazine which came through the door one day. Carrier bag in hand we would walk down through the cemetery, to the two matching white headstones near the canal. We would remove the faded flowers and wipe the grave clean of the small green vegetation which had grown there since the last visit, while Baba would greet them in Ukrainian, speaking lovingly to their headstones. They lay next to each other, two people whom I had never met but who were part of my family and whose graves I helped care for. On the gravestones it was inscribed that they were born in Ukraine and died in Hanley; exiting the world thousands of miles away from where they entered. Despite never knowing them, these people and these graves formed a part of my memory and my family's memory. The inscriptions and the graves rooting my family, both home and away, split between a place I knew intimately, and another which existed only in stories and memories. Graves make tangible those who are gone, they give us a place to visit, a place to attempt to connect with the people of the past, and a place to care for those who, whilst we may never know them, we love.

The forest.

Memories were waiting at the edges of things,
beckoning to me.
Neil Gaiman, The Ocean at the End of the Lane

When you walk in the forest the atmosphere that settles around you is heavy, as though

weighed down by years of history. There is a sense of time collapsing between events of

the past and the space you are now moving through, a sense that history is embedded in

the landscape. What is different about the sense of the past in the forest compared to

that which has been described so far? Ukraine was the location of some of the most

violent acts of the Second World War and the forest bore witness to much more than

military conflict. Although this is also the case in the city, the conversations which take

place in the forest are of a different quality, they have a different feel to them. They are

infused with imagination and informed by films and other media more closely, perhaps,

than the stories which are located in the city. The accounts detailed thus far concern

prisons, streets, homes, museums – spaces built with stone and concrete; with material

things. Archival documents, photographs, diaries, maps and other artefacts make it

possible to ground stories solidly in certain places at certain times, and while there are

photos of people in the forest and written accounts of events which took place between

the trees, the locations are more blurry, less clearly located. In the absence of

monuments and other markers of history I argue that the forest acts as a canvas for the imagination, informed by other historical and memorial sources.

The topic of imagination has briefly appeared at times and has been implicitly present in the ethnography I have introduced this far. The forest offers an opportunity to focus more explicitly on imagination and think through what imagination offers us when considering history and memory in L'viv and Ukraine. The previous chapters have outlined the different threads of stories which exist and interact with different spaces in the city – slowly moving outwards weaving their way towards the dense woodland outside of the city. The forest is a space of ambiguity and contradiction and seemingly incompatible perceptions of it coexist in L'viv and in Eastern Europe more generally. The forest is of huge importance in Slavic folklore, in old fairy-tales, in poems and songs with talking animals, spirits and trees. Yet it is also the site of atrocity, pain and suffering, where violent events of the 20th century played out on a huge scale. Ukrainian writer, poet and feminist activist Lesiya Ukrainka in her famous work *The Forest Song* (1920) wrote "in the forest, nothing is ever mute". The forest, like imagination, is a space of ambivalence, and a space where the silences in stories hold many different meanings.

The forest is home to different kinds of narratives, a place where violent stories intermingle with the supernatural and the magical. The stories of what happened in the forest are located *in the forest.* As the stories are passed on to later generations the ability to narrow down exactly *where* becomes increasingly difficult, with no particular landmark which situates the listener. Although among rural communities the landscape is known and read intimately and events can be located very precisely, for the young people I worked with from the city the forest exists more as an expanse of landscape where things took place and the past can be engaged with. This makes stories of the

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forest more ambiguous and more susceptible to acts of imagination to fill in the spaces left in stories. This ambiguity also allows for stories told about the forest to fit in to wider collective narratives about struggle and survival in the rural landscape of Ukraine. Marianne Hirsch emphasises the relationship between postmemory and imagination, arguing that the connection between postmemory and the past is "not actually mediated by recall but by imaginative investment, projection, and creation" (2008: 107). Vieda Skultans in her work in Latvia encountered many stories about the forest which associate it with multiple aspects of life (1998), this occurs similarly in Ukraine and much of Eastern Europe. It is a space of kinship, where families go for outings and picnics, a space of nourishment where food can be gathered. It is a place where young people go to drink alcohol, smoke and spend time away from parental eyes. And it is a place where couples can escape to for a few moments of intimacy and privacy. All of these different activities and many more are encompassed in the forest, fond memories coupled with harrowing pasts, all wound together between the trees. Using the work of Hirsch and Skultans as my point of departure, I argue that acts of imagination plays a significant role in how memory is interacted with in the forest, and how the stories of events that occurred in the forest are narrated and understood.

Returning to the work of Vieda Skultans, in her chapter *The Lived and Remembered Forest* she encapsulates the multiple memories and relationships her participants have with the forest. It exists in their stories and memories as a space where fairy-tale-like events occur, where communion with nature takes place and the forest and the wildlife within it embrace the people and shield them from harm. In one particularly moving account Skultans' interlocutor, Emma, details how the animals in the forest seemed to warn them that they were in danger:

Like us the stags slept during the day, but during the night they would go to a clearing or a meadow to eat. They would go past us, but when there were chekists about they would bark re, re, re. The whole forest resounded and we knew we were being surrounded. Then we had to stay put. That's how God protected us. (1998: 95)

Conversely, accompanying these stories of mystical support and survival are accounts of extreme hardship and hunger, with the conditions in Soviet prisons being compared favourably with the conditions in the forest. Skultans goes on to detail many accounts where animals in the forest take on fairy-tale roles of protection such as a wolf allowing safe passage, or a squirrel sounding a warning that danger was close (ibid).

Rebecca Solnit writes that, when we narrate stories about our lives, fairy-tales offer us far more resources than classic stories of heroism which so often rely on accounts of victory through conflict and violence. Solnit argues that the reason that fairy-tales resonate with us is that they tell the stories of the seemingly powerless and the relationships that they build, often with other marginalised people or creatures, to claim some agency in their own life trajectories.

[F]airytale characters are given tasks that are often unfair verging on impossible, imposed by the more powerful—climb the glass mountain, sort the heap of mixed grain before morning, gather a feather from the tail of the firebird. They are often mastered by alliances with other overlooked and undervalued players—particularly old women (who often turn out to be possessed of supernatural powers) and small animals, the ants who sort the grain, the bees who find the princess who ate the honey, the birds who sing out warnings. (2020)

This dual, somewhat contradictory, relationship with the forest as a space of both safety and danger appears in many accounts of events which occurred in the forest and is not unique to Ukraine. Frances Pine describes how Gorale villagers in south-western Poland would take their cows to the forest to hide when the Germans or the partisans approached, and how the villagers' relationship with the forest was one of safety, yet the community's relationship with space and place also shifted over time (2002: 164). There is an intertwining of a folklorised knowledge of the forest with an implicit and explicit understanding of events which occurred during the war and in its aftermath. It is this relationship which makes the forest an essential site of investigation separately from the city.

Anna Tsing states that "trees are historical actors" (2015: 168); the trees in the forests in L'viv, and across Eastern Europe absorbed the remnants of the conflicts that took place amongst them, the bodies of fallen soldiers, mass graves in which remains lie in the earth feeding their growth, becoming rings of wood, each tree a *matryoshka* doll holding layers of the past.

> *Humans matter on these landscapes. And humans (like fungi and trees) bring histories with them to meet the challenges of the encounter. These histories, both human and not human, are never robotic programs but rather the condensation in the indeterminate here and now; the past we grasp, as philosopher Walter Benjamin puts it, is a memory 'that flashes in a moment of danger'. We enact history, Benjamin writes, as 'a tiger's leap into that which has gone before*. (ibid: 50)

Similarly, Christina Sharpe, writing about the history and memory of slave ships, draws on the theory of residence time to consider the very material relationship between dead bodies and the environment they are placed in.

The amount of time it takes for a substance to enter the ocean and then leave the ocean is called residence time. Human blood is salty, and sodium, Gardulski tells me, has a residence time of 260 million years. And what happens to the energy that is produced in the waters? It continues cycling like atoms in residence time. (2016: 77)

Paola Filippucci writes about the massive natural diversity which exists in the former battlefields of the First World War in Verdun, France. A scarred, wounded landscape which gave way to a dense forest and rich plant life fed, in part, by the particles of the bodies which remained in the earth (2019). Similarly, the mass graves in the forests and fields of Ukraine feed the trees, grass and vegetation which grow around them. The atoms of the dead are alive in the rings of time inside each tree trunk and in the leaves which provide shade for those who walk beneath. "[T]hey, like us, are alive in hydrogen, in oxygen; in carbon, in phosphorous, and iron; in sodium and chlorine" (Sharpe, 2016: 9).

Beginning with the ethnographic account of a walk I took in the forest outside of L'viv with two participants, I will demonstrate how events from the past are recalled and the relationship between imagination and postmemory that emerges in these recollections. This account will be my point of departure to go on to discuss the history and legacy of the extreme violence which took place between the trees and the very material traces which remain in the form of mass graves. The traumatic memories associated with the Second World War, nationalist insurgency, oppression and genocide exist in material and narrative traces which are located in and evoked by the space of the forest. I argue that the forested landscape is a place where the relationship between memory and imagination, though present in other spaces, is more apparent. Does the

imaginative investment inherent in postmemory have different implications in the forest than in the city? What does it mean to say that imagination is essential to postmemory?

A walk between the trees.

A rattling yellow *marshrutka*[13] carried us out from the city along a cracked, pothole riddled road winding between the trees, squeezed in among all the other passengers, holding on to headrests to prevent us from falling with each large bump. We alighted on the side of the road at a cleared patch which acted as a layby and makeshift bus stop. The unseasonably early snow in 2016 had prevented trips out to the forest until the thaw in early spring and this was the first of many trips that we would take out of the city. Lyuba, Dominika and I had planned this walk to enjoy the newly snow-free weather and take an opportunity to escape the city for an afternoon. Dominika was a Polish student who had come to L'viv to complete a two-week Ukrainian language and culture course and Lyuba was a masters student in her mid-twenties with a keen sense of her connection with the past through her grandparents. The thaw had made it possible to visit the forest and presented an opportunity to discuss the meaning of the forest and its relationship with the past with the two of them.

Stepping into the trees we quickly lost sight of the road. Many leaves had yet to open, the sun filtered through the skeletons of the trees and down to the slightly waterlogged ground, illuminating the earth and reflecting off the water droplets on the vegetation. As we walked, I asked Dominika and Lyuba about the importance of the forest and the trees in Ukraine and more broadly in Central and Eastern Europe. Lyuba instantly began to speak about the battles which had taken place between the UPA and the Soviets, and how the UPA had been trained to use the terrain to their advantage; the

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[13] A minibus, usually bright yellow. A common form of public transport in much of the former Soviet Union.

trees had helped them. "When I walk in the trees, I think about the fighting that

happened here and I feel proud of our men who fought here for us". Dominika

countered that she thought about all of the innocent Polish citizens who died at the

hands of the UPA, that the trees did not help them; "I feel as though I can feel them

here, maybe they ran past here trying to get away… maybe they didn't".

The divergence between Lyuba's and Dominika's perceptions of the forest is the

result of the different ways that they have learned and experienced the history of the

UPA and the history of Polish-Ukrainian relations in Eastern Poland and Western

Ukraine. For Lyuba the UPA were heroes who fought for Ukrainians' right to

independence against occupying powers such as the Polish state and the Soviet Union.

For Dominika the UPA were bloodthirsty ethnic nationalists who sought to kill all who

were not loyal Ukrainians. This discussion quickly turned to the topic of *Kryïvka*, one of

the "emotional" restaurants discussed in chapter four. The word *Kryïvka* roughly

translates as 'hiding place' and was the name for the secret underground bunkers

created by the UPA in the forest to hide from various enemy forces. The UPA used the

forest to their advantage both as a place to hide and as a place to fight on their own

terms. The dense forest and lack of roads and railways forced the Red Army to move in

long, narrow columns, limited their use of heavy artillery and left them vulnerable to

ambush (Zhukov, 2007). Dominika had visited *Kryïvka* on one of her first evenings in

L'viv and been shocked by what she saw as the glorification of genocidal war criminals.

As we walked through the forest Dominika expressed in clear and direct words

her feelings about the celebration of a group who were guilty of ethnic cleansing. "They

killed women and children, it wasn't war it was a crime" she said firmly, pre-empting a

common argument that the deaths were part of civil conflict between Poles and

Ukrainians. She argued that the killings were not collateral damage, or unavoidable

consequences of conflict, but were part of a concerted effort by the Ukrainians to eradicate all Polish presence from the Volhynian and Galician regions. Lyuba's argument rose to meet Dominika's; she stated that the UPA were heroes and without them Ukraine would never have known independence. She argued that when the Polish controlled the region Ukrainians were oppressed, and that the Polish wanted Ukrainians to be subordinate to Poles. She claimed that while many died on both sides, this is the nature of war and the current war in the East proves why it was so important to fight back then and why this legacy is still important now, that the bigger enemy of Russia was far more important to consider.

They both turned to me to ask what I thought, having been silent for much of this conversation. I responded that I didn't think violence was a good solution to anything and that the pain and suffering experienced during this time was ghastly. This was a strategy I used whenever I ended up in conversations where I felt pressured to pick a side, a cop-out, perhaps. However, this comment prompted Lyuba to say: "Our opinions on this are only different because we were born on different sides of a border. We should focus on the things that we have in common rather than the things that separate us". There was a long silence, each contemplating this statement. It seemed to end the conversation uncomfortably yet somewhat amicably. A sense of agreeing to disagree, neither quite satisfied.

Following this tense conversation, Dominika, Lyuba and I continued walking, the sun shining through the naked tree branches and refracting through the droplets of water from the thawed snow. We moved between trees, following a path which had been worn into the vegetation over many years. If you were to view the forest from above, you would see many of these different paths snaking their way between the trees like small streams converging and diverging smoothly. Once the leaves open and spring

truly arrives these paths are concealed from overhead, yet with continued walking they endure the explosion of growth which takes place when the days begin to warm, and the sun nourishes the plants. These paths themselves are markers of memory; they are evidence of the many pairs of feet which have trodden them before, forwards and backwards, the same route over many years. There was a tension as we walked, a hangover from the conversation which was closed unsatisfactorily. I attempted to break the tension by asking how often they go walking. Lyuba said "I like going to the village and spending time in the country. We grow vegetables, we go out on our bicycles and I go walking with my dog. I don't like coming to these forests so much, why come here when I can go to the village?" Dominika, who lives in Warsaw, responded: "I go to the parks in Warszawa and I like the trees. It's nice to go walking in the countryside on holiday but I don't really care about going somewhere for the day. I would prefer the beach".

On her final day in L'viv Dominika and I met for a coffee and *syrnik* (a type of cheesecake made with a thick layer of poppyseeds), one last opportunity for us to talk about her time in L'viv, and to reflect on our walk in the forest. I asked her if she felt that the forest was an important memory place, either for Poles, or more generally:

> *Yes, so many things happened in the forest in Galicia and Volhynia. Bloody things which people here don't talk about. I know that Lyuba doesn't see it the same way but in Poland these stories are important. There are memorials in Eastern Poland for the people the UPA killed, but here there are statues to Bandera. I know they are fighting Russia and I want to support that, but I don't support statues of Bandera.*

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If we don't know exactly where, or exactly what happened in each forest, if they are part of these broader narratives about violence in the forest, can we disentangle them? Is that possible? Or can we find a way to reconcile these different positions, I asked her.

> *To find a common place everyone needs to admit what happened. We know what happened, we know thousands of Poles were killed in the countryside and in the forest. To me it doesn't matter if it was the forest we walked in, or the forest in the next region. If they can't admit what happened and how it happened, then there will always be this argument between us. I love coming to L'viv, but I hate how this isn't talked about properly. And when we walked in the forest, I felt it even more. I could see the people in the trees and all she could see was the heroes.*

The people that Dominika was referring to here were the Poles she had pictured running through the trees, whereas she felt that Lyuba could only see the UPA, her heroes. I do not believe that Lyuba does not accept the crimes committed by the UPA, but there is a chasm between her perspective on these events and the understanding held by Dominika.

Some weeks later I asked Lyuba if she and Dominika had parted on good terms. "Yes of course! She has invited me to Warszawa to stay when I go to the summer school!" she responded cheerily. "Why do you ask?" I explained that I had felt a tension between the two of them when we had walked in the forest and I thought that Dominika had felt tense about their disagreement.

> *It's hard. She has learned that the UPA were evil and killed her people, she sees the UPA like the Nazis. For me, the UPA are heroes, they fought Hitler and*

Stalin. Yes, there were killings and that was bad, but they fought for freedom.
Not to kill people.

I asked about the early collaboration between the UPA and the Germans, the lavish welcomes the Nazis were greeted with, the archival evidence of collaboration between Bandera's OUN and the Germans. "They had a choice between the Soviets and the Nazis, they thought the Nazis would be better. But Bandera was in Sachsenhausen" she responded flatly. This is an argument I have heard often during fieldwork: Bandera's imprisonment proves a lack of collaboration, yet the archival evidence points to a far more complex relationship and indicates that, perhaps, it was not so cut and dry.

The stories and memories that they each carry shapes the way they interact with this history and how they picture what happened in the forests of Ukraine. When Dominika is speculating if people ran past these trees, she is engaged in the act of imagining events which she has received stories about throughout her life via many different mediums. This is also the case for Lyuba, when she is imagining the heroic struggle against Soviet oppression. These imaginative acts shape the stories told in and about the forest and offer different points of access to considering the significance of the forest in historical narratives and memory in L'viv and Eastern Europe more widely.

Violent histories.

Mariane Ferme asserts that the forest "can be read as ruins […] as much as decaying, destroyed buildings" (2001:25) and encourages us to pay attention to the "underneath of things", to what is present if not immediately visible. Just as the city was affected by the shifting borders of the 20th century, so was the countryside. The different memories which are inscribed in the landscape are felt and experienced in different, sometimes conflicting, ways and play a significant role in the formation of, and engagement with,

the postmemory of later generations. They reverberate within convictions of right and wrong, victim and perpetrator, us and them, whether in relation to the Ukrainians, the Soviets, the Poles, the Nazis, or the Jews. The history of *Einsatzgruppen,* Nazi gas vans, UPA massacres, partisan conflict and Soviet purges are often associated with the forest. The Katyn massacre of 22,000 Polish officers and intelligentsia by the NKVD is named after the Katyn forest where the first mass graves were found. In the late 1980s a mass grave containing, at some estimates, up to 200,000 victims of the Soviet purges, was discovered in the Bykivnia forest outside of Kyiv, and another in Vinnytsia containing 10,000 bodies, each executed with a single shot to the back of the head (Reid, 1997). The massacre of 33,771 Jews at Babyn Yar, a deep ravine in Kyiv and one of the largest massacres of the war, demonstrates the significance of the rural landscape in the enacting of the Holocaust in Ukraine. Forest imagery appears in many accounts of mass killings which took place during the 1930s and 40s and the mass graves which lie across the landscape of Ukraine are testament to them.

The ethnic cleansing of Poles from Volhynia and Eastern Galicia is one of the darkest points in Western Ukrainian history and is embedded in a wider context of the partitioning of Poland by Stalin and Hitler, the invasion of Soviet Ukraine and the occupation of Volhynia and Galicia by the Nazis. Known in Ukrainian as the Volhyn Tragedy (*Volhyns'ka trahediya),* and during my fieldwork referred to colloquially as *Volyn* (Polish: *Wołyn*), this period of history is particularly raw in Ukraine and more specifically in L'viv. Between 1943-45 the UPA carried out systematic massacres of Poles living in Volhynia, Eastern Galicia and parts of Polesia and Lublin regions with the support of local Ukrainians and some clergy, ultimately killing between 40,000-60,000 Poles in Volhynia and 30,000-40,000 Poles in Eastern Galicia, the majority of them women and children (Snyder, 2010). The cleansing of Poles from these regions was part of the OUN-B policy of removing all Polish citizens and evidence of their

presence from Ukraine. In 2016, Polish MPs approved a resolution declaring the Volhynian massacres a genocide (Radio Poland, 2016). As touched upon in chapter six, this history remains a point of contention between Ukraine and Poland today, and Ukraine's decision to honour Stepan Bandera, Roman Shukhevych and other members of the OUN and UPA have posed a problem from Ukrainian-Polish reconciliation. During the massacres the forest was a place to seek safety and refuge from violence yet it was also the place from where the UPA and the danger could emerge.

As mentioned in the introduction to this thesis, Ukrainian complicity in the crimes perpetrated against Poles and Jews in L'viv and Ukraine more broadly is a dark and contested aspect of Ukrainian history and the history of the Second World War in Ukraine. Many of my participants when the subject of Ukrainian complicity was touched upon, would vaguely state that crimes were committed but that it was either a few bad members and certainly not an overarching ideology of the Ukrainian nationalists, or that the crimes were committed in the context of civil conflict and that many were killed on all sides. Each of these responses served to minimise the guilty of Ukrainians who participated in ethnic cleansing and genocidal crimes. This was a challenge during fieldwork as I was aware of the contested and controversial nature of this history and the possibility of causing tensions between myself and my participants by pushing too forcefully.

The conflicts which took place in the border regions between Ukraine and Poland in the 1940s were exceptionally brutal in the violence that was inflicted on civilian populations as well as on combatants. Mass killings were commonplace, and there are extensive archival and photographic records held by the Polish Institute of National Remembrance (INR) which document the aftermath of UPA attacks on villages in Eastern Poland and Western Ukraine. The INR have dedicated a website to

the Volhynian Massacres and some of the photographic archive are available online. They show images which are so typical of the violence of the 1940s in Europe – piles of dead bodies with stony faced witnesses stood alongside, bodies lying in repose prior to burial, and posed portraits of those killed looking directly into the camera, unaware of what is to come[14]. Accounts of this period are punctuated by stories of extreme brutality such as reprisal killings comprising? individual civilians being tortured to death in front of their families, executions being carried out by tying each limb to a horse with the four horses then whipped to run in different directions, and killings carried out in front of entire villages as a deterrent to others who might consider informing on or opposing the local nationalist militia.

It is hard to comprehend the cruelty involved in inflicting such suffering upon other human beings, yet, as seen in so many oral history accounts of the Second World War and the violence in Eastern and Central Europe, inventive and brutal forms of violence were used against soldiers and civilians alike in Galicia in the name of religion, ethnic purity and nationalism. The history of ethnic conflict in Western Ukraine does not begin with the ethnic cleansing of the early 20th century. As discussed previously the history of Ukraine is one of contestation and conflict, with borders shifting, territories changing hands and certain groups rising or falling from power with severe consequences for others living in the region.

One man recounted how, as a child, the UPA had come knocking on the doors of all the houses in his village. If the inhabitants of the home answered the door and spoke Polish they were dragged from their homes and killed, if they answered in Ukrainian they were spared. Many Ukrainians were also killed, he recalled, if they tried to defend their Polish neighbors from attack. The arbitrary nature of these killings never left him.

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[14] https://volhyniamassacre.eu/zw2/photo-gallery/189,Photo-Gallery.html

"It was just luck – what language you spoke, and they were killed because of it". Stories like this were told often during interviews about the UPA massacres of Poles in Volhynia and Galicia. Olesiya, a Ukrainian woman living in Lublin, recalled how after she had moved from near Chornobyl to Lublin to study, many of her Polish acquaintances pressured her to denounce and apologise for the actions of the UPA against Poles. Olesiya had never heard of the ethnic cleansing which had taken place in Western Ukraine and, once she had done some research, felt deeply wounded that she was associated with bloodthirsty nationalists simply because she was Ukrainian. After saying this to a friend she was met with the response, "the Ukrainians killed the Poles just because they were Polish – nothing more".

Yaniv, a young Israeli man, has done a number of trips to L'viv to discover the city of his grandmother's childhood, to walk its streets and situate his grandmother's stories. His grandmother had grown up in the *Pidzamche Raion* with a large family in L'viv, the surrounding area, and in the Ivano-Frankivsk Oblast. When the war began her immediate family moved south to the small town where some of her relatives lived, while those who remained were rounded up and confined to the L'viv Ghetto. Yaniv told me that his grandmother recalled that they believed that if they kept their heads down, they might be able to live through these events unscathed. That one small family could not be of much concern. Nearby the town was a large, dense forest.

> *When the Nazis came they hid in cellars and under floors. In any place they could find. My grandmother was hidden by a neighbour in a hole in the floor which was used to keep food cool. She told me how they gathered all the Jews in the centre of town and walked them out into the forest where they were shot and left in a mass grave. They are still there now – I've been there.*

Yaniv chose to travel to Ukraine to ground the stories of his grandmother, yet the visit the graveside and seeing the site where this atrocity took place affected him more powerfully than he expected. "I didn't think I would feel the tightness and pain in my chest that I felt – I wanted to run away, I wished I never came".

It is estimated that between 5.3 million (Subtelny, 1988) and 6 million (Snyder, 2017) Ukrainian citizens died in the war. This counts for approximately 1 in 6 of the entire population (Subtelny, 1988). Of that number almost one sixth were Jews (ibid). "Altogether, the Holocaust killed 60 per cent of the Jews of Soviet Ukraine, and over 90 per cent of the Jews of Galicia" (Dawidowicz, 1999: 479). Many of these horrific killings took place in the forests outside towns and cities and in the rural landscape of Ukraine. For a country known for the fertility of its land and its expanses of beautiful, open countryside, this history lies across the land like a shadow.

This brutal violence did not begin with the violence of the 1930s and 40s and did not end with the end of the nationalist insurgency in 1950. In 2018 there was a series of attacks against Roma settlements in Kyiv, L'viv and Ternopil. These settlements were located in rural, wooded areas, separate from the city. Groups of young men who were members of far right nationalist organisations in Ukraine attacked the settlements, burned down the tents and dwellings and beat and stabbed men, women and children resulting in the death of one man in L'viv (Human Rights Watch, 2018). One of these attacks was livestreamed on Facebook and in the background the police can be seen standing by, doing nothing.

The histories of events which have taken place in the forest and the rural landscape of Ukraine are known locally even if they are not rigorously documented in the form of archival documents and images. They are known through oral history and storytelling, just as fairytales and folklore are also told orally. These stories activate a

form of imagination which intertwine to inform people's knowledge of the past, informed by others forms of received knowledge. Accounts of explicit, cruel violence interconnect with more vague and ambiguous narratives which allude to extreme suffering rather than recount in detail. It is this history which hovers in the air when you visit a mass grave, or when you walk in a place where you *know* these events happened, the materiality of the space in dialogue with the intangibility of the stories.

The Wood between the Worlds (C. S. Lewis, 1955)

In the first book of *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Magician's Nephew*, two children, Digory and Polly, are transported by magic rings to a forest which sits between multiple different universes. This forest is silent, with strong light penetrating the leaves of the trees, its source obscured from sight. In the earth between the trees are pools, each one indistinguishable from the next, yet corresponding to a drastically different world where both wonderful and terrible things can be found. Polly names this place "The wood between the worlds", an in between place from which you can navigate different universes and different realities. Walking amongst the trees in L'viv with different people it is possible to encounter multiple different stories, experiences, memories and realities. Just as the pools stand silently in the wood between the worlds, stories, graves and markers of the past sit silently, waiting to be encountered. When the children are jumping into the pools, they do not know what world they will enter; the same can be said for many other accounts which are attached to the space of the forest that speak to different interpretations or understandings of the past. These parallel past worlds are the reason why it is essential to discuss the role of the forest and the rural landscape in the holding and transmission of memory.

In the Magician's Nephew it is possible to travel to the wood between the worlds by using magic rings made by Diggory's uncle, one ring allowing you to enter a

world, the other returning you to the wood. At the end of the book Diggory plants the seeds from an apple which he took from Narnia from which a large apple tree grows. In a storm the tree is blown down and, fearing the loss of his one souvenir from this magical other world, he has the wood from the tree turned into a large wardrobe. This wardrobe is itself imbued with the capacity to transport others back to the magical world where its seed came from. The memory of its place of origin still present in the layers of wood many years after the apple carrying its seed was removed from the forest.

Those who have received stories and memories of events which have happened in the forest feel a push and pull from the forest, a desire to see for themselves the place which has loomed in their imagination, whilst also an apprehension about what they might find there. Ghosts live in the forest in different forms. The power of the space of the forest is not something which is just inherently *there,* it is felt because it resonates with memories and, in the case of later generations, postmemory. Unlike Digory and Polly who have magic rings to transport them to the wood between the worlds, later generations have stories and memories which transform the forest into a place where the veil between the narratives they have received and the events themselves grows thin. It is a place where the ghosts of events which are beyond full comprehension are able to move between the trees, hand in hand with folk stories and fairy tales. This is not to say that the forest itself allows for inherited memories to be "remembered" more accurately. Hirsch notes "the loss of sharpness and focus inherent in postmemory" (ibid: 108) which, although stated in relation to photography, is relevant to the space of the forest. Representations in films and literature of the Holocaust and other ethnic cleansing which took place across Eastern Europe often feature scenes, images or descriptions of

the forest[15] which, as they are part of how the later generations supplement their knowledge of these times, contribute to the forest becoming a place where these events can be accessed more readily.

This does not mean that it is purely speculation or imagination which creates a forest that holds ghosts and frightening things. The forest holds very real and concrete material traces of the things which took place there, and these places can be encountered, sometimes on purpose, sometimes by accident. In contrast to those who live in rural areas who know the landscape and different sites of memory intimately (see Skultans), when the forest is visited by people from the city it seems to be experienced more like a large mass which holds and conceals all sorts of painful and distressing things. A tension emerges from a shared understanding that violent things took place here, yet it is also intimately personal, each person interpreting it in a particular way, imagining her own relatives in this space.

Hirsch (2008) similarly describes this in relation to the work of Art Spiegelman and W. G. Sebald. In Maus, Spiegelman uses a widely known image of Auschwitz to imagine his father's experience, reproducing the image with the mice from his graphic novel and including a small arrow pointing at a figure in the background with the label "poppa".

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[15] Films such as: *Wołyn*; Bitter Harvest; Child 44 a film about the life of a child who survived the Holodomor; *Ocju* about the NKVD massacres in Vinnytsia.
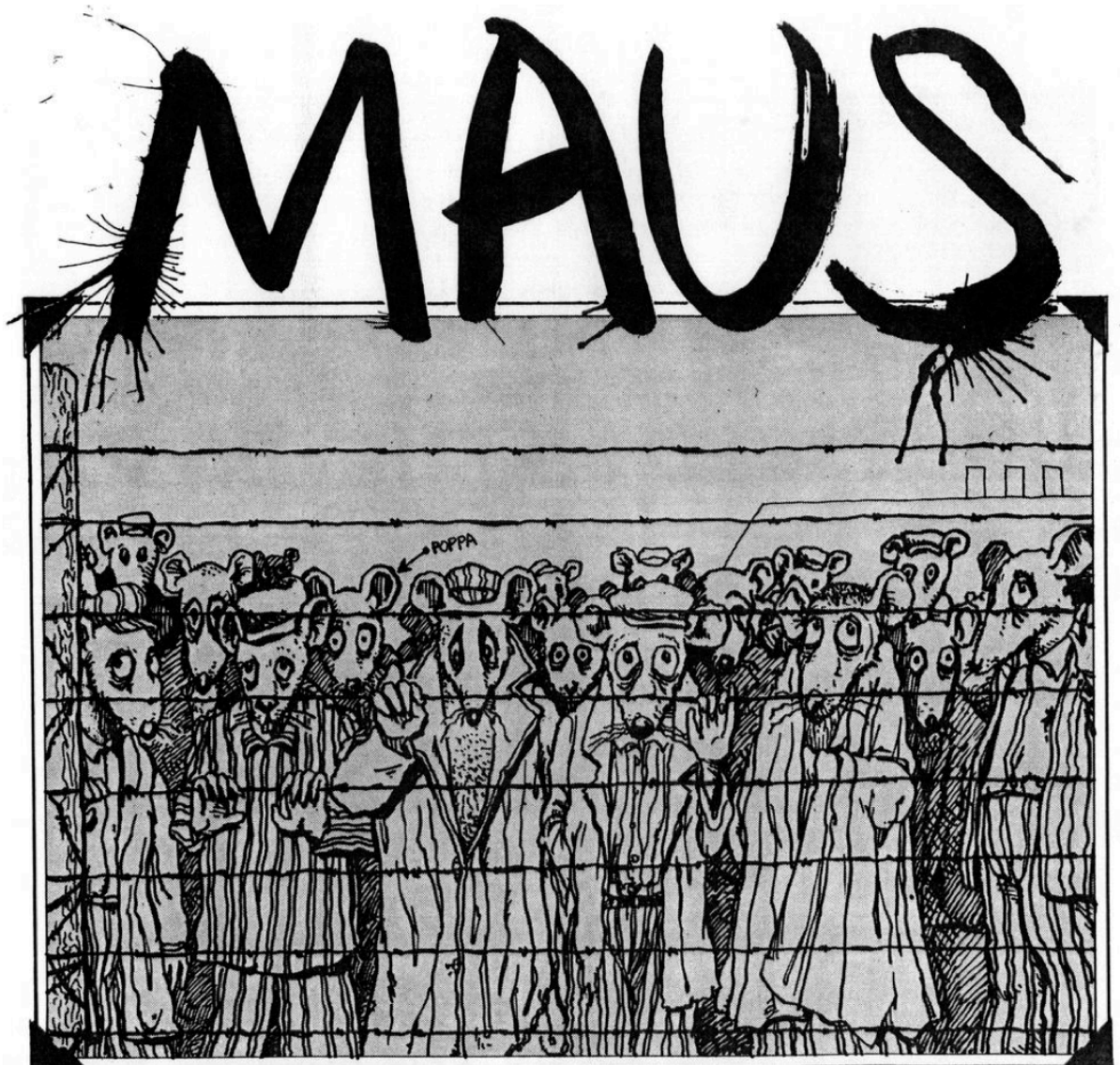
In Sebald's work Austerlitz scours propaganda footage from the Terezin hybrid concentration camp-ghetto desperately searching, hoping, for one glimpse of his mother. In both of these cases widely available and accessible footage and images are used to supplement the later generations' comprehension of the incomprehensible. These examples illustrate Hirsch's assertion that "the scholarly and artistic work of these descendants also makes clear that even the most intimate familial knowledge of the past is *mediated* by broadly available public images and narratives" (ibid: 112 emphasis in original). I argue that in a similar way, the forest does just this. You cannot

help but superimpose your own relatives onto the film studio images of terrified people fleeing into the forest.

Hirsch argues that "[s]econd generation fiction, art, memoir, and testimony are shaped by the attempt to represent the long-term effects of living in close proximity to the pain, depression, and dissociation of persons who have witnessed and survived massive historical trauma" (2008: 112). Although the forest does not provide this on an individual basis in the same way as other representations, I would argue that visiting the forest provides a physical space where memory and imagination can be engaged with.

> *The paradoxes of indirect knowledge haunt many of us who came after. The formative events of the twentieth century have crucially informed our biographies, threatening sometimes to overshadow and overwhelm our own lives. But we did not see them, suffer through them, experience their impact directly. Our relationship to them has been defined by our very 'post-ness' and by the powerful but mediated forms of knowledge that have followed from it.* (Hoffman, 2004: 25)

While personal stories articulate the experiences of individuals, they are also speaking with the collective. Accounts from Jewish participants of hiding in the forest are not only intimately traumatic accounts of personal or inherited memory, but also evoke thoughts of the wider history of which these stories are a part. These stories act as "a metaphorical gravestone for the anonymous dead" (Maclean, 2014:80) who lie beneath the earth in the forest in sometimes marked, sometimes unmarked graves, their individual stories silent. Lev, one of my participants, revealed to me his Jewish heritage, asking me to refrain from mentioning this to any of our mutual acquaintances. "I am not ashamed, but it can make things complicated". I assured him that I would not and disclosed to him that there were things about my own family history that I also was

protective of. This seemed to reassure him and he began to speak more openly about his family history.

His family were from the L'viv area and when the Nazis invaded they were under no illusions as to what this could mean. His grandparents made plans to hide in the home of a friendly neighbour, yet when the reprisals for hiding Jews were made evident, they had no choice but to retreat to the forest.

For a long time my grandmother would not talk to me about it, it was this black space in the family. We knew many had been lost and that they had survived but not how. When I got older this became nightmares where I knew my grandparents were there, but I couldn't see them, like I was blind.

Eventually, Lev's grandmother explained that they had hidden in the forest and had some help from local villagers who would sometimes leave them food. This was all the information she was willing to reveal, yet this story had the power to transform the forest in L'viv into a place where, for Lev, not only had history happened, but his grandparents had lived through unspoken experiences with, as far as Lev knew, only the trees for company.

The refusal to speak of the past, with the exception of small pieces of information, demands acts of imagination to make sense of it. Lev's nightmares were replaced by an intense search for information, both archival and also visual representations of the forest from that period. These offer him an anchor to which to tie his understanding of his family history, from which he can imagine his grandparents into these representations, to attempt to make sense of the little knowledge imparted to him. Imagination flows through the gaps in the stories, filling them with other representations of the past, just as the stories flow between the trees.

For many of my participants, the recollections and knowledge of events that were located in the forest are informed by family stories, history learned in school, films, books, Wikipedia pages and museums and *mediated* by imagination (Hirsch, 2008). Their knowledge of the events of the Second World War and the ethnic cleansing of the 1940s has been shaped by all of these elements and, when walking in the forest and discussing the past, this imaginative investment allowed them to superimpose their collages of recollections into the surrounding area, the trees evoking a discussion which emphasised their divergent perspectives.

The accounts of the atrocities committed in the forests of Ukraine and across eastern Europe defy comprehension and later generations who receive them have to attempt to contend with them, drawing on all of the resources around them. One of the very physical markers of these events are the mass graves which lie silently in forests and fields, shaping local memory. These are also entwined with difficult discussions of victimhood and complicity. Can the imaginative dimension of postmemory aid the understanding of these categories as they exist in L'viv? Walking in the forest animated these stories, and the stories animated the forest almost as a canvas where different interpretations of the past could be painted, informed by their imaginations and received memories, just as Spiegelman draws his father into images, or Austerlitz imagines his mother into grainy footage from Terezin.

Implicit in many of the accounts I have collected is a sense of a politics of suffering which is employed during discussions of victimhood, responsibility and commemoration. The end of the Second World War brought with it the need to grapple with questions of complicity and responsibility, of action and inaction, of victim and perpetrator. This shaped the memory politics which emerged, with Germany at the forefront of confronting the shameful past and its central role in it. Sharon MacDonald

argues that an unwritten prerequisite for joining the EU is for a nation to engage with its own complicity in the crimes of the Second World War (2013), something which, for many central and eastern European nations, is tied up with other commemorative politics such as the memory of communism. The atrocities of the Second World War are inscribed on the landscape, and can be encountered in very real, physical terms in the forest in the form of mass graves. These mass graves are sites of memory which sit at the heart of discussions of victimhood, complicity and guilt in L'viv.

The politics of suffering.

During my fieldwork I visited the sites of a number of mass graves in the countryside in the L'viv Oblast. Several were unmarked or had a small, unofficial memorials, yet the local people knew the location either from first hand memory, or from accounts passed on down the generations. While it is not information that is volunteered quickly or by everyone, it took very little time (asking a number of people in one small town outside of L'viv) to establish the location of one of the mass graves with one middle aged man, Ihor, who offered to take me on an excursion to the site. One afternoon in the late summer of 1943 the Jewish population of this town had been marched from the centre to a field within the forest, forced to dig a large trench and systematically shot and buried. The local synagogue was destroyed, and homes and possessions of the Jews stolen. In the decades since this massacre the traces of the Jewish residents of the town have faded but can still be seen. The site of the mass grave is now an overgrown field, with long grass swaying in a gentle breeze on the afternoon that we visited. Ihor's father, who was a teenager at the time, had told him of the location. Ihor recalled, as though they were his own memories, the column of people being marched out of town never to be seen again.

Hirsch draws a distinction between familial and affiliative postmemory, arguing that the witnesses of events of extreme violence also pass on these traumatic memories in the form of affiliative postmemory (2008: 114). Although Ihor's father experienced this event as a witness rather than a victim, and his stories were passed on to Ihor as those of a witness, it is an event so traumatic it has presence in his own life as memory. Along with this I sensed another emotion from him: shame. I asked him if he knew any of the names of the men, women and children who had been taken. He stood silently for a moment, chewing the corner of his mouth and twisting his fingers before he quietly confessed to never having thought about their names. We stood in silence at the edge of the field. "I don't like to come here, this should be left untouched" Ihor said, indicating that he wished to turn back. While there is little public discussion of sites such as this in the towns and villages I visited in the L'viv region, I got the sense from those who I spoke to that "the remnants of past lives … lie beneath the surface of the present" (Filippucci, et al. 2012) and are known and felt.

Visiting a gallery in the town I mentioned to the elderly woman invigilating that I had been to the field outside the town and a look of recognition passed over her face before she stated: "everyone suffered during that time". I couldn't tell whether this was a dismissal of the Jewish experience as especially traumatic, or a statement of recognition of the horrors of that period. This is something that I encountered many times during my fieldwork, ambiguous statements that allow the speaker the opportunity to claim their words were misinterpreted and allow the listener to draw from the conversation what they will. When I asked questions about topics such as mass graves, I never encountered a denial of their existence. Rather, I would often receive a murmur of acknowledgement and a vague statement of the horrors of the past. On a number of occasions, I was asked if I had visited any of the mass graves in the city of L'viv, or just those outside in the countryside. I was aware that this was a somewhat

loaded question as one of the most well-known mass graves in the city was that of the

NKVD massacre of Ukrainian nationalists in the courtyard of *Tyurma na Lonts'koho*

(see chapter four), the remains of whom are now buried on the corner of the Field of

Mars (see chapter six). This question seemed to be concealing another, namely, whether

I was interested in all mass graves or just those of Jews. On each occasion I assured

them that I had visited that mass grave and that I was deeply affected by the accounts of

the crimes which took place within the prison. I do not believe that these questions were

intended to make the statement that the speaker did not care about the Holocaust or

think that the mass graves should not be marked or talked about. I think rather that they

are a request that the suffering of the Ukrainians be acknowledged, something which

many of my participants feel does not happen internationally.

◊

It is the power of ethnography that allows us to move away from polarising narratives

framed in terms of competing suffering or judgement. I would like to depart from that

framework to consider these events more in line with the thinking of Primo Levi, a

more fluid and complex entanglement of positionalities (1986). Whilst Levi never shies

away from condemning those responsible for the camps and the cruelty, he discusses

the complexities of complicity in what he calls the "grey zone" (ibid:10) a space which

"one can no longer assume the incommensurability between victims and perpetrators

since, he argues, survivors are implicated through their own petty acts of complicity or

betrayal" (Levi, 1988 in Jeffrey and Candea, 2006: 291). So much history is lived in the

"grey zone", and by paying attention to the tangled undergrowth of stories and

memories in the forest alternative narratives can emerge and be engaged with. I am not

making the claim that what took place between the UPA, the Soviets, and the Nazis is

comparable to what took place in the camps; however I do believe that Levi's

discussion of the "grey zone" is useful to think with in relation to the arguments made in the present concerning this particular past, and more specifically to the events which took place in the forests and fields of Ukraine.

Questions of competing suffering or the blurring of the categories of victim and perpetrator are not exclusive to Ukrainian nationalism or conflict and ethnic cleansing which took place in the 1930s and 40s in Europe. Emma Tarlo discusses how the research concerning the campaign of resettlement and sterilisation which followed the demolition of urban slums in India during the Emergency (1975-77) "tends to portray the intellectual as the emotional sufferer, the bureaucrat as the active participant and the poor as the passive victim" (1995: 2927), yet Tarlo notes that "the poor" is not a static or uniform group. Many navigated the system of sterilisation by "motivating" others to undergo sterilisation in their place using monetary incentives. Those who were "motivated" were often more vulnerable than those doing the "motivating" which demonstrates the complex power relations within this seemingly homogenous group of "the poor" and emphasises how this conceptualisation of "the poor" as "the passive victim" obscures the system created by the Emergency regime's "ability to draw all kinds of people, through fear, into participation" (1995: 2927).

Jeffreys and Candea express the concern that "analysing the contradiction in certain victim positionalities can amount to precisely the kind of de-legitimization which the most violent political perpetrators might wish to see enacted" (2006: 294). They argue for complexity, whilst acknowledging the risk entailed by exploring what they have called "the politics of victimhood", with the aim of attempting to "make a single account multiple again" (ibid: 295). Levi does not argue for an absolution of responsibility, and his work, at times is infused with great anger. Levi has no doubt about who is responsible for his own suffering and the suffering of others in Auschwitz,

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yet the grey zone he outlines exists within the system created by the Nazis and allows for complexity. The rigidity of the boundaries between victim and perpetrator does not allow for this complexity and therefore limits the kind of stories which can be shared and memories passed on, allowing no space for the things which escape clearly defined categories of victim and perpetrator.

Levi states that those who survived the camps became "historians of themselves" (ibid:3) and makes the case that anyone who did not experience the events directly would not be able to comprehend the incomprehensible nature of the things which took place in the camps. He argues that those who chose to write of their experiences understood that "testimony was an act of war against fascism" (ibid: 8) but that all survivors were also the "bearers of secrets" (ibid: 4). In order to understand the relationship that Ukrainians and more specifically people from L'viv have with the legacy of the UPA it is important to employ the kind of nuance that Levi advocates. I am wary of reinforcing the notion of a hierarchy of suffering as I feel that this underpins many of the tensions in relation to the memories of the traumatic past and can often lead to defensiveness and closed-ness.

Hirsch clearly states that the descendants of perpetrators carry postmemory just as the descendants of survivors do as indicated most clearly by the children and grandchildren of Nazis in Germany who in the 1960s pushed for disclosure and acknowledgement of responsibility. Imagination is used to construct boundaries and to construct and oppose sameness/belonging and otherness, this is the crux of Anderson's "imagined community" (2016 [1983]). The otherness created by these imagined communities can lead to great conflict and atrocity between groups as seen in Europe during the Second World War. Yet imagination also forms part of storytelling which, as Jackson asserts, can allow us to "overcome our separateness" (2013). Whilst a hierarchy

of suffering is dependent on an imagined pure victim and evil perpetrator, the complexity of suffering can also be teased out by the stories told when walking together in the forest, stories which, in the case of members of the third generation, are the products of the narratives and memories received from their families, and imagination.

Imagination also plays a role in how the descendants of perpetrators grapple with the past. Horst von Wächter has spent many years of his life grappling with his father's role in the Holocaust in L'viv and Krakow. Otto von Wächter was the Nazi Governor of District Galicia, and Horst is seemingly on a quest to find a way to absolve his father of responsibility, whether through emphasising his father's support of local Ukrainian's liberation from the Soviets, or the lack of documents bearing his father's signature. His relationship with the memory of his father is mediated by the stories, letters, diaries and audio recordings of his mother who crafts a story of love, patriotism and hope (Sands, 2020). Yet Horst also participates in acts which seem to be aimed at accomplishing some form of restitution for the actions of his mother and father, such as returning art which had been stolen from Poland during the occupation, much to the displeasure of his family (ibid).

It is important to emphasise that those I am discussing here never participated in the crimes which took place in the forest. They are each an inheritor of stories and memories and are all contending with events that exceed rational understanding. The forest, free from many of the markers and traces of the past that exist in the city, allows for many different stories to be shared and for differing perspectives on the past to come into contact. Yet when mass graves are encountered more local and immediate questions of complicity and commemoration have to be faced. Whilst the later generations do not bear responsibility for the deaths of those in the graves, the graves as

physical sites emphasise how the conversation around victimhood and suffering is not only academic, it is real and grounded, rooted in the landscape.

Returning to Maidan.

> *It is good to have an end to journey toward; but it is the journey*
> *that matters, in the end.*
> Ursula K. Le Guin

This chapter separates the forest from the other spaces contained within this thesis, yet it is connected to them, as they each are connected to each other. These different spaces are connected by the flows of memory, stories and histories which move between these spaces. The stories told by parents and grandparents mediate young people's relationships with national, monumentalised history and, combined with the curation of the home, and the location of stories in certain spaces, inform the later generations relationship with the past. Although the later generations cannot imagine what it was *really like* to have been there, they can and do feel the presence of a "deeply internalised but unknown past" (Hoffman, 2004: 6) in intimate and, at times, painful ways. This presence influences their understanding of the future. Of the uncertainties but also the possibilities. The Maidan protests saw a convergence of many different interpretations of the past. It was a moment of crisis which required differences to be overcome, if only in that moment, in order to actively participate in the construction of the future.

Fairy tales have always highlighted the ambivalent and ambiguous nature of imagination as both a site of hope and danger. Imagination allows for things to be overlooked, such as the nature of the ethnic cleansing of the Poles of Volhynia and Galicia, but also allows for differences to be overcome. The future that was imagined on Maidan was not uniformly understood, it contained a multitude of possibilities, each informed by seemingly contradictory histories. Rebecca Solnit says that the endings of

fairy tales are not as important as the journeys embarked upon, and the unlikely coalitions which are formed along the way (2020), I would argue that this offers us something to consider in relation to memory and Maidan.

I have demonstrated how stories flow between different spaces in L'viv, slowly moving outwards from the home all the way to the forests which sit outside of the city. The following and final chapter of this thesis will now consider the space of the square (or *maidan*) and the Maidan as a movement as sites where these stories, memories and histories converged in a moment of desperation and hope and allowed for a different future to be imagined.

The Maidan.

*The fantasies of the past determined by the needs of the present
have a direct impact on the realities of the future.*

Svetlana Boym

A story.

"Let's meet under the monument on Maidan. Put on warm clothes, take

umbrellas, tea, coffee, good mood and friends. Reposting is welcome!"

On the 21st November 2013 Mustafa Nayyem, an Afghan-Ukrainian journalist, posted this message on Facebook urging Ukrainians to converge on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* to protest against Yanukovych's refusal to sign the Ukraine-EU Association Agreement. This post is widely considered to be the beginning of the protests which became known as the Maidan revolution or the Revolution of Dignity. Nayyem rejects the claim that he began the revolution, stating that "no one person can claim credit for starting this uprising. It is a true people's movement, fuelled by Ukrainian citizens' desire for a better government" (2014). Yet this post prompted the students to begin gathering, posted in desperation and hope, signalling to those who followed him that they were not alone in their feelings about Yanukovych's actions. At the time of posting, no-one could have known that some people who were going to Maidan would not return home until many months later, and that some who made their way to the square would not return

home at all, that their names would be engraved on memorials across the country, that streets would be named after them, candles lit, prayers spoken and songs written and sung. Whilst arguing that this Facebook post started the revolution may be unhelpful or a mischaracterisation, the post does encapsulate how small actions, decisions of certain individuals in certain moments, have the potential to instigate great change. The ethnographic scenes contained within this chapter will attempt to emphasise how the individual stories of what took place on the ground are crucial to understanding how the revolution played out.

<p style="text-align:center">◊</p>

On the evening of the 21st November students began to gather on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti*. It began as a trickle, people in twos and threes making their way to the square. As the evening progressed, more and more young people came to the square and soon the numbers swelled to 2,000. The following day, approximately 2,000 people gathered again protesting for closer integration with Europe and demanding that Yanukovych sign the agreement. On the 24th November a large rally was led by leaders of the opposition parties where between 50,000-200,000 people attended, many waving Ukrainian and EU flags, chanting "Ukraine is Europe!" ("*Ukrayina - tse Yevropa!*") and singing the national anthem. It was reported that these were the largest demonstrations in Ukraine since the Orange Revolution in 2004. The protests continued peacefully until the 29th November when it was announced than Yanukovych had not signed the association agreement and that negotiations had ceased. The numbers in Kyiv grew to 100,000 and numbers in L'viv reached 20,000 with many protestors forming a human chain in Kyiv and L'viv inspired by the Baltic Way, a protest across the Baltic States of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania which saw approximately 2 million citizens join hands in August 1989 in protest against the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact which facilitated the Soviet

annexation of the Baltics. The human chain in L'viv included 100 demonstrators crossing the Polish-Ukraine border to represent Ukraine's connection with Europe. Young people embraced each other, played music and sang, took selfies and uploaded them to Facebook.

Ksenia, a young woman now in her late twenties, showed me countless photos on Facebook of her and her friends at Maidan in the early days, wrapped in warm clothes, Ukrainian flags draped around their shoulders and painted on their faces, arms around each other, smiling to the camera. These images radiate genuine excitement at being there, at participating in this movement. Looking at them several years after the Maidan, these images feel like the last moment of calm before the storm, as they gaze smilingly at the camera, unaware of what is to come.

At 4am on the 30th November the Ukrainian riot police, the *Berkut* or "Golden Eagles" blocked all mobile communications and attacked the protestors with metal batons, stun grenades and tear gas. They attacked not only the protesting students but also civilians in the surrounding area and journalists. They cleared the square and chased the protestors continuing to beat them with batons. The Mykhaylivs'kyi Monastery (*Mykhaylivs'kyi Zolotoverkhyi Monastyr*, St Michaels' Golden Domed Monastery) opened its gates for the fleeing protestors who barricaded themselves inside. The violent suppression of the peaceful demonstration was internationally condemned and ultimately had the opposite effect. By 4pm on the 30th 5,000 people had gathered on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* with chants of "won't forgive" ("*ne probachyt*") and "revolution!" ("*revolyutsia!*"). The same day 10,000 people travelled from L'viv to Kyiv to join the demonstrations and the protestors began to form resistance units with the support of a number of political parties: centre/centre-right Ukrainian Democratic Alliance for Reform (UDAR - *Ukrayins'kyy Demokratychnyy Al'yans za Reformy*

Vitaliya Klychka), centre/centre-right Fatherland (*Bat'kivshchyna*) and far-right Freedom (*Svoboda*). The government placed a ban on any gatherings on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* and the following day, 1st December, a series of riots took place across Kyiv, with demonstrators clashing violently with *Berkut* to occupy the cabinet building and retake the square. The police fired dozens of stun grenades and tear gas canisters at the protestors, a group of whom gained control of a bulldozer and drove it at the police while other protestors threw rocks and Molotov cocktails. The organisers of the Maidan blamed these acts of violence on paid provocateurs who had been sent there to instigate conflict between the protestors and the *Berkut*. The protestors occupied the Trade Union Building (*Budynok Profspilok*) which became the makeshift headquarters of the Maidan movement. By the end of the day a number of opposition party leaders were calling for revolution, with one stating "Our plan is clear: this is not a rally, not an action. This – is a revolution" (Lutsenko, 2013).

On the 11th December 2013 at 1:30am the *Berkut* conducted a violent assault against the protestors on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* attempting to forcibly remove them from the square. The protestors linked arms with the women in the centre and the men surrounding them. The men held on to each other as the *Berkut* surrounded and began pushing, attempting to violently break the bonds between the demonstrators. As they attacked the protestors sang. The national anthem of Ukraine and the song "Brother for brother" (*Brat za brata*) rang out above the crowd, urging the people to hold on to each other. One friend told me that they believed that if they only could hold on to one another then the *Berkut* could not defeat them. As this was taking place all the bells in Mykhaylivs'kyi Monastery began to ring across Kyiv (Shore, 2017). The last time these bells had been heard across the city was in 1240 when the Mongol-Tatars invaded Kyiv. During the Mongol invasion the monastery opened its doors to citizens fleeing invasion just as they opened their doors to protestors fleeing the *Berkut*. As the people sang the

bells rang out across Kyiv chiming their support of the people and more and more protestors began arriving out of the Metro stations, off buses and from their cars. As the numbers increased the *Berkut* were forced to stop and retreat. The people and the bells outweighing the force of the police.

The protestors set up a camp on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti*, built large barricades from snow, wood, benches and other materials found in the local area, and committed to occupying the square until the Yanukovych resigned and elections were announced. For the following months the square remained occupied and clashes with the *Berkut* continued. Retired army veterans and reserve officers trained protestors who formed the Maidan Self Defence Unit and Kyiv residents with cars formed the AutoMaidan, a self-described cavalry who patrolled the perimeter, helped transport people to and from Maidan and travelled in convoy for protection. The police continued to assault the protestors with increasingly violent tactics including targeting protestors' eyes with rubber bullets. On the 16th January 2014 the government passed a series of anti-protest laws which were widely condemned as an authoritarian takeover and were dubbed "dictatorship laws" including restricting public gatherings, driving in convoy and wearing head and face coverings. These laws saw massive protests in response with many people, particularly elderly citizens, wearing items such as cooking pots and children's masks on their heads to flout the law banning the wearing of masks and helmets. The tents remained, the barricades were maintained, and the people were determined to persist in occupying Maidan until their demands were met.

The first deaths at the hands of the police took place during the riots on *Hrushevskoho* Street on the 21st-22nd January where hundreds were injured. At this point it became clear that the government had recruited mercenaries known as *Titushki* who were attacking protestors, kidnapping them from hospitals and beating, torturing

and murdering them, yet the protestors remained on Maidan, knowing there was no turning back. Nazariy, a retired bus driver in his late seventies, told me:

> *When I heard people were being taken from hospitals, I felt like my whole body had turned to ice. I had seen people being hurt badly by the Berkutovtsy, I had seen some Titushki being even worse, but to hear people were being taken made me think of the Soviet times. Some people you would never see again. That's how it was.*

The violence being inflicted by the Ukrainian government and the *Berkut*, both seen as puppets of the Russian state, elicited memories of, and comparisons with, the past. The perceived parallels with Soviet oppression, according to many of my participants, only served to strengthen the conviction that this fight must continue until the end – that giving up was not an option, that it was literally a matter of life and death.

As things continued to escalate, the Trade Union building which was functioning as the makeshift headquarters of the Maidan movement was burned down by the police with a number of casualties. On the 20th February more than 100 protestors were killed by government sniper fire, the largest loss of life of the revolution. These protestors are now known as the Heavenly Hundred (*Nebesna Sotnya*). Yanukovych and the *Verkhovna Rada* declared the 22nd and 23rd February to be days of national mourning, yet at the same time at a rally on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* the protestors rejected the deal negotiated by opposition leaders which would see new elections in December. As the open coffins of those killed by the state were carried through the gathered crowd Volodymyr Parasiuk, unshaven and furious, took to the stage to threaten an armed offensive if Yanukovych did not resign by 10am the following day. As the coffins were carried and the participants mourned, the old Ukrainian folk song "Duckling Swims on the Tysnia" (*Plyve Kacha po Tysyni*) was

sung. This song acquired new meaning during the Maidan as a song of mourning and is now closely associated with the Heavenly Hundred. Some of the lyrics go as follows:

Hey, pohynu ya v chuzhim krayu,
Pohynu ya v chuzhim krayu.
Khto zh my bude braty yamu?
Khto zh my bude braty yamu?

Oh, I'll die on foreign lands
I will die on foreign lands.
Who will prepare a grave for me?
Who will prepare a grave for me?

Hey, vyberut my chuzhi lyudy,
Vyberut my chuzhi lyudy.
Tsy ne zhal' ty, mamko, bude?
Tsy ne zhal' ty, mamko, bude?

Oh, another people will prepare,
Strangers will prepare.
Won't you regret, mother?
Won't you regret, mother?

When I asked about how this song made her feel following the Maidan, Ksenia told me:

> *When I hear this song I think about the Nebesna Sotnya and all the others who gave their lives for us. I think about Serhiy Nigoyan and all the others who died and I want to cry.*

Serhiy Nigoyan was a Ukrainian-Armenian activist who was killed during the riots on *Hrushevskoho* Street and who's portrait became symbolic of the sacrifice many on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* were willing to make. The song "Duckling Swims on the Tysnia" now carries with it the memories of those killed during the Maidan and evokes strong emotions and memories in many across Ukraine.

Yanukovych and some of his supporters attempted to flee the country soon after but were stopped by border guards. Yanukovych was subsequently air lifted to Russia from a Russian military base in Sevastopol, South Eastern Ukraine and granted asylum.

On the 23rd February Viktor Yanukovych was placed on Ukraine's "most wanted" list and on the 25th February the *Berkut* was dissolved. On the 1st of March Russia invaded the Crimean Peninsula claiming it was necessary to protect ethnic Russians in the region, within 24 hours Russia had full control of the peninsula. In late March there was a build-up of Russian troops on the border with Ukraine and armed separatists declared Donetsk and Luhansk People's Republics. This escalated into an armed conflict with the Ukrainian military which is ongoing to this day with more than 13,000 killed, over 1.5 million displaced and little faith that the war will end soon.

Magical Maidan.

The Maidan revolution saw many different things converge in the space of the square. The square offered a space of possibility, of solidarity, a space where a different future could be imagined and realised, it was a moment which Žižek would characterise as "magical" (1993). In his description of the Romanian Revolution, which saw the overthrow of Ceausescu, he encourages the reader to give full consideration of the experience of the people on the ground, of the Romanians who rose up against the communist regime. He focuses on the Romanian flag with a hole where the star had once been and argues that despite the knowledge we have about the power games which led to the overthrow of Ceausescu we should consider the openness and possibility which was perceived by people during the Romanian Revolution:

> *It is difficult to imagine a more salient index of the 'open' character of a historical situation 'in its becoming' as Kierkegaard would have put it, of that intermediate phase when the former Master-Signifier, although it has already lost the hegemonical power, has not yet been replaced by the new one. [...] What really matters is that the masses who poured on to the streets of Burcharest 'experienced' the situation as 'open', that they participated in the*

unique intermediate state of passage from one discourse (social link) to another,
when, for a brief, passing moment, the hole in the big Other, the symbolic order,
became visible. The enthusiasm which carried them was literally the enthusiasm
over this hole, not yet hegemonized by any positive ideological project (Žižek,
1993: 1-2).

Similarly, for Ukrainians on *Maidan Nezalezhnosti,* the Maidan Revolution offered this
magic moment where the future was open and not yet determined, full of possibility.
Whilst the Soviet Union had collapsed in 1991, Russian involvement in Ukraine
continued and, as Yurchuk and Törnquist-Plewa note, Ukraine continued to be viewed
internationally through its relationship with Russia (2014; 2017). Correspondingly to
the Romanian case, there were vested interests and other power games at play during
and after the Maidan Revolution which are the focus of much discussion. However, I
wish to engage with both the space of the *maidan* and Maidan the movement on the
terms of those who participated on the ground. This is not to say that the many groups
who attended and fought at *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* always spoke in one, united voice.
They were an unlikely coalition, many of whom disagreed on tactics, held different
political views and had different perspectives on Ukraine's past, but one thing which
unified them as a group was the certainty that a future with an oppressive authoritarian
government supported by the Kremlin was not a future that they wanted, and that a
future with a democratic, independent Ukrainian state free from Russian influence was a
future that they were willing to risk their lives for.

Taking inspiration from the work of Marci Shore (2017), this chapter will think
through the stories and accounts of the Maidan movement as it was lived, felt and is
remembered by those who were there. Although I was not in Ukraine when Maidan
took place, many of my participants were present and it exists as an important moment

in their lives. By taking this approach I wish to explore what it means to bring the stories of my interlocutors into conversation with the officially crafted narratives. What tensions are illuminated? What can this tell us about the relationship between the Maidan and the memories, histories and lives of my friends and participants? This chapter asks what the past offered the Maidan movement? Through examining the re-activation of nationalist symbols and the reassertion of heroics this chapter will think through the politics of memory that emerged on the square and show how the past is something that is activated in the present and not just somewhere or something to be visited. I argue, as does Shore, that the subjective accounts of the movement, of being there, offers something which other commentaries and attempts at understanding the Maidan are lacking. It is not my goal to write a chapter explaining the revolution, to situate it within the chronology of uprisings to overthrow power. Instead I hope to show how the past informed the movement, how it was a source of inspiration, encouragement, and hope. Finally, this chapter will consider the implications of disappointment, disillusionment and the ripple effect of the movement.

◊

What did it mean to be Ukrainian during the Maidan movement? Shore (2017) and Wynnyckyj (2019) emphasise the multiple different political, economic and ethnic identities which converged on the square during this moment of crisis. Yaroslav Hrytsak described the Maidan movement as a Noah's Ark: "it takes two of every kind" (Hrytsak quoted in Shore, 2017: 52). Shore recounts the story of one man, Misha, who having just risked his life rescuing someone from the live gunfire of the police, was confronted with the presence of a former classmate, Igor, whom he had fought with in school. Igor had always subscribed to right wing, racist views, had subjected Misha and other classmates to anti-Semitic abuse during their school years and upon leaving school

joined the right wing party *Svoboda.* Misha, who held left wing political views, felt no brotherhood or connection with Igor up until this moment where, on Maidan, Igor greeted him with genuine happiness and advised him on strategy (ibid, 95). The stories Shore details in her book demonstrate the bonds formed by a moment of crisis, by sharing an experience of desperation. She frames this as collapsing the distance between people, allowing them to overcome their separateness (Ibid, 2017; Jackson, 2013). Perhaps this could be understood through considering that in this moment, when blood is being spilled, lives being risked and lost, the separateness created by differing political views, the othering of ethnicity, religion or class is, in these moments, forgotten and the individuals present see and acknowledge one another as individuals? This, certainly, is the argument that Shore is making and is one which Hrytsak also makes. Yet, I would argue that what took place here is far more complex than a collapsing or erasing of difference, I would suggest that it was more conscious, more akin to a reassessment of relations in a moment of great need. David Graeber draws on the work of Marilyn Strathern to argue that "people have all sorts of potential identities, which most of the time exist only as a set of hidden possibilities" (Graeber, 2001: 39). During the Maidan protests, some of these "hidden possibilities" emerged and overrode other identities which they were more commonly perceived as inhabiting. An example of this during the Maidan was the experience of Jewish participants.

In the Ukrainian language *Zhid* is a derogatory and offensive term to describe Jews and when anti-Maidan activists attempted to brand the entire movement as part of an attempted far-right coup some Ukrainian Jews, including high profile oligarch Igor Kolomoiskiy, who were participating in the demonstrations began wearing t-shirts with writing identifying themselves as *Zhidobandera* or "Jid-Banderites". This was aimed at demonstrating their rejection of the presentation of the movement as fascist and anti-Semitic which many Russian language news outlets had been doing (Törnquist-Plewa

and Yurchuk, 2017; Shore, 2017). This rejection of the framing of Maidan protestors as far right and neo Nazi by Jewish participants connects with Shore's account of Misha's interaction with Igor on the Maidan. Graeber continues his argument by stating that "we are, before we are anything else, what we are perceived to be by others" (2001:39). In contrast to Shore's (2017) and Wynnyckyj's (2019) presentation of Maidan as a space where distance and difference were collapsed or erased, I argue that something more in line with Graeber's interpretation of Strathern took place. This time of crisis allowed different identities to rise to the surface, and for the perception of others to shift, even if only in that moment. For Ukrainian Jews, the appropriation and use of Ukrainian nationalist symbols did not eclipse the wider struggle against the Yanukovych regime, but it also did not erase the other meanings and histories that they carried. Rather, by calling themselves *Zhidobandera* they articulated that, *at this time*, they perceived those fighting at Maidan as allies against a common enemy, *despite* their differences rather than because there were no differences. The same can be said for the left-wing demonstrators and the far right such as Igor and Misha, two men who, despite holding incompatible political views, greeted each other as allies amongst the chaos of conflict.

Katherine Verdery argues that "nationalist ideologies are saturated with kinship metaphors" (1991: 41) and that "nationalism is a kind of ancestor worship" (ibid). Through connecting the Maidan movement with the legacy of the liberation struggle the protestors transformed the dead into martyrs who had died for the freedom of Ukraine, and infused their bodies with new meanings. Their posthumous "Hero of Ukraine" awards and their memorialisation as the "Heavenly Hundred" placed them on the genealogy of Ukrainian revolutionaries who gave their lives for their brothers and sisters and for their motherland. Many of my participants, both young and old, told me that the Maidan was a continuation of the fight against Russian imperialism, yet only a tiny minority of them subscribe to far-right ideology. A far greater number felt that the

protests emphasised Ukraine's European-ness, Oksana told me that "we saw the Ukrainian flag and the European flag flying next to each other and we felt it". This belief in the legacy of the Ukrainian fight for freedom and independence is something which extends far beyond far-right ethno-nationalism, which is why it is essential to critically consider the utilisation of symbols attached to the OUN and UPA such as the greeting and the flag and not assume that their presence is indicative of a widespread presence of far-right ideology at Maidan.

Many symbols have appeared throughout this thesis which have their origins in the nationalist movement. Symbols such as the greeting and response "*Slava Ukrayini*", "*Heroyam slava*". As symbols attached to that movement, they carry with them the weight of that history and all of the connotations of collaboration, complicity and guilt, however Gerasimov argues that the use of these symbols does not mean that the demonstrators subscribed to all aspects of the UPA legacy (2015: 30). The adoption of Ukrainian nationalist symbols tied the revolution to the genealogy of struggle against Russian imperialism, another step in the ongoing fight for true independence. Whilst there were overt demonstrations of far-right nationalism by groups such as the Right Sector and *Svoboda*, the symbols associated with the Ukrainian nationalist movement of the 1940s such as the UPA that were used more broadly were part of a more complex negotiation of the different representations of the past which emerged during the revolution. Returning to the words of Svetlana Boym from the beginning of this chapter, the urgent and immediate needs of the present informed the way in which the past was engaged with in present and I suggest that the appropriation of certain aspects of the nationalist past by the Maidan movement as a whole demonstrates the different ways in which the past was being used as a resource, and the re-activation of these symbols points to a more complex negotiation of the past than nationalist symbols indicating the presence of a ubiquitous far-right ideology.

This is not to say that these symbols have been stripped of their historic connotations such as those of genocide and ethnic cleansing. But it does indicate a contextual element to their activation and use. Shore (2017) argues that temporality changes in moments of revolutionary possibility, that things can change from one moment to the next and what was known five minutes earlier can be entirely different five minutes hence. I would argue something similar in relation to the use of nationalist symbols. In a moment of crisis certain Ukrainian nationalist symbols were co-opted and, similarly to the duckling folk song, were inscribed with new understandings and new meanings. Just as certain relations between people and groups were reassessed and reinterpreted in the context of the Maidan, something similar took place in the relationship between people and these symbols.

> *One slogan of the Maidan was "Slava Ukraini—heroyam slava!" Glory to Ukraine—glory to the heroes! This had once, seventy-some years earlier, been the slogan of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, a paramilitary group associated with Stepan Bandera's faction of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists. After Germany invaded the Soviet Union in June 1941 and the Wehrmacht arrived in western Ukraine, more than a few followers of Stepan Bandera had taken the initiative in killing Jews.*
>
> *Ola Hnatiuk, herself a Pole, was persuaded that no one any longer understood the slogan in its radical nationalist context, that only the anti-imperial, anti-Soviet ethos of the words had remained.* (Shore, 2017: 52)

These symbols were subject to constant negotiation and re-negotiation. All my participants are from L'viv and the majority have all expressed to me the importance of drawing on the legacy of Stepan Bandera, the OUN and UPA and the necessity of elevating Bandera to his rightful place in the history of Ukraine, with one speaking

favourably of the decommunisation laws and stating "We replaced Stalin with Bandera". However, it is important to acknowledge that this is not the case for all Ukrainians, with Marci Shore documenting one of the discussions of the use of the UPA slogan:

> *Sławomir Sierakowski, the left-wing activist from Poland, defended the presence of nationalists—unlike his leftist Ukrainian friends like Oleksiy, who reacted with distaste to the slogan "Glory to Ukraine!" The phrase no longer had the exclusively nationalist meaning it once had, Sławomir argued. His friends disagreed; they rejected the slogan. Nonetheless these young people of the Left took a courageous part in the Maidan throughout—and stayed until the very end.* (ibid: 54)

Whilst this illustrates the tensions and disagreements which were ongoing around the appropriation of these symbols and slogans it also demonstrates, as discussed in relation to Graeber, that in the context of the Maidan the relationships between the protestors were defined by more than differing understandings of a particular past, and that whilst disagreements on the use of nationalist symbols took place, they did not undermine commitment to the movement or the solidarity formed in a moment of great need.

◊

Hannah Arendt questions whether the emotions of compassion, empathy and love have the capacity to distract and pose a danger to the political, arguing that these emotions prevent plurality which leads to the homogenisation of a cause and obscure the multiplicity of voices and experiences (1998 [1958]). This homogenisation prevents critical engagement with the political and impedes necessary conversations from taking place. Deborah Nelson argues that "[t]he boundlessness of emotion and sympathy dissolves otherness by eliminating distance, which maintains the distinction between

self and the other that makes plurality attainable" (2004: 233-44). Kateb argues that for Arendt the political "exists to become the stuff of stories immediately" (2005 [2000]:153 in Goddard, 2018: 54-55).

> *Such stories are a crucial force in producing the political and, above all, have the power to connect self and other, to construct a public work, to reconcile the private self and the public and articulate a political commitment to the world* (Jackson, 2013 in Goddard, 2018).

When considering the Maidan revolution, emotions such as love and sympathy were present throughout the demonstrations, and the care exhibited between the demonstrators spoke to a solidarity formed through shared struggle. Whilst the collapsing of distance as a homogenising process is, as Arendt and Nelson argue, undesirable, the finding of "common ground or common cause" (Jackson, 2013: 114) is essential when building solidarity. This common cause, this "collective effervescence" (Durkheim, 2008 [1915]), binds the movement together and in the context of Maidan, I argue, is inextricable from the emotions of love, sympathy and compassion, as well as feelings of rage, loss and ultimately hope.

The hope of Maidan was, in part, fed by the sharing of stories and memories, not only about traumatic events but instances of triumph, stories where, against all odds, resistance was successful. These narratives included both the long arc of independence and small stories of individual acts. My grandmother used to tell a story about a guard in her camp who smuggled food to the prisoners, a small potato, a roll of bread, small pieces of sustenance distributed to different prisoners each day. An individual act of defiance from a man who was part of the system of oppression. This story was one of hope. The actions of this guard fed a small flame of hope, hope that not all of these men are bad, not everyone believes we are *untermenschen,* someone believes that we are

worthy of compassion. This is why stories of moments of kindness or humanity between enemies or those who subscribe to incompatible ideologies are so compelling, such as the story of the British and the Germans playing football on Christmas day. Similarly, stories of care and kindness as well as triumph were shared on the square, such as one story recounted to me by Lidiya:

> *I was going to get some food from the food tables and there was an old man eating borshch. He stands next to me and tells me that he remembers at the end of the Soviet times there was very little food. The queues for bread were long and sometimes there would be none left. He told me that some women from the village collected all of their vegetables together and cooked borshch for everyone to eat. Anyone who needed it could take it. He pointed at his cup and then said that as long as they shared the borshch then they would win. I think about this often when I eat borshch.*

This story was not one of conflict or battle, it was an account of one event set to the backdrop of poverty and hunger at the end of the Soviet Union, elicited by a plastic cup of borshch. This story is an account of collectivity, care and compassion and was just as important in generating hope as grand narratives of struggle and victory.

For Arendt, plurality generates the possibility of power but it is not a given: "wherever people gather together, it [power] is potentially there, but only potentially, not necessarily and not forever" (1998 [1958]: 199), what is it which pushes these moments from potential to actualisation? Goddard argues that it is "an outcome of human action, undertaken in the context of social relations" (2007: 83). Can these human actions and these social relations be divorced from emotions such as empathy and compassion? Considering the work of Arendt and Goddard together, plurality is made possible by harnessing the capacity of these emotions to eradicate distance, and it

is through this plurality that power is possible. Goddard's extrapolation of this is that power is "not a commodity; and it cannot be located, contained or stored", it is actualised through human action and social relations which, I argue, cannot be dissociated from such emotions, particularly in the case of spontaneous, magical moments such as the Maidan Revolution.

Uncertainty and possibility.

During the period that this text has been written Ukraine has experienced yet another political upheaval which was an expression of the deep dissatisfaction that Ukrainians felt with the post-Maidan government of Petro Poroshenko, the exhaustion felt with the ongoing war in Donbas and frustration at the loss of post-Maidan momentum. On the 21st April 2019 Volodymyr Zelensky, an actor, comedian and political novice, was elected president with 73% of the vote against Petro Poroshenko, a devastating defeat for the post-Maidan president who had led an increasingly nationalistic campaign with the slogan "Army. Language. Faith." (*Armiiya. Mova. Vira)*. In one of the final debates of the 2019 presidential election against Poroshenko, Volodymyr Zelensky stated "I am not your opponent – I am your verdict", emphasising Poroshenko's failure to deliver on his promises and condemning the corrupt political establishment which continued to flourish under his administration. Zelensky's landslide election victory and the subsequent historic parliamentary elections saw hundreds of new members of parliament elected to the *Verkhovna Rada,* many as members of Zelensky's "Servant of the People" party (*Sluha Narodu*) and saw *Sluha Narodu* gain the first parliamentary majority in the history of independent Ukraine. In the new Ukrainian parliament 80.4% of MPs have never held office before and come from backgrounds such as law, journalism, military and business, there are more women than ever before and the first mixed race MP in the history of independent Ukraine was elected, Ukrainian-Rwandan

Olympic wrestler, Zhan Belenyuk. These elections were and still are a moment of great uncertainty for Ukraine and will, I am sure, be the topic of many future research projects. As Zelensky stated, they were a verdict on the current political system, just as Maidan was a verdict on the regime under Yanukovych, and the Orange Revolution was a verdict on the election result between Yushchenko and Yanukovych.

As I have demonstrated throughout this thesis, history is felt deeply in Ukraine. The Maidan was a very real manifestation of this and of how history can be activated and mobilised. The events of the early protests elicited memories from painful times which in turn generated new and innovative responses to state oppression. The memories of the past, once activated in the present, provided stories to inspire and warn. One of my participants, Nina, said that she advised her nephew not to go Kyiv: "students go with all of their hope for something new, they don't realise what the government can do". Her nephew was severely beaten by the *Berkut* during one of the early assaults on the students which prompted older members of the family to travel to Kyiv initially to bring him home but they ended up staying and participating in the protests once they saw the numbers of people on the streets in Kyiv. Nina's nephew permanently lost the hearing in his left ear, a physical reminder of his part in the movement that he will carry with him for the rest of his life. Nina told me that whilst her family didn't regret participating in the revolution, witnessing the injuries inflicted on her nephew and other protestors had had a lasting impact on them. This is a sentiment which has been echoed by many of my participants.

During one dinner with a group of participants in 2017, some who had lived in L'viv their whole lives, others who had grown up in the diaspora and were visiting L'viv to improve their Ukrainian or trace family, the conversation turned to Maidan. Those of us who had been outside Ukraine during the protests talked about how they

had followed the events remotely. Kyrylo, a man in his early to mid-twenties from the UK talked about following friends and family's updates on Facebook and Twitter, and how it was the first time that his friends in the UK had taken interest in his Ukrainian heritage (an experience which I shared). Marina, middle aged woman from the Netherlands said "I felt more Ukrainian during those days than I do usually. I remember feeling this way when Ukraine became independent too". The comparison between Maidan and Independence resonated particularly with Artem and Mariyana, both in their mid-twenties from L'viv, who had travelled to Kyiv and participated in the protests: "This was the same fight. To show Russia that Ukraine is strong and won't capitulate to Russian criminals" Artem asserted. Whilst the language is strong, many of the statements that participants of Maidan make have undercurrents of something else. The Maidan, whilst ultimately achieving what at some points seemed to be unachievable, was a traumatic event. The Orange Revolution had shown that it was possible to achieve real change with peaceful demonstrations and strong words, something which it was hoped Maidan would achieve as well. The violent assault by the state, although ultimately overcome, had demonstrated to the younger generation that the things which they had heard about in stories about the past were possible now, in their lifetimes.

Another man at the table, the only person present who did not have Ukrainian heritage, began talking about how occupying the square was a bad strategy and that the revolution was badly planned, seeming to suggest that it had been a strategic assault on the state rather than a grassroots protest which shifted and transformed in response to assault and attempted suppression. He went on to say that he had been on holiday in Italy whilst the protests were taking place and had been following English language discussion threads on social media before stating: "I was more invested in what was

going on in Kiev[16] than any of you!" This statement generated a strong response from many at the table, the majority of whom had attended themselves or had family who had participated. Three people at the table, including myself, began heatedly responding to what he had said, with Artem stating "having an intellectual interest is not the same as being there or being scared for your friends and family". As the conversation became more and more heated, Mariyana became very quiet, listening intently, expression inscrutable, her green eyes moving across the faces of those engaged in the heated debate. I withdrew to sit with her, deciding that it was not productive to take part in such an argument. I sat next to her and asked her how she was doing.

> *Before Maidan I would have shouting arguments about Ukrainian independence and get angry about the stupid things people say, like this man, but after Maidan it's different. People died, my friends died and there is now the war where people are still dying. Thousands of people are dead. There* are *things to be angry about, but there is no point in having shouting arguments about things such as this man and what he thinks.*

For many, the notion of revolution is an abstract one. For me, growing up in the UK, I was exposed to more first-hand stories about war and conflict than the vast majority of my friends and I felt the stories that were passed down to me from my grandparents yet the places where these events took place were geographically distant and the stories were located in a place I had never known. For my participants growing up in the places where these stories happened, their proximity to these events was closer and, as discussed in the previous chapter, imagination plays a significant role in how these events are thought of. Mariyana and others told me that they went to *Maidan Nezalezhnosti* with an understanding of this history and knowledge of the stories, but

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[16] I have spelt Kyiv as Kiev to remain true to the pronunciation used by my participant.

they were unprepared for being assaulted by the *Berkut*, or the reality of conflict and revolution. Whilst the violence inflicted by the state only served to reinforce the determination to ensure that the president was overthrown, the long-term impact of the trauma of the revolution seems to have been one not of disillusionment but of numbness. Not numbness to the importance of these events but a sense of a loss of fire. For Mariyana, the trauma of seeing her friends wounded and killed did not dampen her belief in the cause but put it in perspective. There is the "big-ness" of revolution, where heroic narratives are formed, martyrs created and spectacular events mythologised. Yet there are also the small stories of the individuals who took part, the loss and suffering they experienced and witnessed and the long-lasting wounds which are left. For Mariyana, these grand narratives are important, but they do not change the fact that her friends' lives were taken by the bullets fired from government guns.

Timothy Snyder states that "for Ukrainians today, war is something that happens here, as opposed to elsewhere" referring to the many conflicts and distressing events which have taken place in the territory of Ukraine and been inflicted on the Ukrainian people (2017). This is something my participants feel, they feel the proximity of war infusing the landscapes which they inhabit, yet for many young Ukrainians before the Maidan, this was also something which they had not directly experienced, this allowed family narratives to be intertwined with other ways of knowing the past such as historical education, films, photographs, monuments and other sites of memory, a combination of memory and imagination. Yet Maidan brought conflict into their first-hand experience, a viscerally real event. Their understandings of politics and the future transformed, an additional thread of experience plaited with received memory and imagination. For many of my participants, such as Mariyana, it confirmed the importance of the struggle, yet it also was deeply shocking. This shock reverberated

through their understandings of Russian aggression, state oppression and revolutionary resistance.

The current political turbulence, in the form of the most recent elections and the Trump impeachment process at which US-Ukraine relations were at the centre, demonstrates the ongoing process of disentanglement from the old political system and is a crucial moment in the history of Ukraine. Whilst in legal terms Ukraine became independent in 1991, the monuments of Lenin in cities and towns across the country spoke to the continuing entanglement of politics and memory between Ukraine, Russia and the Soviet past. The toppling of Lenin in Kharkiv during the Maidan sparked the most recent stage of *Leninopad* or "Leninfall" which lead to the removal of all the remaining statues of Lenin in Ukraine (with the exception of two statues which stand within the Chornobyl exclusion zone). Whilst, as with many issues relating to the decommunization process and the memory politics which underpins it, there are a wide range of opinions and perspectives on what should happen or should have happened with the statues of Lenin, perhaps it is possible to think of the empty pedestals where Lenin once stood as, for the short, "magical" moment after they toppled, containing the same possibilities as were held within the empty space in the Romanian flag? These fleeting moments, before they are filled with new ideologies, new ideas, new directions, are infused with the potential energy of an infinite number of possibilities. This potential energy is generated by hope, not bounded and disciplined but boundless and passionate. Revolution is often framed and analysed in terms of the different vested interests, the geo-politics at play and the stories of the powerful (Trouillot, 1995). The power of anthropology and of ethnography is that it pays attention to the minutiae, the "tiny, absurd stories" (Witeska- Młynarczyk, 2014), which illuminate the way in which the revolution was experienced and imagined by those who were there. Goddard describes ethnography as "a process, an open-ended quest, with its insistence on

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attending to minutiae and to the importance of small things" (2018: 57). To pay attention to the importance of small things, in the context of Maidan, is to focus on "what really matters" (Žižek, 1993: 1), namely, the small stories of ordinary people who were there and participated in this magical moment where a world was being put together, before anything became solid. A moment where, in the words of one of my participants, "anything was possible".

The narratives which inspired hope in the participants of Maidan contributed to the sustained effort which ultimately was successful in removing Yanukovych and now stories from Maidan catalyse hope in other movements such as the 2017 anti-government protests in Venezuela (Ramirez and Aponte, 2017) and the ongoing Hong Kong pro-democracy protests (Steger, 2019; Law, 2019; Goldstein, 2019; Leung, 2019). Both movements showed repeated screenings of the film *Winter on Fire,* using Maidan as an example of a successful uprising. Maidan activists also have ongoing communication with the organisers of the Hong Kong demonstrations, solidarity extending across the globe. The small individual stories from the Maidan join together to form something which is greater than the sum of its parts. Whilst there is an overarching narrative of resistance, oppression and ultimately victory, this narrative is animated and brought to life by individual accounts of things that happened on the ground, like Misha meeting Igor, or Lidiya and the old man. The effect is similar to images which are created by thousands of tiny images, you can focus in on one which shows you a fragment of an individual's experience, but as you move further and further away the small stories interact with each other to illuminate a significant moment in "big history".

These significant moments, such as Maidan, are inspired and aided, in part, by memories and accounts from the past and, in turn, become part of these memories and

stories which work towards the future. There was not one, unifying, solid image of what the future might be other than free. Free from Russian influence and free from a government willing to harm and kill its own citizens. The future which happened following the Maidan was and is messy, painful, uncertain and unknown. Recent events involving Ukraine's relationship with the US, Europe and Russia have demonstrated how quickly things can change and how unpredictable these changes can be. Yet things go on, decisions get made and revoked, politicians are elected and removed, and people go about their day to day lives carrying with them stories, memories and feelings about things they have lived through and things that came before them, each person carrying a tapestry of different understandings of different events and different moments from the past. Hope, just like revolution, is messy and uncertain. There is an element of risk in hope, an understanding that what is hoped for may not materialise, it requires a leap of faith. Hope, to use Arendt's words on power, "is potentially there, but only potentially, not necessarily and not forever" (1998 [1958]: 199), it requires care, attention and nourishment.

Conclusion

Someone else always has to carry on the story.

J. R. R. Tolkien

This thesis has introduced you to many people and many places. It has thought through the stories and memories which live in the city of L'viv and in the lives of its inhabitants. It has asked questions about what sort of stories are told and when? What stories are confined to the domestic space (chapter three) and which are allowed to move more freely? How are stories told at different sites of memory in the city and what techniques of memory are used to surface certain pasts (chapter four and five)? What stories live in the gaps between things, moving between the fragments, both material and figurative, of the past (chapters five and six)? How is silence and absence lived within the city and the surrounding area (chapters four, five, six and seven)? And how, in moments of crisis, are the many pasts of L'viv and Ukraine activated and made use of in the present (chapters two and eight)? In thinking through these questions I have engaged with ideas about kinship, memory, post-memory, storytelling, silence and absence. The practice of ethnography is attending to the minutiae, to the importance of small things (Goddard, 2018), and the ethnography I have presented here has demonstrated how day to day life is lived alongside and through a dynamic and ever changing understanding of the past, of a history which will continue changing as new

events unfold. In conclusion I would like to highlight three tensions, or problems, which flow throughout this work alongside the stories and their interpretations: these are the problem of absence, the problem of silence, and the problem of incompleteness.

By thinking through these three problems I aim to draw attention to some of the tensions which exist in my fieldwork, in this ethnography and in L'viv itself and consider how we might interrogate these. Talking about absence and silence is difficult and at times painful and is something which I have grappled with throughout the process of writing this thesis. In drawing attention to this in the conclusion I plan to offer a perspective on how we can engage with silence, absence and incompleteness anthropologically whilst also capturing the way that these three elements have shaped this research.

The problem of absence.

> *If we imagine a fundamental division between things and ideas about things, between what is encountered and what is thought, then the absences of the world might be viewed as somewhat closer to ideas.* (Fowles, 2010:26)

Fowles' definition of "object-like absences" encourages us to engage with the materiality of absence, the sense of something tangible being missing. It is in this spirt that I have engaged with absences within the thesis. This closely connects with Derrida's notion of the "trace" (1976), the that which no longer is. By engaging with the traces that exist in different spaces in the city, it is possible to identify a gap, a space which outlines that which no longer is. If an absence can be considered "object-like", at what point does it take on this quality? At what point does an absence become more-than? Moutu (2007) describes Bateson's inability to animate the Iatmul flutes because he lacked the required knowledge (as discussed in chapter four). This lack of knowledge

prevented the flutes from being transformed into birds as he could not make them sing. Perhaps an absence becomes "object-like" when one acquires the required knowledge to animate the absence, to transform it. It is in this moment of understanding, of knowing, that small indents in doorways transform into wounds which represent the absence of the Jewish inhabitants of that space (chapter five). Once these absences become "object-like" they take on new meanings and acquire their own social and political lives. This act of transformation, of illumination, occurs in the telling of stories and the recounting of histories, in imparting the knowledge required to animate an absence.

The absences I have written about in this thesis were revealed to me by my participants through their stories, the walks they took me on, the photos they showed me and the books they told me to read. Yet they were also present through my knowledge of history, and of my own family stories. The absences felt in the city are both collective but also intimate. I felt the absence of my own family on the streets of the city just as I was able to feel the presence of the absence of the Jewish community both revealed through family stories and through learning "big history". These types of knowing are specific to each individual and the ways in which they engage with and know the past are highly subjective and intimately felt.

These ways of knowing further illuminate the palimpsestic nature of the city, layers upon layers of different understandings transforming and highlighting absences and traces and present a challenge for an ethnographer. How to write about these many layered absences which jostle against each other? That co-exist, at times uncomfortably, in the city. As mentioned in chapter two, what I am offering is a perspective on the perspectives of the people I worked with in L'viv during the period of time that I spent with them, considering how stories of the past flow through their lives and through the spaces that they inhabit. As these stories move, absences are revealed and animated. The

empty space within the frame on *Zamarstynivs'ka* street could have merely represented a lack of funds to complete the memorial, yet with the stories of the Holocaust and the contentious memory politics surrounding the events of the Second World War, the missing pillar was more than just missing, it drew attention like gravity. These absences act as a vacuum, drawing the flow of stories to them as a vacuum draws matter. By engaging with these absences and how stories move in relation to them it is possible to reflect on how that which no longer is, in some ways, is still present, and how memory and history can be preserved, cultivated and protected in times of change, where stories and memories are at risk of being obscured, erased or silenced.

The problem of silence.

Many anthropologists have grappled with how to write about silence, to engage with that which is left unsaid. The choice to remain silent, or to employ storytelling strategies which allow certain accounts to remain untold is one made for many reasons. Some things cannot be put into words, so much so that the act of articulation can itself feel like a violation (Arendt, 1998 [1958]). This is something I have struggled with throughout the writing process. There was a moment early on in writing where I became so overwhelmed by attempting to put such suffering in to words, that I sought the advice of a friend. I found myself overcome with emotion, incapable of clearly expressing the overwhelming feeling of being incapable of putting in to words the history that I was trying to write about. The impossibility of articulation, of making something intelligible through words, washed over me, halted me in my tracks and rendered me speechless. I couldn't explain that my own family history had become so entangled with my research that I felt paralysed, unable to speak or write. The only possible response to this feeling of paralysis seemed to be to remain silent. My friend listened to my half sentences and watched me struggle with trying to communicate this

impossibility, and he asked me simply: "why do you think I chose not to write about my own country?" Through this question, though he had not said it, I felt an acknowledgement of the problem I was grappling with, the impossibility of making comprehensible events which felt beyond comprehension. He didn't offer a solution (nor do I think there is one), he simply offered recognition, a gesture of understanding, compassion.

Taking my inspiration from my friend and his gesture of recognition, I realised the importance of recognising the impossibility of putting certain things into words when writing about suffering and traumatic memories, rather than striving to articulate that which cannot be articulated. This might be in the form of talking around something rather than speaking directly to it, by examining the nature of the silence rather than attempting to unveil that which has been silenced. Veena Das argues that talking about suffering can render it into something purely verbal and "dissolves the concrete and existential reality of the suffering victim" (1997: 143). The problem of silence in a thesis connects with the challenge of capturing the multiplicity of experiences, emotions, feelings communicated to us on fieldwork. So many of these communications are non-verbal and subjectively interpreted. Grappling with this question demonstrates how "silence plays the irreducible role of that which bears and haunts language, outside and against which alone language can emerge" (Derrida, 1978: 65), that "[s]peech is possible only because silence exists" (Weller, 2017). Perhaps in listening to what a story is saying as well as what it is talking about, it is possible to write about suffering and silence whilst also respecting the presence of absent things (Ricoeur, 1973, 2004; Cruikshank, 1998)?

Primo Levi (1986) states that the only true witnesses are the dead, but they cannot speak. He states that the survivors can and should tell their stories, but they are

also the bearers of secrets, of things that cannot be said. Theodor Adorno takes this further with his assertion that "writing poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric" (1983 [1949]) more often quoted as "there can be no poetry after Auschwitz", frequently interpreted to be referring to the impossibility of expressing the reality of Auschwitz, arguing that there can be no more beauty in language after such brutality, only raw facts or statements, as the beauty in poetry is rooted in allusion or indirect speech. The multitude of books both fiction and non-fiction, films, articles and other works have attempted to put into words the horrors of the camps and the Final Solution, yet the silences that sit within the stories of survivors hold more than can ever be expressed in words. Growing up in a house and a family filled with these stories, is also growing up in a house full of silences and learning to live with the presence of "that which no longer is" (Derrida, 1976; Hirsch, 1997: 49). The subtitle of Art Spiegelman's first volume of his graphic novel Maus is "My Father Bleeds History". This captures the embodied presence of a history which is deeply felt yet also inexpressible, the sense of which grows and sits in the body of later generations, always present yet also peripheral, like a shadow in the corner of your eye which disappears when you turn to look at it. The young people I worked with in L'viv feel this and desperately try to capture it, to render it intelligible through fasting and inflicting hunger upon their bodies, to "know" the unknowable (chapter 2). In travelling to Ukraine, in living in L'viv, perhaps I too was attempting to connect with a place or a time which felt present through its absence, in some way becoming part of the stories, rather than the stories being a part of me.

There is an absurdity in attempting to articulate that which cannot be put into words. Hannah Arendt argues that "pain is at the same time the most private and least communicable" of human experiences (1998 [1958]: 50), an assertion which Michael Jackson draws upon to question "can the intellectual succeed in accomplishing what the

sufferer cannot? Or are our attempts to communicate or publicize the pain of others little more than stratagems for helping us deal with the effects this pain has had upon us?" (2004: 54-55). When conducting fieldwork we do it with our bodies, we engage not only with the words that our participants speak but the tone in which they speak them, their intonations, the pauses and moments of reflection, the atmosphere in the room and their body language. It is deeply embodied, yet we are required to reduce it to text, to words. We attempt this through thick description, through the use of emotive language and reflexivity, yet Jackson warns "against the habit of understanding others solely in one's own terms" (ibid: 56 emphasis in original). How can we capture the complexity of the relations we build and stories we are told on fieldwork, translating them into intelligible text, whilst avoiding engaging with them entirely on one's own terms?

> *[W]e should learn the value of silence, seeing it not as a sign of indifference or resignation, but of respect. [...] For there are certain events and experiences of which we choose not to speak. Not because they hold us in thrall, freezing the tongue. Nor because we fear they might reveal our flaws or frailty. Still less because we feel our words can never do them justice. Silence is sometimes the only way we can honour the ineffability and privacy of certain experiences.* (Jackson, 2004: 56)

It is with this question of choice that I wish to conclude this section. When our interlocutors choose not to tell us something, when we choose to leave something unsaid, when we choose to pursue one line of questioning over another, we are generating a narrative, one which will always be a partial image, a collection of fragments, "a particular bundle of silences" (Trouillot, 1995: 27). Traumatic silence is often framed as an inability to express experience, as some sort of blockage which, once

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cleared, will allow for a cathartic flow of testimony (Kidron, 2009), yet the choice to remain silent is not synonymous with choosing not to communicate.

What this thesis has demonstrated is the importance of objects and spaces in the communication of stories and memories, alongside verbal articulation. The physical act of grasping hands (chapter four and five), of guiding someone on a walk (chapter five, six and seven) of buying bread together (chapter two) and of looking at photos and newspaper cuttings together (chapter three) are all forms of communicating stories and emotions that extend beyond the use of words. This "knowing without words" (ibid: 6) is communicated through these embodied or non-verbal methods and is felt in a multitude of ways. Arendt argues that it is a "curious muteness" or "awkwardness with words" which distinguishes true compassion from the "loquacity of pity" (1998 [1958]). The compassion, understanding, closeness or connection that we form with our family, friends, interlocutors, and people in our lives is generated from these multiple ways of knowing and communicating with each other which exceed the verbal (Foucault, 1978). When my friend chose to comfort me by asking me about why I thought he had chosen not to research his own country, he was also communicating with me that he understood what I was grappling with. That communication was non-verbal but I felt it far more deeply than I would have felt the words "I understand" which would have felt placatory. We each heard what the other was saying, as well as what they were talking about.

The problem of silence is not one which will be reconciled in this thesis, or in this conclusion, but to recognise the presence of silences and of gaps is to recognise the incompleteness of articulation, that in the act of speaking some things will always remain unsaid. Stories of the past continue to be told in L'viv, Andriy continues his collecting, Sveta continues working in the museum, Yana and Natalia continue to explore the winding streets of the city searching for the traces of the Jewish community

and the many others I worked with continue living with the stories and the silences. The past is known without words (Kidron, 2009) in many aspects of life and I want to echo Jackson's warning against attempting to understand these silences exclusively on our own terms. There are many reasons to remain silent, but that does not mean that these silences are not speaking. This thesis has demonstrated that silences, at times, speak more loudly than words. The tensions, absences and silences which are present in the stories of my friends and interlocutors, in the different spaces of the city, in the different museums and memorials, restaurants, homes, cemeteries and squares continue to be felt and as increasing numbers of young people such as Natalia, Dmytro and Yana (to name a few) are seeking out the gaps in their understandings of the past, are waiting to be unearthed and engaged with. Sitting with silence is a necessary part of doing fieldwork, of writing and of speaking. Like that moment before you start writing, full of possibility with what you might begin with and where it might lead. In that moment, charged with the potential energy of all those possibilities, there is always the possibility of silence, the uncertainty of what should remain unsaid. The question of what to leave unsaid leads us to the final problem, the problem of incompleteness.

The problem of incompleteness.

Completing a thesis is a daunting thing. All these years and months of work culminating in the final few thousand words that are supposed to capture and synthesise the argument that you have attempted to make. There is a lot of hope in writing a conclusion, hope that what you have written has resonated with the reader, hope that there is some way of tying together all the threads of the different arguments that you have been making in a way that makes sense, hope that there is not something very important that you have forgotten to include. In writing a conclusion you are making a statement that you have finished what you have to say, but I would like to propose that

while this conclusion is tying up this thread of the story, it is by no means the end. The questions and issues grappled with in this thesis are ones which span generations, and which cannot be captured by a single text. There are many projects which might have emerged from a project on intergenerational memory in L'viv, this is just one of them. The stories, memories and histories contained within this thesis are not static, they are dynamic and continue to change in relation to events which unfold at times unexpectedly. It will never be possible to say all that you want to say, perhaps it is not desirable to not even try, but how can we deal with the problem of incompleteness in a thesis such as this one?

I left the field in 2018 and in the time that has passed since new events have taken place in Ukraine. A new president was elected, and shortly afterwards a new parliament. Ukraine became embroiled in the US impeachment process and launched new peace talks with Russia. Many laws have been repealed and passed and shells still fall in the Donbas. Alongside this new protest have erupted in Belarus against a dictator who has been in power for twenty six years with many protestors calling for a Maidan. These events are in dialogue with the history I have talked about, they offer new interpretations and new understandings of the past which lay beneath the surface whilst I was in L'viv. In acknowledging this I am not saying that the stories and ideas contained in this thesis are not of value, I am saying that they are of their time and should be engaged with as such. These are turbulent times for much of the world, and in the Eastern corner of Ukraine the war goes on, and so do the stories.

All of my participants have friends and family who have been directly affected by the war in the East, whether that is through enrolling in the military, joining a volunteer battalion, volunteering for medical support or supporting returning soldiers, they feel the presence of the war in their lives. This is articulated in many different ways

but is always linked to conflicts from the past and to Ukraine's relationship with Russia. The absences detailed here are felt by my participants in many complex and layered ways, both intimately and collectively. The absence of Ukraine in international narratives of the war, the absence of the Ukrainian Liberation struggle in previous official narratives of Ukrainian history, the absence of the Holocaust in re-written accounts of the past. Each of these narratives is a "bundle of silences". These silences haunt official narratives and demand attention. New events require new articulations of the past in different lights, with certain stories rising to the surface and others falling, a continual negotiation. Whilst communism, the Second World War and the nationalist movement of the 20th century might be defined by some as "history", for my participants this story is still being written. It is alive.

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These stories are intimately personal to me as an anthropologist and as an individual. Ukraine is a place which existed only in my imagination for the first twenty-four years of my life, before I stepped off the plane in L'viv. My relationship with my fieldwork and my participants was closely informed by my own positionality, and I struggled with my personal investment in this history whilst attempting to maintain an element of ethnographic detachment, something which I have grappled with throughout this process. As I discuss in chapter one, Abu-Lughod's notion of "halfie anthropology" resonated with my own predicament and offered me a jumping off point for considering questions of reflexivity and positionality. My own family history and my feelings about it allowed me to develop what I called "intuitive fieldwork", and to grapple with the past with and alongside my participants. This shared investment in the past directly influenced how my fieldwork developed, for better or worse. As shown in chapter four, my position as the inheritor of memories and stories from my grandparents had a

significant role in the relationships I built with Sveta and Liliya in the museums and informed how they related to me. Similarly, in chapter two, my access to meeting the young people who were participating in the fast to commemorate the Holodomor was made possible through my personal connection with the history, and Mykola drew me in to his life through emphasising my Ukrainian-ness and in chapter three Andriy did so when he called me "*nasha Olena*".

As I outline in chapter one, I do not feel that I can speak from the position of a Ukrainian, yet I can speak as someone whose life has been impacted by the history of Ukraine. My grandmother's stories which shaped my childhood have heavily influenced my life's trajectory. Would I have embarked upon this project had I not grown up with her stories? Just as her stories live in me, my participants' stories live in them and in the later generations, shaping and being shaped by events which come later. As I have continually emphasised throughout this thesis, it is my firm conviction that history is and should be felt. I disagree with Nora when he argues that once memory is monumentalised it becomes "dead history"; as long as stories are told history is alive and continually transforming. The problem of incompleteness is a personal one as well as an academic one. The fear of missing something vitally important, of getting the stories wrong, of not being able to live up to the trust placed in me by my participants is entangled with the problem of incompleteness. How can you complete a study when there are yet more stories to be told, and more avenues of memory to explore?

Stories and spaces.

This thesis is a story of stories. It has followed how stories flow through different spaces in L'viv, acquiring new meanings and generating new understandings with every telling. How these stories are told depends on the time in which they are told, the events which have come before, the people who are in the room and the atmosphere in the

moment that they are told. The exchange of stories is acutely personal. The stories are deeply felt, by the tellers and by the receivers. They contain layers of meaning which are revealed by different methods of storytelling and different techniques of surfacing and activating memory. The chapters demonstrate how stories of the past are simultaneously highly subjective and also collective and shared. Each one a self-contained whole which forms a part of the multi-layered mosaic of the past and how it is articulated. The sharing of stories can collapse distance between people and allows for the events of the past to be turned over and over in one's hands, allowing them to be rendered intelligible (Jackson, 2013). I have considered how these intimate stories and memories are alive in the city of L'viv, how they are surfaced, felt and lived with, how people, both young and old, manage their memories and pass on their stories. I argue that these small stories illuminate the human experience of big history, shape the lives of later generations and influence how the future is imagined.

I have addressed challenging questions about the role of the past in the everyday lives of Ukrainians in L'viv. I considered how different pasts are narrated, activated, and silenced, and what role the past has in the way the future is conceptualised and how is this felt by my interlocutors. These questions give the impression of trying to "solve" the past or clearly decipher the mechanisms by which the past influences the present or the future. My concern here and in the arguments I have made in each chapter is to emphasise the importance of intimate individual stories of the past. These small stories of big histories give access to the human side of history, how it is felt and lived within the lives of my friends and interlocutors. This is not to offer a revised account of the past, or an untangled narrative of the history of Ukraine. Personally, I do not think that is possible and perhaps not even desirable to even attempt. So much power is located in the grand narratives of history (Trouillot, 1995) yet, as I have shown, the meanings and

understandings which emerge from memory and the stories which are located in the grey zone also have their importance (Levi, 1986).

The methods and techniques of remembering I have discussed are not unique to L'viv or to Ukraine, although they may manifest in locally specific ways. The telling of stories takes place across the world, in different spaces, at different times, among different people. Stories of home, of family and friends, of love and loss, of belonging and displacement, of remembering and of forgetting. These stories shape the way that we engage with the world, and how we listen. Listening to what stories are saying, as well as what they are talking about (Ricoeur, 1973; Cruikshank, 1998) was at the heart of the way that I carried out my research, allowing my interlocutors to take me where they wanted to lead through their stories, their homes (chapter three), their workplaces (chapter two and four), their city (chapter five and six) and the landscape in which they are are surrounded (chapter seven). I have focused on the "tiny, absurd stories" (Witeska-Młynarczyk, 2014) and how they relate to the past, to think through the different ways that the past has been narrated both officially and unofficially, to engage with "what is said to have happened" (Trouillot, 1995: 2).

In structuring the thesis in terms of spaces, I demonstrate how stories, memories and histories flow (or not) between different spaces. I argue that memories are passed on down generations both orally and through how the home is arranged and the types of memory bearing objects which are contained within them. Chapter two shows how memory, both first hand and inherited, is felt in the body. I demonstrated how everyday things such as bread carry with them embodied memories of hunger and hardship for those who lived through the painful times that this thesis is concerned with. I also show how young people, who have no first-hand or family memory of famine yet still feel it attempt to connect with this past though their bodies. Through self-inflicted hunger they

bring this past into the present, to "feel what they felt, to know what it was like". This attempt to bodily know historic suffering demonstrates how history is felt and yet is also impossible to articulate other than through bodily means.

Chapter three shows how the home is transformed into a receptacle for memories in many different ways, both by the later generations and by those with first-hand memories of events such as Nazism, communism and the Ukrainian nationalism of the 1940s. Both of my interlocutors store their memories in photo albums on shelves in their home, just slightly out of reach from every-day visitors. They keep them safe, for many different reasons, for personal privacy, or due to safety concerns after a lifetime of surveillance and monitoring. The presence of these collections in the home creates a space where painful stories can safely be shared. There is a dialogue between the histories and memories stored in the home and the histories and memories which circulate in the public sphere, and these inform each other. History education (Richardson, 2004), films and popular culture (Hirsch and Miller, 2011) inform how later generations engage with the past, and imagination plays a significant role in this (chapter seven and eight). Michael Jackson states that "in telling stories we renew our faith that the world is within our grasp" (2013). Stories are told in museums, at memorials and in restaurants (chapter four) where officially crafted and at times sanitised accounts of the past come into contact with private, individual memory. They are told in the urban space of the city, at unofficial memory places, and they illuminate histories which are at risk of being obscured, erased and forgotten (chapter five and six). They infuse different spaces with meaning, but these mechanisms are not passive. The telling of stories is a political act (Arendt, 1998 [1958]; Jackson, 2013) and the stories which are located in and move through these spaces are closely intertwined with the political nature of history and memory in Ukraine. In a country where the official historical account has shifted multiple times, the telling of stories carries with it many

implications. In moving from the home out into the streets and other spaces of the city certain stories which are obstructed in the home are able to flow more freely, just as certain stories are confined to the home. Chapter five demonstrated how certain stories are able flow more freely when the narration is taking place on the move, the story becoming mobile along with the narrator.

By looking at how stories and memories flow through these different spaces, I have demonstrated how stories are told, not only through words, but also through absences, silences, material objects and spaces themselves. These absences are present in the form of missing or dead relatives (chapter three and four), in absent memorials and the traces of the Jewish community which can still be seen throughout the city (chapter four, five and six). They are present in the silences in stories and the unspoken things which hover in the air and ambiguous conversations (chapter four, five and seven), all infusing the city with spoken and unspoken memories, the silences present as "object-like absences".

Interlocking stories.

Many stories, of many people, that are layered with officially crafted histories, films, literature, music, poetry and imagination, are presented here. I began with my arrival in L'viv. Telling the story of arriving in a country which felt simultaneously familiar and totally alien, a place infused with stories of the past whilst being shaped by very real, very present current events. That night, one week into fieldwork when I walked down Prospekt Svobody and was overwhelmed by the sense of history which felt as though it emanated from the ground itself changed my relationship with my fieldwork. I understood what Filippucci meant when she wrote about "sense of place" or what Richardson meant when she wrote about "sensing the past". How to articulate this "sense of place" has eluded me throughout the writing process. It is like when you listen

to music with a very heavy base and it feels as though it is reverberating out of your chest, as though your ribcage itself has become part of the symphony. I felt the past reverberating through me, deep in my heart.

From this moment onwards my fieldwork changed. Whilst I had intellectually known that the past is felt and that I felt it myself through the stories of my grandparents, I had never felt it connected with place so profoundly. I wondered, am I feeling this because of the unfamiliarity of the space, or because I am here with a particular purpose, or because it is just intrinsically part of this place? I wondered if for those who live in the city, this "sense of place" was just the over-dramatic response of a young PhD student with an over-active imagination. Yet in the weeks and months which followed, through the city walks, life history interviews, cups of tea and *kakao*, dumplings assembled and consumed, photos shared, and stories told it became clear to me that this history is felt. This emotional connection with the past is not static, it unsettles narratives and generates questions and uncertainties. It infuses the city and is present in many aspects of life. After settling into fieldwork, the sense of the past receded from the overwhelming feeling to a background hum. The past is present in the city almost as background noise, like a sound that you can tune out and get along with your day, yet when you sit and listen it begins to ring. This is what I was asking my participants to do. I was asking them to tune in to an ever-present sense of the past, to tell me their stories and how they felt about what was going on now. This is no small thing and I will forever be grateful to the women and men, both young and old, that so generously gave me their time and shared their stories.

But what does this mean for an anthropological understanding of the past, of memory and storytelling in L'viv? So much has been written about the history of Ukraine, of memory in L'viv, of the painful histories of Nazism, communism, genocide,

ethnic cleansing, suffering and contestation. These histories, as demonstrated in this thesis, are continually contested, raked over, reworked and rearticulated, but that has implications for those like Andriy, the unofficial historian, who so rigorously keeps his own narrative and own archive in check, or Mykola who so carefully selects and cherishes his bread, or Sveta who so diligently teaches tourists about the GULAGs and Solzhenitsyn. The unsettling of big histories also unsettles small stories. Whilst some histories rise to the surface, others fall, and this can be painful. I embarked upon this research with some well-crafted questions; I planned to investigate what new methods of storytelling are devised by individuals and groups when particular histories can no longer be spoken, and when officially crafted histories fail to represent the stories of individuals and groups or render certain histories invisible (Wolf 1982), and how family histories are made tangible through stories, narratives and objects and what role they play in the telling of these stories. These questions are at the heart of this research, but the research has grown around them and become so much more. The messiness of history and memory posed so many challenges for these questions and for me as a researcher and writer, and I will go on fearing that I haven't quite got it right, yet perhaps to capture such messiness, the final product has to be a little messy.

A work containing so many stories of so many events is challenging to conclude. It deserves an ending which captures the enormity of each story. The love, pain, joy, humour, loss, pride, success, envy, suffering and life in each one is boundless, and the trust placed in me to attempt to tell these stories will never cease to fill me with awe. So perhaps rather than an ending, it is a pause, the door closed but not locked. My mother told me that saying goodbye to the work would, in some way, be saying goodbye to my Baba, who never lived to see it completed. She is present in these words, as are her stories, just as each of my participants are. This thesis is titled "small stories of big histories" and I have spent the previous pages making the argument that these

small stories matter, that they offer access to the human side of the big histories which are crafted, not only by historians, but also by politicians and which take on other political meanings and intentions. These small stories count, but perhaps the title of this thesis is wrong. Perhaps what I have shown is that these stories are not so small. Whilst intimate and personal, they contain whole lives, of individuals and families, and continue to expand to encompass those which come later, which have yet to be told.

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