

**Masks
of the
Holodomor**

This book is dedicated to my great grandfather
Alexander Wienerberger
and my father
Martin Pearce

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Before, During and After the Holodomor

The Holodomor: Survivors Stories

Nina Dudnik
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Masks of the Holodomor

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Alexander Wienerberger: His Daughter's Memories

He [Alexander Wienerberger] was born in Vienna, Austria, the son of a Jewish engineer of the same name, Alexander Wienerberger and his Czech wife who, I was told, committed suicide while Papa, her Son, was in Russia. After finishing his studies in Chemical Engineering in Vienna, Papa joined the Austrian army and fought on the Russian front in the First World War. He was taken prisoner and, after the war, he stayed in Russia under Stalin, managing munitions factories.

He was married twice, but I know little about his first wife, except that she was possibly Polish and was a medical doctor. There were two children from that marriage: a Son, with the same names as his Father and his Grandfather, Ing. Alexander Wienerberger, who died in a mountaineering accident while Papa was still alive and a daughter, Dr. Anne-Marie Wienerberger, whom I met at my father's funeral and who herself died some few years later of Leukaemia, leaving three children.

After divorcing his first wife, Papa returned to Vienna in search of a new wife and he met my mother, who was very much younger than he was. Eventually, they married in Vienna and my mother went with my father to Russia. When my birth was imminent, she returned to Vienna where I was born on 8 February 1931. Six weeks later, my mother took me back to Moscow, where we lived at that time.

MY FIRST MEMORIES

My first language was Russian, which my father spoke like a native but my mother spoke very little; I had a Russian Nanny.

I remember, in Moscow, being pulled by my father on a sledge with mountains of snow towering above me. We bought some shelves from a street-market - a kiosk in the roadway. Later, when we had returned to Austria I recognised the shelves in Papa's laboratory, which he kept whenever possible. They must have been brought from Russia with other items some time. They were finally destroyed in an air raid during the war.

Another memory I have is that my hair was shorn off my head in summer because of lice. In the winter, my hair was soaked in petrol to rid me of them but, unfortunately, my scalp came off with the lice. Later, Papa told me that the factories had a shortage of everything except petrol. When, one time, they had an epidemic of cholera, and many workers died, he ordered every worker to strip on arrival at work, to soak all their clothes and shoes in petrol and then put all their garments on again. He said that it stopped the epidemic.

Another shortage was light bulbs; there were none and this sharply reduced his production, especially in the winter months. When there was a tragic railway accident just in front of one of the factories, Papa ordered all his workers to walk from wagon to wagon and to unscrew all the light bulbs they could find.

FAMILY VISITS

My mother's family, who were bankrupt during the depression, came to visit us in Russia one by one. I particularly remember seeing my mother's younger brother Egon there.

When my mother was in hospital, the two men had to cook for themselves. They both liked rice pudding, but didn't know how to cook. They put equal amounts of rice and milk in a pot. As they boiled this pudding, the rice swelled and they had to add milk and to use another pot. It continued like this until they had used every container in the house including cleaning buckets and my chamber pot!

When Papa showed Egon how to shoot, they used the candles alight on the Christmas tree as targets! I remember that Egon said later, back home in Austria, that my father had become uncivilised in Russia because he spent so long in prison there.

PAPA IN PRISON

My father spent long periods incarcerated in the Lubyanka, because he was politically active against Stalin. He later told me that he was mostly incarcerated in a small cell alone and that he was continuously

interrogated at night with a light shining on his face because the authorities suspected he was a spy. No books or writing materials were allowed.

During the day he played chess with other prisoners in single cells using chess figures made of chewed bread and using knocking on pipes for communication with another solitary prisoners.

When Papa was a political prisoner for the last time, an exchange took place (I was later told) with a Russian prisoner from Austria and the whole family was sent back home, although Papa must have been sent home separately, because I did not see him on the journey.

BACK TO AUSTRIA

The only thing I remember from this period (I must have been only three or four years old) was an episode on the train back to Austria. A Russian guard inspected my mother's handbag and found some money, which he took, I remember. He asked her if she had any more hidden. She staunchly said she that she had not but I, helpfully, loudly and truthfully, as I had been taught, reminded her that she had some money hidden in my shoe. She had to unlace my black boot and the last of our money was gone! My mother cried, I remember.

Our destination was Salzburg, where Mama's Sister, Aunt Jenni now lived with her husband. So in 1934, in the deep depression, we arrived in Austria in only the clothes we were wearing. However, we survived well enough. Papa walked the streets selling insurance policies and taking photographs of houses for sale for Estate Agents. Mama coloured the photographs by hand and sold toiletries.

We lived in a small room behind the shop in Maxglan on the outskirts of Salzburg. Eventually I went to Kindergarten, where I could only speak Russian. The other children laughed at me for not being able to speak and so I had to learn German very quickly and never spoke a word of Russian again.

Apart from Russian, which he spoke like a native, and French, which he spoke fluently, and some English, my father spoke only High German, never the Austrian dialect. He understood but never spoke it. My mother was able to speak to folk in their own dialect when she visited the countryside to procure food for us.

THE ANSCHLUSS

When Austria became annexed to Germany under Hitler – the Anschluss - my Father tried to join the National Socialist Party. He could not. Wienerberger is a well-known Jewish name and that would be known by everybody. His Father was a Jew who had to marry the governess [an Aryan] and, as he was born shortly after they were wed, he was able to claim that his biological father was not Jewish, although he was legitimised and accepted by his Jewish Father who was named on his birth certificate. I remember that my Father and I had to appear at the Department for Racial Affairs in the Residenz of Salzburg. We were photographed from the front, back, and sides, our heads were measured with callipers and in the end we remained what we were, part Jewish. At the time I did not know what it was all about but Papa told me of it after the war.

WORLD WAR TWO

So Papa and his family were again in trouble. My half-sister, Anne-Marie, though pregnant with her first child, was not allowed to marry. So father, though far too old, volunteered to fight on the Russian front. They conveniently forgot there was any question of being half Jewish and he was immediately accepted. He was appointed a Sonder-Führer in the Vlasov Army, a Liaison Officer to the Wehrmacht, the German Army. Unfortunately, I no longer have the Officer's Sword and Pistol, which he left me.

The Vlasov Army was led by anti-communist General Vlasov with Russians from White Russia and the Ukraine and elsewhere; they fought for the Germans against Soviet Russia. After the war the Allies repatriated the whole Army to Russia where they were designated as

traitors and were shot to a man, Papa told me, with tears in his eyes. They were his comrades and he never forgave the Allies for that.

When the war ended, we had no news from Papa for many months. One day we were overjoyed to see him as he parked a horse and a hay wagon with a rake in the street. He told us that he stole the horse and wagon from a field in Russia along with civilian clothes and he made his way home across Europe without being molested. Little did we anticipate that his real adventures were only just beginning.

A POLITICAL PRISONER AGAIN

After a few weeks back home, Papa had to register with the American authorities, as all homecoming soldiers had to. That evening we waited in vain for him to return. My mother suspected that he might have been imprisoned by the Americans, a suspicion, which was eventually, confirmed when the American authorities sent her a letter. My father had been imprisoned again, this time in Gladbach, which was a campus not far from Salzburg. We were allowed to visit at certain times and to bring him food.

The Americans were very interested in Papa and they suspected him of having been a German spy. To begin with, Papa was treated kindly and had privileges, he later told me, but this changed abruptly when he refused to spy for the Americans against Russia. He considered the Americans know match for the Russian Secret Service and he did not trust them.

One day we were told that we could no longer visit my father, nor bring food. Some weeks passed and then, one day, a man brought us a letter from Papa, which had obviously been hastily scribbled. The man had found it in the road. Papa wrote that he was being moved in a lorry. He did not know where to but he would write if possible. Many more months passed.

One day, Papa arrived home, shrunk beyond recognition and very quiet. When later Papa told his story, we feared that he would never recover but mercifully we were wrong. He did!

HOW PAPA ESCAPED

When my father was moved from Gladbach, he was transported to an American prison in Germany. He never knew where but he was immediately put into solitary confinement. He was interrogated for many hours and then left alone for days, except for food. The Americans were determined that he would spy for them and he was equally determined that he would not. He knew that to do so would be his death warrant.

Papa went on hunger strike but nothing changed. After months of such treatment, he knew that he had to do something to survive. When he had studied Chemistry as a young man in Vienna, he also had to study an Arts subject, as was usual in Austria.

He chose Psychology and that turned out to be very useful to him in his present crisis: he pretended that he had gone mad with religious mania. He occupied the prison Chaplain, day and night. All other visitors and the interrogators were the Devil, who had to be attacked. He screamed his prayers, day and night. He fought the Devil and threw his food at him. Papa told me that, eventually, he was not sure whether he was really mad or only pretending to be.

In the end, the Americans let him go. He had another lease of life.

LIFE WITH PAPA

I loved being in the dark room with Papa where magic happened: lit only by a red light, pictures appeared on plain white paper and Papa would tell me stories. Not fairy stories, but stories that really happened a long time ago. It was there that I learned that there was no little Christmas Child who brought our presents (and that made me cry) and why the Papa hated the Catholic Church. He taught me songs and we spoke about animals, which we both loved, but he never spoke about his family.

Later on, still in the 1930s, I watched as he tried his skill in producing colour photography. There was always a blue sheen, which spoiled those photographs, I remember, but he succeeded in producing 3D photography and I played a major part in that. He was very skilled in making wooden boxes for all his tools: tiny ones, large ones and every size in between. He also made a stereoscope with a wooden frame, which I had to hold and look through two lenses at two similar photographs taken from slightly different angles to give a 3D effect. I had to try the stereoscope out and magically, the 2 photos would move together and as they fused into one, the subjects would suddenly leap forward and become "real".

Later still, Papa made instant coffee in the form of paste, which everybody who came to visit had to taste. He told me that really it should be freeze dried but Papa had neither the facilities nor the money to do that. When I was nearly 18 years old and was doing my matriculation examinations, it was Papa who advised me to study in England. His other Daughter had already finished her medical studies but was unable to find employment and was working in a Hospital without pay. So we decided together on my future. A few years later, Papa died of lung cancer and I was there on the day of his funeral when his patent for Nitrolac arrived, the last of his many inventions. Mama subsequently made a living selling cans of Nitrolac for use on furniture.

Margot Swift-Hook, 2013.

Before, During and After the Holodomor

Kyiv, Ukraine has been prized land as early as 882 CE when the Vikings used the area, as a part of their main trade route and since then the land remained desired. More recently this struggle over Ukrainian territory led to the current capital, Kyiv, being occupied seven times by different political movements.

It was invaded and captured by the Bolsheviks on 9th February 1918, by the Germans on 2nd March 1918, by the Bolsheviks a second time on 5th February 1919, by the White Army on 31st August 1919, by Bolsheviks for a third time on 15th December 1919, by the Polish Army on 6 May 1920, and finally by the Bolsheviks for the fourth time on 12th June 1920.

This turbulent time looked like it would retreat, after the Polish and Soviets signed the Peace of Riga, March 1921, which saw Ukraine divided between the two sides. For less than a decade, the Ukrainians were allowed to express their culture and language without fear of retribution. But in spring 1921 to autumn 1923, the agricultural Ukraine saw its first man-made famine, under Soviet rule and up to two million people were killed.

A second famine was endured during 1924-25, soon after Joseph Stalin, leader of the Communist Party came to power. Ukraine saw its third famine 1928-29 and in 1932-33, it is suggested that Stalin went on to kill up to 10.5 million Ukrainians during the fourth famine, which was later, named Holodomor. Ukraine went on to experience one more famine in 1946-47.

The Ukrainians witnessed a lifetimes repression from the USSR, collective farming, murders, family being snatched away in the middle of the night and a new culture built on deception, discipline and self-gain. When the Nazi's invaded on 22nd June 1941, some of the Ukrainians worst hit by Communism, believed for a short period that this change in regime would benefit their challenging situation.

In time, it was clear to many that the Nazi's were no different to the Russian's and they found themselves, once again, caught in the middle of a battle that a majority felt they were not a part of. Andy Szpuk a survivor of the Holodomor discusses this in the book *Sliding on the Snow Stone*, 2011. This is a personal account of his experience of the Holodomor, escaping Ukraine after the Nazi invasion, ending up alone and finding refuge in the United Kingdom.

Many people died in and around Ukraine, during the Holodomor, which was one of Stalin's political tools to weaken Ukrainian peasantry and force the unwilling into collectivisation, in order to accomplish his five year plan. This was to become one of Russia's dirtiest secrets, with the help of the British-American journalist, Walter Duranty who spread the Russian propaganda to the Western world. But the realisation of Stalin's actions were to become clearer after his death and more so after the collapse of the USSR.

Gareth Jones, a well known Welsh journalist and Alexander Wienerberger, an engineer, the only verified photographer of the Holodomor and resident of Ukraine during this period tried to express their truth on the subject but were widely ignored. However, this led to Robert Conquest writing, *Harvest of Sorrow*, 1986, which led to scholars debating the subject further.

The evidence that is available today suggests that the Holodomor was a very sophisticated and elaborate plot, planned and directed against a single nation and not tailored or bonded to any territory, area or land. And, if the images taken by Wienerberger did not exist there would be no definitive photographic evidence and Stalin would have won his battle against the image he so loved to manipulate to his will.

The Institute of National Memory, Ukraine state that during the Holodomor, up to 10.5 million people, who were mainly Ukrainian, were killed or unborn due to this forced starvation. However, the death toll statistics change with each publication on the disaster.

Robert Conquest believed with the information he has available to him at the time that 14.5 million peasants died between 1930-1937. Stark Renate author of *Holodomor, Famine in Ukraine 1932-1933: A Crime against Humanity or Genocide?*, 2010, believed that 25,000 peasants died each day with the Ukrainian population being decreased by up to 25%, with a large number of them being intellectuals. R, Johnson author of *USSR Census of 1939: aggregate statistics from the USSR census of 1939*, 2005, believes that the census shows that the Ukrainian population increased by 6.6%, where as other areas grew at a much larger rate.

Tymothy Snyder notes in his book *Bloodlands: Europe between Hitler and Stalin*, 2011, that 2,505 were convicted of cannibalism between 1932-1933 in Ukraine. It is hard to know how accurate this number would be because public attitude towards cannibalism suggests, it would be seen as a shameful act but thanks to the more recent scientific work of Dr. Robert Kusnierz, we are closer to understanding the true picture of this period in the USSR. Kusnierz has produced many papers on the subject and has shed some light on this complicated period of history.

More recently the Holodomor has become a popular topic in Ukraine. The Ukrainian government asked the United Nations to recognise the as genocide and not as an act of terror. And then in 2006, the Verkhovna Rada passed a law in Ukraine, defining the Holodomor as genocide and made public denial illegal. On the Ukrainian Presidential website a page was set-up dedicated to the Holodomor.

Victor Yuschenko who also went on to release KGB files on the famine, to promote and publicise the subject, did this. The Presidential website held twenty-five images of the Holodomor, all taken by Wienerberger but the images are not titled and Wienerberger is not mentioned. In 2010, Victor Yanukovych won the Presidential elections and was criticised by the former Prime Minister Yulia Tymoshenko, when temporarily removing the Holodomor page from the Presidential website.

It is suggested that this was done as he still believes the Holodomor can not be called genocide against the Ukrainian people and instead views it as a common tragedy. However, he did not go as far as removing the law stating that it was illegal to deny the Holodomor as genocide.

During this same period Yanukovich imprisoned Tymoshenko, under the pretence of abuse of power.

It is suggested that Ukraine is still getting over what happened during the USSR period and the Holodomor is being fought over, as if it defines a political preference. However, today's society cannot pretend that these events which took place in Ukraine are restricted to history and Stalin and his regime.

A similar but more tragic event, took place between 1958 and 1961, China, under the rule of Mao Zedong, which was named The Great Chinese Famine. Both famines were during Communist rule, for the purpose of industrialisation and the peasantry were hit the hardest, while the government ate fine foods. There is evidence of cannibalism that occurred in both countries at the height of the famine and the truth in relation to the cause and true numbers of deaths is shroud in propaganda and speculation. Famine, even a man-made famine, is not restricted to our history either, Somalia is a prime present day example where authorities close borders and allow eventual starvation to occur due to conflict. And still there is the threat of future genocide such as the visible failings that are occurring in Berma.

There are two worrying statistics, which show the extent of the Stalinist style management that the world is experiencing today, the first being, 'every 3.6 seconds one person dies of starvation.' (Unicef, 2010) that is 143,080 each year and in contrast to that 'Overweight and obesity are the fifth leading risk for global deaths. At least 2.8 million adults die each year as a result of being overweight or obese.' (World Health Organisation, 2012.)

These overwhelming statistics show that the problems we are faced with are bigger than a photograph, it can not stop famine or poor management of the global food supply but it has the potential to record the events, so they can be reflected upon in time of hindsight.

Samara-Jade Pearce, 2013

THE HOLODOMOR: SURVIVORS STORIES

Nina Dudnik

Nina Dudnik (maiden name: Gawlowskaya) experienced the Holodomor first hand as a small child. She witnessed her father, Anton Gawlowski, refuse to enter the collective farm, looted, left with nothing, later arrested and eventually die in a Gulag camp.

Nina's Memories of the Holodomor:

My dad refused to join the collective farm. He decided not to give up and instead of joining the collective farm, he got hired as a railway worker. He was working as a cargo examiner. We were Polish nationality.

My father was a worker, he was entitled to food, each worker had a small cart and they were allowed to get one loaf of bread. He was allowed this because he worked but people around, like farmers working at collective farms, didn't get any food at all. Corpses were just lying around on the ground; it was a very severe time. My father was working in shifts, night shifts and day shifts. When he was at work he was able to get that loaf of bread and bring it home and when he was off work, I had to walk 5-8 km to stand in a big line to get a very small loaf of bread.

It did not matter how many people you had in the house because the one working person is entitled to just one loaf. We were lucky, there was only three in my family and when my dad was off, I would run back and forth to get this bread. Sometimes it would take up most of my day to get bread.

All strong males were striving to get ahead [of the bread line] and I was a very small girl. The man in charge would say 'No, no, no. That small girl should be first.' And he tried to pamper me and give me some of his bread. And in 1937, December 24th it was Polish Christmas and that night the KGB came into our house, took my father and his brother. My father had six brothers.

My father was accused of supporting Poland because he stored a lot of saint icons at home, so he was taken by the secret service, at night. He was kept in a prison 40 km from here. Those who wished not to admit to their guilt were beaten, sometimes to death. My father said, those who did not agree to the accusations were taken for an investigation and after the investigation they were not allowed to come back [to the prison] on their own. They were brought back, covered in blood, sometimes unconscious. My father saw this and thought there was no way he could escape, 'they will beat what they want out of me.' So, he signed all accusations.

At first my father spent a little time in Moscow, then he was sent to another prison further north and at the time this place was nothing but forest. Too many prisoners were kept there, like doctors, directors, stock managers, politicians, it was a mix of people. The first two months he was closely supervised in custody and monitored by the prison warden.

When he was allowed to host visitors at the far north gulag camp, I took a train and went to see him. I was allowed to see him for five days, it took me one week to travel one way, and so I only travelled there twice. When I got there I had blisters because it was a lot of travelling, I applied for medical care and a very pretty woman offered to help dressed like a doctor. I asked her what she was doing in this god-forsaken place, 'you are pretty, you are smart.'

And she said she was the same as my father, incarcerated and suppressed in the gulag camp. As well as my dad there were other men who were kept there and no-body came back. When the war broke out in 1941, they just disappeared.

I will try to go back a little to Holodomor. People were looted, everything was taken away from them and they were forced to join collective farms. My parents had two hectares of land; they kept some calves, chickens and two horses. They worked very hard to survive and my dad didn't want to join the collective farm and every thing was taken from us.

My dad was named a so-called kulak and they evicted us out of our house, we left with nothing. It was November/December in the early 1930's, at the beginning of collectivisation and we were kept in a barn and our house was put up for auction. We managed to buy our own house back but after my dad was taken we were classed as an enemy of the state, we were marked as enemy of the people.

I was attending school, but there was no school in the village, I had to travel everyday when it was good conditions. There was a school in the village but it only went up to grade seven and I was in the eighth grade, so I was meant to attend the school in the town. My uncle used to live in the town and when it was very cold my mother kindly requested that I would stay with him. To get from school to home I would have to get a regional train that was used to transporting workers and I was expected to sit and wait till very late at the railway terminal.

Even after the war we were considered enemy of the state, only after Stalin's death and Nikita Khrushchev came to power were we no longer marked. After Stalin's death we were allowed to live an ordinary life, we were don't deprived of things. To be honest I can not tell you [if I was treated differently because of my background.]

I was attending a local catholic church but I could not tell you if I was treated different because of my Polish background, it was a very difficult time. I am about to turn eighty-eight and I still remember these things.

Of course my childhood was spoilt, I did not get any privileges. If you compare it with other Ukrainian kids who were not marked as an enemy of the state, they had some kind of privileges. Since my childhood years I was deprived of any proper treatment, after the war I had two kids and I could not take them to kindergarten. They did not get proper treatment because I was an enemy of the state and I had to baby-sit them, so I could not work on the collective farm.

I was taken to court and sentenced to six months compulsory work because I was not able to join the collective farm. In 1949, I was sentenced and when I had completed the compulsory work, my husband thought it would be better to get out of our village, to get out of any collective farms and take a piece of land here, where I live today and build a house. We did not have any relations with collective farms. One of my daughters graduated from the university and my other daughter [Oleksandr's mother] graduated from medical school.

Interview with Nina Dudnik

10th November 2012

Valentin Vargatiuk

Family story of the Holodomor

My mum's parents used to live a normal life; they lived in a small village about 20.30 km from here [Zhmerynka.] There was a mine there; my mum's father was a low level, low paid worker, working as a miner, taking out stone. My grandmother, my mums mum, she was bring up her three kids.

My mum's eldest sister died from plague when she was eighteen, maybe in 1936/37. No medicine and no drugs. So there were just two kids, my mum and her brother. They were a very religious family, had a Polish background and a low income, village people. They truly believed in god, it was not something trivial to attend church for holidays. They truly believed in god. They didn't share any political views, they were not even aware of what was going on outside there village.

In these years there was a policy against the Polish because Stalin lost Poland after the Civil War in Soviet Russia. So it was a personal vendetta again the Polish and against the Ukrainians they didn't want to acknowledge him and at the very beginning they wanted independence from him.

My mum told me that it [the Holodomor] was a very strong starvation and kids had a very good imagination. They would imagine, they would take grass and mix it with mud, mixed it with leaves and other things to create some kind of salad and they would eat that salad.

Many people were taken and mostly it happened at night. The secret services would come and take people away for no real reason, no body knew what he or she was guilty of, and they were given no explanation.

Somehow it touched my family and one day the car came to my house and they took my grandfather away. My mother was fourteen or fifteen years old. They took him and for a long time they [his family] did not know where they took him or where he was kept. From the time of his arrest till the mid sixties we were considered enemy of the state.

So we had no privileges and bias against us, in the mid sixties we received a letter saying that my grandfather was an innocent man.

The reason he was taken away and killed was not given. But, at that time it was widely believed that one of the reasons they were taken away, was because they attended church. It was not encouraged to pray and believe in god. The letter given said that my grandfather died of natural causes, of heart disease.

Four years ago I wanted to prove my Polish roots, so I collected all the papers and I applied to the local archives to find my relatives. In doing this I found a paper saying that my grandfather was being kept for one month in a KGB prison and was killed there so he was never sent anywhere, he was killed at the beginning. This paper also pointed out that he [his grandfather] was considered as a rich man because he had a small house, land, two horses and two small barns.

So this is one of the reasons he was killed because during Stalin time if you were rich or even self-sufficient you were considered guilty, if you were hard working or not. The final and most important piece of information I got was that of the final days of my grandfather's life. My grandmother left with two kids, with a bad financial situation and what I do not understand is that a religious man died for nothing. He was not political, he did not have a clue of what was going on around and he was killed.

Thousands, millions of Ukrainians got also got killed or got sent to Siberia.

If somebody was jealous of you because you had more than them, they could sign a report saying you are a political man and you would just get taken. Polish were not popular in Stalin's eyes but also a lot of Ukrainian were taken and killed.

In terms of freedom of conscience, freedom to trust god, it is much better but in terms of the democratic and in terms of freedom of speech, equal access to information. If you do not agree with the government, now it is not better, in some cases it may even be worse because before there was only one ideology but now they say one thing and do something completely different.

Interview with Valentin Vargatiuk

11th November 2012

Masks of the Holodomor

'Masks of the Holodomor' combines historical images of the Ukrainian famine of 1933, taken by Alexander Wienerberger; with images made by his great grand-daughter and author of this book, Samara Pearce. When considered alongside Weinberger's original documents, the photographs (made in 2013) of what is now known as Holodomor, permit the reader to consider the area in a new light.

The combined works permit an historical distance that with the benefit of hindsight, allows us to reflect upon the original restraints imposed on the region by Stalinist rule.

Wienerberger's images were copied directly from his book *Hart auf Hart*, which was published in 1939 in Germany. They depict both the dead in mass burial sites where bodies were finally laid to rest in unmarked graves, and the dead and dying people of Ukraine, who were out on the streets of Kharkov in their search for food. The photographs appear in the original order but their original German titles or descriptions have been translated and repositioned on the opposite page. This repositioning is a deliberate strategy within which the viewer might imagine additional images or reflect upon how Wienerberger's own photographic archives were censored by Russian border guards during his travels.

Pearce's images were taken in Kharkov Oblast eighty years after Wienerberger's and depict aspects of both capitalist and communist influences in the country. This might be seen in the dilapidation of some areas, restaurant chains, and the perceived increased demand for fast food. Pearce's images have been inserted between Wienerberger's title and image. However, they are printed on tracing paper, cut in two diagonally for opening, and begin to reduce in size through the book. This permits the images of the Holodomor to be both partially seen and temporarily concealed to the viewer, while

hinting at the secrecy surrounding this man-made famine – a condition created by Stalin in his desire to enforce collectivisation. It also reflects how notions of truth concerning the Holodomor have changed, and how even today, Holodomor has been presented as political propaganda.

This layering builds the concept of unmasking and the opposing situation of masking, the current Ukraine is being unmasked but the image is left unable to fully depict the reality. The temporarily obscured image enhances the idea of an underlying reality where truth is both difficult to identify or define; a result of political propaganda or the uncertain nature of truth itself

Masks of the Holodomor also comments on the Ukrainian government by representing a reality of the country but it is contained to subtle gestures to remind us that Ukraine is still caught between Europe and Russia. This allows the work to hold more weight in the political domain, it exposes how the government have trapped their own country between Capitalism and Communism, rich and poor, east and west, corruption and honesty but it does not openly expose, instead it provokes the viewer into understanding a different kind of politics and does not lead to provoking a political response.

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