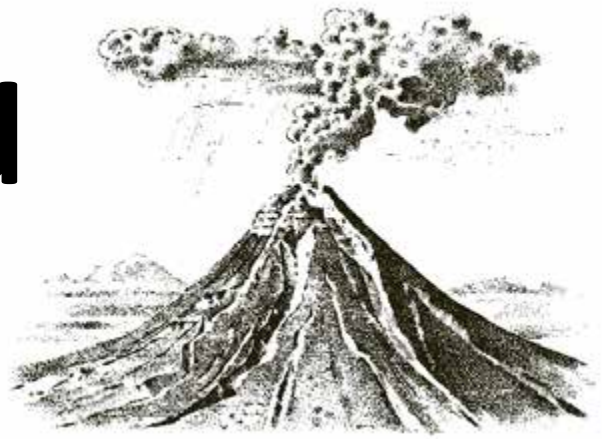


Inhabited Island



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"There is a certain ideal: a person should be free spiritually and physically. In this world, the masses are not yet aware of this ideal, and the road to it is difficult. But you have to start sometime."

Arkady and Boris Strugatsky. "The Inhabited Island"

Editor-in-Chief's Column



Olga Belokon

We continue to closely follow the events taking place in our historical homeland and nearby. Actually, the whole world is watching very closely and with bated breath everything that is now happening in Russia and Ukraine. Events unfold with a frenzied acceleration. Yesterday's news becomes irrelevant for tomorrow, as new, even more shocking ... You can feel the approach of some inevitable denouement.

The cultural life of Russia in the Era of the Late Special Military Operation is also bubbling with events. Passions are heated to the limit, at the limit and nerves ... Russian movie stars, pop "icons", writers, poets, directors ... They are in plain sight, and therefore it is more difficult for them than for ordinary citizens to stay away from events. However, many do not want to or cannot stay silent. The scope of the reactions is as wide as the Russian soul is. While some demand to be listed as foreign agents (see below), perform in Kyiv, or stage "Unsanctioned Concerts" (see my article "A Breath of Oxygen" in this issue), raising their voice against the carnage, others, standing in front of thousands of crowds on Red Square, shout the ominous old Russian war call to fight "Goyda!!!" and proclaim a "holy war"...

And what is happening in our country, thousands of kilometres from the epicentre of events?



Alla Pugacheva demands to be added to the list of foreign agents
<https://focus.ua/ukraine/39289e>

Unexpectedly for many of us — Russians living in New Zealand, the tragedy unfolding there, suddenly quickly approached and broke into literally every family: after all, almost every one of us has relatives and friends of military age in Russia. Is it possible to continue to pretend that nothing is happening? To live, to communicate, to post cute photos on Facebook, to "cosily" celebrate anniversaries and other holidays "away from politics", at a time when your brother, father, nephew, uncle or just a close friend at any time can be a "chmobik [conscript]" somewhere near Lugansk or Kherson? Be OBLIGATED TO KILL and most likely to be killed? It looks like a dark anti-utopia or a bad dream, doesn't it?

In this issue we publish a typical story of one of the "draft dodgers" from mobilisation, who fled from St. Petersburg to Kazakhstan (Elena Nikiforova, "Running")



Actor Ivan Okhlobystin on Red Square 30.09 2022 - proclaims a "holy war"
<https://gordonua.com/news/worldnews>

How does the New Zealand community of Russian speakers react to recent events? Shortly after the announcement of the notorious partial "gravedisation", our activists sent an open letter to the Immigration Service of New Zealand with a request to provide draft dodgers with special visas to New Zealand. Similar calls were made in Europe. This letter was not supported by many, caused objections on the Russian pages of Facebook (for



Forced mobilisation in St. Petersburg. "They detained a sickly guy in a hat. It took three healthy young guys." - writes St Petersburg resident Svetlana Zhavoronok, who took the photo. She snapped it on her way to work on the morning of October 26.

example: see the post of Gregory Oklensky in the Facebook group "The Inhabited Island" on October 3), as well as sharp criticism from the Ukrainian community of New Zealand. Why? Let's try to figure it out. According to the logic of the authors of the letter, this mass "exodus" should be considered as an active protest against the war, and the "fugitives" as participants in this protest or at least as victims of the regime. And, in fact, because these people have left their homes, many of them have lost their jobs, their homes, their stable incomes. Now let's look at it from the other side. If the "draft dodgers" protest against unjust aggression by their departure outside the Russian Federation, why did they not express their protest in this way immediately after the start of the war, but waited for mobilisation to begin? A logical conclusion arises: the main motive of the "flight" is to save their own lives, which are under threat in this situation. Are the fugitives victims of the regime? Do they deserve sympathy? From our point of view, yes, absolutely.

I am not sure that this point of view is shared by Ukrainians or, say, the Balts. After all, all these fugitives, like you and me, are citizens of the aggressor country, and the "exodus", unfortunately, does not look like a civil act. As bitter as it is to acknowledge, only a small percentage of Russians sympathise with Ukrainians — victims of Russian aggression. This was shared in an interview with the Freedom TV channel by Lev Gudkov, the scientific director of the well-known and internationally respected sociological centre (<https://youtu.be/GDa0PbXOLyA>). Consequently, there are probably many among the fugitives who cannot be called actively sympathetic to the suffering of Ukrainians (pay attention to the details of the interview in Lena Nikiforova's note "Running"). This explains the refusal of some European countries to accept Russian "draft dodgers". It is unlikely that the call of our activists will cause understanding in the New Zealand Immigration Service and lead to any result. A more important

priority for this service now is the implementation of a simplified visa regime for those who want to come to New Zealand from bleeding Ukraine. That, I think, is hard to argue with.

I am glad that immediately after the loud story with an open letter, another action was launched, about which we cannot keep silent: a petition demanding to facilitate the opportunity for Ukrainians fleeing from the war to come to New Zealand. The petition was launched with the "light hand" of one RUSSIAN schoolgirl from Wellington. Read more about this in Ilya Mezentsev's article "The Story of One Petition" (in this issue)."

If any of our readers still doubt the good intentions and objectives of the special military operation conducted by Russia in Ukraine, you can read a recent publication in Stuff NZ dedicated to a tweet issued by the Russian Embassy in New Zealand, in which the authors, addressing New Zealand Russians and Kiwis, warn us and them against the terrible, 100%



Russophobia of our local Ukrainians!!! (<https://www.stuff.co.nz/national/300706045/outrage-as-russian-embassy-in-new-zealand-calls-ukrainian-community-nazis?fbclid=IwAR3tigaYesl7AjfWcg7zPLe52gY-UhZV0V1trpKuJpHMVqULjS-9QPPr9aO8>).

Apparently, Russian diplomats are trying to help, using the means available to them, to save us all from the New Zealand "Ukronazis", and at the same time to reconcile the fraternal peoples. We couldn't find the original post referenced on the embassy's Twitter feed. It may have been deleted. I can even assume that it did not observe strict political correctness. But, dear readers, can we expect political correctness from the victim of a terrorist or, say, her parents, at the time of committing a terrorist act?

How does the war affect the cultural life of our community here in New Zealand?

Towards the end of the summer, when Covid finally receded a bit and epidemiological restrictions lifted, posters of Russian concerts and performances began to appear in Auckland. That's nice. After all, people are hungry for communication, for spectacles. The brightest event in the cultural life of New Zealand was the recent Auckland show by Russian show business star, Maxim Galkin, who came on his third (after 2005 and 2020) tours to Australia and New Zealand. Maxim is now in the spotlight of both Russian and world media after he was added to the honorary list of "foreign agents" for publicly condemning Russia's invasion of Ukraine. Especially much began to be written about him after his wife, Alla Pugacheva, demanded her name be added to the list. Only our "highly respected" New Zealand Russian-language press bypassed this bright cultural event with a deathly silence... Well, yes, of course, God forbid you get into "politics"... The branch of the Russian World in New Zealand vigilantly monitors the party discipline in its ranks. We fill this gap by publishing two short reviews of Galkin's show (see the articles by Lena Nikiforova and Nadia Dikareva, this issue). By the way, in regard to the Russian in New Zealand, the chairman of the Coordinating Council of Russian Compatriots in NZ, notorious for his bloodthirsty "pro-Medvedev" Facebook posts, recently proposed to organise a pedagogical conference in New Zealand among educational and cultural institutions to



The popular New Zealand band Hit Pump which played at a big concert, "Good, better, best", organised by Alexander Radchenko in Auckland on September 24th

exchange teaching experience. It is worth fearing, that the conference aims to discuss the introduction of "conversations about what is important" in Russian-speaking schools in New Zealand. Parents, be wary of the Russian World... We plan to continue the topic of the Russian World in New Zealand in more detail in the next issue of "The Inhabited Island".

Let's go back to the post-Covid pandemic cultural life in our

community. Another notable event was a big concert, "Good, better, best", organised by Alexander Radchenko. The concert was attended by more than 80 singers, dancers and musicians, who are popular and well known in New Zealand for their professionalism and talent. We take our hat off to Alexander, who managed in the current conditions to assemble and successfully coordinate

such a huge company when ties are massively broken among relatives and friends, and even in families. Unfortunately, Alexander declined to give us an interview and share his unique experience, saying that he now has no desire for this. We were sympathetic to his position. By the way, the concert was announced as a celebration of Eastern European art ... Politically very correct. And at the same time sad

During the concert, more precisely, during the break, a woman with a bright blue-yellow bow pinned to her clothes approached some spectators and greeted them with the words: "Glory to Ukraine!" You can read the audience's reaction in detail in the post of T. Aksenova-Khoshevoy, which we shared in our Facebook group on 26th September. In a nutshell: the vast majority just shuffled to the side ... Predictably, the reaction to this Facebook post has been mixed. I agree that

the method used in such a kind of "sociological experiment", is not entirely correct from both a scientific and ethical point of view. Nevertheless, unfortunately, we have to admit that now the public attending Russian-language cultural events considers it indecent to demonstrate their solidarity with Ukraine's struggle for independence. It's hard, friends....

I'll end with where I started. Events are unfolding at breakneck speed. In Russian cities, including the capitals, street raids continue for forced mobilisation. Some believe the country is sliding back to 1937. You can't be silent!!!



"Sociological experiment" at the concert "Good, better, best", explanations in the text

Wartime Diary.

Part Two



**Gregory
Oklensky**

March 3, 2022.

It's time for Europe to come out of hiding!

To help Ukraine — with all the power of its weapons and the combat training of special forces — to defeat the bloody and cynical aggressor.

Applause in support of Ukraine in the hall of the European Parliament is good. But real involvement is needed! To save Europe and the world from Rashism [a derogatory

term combining the words Russia and Fascism (Ed.)!]

March 4, 2022.

The brutal destruction of Ukrainian cities ...

Who are these brave Rashist "warriors" working in the squares?!

No words, just checkmate! It becomes an integral part of speech.

Noun, adjective, verb ... and checkmate!

The year 2022 is a symbol of amazing fortitude and human dignity, and at the same time a sign of fire-breathing cunning, sent to the planet by the demons of darkness. The decisive battle of Good with Evil. Just imagine: Kafka, Orwell, Voinovich and the Strugatsky brothers at the same table write a fantastic novel. Would their collective imagination be able to unfold such an unimaginable panorama of events that we endure in these dark days 24×7?!

March 5, 2022.

A state of absurdity and darkness. A social and humanitarian catastrophe.

No [TV] Rain, no Ekho [Moskvy]. So, drought and thin air. There's nothing to breathe.

Rashka, go back in time — that's where all your bonds are!

Laurentius Ribbentrop returned to the boomerang he had launched a couple of years earlier.

He took aim, slapped it on his forehead with a sweep and strained contemptuously: "F*** morons!"

The boomerang today is a weapon of retribution!

[Laurentius Ribbentrop. The name is a combination of the names of the Nazi Minister of Foreign Affairs Ribbentrop and the Soviet Leader of NKVD Laurentius Beria. It refers to the current Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs Lavrov.

During a press conference several years ago, Lavrov said "f*** morons". (Ed.)]

March 6, 2022.

About the Dragon and the Dragons

And I like the idea that the Dragon was deceived by his own dragons in generals' epaulettes! Yes, yes, those muzzled and bloated dragons, fed in staff offices, chained to leather chairs. It turns out that they systematically deceived the main Dragon with tales of the greatness of the army and navy, excellent combat training and readiness to carry out any order from the top shelf. And such a shame and humiliation against the background of unprecedented atrocities, against the background of contempt for another people, with whom they were so fraternal, in a kindred way. A worthless army waging a criminal war on foreign soil.

The Main Dragon, endowed with unlimited power, bears unlimited responsibility — both for war crimes before the people of Ukraine, and for the cruel, repressive regime established by him in his fiefdom, and for threats to mankind to incinerate all things and living things with a nuclear blast. Demolish all the Dragon's fire-breathing heads — let them roll into a deep abyss!

However, we must address his dragons in uniforms! First, thank you for bringing the Rashist army to a pathetic look, for corruption and theft in all echelons and on all floors. And then to punish without any mercy — to sit on bunks for treason to the Motherland, for betrayal of the interests of their own people, for a treacherous, cruel, unjust war against the people of Ukraine. So that the new generation of combat commanders put above all the officer's honour, service to the Fatherland and the protection of their people.

In general, it is necessary to restore real order "in the tank troops"!

It is time to rename the Ministry of Defence of the Russian Federation the Ministry of Occupation of Russia and other countries.

Orwell is back!

March 7, 2022.

A Fable about a Louse...

A Louse crawls. He looks for prey, wants to drink blood.

And coming to meet her is hedgehog-of-the-Mist and Winnie the Pooh-of-the-Book. "Oh," Winnie exclaimed, "what a cute spider, white and even fluffy."

"Remember," the wise Hedgehog winced, "this is the Louse of Man. A very insidious person. From the family of parasites. It breeds with terrible force; it torments good people. And she will remain a Louse, even if you, Winnie, naively do not recognise her as a bloodsucker."

Crush the Louse!

March 8, 2022.

Two weeks that turned the world upside down. A world that, indeed, will never be the same. Now forever the words "before the war" will mean "before the war with Ukraine", the

dastardly and cynical war of Putin's Russia to destroy the Ukrainian people. This war is a disgrace to Russia. It is bitter and painful, it is even impossible to realise to the end, that now for many, many years now Russia, Rashism will become for the whole world synonymous with treachery and misanthropy, as 80 years ago did Hitler's Germany and fascism.

Menacing, stormy skies of war hang over peaceful, summery Auckland. The gods know that there is a war going on somewhere. This insane and vile war against Ukraine cannot leave anyone in the world indifferent and uninvolved. Such a tragedy for Russia, such a shame. And a small, illusory hope for the future, painful and long process of rebirth of the Russian World. Through awareness and repentance. But this is later — after the war, after the trial of war criminals, after the debunking of Rashism.

March 9, 2022.

Another "elite" group of serfs — rectors of Russian universities — have hit a low point! I'm already worried about the low point — will it go even lower?

Humanists and educators, keepers of the beacon of knowledge and at the same time servile-but-fed bureaucrats from so-called higher education in a single ecstasy put their signatures under of "approval" — to a letter in support of the wise policy of the leader to destroy the neighbouring state.

What sector hasn't yet sworn dog-like allegiance to the Dragon (sorry dogs, you knights)!? It seems to be funeral workers. Their benefit is obvious — they are workaholics!

March 10, 2022.

The world will not forgive the Putinist authorities for these atrocities! It is an extreme abomination to destroy people and houses from the air, to hit squares, to level them to the ground. The word "Russian" in any combination will become synonymous with barbarism for many years. It's already happened before: it took Germany more than 80 years to repent and cleanse itself. Today's generations will not live long enough to see this in Russia's case. Unborn children will carry this cross all their lives.

Ukraine gives the lives of its fighters, the innocent lives of its citizens, to break the back of the dragon. Russia, in impotent despair (at best!), watches the "feats" of its falcons, the criminal occupation of the lands of Ukraine. It cannot gather at least a hundred thousand people to take to the streets and crush the Cerberus of the regime. And, at worst, Russia hails the "power of Russian weapons" and supports the authorities. Two worlds ... all will be rewarded for their deeds ...

March 11, 2022.

What comforts me in the days of the war on Facebook?

Here, a post falls into the feed, arrogant, puffery, ambiguous, smelling of "fuel" for "Great Russia", for its "just cause"... And, as usual, a bunch of likes and nasty comments. First of all, I look at the list of "loyal associates" who are marked "in support". And a sigh of relief, and a quiet joy: my FB friends — zero! I admit, yes sometimes, literally 1-2 friends. There's a black sheep in every family. Those whom I practically do not know, I did not exchange two words with (alas, there are those whose request for FB friendship was once satisfied), I banish immediately and without hesitation. With others with whom I have developed some kind of relationship, whether personal or virtual, I note and continue to observe the degradation of the personality. There are not many of them, 10-15 people. For the most part, these people do not surprise me: their attitude to peace and basic values was manifested before the war. I must confess: several people, very famous writers, struck me to the point of squeamishness.

Yes, it's a time of contrasts. We're all very divided. I think forever. And the test for "friend or foe" is more important than ever. For your world to be more reliable and secure, you need to get rid of "unnecessary connections". The time for compromise is becoming a thing of the past.



<https://telegraf.com.ua/ukraina/2022-03-05/5698387-voyna-den-10->

And of course, I just have to say that I am sincerely grateful to those of my FB friends who directly or indirectly give signs of support. I see everything, believe me, and I really appreciate your civic position, let's call it that — for simplicity.

March 12, 2022.

A rare Special Military Occupation will fly to the middle of the Dnipro!

The invader's language will not bring them to Kiev. They will be cut off on the way!

March 13, 2022.

The British world helps Ukraine with weapons, intelligence, money and volunteers ... What is the soft-bodied European Union doing?! It applauds Ukraine and appeases the aggressor.

Forgot history? She doesn't forgive!

I dream of the day when the Caged Rat will be brought to a meeting with "voters" — the mothers of Russian soldiers and officers who died in the criminal war with Ukraine.

March 14, 2022.

Good fights Evil — Ukraine with Russia.

When Evil wins (not our case!), it comes for those who remained neutral or held an indistinct position. "Neutrals" always act on the side of the aggressor.

When Good wins (our case), the "neutrals" become acrobats and quickly change their shoes in the air.

I don't mention \$merica — \$merica drifts, and drifts ...

March 15, 2022.

The notorious "Russian World" with liberal tints — it is really something! It's a cover that drives nails through the hat itself.

OK, enemy commentators and trolls sniff out how to discredit Marina O. But when, it seems, their own, so-called, bright minds, but something once "under-screwed" and therefore driven by an old inferiority complex, they try to denigrate Marina in a variety of ways, instead of supporting her, giving some hope to others ... What is this?! Trying to humiliate her so she doesn't feel like s* mixed with bile? The are only good for deeds done on the couch?

Yes, Marina performed a heroic, desperate act in the hedgehog mitts of today's Russia. Marina O. is the Belarusian Masha K. [Kalesnikova (Ed.)] today. Does anyone think that such actions are senseless and hopeless? But they are the ones that sprout through time. And they remain in history. Such actions in the history of the country can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

[This refers to an incident when Marina Ovsyannikova, a journalist on the 1st channel of Russian television, interrupted a news broadcast, entering the studio during a live broadcast with a poster saying "No war" and "You are being deceived" (Ed.)]

March 16, 2022.

Sunday. Mass arrests throughout Russia. They are occupiers in their own country, these Lilliputinskiye uprooters.

A rat gave birth to a mouse, hordes of mice!

Russia is strong on asymmetric responses! They imposed personal sanctions on Biden. It seems that his ruble account in Sber was frozen.

March 18, 2022.

An outstanding politician. An honest man. A fearless truth-teller. A principled opponent of Putinism. He understood everything, predicted everything, spoke aloud — loudly and clearly. Rashist authorities kill such people. Because he was Pu's personal enemy.

Boris Nemtsov could have become the best Russian leader in history, a president of Russia. But this country does not save such people, and the state kills them. Up to 86% of the population does not need such leaders. So, they have someone who controls them, who plays on the basest instincts, who dumbered down and deprived most of the population, who leads the country into the abyss.

The whole world is helping Ukraine today. Ukraine will defeat this black, criminal, demonic force. Rashism will be destroyed. The population will observe this painfully, painfully, slowly. Like after the plague.

~

An open letter from Russian scientists and science journalists against the war with Ukraine.

The authors of the letter, all the signatories, expressed "a strong protest against the hostilities launched by the armed forces of our country on the territory of Ukraine. This fatal step leads to enormous loss of life and undermines the foundations of the existing system of international security. The responsibility for unleashing a new war in Europe lies entirely with Russia."

A clear, principled, civil position of the academic class. There are almost 8,000 people in this 5th column at the moment. And I'm there, it's easy to see.

It is possible to support anyone who has had/is related to science or science journalism, who is not afraid, who wants to put an end to the madness of the leaders.

March 21, 2022.

Today is World Poetry Day. Russian poetry is an organic part of the world, so it is also the Day of Russian Poetry. Poetry is designed to unite people of different countries and peoples. Beautiful lines in Russian language are written by poets of different nationalities, and of different beliefs. The unifying power of the mighty Russian language has traditionally smoothed out contradictions. Today we live in a different world, overturned, unreal. There is a war in Ukraine, the 26th

day of the war between two peoples, for whom the Russian language has always been the language of communication and search for mutual understanding. Today, "the guns speak," they speak loudly, sowing death and destruction. But in the days of a great and cruel war, we do



<https://www.zaks.ru/new/archive/view/224923>

not want to listen to the catchphrase: "When the guns speak, the muses are silent", especially on Poetry Day. Today let the muses speak, and the hated guns — shut up! So that the fighters in the trenches, women, children and the elderly in the shelters, in the ruins of houses could hear poems, and not the howl of shells and the sounds of alarm sirens. So that there is hope — life will continue, rebuild, children will smile again and go to school. And everyone will be rewarded on their merits.

March 22, 2022.

While the West trades with Russia and pays her eurodollars, Russia burns them in the war (it would be better to burn them in a casino! or on drugs from South America, even if they knew if would give them a high!).

Everybody understands that. Just like what Europe knows how to promise and applaud. Just as Biden knows how to mumble and prohibit the supply of weapons to close the sky. We didn't learn the lessons of history. They could have beaten Hitler with "little blood" in 1938, and "forced peace" only for it to take until 1945 and to do this at the cost of the lives of tens of millions.

President Zelensky, almost daily, appeals to the West to "increase support," and the West are afraid to provide it. Ukraine will defeat the enemy, throw it out and restore the territorial integrity of the country within the borders before 2014. Only the price of victory will be much higher. And the nuclear baton of the "thin-necked" chiefs is who? The chief seems to be one, no? Put the dragon in the right place sooner or later. The sooner, the shorter the sentence will be given at the New Nuremberg Trials. They still have a lot to lose, unlike the dragon, who is doomed.

March 23, 2022.

Svetlana Tikhanovskaya says most Belarusians are against the participation of the republic's army in the war with Ukraine.

Do not let Lukashescu into Ukraine! Send him to The Hague as soon as possible!

The world is sliding into a full-scale war called World War 3. It is necessary to stop Lilliputin immediately. Collective West, why are you acting so slowly?! It's time, it's high time to intervene. Are all the steel balls in one "scrotum" — the one belonging to the Turkish leader? And where are the British? They have always been famous for strong balls and rational behaviour.

March 24, 2022.

The whole world has been living this war for a month now. A crazy, cynical war against sovereign Ukraine unleashed by the Rashist regime. We go to bed and wake up in the morning with one thought — what is happening in Ukraine? All conscientious, honest people of the planet help Ukraine with all their hearts in any way they can. The Russian-speaking world is experiencing a deep split. The bitter truth is most of the Russian population, a significant part of the diaspora abroad, have been deceived and duped by the propagandons of the Russian zombie vision, continue to "drown" for the bunker dweller [Putin (Ed.)], for the war, for the "Russian World".

The Ukrainian people, gathering all their will and all their strength into a fist, are giving a worthy rebuff to the invader. Peaceful, ordinary people in Ukraine are experiencing a humanitarian catastrophe, suffering under bombing. They see with their own eyes how Rashist inhumans turn their beloved cities into ruins. Ukrainians die in their homes, in their apartments. About 4 million people in Ukraine, mostly women, children and the elderly, became refugees ...

Hundreds of thousands of responsible, understanding citizens in Russia itself are going through difficult and joyless days. All their efforts to change something, even to be heard, today are paralysed by fear and despair before the impending terror and repression. Those who can afford to leave the country in a hurry. The clearing has been cleared. Before our eyes, Russia has become a state of militaristic aggression, arbitrariness, obscurantism and terror.



<https://www.lrt.lt/ru/novosti/17/1794672/fakty-lrt-ukraina-voina-putina-ili-voina-rossiian-pochemu-grazhdane-rf-otvetstvenny-za>

It is much easier for us, representatives of the Russian-speaking diaspora abroad, if I may say so. We, by the will of fate and our own understanding, long ago made a choice in favour of freedom and democracy. Even if not perfect, it gives you the right to freedom of speech and conscience, to openly express your opinion, to a life of safety, in the end. In the face of the bestial physiognomy of war in Europe through the fault of the Rashist clique, before the threat — in the worst-case scenario — of a full-scale nuclear war, of being an uninvolved witness, of being "above the fray" is impermissible, in my deep conviction. To remain silent and wait, hiding behind a fig leaf of curly tolerance, "for the best of reasons" — for the sake of preserving the appearance of an imaginary community in the local diaspora, out of self-justifying cowardice "what can we influence from afar? Who will hear us?" is, in my opinion, a vicious position that leads to a dead end. "Do not be silent, you will fall to the executioners!" Even if we manage to reason with a few in our environment, to open their eyes to the SVOlochnaya [a combination of SVO, the Russian abbreviation for Special Military Operation and the word "bastard" (Ed.)] war and its tragic consequences, this is already a lot. To fight Evil, one must actively side with Good. For the life and wellbeing of our children and grandchildren.

March 26, 2022.

The Russian World is a war. The Russian War is the end of the world. The end of the world is peace?!

/based on George Orwell/

March 28, 2022.

Interview of the President of Ukraine with the best Russian independent journalists. The first such interview since the beginning of the war.

How lucky Ukraine

was with its president! However, what does lucky mean? Ukrainians have chosen him! Young, intelligent, reflective, doubting something ... normal, lively emotions ... But what masculine strength and charisma, confidence in himself and his country comes from him when he talks about the war, its tragedies and sufferings — Ukraine will survive, win, rebuild, will not forgive. A true leader and hero of the Resistance!

Russia, for whom did you go to war in madness?! Come to your senses, Russians! Stop the bunker dweller, get out of Ukraine!

P. S. The publication of this interview in the Russian media is prohibited. Mordor continues.

March 29, 2022.

Novaya Gazeta is the last bastion of the free press ...

Russia Today is not even an Iron Curtain. It's a cage with dragons, cerberus, and biomass in the vast majority. Against the backdrop of a criminal war unleashed by bunker and his thin-necked men in uniform and propagandon.

It's a crazy picture. Phantasmagoria became a reality.

March 30, 2022.

About the world "after Putin" / private opinion /

Whatever you do today "Pu Tin and his team" — whether it is military operations in Ukraine, official negotiations with Ukraine, behind-the-scenes lobbying through agents of influence in the West — all these are tactical moves of thimbles, the purpose of which is to save face in a strategically lost game, and most importantly, to preserve the power of the bunker dweller, to let him crawl away in a "dignified" way and crawl out of the bunker as the father of the Russian World. Such a scenario is the hardest possible, because the bunker dweller will take revenge! The threat of a major war will persist indefinitely. Ukraine will not be allowed to live in peace. Huge resources will be diverted to deter the invader. The economies of many countries, including Ukraine and Russia, will flounder between recession and default.

I hope the leadership of Ukraine understands this and will not allow itself to be deceived.

Pu Tin and his camarilla must be sent into oblivion through an international war crimes trial. The separatists of Luganodonia must be disarmed. The entire territory of the Donetsk and Luhansk regions within the borders "before 2014" should come under the control of Ukraine. The fate of Crimea is a separate issue, it should be decided through an all-Ukrainian



<https://zn.ua/POLITICS/suverenitet-i-territorialnaja-tselostnost-ukrainy-ne-podlezhat-somneniju.html>

referendum. The reconstruction of Ukraine — the destroyed infrastructure of cities and villages, administrative buildings, residential quarters and private houses, payments to the families of dead and wounded Ukrainian fighters and civilians, the return of refugees to their places of permanent residence before the war, and other costs associated with the invasion — will pose a heavy financial and moral burden on Russia

"after Putin". The total amount of reparations will be determined by international experts under the auspices of the UN.

A huge layer of problems and their solutions should be spelled out in a peace treaty and sealed with guarantee obligations of the G7 countries, or even a broader quorum. The help of Western countries (primarily the G7) to accelerate the recovery of Ukraine's economy (a Ukrainian "Marshall Plan") is a separate issue, the details of which depend on the "spirit and letter" of the peace treaty between Ukraine

and post-Putin Russia.

Such is the first draft vision of the world "without Putin". In the meantime, the world is simply obliged to help Ukraine bring the war to victory, to help Russia destroy Putinism — the main backbone of Rashism.

How could it be otherwise?!

A breath of oxygen



Olga Belokon

A big "Unauthorised Concert" was held in Moscow on 26 September. It was given by well-known singer-songwriters Alexei Ivashchenko and Georgy Vasilyev — Ivasi. Not everyone knows the duo as the authors of the musical "Nord-Ost", the musical at which exactly 20 years ago there was a monstrous terrorist act with no less monstrous consequences: the storming of the

Dubrovka theatre in Moscow, organised by the authorities led to the death of at least 130 hostages.

"Ivasi" is a special phenomenon in the genre of singer-songwriters. The duo's works cover a wide spectrum from humorous to deeply philosophical and touching lyrics, distinguished by a special, inherent only in Ivasi optimistic and a particularly kind, human vision of the world. As to their music, Ivasi are consummate masters of style and talented composers. By the time of the tragic Dubrovka events, they had been



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZyXKbx-vSbM>

performing as a duo for more than 20 years. After the Dubrovka tragedy, the musical was restored, but for many years it was not destined to see the stage, as the authorities found ways to prevent this from happening. After all, Mikhail Khodorkovsky provided financial assistance for the restoration of Nord-Ost. Then Georgy Vasilyev and Alexei Ivashchenko decided not to perform on stage anymore. And so, after a 20-year break, during which Ivasi performed rarely and only in a narrow circle, suddenly a beautiful recording of a big concert appears on Google! It was like a bombshell. Like a breath of oxygen. The song "We Are Not Nothing" is a

political poster that sounded loud and bold to the whole world from Moscow, empty, silent and frozen in horror from what was happening. Wonderful songs, new and old, witty comments of the performers between songs, tears through laughter in the eyes of the audience, a hall shining on the stage with hundreds of lanterns, reviews of delighted and grateful spectators at intermission — This you have to see and hear. (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZyXKbx-vSbM&fbclid=IwAR2MyR_srgVEN8MBgxja5k1YRqd5MA9-kerGMfCsXeCepMYN-SkKvbTLsLk).

After I watched the concert in one breath (duration 2 hours and 19 minutes), within a few days I became more upbeat than at any time since February 24th.

Georgy Vasilyev answered the question: "What is it, a feast during the plague or a mutual aid fund?" He said, "Treat it like a psychotherapy session." Once again, I am convinced of how important now are living words, poems, songs that give awareness that there are many honest, decent people in Russia, and that sooner or later the country will "turn green again." Thank you very much to Georgy and Alexei for their courage and for their creativity, which are so in demand. Short fragments of the concert can be viewed on YouTube. Come to our group "The Inhabited Island". We have collected the most interesting ones. There you can also watch the recent interviews Georgy Vasilyev gave to the TV channels "Rain" and "To be continued". The latest interview is titled: "Even a lyrical song now gives the impression of politics. It's a statement."



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xwquFUmA-QY>

And now to the reaction to the concert here in New Zealand. Auckland has had a club for Russian-language singer-songwriters, "The Southernmost", for more than 20 years. The club is well known in New Zealand and beyond. I went to the club's Facebook page and I didn't see any reaction to the "Sanctioned Concert". That was strange. The concert had such a wide resonance around the world, especially from those interested in original songs ... I sent three posts with links to the concert and parts of it — the posts have not been published: the site's administration cannot have overlooked them. The only explanation for this is that the political position of the club administration does not coincide with the political position of Vasilyev and Ivashchenko. Oh yes, because

"The Southernmost" works closely with the newspaper "Our Harbour" ... Comments are superfluous ... It's sad and a little embarrassing. After all, for many years I was a member of this "club" ... But the largest group on Facebook, "Russians in NZ", gave me an unexpected pleasure. Not a single scolding comment (that had

been the reaction to my first anti-war post), but this time such reviews appeared: "Thank you, no — spasibishte!..", "Thank you very much for the video. Well done, guys, not afraid to talk about this madness from the stage!", "How glad I am to see them together again ...", "Wonderful people, wonderful songs".

I will end with the words Alexei Ivashchenko addressed to the audience at the concert: "*A song cannot change difficult times, but it helps to survive them!*"

Running



Elena Nikiforova

the essay "Eternal Fascism").

In 2011, for family reasons, I happened to spend quite a long time in my native St Petersburg. The time was interesting, as they say, another "turning point" in the history of Russia. I found the trial of Pussy Riot, the "castling" of Putin-Medvedev, the first dispersal of protest rallies of peaceful unarmed people with batons and stuffing them into paddy wagons — bright, ugly signs of an emerging fascist state (signs of fascism according to Umberto Eco, see

I watched all this from the sidelines and even took part in protest rallies for a while, until they became fraught with arrest. I could not afford this as a single parent responsible for my child and for my retired mother. At that time, I taught English at the university and at a private language school, where I met many wonderful St Petersburg students.

I couldn't get enough of how smart and educated they all were, how much they knew about culture and art, how hard-working they were — all their time was devoted to education, learning foreign languages, music, sports, original hobbies, despite the fact that they all also worked. They were pale and thin and dressed in a minimalist elegant St Petersburg style — black-white-grey, and wore good shoes. They invested all their earnings in education, development and travel. I had great pleasure in interacting with them and admired them.

Teaching them English seemed to me the best thing in the world!

One of my former students, Alexander (name changed at his request), in those years was a typical young St Petersburg man. At the age of 20, he was in college, boxing almost professionally, studying English, writing “Yana”, a romantic novel about first love, and translating and publishing it himself. He travelled throughout Europe and even visited the United States.

After my return to New Zealand, Alexander continued to maintain contact with me and with other students of the group in which he studied. Sometimes he wrote to me about how his business was going in St Petersburg. I knew he had worked for a while for a charity in St. Petersburg. He's in his 30s now.

Alexander was always against war and against the degenerate regime in the country. He wrote to me that he was "just sick of Russian TV, of the incessant incitement of hatred and militarism in society".

A week ago, Alexander wrote to me that he was in Kazakhstan. Without waiting for a summons to the military recruitment office, he gave up everything — work, all his life in St Petersburg — and was forced to run almost "where the eyes look".

I asked Alexander a few questions about the details of his forced flight to Kazakhstan for the readers of our newspaper, and here is what he told me:

1. Why did you decide to drop everything and go to Kazakhstan?

I was born and lived in St Petersburg. I decided to leave the country, because I understood that the prospects for development and the search for a good job there are reduced to zero. The constant rise in food prices was alarming. The announcement of a partial mobilisation increased my desire to leave, although I am not a draftee for health reasons. Moreover, six

months of information pressure on a person is too much stress. To lift my spirits and to understand what to do next, I decided to go to Kazakhstan.

2. How did you get to Kazakhstan? How long did it take?

The journey was not easy and quite long. First, I went by train to Kurgan, then by bus to a Kazakhstan city over the border from Russia. I rented a house for a few days to rest and recover. After some time, I flew to Almaty, as this city is larger and there are more opportunities.

3. How do you think Kazakhs feel about Russian newcomers? How did you settle down? Where do you live? By what means?

The attitude [to arrivals (Ed.)] of the border service of Kazakhstan was noteworthy. Unlike the harsh Russian border personnel with all their questions: "Why are you leaving?" Kazakhs met us with a kind smile and posed no questions. They understood perfectly well why people were leaving Russia. I took only a little money with me as I have friends in Kazakhstan who helped me at first. Many organizations help with food and accommodation. I live separately in an apartment. The price is slightly higher than the market price. There are enough options for apartments.

Preparation of documents for staying in the country for 90 days usually takes one working day.

4. Do you think you will be able to return to St Petersburg? If so, how and when? What are your plans?

I am not going to return to Russia yet, as I have found a job in Kazakhstan. The main thing is that it is quiet and peaceful. There is no information pressure. It's comfortable and safe.

I plan to continue to travel and explore the world.

The Story of a Petition



Ilya Mezentssev

My daughter studies with a tutor from Kharkiv. Victoria is a maths teacher and works with children online. We learned about her through our mutual acquaintances. After the war began, she needed help, but she did not want to ask for or take money. She wanted to be able to earn it.

Bella and Victoria practise twice a week. After the counteroffensive on

Izyum, when Putin increased missile strikes on Ukraine,

Kharkiv had no power for one day after the strikes. Victoria had no way to communicate that she couldn't get in touch. Bella was very worried and crying.

Victoria was as fine as she could be during the war. And in a conversation with Bella after the connection was restored, Victoria told Bella that she had also been worried and cried.

I discussed this with Bella. And I invited her to write on paper what had happened. Here's the text: (on the next page)

It was at this time that a petition was issued to grant asylum to Russians fleeing from mobilisation. I myself came to New Zealand not so long ago. Then I helped a friend move. We are programmers, and through professional emigration this is relatively easy to do. After the war began, I offered all my friends, acquaintances and relatives, help with moving to New Zealand. But no-one dared.

Dear New Zealanders!

Bella. I'm 7 years old, and I come here 6 years ago from [redacted]. New Zealand is a safe and beautiful country. It is so much fun here and the playgrounds are just great.

I do math lessons online with a Ukrainian teacher, Victoria from Kharkiv. She is the best teacher ever. [redacted] is my math teacher, but Putin is the evil person I know about. He started bombing Ukraine and killing fearful people and children. This week Putin damaged the electricity in Kharkiv. Victoria was crying because she couldn't have a lesson with me. I was crying because I worried that she died.

I want Victoria to be in a safe country. I can't see war but I can invite Victoria to New Zealand. If the government allows Kim to invite their Ukrainian teachers and people they know, I also call New Zealanders to invite Ukrainians to this safe and beautiful country.

Bella McZemiseva

After the massive bombing of its infrastructure, Ukraine faces an energy catastrophe, and I have no idea what will happen there in the winter. I believe New Zealand should accept more Ukrainian families, and not just those who have relatives in New Zealand. And I am sure that there are people who are ready to "sponsor" such families and help them settle in New Zealand.

That's why I launched this petition.

Sign the petition — https://lnkd.in/gJDxjg_Y

Editor's Note: Friends, this petition demands that the New Zealand Government expand the opportunities for families fleeing the war in Ukraine to come to New Zealand. Currently, only those who have relatives in New Zealand who are willing to support visitors can come here. The petition proposes to give the opportunity not only to relatives, but also to all other people living in New Zealand (and not necessarily citizens of NZ) to host visitors from Ukraine. It should be noted that at present New Zealand does not grant refugee status to residents of Ukraine and does not provide financial support to residents of Ukraine who have come here since the outbreak of war.

Two weeks between life and death.

Part Two. The road from Gostomel to Makarov



Tatyana Timoshenko

Editor-in-Chief's Foreword. In the last issue of "The Inhabited Island", we published an abridged version of the entire story, from start to finish. Here, Tanya describes in more detail the "road of life" that she and her children had to drive. The interview was recorded on August 12, 2022, in the editorial office of "The Inhabited Island" in Auckland. A video of this excerpt of the interview

will be available shortly on YouTube and in our "The Inhabited Island" Facebook group. The video recording of the first part of the interview (duration 1 hour 2 minutes) is available on [YouTube](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e7_68VG_OG0) at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=e7_68VG_OG0, video trailer for the entire interview (duration 10 minutes) is available at <https://www.facebook.com/olga.belokon.142/videos/5556313681100962?idorvanity=749056416155424>.

You're driving a car and there are people standing there with automatic weapons. You don't know what they're going to do. Will they shoot at you or will they let you pass? As fate would have it, at the first military checkpoint we passed, Russian soldiers stopped us, checked our documents, our belongings and released us. They let us go, but they said they didn't recommend us going any further because there were battles going on ahead. "Don't go there. They're going to kill you there." These guys spoke Russian, but it was obvious that they were not ethnic Russians. They were Buryats or from somewhere else. I don't know where exactly. They treated us with respect in principle. They were so sure they were saving us ... When [the shelling started and (Ed.)] a shell flew past and we sat down near the car, one soldier, shielding me with his body, said: "Calm down, do not worry, we will save you You know?" He had such sincere eyes. I asked him, "Who are you saving us from?" "We have come to save you." And this is what we were told at almost every checkpoint. We told them: "Don't save us, go home. Why did you come? One soldier – it was at the second checkpoint – said to me: "How I want to go home." And I told him, "So, go home. Go away. After all, this is a war, you will be killed. — He says: "I can't. They're going to kill us." This soldier looked only a little older than my son. He was just so afraid ... Yes, he was forced to kill... You see, on the one hand, I feel sorry for him, because he is someone's child. And on the other hand, they came to kill on

my land as an invader, and he will be killed, and it doesn't matter what language he speaks, because he came to kill ...

There was so much destruction along the road to Gostomel ... We drove and saw such a familiar Gostomel. The huts, which we had often driven past, were destroyed, smashed. There were almost no fences. People who go with plastic bags, with suitcases, with handbags, also believe that there will be an evacuation. Tanks are everywhere. But, thank God, they did not shoot at civilians in the part of Gostomel that we were passing through. If there were questions, men were taken aside. Two grown men were in our three cars. The military asked questions, asked many times, forced the men to strip down to their underpants, but eventually they let us go. We got to the Gostomel village council office in anticipation that Red Cross volunteers would be waiting for us there with instructions on where to go. Unfortunately, none of that happened. A crowd of people with their belongings stood around. The priest of our church walked around and blessed the cars. I asked him, "Where is the Red Cross? He put a red cross on the bonnet of my car and said, "Here's a red cross for you. Follow everyone. Maybe something will be decided." We moved together in a convoy. We reached the Buchan prison, where we were expected to be given permission to leave, but this did not happen. The Buchan bridge was mined. Clearing the mines had led to a tank exploding, and it was explained to us that there would be no evacuation. We were told to return home. We couldn't go home because the military at the checkpoints warned us that they wouldn't let us back in. We could not stay on the street because a curfew was beginning, and it was impossible to spend the night in the car. People from the houses on Yarovaya Street began to invite us to their homes and suggested we park our cars in their yards. No-one thought about any comfort. Everyone thought only about waiting out this night in the hope that tomorrow there would be an evacuation. Everyone dreamed of getting out of Gostomel. We were sheltered by a 17-year-old boy who remained the owner of a large spacious family-type house, in which children without parents had lived. The children had already been taken out. The house was spacious, there were a lot of toys around ... This guy sheltered three of our cars, two more women who had walked there and one man on foot. The house was on a hill. It had no basement or bomb shelter. When the Grads [multiple rocket launchers (Ed.)] began shelling in the evening, we realised that we were in the most unprotected place. But nothing could be done. Someone became hysterical. Someone else started crying, regretting that they had left and saying they should have stayed home. My



friend said by phone: you are all already here, there is no turning back. We sat in the kitchen and drank tea. We found that in our haste we had forgotten to bring groceries. We had only some nuts and bagels. Each person got two bagels and some canned food for tea. That was supposed to nourish us for a whole day. Although we knew we wouldn't have enough to eat the next day, we weren't interested. You know, I didn't want to eat or drink. I wanted to get out. The sounds of gunshots, the flashes in the windows kept us awake. I laid down the kids, laid down next to them and thought about what would happen tomorrow — If we would we even live until tomorrow ... The children slept so peacefully, so well, that I had some trust and some peace of mind in my soul.

I began to rely on woman's intuition. In such moments, you begin to feel superpowers and believe that someone is leading you somewhere. A man who was also hoping to get out sat next to me on a chair by the window. Whenever the next shot rang out, or when shrapnel rained down on the roof and I thought, "Lord, when will this all be over?" he would tell me, "Calm down, it's not here, it's nearby ... " We began to talk quietly and got to know each other. His name was Andrei. It turned out that he was an engineer at the Gostomel Glass Factory and was on foot. I suggested that he go with us as we had a spare seat in our car. He had heart problems. With each shot, he massaged his chest and swayed softly, apparently trying to calm himself down. My shoulder hurt. Apparently because I spent a lot of time in a cold basement, my neck became sore. Fortunately, I had an anti-inflammatory drug with me and gave myself an injection. It gave me relief. After all, I had to spend the next day driving. At 6am, we gathered in the kitchen to decide what to do next. To move — or not to move, to leave — or not leave. We decided to go. We drank some tea, waited until 8am when the curfew ended, got into our cars and went where everyone was going: to the exit, to the Buchan prison, to the bridge, to the gathering place. We expected to see Red Cross volunteers there. When we got there, we realised that there was nothing there. Cars began to assemble. Those who walked carried their belongings and small animals. Some had handcarts. Someone was being transported in a garden wheelbarrow. We were told, "Wait." But no organised evacuation began. We again considered what to do, and eventually decided to get out of Gostomel on our own. A young man in a grey car said: "Guys, let's go straight across the fields, I know the road. But this road goes past Russian checkpoints." We sat down and the convoy moved. We drove literally along trails and narrow paths. Ultimately, we passed five Russian checkpoints. Only soldiers

staffed these small roadblocks. Previous checkpoints had been staffed not only by soldiers, but also by officers, who limited our conversations with the soldiers, ordering them to stand aside. Here the soldiers stood and checked documents. And so we went from one checkpoint to another. In one village, locals jumped out to meet us and shouted: "Don't go that way, you need to go in the opposite direction. Stop, there is a battle going on!" And the head of the column had already gone forward and my friends had followed him. We had no way to contact them. You can't scream or shout. What should we do? We turned around. We were in a state of confusion. What will happen to them? Again, we went along some paths. There is a roadblock in front of us. We were kept there for a long time, about half an hour. While checking the cars, a soldier came up to me and started smoking. He said to me, "Do you want to smoke?" I say, "No, I don't smoke." And this one says to me, "I want to go home." It was clear from these soldiers that they did not want this war, that they were hostages of the situation. They were dying. Everyone knew that a pit had been dug in Gostomel, into which the bodies of dead Russian soldiers were placed. The bodies were covered with a tarp. I didn't go there, it was dangerous. But everyone knew about this pit. Through the fields, through the forests, we reached the highway, and now we felt that this would be the final hurdle. Suddenly, a man in the uniform of a soldier of the Ukrainian Territorial Defence jumped out of the bushes near us and shouted: "Stop! There are tanks! Where are you going? They will shoot you!" It turned out that we had arrived in Makarov (Zhytomyr region), where fierce battles were

being waged. Only in Mariupol were things worse. It was already known that columns with civilian cars had been shot at there. We later saw these cars on the roads. It's indescribable. It was scary. The convoy stopped. We began to decide what to do. There was no turning back anyway. At first the soldier said that he would not let us proceed, but then in the end he said that he would try to negotiate so that we would be let through. He gave no guarantees. We decided to drive further along the highway to Makarov. I had some inner peace of mind. We waited for three hours, then the second part of the convoy, which had my friends in it, arrived. We hugged. I was so happy that we had reunited. The rules were read to us. How to behave in a convoy: do not overtake, do not stick out of the windows, do not stop. If a car breaks down, the convoy does not stop, it drives around the car and drives on. We had only a few minutes during which the military, both Ukrainian and Russian, gave us a safe corridor. The agreement was made neither at the level of governments or ministries. It was an agreement struck between the local commanders of the two armies. When we set off again, the word "Armageddon" began to mean to me exactly what we saw. The battle was suspended so we could pass. Grey smoke hung over the track. Shrapnel, wrecked cars. Bullet-ridden cars lined the road. I'll tell you this: people were killed there. I won't say how many. I tried not to look at these cars. I knew they were just like us.

THE LAST PART OF THE INTERVIEW WILL BE PUBLISHED LATER

Maxim Galkin in New Zealand



Elena Nikiforova

Maxim Galkin performed a big show in Auckland on the 9th September. Our correspondents share their impressions

To be honest, I'm not a big fan of the stand-up comedy genre in general, and I've never been a fan of Maxim Galkin in particular, or even a fan of his wife, Alla Borisovna, who, for some reason, is called a "prima donna" in Russia. But when Maxim is almost the only Russian celebrity, or one of very

few, to have spoken clearly and fearlessly against the war, I felt great respect for him.

So, when I saw he was bringing his show to us in Auckland, I decided to go. Although the ticket was pricey for me — I wanted to support him.

Unfortunately, the friend who was to have accompanied me to see Galkin fell ill with COVID right before the show. She gave her ticket to Anastasia, a woman originally from Mykolaiv, Ukraine. Before the show, I asked Anastasia if any of her

relatives had stayed in their hometown. She replied that although her family had left years ago, her ex-husband, her son's father, and all his relatives still live in Mykolaiv. Her eyes filled with tears. We sat next to each other hopelessly trying to find words of support. There was nothing to say except that the war in Ukraine is a complete nightmare and madness ...

Sitting next to Anastasia, I involuntarily watched Galkin's speech and perceived all his jokes through her eyes and imagined what she could think and feel. I saw Anastasia cover her face with her hands a couple of times and, it seemed to me, cry while the whole room laughed merrily. It seems that some jokes relating to Russian culture and Russian peaceful and comfortable life, and the cheerful laughter of the audience — caused a lump in her throat. And I understood why ...

As to Galkin's performance itself. Some of his jokes related to the latest Russian reality (such as "elections", or "everyday inconveniences of a train trip"), and to me, as a person who left Russia more than 20 years ago, all this seemed to be something alien, perceived by me rather with curiosity, the eyes of an outside observer. It caused a smile, but nothing more.

Some of the jokes — about the pandemic and suffering in isolation — were universal and hit the nail on target — I laughed to tears!



Some of the jokes about New Zealand seemed offensive and smacked of domestic racism — as a joke that he, Galkin, had the feeling that New Zealanders built this wonderful country of New Zealand, leaving the portrait of the Queen on their dollars, and everyone disappeared somewhere, leaving the country to the Chinese and Indians.

It wasn't funny. I wanted to tell Galkin that he had a backward, racist, colonial stereotype in his head, that a "real New Zealander" is a white man, most likely a man, and behind him is a white wife

and white children, of Anglo-Saxon origin, and his queen is the Queen of Britain.

Aw, Galkin, you have a deficient view of New Zealand that is offensive to most of its population. I understand that, unfortunately, this is the perception of most Russians ... So, I once again noted that even the most liberal Russian liberals quite often display such unpleasant features as everyday racism, misogyny and even homophobia, often without knowing it. I think if someone had told Galkin that his jokes about New Zealand were racist, he would have been very surprised.

Galkin impressed me with his talent. I never imagined he would be such a talented artist. It turned out he can sing and dance beautifully, and, as an opera fan, I noticed that opera has lost a big star in his face! On stage, he is charged with energy, keeps the audience in suspense and drives the audience to a frenzy! His jokes and parodies of different artists, celebrities and singers were simply incomparable! I haven't laughed like that in a long time!

There weren't as many jokes about politics and Putin as I expected. But it should be borne in mind that at the time of his show, Alla Borisovna was in Russia with her children, and Galkin may have been afraid of irritating the Russian

authorities too much and provoking them to repressive actions directed against his family.

Immediately after the show, I expected Galkin, as most New Zealand artists do, to stay with people, sign autographs and allow people to take selfies, and maybe even have the opportunity to ask him some questions for our newspaper, but alas — immediately after the performance Galkin ran backstage. The curtains were tightly pulled and we saw no more of him.

Did I enjoy the show as a whole? Yes! Had a fun time? Yes! Will I go to his show again? Honestly, probably not. Once was enough, but it was a pleasant and memorable experience.



Nadya Dikareva

I have never been a big fan of Maxim Galkin's work, but I decided to go to his concert for several reasons. First, because of respect for Maxim's position on the war in Ukraine. Secondly, Russian-speaking stars do not reach our end of the Earth so often. Thirdly, I decided to accompany friends and my husband, who was given tickets.

In the foyer before the show, people were drinking and socialising. It was noticeable that the assembled audience was in high spirits. The hall was almost full. Maxim appeared on stage at the appointed time to the music, performing a song unfamiliar to me. The speech began with jokes about New Zealand, about how far it is from everywhere, how Auckland is "not yet quite a city" and where the actual "New Zealanders" are. This was followed by jokes on a wide variety of topics, including coronavirus and lockdowns, politics, the "special military operation" (or simply put, the war), everyday situations, his wife, Alla Pugacheva, and so on. Jokes were interspersed with live performances of songs and parodies of a variety of artists, politicians and cultural figures. In my opinion, Maxim's parodies came out best. He sang brilliantly, portraying both modern artists, such as Monetochka, and those from long ago, like Leontyev. Portraying Baskov, Galkin even performed an excerpt from the opera "Eugene Onegin" — it turned out very well! Our friends from Latvia laughed at how Maxim parodied Raimonds Pauls — they said he delivered a good likeness to the composer.

Maxim periodically addressed the audience, but I cannot say that there was constant communication between him and us. In general, the audience reacted vividly to the performance, and the laughs kept coming throughout the show, which lasted more than two hours. The concert exceeded my expectations, but not all jokes were close to me. If Maxim Galkin comes to us in New Zealand again with another show, then I will gladly go.

Gregory Oklendsky

At the Crossroads

I have hated rituals since I was a child,
When the asphalt is shiny and smooth –
The leaders are greeted, while in the crowd near the train
station there are guards,
and the people summoned to meet the leader
became more tolerant, but again I do not accept,
When the TV screen has its eyes faded,
When souls, land and resources are sold to those
Who shamelessly cover themselves with icons.
The gas stinks, oil has clogged the pores –
In the country of shadows.
And at night people argue again in the kitchens
And children weep.
Someone is playing with a marked deck of cards,
Without even hiding it.
And those who disagree will be given prison uniforms
and numbers.

–

Post-Covid syndrome

You got sick with Covid, friend?
I will classify you as a foreign agent!
We do not need such a comrade,
Who believes in "Pfizer" vaccines,

Who blows up the road
At the very bottom of deep waters,
Who does not want to be
Mobilised to the front.
Covid is an enemy infection!
So redeem your guilt –
Give both your blood and soul at once,
Walk like a sheep to war!

Sad humor



And he walks between them, stroking a gilded belly: "Bring me, animals, your children, I will eat them at dinner today!" Howling, sobbing, roaring! In every den and in every cave, the evil glutton is cursed. And what kind of mother will agree to give her dear child — a bear cub, a wolf cub, an elephant calf. To have an unsatisfied monster, a poor little thing! They cry, very bitterly, and they say goodbye to the babies forever...

Kornei Chukovsky "Cockroach"

It is definitely necessary to get out/ to kill
Pessimist: To where?
Optimist: When?
Realist: Who



Source: FB Lone Wolf Group

*New Year
Christmas Tree
for children*

3 December 16.00
4 December 14.00



Rose Centre
4 School Rd, Belmont

Tickets: children - \$60 (including present), adult - \$35
Orders: phone 02108450845,
e mail olgabelokon@russianforkids.co.nz

We invite children and their parents to our festive Christmas tree! In the first part of the holiday you will see theatrical miniatures and excerpts from the performances of our studio, and in the second part you will find interesting games and entertainment at the Christmas tree. We have already written a letter to Santa Claus at the North Pole, and he replied that he would certainly arrive at our holiday. He has already begun to prepare gifts for children and fatten up his strongest and most beloved deer Sohatic for the long journey!



Hair & Beauty
131 Meadowbank Road,
Meadowbank, Auckland 1072.
09 521 0233

The school "Russian for Children" invites school-age children to study Russian language, literature, history and acting. Classes in small groups.

More information about the school:

www.russianforkids.co.nz

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