



«I SAW THE DEATH»

*The book of evidence of the participants of the events on
May 2, 2014 in Odessa*

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We will not forget! We will not forgive!



Introduction

On May 2, 2014 Odessa was shocked by a terrible tragedy.

On this day, the clashes between the "right sector" activists, Maidan self-defence hundreds, a crowd of football fans on the one hand, and an anti-maidan detachment, that came out to confront the Nazi march, on the other hand, took place. In the battle that started first in the city center, and then on Kulikovo pole dozens of people were killed. All of them but two people, who were killed in the beginning in the circumstances not clarified up to now, represented the anti-maidan. The members of the Odessa militia who were unarmed and didn't have professional equipment, clashed with Maidan gunmen and provocateurs that started the gunfire. The murder in the Trade Unions House was the result of deliberate arson of the building by the Maidan supporters. Along with the burning, a number of Kulikovo pole defenders were killed by improvised means, strangled with bare hands, and finished off with sticks.

All events, including the excruciation of the captured anti-maidan protesters were broadcast live through several streamers. A huge number of photos and video immediately appeared on the Internet, showing the world the brutal massacre of unarmed protesters, as well as women, the elderly and children, some of whom were in the burning building of the Trade Unions House on the Kulikovo pole by accident.

The investigation reluctantly appointed by the Kiev authorities under the pressure from the European and Russian public had a giant evidentiary factual material and should end as soon as possible, so that the murderers were brought to justice. The Internet activists quickly and easily identified both the killers firing on unarmed people in Greek street, and the executioners, who wounded and immobilized the Kulikovo protesters falling from the roof and floors of the Trade Unions House.

However, the investigating authorities took the position of discrediting the anti-maidan protesters - primarily, victims - and have blanching over the Bandera neo-nazis. At first, it was stated that most of the victims are the citizens of Transnistria and Russia. When the lie was exposed, the official circles composed the lie that the Trade Unions House defenders set fire to themselves. Since then, this mocking and cynical tale is the only one in the repertoire of Ukrainian official investigation. All the most odious characters of Maidan, who were convicted as assassins by photos, videos and by testimony of witnesses, were promptly released from custody. After Mr. Poroshenko spoke in Odessa and declared a bloody pogrom as an act of high Ukrainian patriotism, the investigation

has lost the slightest idea of meanness boundaries and transferred to the court the cases of dozens of anti-maidan activists, who were accused of organizing mass demonstrations, including ... the murder of a number of anti-maidan supporters.

Ukrainian investigation does not take into account the available data, evidence and testimony. It pours dirt on innocent affected people, causing suffering to the families and friends of the dead guys. Bosses of the parliament level official commissions descend to direct falsifications, as will be discussed in detail in «Anatomy of lie» section.

Under these conditions, the Kulikovo pole activists gathered the eyewitness accounts of those who participated in the events and watched the tragedy on 2 May. We are confident that the international investigation, which sooner or later will be held on our land, will not pass by these facts and make appropriate conclusions.

We believe that the collected evidence are the documents of great emotional impact and arouse sympathy for those people whose consciousness is not poisoned by the nationalist fervor. We count on the solidarity of concerned people around the world.

And another thing. No reconciliation in Ukraine without a fair and full investigation into the events on May 2 in Odessa is possible. As long as the organizers and perpetrators of the crime would not be arrested, fully exposed and get severe punishment, the civil conflict and acts of disobedience will continue on this earth. Casuals, who do not understand this, cause the irreparable damage to Ukraine and its people.

The translation of the book into English was made by volunteers who are not professional translators. We apologize to our readers for the possible faults of the translation.



Died for Odessa

1. Antonov Igor
2. Balaban Aleksey
3. Bezhanitskaya Kristina
4. Berezovskiy Leonid
5. Borisov Aleksandr
6. Brazhevskiy Andrey
7. Bryigar Vladimir
8. Bullah Viktor
9. Varenikina Anna
10. Vyacheslavov Mihail
11. Gnatenko Andrey
12. Gnatenko Evgeniy
13. Galaganova Lyubov
14. Gunn (Stepanov) Viktor
15. Dmitriy
16. Ekaterinchuk Vadim
17. Zhulkov Aleksandr
18. Zayats Igor
19. Ivanov Dmitriy
20. Kair Petr
21. Kalin Anatoliy
22. Karasev Yuriy
23. Kovriga Nikolay
24. Kolpakov Aleksey
25. Kononov Aleksandr
26. Kostyuhin Sergey
27. Kushnarev Gennadiy
28. Kusch Ruslan
29. Lomakina Nina
30. Losinskiy Evgeniy
31. Lukas Igor
32. Markin Vyacheslav
33. Milev Ivan
34. Mitchik Evgeniy
35. Mishin Sergey
36. Negaturov Vadim
37. Nikitenko Maksim
38. Nikityuk Dmitriy
39. Nikolov Aleksandr
40. Novitskiy Vladimir
41. Ostrozhenyuk Igor
42. Papura Vladimir
43. Petrov Gennadiy
44. Pikalova Svetlana
45. Polevoy Viktor
46. Populyak Anna
47. Priymak Aleksandr
48. Sadovnichiy Aleksandr
49. Tkachenko Igor
50. Chalkosha
51. Chetche Sergey
52. Sharf Taras
53. Scherbinin Mihail
54. Yavorskiy Nikolay
55. Yakimchuk Sergey
56. Yakovenko Irina

The actual number of victims remains unknown.

Tatiana's memories.

The names of the author and of people alive have been changed, except the names of politicians who must answer for their actions.

I want to tell what I witnessed on the 2-nd of May in Odessa – my home city. I was in Grecheskaya street. I was in the burning Trade Union House on the Kulikovo pole.

First, let me launch into a small digression. 2-3 days before the 2-nd of May I saw information in social network that crowds of “pravosecs” [“right sector members”], football “ultras” and other rotters were coming to Odessa “to watch a football match” on May 2, 2014. This information might had also appeared before, but I did not pay attention to it.

On May 2 I was in touch with a person who tried to explain to me the difference between the Vigilante Group and Odessa Group. I didn't quite understand him., but he said, that the meeting of the Group was fixed at 2:00 p.m in Aleksandrovsky Avenue, near the monument to the dead militiamen.

Frankly speaking, I did not expect anything from our “amoeba-like”, sleeping Odessa. I watched the news about Slavjansk and Kramatorsk until 1:45 p.m., and then I left for Alexandrovsky prospect – just for sake of curiosity.

There were quite a lot of people there already – guys in camouflage, in balaklavas, with spade handles and wooden clubs. I saw some people in knight's armour. Some were just barehanded, about 50-70 people. Besides, there were a lot of women and girls.



First of all, “the women group” put forward the idea of medical masks. A couple of girls and I ran to the nearest drug stores and got some masks. Then we just gave them away in Aleksandrovsky. Not far from the monument, a bit aside from the crowd there was a squad that was equipped better than those who came to Aleksandrovsky prospect by themselves. They all were in balaklavas and camouflage and they already had a red scotch tape on their sleeves. I saw two girls not far from me with that red scotch tape. Many guys from the crowd came up to them and asked them to attach that identification scotch tape to their sleeves too. And I saw it for sure – the oldest of these girls grinned in quite an odd manner...

There was also some crowd near the “Tiand De” shop in Zhukovskogo street, which looked strange to those who remained in Aleksandrovsky prospect. Many guys ran there, the police approached, but then they shouted “all clear”, and most people got back to the avenue. (The witness is describing the episode when anti-maidan people tried to come into the right sector headquarters in Zhukovskogo street.)



At one moment, a guy in a mask ran towards us from the monument, his face was covered. He stopped and started to shoot at us, at the crowd. Women started to cry. Our guys caught him at the corner about 50 metres away. I do not know what happened to him. I saw them beating him. Then everything stopped and went away. Everyone was worked up, and everyone was expecting a clash. That is why after this stupid provocation there was a question hanging in the air – where to go to stop the “pravosecs”.

I do not know who led us. We reached Bunina street, then turned to the right (though it was already 2:57 p.m., and at 3:00 p.m., as far as I heard, the meeting of “Maidan-members” was to start near the Cathedral, and it was to the left of us), and went to Ekaterininskaya street and further along this street in the direction of Deribasovskaya street. People thundered out: “For Rus’!” “Fascism will not pass!”, “Odessa, get up!”. They tried to lead us along Deribasovskaya street, and the first couple of dozens of people even went there. But later the whole file turned back into Grecheskaya street, and, finally, we arrived at “Afina” along Vice-admiral Zhukov street.

At the moment I found myself in Grecheskaya street our guys were already occupying the position right behind the "Galactika" shop or nearby. Along with other girls, I started sorting out and get ready our medical supplies to have them at hand. At that moment we were on the entrance steps of "Mega-Antoshka" shop. The area on our left and right, in both directions from "Afina" was absolutely open, and this position was completely vulnerable.

While we were setting out and sorting medications, we heard first explosions. I ran out to the middle of the street and a little bit ahead. The sound reminded the one of a firework, there was a lot of white smoke. And then they started to throw flares at us over the police "wall", which inexplicably stood face-off to us and, and consequently, their back to them; there was a lot of smoke, then, after a couple of seconds we heard a massive explosion. The window-panes rattled terribly in near-by buildings... Then the first injured started to arrive at our "first-aid post". Mostly they needed their eyes to be washed after burning them with a flashbang. There were more and more flares. More and more injured guys were taken to us, policemen and soldiers among them, to have their wounds and eyes washed, to stop their blood. It was not difficult and we managed.

Then an attack from the Zhukov street direction began. The first soldiers injured with stones started to arrive. Some of them fainted. We brined them to consciousness with sal ammoniac at hand. By the way, it was soldiers who gave the shields to our guys, so that they could defend themselves. We stupidly came practically barehanded, disbelieving that the war would really break out... Thank you, guys!

Our "first-aid post" was hustled away to the place behind the crossroads of Grecheskaya and Zhukova streets. We were there for some time. One of the first seriously injured was taken by the ambulance from that very place, just from the steps...

Every minute more and more injured were arriving... All our medical supplies were coming to an end. There was no drinking water. Being the worst in medicine, I decided to take care of providing water supplies and medications. Many times me and other girls ran around the city in search of drug stores which still had some simple remedies, such as

"bandage-cotton-hyperoxide-hlorgexin-sal-ammoniac-nimesil". Many drug stores were closed. All grocery stores, supermarkets and small shops where we could get some water were also closed. Instead some cosmetics or shoe stores were open. The shop-assistants were not worried at all by the shooting in the nearby block.

We had to ran a few blocks back-and-forth. The cops let us through their cordon only after they had closely examined our bags. But they let bring water and medications without a word.



When we came back with water and medications for the second (maybe, third - sorry, can not remember for sure) time, the "first-aid post" already moved under the windows of the "Ecco" shop, nearer to its end. There I saw the first killed person. And also there they tried to get the stopped heart going... There were lots of injured...

They were already fighting also near the Russian Theatre. A fire-truck appeared from the "Antoshka" shop side pouring our guys and soldiers of interior service with water.

And we with our "first-aid post" were moving nearer and nearer Soviet Army (Preobrazhenskaya) street. We were moving pressed round from all sides by those beasts. After Zhukova street they started to press us from "Afina" on both sides and near the Russian Theatre. All the three crossroads were blocked by the soldiers. The police stood behind us. Unlike soldiers of interior service, they did not have clubs, or bulletproof vests, or helmets. They just stood behind our backs. Face to us. Behind their backs there was Sobornaya square and dozens and hundreds of "ucrophiles".

There were more and more explosions, more and more injured. There was a lot of bullet injures. I am not good at weapons, and even worse at types of gunshot wounds. At first the soldiers who defended us were arriving with bullet wounds. Men shouted: "Girls, hurry up! Give him the first aid, they shot this man!" We tore the uniform on them so that our doctors (o-o... just three for all this nightmare) could examine them and somehow help.



While we were still not far from "Ecco" steps we saw a seriously wounded man lying on an old door brought from somewhere. We bandaged him as best as we could... They tried to either film him or take a picture of him. We politely asked them to go to hell...

There is a lot of moments which I can not describe in detail because I was busy delivering medications and drinking water. What impressed me most? It was really hard to see people dying (I saw them carry in one dead body and trying to get another person's heart beating. I do not know; if he survived - well done, brother!!!)

It is hard for me to look at blood. .. I feel at a loss and I am afraid... my hands shake of fear and because I am anxious not to do something wrong... Guys understood that. And those girls who were a bit better at medical aid (maybe, they are just tougher... Only one of us claimed to be a doctor. All the others were just those who "can swob a bruise".)



To make a long story short, I decided that I must do what I could. To bring something necessary, to cut bandages, to open peroxides, chloride hexines, cotton packs, sort drugs which women and girls of Odessa went on bringing to us. They also brought money. We spent that money for medications and water.

One girl and me ran for medications. Sal ammoniac and peroxide\chloride hexine were badly needed. We found only Sal ammoniac in the nearest drug store. I sent the other girl back and told her, that I will find peroxide and be back too. I found peroxide only on Tiraspol square.

When I was back, I saw a heavy cordon of cops on Soviet Army (Preobrazhenskaya) street. And in front of the cops there was a lot of either onlookers or just residents of Odessa and suburbs who evidently did not realize what was going on.

I am breaking through the cops - they examined my bag carefully again and let me pass.



But our "first-aid post" was in just one meter from cops. We tried to temporarily lay out our medications on the steps of the "Investbank" ATM... And at that moment a fire-truck drove out from Zhukova street (it was there, that "interiors" and our guys tried somehow to defend). I do not know where did "pravosecs" get it. It turned from

Zhukova street, drove along Grecheskaya street, and someone shouted all the time through a megaphone, either inside the truck, or behind it: "Run them down! Run them down! Take to the left, to the left!!" On the left there was a sidewalk. There were injured, women, pensioners, and our "first-aid post". The fire-truck was driving straight at us. We grabbed our bags with medications, with remaining water and dashed ahead. The cops were in about one meter from us. At first they stuck together to our side in order not to let us pass. Then one of them gave a wave of his hand right before my nose and ... the cops without helmets, shields, weapons or bulletproof jackets just disappeared. Some of them went away to the right of the Cathedral, others - to the left. Quietly...

And now, here we are six girls, feeling really stupid, with medications, water, someone's bags in our hands. Ahead of us our guys, outflanked by a great number of enemies, are retreating; many of them are in bandages. Behind us - Sobornaya square. The church... But it was just there that all "pravosecs" gathered from the very beginning.

What did I see? Ahead there are our guys, retreating. A lot of injured. And they are few in comparison with the number of "ukrs". "Pravosecs", "ukrophiles" impend on them like a billow, like a mad wall. Behind - there is an empty street and both to the right and to the left there are scores of "ukrs" a little bit further, near the Cathedral. It was at this very moment that many people fled. May God and their Conscience judge them all.

I had five packs with medications and water in my hands that I just was not able to drop near the flower market from where everyone was fleeing.... To whom could I leave them?! To Banderites?! Or how could I get into a marshrutka (a minivan - a type of public transport) with this medical "ammunition"?!

I do not know what had happened - apparently, they started to chase our guys across Sobornaya square. People started to go in that direction; I called them out and said: "Guys! The first-aid post asks for help!" They looked at me and replied cautiously: "Whose post?" I said: "Ours, Russian! Odessa!" They approached, took the packs, told us to keep up with them - the "pravosecs" were after us.

We ran along lanes and streets all together. I had just two bottles of water left in my hands. Passers-by asked: "Can we have some water?" "For our guys - yes, sure!" We gave them some water and asked those who were ahead to slow down - there were some more tired people behind, they could not run so fast. And the guys ahead slowed down.

Somewhere near Spiridonovskaya, an idea to go and defend Kulikovo suddenly arose. Some guys (quite many) separated in some block and headed off in the opposite direction from us. Then I heard for the first time about possible mopping up of Kulikovo.



Part 2.

We reached Kulikovo pole.

Do you know what each of us who had come to Aleksandrovsky prospect on the 2-nd of May wanted to see there?!

Defenders. Those, who led us, calming down, for at least two and a half months around the whole city. Defenders! With their weapons, tents, military training and organization. Defenders, who yelled into a bullhorn since March: "Odessa! We are with you!"

The web-camera of the Kulikovo pole was switched off at 5:55 p.m. on April 29, 2014.

We approached the Kulikovo pole. While passing by the stop (for marshrutkas - public mini vans) "Railway station" we shouted aloud: "Odessa, get up!" Nobody joined us... "amoebas"...

We came up to the square. Here everyone somehow immediately disappeared. Got down to acting, I hope.

Women started to pry out lumps of asphalt with their hands and to spall the big ones. Someone came up with a pitchfork, hooked the asphalt, and we started to split especially big lumps. And we carried the smaller ones closer to the barricades. Women carried them having piled lots of lumps into the bags, men - having put them on stretchers, covered with something.

The field was almost empty, only we ran back-and-forth like ants behind the barricade of sand bags. There were nobody in the tents. While we were lifting asphalt and spalling it, they were building barricades on the steps of that damned Trade Union Building.



Someone (in balaklava, in camouflage, he was behind the first row of guys) shouted into the loudspeaker, that we all SHOULD hide inside the building. We started to argue: there were still some backstops (trays with bags) in front of us. Also in front of us there were huge piles of asphalt lumps (we made them in 15 minutes - what else could we use to defend ourselves?!?!). So what? Should we leave all this excellent projectile stuff and hide?! We started to put all the asphalt we had pried out before the Kulikovo Field into bags and onto covered trays.

There were no "fighters", I dragged heavy bags with asphalt twice - ahead, to the entrance; from there men strode towards me and other women (sorry, they were far over 30). They all shouted after SOMEONE: "One for all and all for one!" They were shouting and smiling, passing by us... and we are dragging... one by one... asphalt... As we found out later, not for them...

Someone behind us shouted again (we were bagging asphalt again), that "ultras" had already passed TsUM and were about to arrive!!! Everyone must urgently hide inside the building!!

I remember that moment. I memorized it even better when after the 3-d of May I saw a picture of a man's burned body in the Internet, and he picked up asphalt with me, sometimes looking back, then back at the railway station, shacked the bag, lifted it and said: "There is still some room, put more, we do not have to hurry. They will not pass, bastards!"

And he himself started to pull that bag. And emptied it on the steps, behind the first weakest line of defense. It was impossible to move further with a bag which weighed about 35-45 kg.

And we ran. Inside. Because "ultras" had already started to run at us: from behind - from the railway station (McDonalds) and from ahead - from Italian Boulevard (the stadium "Spartak"). We squeezed through a revolving gate at the entrance. People were entering in front of and behind me - without any weapons, without anything... as if for a walk. I saw an absolute incomprehension of what was going on in their eyes. I had the same eyes.

All women were asked to go up to the second and the third floor. I went there. On the second floor (the right wing of the staircase) the girls were preparing a thorough first-aid post. There were mattresses near the walls; the girl who had been near me earlier, on Grecheskaya street, stood near the "lectern". On this "lectern" there were first-aid remedies. Five or six more women of different age bustled nearby.

I looked out of the window on the second floor (on the staircase): "those" people reached the tent camp and started to set fire on tents. But when they found out that there was nobody there they started to throw "cocktails" towards those 15-20 people who remained at the entrance, on the steps.

I went up to 3-d floor. The room to the right of the staircase was open. There were a lot of people there. They were coming in and out.

They started to fire at the windows facing the staircase.



We (a woman and me) were looking for something to barricade the windows. All the rooms in the building were closed. We did not have any tools that we could use to open the doors. They were already fighting on the first floor. Somehow we managed to open two rooms on the 3-d floor. We were looking for fire extinguishers. We found just one fire hose in the entire building, but not a single water tap was in going order!!!

There was no water in toilets! On all the floors!

Stones and some lumps of metal started to bounce into the windows on the 3-d and the 4-th floor. We tried to barricade windows, fire-escapes, staircase passages with everything we could find.

The building is really crazy, it is been built in "Stalin" style. If you enter the door with the sign "fire-escape", you might get into a forked passage where behind one door there is another passage, but behind the other door there might be either a passage or a blind wall. And each floor has different plan.

At the moment I got into the "Trade Union Building", it seemed to me, that there were about 200-250 people there. Plus about 50 more people in front of the entrance, on the barricades.

I do not know how many people there were on the 1-st and on the 2-nd floor. On the 3-d floor there were not more than 15-20 people at some moment (when I examined the building, checked fire-escapes, if there were any open rooms - there was not any). But everything was spontaneous. In an unregulated fashion, in panic manner...

I walked on the 3-d floor to the right wing (if you look at TUb). Stopped near the window. I saw stones and "Molotov cocktails" bouncing from below. People below raved and yelled. I was scared. Suddenly I saw a guy, moving from the distant part of this wing towards me. I do not know from where he had emerged. I felt terrified. I wanted to run away. But my instinct told me, that if I turned my back on him, some disaster would happen. I stood riveted. He had a wooden bat and a fire extinguisher in his hands. He looked out of the window and asked: "What's on there?" I replied: "I do not know", and for security turned sideward to him and to the window. He gave me the fire extinguisher and said: "If anything happens, defend yourself with it". At this moment some more people appeared, some elderly men and women (from the central passage, from where I had come - they only now reached the 3-d floor with there inspection!!) I hurried back.

When I got back to the staircase I saw a slim girl in light pants and white jacket. She asked: "Do you know what to do?!" I said: "No, I do not, but we should to look for some fire extinguishers". "Let us keep together", - she said. We found some more fire extinguishers. And we tried to drag a safe out of the room together with her and another woman. We could not pull it further than into the corridor. Save that the safe was too heavy for us to go on dragging it to the window, a new trouble appeared: pungent, choky smoke started to flock in the corridor. At first, it disappeared somewhere and dispelled. But every minute it was becoming thicker and thicker.

We entered one of the open rooms. There were 4 or 5 people there. Stones bounced into the window. I suggested that we should somehow screen ourselves against stones with bookcases. The door into the corridor was open. The black stinking choky smoke, rambling through and branching, crawled up from the lower floors.

I could hardly see already, but some more people seemed to have come into the room where we were. Another stone bounced into the window. One man who stood nearest, tried to throw a chair out of the window. It got stuck in the frame and had broken just the first inner window pane. Stones bounced again. The smoke flocked. It was black, pungent smoke. It crept from the window and from the door. Someone behind me said, that it was necessary to close the door and he closed it.



But it did not ease the situation. More and more smoke was coming. We could hardly see anything, just a dim part of the window. But the smoke was coming from there too - inside the room. The smoke was not just black... It hung in the air - heavy and thick. It did not disappear.

I tried to reach the window. Wanted to inhale. It was very hot and painful inside. There was not enough air.



I might have heard or seen, out of the corner of my eye or mind, it seemed to me, that someone sat up, inhaled soundly several times and drooped. Either fainted or... At that moment I could not think as I do now.

A half of the frame was still tight in the window. The distance between the window panes - "Oh, my!"

And it was not only dark in the room, but also - the main thing - there was nothing AT ALL to breathe with!!

I was still in mask, which that young girl gave me on the 3-d floor. Every minute it was getting harder to breathe.

Both behind and in front of me, in the window, there was complete smoke darkness. I started to panic. I tore the mask off me, instinctively trying to breathe as deep as I could. But instead of oxygen - only black thick mass and choky gas. Two my panic inhales drove out all the oxygen which still remained in my lungs. I felt as if there was a fire inside me.

I felt as terrified, as I had never felt before. In less than a second everything flashed before my eyes: my children's faces, my home, my pets... and much more...

I climbed onto either a table or the safe near the window. The same black smoke flocked into the room from the window. I suddenly felt that our situation was hopeless, I felt death, looking into my eyes, I longingly tried to inhale the air, which did not exist any more... To seize life, which was leaving me... I shouted : "No! No!"

I don't remember getting out through the window first, then sitting down on the windowsill. Next to me there was another woman.

Then we shouted down: " Stop! Don't fire! Women are here, elderly are here! Call the fire brigade! We are choking! Don't fire!!! Where are the firefighters?!"

But there were still no firefighters coming.

Some three men out of the assaulters down seemed have come to their senses when they saw us. Black smoke was belching up from the second floor just into our window. Black smoke was getting out of our chamber-room. There was nothing to breathe with. Even sitting on the windowsill. I don't know what was used to set on fire the tents on the Kulikovo, but I will remember that taste, that smell, - no, that stench! - all my life!! "Guys, - I said - react somehow, how many of us here have managed to survive??" The woman next to me counts for nothing - I could vaguely see her. Behind me two said: "Ughuh". Somebody was moaning in the corner of the room, then another moan, weaker one.



Some guys down (adequate ones among monsters!!!) started to stop theirs: "Don't fire! There are women! They are burning alive!!! They are choking!!" They began to look for something to help us to jump down with minimum injuries. They were bustling. They were really sorry. They were trying to find any planks or pieces of iron to get to us upwards.

We shouted at them: "Throw the rope!" Not from the first try, but they managed... A man tied that rope (a finger in thickness!!!) to the radiator.

Window frames was madly hot then. I, sitting on the windowsill, found painful to hold it.

Getting down began. The girl who was the first was probably scared most of all. But she managed to do it. The guys down found some pieces of cloth; they were already 12-15 in number. Most of them were holding the cloth, should anyone was going to fall down. Another two were securing us on the 2-d and 1-st floors each.

A guy wearing a neck face mask took me across the whole Kulikovo Field. Somebody just near the windows gave me some water - I washed my face, took a sip, as a result I started vomiting with just black mucus....

That guy took me to the opposite edge of the Field and said: "You'd better take off the band...just in case..." I took it off. He took me up to the ambulance car and disappeared. The emergency doctors gave me a shot, later my people came to take me home.

Thank you, guys! We are safe and sound just thanks to you. We will remember it.

And we also will remember that "some" wanted us to go to the Kulikovo pole. "Some" wanted us to commit an act of provocation and to become "lambs to the slaughter".

We will remember that those "some" understanding that about 70% of the protestors were women gave an order to hide in the building where neither the electricity net, nor water supply, nor emergency exits, nor the fire fighting system had been tested. In a word, NOTHING at all. They decoyed us into a trap. They set on fire all exits. We even did not have any fire pieces at all!!! Only clubs and table legs!!! Such sophisticated terrorists of the 80-s we were!!!

I saw the death. I first saw it on the 2-d of May, 2014 in my home city. In the very center of it. I saw blood. A lot of blood....

I heard "glory to ukraine" when we were just about to start choking on the 3-d floor and were dashing around trying to find an open door or a window. I saw that mad dance of people



wrapped in yellow-blue flags. I saw hands throwing Molotov cocktails at us. I heard those wild songs of the Bandar-log "glory to heroes! for the united and indivisible country!!" when I was sitting on the grass of the Kulikovo hawking and spitting out black resin.

I saw a lot of gapers who crowded the Kulikovo pole who were just standing and taking pictures and videos.

The people who managed to escape were taken past them, while they were just standing and watching. Taking pictures. I saw firefighters who "could not render any help" But the fire-fighting detachment is in a 7 minute walk away from the Trade Union House!!! But they just were not there!!!

I saw ambulance cars that were waiting on the opposite side of the Field. Not fewer than 8 hearty speedy guys could take there the wounded (ones not so lucky as I was, those who had jumped down). At that, they had to be quite sensitive to the fractures...

I saw how many we were in Greek Street, how many we were on the Kulikovo pole. And how many there were of those. At least 1:10....

I saw we did not have any guns at all!!! I can say that it is absolutely true about the 2-d and 3-d floor of the Trade Union House!!!

And I also want to say....

You, who call us terrorists, extremists and separatists ... Do you think that we are scared now, we, those who managed to survive?!!! Do you think that those are scared whose relatives burned and choked in that hell??? Do you think that you can knock us down so easily???? Nuts to you!!! The Russians never give up!!! You will be choked by your hatred, by your fascism, by the war you forced us to wage!!! You will be choked by you own blood, by the blood of you relatives!!! But you will never tread OUR ground!!! NEVER!!! We will forgive NOTHING and NOBODY!!! Each drop of our blood will be revenged on!!!! We are with our land and the TRUTH is on our side!!!

The life has now divided into two: the life "before the 2-d of May" and the life "after it" And my life, my thoughts, my mentality will never be the same as "BEFORE"...

I managed to survive. And I will never forgive!! I will never forget!!!



The Junta is triumphing over guys
Who dreamt about equality, burning alive,
And those "authorities" are watching up a brother
Fighting a war against his own brother

Maybe the world has changed after that night
Honor and conscience have left the souls
But how can you not to help your brother
How can you cause a great deal of sorrow to him

The monsters are triumphing over other dozens
Of defenseless lives taken by their bullets
But these deaths are so deeply rooted in us
They won't let us forget the black funeral feast

Maybe we have changed after that night,
But even if there are no honor and conscience,
All brothers protecting and supporting each other
We'll drive away the fascists who caused a lot of sorrow to us



Stanislaw's memories

Names of living persons are removed or changed.
An exception is made for politicians who have to answer for their actions.

Source:
http://timer.od.ua/news/mayskaya_boynya_svidetel_stvo_ochevidtsa_152.html

They warned from the very beginning that there was a trap in the Greek street, and that the «maidauns» had been preparing for a long time. But no, Odessa Squad, first, went away from Kulikovo pole, and then decided to block the «maidauns» march, although the Squad didn't have any weapons. Neither there was any coherence at all, because at the Kulikovo pole there was the only order - to defend the camp. But we had to run to help. Initially, quite a lot of people gathered in Greek street, but once a hail of stones flew and «lighters» were hurled, about half of «ours» escaped somewhere.

There was a nightmare in the Greek street. We were bombarded with stones, and they did it in a right way: 10-15 stones were thrown at the same time. It's clear, that one can react if there is a single stone, but there is no way if there is such a «volley». Moreover, after the first unsuccessful attack (along the Greek street from the Preobrazhenskaya street side) - «maidauns» broke into the fire station and stole a fire truck. Then they regrouped and hit us already with the fire truck along the Vice-Admiral Zhukov street from the side of Bunin street. They turned on the water cannons, but we did not retreat.



The stones shooting resumed. Police again lined up in front of us, but it turned out that the police did not have enough shields, and they asked our guys to give them shields. We gave them the shields, and shields and helmets in such a shootout were worth their weight in gold. Most of us had no helmets to say nothing of shields. Hell, a decent part of the people had just a T-shirt! I put on my leather jacket, and it saved me from the blows of 2 stones. Another stone touched the head tangentially (luck!), and another one hit the leg (it was nothing in comparison with general situation). The number of wounded people was continually increasing both among ours and among the policemen. But we repulsed this attack, and there even were rumors that they had moved to the Kulikovo pole.

But no, the third attack was from Deribasovskaya street. In this attack, the «maidauns» sent the uncontrolled fire truck at us (no driver) - in order to ram into us and our fortifications.



The fortifications still remained standing, the fire truck was on fire, but the flames damped rather quickly. A «pravosek» [a member of the «Right Sector» party] who managed to climb onto the balcony of the second floor of the adjacent building (Greek, 46) started to throw stones at us. He was forced to retreat by the hail of stones thrown back at him, but soon several «pravoseks» with thick shields climbed there, built a shelter and started to shoot at us with a pistol (I saw it myself). I don't know whether it was a traumatic or battle gun: there was no chance for careful watching it.





They say there were many guns, even machines and even one Uzi. I saw several people with guns among them, but what did they shoot with - rubber or bullets - I don't know.

On our side, I saw one with a traumatic gun; he climbed onto the trashcan and shoot from it. That is to say, he was perfectly visible to everyone.

When the people started to get wounded by gunfire (both among us and among the police), policemen with the shields began to retreat. Moreover, part of the police cordon lined up and began to squeeze us back. But as a result, the "pravoseks" were able to approach the first cordon (because our stones could not reach them, and our stones that reached the first rows, could not bring much harm, because the "pravoseks" hitmen were well equipped and formed a «turtle»). Having approached the cordon, the hitmen threw "lighters" at the police, and cops were forced to retreat.



We were all squeezed tighter and tighter, and "pravoseks" started to come out to a square in front of the shopping center «Athena». But we shouted «Hurrah!», broke through the cordon of police that pushed us back, and rushed onto their front groups. The "pravoseks" retreated to their former positions.



In a while, the fourth attack began. Again they used the "turtle" to lead, again the police pushed us back, again we could not reach the "pravoseks" with stones, and again they took this opportunity to throw «cocktails» at the cops. Police retreated and pushed us up the Greek street where we were divided into two groups - the main one was in the Greek street (where was the first attack), and myself and 50-60 of others were clamped on the Vice-Admiral Zhukov street (where there was the second attack). In front of us, there was a thin cordon of police (about 30 people) and the main group of attacking "pravosek" hitmen, behind - there was a small group of "pravoseks" of less than 100-140 people with about 60 hitmen among them..

Given that the main hitmen forces were just about to break through, we decided to break through the group of hitmen blocking the access to Bunin street. About 40 people were ready to attack



Honestly, I was scared as never before. They started throwing stones, but we did not stop. There were some three men to the left, some two men to the right, two men in front, and only God knows if there were any in the rear. But only 4-5 people out of the whole of the "pravosek" group took the fight. One of them was an adult about 40 years old, he had a shield, a bulletproof vest and a helmet and he jumped right on me, I put forward a stick with a taser, he jumped back, and some Odessite, who was running by, hit him at the helmet, and he fell down. We did not stop, ran forward and shouted, and then a miracle happened - the cordon of "maidans" just ran away.



We escaped to Bunin street, running away from the main group; we met on the way only a few groups of "maidans" (with no vests and no helmets), from 1 to 5 people each, but they shied away from us. I remember that I just screamed to ours not to scatter and hold together. When we got out, some of ours left, and there remained about 20 people. We knew that ours were clamped in the Greek street, but 20 cannot break a cordon of 150 people. We contacted Kulikovo field and we were told to retreat there to defend it. An Odessite really helped us; he let us into his «Gazelle» and brought to the Kulikovo pole. Honestly, while sitting inside someone supposed that the driver, if he turns out to be a "maidan", could just take us to them to be devoured.

Having thanked the driver when we got to the Kulikovo pole, I went search for the remains of our detachment. While looking for at least someone, I clearly saw that mostly those people who couldn't be of much help came to the Kulikovo pole following the call. There were many elderly people, up to half of all were women. Even those men, who were armed at best, had only sticks. And they had no defense, it was warm, and people were dressed easily.

But a clash with those real "pravoseks" (rather than with our homegrown ones) clearly showed - they come to close combat only when they have the overwhelming numerical advantage. All their arms are stones and lighters. In order not to get lighters, it is necessary to hold them back at the distance of stones. But with such a shooting there is nothing to do without a helmet, a shield, and a vest (or dense enough clothes). I approached the commander and laid out my vision. That we wouldn't be able to defend, that we could withstand the siege at best and only if there is a lot of cops, that Kulikovo pole is open from all sides, etc. I also asked him to send all the women away from here.

But women are women: «we will not retreat», «Odessa will not surrender,» etc., and they did not want to leave. But I had already seen enough cases when the "pravoseks" having hit a man in the head, continued to throw stones at him helplessly lying on the ground and beat him with sticks. Finally, we managed to persuade several women to leave. The command decided to defend in the Trade Unions House (which was a big mistake, IMHO), but we were told not to break doors of the building until the "pravoseks" come. Like, what if they do not come here, and we rushed into the building? We urgently started building at least some strengthening. Meanwhile, it was reported that the "pravoseks" were moving to us along Prospekt Mira. We broke the doors of the building and took in the flags and pictures of killed "Berkut" men, Only flags of Ukraine, Odessa and «People's Alternatives» were now hanging outside.



And then there happened what I was most afraid of. There were 100 - 150 of us, well, maybe 200 with women. We were surrounded by at least a couple of thousand "maidans". But most important was that among these "maidans" there were real hitmen and clearly not «Kharkov hooligans.» We were surrounded, and they began to throw stones and lighters. The area behind the hastily made fortifications in front of the building was too small for 10-15 men to act. The bravest tried to fight, but very soon many were wounded (including bullet), and we retreated into the Trade Unions building and barricaded the door.

Obviously, the hitmen had the experience of similar actions, for they were not going to break through the main entrance, aiming the fire at the windows, they started to throw lighters into the building. They wounded a guy (bullet) standing next to me on the second floor; the stones were not used already. Moreover, given that we have entered the building almost at the last moment, the offices were locked. We broke out the doors to the offices in order to extinguish the fire that started here and there and looked at least for a couple of fire extinguishers, but as to me, I haven't found any in three offices. Moreover, we opened a fire hydrant with water cannon in the corridor - but there was no water. Meanwhile, they reported that "maidans" were breaking on the third floor through the other corridor, and nobody knew how they had got there. I ran to help block the door in the hallway; there I met two girls - trying to turn over an old iron safe. I helped them to pull it to the door and we blocked it. While we were pulling it and building a barricade, some white and green smoke penetrated under the door. Air from the lungs blew out

instantly. One moment I thought that I would suffocate. Then I broke and gave up - called my sister and said that I love them all very much, especially my mother.

Suddenly, the electricity went off in all the building. Completely. We could not do anything; it was impossible to breathe. With real efforts, I managed to reach the window in the office on the third floor and knocked out the glass to be able to breathe, it turned out that it was possible to breathe only through the fabric. The building was on fire. There were about 5 of us in the office. The corridor was either on fire, or had this crappy smoke, and we closed the door and the guys began to barricade it with bookcases. After some time, it was impossible to approach the door - it was hot, and the suffocating smoke was everywhere.

We looked out of the window, and they started throwing stones at us. The guy next to me began to shout: «Enough! We burn! Do not let us burn!» I really thought that in a couple of minutes we would have to jump out from a third floor window. After some time, they stopped throwing stones, and someone on the ground tried to yell that they would help us. Then as far as I understood, he was forced to shut up, and they shouted «Jump out, pansy boy» and «Call Putin, let him help you.»

There was an idea to use the regular cable from the extension and attach it to the window. But it would not help us. Finally, one of the "maidans" dragged up a metal construction and a small fire ladder with a hook. I held it, while the others got out. The "maidans" immediately began to beat those who came down first, and the last guy refused to get out. I tried to persuade him, but he refused. And then I made a move that might have saved my life, but I am still ashamed of it. I had a T-shirt on me with the coat of arms of the USSR and the inscription "USSR", I took it off, gave it to the guy and asked him to drop it as far as possible into the depth of the office. I do not know, if there was a flame or not - the smoke was already so thick that one could see nothing at a meter.

Then it was as if in a movie. A "maidan" who climbed up told that there would be a circle, but hell - they started to hit almost immediately. They hit on the kidneys and on the head and knees (hit three times, but luckily right above the cups). I covered the head with the hands (on the left hand there was a cut of 2-2,5cm deep, silly to speak about the rest). At first they shouted to take us to the headquarters, then some "maidan" latched on and inquired: «Who was shooting?». I remember only that some girl of 22-25 years was trying all the time to hit me in the face with a stick, and a woman of 40-50 years grabbed my hair stranglehold.



A little later they dragged up a guy who even could not sit. I tried to drag him deeper into our bunch, but one cop yelled at me, «Do not move, bitch!» He said literally this. And then the "maidans" managed to brake through the ring of black cops (just knocked down some of them), three of them flew in with bats in hands and started beating us violently. All this time, a cameraman standing right behind the "pravoseks" was filming us, the red light of his camera was clearly visible.



Quite close to me, they beat women too. One of the women fell down, I just moved to her (or rather upon her), and at this moment I got two full blows at the head, one with a bat, another with something metallic. Blood gushed out immediately, I fell down, but then the cops pushed them a bit, then another man of some 26 - 30 years came up, he had neither a bat nor a vest and the "maidans" obeyed him. They got back. He asked me whether I was an Odessite, I confirmed, he required to prove - I had a passport and I took it out and showed him a page with the registration in the Odessa police department. He said that he would take me out, and indeed - he took me through the cordon; at that time my blood had already flooded half my face and shirt. He said that somewhere there was an ambulance. I asked him to bring out two women that were left, if possible. He said nothing, but walked back, hopefully, he took them out.

A cop of the cordon went by staggering (and all of them were standing aside watching the events), and he told me where to find an ambulance. "Maidans" shied away from me, but one of them suggested help, and I did not even know whether he was going to help me or stab a

knife into my side, because we were going around and behind the building where there was no light at all. But no, he really helped me, and in the ambulance they forced me to sit down and started to bandage my head.

Honestly, I was afraid that they would bring me to "pravoseks", for in the car there were only the nurse and me. They brought me to a military hospital and sent me immediately to the dressing room where the surgeon told me that he «hates the separatists.» And I was scared as hell that he would give me some anesthetic - and farewell... But no, the nurse came, washed my head and the surgeon stitched my head without anesthesia. Surprisingly, I did not feel any pain, only a slight tingling. After that, I refused hospitalization, because they brought a "maidan" to this very hospital, and his friend came with him. Both had a round blue "Euromaidan" badges, and I decided that such neighborhood can bring me no good, and I should better fly away while it is still possible. The doctor warned me to come back tomorrow at 10:00 if there is a slightest complication.

At home, by the way, they told that the stitches were put in directly on top of the hair, and that it was wrong.



Oksana's memories.

Names of living people and of the author were changed.
An exception is made for politicians who have to answer for their actions.

After what happened in Greek Square, all fled in various directions, running away from people with «yellow-blue» flags. No one knew where to go - someone ran home, others ran to the Kulikovo pole. There were journalists, TV-men, including Russian, all of them were filming us and taking interviews. We ran down the road, meeting our friends, our group was gradually increasing. In Panteleimonovskaya street, almost at the railway station, some guy gave us 3 bats, saying that he is with us, that is, he supports us. Our guys thanked him and said that they would never forget it. All of us began to move forward. Having reached Kulikovo pole, we saw that people there had started to disassemble everything and build barricades at the House of Trade Unions; they also were breaking asphalt for the further defense. At that time there was a TV-stream, which showed our opponents including Odessa ultras, who were moving in the direction of the Kulikovo pole at a high speed.

While our guys were disassembling everything, we were tried be helpful. Passing by teenagers said to us: «What are you doing? You are driving yourselves into a trap!» I knew that they were telling the truth.

Some of us just fled to the «green» zone (I learned this later), which was empty. I was hesitating whether leaving or staying. My friend (I will not give names) was there too, but at this moment she was talking to her friend who was in the squad. A man unknown to us, standing at the entrance of the House of Trade Unions, kept repeating over and over: «Women, children! Come inside! They're close.» I heard this phrase many times, but I did not dare to go in for fear that I was alone, and nobody would protect me. And, besides, I would hardly be useful there. Inner sense (or sixth sense, as they say) kept telling me that I shouldn't go there, but the mind or maybe not the mind but conscience did not allow me to leave - for we'd always said «One for all and all for one!» I called my friend several times, but she did not turn to me: either she did not hear me, or was busy socializing with her boyfriend. I decided to enter the building.

Upon entering, I realized that this could drag on for days - until we get faint from hunger. After all, we were not ready for such a turn of events. On the first floor, I saw a block of ice tea «Lipton». One thought made me worried: I had to work the next day, and if we did not get out of there, what would I do?! Besides, all the phones' batteries were almost dead, they would not last until morning... Everyone wanted to stay alive, no one could think that he would die; if they knew, of course, many would have fled, thus bypassing their cruel fate.

The guys immediately started trying to breach the office doors and the windows... they took up positions at the windows to defend. Women and girls were asked to stay in the hallway, away from the windows. I was with some young woman, she asked me to stay with her, because she was very scared. There we stood, but then we became interested and wanted to come up to the window, but the guys did not let us. Fortunately, the toilet

was down the hall. The guys threw something through the window into the street: I do not know what it was, but surely not a «cocktail». They also asked us to move back. Having returned to the central part of the corridor, I saw two of the Kulikovo pole leaders (also won't mention any names), many knew them. I was very worried that I would not get to work the next day, so one of them decided to calm me and said that everything would be okay. I got a little gasp, and some man pulled the mask out of his pocket. I did not know him; he was about 45-50 years old. I thanked him, but I am still sorry that I do not know if he is alive, because I even don't remember his face. Something was burning, but we did not see what was in the outside, the guys asked for a fire extinguisher, and it was there (we had already found it in advance), someone brought it to them ... All these actions took place on the second floor. One of the above mentioned Kulikovo pole leaders (female) began to check whether there was water in the fire main, but there was no water, it must have been already disconnected ... The hose was so short that it would not reach any room. This woman tore the building evacuation plan down from the wall and told me to run through all the floors and do the same. I went downstairs to the first floor - it was very dark there, I ran down the hall to the one side, then to the other side. Having found nothing in the darkness, I returned to the second floor. Before I got up, I saw the lit tent and our barricades in the street through the front door, and I was scared a little, but I consoled myself that everything would be fine. I didn't not see any of my friends. Between the first and second floors, the guys were throwing something out of the back of the building all the time. I think, there were three of them..

I looked out of the window and saw a man over 55, who opened the back yard gates for the pravoseks. He was of medium height and maybe gray-haired. He intentionally brought the frenzied crowd into the yard.

I just stood in the hallway, I don't know how long, everything gradually got covered with darkness, it became dark, we couldn't see anything. Thick clouds of smoke were rising up the corridors in a strange way, the smell was as if the tires were burned ... I did not realize where did this smell come from.

I do not know what was going on the upper floors, for I didn't get there. I tried to go to the third floor, but saw that there it was also dark due to the smoke... And I decided to stay where I was. I can't say for sure where I rushed later in



Judging by the video footage, Oksana saw a certain Borshchenko - a longtime ally of Hurwitz, the former Odessa mayor

search of air and where I stopped, because as well as many of us I already didn't understand anything ... The smoke grew denser, and nothing could be seen; it was like hell - the eyes were open, but there was darkness. Several women ran in the direction from which I had just returned... I stopped, not knowing what to do. I heard a woman's voice behind me: «I'm dying, dying, help !!!» I was frightened and also began to cry that we were dying. Breathing in these clouds of smoke, I felt that every breath got harder and harder to do, that the air was so hot that some more breaths and one could forget about life. I reached out and grabbed at a man's sleeve; frantically holding him, I asked him to save me, to go somewhere

where there was air. Several more steps and I was rescued, it became easier to breathe - we entered some office. When we got in we saw more people in the adjacent office. A man with a large wooden cross was standing and praying. I grabbed at the man's clothes and began to shout to save someone - because people were dying ... But no one moved, no one went out of the door into the corridor, because it meant death. Glad that we had a little bit of air and a chance to survive, we just stood ... I do not know what was in the street. After a while, a cocktail thrown in set fire to the window. We didn't move. There was nothing to extinguish the fire with ... After that, the second cocktail got in the center of the adjacent office (where the religious people were).

They rushed into our room. Fire was on its way, so we had to run out. I do not remember where we fled... in what direction, with whom... We just ran away. I still cannot understand where it all happened.

I saw the light; men and women ran to the window together with me. In the window, a man and one of the women stood on the ledge. Sticking my head out, I realized that if another cocktail got in, the woman who was on the ledge could move back, breaking the window and then the shards of glass would hit my face. I was afraid, but then realizing that I had to breathe somehow, I did not care. One of the women repeated, «Where is my son? He's upstairs ...» A young girl was sitting aside on a chair, she was all covered with soot. I do not remember anyone else. To the right of the window, the air conditioner was burning; I asked to throw it out, but there was nothing to do it with. There was a furious crowd outside. The woman, who was standing the other side of the window, in front of me, was asking for help: «We surrender, surrender. Here are women, children ...» In response, we heard: «Well, still want to Russia?» After a while, they brought a construction that was used for flags on the Kulikovo stage to the next window. People started climbing down it, Police was helping.

I saw a woman with a backpack on her shoulders, who was lowered down. Then I also climbed onto the ledge which was vacated at the moment . Men helped me to move to the next window, and from there another man helped me to get to the police officer, who in turn handed me over to another policeman, holding me tight, so I did not fall. When I was on the ground, I could not understand



how to get through the crowd. After all that happened, I thought that the crowd would break up, and I would go away quietly. But I saw a woman at the wall between the crowd and the police. Some guy came up to her, tore off her St. George ribbon (I took mine off earlier) and pinned her to the wall. It was exactly like Nazis did to our Russians ... I wished to go through the crowd, but I was not allowed to. Some guy from the crowd pulled me towards him, but I grabbed at the policeman's sleeve (maybe he had some rank, because he was dressed not like the others). Then that guy from the crowd gave me a kick, and the policeman started yelling at me: «What the hell do you want me to do?» as



I was holding to him, not to be pulled out to the wolves. After these words, I realized that he wouldn't help me. Then I grabbed another policeman with both hands and began to shout that people were dying out there in the building and asked him to help, but he just turned away. I did not know what to do next. I came up to the woman, who was standing by the wall. At that moment they poured a bottle of petrol over me and her - over our heads, faces, eyes... I felt the smell of petrol, my eyes were burning, the sweater was wet ... I realized that one single match - and

we pass away. I knew that they would force us to our knees, make us shout: «Glory to Ukraine», and realizing it, and especially the fact that I would not give up, I was waiting for death. Then I started screaming so loudly that it was probably heard at the railway station. Someone said: «Let her go, she has a shock!»

Turning around, I saw that the crowd parted, and I ran. On my way I saw the corpse of a guy who did not have some body organ. I saw blood and human flesh.

I began to cry louder, rushing past the crowd as fast as I could. Seeing that I was let go, the guys grabbed me by the arm and put on the ground under the fir trees. I just screamed that no one should touch me, not to touch me... Someone told to bring water and they poured it over me. I asked who they were. They answered: «Your people.» But they weren't our people. Again I asked the same question, and some girls seeing that I was their «enemy», began to call the guys: «Beat her, beat!» Then someone brought me smelling salts ... The guy who later introduced himself said to them that I was the same human being as they were... Gradually, I began to realize what was happening. Over me stood some foreigners (maybe the Turks), there were about five of them. There was an acquaintance of mine there, whom I often saw at Kulikovo pole. He brought me out of there, and the guy from the crowd, who had asked to bring me water immediately began to explain to me that he was from Russia, but had moved to Kharkov, and that I should not think that it is so good in Russia... But I was not interested in all that. Having thanked him for what he had done for me, I left with my acquaintance. When I saw the police walking slowly along the Kulikovo pole, I began to cry again that people had died there ... But they were not interested in that.

Eventually I found myself outside the Kulikovo pole.

But I know for sure that if I could bring that day back, I would do exactly the same! Even if I wouldn't survive!

Eugene's memories.

Names of living people and of the author are changed.
An exception is made for the politicians who have to answer for their actions.

Together with two of my friends, I went to the Kulikovo pole through the city center. At 14:00, we met our «Kulikovo» guys near the monument to «Perished militia men» in Alexander Avenue (former Prospect Mira).

Many young people, some of whom were members of «Odessa Squad», cossacks, Kulikovo pole activists and just ordinary Odessites, among whom there were girls, women, and elderly people, were present there. They were variously dressed: some were in camouflage and helmets - these were the guys from «Odessa squad»; some were in sports suits or jackets with a wooden shield and a wooden club, some were wearing construction helmets, they were from the «Watch» organization (both these «equipped» groups were few in number and were often present at rallies and marches, their function being securing public order); some (small amount), were face-covered - in Balaklavas with a bandana or a gauze bandage; but many were dressed in casual clothes, the way you dress for peaceful rallies or marches; part of them were dressed in shorts and T-shirts without any protective gear. As to me personally, I did not see any weapons.



They gathered there in order to go in parallel with the «euromaidan» march down another street and check whether the claimed «march for the United Ukraine» would not turn into the Nazi-fascist march under Bandera red and black flags, with the Nazi-fascist slogans («Moskal's to knives», «Death to the enemies», etc.), as it always happened during their marches, whatever they called them. The city had got already tired of the fact that Bandera-troops can freely hold their fascist marches in the city. This time, it was decided not to let the Bandera-fascist march through the main streets of Odessa. Another goal of our guys was to prevent this march from getting to Kulikovo pole.

There was about 400-500 of our people.

We stopped to have a little chat with them. The atmosphere was calm and peaceful, although there were rumors that the day before many «pravoseks» from various western

and central Ukraine areas, Kiev fighters from «hundreds of Maidan», and Kharkov and Dnepropetrovsk «ultras» were brought to the city. All of them came to the city in the guise of football fans for the match between local «Chernomorets» and Kharkov «Metallurg». Many had been brought and quartered in Odessa long before May 2, but Kiev hitmen from «maidan hundreds» were also on the «checkpoints» at the exit / entrance from Odessa, which were established by «maidauns» in mid-April, supposedly to protect the city (to protect Odessa from Odessa citizens? How one should understand this? Who was threatening the city?)

And yet, I did not believe that something serious could happen and that our tent city on the Kulikovo could be crushed by «maidauns». We knew that local «maidauns», and Dnepropetrovsk «ultras» had already visited a match - and nothing had happened, they had just ran across the Kulikovo pole in a small group of 6 people - that's all. Personally I thought that this time it would be the same.



Our guys are more patriotic, more brave and stronger than the local «maidauns» or pravosek visitors. "Fight - yes, it's possible, but what else can take place in our city?" - this was how I saw it then.

Therefore, the female part of the community decided to prepare first aid kits in case of minor collisions and fights. Besides, the girls prepared salt and pepper for the women to defend, just in case. Since the collisions were not planned beforehand, we had to buy medicines on the spot - this is what the women and girls started to do (which proves that nothing wrong was planned by our guys).

I also ran to the pharmacy - they asked me to buy gloves. When I was standing beside the road on the Zhukovsky street, I saw a middle-aged man in bright clothing, maybe denim, who was sitting inside the slow moving jeep with tinted windows and transit numbers, who was filming the crowd of people with a mobile phone. Now I understand that it was done on purpose. Then it did not cause anxiety, but I took a note of it. I even mentioned it to some women, but no one paid any attention to this fact.

I came back, and we quietly continued to communicate in Alexander Avenue, when part of the people suddenly rushed to the corner of Alexander Avenue and st. Zhukovsky (from the Preobrazhenskaya street, former Soviet Army street). We did not understand what happened, but the guys said that there had been a gun shot. Two apparently «maidaun» guys, passing along the avenue by us, suddenly fired a shot. All rushed after them. One of them managed to escape, and the other was caught up and taken by the police.

Here it is - the first shot (and don't say that it was a shot from a traumatic gun - it was a shot at our boys!). This was the first provocation on that tragic day of May 2, and it came not from the Kulikovo pole activists but from the «euromaidauns».

But even after this incident, the spirit of aggression did not start to spread in the air, although some nervousness appeared.

My friend's husband saw that many started to tie red armbands; when we came closer, it turned out to be a red scotch. I can say for sure that the red «bandage» was not a sign of provocateurs. All those who wanted to distinguish each other in case something unforeseen happens, were hitching red «bandages». As they explained to me later, such bobbins with red and yellow tape are usually used by airsoft players. My friend's husband did the same and offered me too, but I thought: «Let the red scotch be for men» - and did not bind it up. I want to say that many of our guys were wearing red armbands, while the women had only St. George ribbons.

Then we saw that the guys began to form the column. Then we realized that it was already about 14:00, which meant that we were late and we had to go, because we had to be on the Kulikovo pole at 14:00. To be honest, I did not want to go, and my friend's husband too. I thought that we should remain there, but the second lesson on first aid was appointed at 14:00, and we could not miss it.

So we left, and the guys went to the center, where the first part of the tragic events of May 2 in Odessa began. During it, there were many wounded and 13 people killed (official number of killed in the center is much smaller - 4 people): according to the available data, a simple calculation shows that among the dead there were: 9 «kulikovo supporters», one police officer, 1 firefighter and 2 «euromaidaun» («maidauns» claim that there were 4 of them, but in the official lists there were only two, I think that if there were more, it would not be hidden).

As it turned out later, there were not less than 3 thousand of «maidauns», «pravoseks», «ultras» and other radicals in the city center, and only 400-500 of our people. Forces, of course, were not equal, but ours were native people of Odessa - the descendants of those who had liberated Odessa and the whole world from the Nazi invaders!



Alarming phone calls kept coming. Nevertheless, all decided to stay on the Kulikovo pole, apparently, no one could believe that something terrible could happen in Odessa... Everyone thought: "The biggest thing that can happen - a fight with stones, sticks or just a hand-to-hand fight". Many thought that all the calls were exaggerating the seriousness of the situation.

Although there were those who assumed that something bad could still happen. About 16:45 (I was writing an sms, that's why I know the time), my friend - the poet Victor Gunn approached me and said, «I only know you here. If something happens to me by accident ... well ... you know, what ... write to my beloved woman, for I know that she will be very worried» and he gave me her name, saying where to find her. I was surprised with his thoughts, and I could not believe that something so horrible could happen. And after all that had happened, I tried to find him among the living, who came to the Kulikovo pole, for a long time but alas - he was among the dead. Blessed memory!

At that time, there were mostly men beyond 45, and women, many of whom were also beyond 50, there was even a mom with two babies on Kulikovo pole.

On the field, I saw our regional deputy Vyacheslav Markin, who was also a Kulikovo pole activist, however, he did not consider himself a leader, though he was respected by people, being easy-going, smiling, always ready to listen and express his opinion or his vision of problems; in the evenings he could be found on the Kulikovo pole almost every day. He was with us on that day too, and we greeted each other; I was somehow glad to see him smiling and calm.

At some moment, when the number of calls increased, «kulikovo activists» began to worry. I remember that Vyacheslav Markin urged women to leave the Kulikovo pole, many men supported him, it seems that it sounded even from the stage, but the women flatly refused. At that time, there were more women than men on the field, and all in all there



were some 200-250 people. I heard a woman say, «No, we're not going anywhere! How many men will stay here? No, we do not leave! We're not going anywhere! «

I saw Rostislav Barda too, he spoke on the phone and he was very excited, I heard him saying: «There are more than 1.5 thousand of them» Then I lost sight of him.

Artem Davidchenko was on the stage deciding what to do: leave the Kulikovo pole and go to help in the center, or remain there to protect the tent city. At this moment,

everybody on the field were arguing. Artem said that he would wait for a call from the city center, and then decide. Then a guy from «people's militia» approached him to talk - as I understood, he returned from the city center. Then I ran to the pharmacy again and did not see what happened next on the stage.

Coming back, I met Vyacheslav again, we smiled at each other, and he told me to go to the «field hospital»; I've never seen him since then, he was a man of a really noble heart.

People were bustling around, looking for something to arm themselves with to be able to fight back. They were breaking off the legs of chairs, sticks of the stands. Some picked up firewood and other things in tents or around with which they could defend themselves...

Then I saw a middle-aged woman with a stick in her hand for defense. That touched me, because she genuinely wanted to protect our tent city, our Kulikovo pole with that stick...

It was decided to construct barricades around the tent city, but we had too little stuff at hand, and those barricades were easy to overcome.

Wounded people began to come from the city center, somehow bandaged, they were mainly with broken heads or faces. We rendered them with first aid, learning our first lesson, stopping bleeding, washing their wounds and dressing them again. Wounded people, breaking through by different ways from the center of the city, came to protect Kulikovo pole, our tent city, our symbol of resistance to the Nazis!

Female nurses were told to come with medicines to the porch of the Trade Unions House.

People said that it would be good to go to the churches and ask them to ring the bells to sound the alarm. Then my friend, another «kulikovo activist» and I ran to the Pushkin street church asking them to ring the alarm, attracting people's attention and thus encouraging them to assist in the defense of the Kulikovo pole. But they refused, claiming the senior was absent and the church was closed. We tried to run to the Panteleymonovskaya street church, but it was almost 18.00, and it was closed, we tried to call or get through, but we had no answer and had to return with nothing to the Kulikovo pole. When we came back we met an old man of 70 years old; full of determination, he came from the city center, where there was an unequal bloody fight. His head was hastily bandaged, the spots of blood were seen through the bandage, but he came to the Kulikovo pole to protect it.

When he came back, we saw that all those who were on the Kulikovo pole were constructing a new barricade, now around the porch of the Trade Unions House. We started to help.

Not so numerous policemen and a police car had disappeared. Apparently, they had driven away.

Then there was an order to the women with medicines to enter the building and go to the 2nd floor. I did not see how the door to the building was opened, but when I came in, I saw that the glass was broken, and I concluded that the door was opened by breaking the glass, and no one opened it from inside.

We went to the 2nd floor, right wing, and laid out our medicines on the tables

standing in the hallway. The other girls dragged them out of the room directly in front of the central staircase before I got to the 2nd floor. I would like to note that nothing but the tables was taken out. The light in the hallway was switched on, and on the floor along the walls there were mattresses brought from the tent, they were intended for the wounded. There was a woman doctor with us, who taught us the first aid technique. Then a man came, he said that he was also a doctor, and that he was called - and here he came. He said that he also knows surgery. We decided to leave the functions distribution to the time when the wounded start to come and to focus on the situation.

I remember a 13-14 years old boy with us on the 2nd floor, he was very active and helped men in every possible way to prepare themselves for the defense. Together with our male doctor, he tried to ram the door to move our first aid station to the room, but the door was an oak one, it wouldn't open. Then they went on, and I lost their sight. I was so happy to find out from the later videos that the boy got out alive from the burning house of unions.

We tried to find the fire post on the second floor, we found it and opened, but there only was a tap without a hose. And there was no water in the tap. Usually, the water for the fire hydrants is provided separately.

Someone shouted, «Run to the toilet, we need some water.» We rushed to the end of the corridor, where the toilets usually are. The ladies' room was around the corner, near the window that looked out from the hallway into the street on the side of the building (where the railway station is seen), we opened the tap and started to fill the plastic bottles of various sizes with water; then someone brought a bucket. When we ran past the window, someone shouted: «Do

not come close to the window, they shoot at the windows.» After a while, they threw a Molotov cocktail at the window into the corridor, it got between the frames, the glasses were thick - they belonged to the Soviet times, so the glass of the second frame was not punched. The flame started between the frames, we broke the window and began to extinguish the fire with water, but suddenly a curtain caught fire, we quickly extinguished it, and immediately began to pluck it down not to get it lit up again.

They shouted not to come close to the window. All were running, trying to find new capacities for water. At some moment they said that the water was gone. Someone ran to look for water. One of the girls who looked for water on the 1st floor, told me that she saw Vyacheslav Markin on the 1st floor of the House of Trade Unions, where they already started to throw petrol bombs into the building. He was still joking with her, and apparently he could not imagine the horror and the atrocities that would be committed by these inhuman monsters (the next day we learned that Vyacheslav Markin, jumping out from the burning building, did not crash and got up with the help of a man in camouflage and went, but Bandera activists still decided to get his life though he managed to escape from a burning building. Later he died in the hospital from the beatings inflicted in the street. The bright memory of him!)

A new Molotov cocktail flew suddenly in the partially broken window on the 2nd floor where we were. It fell 30 cm away from me - I was then back to the window, but then rebounded, terribly frightened.

Everyone tried to put out the fire on the floor, mattresses lay not far away, and part of the lamp fell upon them. Together we were able to quickly extinguish the flames. We did it with rags and hands.

Suddenly, a dark smoke came from the main entrance, and the light was immediately off. I was very scared of the darkness that instantly arose and even more of the black, acrid smoke. Already then we heard the cheers of the crowd cheering and raging in the street.

We, women who were on the 2nd floor, were told to collect all the medicines and run to the upper floors. The corridor with no light plunged into the darkness of black smoke. We threw the medicines into the bags. Smoke was already everywhere, someone (a girl) began to offer people who are nearby, the diapers adapted as bandages, and I remembered the gauze bandage in my pocket and pulled it on my face. Then another female voice told us to wet diapers and bandages, there was a bowl of water just near the woman (in my opinion, for the water filtration). We approached her and she wetted our means of defense, thanks to these two women (or girls - it was hard to notice age in the darkness). Later I heard many people saying that these water-soaked diapers were very useful.

Having collected medicines in all the packs, we tried to move towards the stairs - there was a window. In the hallway of the 2nd floor it was very dark, and the black smoke was billowing. We went closer to the window on the side of the stairs. It was already wide open. Someone shouted: «Do not come close - they shoot at the windows.» The window on the side of the stairs is really large, full-height of a man, and passing by, a man was in full view. And we've heard already that «maidaun" fascists were in the courtyard and tried to shoot at the windows, in which motion has been detected.



I hesitated for a while, but then I saw that the black acrid smoke came up, and people also accumulated. I decided to rush to the top, «Let it be whatever it is» - I thought. Several others followed me. On the 3rd floor there was also black smoke, and we ran up to the 4th, we saw an office near the stairs and ran into it. There were several people, and the window was broken so that the fresh air was in the office. In some 10 minutes, several people ran in.

There were about 6 women and 6-8 men in this office. We did not know what to do, and many tried unsuccessfully to call the police and fire department. There were three nurses from our group in this room, and we even managed to bandage two wounded people. One of the girls said that they brought in a guy, and she gave him an anesthetic

injection. I tried to stick my head into the corridor, but then jerked back, slamming the door. The corridor was full of black smoke, it was very sharp and suffocating, few seconds was enough to feel it. Our guys backed up the door with a wardrobe for more reliability. Unsuccessful calls to the fire, police and ambulance continued ...

We spent a long time in the 4th floor office, at that moment, it seemed painfully long and up to the nightfall. First we watched in horror what was happening on the ground outside, we saw how this crowd raged, sang the national anthem, rejoiced, shouting Bandera slogans «Death to enemies», «Unified Ukrayina», «moskalyaku to the gallows» etc. This happy crowd of brutal savages was waving the flag of Ukraine when the people were burned in the building, they continued throwing incendiary mixture and shoot at the windows. But we did not know then and did not see what were they doing with the escapees, how they beat and killed our boys and men, how they beat even women ...

Everyone was trying to make a call to somebody, they were speaking to relatives, acquaintances, friends, asking them to help, dialing fire department, police, etc. Black smoke was seen in the opposite window, which was not broken. A guy in camouflage and helmet was trying to break this window with his club. We started shouting at him that if the window was broken we would suffocate with smoke, so he immediately stopped. The guy calmed down, but then, apparently from a nervous shock, he tried to break up the other half of this window, we shouted at him once again, and he finally calmed down.

I want to emphasize that while being in the office, we neither broke it, nor smashed nor overturned anything. On the contrary, we tried to move carefully not to break anything from the office. We did not take anything from the refrigerator, which was in this office, we didn't even open it. Frankly, we were not up to it. We ran into this office in order to survive, nothing more. I am writing this, because later the «Bandera maids» and their henchmen claimed that we had broken and destroyed everything, drank alcohol and ate candies - this is nonsense, we were not up to it!

Three women were praying. I heard them reading the «Our Father».

Then someone noticed a woman supine on the windowsill of the 5th floor from the outside in that horrible smoke, maybe anyway it was easier to breathe there than in the office. We were all very worried about her, in fact she could easily fall down and die or eventually suffocate ... But alas, we were unable to do anything.

We were running around the office as if coursed, and did not know, had no idea what to do. We tried to shout to those in the street, in the hope that they would hear: «Save us, we are on fire!», and «Help!». It was terrible to look at the raging crowd on the ground and realize that we, the citizens of Odessa, were being burned and killed; by whom? - most of them were visitants. That angered and appalled. And our police was just standing by and watching it all.

Someone all the time reminded not to stand directly in front of the window, where they could shoot. And we, in our own city, had to sneak to the window to breathe fresh air. Some smoke seeped through the door, but, fortunately, we had that saving window. Then we heard siren of the approaching fire truck and were very glad, but it was a long time until they let the car approach the building.

Finally, we saw the fire ladder rising to the 5th floor, and the woman was removed from the windowsill. We were glad for her.

After a while, someone opened the door considering that the smoke has cleared, and indeed, the corridor was no longer so smoggy, it seemed relatively bright. Someone heard a slight noise, and shouted: «This is the maids!», then: «No, it's ours, wait, we have to let them in.» Then, when they saw those who made noise, they cried out again, «Shut the door, these are the maids! « Our guys quickly shut the door and pulled the wardrobe, but Banderas were close and began pounding on the door. The boys shifted desks, and refrigerator, everything that could help to keep the door closed. Maids began to break in the door, screaming. All the guys were holding the door. We, the female part, began to shout out of

the window, asking for help. But whom did we address? - the crowd, which was happy to throw every cocktail, to fire every shot, to beat every Odessite who jumped out of the window of the building, those who shouted: «Burn,» Colorado «and» Fried Russian kebabs.» It was naive, but we shouted. At some moment, those monsters managed to open the door. But our guys held the whole barricade of wardrobe, tables and cabinets. And the maids were non-humanly screaming in fury.



A gap formed between the top of the cabinet and the door opening. They began to spray some gas in frequent intervals into it, but the guys held on. Banderas threw stun grenade. No one seemed to be hurt. We sat near the window. Men began to shout: «Here are women,» we confirmed their cries, but it did not stop them. They continued to spray gas in the office, hoping, apparently, that it would have the paralytic effect. Those were terrible moments, but the guys did not give up. At some moment, the «maids» managed to move our barricade, and a small gap appeared in the door. And suddenly, a gun was stuck into this gap just in the direction of the window. In the corner near the window there were mostly women, I jerked away from the window towards our barricade and pulled another nurse with me. A shot ranged out. Another woman said later that they shot down a guy. It seems to me that there was a second shot.

And then our guys managed to move a barricade back to the door. Once again they started to spray the gas at us. Then a piece of glass of medium size flew at us, those who were behind the barricade. I was behind the guys and tried to cover the head, but I got a splinter in the sole of the shoe, I do not even know how. But I managed to pull it out

immediately and at the same time surprisingly not to be cut. Our guys fought for some time, but the forces were not equal. The guys were completely exhausted and heavily breathed the gas. We probably held out for half an hour, maybe forty minutes under the Bandera-fascist onslaught. It was terrible. And then the guys shouted, «We surrender» and released the barricades. Immediately, the chasteners rushed in and then, as if he knew where the switch was, the first of them switched on the light (light in the building was apparently, already switched on) and yelled madly, wildly: «Everyone lie! On your



knees! «(I do not remember what language he yelled. Before May 2, unlike today, I did not even pay attention to the language. Now for me the Ukrainian language is the language of the murderers of my friends and comrades, the language of the torturers and rapists ...)

It was an adult man in a green camouflage uniform and helmet, his eyes were mad.

At first I tried, squatting, to cover my head to protect it. But then I saw the girls huddled up in the corner by the window, and I rushed to them to be together. Those who came in after that frenzied Bandera flew to our guys and started to beat them with everything.

After them, another «maidaun», bursted in, he had different clothing and shouted not to beat women, but the first shouted «Nooo!» with wild already disrupted from the constant screaming voice, he had rabies in the eyes, there was an impression that he is about to flow saliva sensing the planned massacre of the «prey». But the one who said not to beat women insisted. It seems that he was one of the local «maidauns» who finally realized what a terrible thing their associates were doing, or simply the humanity returned to them and they decided to save those who could be saved, us, women.

A man with a hastily bandaged head and oozing blood through the bandages lay next to me to the left near the window - as I learned later from of nurses in our group, it was a man who called himself «Lenin». During the defense of «our» office, I together with another girl tried to bandage him normally, but he flatly refused, he was not up to it, as he said. I still don't know whether he survived. Another «maidaun» - young, camouflaged, and in Balaclava helmet approached us. He asked: «Who's the nurse? What happened to him?». We replied that he had a broken head. Then the «maidaun» looked at him, then at the window. At some moment, it seemed to me that he wanted to throw him out of the window. But I was distracted when I heard a noise on the right; I looked around, and saw those monsters beating two of our guys near the wall. One of our nurses tried to

intercede for them, but the «maidaun», who said not to touch women, pulled her back and said, «Sit down.» After some time, several sane «maidauns» who were against beating women ran up.

At first, the first of those adequate took out one of the nurses, then the others from his group began to take us out.

I went out of the room with another girl, and then the guy came up to me and said: «Hold my hand. Do not worry, I will take you out. I am from Odessa.» At this moment, I stopped thinking about anything, and I do not remember exactly how he took me out of the building. I only remember that he told me: «I am from Odessa, I am for Odessa», he tried to give me some sermons. He said: «Why are you with them?» I just said, «We are for Odessa.»

I went seeing nothing and no one or perhaps not wanting to see. Now I am sorry for that, because I could see and remember something important. I was silent, because I understood that if I said what I think they could beat me. We went out into the yard; it was already dark. I felt small but thick pieces of glass, which squelched with water in my shoes, but I did not feel pain or cuts. At some moment, the phone rang in my pocket. I did not take out. And someone suddenly shouted: «Check out her phone.» But the «maidaun» who had brought me out, did not respond to it. Already in the courtyard, I saw a some of our men. He was tossing about in the yard, but then they did not touch him, apparently, they did not realize who he was. We caught up with him and only looked at each other sympathetically. And suddenly a bandera activist in camouflage stopped us; I did not know what he wanted. Then that monster suddenly jabbed into my nurse robe and asked, «What is this? Let her put it off», but someone said, «Come on, let her go, she is a nurse». He walked around me and suddenly saw a red inscription «Victory Day» on the back, and the black one on the front read «I have the honor.» I did not realise that it was necessary to remove it and hide. Bandera suddenly shouted: «Victory Day! What is Victory Day?! Victory?!». It was no longer a man. «Take it off! No victory!» he shouted in a violent rage. They helped me to remove the cape. He grabbed it, and the one who was with me, quickly led me forward. I only had time to send eye goodbye to a man who was a «kulikovo» activist. Fortunately he was alive!

We approached the ranks of the police or internal troops, I cannot say for sure. I saw a girl who was brought out together with me from the office. She was surrounded by Banderas. They rummaged in her bag, her phone, I thought, was already taken away. We approached the young police guys (or internal troops conscripts) in the uniform with open helmets. I looked into their eyes. In their eyes, there was confusion, fear and terror. They were making a corridor to the rear exit of the building. Behind them, a small group of others stood in the uniform with closed helmets and with shields. The «maidaun» who was bringing me out, asked the guys to let me pass, but they were not moving, sliding shields. He repeated the request, but they continued to stupidly stand. The «maidaun», I think, was very surprised by this kind of behavior of policemen or soldiers of internal troops (they say that they were dressed Banderas, and they say that there were not only from Odessa police or internal forces, but also people from other cities of central Ukrainian regions. Judging by their behavior, I am inclined to believe it). Perhaps they wanted me to go through the «corridor of shame» formed by Banderas. But the guy decided differently. He took me from behind, and began to push through these panels. I

realized that I should make an effort myself and started to actively squeeze. Finally, we just did squeezed out through this row of police officers with shields. He took me a little further. There was calmer and there were less people, apparently all crowded at the rear exit, at «their corridor.» He said: «That's all, get out of here,» and left.

When I was brought out from the House of Tradeunions through the rear exit, it was already about 21 hours; I wandered along the road, turned around a small public garden and the parking lot. First of all, I started to phone to two of my friends, with whom I came to the Kulikovo pole, their phones did not answer; I was terribly worried for them (fortunately, they were alive). I called home and friends to announce that I was alive. In my heart everything ached from pain, now I was not scared, but it was painful for all of us whom they tried to burn alive, shoot, maim, kill ... I sat on a bench, shook the glass fragments out of both shoes and decided to return to the Kulikovo pole. Even the tears could not go outside, but inside I poured them all ...

At the Kulikovo all those possessed were rejoicing, singing the anthem of Ukraine, screaming in ecstasy.

While I, having escaped from the burning building was going back to Kulikovo pole, making a circle, another nurse-girl called me, she also got safely out of the building, I was very happy that she was alive. We met.

It seemed that something or someone did not let me go from Kulikovo pole, I wanted to see someone else, see something ... For some time, we went together with a girl from our medical team around the building and in the field. I still hoped to see friends who got out, but in vain ... we did not see any of the survivors, and eventually left. Though, probably, if not for her, I would have hovered on the field and in the building longer. I was like a wounded bird, circling around the ruined nest and not having an opportunity to see who is alive and who is dead. I wanted to come closer, to go into the crowd, but she stopped me.



Leaving the Kulikovo pole, we did not know and had no idea that on the roof of trade unions there were still about 50 people, 54 to be exact ...

We decided to go through the city center and visit my friends, whom I could not get through, but this was rather far away.

In the Greek street in front of us there appeared a terrible picture of the pogrom, like some tornado swept through there ... Piles of stone blocks, burned car, sticks, broken bottles, overturned garbage cans. I could not believe that we are at the center of my city, in the center of Odessa.

But there some people were already fussing (which is absolutely not typical for the utilities in Odessa), quickly removing that total nightmare, removing traces of «maidaun» radicals' barbarism, traces of the crime. In order that in the morning there would be no traces of the massacre, which started there and ended with the burning and killing Odessa anti-fascists in the House of Trade Unions.

My friends were not at home, and I was very worried about them.

I got home at midnight - it learned that my friend had called me. She and her husband were alive!

Next morning, I woke up at about 5 o'clock a.m., and then the tears broke out. I could not calm down for a long time ...

Our life will never be the same as before! But if someone thought to frighten us in this way - he was badly mistaken! We will not be on the knees!

Nobody is forgotten! Nothing is forgotten!!!

Eternal glory to the dead!

We'll be forever the Russian Kulikovo activists - antifascists of Odessa!



Heben's memories

The author is named has been changed

Part I In the centre of Odessa

The local authorities didn't cover the fact that the encampment of anti-fascists in the square of Kulikovo Pole was disturbing them. The authorities' appeal to the anti-fascists in the square was shown on television. It was proclaimed that the encampment must have been pulled down by the 1-st of May.



Everyone knew that members of "Right Sector" and ultra football fans had arrived in Odessa on the eve of the tragedy. On the 2-nd of May people holding peaceful meetings earlier in the square of Kulikovo Pole gathered to protect the encampment. About 14.00 I came to the square where there were already many people. I heard that part of "Narodnaya Druzhina" and some anti-maidan people had gone to the centre of Odessa not to allow the Nazis and radicals to get to the square of Kulikovo Pole. The anti-maidan people were not armed and defenceless.

Some time later it was reported that the Nazi were very numerous and they were very seriously armed. Another group of anti-maidan people, having taken with them some sticks and wooden home-made shields for protection, left Kulikovo Pole to help members of "Narodnaya Druzhina".



Some woman and I decided to join them but we were some distance behind. We lost sight of them, and on our way to the centre, we tried to run after our activists. We also saw them reaching Grecheskaya square. And something unimaginable began to happen there. I had never seen such things in my life before. The air was filled with a terrible yellow smoke; some explosions. shooting and cries were heard. We saw a crying, armed crowd of people approaching us. The crowd was moving towards us. Many armed people appeared from everywhere. Some man, following us, said that we were to take off our Georgievskiye ribbons and to run away from there. But we wanted to find our guys. From behind the fence of a building site three people wearing masks sprang out before us. On seeing our Georgievskiye ribbons



they were frightened and wanted to escape but realizing that we were two (women) they began throwing stones at us. We had behind a car and the stones broke the windows of the car and the windows of the building behind us.

The man that had warned us about the ribbons ran up to us and said that we were to follow him. We found ourselves in Preobrazhenskaya street. In this street there is a municipal police station where many local policemen were putting on masks, waistcoats, taking protective shields.



The man asked some policemen to hide us inside the police station and they kindly agreed. The policemen asked if they would be given out fire-arms but the answer was negative.

Some time later an old man all bleeding was brought into the police station. The old man wanted to put in an application about the fact that had taken place, but he was not heard and wasn't even given any help. That man told us that members of "Right Sector" had hijacked a fire-engine and had used it in front of their crowd. The man jumped into the fire-engine, pulled out the key, switched off the ignition and threw the key away on to the ground. Some thirty people attacked him, beating and demanding the key (from him). He could hardly survive but he didn't satisfy their demand.

We went out into the yard of the police station. A smoke was approaching from outside: shooting and Explosions were heard. There were many policemen there, but they never received any orders. We were not let out for about an hour and a half. When it became quieter we were lucky to leave the police station and returned to Kulikovo Pole.



Part 11 Kulikovo Pole

We, Citizens of Odessa, people of different ages, gathered in the square of Kulikovo Pole to protect the encampment as it was known that the local authorities wanted to pull it down that day.

When I reached the place some people were taking their icons, equipment, property out of the tents on to the porch of the House of Trade Unions. Those people were also taking boards, chairs so that the guys could barricade themselves in case of being attacked and so they could stand before the police arriving. Soon after it was reported that members of Right Sector were approaching Kulikovo Pole and the people staying in the square must escape. Suddenly explosions, shooting and cries were heard from the side of Privokzalnaya square.

Everybody began running into the House of Trade Unions to hide. Basically they were old men and women. Among them there were



some children frightened by the brutal crowd approaching Kulikovo Pole. They were the people who wanted to protect the encampment and not to let it be pulled down. The guys of the encampment were about 30-40 persons. They were holding sticks but not armed. Many passers-by with their children found themselves in the house hiding from the approaching brutal crowd.

Somebody began to cry and it meant that the women, old people

and children must go inside and run upstairs. The guys downstairs wanted to defend the porch of the House and its ground floor. I went up to the first floor and suddenly heard shootings downstairs. I returned to the ground floor and saw the brutal crowd throwing Molotov cocktails inside the House through the windows. Some of them cried: "Let's burn them."

I returned to the first floor and there I saw an old man lying on a couch in the corridor. He had a heart attack. Cocktails were being thrown through the windows. All was on fire. Some of the crowd aimed and fired pistols. Some of us brought a bucket of water from the lavatory to put out the fire. When he ran to bring some more water, it was disconnected. The fire was being put out with their own hands and feet. The people began to break the doors of the offices inside the House to get up to the windows and let some fresh air in. But when the brutal crowd saw people appear on the window-sills, they began to fire pistols and throw cocktails again. In the corridor there was such a terrible pungent smoke that those people's lungs were breaking. We could hardly see each other though it was not yet dark outside.



I tried to get the police on the phone but there was no answer. At a certain moment I felt I was dying: my heart was hardly beating. So I went up to the window. Shootings began again and cocktails began to fly in my direction. I was pulled away from the window by somebody, but there was not enough air for me and I did not care, I wanted some fresh air. I stepped on to the window-sill and cried to the crowd downstairs not to fire. The cornice on the first floor THANK GOD turned out to be wide. I was followed by some other half-dead people. They were being shot at. Cocktails did not run dry. The whole cornice and the wall

were coated with petrol, oil and blood. The light in the House was switched off too.

At a certain moment I felt a terrible blow on my head. I saw a bright flash and my hair began to burn. Something exploded on my head. I don't know what it was. In consequence of the blow my face was cut, my nose started bleeding. If I hadn't snatched at the air conditioner I would have fallen down. Some boy standing next to me began to put out the



fire on my head. I don't remember how long we stayed there, I think that not less than half an hour. Some time later the police arrived, they brought a metal ladder for us to go downstairs. An unknown guy (from Odessa) embraced me, covered me with his jacket and led me through the crowd to a safer place.

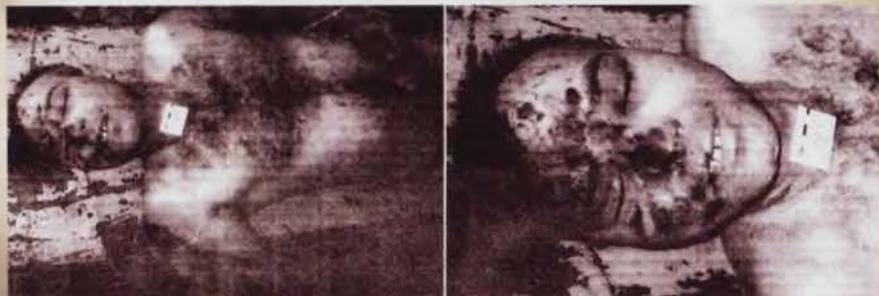
I found myself near an ambulance car but none of the doctors wanted to notice me. Nobody tried to help me though my face was bleeding. I found a handkerchief and removed the blood from my face. No doctor ever came up to me.

I saw a man lying in an unnatural position. A woman sat beside him trying to see whether he was alive or not. I went closer and asked the woman if he was alive, she said: «I think so». I ran up to the doctors for helping that man. But the doctors in the ambulance refused saying: «Bring him to us». We explain that he was seriously wounded and he couldn't move. But they refused all the same. It is possible they were afraid or didn't want to help. A man in doctor's smock asked them to give us a stretcher to carry the wounded man to a safer place but the doctors refused. Then the man in doctor's smock ran to look for something that



could be used as a stretcher for carrying the wounded man. I followed him. He directed his steps to the tents on fire in the hope of finding something there. Another guy joined him. The man tried to take something out of the dying down fire not losing the hope of making a stretcher. He was one of the real doctors staying there. I decided to return up to the wounded man but I didn't find him as I got lost in the crowd. I hope that man was lucky to survive.

I saw some young Nazi women pouring cocktails into bottles on a lawn near the place where policemen were just watching the tragedy. I was also a witness of the fact that there had been no fire-engines for a long time. And when at last they appeared, the Nazi did not let them drive to the burning building. I finally realized that everything had been well-planned by somebody. Someone switched off the light, the water was also disconnected in the House. Somebody had ordered the police to leave the square of Kulikovo Pole just before members of Right Sector arrived there. Someone ordered fire-fighters and policemen to come late to the place of tragedy. But when they arrived, they didn't help and just watched.



Julia's memoirs

The names of living persons as well as the name of the author are changed.

An exception is made for politicians who have to answer for their actions.

That day there were no scheduled events. May Day demonstration was held the day before, and the following meeting was planned for May, 4.

However, there should be a football match which betokened no good. A week earlier, in Kharkov, and the next day in Donetsk, riots occurred as a result of clashes between football fans and Antimaidan activists. But there was nothing more than fights. However, football matches had already boded ill but somehow it turned out not to cause big troubles.

Besides, there were rumors that two trains with fans were going to arrive to bring militants under their guise. The militants were at checkpoints, they were settled in the city in small groups.

Considering all of the above, a group of Kulikovo pole supporters was organized in order to provide the first aid in case of riots and the emergence of injured people. I had to train the members of the group. The first training was held on April 29. The second was scheduled for May 2 at 3 p. m. As soon as I got there, I learned about the riots in Grecheskaya street. In fact, there was a fight between Odessa squad and football fans.

The classes turned to be a mixture of some education course and a training to action. No one doubted that imported fans had come rather for a provocation than for a football match. And that meant that they certainly would appear in Kulikovo pole. For a few months it had already been a thorn in the flesh of Kiev junta and their supporters in Odessa. Therefore, they had long tried to disperse a tent camp that was not engaged in anything illegal, but expressed an alternative point of view. They asserted on Maidan that everybody had a right to have his own point of view. But in fact it turned out that this right was reserved for those whose opinion coincided with the point of view of Kiev junta.

The match was scheduled to start at 5 p. m. But disorders in Grecheskaya street did not stop. Perhaps someone



went to a football match, but most «fans» somehow «forgot» what they had come for. It turned out to be more interesting to take part in atrocities.

Later, there were reports on the use of firearms, on dead and wounded people. The first victims who could walk themselves appeared. They had head and facial injuries. They needed to stop the bleeding and dressings. More and more injured people came.

After 6 p. m. the crowd of Maidan activists moved towards Kulikovo pole, destroying everything on their way. There were calls from Grecheskaya street. We were warned that they were coming, and that the forces were unequal. But no one had a thought to leave and hand over the tent city. We decided that if they attacked, we would shelter in the building.

Several people went to church and asked to start beating the alarm to attract people's attention and encourage additional forces. But they were flatly refused and didn't find support there.

We began to prepare for the defense, to carry things and icons out of the tent. We purchased more medicines and dressings and took it all on the threshold of the building. We built barricades from boards and panels. They were ridiculous and easy to crush. Nobody came into the building in advance, until there was a real danger. I was standing sideways to the door. At some moment I clearly heard the click of the lock. The door was closed from the inside. Another thought was that there was someone in the building. Of course, there had to be a janitor. Someone always remains on duty in an empty building.



When a crowd of those rabid animals rushed to the square nobody opened the door answering the requests to let people inside. Facing real danger we had to break the door and to barricade. Some men did it.

My group consisted of five women. Another woman and a young man joined us. He introduced himself as a ENT doctor

and the woman said she could make injections and give the first aid. We began to arrange a first-aid post on the first floor, in the right wing. We wanted to go higher, but I told that the first floor was the best option and recommended to be located right in the corridor. No separate offices as it would be difficult to take lying injured out of them and there were windows where they could throw combustible mixture and which could be shot at. I remembered the sad experience of the Trade Unions House in Kiev where upper floors were burning. It was much more difficult to get out of there. There were suspicions that there were wounded left who weren't able not walk. And apparently I was not mistaken. Later in this corridor there were no icon-lamps or flowers which meant there were no dead persons there.

Meanwhile, the crowd was raging around the building. Stones and smoke bombs were being thrown at the windows.

Affected people began to appear. They had minor injuries. They needed treatment and bandaging. Someone got sick. A man fainted. He was put on the mattress brought from the tent. Then he came to his senses and was able to move around.



In the hallway, there were only two windows in the ends and along the walls there were rooms. So I could not see what was happening in the street, but it was clear that there were riots. About 30 minutes later fire appeared in the window at the end of the corridor. The glass was broken from outside. Fire flew from there. The frame and curtains were burning. Nearby there was a toilet. There were bottles of water. People put out the fire, and filled empty bottles with water again. They managed to stop the fire but there was no more water in taps. Someone had cut it off when bottles with Molotov cocktails started flying into the windows.

It should be noted that there were enough fire valves in the building. But I only saw one hose on a fire valve. And there was no water in them even before it was turned off.

Some time later thick black smoke spurted coming from the central staircase and there was more and more smoke. It became dark around, nothing could be seen, even though it was still light outside. This smoke pushed air out of the lungs. It was impossible to breathe. It seemed to me I was going to faint. We had to get out somewhere to breathe. Someone put in my hands children's diapers instead of a mask. It helped a little filter smoke.

I thought that every such building must have a side staircase with windows and we should go there. It was the staircase on the right if you face the building. I got to the staircase along the wall by touch. At least something could be seen there, there was less smoke, but there still was nothing to breathe. I had to climb one flight to get to the window. The glass was broken.

A man was standing on the window. His hands were covered with blood. He still tried to break out pieces of glass, as even by the broken window one had nothing to breathe with. I offered him to bandage his hands. At first he refused but then agreed. I vaguely remember his face. A pile of broken glass and bloody palms is what remained in memory.



Thick, black smoke was hanging in the building. The street, too, was full of smoke from smoke bombs.

The window looked the yard of the Trade Unions House. A crowd was raging there. They were throwing something at the windows and shouting. One could hear shots and claps. Under the windows of the central staircase two people were lying on the pavement. They did not move, most likely being already dead. One of them was lying in a pool of blood. Then they were dragged out of the yard, and a pool of blood remained. When I saw them, a dualistic thought flitted across my mind: "What is happening, are they killing people?" And at the same time, "But we have already known that they were going to kill. There were already several dead people in Grecheskaya street".



It was impossible to move from the window because there was nothing to breathe. I realized that there must be a lot of injured people but there was no possibility to provide assistance to anyone. You could just faint from asphyxiation.

The staircase must have been cut off from the rest of the building by the mass of smoke. From time to time waves of hot air because of fire came from the corridor. Some more people gathered here. I did not know what was happening in the building. I heard a woman scream. It was not clear from where those screams came. Most likely from upstairs.



Probably, those were the screams of the woman who was strangled.

Firefighters were slow. I tried to call them, but the number 102 did not answer (I may have confused phone numbers and called the police) but the police did their job rather well. It took firefighters forty minutes or an hour before they started to extinguish the fire. One fire engine came from the yard.

After that, the smoke began to dissipate. One could stay on the stairs. More people gathered at the stair landing of the ground floor. Some were sitting on the steps. I fussed over them and asked if they were OK, if they needed help. They replied that everything was OK, but I understood that it couldn't be OK. I

realized that they were reacting with delay because they needed fresh air. But there, in the open air it was even more dangerous than amidst the herds of wild animals.

One girl went into hysteric. She started screaming out of the window. People began to tell her that we should not shout or lean out of the window. They could throw anything or fire at us. But she continued to shout. And another woman said, "It looks like curtains for all of us".

The firemen approached the window. Perhaps they heard the girl's screams because the crowd's and firemen's attention was all focused on the windows of the central staircase, and nobody paid any special attention to the side staircase. They told that they would make "a corridor" for us and put up a ladder to the window. At this moment, for the first time I was scared of the fact that I would have to go through this crowd. Before that was not scared. Everything happened as if it were not with me. An enraged crowd, fire, suffocating smoke, and the first victims - it all was like a movie. Perhaps it was a shock.

Firefighters began to take people out of the window. They shouted, "Don't touch women".

It was still light, and I noticed bloody puddles formed while the fire was being extinguished.

It was still light, and I noticed bloody puddles formed while the fire was being extinguished.

The crowd of Maidan activists was raged, their eyes were "glass". They may have been under the influence of drugs or some energetic remedies. They were mainly lads of 18-20. But among them there was an older man in his forties or fifties, he was probably their chief.

They shouted at us, «Putin's bitches! How much did he pay you? On your knees! Show off your purses». When they saw my empty purse their interest in it and in me was gone.

By the road there were several corpses lying. It seems to me there were four of them. A T-shirt on one of them was pulled up. A round bloodstain which looked like firearms could be seen on his stomach. Maidan supporters shouted, "That's what you've done, look, on your knees!«

I did not know what could happen to me- would I be struck with a bludgeon on the head or shot in the back. On the sides of the road there were many ambulance cars, but emergency teams could not be seen. Apparently they were sitting in the cars. Between them militia was scurrying about represented by a big-bellied colonel or lieutenant colonel who was contemplating what was going on with a straight face as if there was nothing extraordinary. A special unit in full gear - helmets and masks, shields, batons - was standing further away watching quietly what was happening.



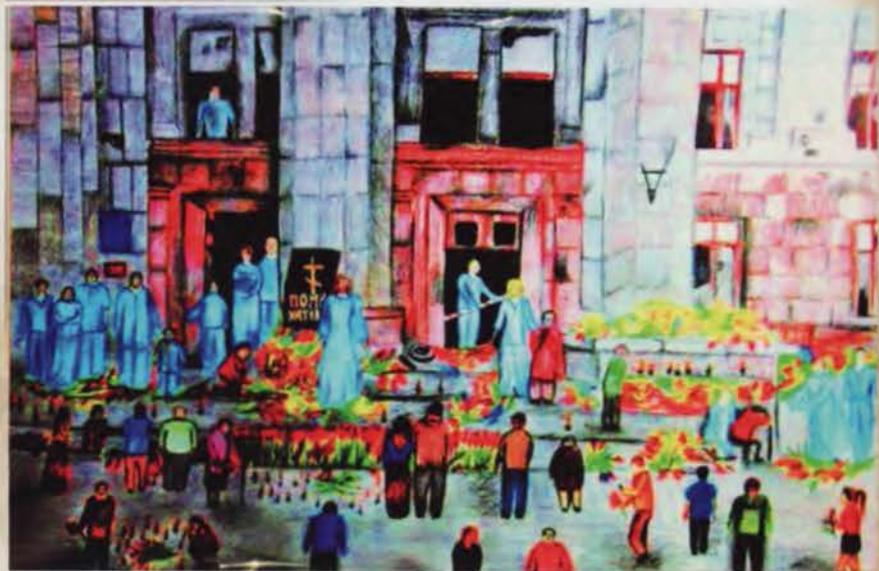
In this chaos I lost the people that went out with me and I did not know what happened to them next.

When I left Kulikovo pole, I still didn't feel safe. I saw some people. They looked as if they had come for their son. They told me to go with them. We all came to the underpass at the very beginning of Kulikovo pole. Even there, behind the fir-trees we could see the crowd raging. Having gone through the underpass, we found ourselves at the bus stop near the station. Suddenly I saw four or five paddy wagons coming from the side of the market "Privoz". An idea shot across my mind, «Bastards, they are going to seize my comrades».

We had to wait for some transport for a long time. Drivers must have learned about the riots. I had to take a taxi in the railway station square.

I terribly smelt burning, I had a sore nasopharynx. My lips were salty and I tasted metallic in the mouth. My face was black with soot.

I found out about what was happening in the building and I learned about the scale of the victims when I got home and realized that death was quite near me. I couldn't fall asleep almost until the morning. It must have been a shock.



I could not reach the people with whom I left the building. Their phones didn't answer. I knew nothing about the fate of those who were in the building. Who died and how many persons? There was information about several dozens.

May 3 there was a memorial service for the victims. A lot of people gathered at the Trade Unions House, there was a sea of flowers, icon-lamps were burning. Nobody was allowed to enter the building. A militia cordon was standing outside. They said that an inquiry was in progress, experts were working and that dead bodies were still in the building.

All the next week the dead were being buried. May 4 a deputy Vyacheslav Markin was buried. The memorial service was in the Regional Council building. Governor Nemirovsky appeared there with a huge bouquet of roses. The crowd was ready to tear him to pieces. People would have done it if his personal guard had not interfered and led him through the back door. People shouted after him, «Murderer, murderer!» A representative of the party "Batkivshchina" who also came to the funeral got a blow of an umbrella on his head.

On May 4 they let people come into the building. It was probably too early for a thorough investigation. A large building, lots of evidence. I went in, later I came there many times till the entrance was free. I went there not to recollect the details but rather to go through it once again ... and never forget.

Flowers, St. George ribbons, helmets, shields, batons, burnt shoes and other personal belongings were at the entrance of the building, on the stair landings, in the corridors, at the windows. Icon-lamps were burning.

Flowers with icon-lamps were just where the bodies had been lying.

There was one special area on the third floor, to the left of the main stairs if you face the



building. The exit to the side stairs was closed by the door which had been additionally installed in the hallway. The door was closed. There were no windows, just doors. Those who found themselves there, in fact didn't have any chances to escape. They had to go too far through thick suffocating smoke in complete obscurity, in these circumstances it was too difficult break down the doors. At the same time central staircase wasn't but a source of smoke.

Intuition did not fail me. Arrests began, and the first arrested were all our activists. On the opposite side they lost one person killed and no one was detained while several dozens of Antimaidan supporters were arrested. But the day that followed the crowd seized the building of the city police and released some detainees.

But some of them were brought from Odessa. These people are held in jail, and the authorities try to judge them and to put on them the whole blame for what had happened.

I feel resentful when they say that Odessa "merged" or that Odessa is intimidated and demoralized. Isn't it clear after May2 that those villains will kill, that they have no morals or principles that the period of batons and wooden boards is over, that direct confrontation is only possible when the forces of opponents are at least equal.

From Kirill's memoirs

The names of living persons are removed or changed.
An exception is made for politicians who have to answer for their actions.

How I spent the day of May 2, 2014

My colleague called me on May 2 after 3 p.m. He found himself on business in Grecheskayastreet and turned out to be a witness of how the riots in Odessa started. "Oh, I thought, however they have arrived, and I should go to Kulikovo pole to see. WHAT foolish things gatecrashers are going to do in our city, and then I would improvise». (The day before, during a May Day rally, a person well known to many odessites, Susanna Markovna ..., walked among the ranks of the demonstrators and repeated in a quiet but a distinct voice addressing to no one in particular, but as if talking to herself, like a famous Odessa babushka [a local crazy well-known in Odessa], "America is wiping out tracks, we should unite!", and she called those who were present to come to Kulikovo pole the following day by 2 p. m. to help repulse an attack of the Right sector). Honestly, I did not expect anything serious to happen on a weekday, as the course of events that had been taken place in the city made me believe that anything significant in Odessa only happened on Sundays after 2 p. m. On May 2, I was busy with household chores, coming up in pauses to the computer to have a look at what was happening in the world, in the country (but not in the city - see above), and I hadn't gone to Kulikovo pole by two o'clock (what can happen there today? - I'll go on Sunday!). A colleague's call was a surprise for me.

My colleague told me that a real war started in Grecheskaya street: they were shooting, blowing up flash-bang grenades, throwing stones and smashing heads, his voice was touched with emotions. We didn't start discussing those who attacked, neither their number, nor their mood or intended purpose. These questions are usually asked by military experts and especially by meticulous journalists. And we are ordinary people. Neither he said anything about it, nor I asked him.

"Yes, I must go", I thought. It took me long to get dressed and get ready. I got on a trolley, which I had to wait for a long time. When the trolley was turning off Sadovaya street into Sobornaya square, I saw 14-16-year-old hooligans in white T-shirts and black



shorts (Kharkiv fans?) kicking furiously bins and pushing dumpsters into the roadway of Sadovaya street.

Employees of nearby cafes, shops, etc. were standing outside motionless and silent, watching the scene, smoking nervously and discreetly were n't making any unnecessary movements that could be misinterpreted by the "guests" of the city (a sort of "a step aside means an escape, jump on the spot is interpreted as provocation"). There was chaos in the direction of Deribasovskaya, Preobrazhenskaya, Greek streets: a huge crowd of people, explosions, screams, the sound of breaking glass, sirens of ambulances.

Having arrived about 5 p. m. (maybe even after 5 p. m.) in Kulikovo pole from the side of Kanatnaya street (a tram stop of 17 and 18 trams) I was surprised to find few people there, about 250-300 persons. I thought probably there wouldn't be anything serious that day and everything was happening in downtown (several thousand people used to attend mass actions in Kulikovo pole). I came up to the people and looked around. I saw a pregnant woman in a pantsuit about 30 years old, she looked as if she was in a considerable period of pregnancy. She sat down somewhere, there was a St. George ribbon on her jacket. "Why have you come here, quick with child?", I thought involuntarily. I saw several young girls of about twenty, some of them were standing alone, others with someone else, gloomy, concentrated, with St. George ribbons on their chests, as if waiting for something threatening, something terrible. There were small groups of men about 30-40 years old. But most were people of retirement age. I looked around trying to see my colleague, being completely sure that he had already been there (after all, it was he who initiated visits to Kulikovo field at weekends in March and April, we almost always were with him in the field, and the day before, on May 1 we were there together), but he was nowhere to be seen. Later he explained to me that that night he chose to learn the news by technically more advanced (remote) methods, via television and the Internet. (Smart people are not extinct yet! And I'll tell you: there was someone to support me when I was in the hospital with fracture sand, which at that moment was even more vital, to render me financial aid!). Okay, I thought, so he hadn't come, and I should find what to do. And I began to help an elderly woman nearby carry sandbags away from tents to the center of the square, making a kind of a barrier in front of the tents with all these bags, branches, pallets and other stuff that could be found nearby. They explained to me that it was to be an effective protection against Right sector

militants. In my opinion, that construction looked more like a Chalk Circle [a kind of a protective pentagram], which Khoma Brut [Gogol's character] outlined around him trying to escape from the witch [Gogol's "Pannochka"], and other demons. Then I walked across the square to listen to what people were saying. I was unpleasantly struck by the fact that some men around 40 who affirmed



that they used to serve in varioustroops, special forces, etc. and even used to hold various command positions could not find common language in assessing the current situation, their proposals to do something completely contradicted each other. Outwardly, they raised the tone in the debate, made aggressive moves towards each other which, however, did not lead to rudeness or assault.

Apart from other people there stood a deputy of the regional council Vyacheslav Markin, plunged in thought. I was not acquainted with him personally, but as I listened to the speeches from the podium, I formed an opinion of him as of an honest and decent man. We were standing and pausing together (it's better to pause with an honest man than to



Vyacheslav Markin

talk to some provoker). The current situation in the square began to worry me. A stray thought passed across my mind: what if the events happened on January 9, 1905, on Bloody Sunday, would have repeated. I shared the idea with a man slowly passing by me who apparently had something to do with the leadership of the Kulikovo pole.

- Too many fathers Gapon! [a Russian Orthodox priest, Father Gapon was a famous agent provocateur]- I told him.

- Who exactly?- he replied quickly and firmly.

Since I knew almost no one, I stopped the conversation. (If this person is still alive, he must remember me). I heard an emotional speech of some blonde woman, she was almost shouting in a tragic voice, "Our guys in Grecheskaya street are just being killed!" But I took it just for women's emotionality: is it possible to kill people if there is no war?

From the southern side of the square a militia SUV arrived at a high speed at the Trade Unions House and stopped in front of its steps. Some "cool" guys surrounded it. I came closer. There was only one police officer in the car, dressed in a black uniform. I did not hear the conversation, but I was struck by the internal state of the man: he looked calm but there was a mortal terror in his eyes! A short conversation ended, SUV darted off and left at the same high speed. After that, a command "to get it all back" must have been given ("Always go just ahead!", Davidchenko - younger kept repeating holding people in the square with these words, he said that he was waiting for an important call) and people in a hurry began to carry the building material for the barricades to the entrance of the Trade Unions House. Here my faith in the "leading and guiding role" of the Kulikovo pole main activists was badly shaken, but some grains of faith still remained: we were ordered to carry the stuff to the Trade Unions House but not, e. g., to the building number 2 of the regional administration, that is opposite the Trade Unions House, or to the railway station, or simultaneously to all these objects. Hence, there still was a plan, but it seemed to be queer. Realizing the hopelessness of the situation I didn't carry back anything.

My wife who was at home called me (in the morning she left home on business with her mother, and I went to Kulikovo pole without her), she asked if she had to come.

- Stay at home, I said, someone should stay! (I wanted to add 'stay alive' but stopped). Again I turned out to be close to the truth.

People were enticed to the Trade Unions House through megaphones. Panic hadn't started yet, people were coming into the building quite calmly. Near the porch, on the southern side of it, a gray-haired man with a professional camera appeared, he was holding his camera in his right hand as a case, and the camera was rather big, quite the professional size. He was remarkably calm and was not going anywhere, just waiting for something. For some reason it was strange..

"Well, it's done, I've been here and I have done what I could to help, and now I can go", I decided. But I felt somehow uncomfortable, it was a shame to leave, to leave people. I have always avoided embarrassing situations, and I didn't serve in the army and I despised myself silently for it, and though my common sense ordered me to get out of here quickly, to run away, I turned my face to the entrance of the building. So I went there against my own mind, guided by feeling. Here again I saw the blonde woman who had been speaking emotionally about the guys in Grecheskaya street (it must have been her, I think so). Here, on the steps of the Trade Unions House she pronounced fine words, "Guys, what are we doing here, let's go away and that's all!" Now I understand that she had assessed the situation in the most sober way.



But it was too late: the whole northern edge of the field was being filled with swarming, fast looming mass. That horde was running at us! People began to enter the building quickly. Directly in front of me a group of children aged of 8-10 years old, about 5 or 7 boys and girls came in. They were not ordinary children, coming perhaps from Orthodox families: absolutely quiet, polite, with a great sense of self-respect. Hand in hand, in a single front line they were

going up the stairs. A man who was entering the building next to them asked:

- Where are you going?

- We'll be providing you medical help!, they replied.

If only I knew that I saw them for the last time ...

On Sunday, January 18, 2015, an elderly woman, who was outside the Trade Unions House on May 2, told me what had happened to those children. She saw them in the window of the 3rd floor. The window is located round the corner on the right side of the facade of the Trade Unions House, it is the second window from the corner. On that day that window was broken. And the woman said that some little people were waving from the window

with their little hands, calling for help, shouting, they were small and could be therefore hardly seen from behind of the sill. Next to that window just to the right there is a 4-storey right wing of the building. Thus the next window to the right is adjacent to a great hall. On May 3 there were pools of blood in that hall. Here, apparently, these children were being killed. Outside, it was heard as follows: prolonged child's cry for a moment swelled and immediately faded. That woman told me that Vadim Papura, Vyacheslav Markin, and another man, his name was either Korchevov or Korzhekov, I don't remember exactly, they all leaped from the 3rd floor. Personally, I haven't heard anything about people who have survived after falling from the 3rd floor of the Trade Unions House.

We went into the lobby of the building. No one knew what to do next: some people didn't move, others started wandering around the building. I went to inspect the left wing. I turned round and round the very first corner I saw a fire hydrant, but there was no hose near it. I tried to open it up a bit - there was water. I went on. The wing was still deserted. I reached the door overlooking the courtyard. Still there were no militants in the yard, although they were seen along the wing. Behind me, in the same direction as I was going, someone appeared. An elderly man was wearing a raincoat and a felt hat. He looked like a smaller copy of Fernandel, a French actor. I thought that he was one of those who came from Kulikovo pole. He just calmly walked round me and went out into the yard and through the door and... I can not vouch for what I saw after that, it may have seemed to me. He came to the gate of the backyard, quietly opened the right side of the gate and went out, closing the gate. Shocked by what I had seen, I was standing unable to move. At that moment, another gaffer passed the same way, only he was much shorter wearing a dark brown jacket and a cap. He reminded me of someone who tries to look plain being aware of everything and everybody better than anybody else, and afterwards these fellows turn out to deal with so called "competent authorities" [an euphemism for security agencies in the former USSR]. I immediately identified him as "a security agent". He also went into the yard and disappeared into the guards' booth. I followed him. In the doorway of the booth there was a gray-haired armed guard in a blue police uniform with a short-gun on his chest. I asked:

- Can I stay here till this mess is over?

- We ourselves are cramped here, - was the answer.

Well, OK, if it is impossible so it is impossible, and I came back, closing the door on the latch (it seemed to be the only way to close it). From behind the fence around the House the militants surrounding us could already be seen. Inhuman rage could be felt in them. I was walking back down the hall, where people were already rushing about in panic bumping into each other. Stones were being thrown from the street through the window, and the sound of breaking glass was heard from everywhere. The building itself was trembling from the blows inflicted by bandits. Abig, tall elderly man stopped nearby in confusion.

- Well, all that is good, but where is my wife?, he asked himself aloud. And immediately a thought flashed in my mind, "You and your wife may never meet again". (I would better be wrong). I got to the front of the building. Stones were flying here in full swing. I saw a switch and switched off the lights: we were not going to read newspaper here, and we were clearly visible for them in the light. "What shall I do", I thought, "actually they can break my glasses, and if I remove the glasses, I won't see a stone flying at me". That's how I spent the remaining time in the Trade Unions House, taking off and putting on my glasses. (My behavior contrasted with that of a guy who was standing alone under a hail of stones on a

barricade remote from the porch of the building, in front of angry bandits and I pay tribute to his courage. Personally, I failed to become a defender).

From the lobby of the building people were gradually spreading about the floors and corridors. Just a group of elderly men remained on the steps of the lobby, they were peacefully conversing with each other (they apparently decided to wait there till a mess is over). A stun grenade flew from the street into the middle of the lobby and exploded with a nasty sound (the first time I saw and heard the explosion of a stun grenade). A man sitting close to me flinched, his face distorted painfully, he rose from the stairs, and the whole group of pensioners went up the stairs to the upper floors. (Again I thought, "Oh, you have come here for nothing!"). Then a group of relatively young people (in their thirties) went down from top of the stairs, led by a woman in glasses of thin metal yellow frames dressed in blue jeans. They decided to explore the basement, the entrance to which is on the right of the stairs. I tagged along behind them. They went far ahead, I was much behind them, then for no apparent reason they suddenly returned quickly and started climbing the stairs. I decided to call my colleague to tell him what I thought about him, and what was happening there in the Trade Unions House. But he didn't lift the receiver, I read on the phone screen, "the subscriber is not available". (Then he told me that his phone was out of order and no one could get through, even his parents who were seeking him out in a panic). If I did not call anyone else, it means that the call was made at 19.48 as it was the time of the last record of outgoing calls on the phone on May 2, I remember it. I should rewrite the time of all the calls on that day, then it would be possible to establish exact chronology of



events. After I was interrogated in the hospital by cute girls from the prosecutor's office (they asked my mobile number) all information relating to calls sent and received on May 2 was lost. I do not affirm that it was due to them, but it happened just after the interview with prosecutors..

I looked around: no one, I was left alone. Entrance doors of the building were burning with might and main, flames went up roaring. Honestly, I did not want

to go upstairs. Once I saw a youtube video in which gangsters in Syria, having captured the defenders of a house, threw them down from the roof. I did not want to leap from the roof, or be dropped from a height. And what could one do on the roof, where you could go no further, if not to the sky? But there was nobody around, and feeling doomed I went upstairs to look for people. I managed to pass one flight of stairs and reached the broken window when I felt a wave of high fever behind me. I looked down out of the window: 5 meters, it is high (then I didn't think that other people had to leap from a much greater height). Below there was asphalt coated with a layer of broken glass. No, I can not jump, I decided. I tried to run down to the basement. I could not because of high fever, then I tried to run up the stairs to the 1st floor but there was the same heat. And as soon as I realized that THIS

window was my only way out, I didn't see or hear what was happening around me any more. Not that I really did not see anything, anything that surrounded me just lost all shape and merged into some incomprehensible light. I could clearly see not hing but the place where I had to leap from. I cleared the lower part of the frame of glass fragments (I was lucky that the glass was broken, I would have hesitated to break the whole glass, and perhaps I wouldn't have been able to do it, as I learned later that it was toughened glass). Behind me the heat was approaching so that my jacket melted on the back. At that moment a man fell down the upper floors and stayed lying motionless. The sound of a

human body falling was terrible. "A corpse", flashed through my mind. I climbed over the frame and leaned down holding the frame with my left hand. "Come what may," - and I loosened my fingers and let go. I landed surprisingly quickly, but I

could not stand on my feet: the calves of the legs seemed to be broken at the feet. I realized that other people were going to leap trying to escape the heat and that they could hit me with their bodies, I wasted no time and tried to do my best to crawl quickly on my knees away from the wall. I caught a glimpse of a tall and healthy militant running at me. In full ammunition, with a long pipe, one and a half meters long, he began to hit me with it with all his strength (the swing was maximum as if he was chopping wood). I managed

before hand to lie down with my feet forward, on my right hand, in order to be able to see his actions and, if possible, to protect my head. As a result he injured my left elbow: I had an open fracture. Suddenly in front and to the right of the bandit beating me I saw a group of 15-16-year-old guys in camouflage and with wooden white (they were even shining in the sun)

flagpoles from shovels in their hands. "Well, it's going to be even worse," I thought. But to my surprise they pushed this bull, and he went away obediently, as if he didn't care what to beat: either a man or a sandbag. These guys began to take me out of this hell. Then I was carried by other people. Then by the guys from special forces of militia who put me on ambulance stretchers. At that moment I had an impression that the evacuation was fast, but later, watching videos on the Internet, I saw that it lasted much longer than it had seemed to me.



When I was being carried I saw a fire engine. Well, I thought, I may have jumped out too early, if I had suffered a little bit, the fire would have put out, and my bones would be unbroken. Then I saw a huge column of police special forces and thought, here are our protectors. Such were absurd thoughts creeping into an injured man's head.



When I was lying alone in the car, a young Bandera supporter came up, a schoolboy from Odessa, in full camouflage with a wooden bat - just ready to be sent to the ATO area. It was unclear what he was looking for. I asked him where such bestial cruelty comes from? I'd rather didn't ask. The response was: my grandfather killed fascists here during the war, and me too, I will be kill you, Colorado fascists.



In the ambulance I didn't stay long on a stretcher as a more seriously injured man was brought. I climbed on side chairs, and a man brought to the stretcher next to me turned out to be Vyacheslav Markin. I even asked his name. He was hardly alive, he could not move on his own but he was conscious and was able to talk. He was only wearing shorts and a T-shirt. I didn't ask him about anything else giving a man an opportunity to relax. I thought, well, we'll get a little better, we'll meet at a table in the hospital canteen, and then we'll talk. I only learned about two weeks later that he had died early in the morning of the following day.



Another man was brought into the same ambulance. He was brought in with the words: let them see if he should be brought to the mortuary or something can be done for him. And suddenly in the hospital he came to life. It turned out that he was the one who had leaped from the 2nd floor right before me.

Before the ambulance started I looked out again. Two men were still lying on the ground next to us. The head of one of them was completely broken and was the color of a red beet.

The second was apparently undamaged, his face was white and regular; he seemed to be asleep. They were most likely dead. People were standing nearby and following us silently. Among them I remembered the woman I had seen in front of the Trade Unions house. Again, I thought: really, there are people who have come here and will leave safe and sound and me, I will find adventures any where like a pig finds mud.

Ambulance doors closed, and the car raced with the siren along city streets. At first we were told that we would be taken to the city hospital N 5 but then they were instructed on the radio to carry us to a military hospital. The three of us were in the intensive care unit of the receiving compartment, and then we were taken to hospital rooms. The day of May 2 was coming to the end. They put me to the ward where there was a militant who participated in the assault of the Trade Unions House. He didn't put on his body armor properly and a bullet from a traumatic weapon broke his collarbone. Then he was transferred to the neighboring room but before that a nurse asked us our home addresses, and my house is not far from their lair - the office of the party «Svoboda», and he heard my address. So he told me later that he knew where I lived. While he was in the hospital, there were two guys armed with machine guns at the door of his room. The most interesting thing turned out later: he is an ethnic Russian, born in Russia, from Velikiy Novgorod.

This is how the day of May 2, 2014, Friday ended for me.



Evidence of Mr. Oleg Muzyka.

One should be afraid of those alive

Source: Timer

http://timer.od.ua/intervyu/oleg_muzika_boyat_sya_nujno_jivih_487.html

Interviewer - Ms. Marina Perevozkina

Leader of Primorskaya organization of RODINA party Oleg Muzyka speaks about the tragic events of May 2, 2014.

Were you inside the House of Trade Unions?

Yes. I was being burned along with the others. I was bidding farewell to my family.

Do you think the mass loss of life was planned or accidental?

Judging by the fact that police and fire brigades were not reacting to what was happening, casualties were needed. Indeed, someone had ordered the firemen not to put out the fire in the building, and the police not to interfere. I am convinced that on May 2nd since the morning a lot of police officers and those of Security Service of Ukraine (SBU) had known that something was going to happen.

What makes you think so?

Opposite the Kulikovo Pole square, in Kanatnaya street there is the building of the Regional Council. There is a camera installed on this building, registering everything 24 hours a day. On May 2nd the camera was switched off. Earlier that morning there were four people noticed on the roof of the Regional Council. At 9 o'clock in the morning the Deputy Head of the city Internal Affairs Directorate appeared on Kulikovo Pole square. He announced that he was to ensure the safety of the participants of the rally. Shortly after 9:00 a.m. a Lexus drove into the square with license plates issued in Odessa BH 007. SBU officers were inside the car. The police squad patrolling the square saluted them. Two more cars arrived around 11 a.m.: a white Skoda Octavia with Odessa-issued plates and a white Volkswagen Touareg, plates AA 001. Most likely, SBU officers were in these two cars as well. The cars stayed in the center of the square for a while and then drove away.

And when did the football fans arrive in the city?

Special train "Tourist" with football fans arrived at 9:13. Some of them tried to enter the Kulikovo Pole square immediately. But there was a bus with policemen next to the square. They diverted that group. Then musical band "Nikto, krome nas" came to the square. They came up the stage and started singing. Suddenly they received a phone call from somebody, quickly packed their equipment and left.

When was it?

At about noon time, I guess.

It was known about the arrival of football fans in advance. Your side must have also somehow prepared for that. Have they?

We knew that there was going to be a football match, and fans were going to come. We saw how fans had run riots in Kharkov. We expected that they would try to demolish



Oleg Muzyka

our camp. We knew that they wanted to get Kulikovo Pole. It was an urgent point for the Governor Nemirovsky to report to Kiev on the demolishing of Kulikovo Pole [camp]. But no one expected that they would kill people. We thought they would simply destroy the camp and just stop there. Today I am asked questions: so why didn't you leave, why didn't you tell your people to go away? But no one was keeping anybody there. You see, the Brest Fortress hadn't been surrendered as well. And for the Odessites who rallied there at the Kulikovo Pole square - it was their Brest Fortress.

So you had the objective to defend Kulikovo Pole?

No one had set any objectives to us. We had a desire to defend it. But no one could even think that they would start the assault at the House of Trade Unions. Nor could we foresee that there would be others besides the fans. The fans are just regular hooligans who like having fights. But the "Maidan defense" and "Right Sector" squads had been brought to the city and lodged in health resorts in advance. They had shields, truncheons, they were fully equipped for the fight. And they were simply carrying their weapons. There is a footage of live broadcasting by "Odessa First Channel" showing them marching towards Kulikovo Pole, with weapons in their hands.

Did you have any weapons?

At 9 a.m. the police checked all the tents in Kulikovo Pole. They made sure that we had no firearms. All our guys who had rubber-bullet gun produced their licenses.

What happened in Grecheskaya street?

I had been at Kulikovo Pole since morning and learned about the clashes only at 3 p.m. From the stage I tried to persuade the people not to go anywhere. But, nevertheless, some of them started out towards Grecheskaya street, because from there we were receiving the information about the massacre. When I finally got to Grecheskaya, everything was on fire, and the Maidan squads were driving around in the highjacked fire engine. So I did not see how it started.



Who were the people wearing red armbands?

They were professional provocateurs. They were among our people as well. But they were wearing balaclavas, so there was no way recognizing them. If they had been our people they would have come to Kulikovo Pole with us. But for some reason they weren't there. They just disappeared. But they did their job. And this job was to wipe out the Kulikovo Pole and intimidate the Odessites. Their task was to prevent people from taking it out to the streets. And they quite succeeded, as it could be seen on May, 9th [Victory Day]. That day the city was desolate. So the events in Grecheskaya street were a provocation indeed. Those who came to Odessa to murder people - all these hundreds, mercenaries - they succeeded. A situation had been staged that made it possible to divert their columns to the Kulikovo Pole square.

Where did you go after Grecheskaya street?

Back to the Kulikovo Pole. People had already started building barricades. There were about 300-400 people, mainly adults, elderly people, women. And we saw a raging crowd rushing towards the Kulikovo Pole. We ran too - towards the House of Trade Unions.

Why there?

It's difficult to answer this question. No one urged to go into that building deliberately. People went in in order to protect themselves. And I came in along with them. I have no idea who had opened the building. It was the first time in my life to be inside that building. The staff of trade unions used to work there, there were some offices. But we had not even approached it before that. Today some people claim that there were some mattresses there. When I came in there were no mattresses, or any gas masks. We did not even know that there was a bomb shelter there.

What happened inside the building?

We came in and blocked the central entrance. As soon as we did that the Maidan squads surrounded the building. And then suddenly, only 15 minutes later, they appeared inside the building on the first



floor and started breaking doors along the central corridor. How did they get there? Or had they been inside the building before that? This is the question I cannot answer.

Why did the fire start?

They started breaking windows. But I do not know what they used for that. Such windows cannot be broken with just a stone. I am 200% sure about that - when the smoke appeared I tried to break a window with a metal stick. It was really hard to do this. I think it was a "four" [4th grade resistant glass - editor]. And from the back side of the building they, from the yard, they also broke the windows and started to throw firebombs into staircases. The windows at the staircases face the backyard, so whatever one throws through these windows reaches the central staircase. A lot of people were killed there. Moreover, the Maidan squads immediately set the central doors on fire.



And when did the smoke you have mentioned appear?

Right after the central door had caught fire, there were these load snaps in the central staircase, between the ground and the first floors. Some smoke grenades must have been thrown through the back side windows. It looked like this: there's a man standing next to you, then there is a snap, and after 2-3 seconds that other man simply disappears, you just can't see him any longer. He gets completely hidden by the smoke.

Could it have been simply the smoke from the fire?

So the police officers told me later: "You set yourselves on fire and got a smoke poisoning". But it was no regular smoke. Each of us has burnt some campfires and we

all know that the smoke from the fire goes up. But that smoke was greenish-yellow with a shade of brown. And it did not go up, but fell down to the floor level forming a solid curtain around you. So, one could no longer see anything. That smoke went down and spread. It could penetrate through cracks and openings even when we blocked the doors.

How did you manage to escape it?

I began to choke and ran along the corridor pulling at the door handles. Then suddenly one door opened and I rushed into the room. There were four of us who ran into that room, and we got acquainted later. One of us was like a grandpa, over 70 years old, a toothless old man. I have remembered his face forever. Also there were Oleg and Sergey. We were on the first floor in the right wing of the building it you face the central entrance. It was the last room in the row. The smoke was reaching the window sill, but as soon as one tried to stick one's head out of the windows, there were stones thrown at us, and there were shots from traumatic weapons. The old man had a part of his skull nearly torn off. He was all covered with blood. We bandaged his head, and he became "lost". He was just sitting there looking in front of him. I told him: "Talk to me from time to time, so that I could know that you are still alive". I understood that death was all round us. I called my wife and my kid to bid farewell to them.

Did you see the dead?

Before those snaps and gas, I had not seen a single body. Then shots and snaps could be heard incessantly. But it was impossible to go out into the corridor to help people.

The Maidan supporters told me that they had helped people to get out of the building. Did you see that?

Later they said that they had put escape slides (tires) under the windows for those who wanted to jump out. These are lies. They brought the slides and set them on fire. The smoke went up along the walls so that even those who were able to stick their heads out of the windows were not able to breathe. From the high point where we were we could see that those who dropped out of the windows were just beaten dead by the crowd. And we understood that there were only two options: either we live for several more minutes in this smoke or we get immediately murdered down there.



Did the fire brigade try to do anything?

I saw only two fire engines. Shortly before that a fire had broken out in a living block, so there had come 11 fire brigades. I have some information, which no one can confirm officially, that the firemen received clear orders not to go anywhere. My friends and relatives are telling me that they tried to call the police and fire brigades but nobody picked up the receiver. I am convinced that everything will crop up sooner or later: who gave the orders and fulfilled them. And who acted in this or that way.

Have you heard about the Deputy of the Regional Council Alexay Goncharenko? He is not a human being. He was there and saw everything. He is a representative of the authorities, after all. People were being murdered in front of his very eyes. Why did not he face the crazed crowd and call upon them to stop the manslaughter? Instead, in Savik Shuster live talk show he reported, that Kulikovo Pole had been cleared of separatists, and received a round of applause from the audience. Not a single deputy or a city top administrator came there.



What happened then? The firemen finally appeared, didn't they?

Then a fire ladder with a fireman on top of it was brought to our window. He simply asked: "Are you going out?" "No",- we replied. And he returned to the ground alone. Because he understood that if we went down with him we would be killed or badly injured anyway. Meanwhile, it grew dark outside. And somebody started to storm our door. We asked "Who's there?" — "Emergency". We opened the door. "Are you going out?" We said "no", but asked them to take out the old man. The smoke was subsiding. Night came. And then a heard some rustle in the corridor. I opened the door and saw people with torch-lights. I wrapped a t-shirt around my head to avoid being recognized and went out. "Who are you?" I was asked. I replied "Svit" [Ukrainian for friend as opposed to foe].

Who were they?

"Maidan Defense Squad" members. They came into the building immediately when the darkness fell, along with the firemen.

Why did you accompany them around the building rather than leaving immediately?

I could not leave. I will live in this city, side by side with these people. They had seen me at the stage. I thought that I might find someone who was still alive and help. There were so many dead bodies. I used to be afraid of the dead before that. But that day I saw so many deaths, I turned over so many dead bodies and looked into their faces. And I realized that one should rather be afraid of the living.

Thus I reached the attic together with Maidans. I heard people walking in the attic. And then - Bang! The light turned on. When we had entered the building there had been no light or water.

So what was the picture that came to your eyes?

Immediately I saw top ranking police officers. Mr. Fuchedzhi, Deputy Head of Odessa police. I do not know the names of the other, and neither I want to. When the assault started, 3 or 4 buses with police troops had been placed in the park neighbouring the back yard of the House of Trade Unions. They watched people falling out of the windows, being finished on the ground, but they didn't do anything.

The police said: get downstairs to the ground floor in the right wing. All of you will be gathered there. While I was walking downstairs I could see how the Maidan squads scavenged in the rooms that had avoided fire. They were picking office appliances and some documents. Right at the staircase there was one of them, an open bottle of Champagne and a box of chocolates being next to him. He must have been celebrating.

So, how many people were gathered at the ground floor? And why?

There were seven of us found by them in the building. And there was one guy from the Maidan Defense. Soon two people wearing plainclothes came in. Apparently, these were SBU officers. Police officers, colonels, lieutenant colonels were standing there, too. And one of those two utters: "Well, separatists, now you've done it, haven't you?" There were two 17-year old boys with us. So they said: "Misters, we are not separatists, we are Odessites". The SBU guy distinctly replied: "Right now you are going to the second floor and lie down there along with the rest". Whereas Fuchedzhi told him: "Come on, calm down, they are just young boys".

Have you found out who these SBU people were?

I don't know their names. But I am sure that these SBU guys gave orders to those who murdered Odessites. I saw them letting the Maidan Defense Squads out of the building. So there comes along a Maidan, and when faces the SBU guy, the latter asks: "So, where are you going?" The Maidan turns up the lapel of his jacket and shows something to him. And then he is let out. Although he has got two truncheon tucked under his bullet-proof vest. He must have been wearing some recognition badge.

How were you evacuated from the House of Trade Unions?

They said: move quickly along the corridor made by police cordon into the police van. The police officers could hardly stop the raging crowd from tearing us apart. The tires of the police van had been cut. The crowd shouted to the Internal Ministry Troops who were accompanying us to step out of the van, because they were going to throw Molotov cocktail bottles into the van. But the troop did not step out, and I am much obliged to them. We would have been burnt alive in that police van. The driver rushed away at a crazy speed, with punctured tires.

We were brought to the city Internal Affairs Directorate, in the Preobrazhenskaya square. There I saw about 30 people in bandages, their skulls being broken. One guy had all his front teeth knocked out. There were women with their bare feet bleeding. I started explaining to the people their rights. Then the Deputy Head of the city Internal Affairs Directorate came,

the one who had been in Kulikovo Pole in the morning. He invited me into a room, where there were the already familiar SBU people sitting at the table. They asked questions: why had we stood ground, and why hadn't we left. I suggested that they should read my



speeches in the Internet. Then one of the SBU guys jumped up like a scalded cat and shouted at me, cursing: "We are fed up with your Russian language, you are allowed to speak this language, aren't you! You simply enjoyed getting Russian money!" To that I replied that they should find at least one person who would say that I had received or given out any money. Then they started a different tune: "We know a lot about you, and you are offered to extenuate your guilt" etc. I answered that there was nothing for me to speak to them about. I had already grasped that they were trying to turn us - victims - into scapegoats. Not a single Right Sector thug had been arrested.

What were you incriminated?

"Mass riots resulting in death of people". I was summoned to the investigating officer once, at midnight May 3 to 4. There was a lawyer there whom I was allegedly assigned with. They tried to talk me into signing the arrest warrant without reading it. In the same way they deceived the old man with whom we shared the cell. He was born on June 20, 1941. They slipped in an arrest warrant that he signed without reading. And it said there that he had participated in the mass riots and murdered people.

And the people set us all free on May 4th.

Do you know the exact number of casualties in the House of Trade Unions?

I can claim that the much more people had died than it was announced officially. Police officers asked me: "How many people, do you think, died?" I replied: "It's a simple math. There were about 350 of us who entered the building, a hundred of them you arrested, and there's about a hundred more in hospitals. Let's assume that about 50 people were able to get out the building one way or another. So, one hundred remains". The police officer made a wry face and didn't reply anything.



Alexander's memoirs

The names of living persons are removed or changed.
An exception is made for the politicians and journalists who
have to answer for their actions.

Recorded in November 2014, in Odessa

Thousands of people came to the Kulikovo pole demonstrations. Alexander knows many of those who came there. He knew personally many of the participants of the protests.

Question: «Was the door of Trade Unions House opened or dislodged by participants of the Kulikovo pole movement?»

Alexander narrates only what he saw by himself. «When the ours arrived, the door was locked from the inside. We began to pull the door, but the old gateman refused to open. Metal rods were inserted between the handles. Glass fragments of the door were knocked out by ours. Through the broken fragments defenders of Kulikovo pole opened the additional locks».

Alexander distracted a few and remembers the inquiry lead by the journalists of the group «2 May». «The journalist Tatiana Gerasimova was at my house, - says Alexander. - She took my recite, and then showed a video with the distorted facts.» A month later he watched the video. There Artem Davidchenko shows towards the railway square, but the material is shown as if he had called all inside the House of Trade Unions. It was not like this. A. Davidchenko at 16 00 made the speech from the tribune. There was also the subsequently dead Markin (who left later). In the hands of Artem was a loudspeaker and a phone. On the phone, he seems to have spoken with the Greek squire. Those who gathered at the Kulikovo Field started to break into column to go to defend those who were at the Greek squire. But Davidchenko said that it is not necessary to go anywhere, because the police unlocked people at the Greek squire.

People began to build barricades. Then again call to Davidchenko - people were surrounded at the Greek squire. And again it seems it is needed to go to help them. Then again was retreat. This happened several times, people rushed in misunderstanding.

20 minutes before the arrival of the group I had seen G. Kushnariov and other guys who came beat up. Almost all of them were injured, there were 50 - 60 people. They questioned the effectiveness of the barricades. We built the third barricade in front of the main entrance.

When it became clear that banderists were approaching to the Kulikovo pole, everybody began to shout: «This is our city! We will not give it away!»



Question: «It's said that the House of Trade Unions was connected by the underground passages with the railway station, with the Main office of Odessa military Department, and killers had came beforehand from there into the basements. What do you know about this?»

I was in the central part of the building, there were only our guys there. I think that the «wings» were empty as well. Nobody told us to go inside: the decision was spontaneous. The women I knew did not disperse.

We went to the threshold, fought them off with shields in anticipation of the police, which, as we thought, would come to the rescue.



Killers were not in the basement. The central part of the building started the fire. How did this happen? Bottles with the Molotov cocktails were thrown into the building through the cracks. I was one of the last coming into the House of Trade Unions, they threw us with stun grenades.

Policemen were not there. The rocks were throwing into us. There was a police car in Kanatnaya street, but when the members of Right Sector came, they turned around and left. There was a lot of members of Right Sector. At least two thousands.

When there was no way to escape we went into the building, barricaded the door. They must have had the intention to burn the tent camp, to kill someone one for the record; they had no intention to kill us all, and then they saw that we were not leaving. Members of Right Sector shouted: «Three hundred Spartans!». Then they brutalized. Appetite comes during the eating.



We locked the door on the three poles. We were afraid that we would be killed. We started to build barricades ahead the door with the coffee machine, chairs, bar counter of cafe - we dragged everything we saw. We began to bring out all from the neighboring offices. We built a huge wall in front of the door.

Members of Right Sector tried to break down the door, but they failed. Then they began to throw Molotov cocktails through the broken glass of doors. Our barricade inflamed. One of our comrades saw a fire-extinguisher. While he was pulling it, the effect of hoods, fireplace occurred, because windows were opened. Barricade took fire very quickly. The space began to be filled with a black smoke from the plastic. We did not see almost anything. We began to choke, began to run upstairs. From below shooting from a firearm began. At first one shot was produced. Someone shouted: «All go upstairs - if we will not burn, will be shot!»



The water was turned off, hoses were dry.

There were a lot of people at the dress circle.

It's said that people were smoked out in wings of building by ampoules with gas. These were not ordinary fans, as the media is lying.

We knew that on 2nd of May something bad would happen. Two weeks before, it had become known that hitmen had been brought to Odessa from Kiev and settled in empty sanatoriums etc. It is known that their leader demanded money from the mayor of Ilyichyovsk (town not far from Odessa) for their allowance, because they could go to the city in search of food and shelter. They had prepared at least a month the campaign of horriification. People were brought from Kiev Maydan, there were also ultras - fans from Kharkov. All had their own task.

I think the intent was to burn the Kulikovo pole, and to kill several people for intimidating us. And people had been brought just in case.

The action was planned well. Firefighters were ordered to do nothing. But Fuchedzhi (one of command of Odessa police) sympathized us, although his guilt is great.

Ex-Governor Nemirovsky - one of the implementers of the highest echelon. He had to control events in place. Actual implementers did not expect that people would enter into the House of Trade Unions and there they have to be killed and finished off. Stories about the mattresses on which supposedly had slept hitmen are not true. People slept in tents on the Kulikovo pole, and then mattresses were brought into the building to put there the wondered. The House of Trade Unions was burned from out - this is for sure.

I managed to leave. I could died three times during half an hour. There were many people around the windows on the dress circle. I breathed the smoke and was on the verge of losing consciousness. There were several people near windows on the 1,5 floor. People parted, and I breathed the air near the window. I did not want to jump out: it was high and members of Right Sector shouted with flags, filmed on phones like in zoo. I ran up to the attic by the stairs. There were fire and acrid smoke on the 2nd floor; I caught fire in hand, the suit began to melt, and molten material penetrated a suit on the skin and scalded me right through it. I went to the «wing», I was burned. The suit began to melt: I thought I was burning alive. I decided it was better to jump and be broken than burned alive.

Before that, I had had a moment of disorientation (I could not figure out where to go). I noticed only people silhouettes. There were black fog and smoke. I turned to the right and up the stairs. I went down to the level of 1,5 floor; I walked up the stairs at random without seeing steps. I felt with my foot a body and crossed it. Losing consciousness, I moved forward to find the source of air. I came finally to the window. There were a few people on the windowsill.

I immediately got on the windowsill and was about to jump. I breathed, threw one foot through the opening from the outside. I decided to stand until the firemen will not remove me. Flame started to sweep over me from the windows. I removed my hands, which were burned by the flame. I bent down, grabbed some iron piece, set foot on the curb, turned and jumped into the yard next to the wall of the building. There were 3 or 4 persons down, I was thinking they lay unconscious. I jumped from the 1.5 floor, but by hanging I reduced the distance; so I jumped from the first. When I jumped I sprained my right foot, I broken my face, was covered with blood. «Alive or not alive», I was thinking. I was lying for some seconds and then I saw a basement on my left. It was empty. I crawled to the basement



(later, it turned out that these people were finished off). Someone turned me abruptly and swung something at me. «Stop, do not touch him, his is mine», said another one. He took me under the armpits and dragged toward the ambulance. Then his friend approached and they have dragged me to the ambulance together. The first one was Goncharevskiy (one of leaders of Odessa Maydan) ; he wanted to finish me off.

The one who saved me, read me morality. He was banderist and said that I owe him my life.

«Why did you come to Odessa, go away», - he told me. I told him that I am living in Chernomorka (district in Odessa).

They cleaned my lungs already in the military hospital. In the ambulance I asked: «Give me injection, so I should not suffocating». There was nothing to ease my breath. I was been taken to the Malinowski hospital at first, and then, seeing that I was suffocating, they decided to take me to the military hospital. I was for two days at the intensive care. I didn't know that there were so many dead.

«Do you know how many people died?», asked the doctor. When I learned, I became hysterical, I began to break away from the table, they pricked me.

According to doctors, I had the chemical burn. Then I was transferred to the burns department, where was Ivan, the young communist. He had lost consciousness from carbon monoxide in the side wing of the building and waked up when some guys were

ferreting his pockets and were robbing him. Then they began to beat him on his knees and demanded him to jump from the fourth floor. He refused. Then they dragged him down to finish him off there, but on the way they thrown him- someone had called them. He was raised by firemen and sent to the military hospital. Ivan saw banderists in the building. He saw a wolf hook and banderists in the right wing.

On the first of May the current mayor of Odessa Truhanov persuaded the last commandant the tent camp to move to the 411-th battery. He gave money to people, cooks, management service, asking them to move to the camp prepared by Truhanov. The management service was managed to move to 411-th battery. The tents of «Odessa squads» also. A few days before



the May, 2 Truhanov told that 411th battery has a good camp with light, WC. It is necessary, he said, to celebrate May 9 , but your "Kulikovo pole" camp interferes this. People have been refused, and through the commandant who had received money, it became possible to persuade part of people to move. Having learnt about the events in Greek square, «Odessa squad» moved to help the Kulikovo pole men. How did Truhanov manage to convince Kushnarev to move to 411-th battery, Alexander do not understand. As for Gennadiy Kushnarev, according to his father, he had two firearms in the back.

In fact, on 2nd of May there were only few of disabled and the information center at the Kulikovo pole.

Alexander concludes: «I do not want the war in Odessa, but if it comes, I'll get up arms to fight against the Nazis. And one more. SBU (Security service of Ukraine) merged with the bandits-banderists. SBU came to the hospital to collect the information about the 2nd of May victims.

I received threats in Internet addressed to me, my family and my children».



Igor Nemodruk's memories

An excerpt from the book. Names of living people changed.
An exception is made for politicians who have to answer for their actions.

...The boards were taken from the tents, put vertically and thus turned into a sort of barricades. Cobble-stones wrenched from the pavement were piled into heaps. The so-called "officers" dressed in civilian clothes and plastic helmets were holding in their hands halves of blade shanks and long poles extracted from tents. The poles were ten centimetres in diameter and more than two metres in height. Painted green, they looked as if taken from Shrek's arsenal.

All people were excited and smiled at each other when their eyes met. Such a great number of smiles can be observed only on the first of April fools' day or during performances in the House of Clowns. But these smiles were a bit different. They were meant to be addition to St. George's ribbons as a sign of identification, just like sniffing of animals in a pack. They seemed to say "We are the same blood, you and me".



...At that moment a wave of agitation passed over the crown in the Kulikovo pole. The voices became more excited.

- What has happened?- Igor stopped Victor Gunn and shook his hand that was hard as stone.
- There is trouble in Greek square. Gun-fire. Some people are wounded..

...A long pause was interrupted by a car-horn and screeching brakes. A boy of 25 years of age was crossing the road. He was walking resolutely paying no attention to traffic rules and swearing drivers. He had an air of Don Luixote before his fight with giant wind mills. He was sure of himself that was evident from the way he looked and walked. He ran across the road, jumped over the hedge and rushed to the Kulikovo pole. But when he saw the sentry he deviated from the course and came up to them.

-Where are the groups fighting against right sector militants. His eyes were burning with anger and his nostrils dilated like those of a racehorse. 'hese rotters are killing people in Greek square.

-Are you going there? Igor exchanged glances with his friend and shook his hand. -You needn't go there. They will soon be here.

-Go to that tent and get a cudgel. Igor took out of his pocket a handful of St. George's ribbons and gave one ribbon to the boy. - Here it is.

-Well fellows, we won't be able to hold our ground. After the stranger's arrival Nick became calmer. - The perimeter of the square is great, it is open on all sides, we will be swept in 15 minutes. It was therefore, decided to penetrate into the House of Trade Unions and keep the defence there.

- Will there be arms or not? - Igor asked a painful question.

-I don't know. Nick stared at his friend and repeated more distinctly. - I don't know. Meanwhile, stay here. On getting my telephone call, advance to the main entrance of the House of Trade Unions. We are the assault group. By Ivanovich's order we shall open the door and provide entry to all other

"kulikovs". If there is a need, break the door. Get it?

- No more questions.

The call with the order to act came very soon - in about 20 minutes. By that time the disposition of the camp had changed. The barricades were moved closer to the main entrance. About half a dozen of men had unwound a ball of barbed wire which emerged from somewhere and were winding it round the barricade. Women were taking out from the camp their belongings - mattresses, blankets and bedspreads. Among them Igor caught a glimpse of his own blanket and sleeping bag. In an instant it disappeared both from his mind and from the field of vision.

Some elderly women had taken from the field church icons and a cross and headed by Zina and started to move in a religious procession around the House of Trade Unions. Scanty procession, scanty barricade, scanty barbed barrier. On seeing the cross carried high in the air by some unknown man, Igor crossed himself.

-Wait here, at the entrance. Nick rushed to the oak and glass door and pulled it by the massive bronze handle. -They have closed it. Certainly they have. -You would have done the same. -Igor came up to the door and tried to look through the glass. In semi-darkness of the hall he saw the turnstile right behind the door, a wide staircase and the back of an elderly man and woman hurriedly going to the back of the building.

- Did you expect to be met by an orchestra and maidens with flowers?

- Okay, stay here, don't leave. I'll bring a sledgehammer, it seems we had it somewhere.

...On the platform, from which there had been taken away an expensive TV, people at the top of their voices were arguing about what to do. The idea of breaking-up was rejected point-blank, and nobody dared to suggest it again. But those who were willing to get away were given a free

hand. Everyone decided to himself. Junior Davidchenko, Artem, was nervously trying to persuade people to go to the centre. Some supported the idea, others were against. There was much noise and argument. and only the "officers" paid no attention to the hubbub. They continued to prepare for the defence. The barbed wire was now drawn from left to right. The steps between the columns there appeared another line of barricades. The women had already gathered a pile of rubbish at the foot of the columns. Zina and her companions had appeared from behind the building and put the cross and icons at the foot of the columns saying in unison: "Lord, have mercy!" Igor stood up and had a look at the square. He saw that people continued to come from all sides. From one side or the other of the square there occasionally appeared a lonely figure and soon merged with the crowd. A fellow with a plywood shield, a skiing helmet under his arm and a black backpack behind his shoulders came from the left side of the railway station. Without saying a word he ran up the stairs, put down the shield and wearily sat on it. Another lad of twenty five had been there for already five minutes. He was tall, clumsy, limping, in a Kuban cap and had obvious signs of cerebral palsy. He smiled and told everybody that he was a Cossack by birth, not merely an ordinary Kuban Cossack, but a great-grandson of a centurion. He said his name was Victor and he couldn't stay at home on such a day. An angry old man sat down on the parapet near Igor and boyishly dangled his legs. On his jacket there was a small red-yellow-black ribbon; in his hands he nervously fingered a



home-made leather whip with a heavy screw-nut at the end.

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- Though I am old, - he said looking down upon Igor, - I'll do away with at least one fascist. I can't run, can't wave my hands but I know the techniques of fighting. We were well trained. If one of them comes close to me, I won't let him go. And even if I am to die I'll take him with me. These fascists must be killed, there is no other way! I know it!

Igor only nodded in reply.

The order came when everybody's nerves were on edge, when the steps between the columns were tightly packed with people, when every minute someone asked the question "Why don't we come in?" A couple of attempts to open the door was stopped. Finally at the bottom of the stairs there appeared Aleksandr Ivanovich's mustard-coloured jacket and his loud voice gave a command: "Nick come on!" Several voices in the crowd repeated with relief "Nick come on!" And Nick began to act.

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hall there were three directions - a wide staircase in the centre led to the upper floors, and two long corridors went to the right and to the left. Just like in fairy-tales, only the stone with the inscription "If you go straight - you'll find death" was missing. There was no sign either of any organization or headquarters. The people were a mixed lot; most of them were not acquainted. Everyone was busy doing what he found necessary. Some rushed upstairs, others were trying to drag inside all the things piled at the entrance; two streams of people were running along the left and right corridors. A couple of young boys were trying in vain to open the white doors at the end of the corridor.

Igor and Nick managed to open it in five seconds. Behind it there was a long dark corridor, lit by a window facing the butt-end of the building. Along both sides of the corridor ran two rows of various doors: old wooden, new plastic and richly decorated ones. Their quality depended on the solvency of the firm that rented the office. Igor knew this building very well as he often visited it before. He knew that at the window the corridor turned left and there was another staircase, an ordinary one, and in the corner there must be a lavatory. The left corridor was also planned in the same way. Both corridors instantly filled with a couple of dozen young men, boys and girls ran forward, not knowing what to do.

- Open all the doors! Igor decided to stay in this wing of the building and organize the defence, since there was no other leader. - Let's barricade the windows to keep them away! Setting an example he pushed the nearest plastic door and thrust it open. Unbidden guests were able to burst into the room. Inside there was cheap office furniture, tables, chairs, bookcases and shelves with obligatory (one can't do without them) cases for files, pots with flowers on a wide window-sill. The window overlooking the square was latticed from the outside.

- Move the furniture to the window, block up the window opening - Igor pushed into the room a lad of twenty-five, who was standing in the doorway, and ran on. From the hall there were heard loud, excited voices, blows. People were fussily running to and fro, somebody was trying to get into another room; others having run into the corridor had a look at it and ran away.

... People in the building young and old, men and women, all whom fate had gathered here, gave up their work and hurried to the windows. They wanted to look into the eyes of that wild and evil force that threatened their lives, faith and convictions.

The window, from which the friends observed, what was going on outside, had the best field of vision. Among trees they saw some figures running fast among the trees followed by a more dense crowd, then by a stream of people.

The current was like a mud avalanche flowing along the lane and between the trees in the square. Above it all there was a hum of human voices in which it was difficult to single out something meaningful, a word or a phrase. All shouts and screams merged into a continuous hum, saturated with hatred and malice. It vibrated in the air and seemed to live separately from the people who made it.

The front line had run up rather close, they could be seen quite well. Almost all had plywood shields. One was wound round in a yellow-blue cloak according to the Maidan fashion. He closed his eyes for a moment, squatted, threw forward the right arm with the fist and gave a heart-rending yell: "Glory to Ukraine." The wave "Glory to Heroes" spread as if from the centre of explosion. It was now possible to see their faces. Igor was surprised at how distorted with vicious fury they were.

"My God! They look like orcs! Horde! It will be hard." he thought. From the hall came excited shouts and some strange sounds, and from the office came the ringing of broken glass.

We are in for it, friends!" - Igor without looking at his friends rushed to the room where he expected to see vile orc muzzles, climbing out of the window. From behind there came Nick's voice: "Michail, keep an eye on the window?"

From the memoirs of Lydia.

The author's name is changed.

On May 2 I was not accidentally on the Kulikovo pole. Before the tragedy, my followers and I used to gather at the square at 18.00 and discuss the events that took place in the country and in our city. We did not agree on everything! It concerned both policy and economy in their propaganda from the day of «nezalezhnost.» It seemed that our ranks had been filling. So many people were coming! Some hope appeared for the best.

On the day of the tragedy we had very little in the pole. There were rumors that banderists were approaching.



I personally didn't believe, but at the same time, we began to build barricades. Someone commanded to build barricades close to the entrance. These were the boards and broken asphalt. Then someone shouted: «Into the building!» Suddenly I saw furious crowd shouting something like animals.



I managed to run inside. The first floor, a long corridor, staircase ... something started that I couldn't ever imagine. A number of explosions, shooting, roaring of fascist villains. Firebombs were flying one after another, and stones were throwing.

Fire occurred in one place or another. A woman was standing with a cross. We were several people trying to stretch a fire hose. There was no water, neither light. We dimmed as we could. The building was shaking from the strong screen. Smoke was spreading more and more. Then a powerful (rather special) explosion thundered and blur appeared. Breathing became impossible. We opened all the doors to get to the windows. Suddenly it became dark. We ran into some small room. I heard a hysterical girl screaming ... Finally I got to a window, but breathing was hard, there was a smell of burning. Explosions died down ... A guy standing on the parapet shouted: «Women what are you doing here!». «Molotov cocktails» flew. Thanks to God, they flew on the window. I tried to go back, to see somebody. My eyes were watery, it was hard to breathe. The light of a lantern still was seen, but it went out. Suddenly, it became quiet and something flashed in my head: «Everybody died!» A lot of people were standing on the field. Why did they stand here?



My salvation was in metalwork, which served us as the scene.

The police - or who they were, in full camouflage were inactive! They shuffled to the left and to the right in complete indifference.

They "sorted" people... A bastard screamed obscenely: «The first company, go away from here!» And on the top floor, I saw a body lying in the window.



We will not forget! We will not forgive!

They killed the inhabitants of Odessa

We do not publish names and patronymics data of these people for reasons of principle.

Citizen **Kolomoyskiy**, an oligarch billionaire. He was the mastermind behind the idea of destroying the camp of anti-fascists in the Kulikovo Field. According to some pieces of information, he financed the transport of Kharkiv ultras to Odessa.

At the present time he is the governor of Dnipropetrovsk oblast of Ukraine.

Citizen **Parubiy**, the former commandant of Maidan. On the eve of May 2 he brought to Odessa flak jackets and distributed them among militants of the Right Sector who actively participated in the killings of anti-fascists. On his orders, the main striking force of thugs - two hundred armed militants of so-called Maidan Self-defence Forces - came to the city. With his rich background of provocation on the Kiev Maidan, Parubiy became the executor of the script of the pogrom in Odessa. He was not able enough for more, because of his lack of intelligence.

At the present time he is a Vice-Chairman of the Verkhovna Rada of Ukraine.

Citizen **Nemirovskiy**, a millionaire; two months before the 2 of May he was appointed by the junta governor of Odessa oblast. He was one of the executors of the plan of the destruction of the anti-Maidan camp in the Kulikovo Field. After the 2 of May he made publicly a number of offensive statements. Nemirovskiy was so ridiculous and helpless, that Kiev authorities dismissed him.

Now he is simply a millionaire in Odessa.

Citizen **Hurwitz**; he used to be the mayor of the city for a long time, and became famous for his dark deeds, unrestrained self-PR and links to terrorist elements in different parts of the world. In the events of May 2 many of his supporters and employees of long-term took part, which will be discussed below. In the course of those events he expected to regain the mayoralty, but miscalculated.

At the present time he is a Deputy of the Verkhovna Rada of Ukraine.

Citizen **Yusov**, formerly an official in the administration of Hurwitz. He called the furious mob to move in the direction of the Kulikovo Field. His activity was video-recorded which is freely available on the Internet. He participated actively in the cover-up of the killer Goncharevskiy, giving him the necessary time to escape from the crime scene (backyard of the Trade Union's House). Then he was very active at pulling out the bodies of people. In fact, he was a copartner in murdering them.

At the present time for his zealous denunciation activity against «separatists» he earned the post of an adviser at the Odessa Department of The Security Service of Ukraine.

Citizen **Borshchenko**, one of the assistants of Hurwitz. He sent a gang of of the Right Sector militants and other Nazis inside the Trade Union's House, showing them the auxiliary entrance. At the present time he calls himself the chairman of the Odessa Regional Association of Employers in the south of Ukraine.

In addition to the aforementioned activists another official from Hurwitz' administration, citizen Devyatov, is identified. Devyatov was video-recorded with a bat in his hands.

Citizen **Bolyanskiy**, an assistant of the former governor Nemirovskiy. He gave the order to a warlord of the Right Sector to go in the Kulikovo Field to destroy the camp of anti-fascists.

He dissolved in biomass.

Citizen **Volkov**, a petty crook, formerly wanted by the police. During the Maidan events he became a leader of a Maidan Sotnya (squad) in Odessa. He is largely known for a video where complaining probably to citizen Avakov that his lads «are not allowed to do nothing.» He was video-recorded distinguished himself as shooting at people trying to escape from a fire in the Trade Union's House in the window openings and cornices of the building.

The Right Sector are spreading rumors about his death from tuberculosis. It is possible.

Citizen **Goncharevskiy**. That one personally finished off people fallen from the upper floors who were fleeing the fire and many of them unconscious. There are several video and photoproofs about this.

At the present time he is exempt from prosecution. He went to the army. Not in the area of ATO, of course. He works at Malinovskiy military enlistment office in Odessa.

Citizen **Hodiyak**. During the clashes in the city center he shot at antifascists from a rifle. Some bullets from his weapon were recovered from the bodies of two killed people - Losinskiy Eugene and Petrov Guennadiy, as well as two wounded people - Konstantinov, editor of the online publication «in the Dumskaya,» and one of those policemen who stood in the cordon.

At the present time he is under house arrest. According to many lawyers, it is unlikely that his trial will happen.

They betrayed the inhabitants of Odessa

Citizen **Goncharenko**. He coolly watched the fire and storm in the Trade Union's House. With the power of people's deputy and occupying various positions in the regional council he did not lift a finger to stop the robbery and murder in the city center. Then he accepted the self against the backdrop of prostrate bodies of anti-fascists. He expressed unbridled joy at the defeat of the anti-fascist camp during the live broadcast on the central Ukrainian channel.

At the present time he is a member of a Committee - which nobody needs - and fights for returning Crimea to Ukraine.

Citizen **Davydchenko Artem** - being one of the leaders of Anti-Maidan protesters at the time of the attack he left their camp and disappeared in an unknown direction. According to many activists, he received a large amount of money, which was destined to organize the defense of the Kulikovo Field. These funds have disappeared along with him.

At the present time he has been seen in the expanses of Russia.

THE LIE ANATOMY

The official investigation of Odessa on May 2 tragedy has become another frustrating and shameful page of the Ukraine New History. It was as soon as on May 3 that Odessa branch of MIA (Ministry of Home Affairs) spread the misleading information that proves that the Kiev authorities had given directions on how the investigation should be conducted.

The info sauce: <http://mvs.gov.ua/mvs/control/odessa/uk/publish/article/162394>



THE REASON OF THE ODESSA TRADE-UNIONS BUILDING INFLAMMATION CAN BE "MOLOTOV COCKTAILS" THROWN FROM THE TOP.

This is the preliminary conclusion made on the results of the place inspection by the Ukraine State Emergency Service specialists in the Odessa oblast. The deliberate evil acts of the criminals resulted in 40 victims.

Yesterday during the confrontation between police and extremists, the offenders were made to shift to Kulikovo Pole area, where the delinquents seized the Trade Union House and barricaded themselves.

The attackers threw the molotov cocktail bottles on the peaceful citizens and started shooting them from guns. The molotov cocktails used by criminals set the house on fire, which spread widely from the upper floors down and that was the reason of 40 people death. More that 120 persons suffered different degree of injury.

Odessa Oblast Ukraine
State Emergency Serv

One can clearly realize that the investigation was conducted with the negligence and lack of conscientiousness. In just a few days after the tragedy the Trade Union House was opened for the public. Only in early 20th of May when all the vestiges of crime were destroyed by a lot of visitors, the Building was declared the real evidence.

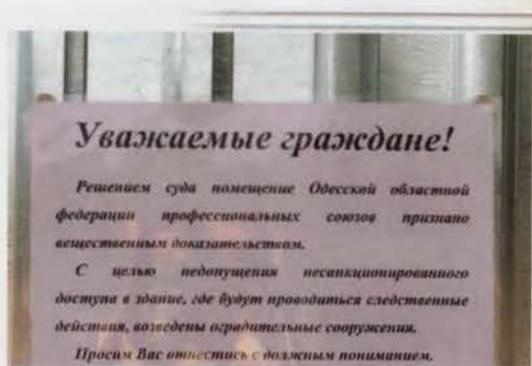
The info sauce:

http://timer.od.ua/news/v_dome_profsoyuzov_nachali_remont_unichtojayut_uliki_fotofakt_599.html

It should be considered that the building is a complicated architectural structure where in the fire and smoke caused by the unknown stuff, hundreds of people were fighting on the roof and several floors. It's hard to believe that within several days all the necessary evidence were thoroughly gathered for the expertise. And as the eyewitnesses account they started the house repairs just after the declaration of the building the real evidence.

The info sauce:

http://timer.od.ua/news/v_dome_profsoyuzov_nachali_remont_unichtojayut_uliki_fotofakt_599.html



The announcement:
RESPECTED CITIZENS!

The Odessa Trade Union House has been acknowledged the real evidence by the court decision. To prevent an unauthorized access into the building where the investigation is being held, the protecting structure has been erected.

Thank you for understanding.



We will not forget! We will not forgive!

In early 20th of May the public at large could hear the speeches of the state investigators. The main conclusion made by the so to say "expert" Krivda by name was: We have no information at all that somebody did any harm - could it be some alien or some evil forces. We don't have such information, it's all guesswork.

(<http://www.odessit.ua/news/odessa/30023-sud-med-ekspert-informaciya-o-tom-cto-lyudey-padayuschih-iz-okon-doma-profsoyuzov-izbivali-domysly.html>)



Mr Krivda announced a flagrant lie to the world. The mothers and wives who had passed the identification procedure and cried all the night on the dead bodies of their beloved before the funeral, know for sure that the victims had been severely beaten and many of them had their bones broken and bodies badly injured. According to the mothers testimonial evidences some bodies had no arms or legs but these testimonies were completely ignored by the investigation whose duty was to find out the reason of the hands absence. There were no traces of violence ?!

See for yourself..



The experienced specialist can see the proof of the violence on this woman's corpse easily, if the specialist has conscience and professional dignity. But can Mr Krivda tell the truth?



And here is the after death photo of the 20 years old Igor Lukas. In the police protocol on the Igor Lukas' body examination they wrote that a corpse of a 40 year old man had been found- the pain and sufferings had changed the face dramatically.

Here is the Alesha Balaban' corpse photo. Nobody had explained the origin of the holes on his face to his mother. Mr Krivda had declared on that press conference: "Spreading the false information is cynical but very efficient for the propaganda used by those who hates our country". (<http://fakty.ua/183835-v-odesskom-dome-profsoyuzov-ne-bylo-nikakoj-ubitoj-beremnoj-zhenschiny>) These words are very much correct. But aren't they also mean - saying a lie to millions of people with his "honest" eyes open, knowing the truth and dwelling about propaganda. The expertise led by the firm hand of the investigation ignored the questions: why the corpse were burned unevenly-like only the head was injured or the upper part of the bod



What gas was the reason of the people's suffocation in the Trade Union House corridors and rooms, and the fact of suffocation was stressed by all the witnesses who had managed to survive? The attackers were spreading some gas while they were rushing into the rooms where victims had hid themselves.



Who do the covered with blood objects – hacket, numerous bats, sticks belong to? There are so many question to be answered.....

Those "specialists" who joined the discussion on so- to- say voluntary basis, were competing with state experts in distorting the facts. Some Vladimir Sarkisyan who was introduced to the public like specialist in toxicology, announced : " the building was entered by the "groups of attackers" There were some men with respirators (as they found out the respirators masks and filters were kept in the camp). But there is no info on the attackers wearing respirators (<http://dumskaya.net/news/tajny-kulikova-polya-pod-ohranoj-drakona-pravosu-037164/>

And there is a photo proving that MINIMUM three fighters had respirators on being inside the building.



We underline that there were minimum three attackers wearing respirators, and a lot of respirators belonged to "peaceful demonstrators" of the Kulikovo Pole and the photos prove it.

The investigators ignored those facts. The question "Why did the fighters bring the respirators with them and were strolling in the captured building having them on?- was ignored and forgotten in the tons of followed disinformation on the poisoning by military and other kind of gas although it was denied by a lot of specialists . But the denunciation of stupid statements of the use of chloroform, sarin, neuromuscular gases carried everybody away so much, that there was only one conclusion left- those scoundrels knew something of what was going to happen and were prepared to deal with gas. But the investigation objectivity was far from being desired.

One more volunteer - by the name of Balinsky who was introduced as "an expert on chemistry" added to the bank of fakes and lies. In particular he stated: " In accordance with the detection results of the independent journalists investigation " 2 May Group" Euromaidan Group participants had fire arms, but there are no facts of using them (no traces of bullets, no victims, no video). But there are facts of the gun use by sotnik Mycola, as well as there are evidences of the gun usage by the victim suffered by the Flobler bullet shooting the concert hall.



(http://timer.od.ua/minds/vladislav_balinskiy_tezisno_o_pojare_v_dome_profsoyuzov_192.html



Only the fact of the criminal and provoker "Mycola"s shooting is well proved, as he was readily betrayed by his masters. Just have a look yourself:



And now see frame after frame, those who can't see well and besides suffer of lack of conscience.

If this is not shooting if these people can't be found (especially the one with the red and black stripe on the on the sleeve) what kind of specialists work for our investigation organization. What kind of state do we live in?

But let's come back to Mr Kryvda statements made in May. The next day after his speech the expertise conclusions were readily agreed upon by the police authorities. The Head of the Chief

Investigation Administration of the Ministry of Home Affairs Mr Bogdan Bivalkevitch declared that there was no evidence that the wounded were finally beaten and killed (http://timer.od.ua/news/glava_sledstvennogo_upravlenie_mvd_raneni_na_kulikovom_pole_ne_dobivali_570.html). This statement caused burst of indignation.

In about two days there appeared the investigation representative, who surpassed all his predecessors in distorting the real facts, in demonstrating preconception and the desire to be loyal to Kiev authorities. It was a notoriously famous Mr Sushkov, the chief special investigator of the Ukraine MHA. The information on his "statements" is fully presented herewith so that readers can witness how mean a human being can be.

The source of the info: http://timer.od.ua/news/mvd_tragediyu_2_maya_ustroili_inostrantsi_ugolovniki_lyumpeni_j_bezdel_niki_s_kulikova_polya_536.html

THE MINISTRY OF HOME AFFAIRS: THE MAY 2 TRAGEDY WAS ORGANIZED BY FOREIGNERS , CRIMINALS, LUMPENS AND IDLERS.

"The May 2 events were arranged on the Kulikovo Pole and the key people in its organization were people having previous convictions, mentally outdated, lumpens and idlers"-



These are the words used by the chief special investigator of the Ukraine MHA Mr Ruslan Sushkov during the sitting of the special commission.

He underlined that the May 2 events were planned in advance and had the goal to discredit the authority.

"The disturbance preparation main center was situated on the Kulikovo Pole- the investigator stated- A group of people was trained for requested action, some organizations were created and everybody knows what slogans and flags they used. There was some obscure interaction with the police officials. The main contingent that took part in the events on behalf of the Kulikovo Pole - were people having previous convictions, marginals, foreigners, lumpens, unemployed because they don't wish to work. There were many people whose intellect correspond to the intellect of a 14-year old guy"

The estimation of the Euromaidan activists actions was quite different: by his words their fans marchings were a normal activity that didn't threaten the peace in the city. And he never commented the statements of some participants of the session that he Euromaidan had armed, well organized and trained people.

The investigator certainly knew the biographies of the victims who proved to be the participants of the events on the "Kulikovo Pole" side . Here is the information submitted by the relatives of the perished people:

Krisina Bezhantskaya - poet, was fond of dancing and music;
Michael Zherbinin - engineer, locksmith;
Victor Bullakh - a driver in the Odessa port;
Nickolay Kovriga - security;
Igor Zayats - mechanic;
Andrey Brazhevsky - programmer;
Irina Yakovenko - librarian;
Gennagy Kushnarev - designer;
Maxim Nikitenko - builder;
Sergey Mishin - sport dances champion of Ukraine;
Aleander Kononov - mathematician, programmer;
Ivan Milev - airplane repair plant engineer /designer;
Alexander Sadovnichiy - colonel resigned;
Alexey Balaban - trade company administrator;
Dmitriy Ivanov - musician, journalist, TV presenter;
Victor Stepanov - (Victor Gunn)-poet;
Vladimir Brygar - translator ;
Andrey Gnatenko - sportsman;
Sergey Kostyukhin - book-keeper;
Anna Verenikina - book-keeper;
Dmitriy Nikitiuk - worker;
Leonid Berezovsky - doctor;
Anatoliy Kalin - radioengineer;
Vadim Papura - student;
Viacheslav Markin - Odessa oblast deputy;
Vadim Negaturov - poet;
Evgeny Losinsky - businessman, reconstructor;
Igor Lukas - student;
Vladimir Novitsky - engineer;
Igor Ostorozhniuk - a seaman;
Nina Lomakina - tailor;
Evgeniy Mitchik - security;
Gennadiy Petrov - seaman;
Dmitriy Nikitiuk - disabled, puppet theater worker;
Alexander Zulkov - the University professor, mathematician

There is no guarantee that this is the final list of victims. There is no data on those listed as missing although even authorities confirm that there are missing people. But we'll go on investigating and will find out the truth by all means.

There is no lumpen or marginal person in the official list of murdered victims, vice versa -they were talented, intellectual specialists. Two poets, aircraft engineer, programmers, lawyer, engineers, doctors, military men. The best representatives of the country! Such people are valued in any civilized country, they are given a chance to speak out to the public at large, and authorities consider their opinion on what is going wrong in the country! In any country but not Ukraine. They were just violated on and burned.

Our murdered countrymen cannot protect their honor and dignity, and give the adequate response to "sushkovs". But those gentlemen should remember that they'll get what was coming to them.

The Odessa "pravoseki" (the Right Sector members) grew quiet after the event in anticipation of the investigation result, but after the above-mentioned statements and after their arrested as suspects in the murders comrades (that could be easily proved by the existing photos, videos and evidences of the witnesses) were set free, they revived and supported the authorities in knitting the lies cobweb.

Here is one of them: http://timer.od.ua/news/odesskaya_samooborona_tragedii_2_maya_na_kulikovom_pole_ne_bilo_328.htth

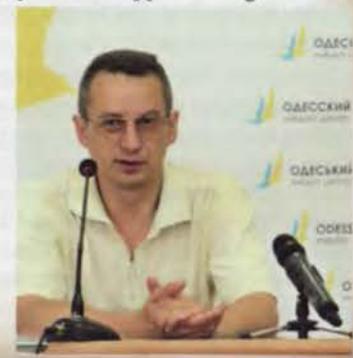


ODESSA SELF-DEFENSE ORGANIZATION STATED: THERE WAS NO TRAGEDY ON MAY 2 ON THE KULIKOVO POLE.

The Odessa Self-Defense organization press-secretary Artem Filippenko alleged that there was no tragedy event in Kulikovo Pole, there was a fight which was won by Euromaidan members.

He insisted that on May 2 the Euromaidan defended the city and even didn't let the state to collapse. And the 48 murdered people and more than 200 wounded - is a an adequate price for the achievement. As Filippenko declared otherwise there could be a war in Odessa oblast but he gave no proof for such confirmation.

This member of Self Defense organization insists that the leaders of Odessa Antimaidan are to blame for the deaths of people whom they "forced to hide in the building". But for that he is



We will not forget! We will not forgive!

sure " the people will burn the Antimaidan tents in Kulikovo Pole and that's it".

By all those lies the " the Right Sector" supporters, who are the successors of the nationalistic movement OUN-UPA tried to persuade the public opinion to only one conclusion - Antimaidan is to be blamed in everything.

However lie is not too reliable support. This became evident as soon as the Commissions of Inquiry on May 2, which started at the official level, began to crumble one after another.

First Odessa Regional Council's Commission declared its worthlessness after they had had to recognize their full capitulation to the reluctance of "competent" authorities to provide information (<http://interfax.com.ua/news/political/221842.html>). But a far greater public outcry was caused by the decision to end the work of the parliamentary commission of the Ukrainian Rada.

These individuals had even published a draft decree, which was supposed to draw a line under its work. This "document" does not contain anything new - the same accusations addressed to the people of the Kulikovo pole, the same recognitions - through clenched teeth - of "certain facts" of violations by the people of Euromaidan. The same shameful recognition of worthlessness because none of the officials involved in the bloody Odessa pogrom did not appear at the committee meeting. Another conclusion which was clear, however, without the deputies, is that Ukraine does not have sufficient capacity to carry out the necessary examinations to date. (http://w1.c1.rada.gov.ua/pls/zweb2/webproc4_1?pf3511-52134)

The publication of this document was accompanied by a scandal that received extensive coverage in the media.

The Source:

http://timer.od.ua/news/otchet_komissii_vr_po_2_maya_fal_sifitsirovali_vicherknuli_yusova_i_smyagchili_rol_parubiya_986.html

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION OF THE VERKHOVNA RADA, MAY 2, WAS FALSIFIED: YUSOV WAS DELETED AND ROLE OF PARUBIY WAS SOFTENED

Svetlana Fabricant, a deputy and member of the commission of the Verkhovna Rada of Inquiry on 2 May, presented the original Commission report, which was signed by its members. It turned out that the document in a number of issues is significantly different from that which has been published.

In particular, the original document contained the following text: on April 29, 2014 in Odessa, chaired by the Secretary of the National Security Council of Ukraine, Parubiy A.V., a meeting of the operational staff to ensure coordinated rapid response to the challenges and dangers to the national security of Ukraine with the participation of the leaders of Odessa regional administration, management of Security in the Odessa region, Head management of the Ministry of Internal Affairs of Ukraine in the Odessa region, Main Department of Civil Service of Emergencies in the Odessa region, Southern Regional Directorate of the State Border Service of Ukraine, commander of the Southern Operational Command, the military commissariat of the Odessa region and others was held.

The event got a wide resonance among Odessa's society as further development and the lack of information on the issues covered by the Secretary of the National Security Council while staying in Odessa allow to suppose that exactly this official controlled the action of so-called "self-defense groups." At the same time, the Secretary of the National Security Council did not provide written information on the issues that were discussed at that meeting, and instructions provided by its results, despite repeated requests of the Interim Commission of Inquiry.

The participation in the events of about 500 citizens, who were brought to Odessa from Kiev Maidan and placed at the checkpoints with the assistance of the Chairman of the Odessa Regional State Administration V.L. Nemirovsky remains out of focus of the investigation. Odessa's society and independent journalists believe that these people were the main participants of stripping the tent camp of the Kulikovo pole and arson the House of Trade Unions.

Snippets of the text in bold type disappeared from the published version. Furtherly 500 supporters of the "Euromaidan" were mentioned only in the testimony of Dmitry Fuchedzhi and appeared only as his personal opinion, but not as certain findings of the commission.

Next correction concerns the role in the events of May 2nd of the chief of Odessa "UDAR" party Andrey Yusov. The original document says as we quote: "After the events that took place in the shopping center "Athens", in Preobrazhenskaya street one of the leaders of the "Euromaidan" Andrey Yusov organizes and encourages activists of "Euromaidan" to move toward the Kulikovo pole, where the activists of "Antimaidan" are staying". In the published version of the report the name of Yusov no longer appears, and the phrase as a whole is built more vaguely: "After the events that took place in the shopping center "Athens", in Preobrazhenskaya street some leaders of the "Euromaidan" organized and encouraged activists of "Euromaidan" to move toward the Kulikovo pole"

Other changes are more important, but biased. For example, in the phrase "Afterwards, according to the investigating authorities, the conflict was provoked allegedly by pro-Russian party" the word "allegedly" disappeared.

The original document listed the events of May 4th as "seizure of the building of the Odessa City Police Department" and the "liberation ... of 63 detainees", meanwhile the published paper contains "unlawful seizure of the building of the Odessa city police department" and the "violent release of 63 detainees".

From the phrase "Central Investigation Department of the General Prosecutor's Office of Ukraine studied the problems of implication of some representatives of central and local executive bodies to the events" the word "central" disappeared. And so on.

In other words, amendments inserted into the document after it had already been signed by the commission members, significantly distort its meaning which make suggest the worst suspicions. It would be reasonably interesting to find out who exactly was the author of those amendments and what were the grounds to insert them.



НАРОДНИЙ ДЕПУТАТ УКРАЇНИ

11000, м. Київ, вул. Грушевського, 3

№ 159 / 1007 № 101

Голові Верховної Ради України
Турчинову О.В.

Шановний Олександр Валентиновичу!

У зв'язку з тим, що оприлюднений 08.09.2014 р. текст проекту Постанови про зміт Тимчасової слідчої комісії Верховної Ради України з питань розслідування фактів загибелі громадян у містах Одесі, Маріуполі, а також в інших містах Донецької та Луганської областей України № 5041 від 05.09.2014 р. (якої – проект № 5041) містить суттєві зміни порівняно з тим текстом проекту, який раніше було запропоновано мені як секретарю Тимчасової слідчої комісії для ознайомлення та підписання, прошу відкласти мій підпис під проектом № 5041.

З повагою,
Народний депутат України

С.С.Фабрикант

The fact that a parliamentarian representing Odessa Svetlana Fabricant withdrew her signature under this resolution is worth mentioning.

This court decision had vanished in the depths of the Ukrainian parliament and was rejected on November 27, 2014.

Finally it was Mr. Poroshenko who also spoke on the subject though he didn't have any court decision. This political leader who had been appointed to the position responsible for providing an impartial control over the execution of laws in the country actually justified a sadistic massacre of citizens of Ukraine whose only fault was to feel concern about the future of the country and who were ready to bring it up to public discussion, not content just to discuss it without leaving a sofa.

assured that she wants only one thing – to sort out objectively what happened. But how finished her «research»? This madam created the text, the beginning of which we are quoting, and all the other you could just not to read.

«HE WAS SHOT ON
DERIBASOVSKAYA STREET ...»

When someone once again will try to instill to you that what had happened on May, 2 in Odessa - is «Odessa Khatyn», you must know - this is a lie.

Source: <http://2maygroup.blogspot.ru/2015/03/2.html?spref=fb>



So like this understand the objectivity some of our journalists. Well, this is nothing new - provocateurs are always surrounding a popular movement, which undoubtedly is the Kulikovo pole. The journalist has achieved the approval of the authorities. Let's see how she will sustain the disapproval of the people.

Thus, all above facts stated, the following is obvious:

1. Neither families, relatives or associates of the persons killed during the pogrom on May 2, 2014 in Odessa nor the Ukrainian people in a whole can rely on impartial and objective investigation. Current Ukrainian authorities are making every effort to discourage honest investigation..
2. During the investigation of the events on May 2 both official bodies and nationalistic organizations, as well as pro-nationalistic ("pro-Bandera") media are causing immense suffering to the families and friends of the perished defenders of Odessa. In this chapter of the book, we only lightly touched the problem of how victims and their relatives are being defamed and discredited.
3. What we demand is international investigation of the tragedy under the condition of public appointment of investigators and experts as well as of the participation of international observers representing some authoritative European politicians and provided the audience can get as full information about the investigation as possible.

No changes in the economic or social spheres of the state are possible unless the nation is united.

But the unity can't be reached until the crimes in Mariupol, Odessa, in the Donbas and Luhansk regions are investigated and the prosecution of criminals is held!

WE WILL NOT FORGET! WE WILL NOT FORGIVE!

POROSHENKO: «ODESSA PAID A HIGH PRICE ON MAY 2
AND BECAME A "PRO-BANDERA" CITY»

Petr Poroshenko has no doubts that after the events of May 2 Odessa became a "very pro-Ukrainian" city.

The corresponding statement was made by the president of Ukraine during his visit to Odessa on October 23.

"Ukraine paid a very high price for peace and Odessa paid a high price on May 2 to see what is happening now if we hadn't stopped the invasion of separatists. Today Odessa has become very pro-Ukrainian", said Poroshenko.

According to him, Odessa is already called a "Bandera" city in Russian media which, in his opinion, is a great compliment to Odessa.

We should remind that 48 people were killed as a result of the tragedy on May 2, most of them being the supporters of antimaidan. "Poroshenko coalition" used in its election campaign a footage from the burning Trade Unions House, where a mass burning of people took place.

Generally, there are plenty of those who are wishing to make PR on the tragedy of May, 2. For example, journalistic and so much "independent" group of "2 May" and its indispensable participant a certain Gerasimova. For a long time she was in contact with the relatives of those who were killed on May, 2, worm her way into their confidence and

CONCLUSIONS

In criminalistics exists the concept of the «handwriting of a criminal». If for the investigator is not enough direct evidence to identify the criminal, he has the right to consider the similar crimes and analyze the ways by which they were committed. If the «methodology», «handwriting» of a criminal coincides with the considered crime, then the investigator has all the reasons to suspect its «authors» in committing of a new crime.

What gives the analysis of the bloody massacre in the House of Trade Unions?

Firstly, were widely used provocations as a means of incitement of animal instincts of the crowd. This began in the city center and continued on the Kulikovo pole, when unknowns were shooting from the roof of the House of Trade Unions. It is very important that these hitmen have not been found and were not accused.

Secondly, inside the building was obviously used the technique of the «fire trap» when people were squeezed between the two seats of fire - on the lower and upper floors.

Thirdly, none political force, whose members with all evidence were involved into the madness under the windows of the House of Trade Unions, and took part in the assault of the building, has claimed the responsibility for the commission of this terroristic bloody massacre. All pro-Ukrainian press in one voice peremptorily and unproven repeats as by order: «They set fire themselves!» But why «as»? Exactly - by the order!

Whom does this remind you of?

Wait, like this acted of the bad memory punitive units of SS such as division «Galicia», as well as militants of UIA (OUN-UPA) ! Being created to fight the partisans, intimidation of the local population and sabotage in the rear of the Soviet Army, these units had mastered only one method of warfighting for all the occasions - a provocation. Disguised as soldiers and officers of the Soviet Army, they strove hard not to betray their essence - hence genetically predetermined silent about who actually butchered on the Kulikovo pole. Burning Polish, Belarusian, Ukrainian villages, Bandera followers used the method of «fire trap» as a universal method of killing. To learn something else these nonhumans just were not able. Finally, these SS units never recognized committed actions, what clearly revealed during the post-war trials, where were judged Ukrainian nationalists.



The compilers of this book do not claim to be the investigators. The collected by us evidence, photo and video materials, including the unique items, which have so far never been published, we are ready to transfer to the investigation. To the real, impartial, professional investigators - surely there must be somewhere such? This investigation has to confirm or to disprove our opinion.

We know that such investigation will certainly take place.

THE TRAGEDY, WHICH MUST KNOW THE WORLD

Odessa, may 2014

Ville cosmopolite au bord de la mer Noire
Odessa, tu rêvais d'honorer la mémoire
Du port des anciens tsars conquis sur les récifs
Odessa humiliée, frappée, brûlée à vif.

Fondateur de la ville au temps de Catherine
Le duc de Richelieu domine Potemkine
Du haut des escaliers d'où s'échappe un landau
Dévalant seul les marches, au rythme des bateaux.

Monument de l'horreur, Koulikovo Polie
Champ des bécasses où furent brisés, massacrés
Des centaines de fils et filles de la ville

Sous les cris de la haine, escadrons de la mort
Venus décapiter les enfants de Virgile -
Crime impuni, nié, attribué au sort.

Mark W. Adass

Odessa, 2015

We will not forget! We will not forgive!

