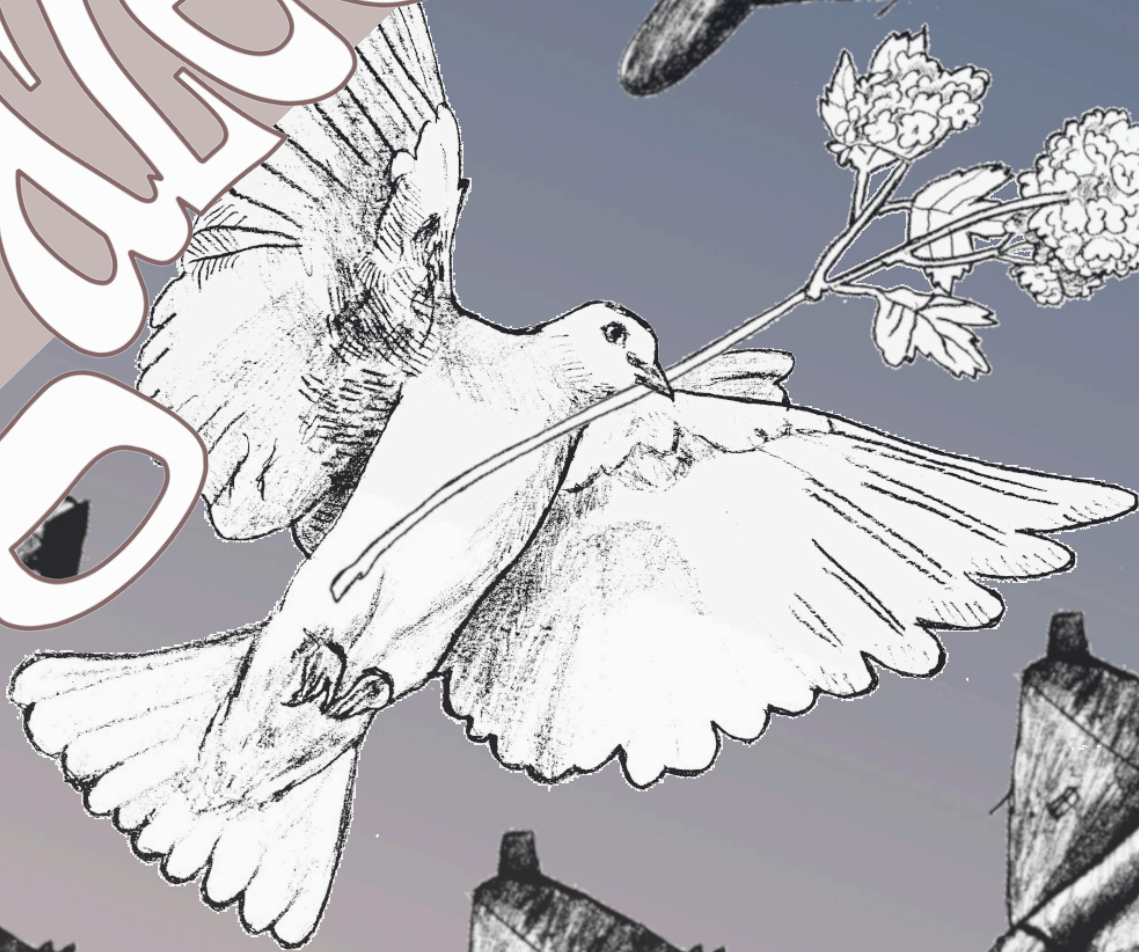


Resilience

*Resiliensi*

Resiliensi



Gazeta Sasha 1 / 2024

Resilience / resilienssi

Editors-in-chief: Oliver Reschreiter and Sierra Salazar

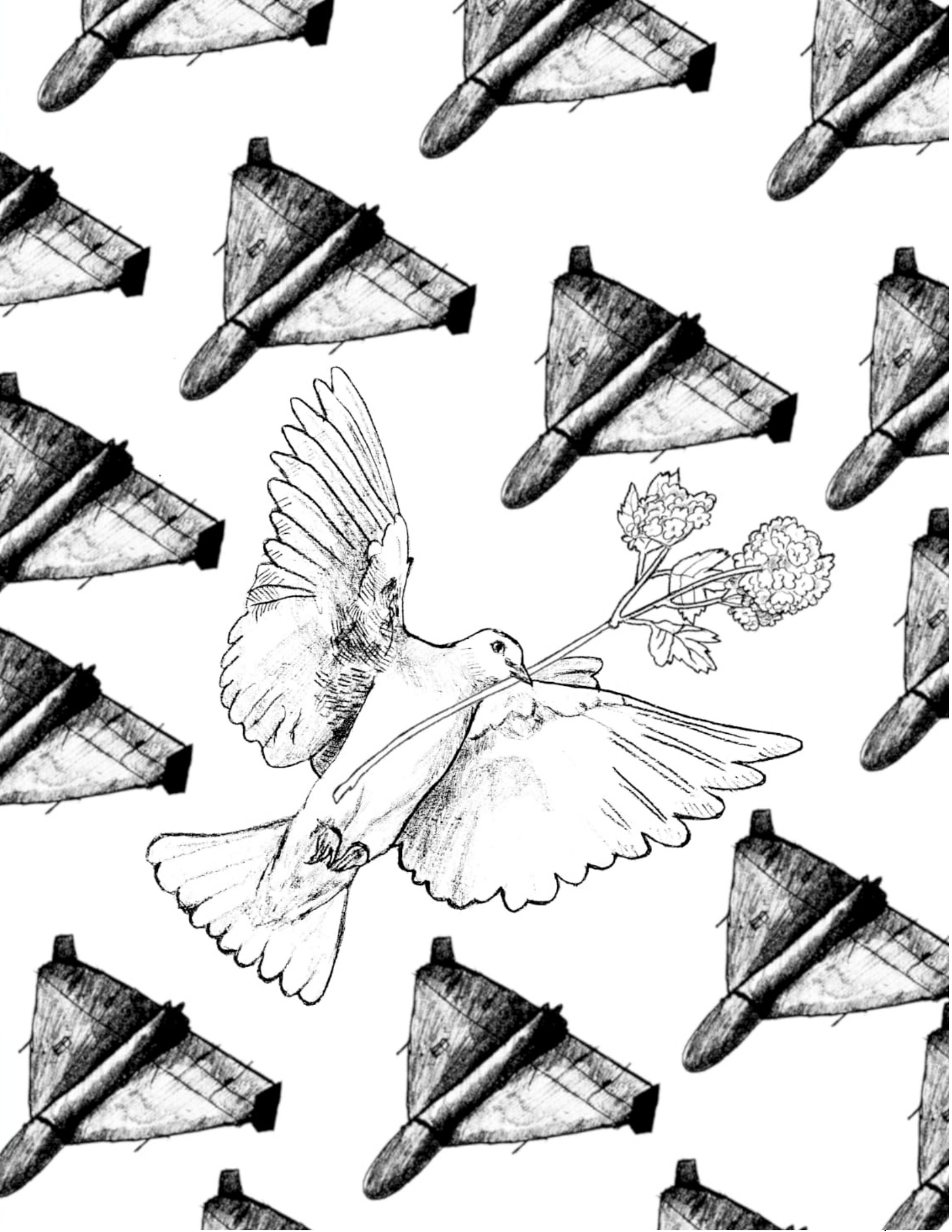
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Ainejärjestö Sasha ry

Gazeta Sasha saa HYY:n järjestölehtitukea.



# Edi



# torii

Text — Oliver Reschreiter

Two years ago, Gazeta embarked on a mission to amplify student voices in academia by creating an inclusive platform for bold, yet discerning, perspectives throughout its publications. In response to Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine, Gazeta has made a conscious effort to diversify its content with more attention and focus being placed on the wider Russian, Eastern European, Eurasian (REEE) region. This is both as part of the broader effort to decolonize academia and literature as well as to highlight the truly diverse set of peoples and cultures present across this region.

Two years and eight editions later, comprising dozens of unique perspectives and voices, Gazeta continues to serve as an important platform for those within our community who wish to make their own mark and perspective on all things REEE related. After two years, Gazeta also finds itself with two new editors in chief, Sierra and I, who have taken up the torch from previous editors Juho and Anna. To say we have big shoes or perhaps in the case of Gazeta, big pages to fill is an understatement. Nonetheless,

we hope to continue to build upon and develop Gazeta based on the original ideas it was founded on.

With two years of Gazeta, however, also comes two years since the beginning of Russia's invasion of Ukraine. For those of us who attended the candle lighting ceremony in Senate Square on February 24th, the mood could only be described as solemn, yet lingering symbols of hope and resistance remained present. With that in mind, we're proud to present the theme for the first edition of 2024: Resilience.

As with previous editions, we turned once more to our community and asked them what stories and ideas reflected resilience to them. To say the response was enthusiastic would be an understatement, and we're truly proud to present an incredibly diverse range of perspectives and voices. To our writers, designers and all those that contributed to make this first edition possible, we offer our extreme thanks and gratitude. For now, find yourself a comfortable reading spot and enjoy a selection of thought-provoking pieces.

# Chair's Greetings



Dear Gazeta Readers,

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Daniel List, and I am the newly elected chair for Sasha for the 2024 term. It is a great and exciting honor to help expand our excitement and passion about everything related to the Russian, Eurasian, and Eastern European (REEE) region to many university students and others. I am from the United States, specifically from the state of Colorado. I love reading about the history of the Cold War, especially Soviet Union history, since it has impacted everyday Americans in the last seventy years. In my spare time, I love to participate in long-distance running. I am also currently studying the Russian language at a beginner level. I wanted to join Sasha because I want to be involved and immersed in a community of students with the same passion and excitement when talking about everything related to the REEE Region. We all share and expand the same ideas far beyond the university to create a more extensive REEE academic community and I think that's why Sasha is a great fit for me.

This year, we've elected our new board and have gained many new members to Sasha, each of whom bring their own unique perspectives and interests to the organization.

We're excited to build upon the work Sasha as an organization has done and continue expanding our passion for all things Eurasia related. First, I want to congratulate Juho and Anna on starting new roles in life. In the last few years since they began Gazeta, they created a great tradition of storytelling that brings the REEES community to life for each publication. As both of them have stepped away from their roles as editors-in-chief, they taught us the standards of upholding creativity and storytelling, something we hope to continue in this year's round of editions.

I am excited to announce that the new Editors-in-Chief for the Gazeta will be Oliver Reschreiter and Sierra Salazar. They will do an amazing job organizing and overseeing many future Gazeta issues. As a new board, we are proud to present our first issue of the year centered around the theme of Resilience. We want to thank the writers, editors, and contributors for sharing their own expertise and for working tirelessly to make this edition happen. So sit back, pour some coffee, and enjoy the many pieces about resilience that our wonderful writers have contributed.

Daniel List

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# Russian, Eurasian and Eastern European Events Bulletin

## Belarusian Parliamentary Elections

*February 25th*

Blink and you might have missed this one. On the 25th of February, parliamentary elections in Belarus took place with the pro-government and party Belaya Rus topping the polls winning a modest 51 seats amongst a smattering of other parties supporting Alexander Lukashenko in this 110 seat chamber. Belaya Rus along with most other existing Belarusian political parties will come together under the neatly named Republican Coordinating Council of Heads of Political Parties and Public Associations or RKSKPPGA governing coalition if you want to keep it short. While it was never in doubt what the results would be, special attention was paid to see if these elections would be the scene of mass protest similar to Belarus's 2020 presidential election. Under an even more severe regime crackdown however, no such protest materialized.

# Russian Presidential Elections

*March 15th-17th*

In what was likely Russia's least ambiguous and least competitive presidential elections, Russians headed to the polls on March 15th to the 17th to elect its president. Incumbent Vladimir Putin, who's held power through some shape or form since 1999, was widely expected to win and indeed this would prove to be true. With the death of Russian opposition figure Alexei Navalny a month prior, there were lingering questions surrounding the viability and survival of the anti-putin opposition movement. His widow, Yulia Navalnaya, has vowed to carry on her husband's legacy and work however it remains to be seen how visible she will be as a future opposition figure. Despite facing numerous obstacles, the anti-Putin Russia opposition persisted in its fight to remain visible, utilizing tactics such as protests and symbolic gestures such as the Noon Against Putin protest to challenge the carefully choreographed elections. However, whether these demonstrations mark the beginning of a larger movement or represent a final show of defiance remains to be seen, leaving the future of opposition in Russia uncertain.

# Nowruz / Nauryz / Navruz

*March 20th-23rd*


Known by various regional name variations such as Nauryz or Navruz, this originally Zoroastrian holiday will be celebrated by many across the Middle East, Central Asia, and the Caucasus. Marking the Spring Equinox, for many Nowruz marks the beginning of Spring and the renewal of nature. Marked by a series of celebrations and traditions, each country has their own take on marking the occasion. In Kazakhstan, Nauryz is typically celebrated over the course of several days and features the holiday drink nauryz kozhe. Similarly, Navruz, in Uzbekistan is often accompanied by an abundance of dishes including, plov a traditional rice dish featuring carrots and mutton, sumalak a sweet pudding made from flour, and samsa a flaky pastry usually featuring a savory filling. You can learn how to samsa in our recipe section!



*Salix nigra*

*Salix nigra*

*Salix nigra*



Думи мої, думи мої:  
Українська  
культурна  
стійкість у Чехії

O My Thoughts:  
Ukrainian Cultural  
Resilience  
in Czech Republic

Text — Sierra Salazar  
Текст — Сієрра Салазар

Illustrations — Quincy May  
Малювання — Квінсі Мей

*Моїй подрузі Марії, яка так  
багато навчила мене про  
життя.*

*To my friend Maria, who has  
taught me so much about life.*



**Т**ишу заповнювали два звуки: гудінн двигуна і тихий голос Назарія Яремчука, який співав по радіо “Гай, зелений гай.” Поруч зі мною лежав згорнутий український прапор, на якому чорним маркером на тканині була написана фраза “Героям Слава.” Хтось помер, хтось близький з моїх друзів, і найкращим способом вшанувати його пам’ять було вивісити прапор серед пагорбів у чеській сільська місцевості. Мирне прощання, поруч зі свічками та іншими українськими прапорами для інших загиблих друзів, родичів, коханих. Сонце сідало за пагорби, і разом з ніччю прийшла холоднеча, але ми залишилися на вулиці, щоб закріпити прапор на місці за допомогою кабельних стяжок - серед іншого.

*“Можеш все забути / Тільки пам’ятай / Зоряну  
дорогу / В гай, зелений гай” – Назарія Яремчук,  
1982*

Щоденна стійкість, як у громадах, так і між людьми, часто демонструє себе у найтихіший спосіб. Хоча сильна стійкість українців дуже помітна, я була захоплена культурною стійкістю, яка лежить в фундаменті звичайного життя. Гумор, їжа, музика, традиції (Я все ще чую українську різдвяну пісню “Добрий вечір тобі” в моїй голові). Культурна стійкість означає спосіб, у який культура допомагає вистояти перед труднощами.

Звичайно, я не можу говорити за всіх людей, але я можу говорити лише про те, що я бачила під час мого часу з друзями в Чехії. Можливо, ці кілька спогадів можуть показати щоденну

**T**wo sounds filled the silence: the hum of the engine and the quiet voice of Nazariy Yaremchuk singing “Green Grove” through the car stereo. Next to me lay a folded Ukrainian flag, on which I could see the outline of Heroyam Slava (Glory to Heroes) written on the fabric with a black marker – the response to the popular Ukrainian phrase Slava Ukraini (Glory to Ukraine). Someone close to my friend had passed, and in the best way to honor him, we hung a flag among the rolling hills in the Czech countryside. A peaceful goodbye, next to candles and other Ukrainian flags for other fallen friends, relatives, loved ones. The sun settled beyond the hills and the cold settled in with the night, yet we remained outside as we secured the flag in place with cable ties – among the others. Yaremchuk played again as we drove back into Prague.

*“You may forget everything / Only keep in mind / The  
starry road / To the grove, the green grove” – Nazariy  
Yaremchuk, 1982*

Everyday resilience, within communities and among individuals, often reveals itself in the most nuanced ways. While the robust resilience of Ukrainians is certainly undeniable, I’ve been captivated by the cultural resilience embedded into the very essence of ordinary life. Humor, food, music, traditions (I still have Good Evening to Thee, a Ukrainian Christmas carol, on repeat in my mind). Moreover, culture resilience pertains to the ways in which culture aids in persevering through challenges.

While I certainly cannot speak on behalf of all individuals, I can only speak for what I saw during my time with my friends in the Czech Republic. Perhaps these few memories will shed light upon

українську культурну стійкість, розкриваючи складнощі сили та життя під час війни.

*“Не накличу собі долі,/ Коли так не маю. /Нехай злидні живуть три дні / Я їх заховаю”* – Тарас Шевченко, 1840

Є один особливий простий, але заповітний спогад, який залишається в моїй пам'яті. Це була лише коротка поїздка на поїзді від вокзалу Масарика на околиці Праги, де я і кілька друзів, всього близько шести, зустрілися, щоб святкувати Пасху в будинку мого друга.

“Ти навчишся писати писанки, розмальовані яйця,” сказав мій друг перед нашим приїздом. “Влад принесе писачки, які сам зробив.” І Владислав так і зробив, з великою кількістю воску і великою кількістю свічок. Коли ми приїхали, стояв солодкий аромат хліба, який ріс. Солодке пухнасте тісто сухофруктами – паски – було в центрі столу. Дана, ще одна подруга, розділила тісто у форми-циліндри для другого росту паски.

Поки солодке тісто ріс, Микола готував барвники для яєць, а Влад з гордістю поставив на столі власноруч писачок і поруч кілька свічок. Писачок - важливий інструмент у цьому мистецтві розпису яєць - має маленьку металеву воронку на одному кінці дерев'яної ручки, яка призначена для утримання воску. Ми жартували, коли сиділи за столом і малювали олівцем свої дизайни на порожніх яйцях. Здебільшого ми слухали музику, яка грала на задньому плані тихо.

“Візьми трохи воску,” проінструктував Влад, який взяв маленьку частинку воску зі шматочків перед нами. “Потім поклади його сюди,” він сказав, і поклав віск у воронку і потримав воронку писачка біля вогничка. Віск розтанув у воронці від теплого вогничка, і Влад почав намічати воскове покриття для

daily Ukrainian cultural resilience, revealing the complexities of strength in the midst of war.

*“By grieving / I'll not conjure for myself / A fate which is not mine / Let miseries' throng abide for long, / Them I'll deeply hide”* – Taras Shevchenko, 1840

There's one particular simple, yet cherished memory that remains vivid in my mind. It was just a brief train ride from the Masaryk Railway Station on the outskirts of Prague, where six or so of us met at a friend's house to celebrate Easter.

“You'll learn to make pysanky, the painted eggs,” my friend said prior to our arrival. “Vlad is bringing the pysachoks he made himself.” And Vladyslav surely did, with plenty of beeswax and plenty of candles. When we arrived, a bread aroma wafted through the air. A giant bowl of proofed bread was placed in the middle of the table. Dana, another friend, divided up the dough into the cylinder molds for the pasky's second rise.

With the sweet dough proofing, Mykola prepared the dyes and Vlad proudly laid out his handmade pysachok, placing a lighter nearby. An essential tool for this art of egg decorating, a pysachok has a small metal funnel at one end of a wooden handle that's meant to hold the beeswax. Small jokes were passed about the table as we drew our designs lightly in pencil on the hollow eggs, but we mostly listened to music softly in the background.

“Take a bit of wax,” Vlad instructed, who picked up a tiny bit of the beeswax from the chunks in front of us, “Then put it here,” he placed the wax into the funnel, and held it over one of the small candles he and Dana brought. The wax melted away in the funnel, yielding to the flame, and he brought the eggshell closer as he started to outline a wax covering for a future design. These designs from the wax would be different colors; the rest of the eggshell not covered in wax to become an array of future designs once carefully immersed in colored dyes, again and again depending on your skill. In



*“У цих пагорбах,  
у писанках і  
пасках, через  
сухий гумор і  
музику я бачу  
стійкість  
українського  
духу.”*

*“In those hills, in  
the pysanky and  
pasky, through  
the dry humor  
and music, I  
glimpse the  
unwavering  
perseverance of  
the Ukrainian  
spirit.”*

майбутнього дизайну. Під цим восковим покриттям пізніше будуть різні кольори; решта яєчної шкаралупи, не покрита воском, ставала майбутніми дизайнами, коли її обережно занурювали в кольорові барвник, знову і знову. Я могла намалювати лише два кольори.

Обпечені пальці, вкриті шматочками воску, і кілька розбитих яєць за - і ось ми вже мали писанку. Звичайно, це була звичайна зустріч друзів на свято, але, як не парадоксально, вона була незрівнянна у всіх аспектах. Ми про це не говорили.

*“Так тонко-тонко сни мене вели повз кучугури й урвища — додому.”* Василь Стус, 1972

У цих пагорбах, у писанках і пасках, через сухий гумор і музику я бачу стійкість українського духу. Вона лежить у тихій стійкості традицій, таких як розписування яєць, навіть серед таких великих труднощів, шукати розраду, коли інакше будь-який комфорт втрачається. Це культурна стійкість у її найчистіша формаі, в цих маленьких моментах, щоб вистояти в роки війни.

between the colors, I melted off the wax I had carefully laid over my pencil guidelines. I could only manage two colors.

Burnt fingers covered in bits of wax and several crushed eggshells later, we had our pysanky. Certainly, it was an ordinary gathering for a holiday while paradoxically being incomparable in every possible aspect. We didn't speak of it.

*“Subtly, so subtly, my dreams lead me / past the snowdrifts and cliffs to my home”* – Vasyl Stus, 1972

In those hills, in the pysanky and pasky, through the dry humor and music, I glimpse the unwavering perseverance of the Ukrainian spirit. It's in the quiet determination to uphold traditions like egg decorating, even amidst such deep hardships, seeking solace in the familiar when all comfort is otherwise lost. This is cultural resilience in its purest form, in these small moments to withstand the years of war.





Kopë-saram

# A brief introduction to CIS<sup>1</sup> Koreans

This article is adapted from my bachelor's thesis which was published in 2016 and has been integrated with information I have gathered in the past years regarding the Korean diaspora from Central Asia. It is in no way meant to be an exhaustive account of this specific group, but it is meant to introduce it as a developing diaspora especially in the context of return migration to South Korea and the concept of “legacy migration” as intended by Ji-Yeon O. Jo, whose book *Homing: An Affective Topography of Ethnic Korean Return Migration* (2018) I am currently reviewing.

Text — Alice Del Fabro  
Graphic — Lucina Rudloff

## Introduction

**A**t the beginning of the 2010 decade, the number of Koreans residing outside Korea constituted more than 7 million, and the most numerous groups lived in China (2 million); the USA (about 2.5 million); Japan (0.8 million). Former USSR received 0.55 million Korean migrants of which two-thirds reside in Central Asia, primarily in Uzbekistan (180,000 people), Kazakhstan (100,000 people) and Kyrgyzstan (30,000 people). They arrived in these areas after an organised deportation occurred in 1937 under Stalin, as part of the purges from the Russian Far East to Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan.<sup>2</sup> Internal migration between Central Asian countries and from there to

Russia boomed after the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991. At this point, due to the unstable situation, Koryo Saram faced yet another disruption in their circumstances and found themselves subjected to various ethnic policies that favoured the majority ethnic groups and impaired the social mobility of the minority ethnic groups.<sup>3</sup>

## Who are the Koreans in Central Asia?

**T**he history of Korean migration to the Russian Far East coincided with that of Russia's colonial ambitions in this area. With the conclusion of the Treaties of Aigun in 1858 and Peking

[1] Commonwealth Independent States

[2] Kim, G. (2012). Ethnicity, Identity, and Attitude to Religions of the Central Asian Koreans: Some results of a Pilot Survey among Korean Minority Students, *The Journal of Northeast Asian History*, 9(1): 67-90

[3] Jo, Ji-Yeon O. (2018). *Homing: An affective topography of Korean Ethnic Migration*. Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press

in 1860 with China, the land east of the Ussuri River were formally added to Russia. This territory extended between the Ussuri and Amur Rivers and the Pacific Ocean and included the Maritime Province. The Russian government recognised a need for colonisation of the region and relocated the Cossacks between 1859 and 1860, but it was not until the first wave of Korean migrants that the area saw flourishing and economic growth.<sup>4</sup>

Historians have traditionally divided the history of the Korean diaspora in Russia and Central Asia in two main periods, namely pre-deportation (1860s-1937) and post-deportation (1937-present). However, due to the significance of the collapse of the Soviet Union and the subsequent geopolitical shifts in the region, a third period covering the post-Soviet era (1991-present) can also be added.<sup>5</sup> It is difficult to summarise the long and complex history of the Korean diaspora in Central Asia, but for the sake of simplicity we can keep in mind that the first settlements in the Russian Far East

were welcomed and supported by the Russian government that had started an operation to populate the area but lacked skilled residents to care for the soil. Between 1905 and 1922 the influx of Koreans to the Far East intensified as many found an escape route from the Japanese empire. Here the Korean independence movement started organising and after the defeat of Russia in the Russo-Japanese War, found its end as a measure to keep the peace in the area. From this moment on, Koreans in the Maritime Province were mistrusted, even after the new policy had granted them citizenship in Russia. This is the context in which, in 1937, after fears of espionage in the area, Stalin ordered the forced relocation of 36,442 Korean families to Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan.<sup>6</sup> Historical reports and later-generation Koreans' accounts talk about the period of transport as having lasted between thirty and forty days in unsanitary conditions and during the harshest months of the winter.

[4] Kim, G. (2017). Migration vs. Repatriation to South Korea in the Past and Present, *Journal of Contemporary Korean Studies*, 4(1): 35-62

[5] Yoon, I.J. (2000). Forced Relocation, Language Use, and Ethnic Identity of Koreans in Central Asia, *Asian and Pacific Migration Journal*, 9(1): 35-64

[6] Jo, 2018



It is difficult to say how many lost their lives in this time but those who survived, did so in part also due to the kindness of Kazakhstani and Uzbekistani locals who offered food and shelter to the dispersed. At the same time, around forty thousand were deported from the Maritime Province to Sakhalin and exploited

for labour. From this moment on, Koreans in Central Asia and in Sakhalin had to start from scratch in hostile conditions and, more often than not, unable to contact family members who were sent to a different area in an attempt to disperse assumed espionage networks.<sup>7</sup> This is the environment in which Koreans



in Russia and Central Asia had to re-create their identity while also resiliently maintaining the connection to their traditions and language.

Mikhail Gorbachev's policy of openness coupled with political reformation led to the dismantling of the Soviet Union. The Commonwealth of Independent States (CIS) was born out of this disbanding, but this caused a new wave of destabilisation for Koreans in the area. Such changes also brought new discrimination towards ethnic minorities, in practice deteriorating their social

and economic circumstances. This is the context in which the diasporans from the CIS started migrating to South Korea and other countries, Russia included.

## Identity, language and migration to South Korea

Identity today is a matter of collective empowerment that is based on and constructed from history, geography, biology, collective memory and religious affiliation. The identity of an ethnic minority



group shows a tendency of a deeper connection among members who faced common experiences of discrimination and social disadvantage which strengthen solidarity and group cohesion, alongside boosting the self-consciousness of the group. Ethnic identity is important because it serves as a reference point for evaluating oneself and helps in self-understanding.<sup>8</sup>

However, national identity is equally influential in this context; Smith defines ‘nationality’ as an ideological movement and the consequent ‘national identity’ as the continuous reproduction, reinterpretation and transmission of a pattern of symbols, values and traditions that represent the distinctive heritage and identification for individuals with the cultural elements of that heritage.<sup>9</sup> The national belonging of CIS Koreans, as we have seen, has undergone

many changes in a short span of time. They were first subjects of tsarist Russia, then Soviet citizens and lastly, after the dissolution of the Soviet Union, they acquired citizenship of the republic they were living in. However, the lack of stability due to ever changing geopolitical circumstances in the area, has clearly fuelled feelings of “non-belonging” seen in their interest in moving away from the republic of residence, towards Russia or South Korea.<sup>10</sup>

**A**n important part of identity retention is language. Koryo Saram lived far away from their ancestral homeland for over a century and that resulted in a lower percentage of ancestral language retention in later generations, also due to protection policies enacted under Stalin’s government. Nevertheless, Koryo Saram showed Resilience in maintaining their traditions alive

[7] Yoon, 2000

[8] *ibid.*

[9] Smith, A.D., (1991). *National Identity*. Reno, Las Vegas, London: University of Nevada Press

[10] Jo, 2018

despite the challenges it implied. Under Lenin, they could use community funds to establish newspapers and theatres, and have kept observing major Korean holidays, wearing hanbok during celebrations, making traditional food and playing traditional Korean games.<sup>11</sup> Yoon (2000) conducted a study among Koreans in rural and urban Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan on the levels and characteristics of ethnic identity by generation. The majority of the respondents identified themselves as more Korean than Russian or local. Through the re-creation, or maybe more correctly said “re-adaptation”, of Korean traditions in Central Asia, Koryo Saram managed to maintain strong emotional ties with their ancestral land which fostered ethnic attachment and fuelled the creation of an affective connection to the idealised ancestral land (for later-generation diasporans).

Language is a fundamental part of identity retention and passing it on to later generations is key in maintaining strong ties with the ancestral homeland in diasporas. First-generation CIS Koreans spoke mostly Korean but already with the generation after them the use of Russian became increasingly essential and younger generations struggled to keep using Korean in their day-to-day interactions. At the same time, while

Lenin’s ethnic policy in the Soviet Union saw all ethnic languages as equal to Russian and even took advantage of the linguistic plurality to teach the political doctrine to different crowds, Stalin’s attitude to linguistic plurality was completely different. From the 1930s, his protectionist policy surrounding language has greatly limited the use of heritage languages and Koryo Saram were not free to practise their traditions anymore.

In post-Soviet times, new policies and the advent of Hallyu has revitalised Korean both within the diaspora and outside of it. There was an expansion of language schools where Soviet Koreans could learn Korean and South Korean missionaries started travelling to Central Asia, giving later generation CIS Koreans the chance to hear about South Korea from current citizens. At the same time, with the end of the Soviet Union also came the need to adapt to the new geopolitical changes that saw an increased importance of local languages (the languages of the republics in the CIS) for livelihood. The increased interest in learning their heritage language coupled with the increased visibility of Korea in the global political-scape, created the conditions for later-generation Soviet Koreans to migrate to the peninsula.

[11] *ibid.*

[12] *ibid.*, 7

## Conclusion

**D**iaspora Koreans have been increasingly more interested in South Korea for different reasons, depending on their community of origin. For CIS Koreans, South Korea has mostly been a distant land they heard about in the stories of their grandparents who have heard stories from their own grandparents. Legacy migration, as Ji-Yeon Jo (2018) calls it, was born out of the needs of the diaspora communities to reconnect to their ancestral homeland in a way that accounted for the unique conditions of diaspora communities. As defined by the author, legacy migration indicates the trajectory of partial mobility that combines both migration and

long-term residence in one's ancestral homeland by later-generation diasporans whose knowledge of their ancestral homeland is informed by second-hand reporting.<sup>12</sup> Korean peoplehood is currently changing, also thanks to the influx of diasporans into the peninsula. Korean peoplehood has been often thought as monolithic, but in reality conceptualising modern peoplehood as an inclusionary group identity that shares a history and a distinct way of life opens up opportunities for rethinking how “common consciousness” is created and sustained, but more importantly it gives space to rethink what it means to be Korean by creating the space for native Koreans and diaspora Koreans to interact with and learn from each other.



# Nomadism



It was the Summer of 2022, and what had originally started as a plan to visit a longtime friend in Astana, Kazakhstan, had devolved into an incredibly convoluted Central Asian road trip that would have me starting in Bishkek, Kyrgyzstan, following a rather complicated path I had set for myself that would have me ending in Astana at some point. 2022 for Kyrgyzstan, as it turned out, would see the country experience a bit of a tourism boom with the government promoting the country as “The land of the Nomads”. Needless to say, the slogan worked for me, and the morning after my arrival in Bishkek, I was zooming out of the capital in a shared taxi on my way to Kyzart, where I would begin my trek into the mountains.

Flash forward a couple of days later after hours of horseback riding and an incredibly sore behind, I found myself waking up at 5 am, slowly trudging to the top of a hill on the edge of Lake Song Kul hoping to catch a glimpse of a sunrise which may or may not materialize thanks to the cloud cover.

No such luck for me and I made the trek back to the yurt camp, where some of the Kyrgyz who were residing at the camp had already risen to start the essential duties involved in tending to their herd of cows.

“You see anything?”, asked Emil, the main herder and

father to the family hosting me at their yurt camp for the night. “Nope”. He laughed and with a smile reminded me of the conversation we had the night prior where he tried to talk me out of my foolish endeavor to wake up early to see a lakeside sunset. “Too many clouds, I told you so”.

Emil and his family, like many others across Kyrgyzstan, were semi-

*“This nomadic way of life has long formed the cornerstone of Kyrgyz culture and is intricately woven into the fabric of their history and identity.”*

nomadic herders, following a long-established pattern of taking their herds into the mountains during the warmer summer months where the pastures were ripe for grazing and where the cattle, sheep, and horses could roam. They’d set up camp during the summer months and tend to the herd during this time. When the grazing season

was over, the flock was brought down from the mountains and Emil and his family would pack up their yurts and return down to their town where they resided the rest of the year. This cycle is repeated all across Kyrgyzstan, where other herders embarked on their seasonal migration tending to their herds during the summer.

This nomadic way of life has long formed the cornerstone of

Kyrgyz culture and is intricately woven into the fabric of their history and identity. Originating from the upper Yenisei River valley in central Siberia, the Kyrgyz were part of the Tiele tribes before coming under the rule of vari-

ous empires like the Göktürks, Uyghurs, and Mongols. Despite facing periods of domination, the Kyrgyz maintained their nomadic way of life. This nomadic heritage is intricately intertwined with the Epic of Manas, an oral epic celebrated as Kyrgyzstan’s national poem and origin story. The epic tells the story of the legendary hero,

Manas, and his endeavors in uniting the various nomadic warring tribes of his land, in doing so creating the Kyrgyz nation and defending it from invasion. In many ways, the Epic of Manas can be described as the soul of the nation, embodying many important cultural and personal traits, including perhaps most importantly, the independence and resilience of the people, particularly in the face of adversity. This can only further be demonstrated in the oral tradition this epic holds, being passed down from generation to generation.

As the Russian Empire expanded its territorial ambitions, it encountered the Kyrgyz people under what was then the Khanate of Kokand. The ensuing conflict led to the incorporation of Kyrgyz lands into the Russian Empire. Under Russian rule and with the advent of the Soviet Union further challenges and transformations were brought to the Kyrgyz and their culture. Nomadic practices were increasingly marginalized, as the Soviet government sought to centralize control over agricultural production and infrastructure as part of their broader agenda of social engineering viewing nomadic practices as backward and incompatible with 'progress'. Families were resettled into collective farms or kolkhozes, where they were expected to adopt a more sedentary way of life and engage in collective agricultural activities.

Pastoral nomadism, once the cornerstone of Kyrgyz life, faced systematic suppression as state-run collective farms replaced traditional grazing lands. Nevertheless, the nomadic spirit stubbornly persisted and in the 1980s the Kyrgyz democratic movement began to gather steam as the era of perestroika began to take hold. By 1990, the Kyrgyz had succeeded where few before had, becoming the first and only of the Central Asian Republics to vote their communist party out of power. Finally, in 1991 the modern Kyrgyz Republic reemerged and Kyrgyzstan was independent once more. Their flag rather fittingly featured 40 rays of sunshine, representing the 40 tribes united under Manas, and the Tunduk, the symbolic circular top of a traditional Kyrgyz yurt, an homage to the original nomadic way and a continued symbol of cultural perseverance.

**B**ack to the present, I found myself talking to Emil while getting ready to leave the yurt camp and head down from the mountains once more back to Kyzart where I would get on a bus and head back to Bishkek. "Do you enjoy this?" I asked him. He shrugged and said, "Sure, it can be hard but it's very peaceful here, and it's what I've always done". Looking back I wish my Russian/Kyrgyz had been more conversational than it was at the time as I wished I could have

continued our conversation. Alas, not this time. I thanked him and his family for hosting me and headed back down from the mountains.

In a conversation I had with an Uzbek friend, we found ourselves once more on the topic of nomadism with the conversation shifting to Kyrgyzstan and the latest developments in the country. By this time in the fall of 2022, there had been a number of sporadic protests in the country, against a number of controversial government measures but broadly against what was seen as creeping authoritarianism. Reflecting on the situation, my friend offered her own insight. "I envy the Kyrgyz, they never really stand for these sorts of things and have always mobilized. I think it's the nomadic spirit and this broader idea of what it means to be proud and independent".

Will nomadism in Kyrgyzstan continue as a way of life in the future? Pragmatically for many, nomadism stems from necessity, it both being a source of economic sustenance as much as it is a way of life. In the case of Kyrgyzstan, nomadism survived 69 years of Soviet rule, another 41 under the Russian Empire, and has existed for millennia more before that. Something tells me this enduring spirit will persist nonetheless.

*“Sure, it can be hard but it’s  
very peaceful here, and it’s what  
I’ve always done.”*





# I saw her become **resilience**

Text — Alicja Kiełpińska

Pictures — [ethnomuseum.pl](http://ethnomuseum.pl), Lila Bednarska

To my best friend Julia,  
you're the most resilient person I know, you're just like your mom.

## ***Resilience is a She. I know, wytrzymałość doesn't have the -a ending usual for feminine Polish nouns, but it is definitely a She.***

[W.]

It was August, fifth month of pregnancy. We finished building our house a few months ago. And then August turned into September, the sixth month of pregnancy started and at 4:48 the lightning struck. *Blitzkrieg* – the German *r* sounds so angry.

My dear B. was drafted.

He's left and I'm alone. The baby's healthy, I guess.

He got injured and is in the hospital. Maybe they will let him come home.

Now we're under occupation and B. will have to fight in Wehrmacht. They're sending him off to France.

24th of December 1939 our baby girl was born.

He says, it's peaceful where he is.

He's being transferred to Africa.  
God, please let him come back home alive.

\*

I have not heard from him for so long. He deserted the German army and found the Allied camp. They needed to check if he's not a spy so they sent

him to America. Can you believe, my dear B. in America? But now, he's in Italy. He works as a cook in the army. Yes, his cooking is so delicious, I miss it.

Our baby girl is 5 now.

Before the war ended, they sent him off to the UK. He told me that many of the boys decided to stay there when they heard that Stalin got Poland but he came back. He's my dear B. but he's not the same man. The security services keeps him under close surveillance. Yesterday in the evening, he told me that he'll have to destroy the uniform and all the documents from the war. He said that I will also have to burn this diary too.

*W. was my great-grandmother and her dear B. my great-grandfather. I grew up in the house they built together in 1939. The war story of B. was told to me by my grandfather, B.'s son-in-law. My grandfather heard this story only once, it was a day before his wedding night when B. sat down with my grandfather's father and a little (or a lot) of wódka forced the story out of his mouth.*

*When hearing if for the first time, I couldn't stop thinking about W. A young, pregnant girl who has to say goodbye to her love, then lives under the German occupation while having to fend for herself and her daughter. She did not know if B. was ever going to see their daughter. If she was ever going to see him. Nobody has ever told me her story. Unlike B., she did not cross any borders or fought in any battles. She just waited.*

[mama]

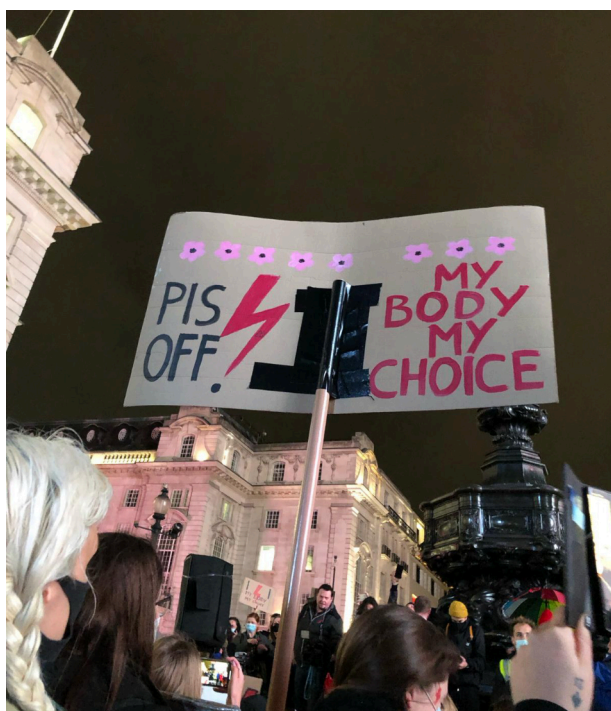
A few days ago, you got a call. “There’s a mom two daughters and a dog”, you texted me in your usual style, without any punctuation marks. Your texts are like your thoughts, chaotic. Then, another message rolled in. “Będzie im trochę ciasno ale mam nadzieję że może się jakoś ułożyć.” (It’s going to be a bit tight for them but I hope that maybe it will work out somehow). Again, no comas.

They are arriving today and you’re standing on the platform, waiting for the late train and a million thoughts are galloping through your mind. For the past month, you’ve been seeing pictures of Ukrainian refugees on the TV. Men saying goodbye to their families, women with stuffed travel bags and children... their faces break your heart, mine too. But now you’re wondering who will be those three women. What is their story? Where are they coming from? You don’t even dare to think what they

went through. And I know that you’re also scared. Will I manage? Will I be able to help them?

After a few hours you text me “nice girls” and I smile because I know that they already became your friends and that you became theirs. It’s so easy to like you, mom.

Normally, you’re so hot-headed and temperamental, lady. I have never seen you so grounded and focused. The girls feel more and more comfortable, you tell me, one even got a job. But dad breaks a leg, and now you have to take care of him too and you have to work and Easter is coming. You always have a lot on your plate but this time, it’s a three-course meal on a salad plate and yet you don’t lose sight. You just take another shot of espresso and call grandma as you do every morning.



Women’s strike protest in Poland 2020



[Iza]

On 22nd of October 2020, the “Constitutional Tribunal” published a ruling that tightened the abortion law in Poland, which meant that from that point it was basically illegal in most cases to have one. In the midst of the pandemic thousands of people, mostly women, took to the streets to protest the ruling and the government. Protests were organized in the country and abroad, in cities, towns and villages. I had never experienced this kind of collective fury before.

On 30th of October, 100,000 people attended the Great March in Warsaw. People were marching every day for about a month. It was the largest demonstrations in Poland since the 1989 political transformation.

On 22nd of September 2021, a 30-year-old woman called Izabela died in a hospital in Pszczyna because, despite her deteriorating state, the doctors decided not to terminate the pregnancy.

“The baby weighs 485 grams. For now, thanks to the abortion law, I have to lie down. And there is nothing they can do.”

They will wait until it [the fetus] dies or something starts, and if not I can expect sepsis. They can't do anything now. The heart has to stop beating or something has to start.” – that was one of her last messages.

I was crying the whole journey back home from the protest. Everyone who that day gathered there, in front of the Polish embassy in London to shout “ani jednej więcej” (not a single one more) was crying furiously. Why did she have to die? What if it was me?

I'm a bit jealous of countries where the change just happens. There's no protests, no victims. My country is not one of them. There's always protests and unfortunately, there's often victims too. But I refuse to be defined or ashamed by it. You know why? Because every time I go to a protest or a march, I see thousands of people who care. Indifference is far more scary to me than far-right populist old men will ever be. Also how can I be ashamed of the people who are not afraid to let their voice be heard, people who are hungry for change and people who just elected a new democratic government?

80

years

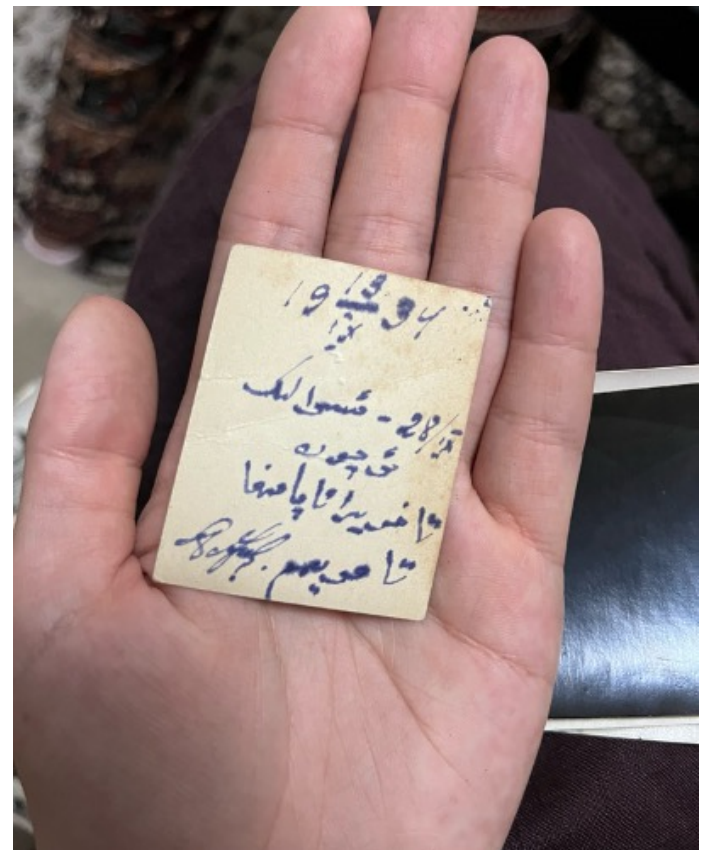
Curled up in the armchair in my grandmother's apartment in Tashkent, I rummage through her photographic archive. It is not really a proper archive, but a hard shell briefcase from the '60s or '70s, filled with pictures, that my aunt produced, upon my request and after a thorough search around the apartment, from under the dusty cupboard in her bedroom.

It is late, my grandma is sleeping in the other room. We sit around a coffee (or rather, tea, since it's Uzbekistan) table with my brother and my aunt, sifting through the pictures of my grandmother's university years, her wedding, my grandfather's study trips to Russia - both of them worked as microbiology researchers for most of their lives - then baby pictures of my dad and my aunt. Photos are dated at the back, with comments always in Cyrillic, and mostly in Russian.

Gradually we move further back in time - my grandmother as a girl of seventeen, her parents as a young couple, her own grandmother... And many irrelevant to me pictures of random relatives in between (and believe me, Uzbek families tend to be quite large), whom my aunt is busy identifying, taking the time to explain the extraneous familial relations, to my and my brother's quiet discontent.

All of it becomes rather a drag until a small visa-sized portrait of someone so painstakingly familiar - although I am sure I have never met him in my life - surfaces up in the pile of photos that overflow the hard shell briefcase. The resemblance between us is uncanny, it almost feels like I am looking in the mirror. Definitely a relative, says my aunt, let's see what there is on the back... Well.

1934.



**T**he Uzbek language suffered one too many reforms in the last 100 years.

It is a tongue in the Turkic language group spoken by an estimation of 35 to 40 million people, with a long history of evolution as a literary language since as early as the 14th century. Originally, the script used to record it was Arabic, which was brought in by the Arab conquest in the 8th century; Persian and Arabic were then used for science and poetry, while Turkic was the vernacular. In 1219 the region was invaded by Genghis Khan, who left the rule to one of his sons, Chagatai. Modern Uzbek is a succession of the Chagatai Turkic (Karluk) entwined with Persian and Arabic influences. The biggest proponent of Uzbek as a literary language was the 15th-century poet, writer, and statesman Ali-Shir Nava'i, who, controversially in his time, believed that his native Turkic-rooted language was superior to Persian when it comes to lyric expression; he is considered the founder of modern Uzbek language. I have a collection of his poems with me here in Amsterdam, translated into Russian.

Colonization by the Russian empire began in the 1860s as an attempt to compete with the British over their influence further South. By 1875 the region became part of the Russian province of Turkistan. Imperial decline and Russian civil war brought significant unrest, that was, however, subdued, to make Turkistan - then split into several Soviet Socialist Republics -

a part of the Union under the Bolsheviks.

“Union” as it was called was in fact a continuation of the old colonial project under a new political agenda. An [article](#) I found online summarizes it pretty well:

“The use of the ‘colonial’ label is ambiguous when related to a system that was ideologically founded on the values of internationalism and anti-imperialism and was employing its ‘colonies’ to promote decolonization abroad and the compatibility between socialism and Muslim societies. This attitude clearly emerged <...> in the postwar era, when Tashkent – the city of ‘Friendship of Peoples’ – was promoted as a progressivist symbol of Soviet modernity for the emerging Third World. Nonetheless, despite numerous doubts that emerged in the definition of a Soviet colonialism tout court, evident features

and dynamics typical of colonial systems are identifiable even in Soviet Central Asia, where Moscow’s authority was enforced over peoples and territories, and fundamental decisions, with at times tragic results, were taken from and in the interests of the center.“

“Eradication of Illiteracy” (ликбез) was one of those pseudo-decolonial campaigns that tied the region stronger to Russia. Russian language spread as the language of “literacy”, reforms on the indigenous languages followed. For Uzbek, a version of the Latin alphabet succeeded the Arabic script in 1927, which was in turn replaced by the Cyrillic alphabet in 1940. Cyrillic - so that Russian is easier to learn.

In 1993, the government of independent (at last) Uzbekistan reinstated Latin as the official alphabet.





*“One thing I know for sure and certain - I am not alone in this quest for memory.”*

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1934 - so there are 89 years between the hand that annotated the photograph, and my eyes that are looking at it.

Most likely, the 13th of September 1934 is the date the picture was taken or sent, and the writing below contains a short greeting to the recipient, most likely my great-grandfather, and the signature of the sender, most likely his cousin. "Most likely" was as close as we could get in this guessing game.

My first language is Russian, and English is my second, my Uzbek at this point is worse than my Dutch. My parents' and my aunt's first language is Russian, they are somewhat proficient in Uzbek, they learned it in Cyrillic in school (but they can read it in Latin thanks to studying English later in life). My paternal grandmother's first language is Uzbek. She was born in 1939, just in time to be taught Cyrillic and nothing else.

89 years - is it a gap in education? In memory? In belonging?

Later on, we found a photo of (most likely) the same young man, taken some years after the first one, and signed in Uzbek in the Latin alphabetic iteration. The likelihood that my grandmother would be able to decipher this one is just as high as me reading the Arabic script, but my dad managed to interpret the greeting on the card, and locate the name of then slightly aged relative. We're still not sure if it is indeed a cousin, and whether he ever learned yet another alphabet.

It is perhaps not uncommon to find oneself looking at pictures older than any living memory you have of those on them. That would inevitably happen to anyone going through old family albums. However, is it not absurd that the very instrument to record this memory had been fractured and reassembled so many times in a span of a single individual lifetime that it can break all connections in just three generations, leaving you guessing, guessing, guessing?

(One thing I know for sure and certain - I am not alone in this quest for memory. There is an artist I am massively inspired by in so many ways - Saodat Ismailova - who in her most recent exhibition in the Eye Filmmuseum in Amsterdam showed her artworks on this very subject. Scans of letters were overexposed on top of the pictures of family members that wrote them, in three different scripts for three generations. A granddaughter that is not able to read her grandmother's letter, and vice versa.)

I do want to learn Uzbek properly (and any translation of Nava'i I could get my hands on is rather horrid, which is extra motivating), but will it help me jump the gap?

89 years from now it will be 2112. I am 22 and my guess is, I am more or less as old as the mysterious grand-uncle on the photograph. Who will read the backside of my portraits, and what language will they speak?





# Nostalgic Echoes of the Past

Self-Image, Change and Resilience through the Bulgarian Cinematic Lens as seen by an emerging Bulgarian filmmaker.

Text — Nadezhda Atanasova

Growing up in Bulgaria, there were always iconic one-liners from old Socialist films floating around. They functioned as inside jokes in my parents' generation, that us kids felt almost purposefully left out of. The attitude varied from parent to parent - some people forced their kids to watch every old Bulgarian film under the sun, while others held a more "you wouldn't get it" attitude towards it, leaving their kids wondering what it meant for people to be sat somewhere in the order "relative, policeman, relative, policeman"<sup>1</sup>, or that something was "allowed for cats and dogs, but not for pigs".

*If there is one thing Bulgarians universally agree upon, it is that "they used to know how to make movies back in the day"*

Opinions on the socialist regime vary from person to person, and people tend not to talk about it, possibly to avoid potential arguments. However, if there is one thing Bulgarians universally agree upon, it is that "they used to know how to make movies back in the day". One could argue that older people cannot see past their nostalgia, and tend to wear rose-coloured glasses when watching films from their youth. What is interesting is that the younger generation also supports the claim for superiority of older films, despite not having lived through the times they depict. While a world where people refer to each other as "comrade" appears foreign, older films make it easy for one to put themselves in the shoes of the

protagonist, as they usually depict simple, yet touching human stories - characters falling in and out of love and coming of age as well as the ups and downs of family dynamics and friendships.

While most of these beloved films do not contain any explicit Socialist propaganda, one cannot ignore the influence the regime had on the film industry. For instance, the national academy of theatre and film arts turned away applicants whose families had a known history of political disobedience. Such was the

case of Nevena Kokanova - one of the most acclaimed Bulgarian actresses of all times, who managed to find her place in the industry despite being rejected from the renowned institution. She happens to be the lead actress in my favourite Bulgarian film - "Tobacco" (1962), based on the 1951 novel of the same title. The action takes place shortly before the beginning of the socialist regime, and it was only published after the author, Dimitar Dimov agreed to include several additional communist characters, whose stories paralleled those of the two main capitalist antiheroes. In the last decade the novel was re-published in its original state, however some readers admitted that despite their knowledge of the extra characters being "artificially added",

[1] Quote on the film "Dangerous Charm" (1984) (bg: Опасен чар)

[2] Quote from the film "The Countryman with the Bike" (1974) (bg: Селянинът с колелото)

they preferred the modified version simply because they are nostalgically tied to it.

It has happened more than once that I've gone to the cinema to see a modern Bulgarian film, and I've been the only person in the auditorium. It has also happened so that people have not simply walked out, but also out-loud dissed a Bulgarian film in the middle of the screening. While the efficacy of this method of criticism is arguable, I can't fully say I blame them - as quoted by author Ivo Siromahov, in contemporary Bulgarian cinema "all the characters suffer, but who suffers the most is the audience".

I don't want to go into the stereotypical description of Eastern Europe as a bleak, depress-

ing, place where dreams go to die between the endless rows of brutalist blocks, but living in Bulgaria can be tiresome. You go out in the morning only for the bus driver to yell at you for

*"All the characters suffer, but who suffers the most is the audience"*

not having the exact change to pay for your ticket and you incur the wrath of employees at various institutions for not complying with the stone-age ways of their systems. Then you go to the cinema to watch... this, but ten times worse. Everyone's father is an alcoholic, mothers are inherently single and struggling to make ends meet, and don't even get me started on grandparents — they are all mercilessly abused and blackmailed in the most God-

forsaken, secluded village on the planet. To summarise, most recent films coming from my home country attempt to flesh out the various depravities that take place within our society, but I would argue that many of them fail to do so accurately, and instead exist largely as impersonal, exaggerated poverty porn specifically manufactured to feed the ever-present desire of the western world to see people doing worse than them.

If there is one cinematic topic that has always been "in", regardless of the political atmosphere, that is the fight for freedom during Ottoman times. Ottoman rule lasted for approximately five hundred years, coming to an end in 1878 and is considered the biggest wound in Bulgarian



"With Children at the Seaside" (1972)

history. At the same time, these centuries have inevitably produced the greatest source of national pride in the face of the revolutionary movement, and that is precisely what most films placed in the era are all about. Until recently, the period in question was referred to as the “Ottoman slavery”. It is currently an ongoing debate whether the term should be officially switched to “Ottoman rule”. This has resulted in heated discussions - some claim “slavery” started off as a literary term used in poetry and fiction from the time, and its use in historical context is incorrect, while others consider the term “rule” not strong enough and thus disrespectful towards the suffering of the ancestors.

At this point, the modern nation almost resembles a person that was born after a long period of non-existence (the Ottoman Empire), grew up under the care of a strict, domineering parent (the Socialist state), and by the time they gained independence, they realised that they are not fully equipped for adulthood, and dove into a lengthy period of teenage-like self-loathing. While I find this to be a relatively satisfying explanation for the notable difference in the

nature of films made in the two different time periods, I can't help but ask a bigger question: What kind of a relationship must a nation hold with a past like that in order to be resilient, and what is the right way to artistically represent it? How much room is there for nostalgia in the mind of a resilient nation, and what is the right attitude when it comes to remembering a complicated past, and furthermore, addressing the complicated present?

**B**y definition, resilience has two different but complementary traits: toughness - the capacity to withstand or to recover quickly

from difficulties, and elasticity - the ability to spring back into shape. Does this supposed toughness allow nostalgia for a time that one knows was repressive, and could allowing this nostalgia be described as elasticity? Obsession with the concept of national martyrdom seems to be a driving force in our society - from the desire to be referred to as former slaves, to the seemingly inevitable, never-ending suffering in contemporary film. Does demonising ourselves on the silver screen for the sake of Europe's pity gain us anything, or has the time come for us to finally stop pitting ourselves and come of age?



“Dangerous Charm” (1984)

# Vegetarian

# CAMCA

# SAMSA

# SOMISA

Text & Photos — Oliver Reschreiter

Illustrations — Quincy May, Headline design — Lucina Rudloff

**T**rying to pinpoint a specific country of origin for the humble and delicious Samsa is a bit of a difficult affair, if not somewhat contentious. For the sake of respect (and to avoid being potentially banned from any countries I might offend by misattributing this dish) I'll defer to the broader designation: Samsa stands as a cherished delight across Central Asia, with each locale infusing its own distinct essence into this pastry.

Among the most popular fillings for Samsa are minced lamb and onion, with chicken and beef also being close favorites. However, vegetarian varieties can be found, particularly in

Uzbekistan where, when in season, pumpkin has found its way as a popular filling.

**I**won't claim this recipe to be authentically Uzbek/Central Asian; however, I would consider it a close contender and for those of us who want a warm savory treat this spring, the Samsa has it all.

This recipe is vegetarian, yet with a few minor tweaks, it can be adapted to be vegan. The inclusion of an egg yolk wash is optional and excluding it will not take away from the taste. Additionally, honey can be swapped out for agave syrup.



# Butternut Squash Samsa

## Ingredients

- 500g butternut squash or pumpkin, grated
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1 package puff pastry
- 1 egg yolk (for brushing over)
- 5ml honey (optional)
- Dash of chili flakes (optional, adjust to spice tolerance)
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Dash of olive oil for the pan

## Instructions

### 1 Prepare the Filling

- Heat olive oil in a pan over medium heat.
  - Add the grated butternut squash to the pan. Cook for about 5 minutes until it begins to soften.
  - Add the diced onion to the pan. Continue cooking until the onions are soft and translucent.
  - If the mixture becomes dry, add a splash of water to prevent sticking.
  - For a smoother texture, mash the filling together. Alternatively, leave it chunky if preferred.
  - Season the filling with salt and pepper to taste.
- Optional:* Add honey and chili flakes for sweetness and spice. Adjust quantities based on personal preference.
- Allow the filling to cool for approximately 20 minutes.

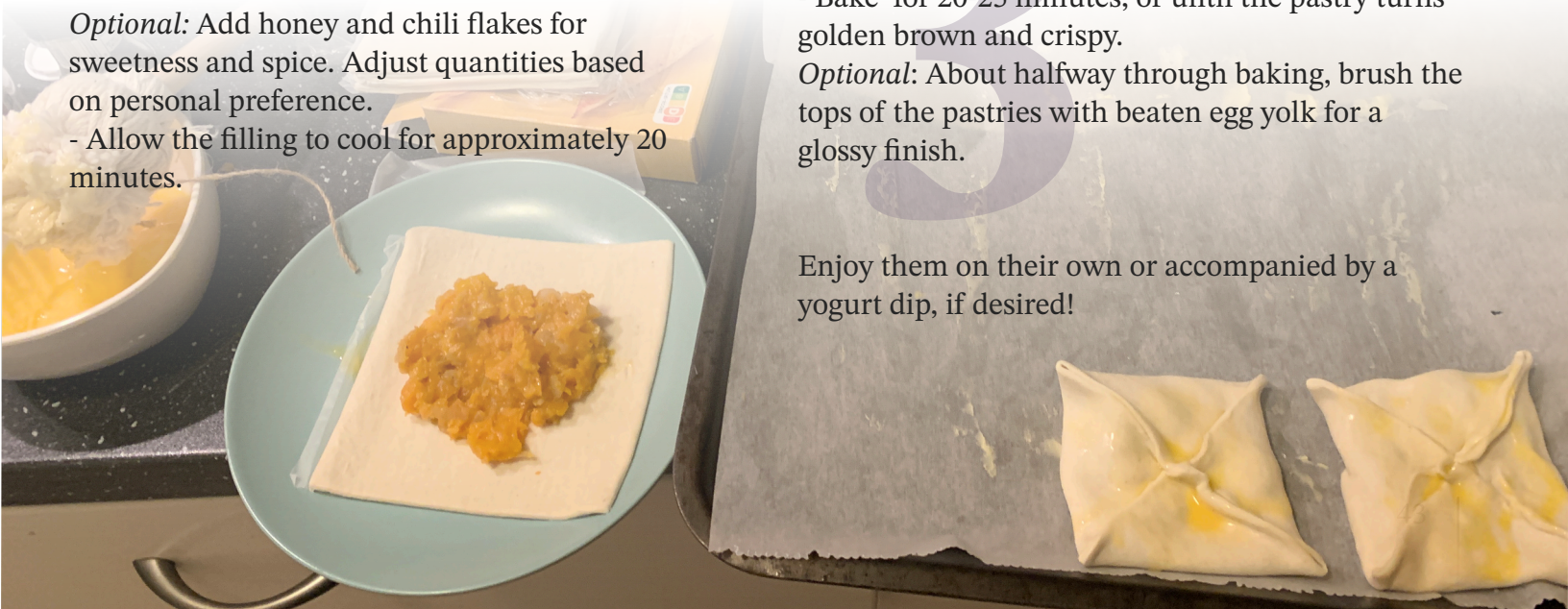
### 2 Prepare the Pastry

- Preheat the oven to 220°C.
- Roll out the puff pastry and cut it into squares or triangles, depending on preferred size
- Spoon a portion of the cooled filling onto each piece of pastry.
- Fold the pastry over the filling to create square or triangle shapes, ensuring edges are firmly sealed.

### 3 Bake the Pastries

- Place the filled pastries on a baking sheet lined with parchment paper.
  - Bake for 20-25 minutes, or until the pastry turns golden brown and crispy.
- Optional:* About halfway through baking, brush the tops of the pastries with beaten egg yolk for a glossy finish.

Enjoy them on their own or accompanied by a yogurt dip, if desired!



garetaasha