

ECHO OF WAR IN 36 FRAMES

EXCURSION SCRIPT

*EL Kravchuk emerges from around the corner, where the first frame is located.
He picks up the microphone and begins:*

Friends, this microphone is an artist's tool, but today it will become a bridge between our souls. I won't repeat the words of the previous speakers. Today, I want us to collectively experience each moment, each emotion that these works carry within them.

Frame 01. **WAR HAS COME**



Elements of the performance:

The lighting in the hall dims, creating an atmosphere of tension. There might be flickering lights or a play of shades to enhance the effect.

February 24, 2022. The morning did not begin with the singing of birds, but with loud explosions. Kyiv woke up early, and thus the war began. At that moment, I felt the world around me collapsing. No, I could not comprehend the full weight of the war in one morning, but I understood that nothing would ever be the same again. This frame is not just a photograph; it is a mirror of my soul, reflecting the initial shock, the first fear, but also the first determination.

Interactive moment:

Let's do the following. Close your eyes for a minute. Imagine that you are in the place where you were when you learned about the start of the war. What do you feel? What is happening around you? Open your eyes. If anyone wants to share their feelings or thoughts, please, this is your moment.

Frame 02. ALARMS WE LIVE BY



Elements of the performance:

EL Kravchuk slowly takes out his smartphone from the right pocket of his trousers and raises it to eye level so that everyone can see.

This object, *he begins*, — is now not just a means of communication. It's our compass in a world of notifications, constantly reminding us, every minute, of the reality in which we live.

EL Kravchuk's Story:

This frame represents our new reality. The screens of our phones have become windows into a world of alerts, governing our lives, our movements, our emotions. Each notification is like a small electric shock, making our hearts beat faster. It's not just a cracked screen; it's a fractured reality in which we live.

Interactive moment:

Now, please, take out your phones. Look at the screen. How many unread notifications do you have? How many of them are related to the war? This is your moment. If anyone wants to share how these notifications have changed your life, your rhythm, your psyche — please, speak up.

Frame 03. THE RAIN OF TERROR

Elements of the performance:

EL Kravchuk slowly approaches the photograph, stopping in front of it. He examines it carefully, as if trying to read every fragment, every detail on this mountain of artillery.

These remnants, *he begins*, are not just metal. They are symbols of destruction, symbols of suffering, but also symbols of our resistance.



EL Kravchuk's Story:

This mountain of used cluster munitions represents our pain, our suffering. Each fragment, each metal element of this mountain, tells a story. A story of a life that was either cut short or forever changed.

Interactive Moment:

I would like to suggest you do the following. Please, place your right hand on your heart. Feel its beating, the beat of life. Now close your eyes and imagine that each shard, each element of this mountain, is a person. It could be someone close to you, your friend, your neighbor. Visualize their faces, their smiles, their eyes. And let the beating in your chest become the echo of their lives, the echo of their laughter, their tears, their dreams. This beat is their pulse, and it lives in each of us.

Open your eyes.

We are here, and we remember.

Frame 04. THIS NURSERY IS NOW IN SILENCE



Elements of the performance:

EL Kravchuk approaches the photograph, stopping in front of it. He carefully examines every detail, every crack in the wall, every piece of debris. Then, he slowly takes out a damaged doll from behind his back and looks at it with deep emotion.

This doll, *he begins with a tremor in his voice*, is not just a toy. It's a scream. A scream of every child whose childhood was invaded. This doll represents the silence that replaced children's laughter.

EL Kravchuk's Story:

This kindergarten was a place where children learned to dream, to be friends, to be innocent. Now these walls tell stories not of joy and laughter, but of sorrow and terror. This doll, which I hold in my hands, has become a symbol of a horrifying reality. It personifies every child whose childhood was stolen.

Allow me to shift your attention to your own childhood memories. Recall your favorite toys, the moments of joy and happiness they brought you. Now imagine all those moments, all those toys, all those dreams — destroyed. This is what happened to the children of Ukraine. This is what we are gathered here to remember and never forget.

Frame 05. ONE OF THE FEW SAFE PLACES NOW



Elements of the performance:

As EL Kravchuk moves from one frame to another, an assistant hands him a backpack. Kravchuk takes it and prepares for the next stage of the tour.

In this backpack, *he begins*, are items that for many of us have become the last things we own. Everything we managed to take with us. Everything we can carry, because we carry this backpack ourselves. It has to be light, so we can stay mobile.

EL Kravchuk's Story:

Copies of documents, cash, keys, a map, a flashlight, a first aid kit... It's as if all our possessions are compressed to the minimum, to the very essence. These items have become our companions on the journey to hope, the journey to safety.

But even in these dark tunnels, deep underground, we find something more. Here, breaths become quieter, and hope grows louder. Here, in these underground corridors, we find refuge not only from bombs, but also from fear. Here we find ourselves, we find each other.

Handing the backpack to the most moved visitor, from whom the assistant later discreetly retrieves it:

Think about how quickly the meaning of simple things can change in a crisis. This is your moment to reflect.

Frame 06. ROAD OF SORROW

This highway, once a connector of families, friends, and cities, now unites the imprints of war. Here, on this asphalt, memory meets reality. Perhaps this civilian car was transporting a family trying to flee the horrors of war. Maybe they thought the road would lead them to safety, to a new beginning. But instead, they encountered the harsh reality of war.



EL Kravchuk's Story:

In the far corner of the photo, you see a damaged enemy tank. This tank was stopped by our defenders, but how many vehicles like this one did it manage to shoot before? How many more lives were destroyed or forever altered?

This road has become a road of sorrow and loss; it is just one of the many Ukrainian roads that have witnessed tears and broken destinies. It continues even now, and each new road, each new kilometer, is a new page in our memory. We will not forget, we will not forgive, and we will continue to fight for our land, for our people.

Frame 07. REPORT FROM THE EAST

EL Kravchuk's Story:



The artist's path does not always lie on the red carpet. Sometimes it leads to the front lines, where asphalt is replaced by mud, and red curtains by soaked tents. Once, I was in a field camp where our defenders gathered for my performance, seeking brief solace in this cruel reality.

I stood before them, the equipment was connected, and I began to sing. But then the equipment cut out, and my voice was lost among the rolls of enemy artillery. But you know what? It didn't matter. Because I realized how important support is for our warriors, how crucial it is for them to know that they are not forgotten, that they are valued and loved.

At this moment, EL Kravchuk pauses, and suddenly, with deep feeling, sings three notes. This unexpected moment allows the audience to feel the full weight of the emotions he puts into these notes.

These notes are not just sounds. They are bridges that connect us with those who are still risking their lives for our future, for the very reason that we are gathered here today.

Let these be notes of hope, which, I believe, reach every heart standing in this war. And although music here is rarely heard, when it does sound, it sounds louder than explosions, it shines brighter than the lights of rockets, because it resonates in our hearts. And this is the most sincere, the most authentic path I have ever walked.

Frame 08. **SIRENS SCREAM AGAIN**



EL Kravchuk's Story:

Sirens...

This sound pierces the cold air like the cry of a cornered animal. It brings an anxious resonance to the hearts of millions of Ukrainians.

EL Kravchuk makes a gesture, mimicking covering his ears, as in the photo.

I close my ears, but the sound still penetrates inside, as it does into the hearts of all of us.

And you know, this sound will stay with us. Even when the war ends, even when the sirens stop screaming, we will still flinch at similar sounds. Maybe it will be a phone ringing in a quiet room or the rumble of the metro in an underground passage. These moments will remind us of what has passed but what must not be forgotten.

Frame 09. **SOON ON THE MOVE**



Elements of the performance:

EL Kravchuk approaches the photograph, then sits down on the floor next to the suitcase captured in the photo. He leans on the suitcase, closing his eyes for a moment, as if trying to capture a few seconds of rest. Then, he suddenly opens his eyes and looks directly at the audience.

EL Kravchuk's Story:

Every next kilometer leads to the front line, and every minute of rest is a gift.

EL Kravchuk gestures towards the suitcase.

This suitcase is my faithful companion on tours. Inside it is everything needed to bring a bit of joy, a bit of hope to our defenders.

War may take away comfort, but it cannot take away our determination to support those on the front lines.

Here EL Kravchuk stands up, lifting the suitcase.

And now, I am on my way again. On the way to those who risk their lives every day for our future.

EL Kravchuk pauses, allowing the emotions and words to penetrate the hearts of the listeners.

So, dear friends, soon on the way. Because the path is not just a road, it is a mission. And this mission is our common choice, our common path to freedom, to peace, to a future that we are building together.

Frame 10. PRAYER FOR UKRAINE



Elements of the performance:

EL Kravchuk approaches the photograph, his face reflecting deep seriousness and inner concentration. He slowly kneels down, then folds his hands in a prayerful gesture and closes his eyes. The atmosphere is tense, the hall filled with anticipation. Then, he opens his eyes, his gaze piercing and full of determination.

EL Kravchuk's Story:

Prayer is not just words. It's a cry of the soul, a bridge between us and the heavens, between our fears and our hopes.

We pray for peace, for freedom, for happiness. We pray for every child in Ukraine to be safe. We pray for our streets and homes to be filled with laughter, joy, and love.

EL Kravchuk pauses, his eyes brimming with tears, but he holds them back.

We pray for our defenders, so they know: we are with them, we are close, even when we are physically far away.

Here, EL Kravchuk's voice becomes barely audible, but every word pierces the heart.

We pray for this day, the day of peace and freedom, to come as soon as possible.

EL Kravchuk stands up, his face a mix of determination and hope.

And until that day comes, every prayer of ours, every song, every step is a step

towards that day. This is our prayer, this is our struggle, this is our faith in a better future for Ukraine!

EL Kravchuk pauses, allowing the emotions and words to penetrate every heart in the hall. He concludes with a prayerful gesture, raising his eyes to the sky, as if addressing higher powers.

Amen.

Frame 11. EVEN CLOUDS CRY SOMETIMES

EL Kravchuk approaches the photograph, his face reflecting deep melancholy, yet an ineffable hope.

EL Kravchuk's Story:



War teaches us to value every moment, every drop of rain, every roll of thunder.

EL Kravchuk pauses, his voice becoming even more emotional.

Once, thunder might have frightened us, but now, in the context of all that's happening, it sounds like a peaceful reminder of nature's beauty, that even clouds sometimes cry.

EL Kravchuk begins to move, his motions full of grace and strength, as if wanting to embrace everyone in the hall.

This rain, these drops — they are like tears of our land, tears of our people. But they also remind us that after rain always comes a rainbow, there's always hope.

Here, EL Kravchuk pauses, his eyes meeting those of everyone in the hall.

And as long as we have hope, we have a future. Remember this. Cherish every minute, every second. Because every moment is a chance to change everything around us, a chance to make the world better.

EL Kravchuk ends his story, leaving the hall in deep reflection. He pauses, looks up to the "sky," as if thanking it for every drop of rain, for every minute of life.

"Thank you," *he whispers, and his words echo throughout the hall.*

Frame 12. **9 AM SILENCE FOR HEROES**



At 9:00 am across Ukraine, a minute of silence ensues. It's not just a tradition or a symbol. It's a minute to honor the memory of those who will never return home, those who gave their lives for the freedom and independence of our country. It's a minute to remember that the cost of peace and freedom is immeasurable. It's a minute to realize that every life matters.

EL Kravchuk pauses, his eyes filled with tears, but they are tears of respect and gratitude. He looks at his watch and gestures for everyone to join in the minute of silence.

Minute of Silence:

EL Kravchuk remains silent, his eyes closed, his face expressing deep sorrow, but also unwavering faith in the future. The entire hall is silent, each person recalling their heroes, their losses, their hopes. The minute seems like an eternity, but it's an eternity filled with meaning.

After the minute passes, EL Kravchuk slowly opens his eyes, looks at everyone in the hall, and says:

Thank you. May their sacrifice not be forgotten. Let it be a reminder to all of us that we must continue to fight for peace, for freedom, for the future of our Ukraine.

Frame 13. **I WILL REMEMBER THIS AUGUST**



Before you are not just ruins. They are silent witnesses of suffering, a scar on the soul of the nation, reminding us of the value of human life. These debris of walls and houses are in a locality whose name I will only mention after our victory. But they speak not only of the past, they speak of our present.

Notice these two pieces of painter's masking tape. It's not just tape. It's a symbol of resilience, a symbol of self-defense. Ukrainians used them to tape their windows, to protect themselves from shrapnel during the blast wave. This masking tape is another

reminder of how we adapt to living in wartime, how we strive to protect ourselves and our loved ones.

This August, these ruins, this masking tape — all of this I will remember. And I know you will too. Because it's a part of our history, a part of our aspiration for better, a part of our path to a human life worthy of each of us.

Frame 14. **WOUNDS BEYOND SIGHT**



EL Kravchuk begins his story, covering his face with his hands as in the photo, while an assistant holds the microphone for him at this moment.

Deep wounds often go unnoticed. They are not always visible in photographs or news reports. Some of these wounds have deeply rooted in our souls, becoming eternal reminders of what we've endured.

EL Kravchuk slowly opens his hands, revealing his face, and looks straight ahead, his eyes full of emotion.

But even in these moments, when it seems all is lost, we find symbols that remind us of who we are and where we come from.

EL Kravchuk takes out a pendant in the shape of the Ukrainian coat of arms, the same as in the photo — the trident, and raises it so everyone can see.

This pendant is not just an ornament. This trident is us. And every time I wear it, I feel that I am not alone. That we are all together. That our wounds, hidden and open, only make us stronger.

EL Kravchuk places the pendant in his palm and slowly closes it, as if safeguarding something very precious. Then, he raises his closed palm to his heart, making the movement slowly and deliberately. Afterward, he offers those nearby to touch it.

Feel its weight, its significance. Because it's not just a piece of metal. It's a part of our soul, a part of our people.

Frame 15. **SUMMER LOOK**



The next photo is ambiguously titled 'Summer Look'. Summer is a time we often associate with carefreeness, sun, and joy. But war changes everything. It changes our colors, leaving us only contrasts — contrasts between life and death, between hope and despair.

This wall, with its huge hole, is not just a destroyed structure. It's a symbol of how war penetrates our lives, shattering what seemed unbreakable. But if you look through this hole, you'll see me. And this is no coincidence.

EL Kravchuk pauses, his gaze piercing.

Because even through destruction, through dark times, we continue to exist. And every time we look through these holes, we see not only devastation but also opportunity — the opportunity for a new beginning, for restoration, for love, and for life!

Frame 16. **EARLY WINTER**



The first frosts, the ruins of a house, and in my hands, a pendant in the shape of a trident. This pendant is not just an ornament. It's a symbol that even in the hardest of times, we do not lose our identity, our belonging to this land.

Frame 17. **COLD NOVEMBER**

EL Kravchuk's Story:



Before you are the charred remains of an electric substation, destroyed by an enemy missile. This is not just metal and ash; it's a symbol of cruelty aimed at each of us. A year ago, they wanted to deprive us not just of light, but of hope. They wanted us to feel the cold and darkness, to make us surrender. But they overlooked one thing: the more they tried to break us, the stronger our spirit became.

At this moment, EL Kravchuk suddenly takes out a lighter from his pocket and lights a small candle handed to him by an assistant. He lights the candle and carries it in front of him to the next frame.

Frame 18. **A BEACON OF WARMTH AMIDST BLACKOUTS**



Kravchuk continues:

Darkened streets...

Silent homes...

Now you see, - in the corner of this frame flickers the light of a kerosene lamp. This flame is our answer to the darkness. It's OUR little light in the great dark.

I wish for you, may each little flame become part of a great fire that will light our way to victory.

Frame 19. TOURING ROAD



EL Kravchuk's Story:

Sleep during wartime is not just rest. It's a small island of peace in an ocean of chaos. Sleep connects us to a world where the war is already behind us. And no matter how short this rest is, it instills in us the confidence that victory is near.

At this moment, EL Kravchuk takes out a small neck pillow from his pocket and demonstrates how to use it properly.

I know many of you are often on the road, and sleep becomes a rare and valuable resource. So, I want to share a little secret with you. This neck pillow is your faithful companion on the journey. It will help you fall asleep even in the most uncomfortable conditions and gather strength.

EL Kravchuk puts the pillow around his neck, closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath, as if demonstrating how quickly one can relax and prepare for sleep.

Remember, every minute of sleep is a step towards recovery, towards the strength we need for victory. And let this brief moment of rest be a reminder to you: we are all moving together towards a bright future.

EL Kravchuk slowly removes the pillow and places it on a chair next to him, as if leaving it for the next tired traveler.

Frame 20. WAITING FOR TRANSIT



EL Kravchuk's Story:

Here, on this snow-covered country road, I stand in waiting. Waiting is a part of the journey that cannot be avoided. Buses break down, plans change, but even in these moments, each of us has our own music playing in our hearts. It's the music of unwavering faith and hope.

*At this moment, the volume knob on the audio amplifier is turned up.
At this moment - EL Kravchuk makes an unexpected gesture: he raises his hands as if conducting an invisible orchestra. It's like a magical ritual, summoning all the forces of good and hope.*

After about 8-10 seconds, the music volume knob is lowered back to its usual background level, and Kravchuk continues:

You know, music doesn't always play around us; sometimes it plays inside us. And each one of us is a note in the great symphony of life. Let this symphony be full of light, goodness, and hope.

Frame 21. SHADED SPRING



EL Kravchuk's Story:

Spring is usually a time of rebirth, when every corner of nature awakens with light and beauty. But this year, our homes and streets remained in the shadows. The electricity was cut off, and spring seemed darker than the coldest winter day.

At this moment, EL Kravchuk slowly puts on the same dark glasses as in the photo, as if emphasizing the weight and darkness of the moment.

How often do we start to appreciate something only after losing it? Light, warmth, even the simple ability to see the face of a loved one. In the darkness, every ray of light becomes a beacon for us, every moment of warmth so important!

EL Kravchuk takes off the glasses, as if returning from the darkness.

Let this dark spring be a reminder to us of how important every ray of light and every moment of warmth are. And let it be the moment when we finally understand that true strength and light are found within each of us.

Frame 22. **LANTERNS REKINDLED**



EL Kravchuk's Story:

Look closely at the photo: these lit street lamps are not just sources of light. They are symbols of rebirth, beacons indicating that Ukrainian energy is recovering. And this has been made possible thanks to the efforts of our air defense forces and international support.

EL Kravchuk takes out a small LED flashlight from his pocket and turns it on.

Each of us can be such a small lantern, contributing light to the overall picture. Do not underestimate small deeds; they make up the big picture.

EL Kravchuk turns off the LED flashlight and carefully puts it back in his pocket.

These lamps are a simple but powerful reminder that even in the hardest times, we have every chance for a quick recovery and a happy tomorrow. Let's stick together so that these lights do not go out.

Frame 23. **FIELD SOUNDCHECK**



In this frame, you see me during a field soundcheck. Yes, the conditions are far from perfect: the equipment is basic, there are no monitor lines, the frequencies of the radio microphones interfere with each other. But do you know what's most important? All of this doesn't matter, because music is not only about sound, it's about conveying emotions, comfort, and hope.

And every time I go on stage, even if it's just a field near the trenches, I realize: music has a power that goes far beyond sounds and notes. It unites us, gives us strength, and fills us with hope. And that's what really matters.

Frame 24. **SHADE COMPANIONS**



EL Kravchuk's Story:

In this frame, you see me and my unforeseen companion — a stray dog. We both found refuge in the shade of a wall, seeking protection from the scorching sun.

EL Kravchuk takes out a small fan from his pocket and unfolds it.

This fan is simple, but an effective way to ease the heat. It reminds me that even in the most difficult conditions, one can find ways to improve their situation, even if it's just a small fan or a shady corner.

EL Kravchuk folds the fan and puts it back.

Sometimes, to get through tough times, we only need small joys and unexpected companions. This dog, like me, was seeking refuge. And we found it together, reminding each other that even in chaos and ruin, moments of solace and peace can be found.

Frame 25. **HER FORMER KINDERGARTEN**



EL Kravchuk's Story:

This frame... This frame is a reproach to each of us. How could we allow children, who should see the world as a place of wonders, to cover their eyes with their little hands from horror?

EL Kravchuk pauses, as if gathering his thoughts, and continues.

This girl, her tears — they are a cry of the soul that should resonate in each of us. This should become the moment when we realize that we can no longer remain silent, we can no longer wait.

EL Kravchuk straightens up and looks at the audience.

Let this pain become the catalyst for OUR resolve!

EL Kravchuk ends his speech with this exclamation, - swiftly moving to the next frame.

Frame 26. **STAND UNTIL VICTORY**



Continues to declaim with the same dynamics as at the previous frame, building up the tempo:

And if anyone thinks that we will tire, that we will retreat, let them know: we are ready to wait for this day as long as it takes. Because every minute, every second of this wait fills us with strength!

EL Kravchuk raises his fist upwards, symbolizing determination and unity.

We stand, and we will stand until victory!

EL Kravchuk concludes his speech with this powerful statement and sharply transitions to the next frame, maintaining the energy and tension of the moment.

Frame 27. **REFLECTIONS OF RUINS**

Destroyed walls, interrupted stories, but even a shattered mirror will capture the sparks of our faith in the future.



Frame 28. UNSPOKEN STILLS



In this camera, like a time capsule, moments are captured. Moments of war, moments of life. But what lies beyond the frame? What remains unspoken?

EL Kravchuk approaches closer to the camera in the image, as if wanting to peer into its lens.

Behind each frame lies a whole story. Because every frame is just the tip of the iceberg, beneath which lie emotions, experiences, sacrifices.

Photography is the art of the moment, the art of capturing what often eludes our gaze. But even the most accurate photograph cannot convey everything that lies beyond its borders.

EL Kravchuk concludes his speech, emphasizing the last words.

Let each unspoken frame be a reminder to us that our story is not only what is visible on the surface. It is also what is deep within us, in our soul, in our history.

Frame 29. MOTHERLAND



EL Kravchuk's Story:

Look at this native land, these endless fields, our rivers, and the sky. This is Ukraine. This is our home. If the land could speak, it would ask to leave its children in peace.

EL Kravchuk pauses, as if allowing everyone to look at this beauty and reflect.

Imagine the laughter and joy of children playing in these fields, if there were no war. Imagine how this land could flourish if we lived in peace.

EL Kravchuk concludes his speech, emphasizing the last words.

This land is part of our soul, part of our national identity. And let every step we take on this land be a step towards peace, towards freedom, towards the eternal memory of those who gave their lives for it.

Frame 30. BETWEEN CONCERTS ONLY CLOUDS



Due to frequent creative travels - I love to look at these raindrops on the train window. They are like notes on a musical score, each with its own sound, each with its own meaning. Today - they are playing for us a melody of hope.

Frame 31. COLD UNDERGROUND



Sirens...

They call us to the underground, to this cold, damp, and stuffy basement. Why a basement and not a bomb shelter? Because sometimes there's simply no time to run, especially during ballistic missile attacks. And so I found shelter here, in slippers, because there was no time to prepare. This basement becomes our fort, our fortress in moments of danger.

EL Kravchuk pauses, as if allowing everyone to imagine this scene in their minds.

Here, in this tightness and cold, each minute of waiting becomes an eternity. An eternity filled with anxiety and hope that the bombing will soon end.

EL Kravchuk concludes his speech, emphasizing the last words.

But even in this cold darkness, even in this uncomfortable refuge, we find the strength to believe. To believe that soon we will again emerge into the light, and to believe that our land will soon be free!

Frame 32. CONTRAST ESSENCE



EL Kravchuk's Story:

This day will remain in my memory forever. It was the day the war took away someone dear to my heart. I had an important interview scheduled, and I tried to hold myself together. But my eyes could not hide what I felt.

EL Kravchuk pauses, as if gathering his thoughts.

Michael Nekrasov, the author of this project, decided to capture this moment, breaking the standard settings of aperture and exposure. And when I saw this photo, his words pierced me: 'War, like harsh light, exposes truths and rejects shadows. In its scorching flame, all that is superfluous burns away, leaving only the essence.'

EL Kravchuk continues, emphasizing the last words.

In this photo, there are no explosions, destructions, or trenches. This frame is an allegory of how, under extreme pressure and danger, we begin to see the world differently. We start to see the essence of things, cutting away all that is unnecessary.

Frame 33. SKY GUARDIANS

EL Kravchuk's Story:



Behind me is the fuselage of a military aircraft, a symbol of our aviation, which stood guard over our skies in the early days of the war. I remember how these machines fought right above Kyiv, despite the enemy's total superiority.

EL Kravchuk pauses, as if recalling those moments.

These aircraft carry not just military weapons. They carry the dreams and hopes of thousands of people on the ground. They are our celestial guardians, the shining stars of our sky.

Frame 34. **PATH TO A WOUNDED FRIEND**



EL Kravchuk's Story:

This corridor leads to the ward where my friend lies, wounded in battle. His scars are the scars of our entire country, and they deserve the deepest respect.

EL Kravchuk pauses, as if gathering his thoughts.

Don't forget to say 'thank you' to those who risk their lives for our future. Their courage and sacrifice are what allow us to live today.

Frame 35. **ABOVE THE SOUNDS OF WAR**

From a bird's eye view, the world appears so calm and carefree. Even war cannot silence the song of birds, the rustle of the forest, and the whisper of the wind in the leaves, which will be here after the war, reminding us that life goes on.



Frame 36. UNPACK AFTER VICTORY



And now we come to the last frame of this exhibition. In a sea of monochrome images, let this one be colorful. Let it remind us that after a long storm, there always comes a clear and sunny morning. This is the only color photo, and it symbolizes that something bright and colorful awaits us after hard trials.

EL Kravchuk pauses, smiles, and continues.

And when this war ends, we will return to creativity, to songs and melodies that will accompany us in different moments of life — in joy and sadness, in love and travels.

EL Kravchuk suddenly changes his tone and addresses the audience.

EL KRAVCHUK'S PROPS DURING THE EXCURSION ON OCTOBER 26

Frame 02. ALARMS WE LIVE BY



The smartphone is in the right pocket of the trousers.

Frame 04. THIS NURSERY IS NOW IN SILENCE



An old, worn-out children's doll.



Assistant: discreetly hands the doll to EL Kravchuk.

Frame 05. **ONE OF THE FEW SAFE PLACES NOW**

 A backpack with a strap as in the photo.

 Assistant: discreetly hands the backpack to EL Kravchuk and later retrieves it from a visitor of the exhibition.

Frame 09. **SOON ON THE MOVE**

 A suitcase of any color will do. Preferably worn from long journeys.

 Assistant: ensures that the suitcase pre-placed near Frame #9 is not moved.

Frame 12. **9 AM SILENCE FOR HEROES**

 A wristwatch on EL Kravchuk's hand. Preferably with a dial face.


Frame 14. **WOUNDS BEYOND SIGHT**

 A trident-shaped pendant that was used in the photo session.

 Assistant: should hold the microphone for some time so that EL Kravchuk can free both hands.

Frame 17. **COLD NOVEMBER**

 Lighter, Candle

 Assistant: must ensure fire safety and consider a candle holder in such a way that the wax does not drip onto EL Kravchuk's hands while moving to the next frame.

Frame 19. **TOURING ROAD**

 A small travel neck pillow.

Frame 20. **WAITING FOR TRANSIT**



The assistant should, at the appropriate moment, arrange for the volume of the soundtrack playback to be increased. After waiting 8-10 seconds, return the soundtrack volume to its original level.

Frame 21. **SHADED SPRING**



Dark sunglasses that were used in the photo session.

Frame 22. **LANTERNS REKINDLED**



A miniature LED flashlight located in EL Kravchuk's pocket.

Frame 24. **SHADE COMPANIONS**



A small fan located in EL Kravchuk's pocket.