YARMAROK

Ukrainian writing in Canada since the Second World War

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Yarmarok (pronounced as spelled, with the stress on the first syllable), is the Ukrainian word for fair or marketplace. It effectively conveys both the spirit and the substance of this first anthology of Ukrainian writing in Canada to be published in the English language. It includes a wealth of literary works, in a variety of genres and styles, by an array of poets, playwrights and prose writers. Some of the contributors to this volume are at the beginning of their literary careers, while others are established professionals with a long list of creative accomplishments to their credit. The collection is almost equally divided between post-Second World War immigrants who write in Ukrainian (many available here for the first time in translation), and the Anglophone progeny of earlier Ukrainian settlers—all of whom first appeared in print in Canada after 1945.

"The anthology is likely to be a milestone in the development of this particular ethnic literature. Subsequent anthologies will be able to measure what has happened and what will be happening in the next few years and set it against Yarmarok."

Henry Kreisel

Yarmarok:

Ukrainian Writing in Canada Since the Second World War

Edited by
Jars Balan and Yuri Klynovy

Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies
University of Alberta
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Preface

The title of this book, *Yarmarok*[1] (pronounced as spelled, with the stress on the first syllable), is the Ukrainian word for "fair" or "marketplace." *Yarmarok* captures well the essence of this anthology of contemporary Ukrainian Canadian writing. In Ukraine, the traditional fair was a colourful and noisy gathering of peasant farmers, artisans, pedlars and townspeople in a clearing or public square. There, under bright awnings and around wagons and tents, Jewish merchants, Gypsy performers and German craftsmen plied their assorted skills and wares. Sometimes travellers from far and near—Russians, Poles, Tatars, Turks, Magyars, Romanians, Slovaks, Greeks—would add an exotic touch to these carnival-like occasions. A meeting-place for people from all walks of life, the *yarmarok* was much more than a hub of commercial exchange, it was a hive of social and cultural activity.

Perhaps the most famous Ukrainian *Yarmarok* is the one described in the story "Sorochyntsi Fair," by the nineteenth-century writer Nikolai Gogol (Mykola Hohol), a native of the Poltava region of Ukraine. But the title echoes yet another important *yarmarok* in Ukrainian literature, namely the journal *Literaturnyi yarmarok* (Literary fair) which blossomed fleetingly at the end of the first decade of Soviet rule. Established in Kharkiv in December 1928, this highly sophisticated periodical brought together many of the leading Ukrainian writers and critics of the post-revolutionary era. Although it was launched in the turbulent wake of the "Literary Discussion" of 1925–8 and was embattled from the moment of its inception, *Yarmarok* represented a high-water mark in the Ukrainian cultural renaissance of the twenties. It became one of the last bastions of intellectual resistance to the growing regimentation of Soviet Ukrainian society under Joseph Stalin's tyrannical reign. In the purges that followed *Yarmarok*'s demise in February 1930, the ranks of the Ukrainian intelligentsia—along with the nationally conscious element within the Communist Party—were decimated by bureaucratic decree, effectively halting artistic development in Eastern Ukraine for a period of more than thirty years.[2]

Like its distinguished if tragic forebear, this 'literary fair' is a gathering together of a diverse group of writers whose poems, essays, dramas and stories collectively express a contemporary Ukrainian identity. But unlike *Literaturnyi yarmarok*, this anthology makes its appearance in a climate more tolerant (if not always sympathetic or supportive) of cultural and artistic pluralism.

Yarmarok: Ukrainian Writing in Canada Since the Second World War is intended first and foremost to provide English-speaking Canadians with a glimpse into a dynamic literary subculture hitherto accessible only to readers of Ukrainian. It conveniently assembles new translations by various authors and earlier renderings from hard to find sources. Though an attempt was

made to obtain a representative sampling of each translated author's work, the availability of texts inevitably influenced the final selection of materials. Where possible, works with Canadian themes or settings were chosen, to show how these émigré writers have responded to the New World environment. Similarly, the Canadian-born writers of Ukrainian descent who were invited to participate in *Yarmarok* were asked to contribute pieces that drew on their ethnic background or experience. But in neither case was content invoked as a criterion of acceptance.

Some of the writing encompassed in this volume is primarily of historical or sociological value, and only secondarily of aesthetic interest. It has been included for the benefit of Ukrainian Canadianists and others working in the field of ethnic studies. However, strictly memoiristic, journalistic and historical writing was excluded, as were essays of an academic nature, so as to maintain a belletristic orientation to the overall make-up of the book. The objective was to expose casual, critical and specialist readers alike to a broad cross-section of Ukrainian Canadian authors who began their creative activity in Canada after 1945. Thus, one should be prepared to encounter a great range of styles, genres and degrees of technical sophistication. As in a real market it is advisable to shop around, either by browsing or studying details provided in the table of contents and back matter.

In addition to offering a unique and enjoyable literary experience, *Yarmarok* is designed to be a useful resource for students of Ukrainian Canadian letters. That is why comprehensive biographies and bibliographies have been compiled for each contributor and can be found at the end of the book. From the information provided it is possible to obtain a profile of the post-Second World War generation of Ukrainian Canadian authors.

This multipurpose approach was decided upon after much thought and careful consideration of other ethnic anthologies. It was important to produce a functional work that could serve as a model for subsequent miscellanies covering the interwar and pioneer periods. Once the general contours of Ukrainian Canadian writing have thus been mapped, it should be easier to identify those authors worthy of inclusion in a more selective collection. Indeed, reviewers can participate in this process by singling out talented individuals they feel deserve greater exposure and recognition.

Of course, in trying to cater to as wide an audience as possible certain compromises had to be made. Separate books undoubtedly would have better served the distinct requirements of dissimilar readers, but the costs of issuing such a series are prohibitive, and the editorial resources, lacking. Similarly, financial concerns had to take precedence over aesthetic ones in determining the layout and design. However, these concessions to the omnibus format should not seriously affect either the appeal or the practicality of *Yarmarok*, though they do demand a measure of forbearance on the part of different readers.

Finally, the initiators of this book, the Ukrainian Writers' Association, "Slovo" (The Word), would like to thank the people who helped in the preparation of the manuscript, especially the members of the Editorial

Committee, our typist, Mrs. Beverly Butler, and all of the writers, translators and scholarly advisers who contributed to *Yarmarok*. Slovo would also like to express its gratitude to the Multiculturalism Directorate of the Secretary of State for its financial assistance, and to the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies for undertaking the task of publishing what we hope will be the first volume in a series of works devoted to Ukrainian-Canadian literature.

1. For aesthetic and practical reasons (to assist readers who are unfamiliar with the transliteration conventions of the modified Library of Congress system) the title of this book has been rendered phonetically with a "Y" rather than being spelled *Iarmarok*.

2. For additional information on this period of Ukrainian literature, see George S.N. Luckyj, *Literary Politics in Soviet Ukraine, 1917–1934* (Freeport, New York: Books for Libraries Press, 1971); and Myroslaw Shkandrij, "The 'Literary Discussion' in Soviet Ukraine, 1925–1928" (Ph.D. thesis, University of Toronto, 1980).

Introduction: "One anthology—two literatures"

This anthology has two main aspects. The first consists of the works of Ukrainian writers who emigrated to Canada after the Second World War and who perhaps are more properly a part of Ukrainian literature. The other consists of contributions from anglophone writers of Ukrainian origin, born in Canada, whose works are part of Canadian literature. Although differing in literary affiliation because of language, both identify in some way with a common heritage and occasionally share subject matter, psychology and stylistic distinctions. However, the degree of their Ukrainianness, as with their Canadianness, varies widely—especially in terms of how these sensibilities are creatively expressed.

In bringing together this combination of writers no suggestion is being made that they form an identifiable school. Nonetheless, it seems that consciously ethnic currents are beginning to develop within mainstream Canadian literature the way feminist and regional tendencies have already emerged. The best indication of this growing multicultural awareness is the appearance of such books as *Roman candles*, *The spice box* and *Paper doors*, to name but a few of the ethnic anthologies that have been published since 1978. Over the years several collections of Ukrainian Canadian writing have been issued in Ukrainian, but *Yarmarok* is the first to be offered entirely in English. The richness and breadth of Ukrainian Canadian literature ensures that it will not be the last.

I

An historian of Ukraine may one day write about the misfortune of his homeland during the Second World War and note with sadness and amazement that "*the heart of the nation survived in the woods*" (in the struggle of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army against Nazism and Soviet Communism) but "*its brain fled into foreign exile.*" After the war almost a quarter million Ukrainian political refugees escaped forced repatriation to the Soviet Union. Canada welcomed some thirty-five thousand, many among them scholars, professionals and intellectuals. Besides their worldly goods they brought their own academic and literary societies, scouting and youth movements, political and social organizations. Almost all of these bodies are still extant, though greatly enfeebled because of their aging memberships.

The third Ukrainian emigration found in Canada only remnants of the once-vibrant Ukrainian literature of the pioneer and interwar eras: the novelist Illia Kiriak (Kyriiak), the poet Victor Kupchenko, and the dramatist Semen Kowbel (Kovbel). The last member of this distinguished group, the writer Mykhailo Petrivsky, died in Toronto in 1982. As the children and grandchilden of the first two immigrations overwhelmingly wrote in English, the third-wave immigrants became the bearers of the tradition of Ukrainian-language writing in Canada.

In retrospect, the literary accomplishments of Ukrainian émigrés after the Second World War are quite significant, despite the fact that their most arduous efforts were frequently condemned to the most meagre advances. Without a knowledge of English—"without a tongue," as the Russian writer of Ukrainian descent, Volodymyr Korolenko, once put it—and lacking technical expertise, financial support and other resources, they managed to create much. Foremost among them is Ulas Samchuk, who alone was able to remain a professional writer with a literary output that in scope and quality is truly remarkable. All the others had to find different forms of employment and relegate their creative writing to their spare time, occasionally using their hard-earned money to publish their own work. One of the first to do so was Volodymyr Skorupsky, whose slender book of verse, *Moia oselia* (My dwelling-place) appeared in Edmonton in 1954. Since that time there has been an uninterrupted stream of works by émigré writers, although the number of readers in the Ukrainian language has declined possibly even faster than the number of Ukrainian-language authors.

The main theme of most has been and remains the longing for one's native land and the unfulfilled yearning to return—a feeling that is as intense for some as a belief in God. As one Ukrainian critic in Canada observed in a 1960 review:

> *Should a cartoonist wish to depict the psychological make-up of that Ukrainian immigration which found refuge after the Second World War on the hospitable continent claimed by Columbus, and which today is forty and over, he would probably draw a giraffe-like being with large and attentive ears and elongated neck, piningly gazing east across the oceans and continents toward its native land.*

Alongside this nostalgic strain, Canadian themes also gradually emerged. The landmark work in this regard is Ulas Samchuk's *Na tverdi zemli* (On the hard earth), a novel depicting the acclimatization of a Ukrainian intellectual in Canada. The opening chapter appears in this anthology, along with one of Samchuk's earlier works.

Other Ukrainian-born writers to attempt Canadian themes include Ivan Bodnarchuk, whose story "Na zolotykh horbakh" (Upon the golden hills) combines references to both Canada and Ukraine; Svitlana Kuzmenko, the author of "Italiiski pomidory" (Roman tomatoes), which deals with inter-ethnic relations in a Toronto neighbourhood; the poet Borys Oleksandriv (tragically killed by an impaired driver in 1979), who wrote urbane comic sketches about immigrant life in the New World; and, of course, Yar Slavutych, most notably in his collection of poems, *Zavoiovnyky prerii* (Conquerors of the prairies), dedicated to the Ukrainian pioneers. To this group we may add the late humourist Mykola Ponedilok, who lived in New York but whose life and literature were connected to Canada by many threads.

Yarmarok contains the works of more than twenty Ukrainian writers in Canada who have roots in Ukrainian literature in Ukraine. Among them are realists, neoromantics, neoclassicists, symbolists and modernists. To the latter belong mainly the younger generation and such recently published authors as Maria Holod and Yaryna Tudorkovetska. Special mention must be made of several young writers—such as Marco Carynnyk, Irena Makaryk and Danylo Husar Struk—who were born or raised outside Ukraine but move freely between Ukrainian and English. Naturally, their writing shows the influence of both European and North American values. Whether or not they embody the basis of a viable synthesis remains to be seen, but it may well be that these "dual citizens" are merely a second-generation phenomenon.

In this anthology the prose translations, as might be expected, posed fewer difficulties than the translations of poetry. Particularly complex is the verse of Oleh Zujewskyj. How is one to render the delicate melodies of his poetic miniatures, or capture the associations and emotions expressed by the entirety of his finely-etched vignettes? What is required is nothing less than a congenial poet, perfectly fluent in Ukrainian and English.

This book was prepared by the Ukrainian Canadian Writers' Association, "Slovo," whose membership consists of approximately fifty writers, the overwhelming majority of whom write exclusively in Ukrainian. Of the Slovo members represented in *Yarmarok*, most are over sixty years old and it is therefore clear that an era of Ukrainian writing in Canada is rapidly drawing to a close. This gives special meaning to the appearance of this anthology. Hopefully, its Ukrainian portion will open up to Canadians of all backgrounds, as well as to Ukrainian Canadians who do not know their ancestral tongue, at least a small part of one "underground" literature—that Ukrainian literature which appeared in Canada in the second half of the twentieth century.

II

Ukrainian writing in Canada now spans more than nine decades and encompasses three distinct phases of creative activity corresponding to the three waves of Ukrainian immigration. Thus, one can identify "Pioneer," "Interwar" and "Refugee" eras in the Ukrainian literary tradition in Canada. The literature produced by each of these immigrations experienced a period of vigorous growth followed by gradual decline, with at least some authors finding a place for themselves in the history of Ukrainian Canadian letters. Because the latest chapter on this process has still to be written, it is not possible to assess fully the achievements of this offshoot of Ukrainian literature. However, a few observations can be made about some of the patterns that are becoming discernible in the overall evolution of Ukrainian writing in Canada.

The most striking feature is the almost exclusively immigrant character of this writing. Virtually all of the successful Ukrainian-language authors in Canada have been natives of Ukraine, some emigrating as youths, others as adults. It is, of course, still possible that a Canadian-born author may yet make a contribution to the legacy of literature produced in

Ukrainian—perhaps one of the graduates of the bilingual school programme—but so far, at least, Ukrainian writing has had a difficult time rooting itself in Canadian soil. Its perpetuation seems largely dependent on continued immigration from Europe.

For the progeny of Ukrainian immigrants, English has become not only the *lingua franca* but virtually the mother tongue, which is hardly surprising considering the intense and constant assimilatory pressures exerted on linguistic minorities in Canada. So pervasive is the ideology of unilingualism (notwithstanding occasional rhetoric to the contrary) that even children of immigrants sometimes become vocal advocates of the twin myths of the Tower of Babel and Balkanization. These political "bogeymen" are invariably invoked whenever minority languages try to establish themselves outside the well-defined confines of a ghetto.

The results of this process can be seen in the bio-bibliographic notes included in this anthology. Whereas a number of the Ukrainian-born authors show multilingual skills, only a few in the Canadian-born contingent claim fluency in a second language, ancestral or otherwise.

It is noteworthy that it was not until the Second World War that the Ukrainian Canadian community produced its first successful writer in English. Although individuals such as William Paluk attempted the transition earlier, Vera Lysenko was the first to succeed in *Men in sheepskin coats: A study in assimilation*, published in 1947. Two interesting novels followed in the 1950s, *Yellow boots* and *Westerly wild*; an excerpt from the former, which has a Ukrainian Canadian theme, represents her work in this anthology.

After Lysenko a growing number of Ukrainian Canadian writers won recognition for books written in English. Though smaller and less cohesive a group than the Jewish writers who have achieved such prominence in Canadian literature, Ukrainian Canadians have begun to project a growing profile in mainstream Canadian writing. Best-known is the playwright George Ryga, whose voluminous output encompasses several works that draw on his Ukrainian heritage. Maara Haas, Myrna Kostash and Andrew Suknaski are some of the other nationally known figures that readers will find in *Yarmarok*.

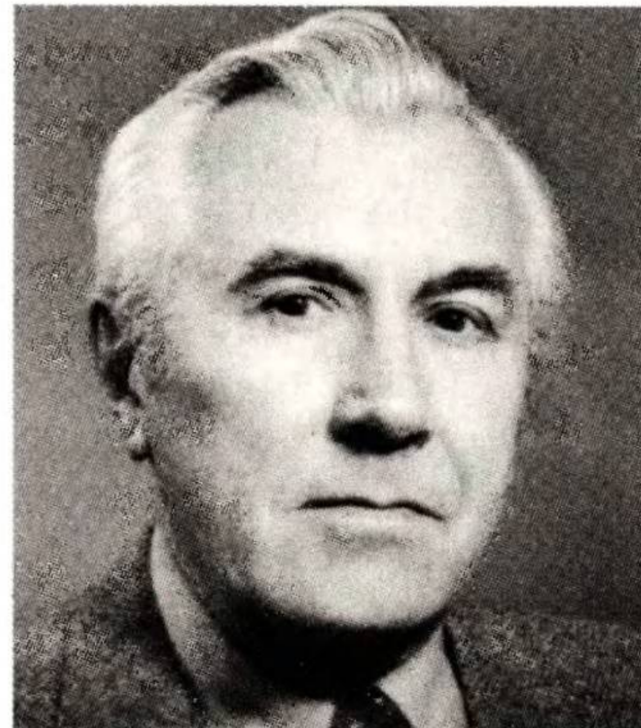
The second identifiable cluster of authors in this book is comprised of those who are firmly established in their careers but are just starting to win wider recognition for their work. Among them are Dennis Gruending, Michael John Nimchuk, Ray Serwylo, Larry Zacharko and Helen Potrebenko, to give a regional sampling. Dramatist Ted Galay is conspicuous in this group as the author of three plays on Ukrainian Canadian themes. Included is a scene from his critically acclaimed *After baba's funeral*, which has been produced in theatres across Canada. Rounding out the selection of writers in English are several relative newcomers like Ruth Andrishak and Bob Wakulich, and a few beginners with little or no publishing experience. Some in this category are bound to fall by the wayside, but there is certainly

evidence that a Ukrainian presence will continue to be felt in Canadian writing for the foreseeable future.

Within this mélange there is a growing constituency who are now quite distant from their immigrant forbears, such as Brian Dedora and Candace Cael Carman. Often of mixed backgrounds, their participation in *Yarmarok* indicates they still feel a connection with their Ukrainian roots, as is sometimes revealed in unusual ways in their writing. Perhaps the most striking case is that of George Morrissette, who was adopted and raised by a Métis family and only learned of his Ukrainian ancestry while struggling through an identity crisis as an adult. His long poem, *Finding mom at Eaton's*, provides a moving account of his search for his birth parents, and parts of that story have been reprinted in this book.

Although an effort was made to seek out a broad range of Canadian-born writers of Ukrainian descent, it was impossible to find, or accommodate, everyone who might have been included in this volume. One can only hope that a similar anthology is produced in a few years' time to present those who missed this first *yarmarok* and any new writers who have appeared on the scene.

Remembering Yuri (Klynovy) Stefanyk



I was first introduced to Yuri Stefanyk in the winter of 1978–9, after a seminar sponsored by the Slavics department at the University of Alberta. While I do not recall all the details of our meeting, I remember well the first impression that he made on me and I am sure that he had a similar effect on many other people. A tall, distinguished-looking man with a silvery head of hair, he bowed ever so slightly as he shook my hand and soon put me at ease with his witty pleasantries. His charm and sophistication unmistakably identified him as that type of educated European gentleman—now a vanishing breed—who embodies all the best qualities of Austro-Hungarian culture in its Western Ukrainian variant. I immediately felt comfortable in his presence since his manner and dialect were familiar to me from previous dealings with others of his generation. But what stood out in that initial encounter was his curiosity about me and his sense of humour about himself.

I was surprised when he mentioned that he read the newspaper *Student* (with which I was involved) and was flattered when he complimented me on some poems that I had had published there in June 1978. At the time I was still ignorant of his critical and editorial achievements, but I knew he was the son of a famous Ukrainian writer and therefore viewed him as a kind of spiritual link to my ancestral literary heritage.

When he called in the spring of 1979 to ask if I would participate in an evening of poetry which was to showcase the work of local young writers, I was both delighted and terror-stricken by his invitation. I tried to talk my way out of it but he somehow managed to get me to agree (I later learned he was trained as a lawyer) and thus on 28 April joined four other would-be Shevchenkos on the stage of the Edmonton Ukrainian National Federation Hall. It marked my introduction to the émigré Ukrainian intelligentsia, and though I didn't know it then, signalled the beginning of my recruitment into the Ukrainian Canadian Writers' Association, Slovo.

From my vantage point it seemed as if I had barely muddled through my debut. However, Mr. Stefanyk, was encouragingly enthusiastic about my appearance. I had read several poems by Andrew Suknaski and shown a few of my literary graphics using an overhead projector—all of which Mr. Stefanyk described, with some observations of his own, in an article he wrote for Edmonton's *Ukrainski visti*. Naturally, I clipped the account and sent copies to my family.

I next saw Yuri Stefanyk at a conference I helped to organize at the University of Alberta in the fall of 1979. Entitled "Identifications: Ethnicity and the Writer in Canada," it combined academic presentations with readings and panel discussions featuring authors from minority culture backgrounds. Mr. Stefanyk attended the sessions in their entirety, and it was then that I began to appreciate how his literary interests extended well beyond émigré and classical Ukrainian writing. The gathering also marked my first real exposure to Ukrainian Canadian literature and eventually led to my enlistment in the *Yarmarok* project.

Shortly after the conference Mr. Stefanyk proposed that I help prepare an English-language anthology of Ukrainian Canadian writing. He explained that work on the collection had already begun: I was merely to ensure the translations were readable and to help with the compilation of short biographies. It sounded like straightforward and interesting work to me, so I accepted the offer and even signed a contract that Mr. Stefanyk drew up. So began my induction into Slovo and my business relationship with Yuri Stefanyk.

As often happens with such ventures, it soon became apparent there was considerably more work involved than had originally been proposed. The scope and content of the book still had to be determined and it was obvious that translations—more specifically, the lack thereof—were going to pose a serious problem.

Although I don't remember how I was convinced to tackle the daunting job—which I had vigorously insisted I was not going to do when I was hired—I soon found myself translating my first stories and poems. And as I had to learn even the basic translating skills from scratch, I frequently sought the advice of local Slovo members, Mr. Stefanyk chief among them.

I started to attend Slovo executive meetings, where typically the formal agenda was briskly dealt with so that we could get on to the more enjoyable task of discussing literature and literary gossip over a moveable feast of *kovbasa* and pickles, cheese and bread, and a bottle or two of chilled *Schloss Laderheim* wine. I began looking forward to these sessions, which were presided over by Mr. Stefanyk as the long-time (since 1971) head of Slovo.

I especially liked to visit Yuri Vasylovych at his home—the use of the patronymic being one of the conventions adopted in the speech and banter of the group. These discussions dealing with administrative and technical details invariably culminated with a tray of canapes made by Mrs. Stefanyk, which we devoured between sips of *Stock 84* brandy. If I happened to come by at an unusual time, as I did one summer morning, the routine remained the same except that we raided the fridge for our snack and would wash it down with screwdrivers and coffee in deference to the early hour of the day.

Gradually, Mr. Stefanyk—as I continued to call him, mindful of the forty years' age difference between us—shared with me everything from the riches of his library to his many anecdotes about literary people he had come to know. We relayed jokes and swapped stories, debated the merits and

weaknesses of different writers, and kept each other abreast of comings and goings in our respective communities.

On occasion we didn't see eye to eye, but on the whole we agreed on the fundamental issues and therefore quickly reached consensus in most of our joint decisions. I think the success of our collaboration rested on Mr. Stefanyk's large reservoir of goodwill, his self-effacing character and the style with which he handled even mundane items of business. We became good friends—more like co-conspirators than co-editors—as our undertaking evolved and finally took shape in what you see before you and hold in your hands.

Once, when I was leaving Edmonton for an extended period of time and considering resettling in another part of Canada, Mr. Stefanyk came by to see me about *Yarmarok* and bid me farewell. He had already told me about his illness but downplayed its gravity and seemed optimistic that time had not yet begun to run out on him. After we had visited over some food and wine we both rose to say goodbye, and when we embraced I discovered I had a lump in my throat and noticed that tears were welling in his eyes. It was then that I realized how close we had become in the years we had worked together. As things turned out fate was relatively kind and we still had numerous opportunities to visit while negotiating our manuscript through some final obstacles. Unfortunately, Yuri Vasylovych didn't live to see the end result of our struggles, but I'm sure he knew our efforts were not in vain and would be pleased with the finished product.

Looking back over our relationship I smile when I reflect on how Mr. Stefanyk gently introduced me to a literary world that I scarcely knew existed before I first met him. Although I still have a million questions that I would like to ask—about his life, friends and family history—I am grateful for the time that I did have to come to know such a congenial and memorable individual as Yuri Vasylovych Stefanyk.

Jars Balan

Guide to transliterations

With the exception of terms whose English spelling is already established (Dnieper, Kiev), Ukrainian words and phrases have been transliterated according to the modified Library of Congress system. The following guide to pronunciation is designed to help readers approximate the sound of spoken Ukrainian. Although the Library of Congress method has several serious defects (it does not indicate the soft sign, for example), it does follow well-defined and consistent rules and requires no special typographic notation.

a— as in m*a*m*a*

e— as in *a*pple

i— as in *ee*l

u— as in tr*oo*ps

yi— as in d*ay*

kh— as in the Scottish lo*ch*

iu— as in *you*

ie— as in *ye*s

ia— as in *ya*cht

y— as in *e*xample, except in surnames ending in "-sky," which rhyme with "ski."

zh— as in French *J*acques, though sometimes the *zh* combination is read not as a dipthong but as two separate consonants, as in *zhoda* (agreement).

"Ukraine" is used without the definite article to underscore the fact that it is a distinct country and not a region or territory.

Ruth Andrishak

The Night the Rabbit Chewed My Hair Off

My father once said that if I had as many pricks sticking out of me as was stuck into me, I'd look like a porcupine. My father really knew how to hurt a guy.

Uncle Si is always happy—a fine old Indian. The first time I met him—I'd gone to his sugar shack (as he called it) with his nephew—and he said, And I's your Uncle Si and after that he was. I went to his place for years. I'd sit back in a chair—put my feet up on a case of beer, fire burning in the old cook stove, lots of time no fuel for the lamp, just a bitch smoking (string in a can of lard). The men would jig (chase the rabbit they called it—when just men dance), Uncle Si plays the fiddle fine and there'd always be another Indian or halfbreed that played a guitar or a fiddle too.

Uncle Si was married to a white woman and had about six kids. He was working on the CN branch in Elk Point, section foreman—when he started going deaf. He'd see his family's lips moving and figure they were talking about him—and at work the same thing would happen with the crew—or he wouldn't hear a train coming. Everyone thought he was going nuts and so did he—and he started drinking. In time he found out what was wrong and got a hearing aid but by then his wife had left him and the railroad demoted him to labourer. When I met him I got him to go to the doctor because I knew of a new operation for certain kinds of deafness—and a few years earlier this operation would have worked, but it was too late now.

Uncle Si always gives his money to his family and friends (and Indians have lots of each) so he's always broke. For two years he claimed a couple of sons as dependents when they were working—and the government charged him $1,800 in back taxes. He doesn't quite understand why because his sons were still dependent on him—they sure took his money—but he paid it back out of his $450-a-month wage. He lives in St. Paul now in a $30-a-month room and works and drinks for company at night. He'd like a permanent woman again. Uncle Si plays for dances on the reserve once in a while—you can tell when he has a dance to play for—you see him packing his T.V. down the street to the pawn shop to get his fiddle out of hock. Whenever I meet Uncle Si we go for a beer and the last time he was laughing like always and said he had T.B. and would be going to the sanitorium for at least a year. And the government could take care of him—about $1,800 worth anyway.

* * *

Anne was eighteen, beautiful, and not even pregnant. She went to school in Elk Point. One night last January her girl friend and her talked about what it would be like to be dead. They said who they would have for pall bearers, if they had a funeral. The next day Anne didn't go to school. She took a twenty-two and walked one half mile from home to the river, put the gun to her head and shot herself. About an hour later a man out skidooing thought he saw a jacket lying in the snow and found her. She lived another couple of days, but never regained consciousness, and died when they tried to take the bullet from her brain. My younger brother was one of the boys she had told her friend she wanted for a pall bearer. He didn't even know her that well, but I guess she just figured he had a bit of a soul to understand her. Most of the town was as cold to her in death as that cold forty degree below clear day she went down in the snow with a steel barrel against her beautiful head.

* * *

Dirty Liz is a mess when she's drunk—and Dirty Liz is always drunk. In this great age of panty-hose and fortrel tops—she still wears a garter belt—so one stocking is twisted and full of snags and runs, and the other is undone and hanging over her worn shoe. Her see-through nylon blouse has beer and coffee stains and bits of food all over. And the front is smeared with the dirty paws of the local Elk Point alkies. You can see the raggy bra, one strap broken revealing a stringy, leathery breast. Hair is a mess of Toni-ed frizzed split ends. Black pores in her punched nose. Bad horsey teeth. Pigeon-toed, and knock-kneed as hell. And though she's not tall or fat—her heavy bones belong to an ox. You look at her and wonder what her Ukrainian peasant mother rutted with to produce that miserable hunk of meat. Dirty Liz is one ugly broad.

Once after the bar closed we were going to Uncle Si's—to finish the party. Roland was kind of funny drunk, and picked up Dirty Liz to carry over the plank that bridged the ditch on the path to Uncle Si's. It had rained for days, and it was muddy and black as hell, and you could hear the water roaring beneath the board—cold and wild from the north—for it was the middle of spring. Roland got half way across the board before he slipped and dumped Dirty Liz into that ditch right out of sight. You couldn't see two feet ahead anyway. So—the men put down the beer they were carrying and we all ran along the ditch slipping and laughing in the mud till we found Dirty Liz and pulled her out. Uncle Si got the lamp lit and built a fire, and wrapped Dirty Liz in a blanket and gave her a beer. And Dirty Liz got drunker, and we had a good time, and said it was lucky Dirty Liz had so much alcohol in her blood—it acted as an antifreeze. A normal person would be sick.

And once Roland went to see Alec (Dirty Liz was living with him then) and he walked right into the middle of the kitchen with tons of mud on his boots. And then looked down and saw the floor was spotless, and was embarrassed because it showed he didn't think that Dirty Liz could possibly have a clean floor.

One day Alec and Nick (Alec's one-armed brother) helped Floyd with his cattle. They had just got the steers into the new steel pole corral, and were sitting in the truck—drinking beer and congratulating themselves on putting out—when this one rangy black bugger jumped the fence and hit back over the prairie. Floyd hollered get that steer Dirty Liz and she downed her beer so smooth, and jumped out of the truck and hit the ground running. First she just kind of loped off behind the steer, and then she picked up speed and was flying. No shoes on—just those bohunk slabs of flesh pounding the prairie—leaping over badger holes—going strong. The steer was heading north, so Dirty Liz angled north east to head it off, catching up with him till they were running side by side. And then the steer turned and she was right with it—herding it back—running for the sheer joy of running. As they neared the corral Dirty Liz threw her arms around the steer's neck, and they kept going till they crashed right into the new steel corral. And they both fell panting and foaming into the dust. Dirty Liz was still sitting next to the steer when Floyd and Alec and Nick came up in the truck. They saw that the fence and the steer were OK, and gave Dirty Liz a beer, and told her how good she could run. Must have learned how from running after tricks on Ninety-seventh Street. Floyd told the story every time he was in the Dewberry Bar for months after, about how Dirty Liz ran that black bugger a couple of miles—just a-flying over the prairie. And right back—smack dab into that new steel corral. Everybody always laughed.

Who were you Dirty Liz when you ran so fast with the hard-brittle prairie cutting into your flesh? Leaping, flying, running, did your soul try to run out of that ugly body only the meanest of Gods would condemn anyone with? Were you free at last from the hassle of the cat-calls—a child taken from you by the government—were you at last one with the land, sky and animals—did you belong? No wonder you drink Dirty Liz, and I'll try not to laugh anymore, Dirty Liz.

* * *

The first time I saw Mrs. Daniels she was peeking around the corner of the door frame of their old log cabin. Mrs. Daniels had no teeth and her hooked nose looked like it was trying to get into her mouth. Her thick pale hair was dirty—looked like a rabbit had chewed it off. A too-short man's T-shirt revealed the outline of her saggy breasts, which rested on her gut. Half of this stuck out where her shirt ended and her plain brown cotton skirt started. She was barefoot and a couple of kids peered out from behind her legs they were holding on to. A bunch more stood back in the yard, some hers and some relations had dropped off, all bug-eyed at a stranger. Roland, Jerry (his cousin) and I had ridden up on our horses, and this is my mother, said Roland, and I realized why Roland was no raving beauty.

Roland's dad was Omar Daniels, a big good looking halfbreed with curly hair and a Clark Gable moustache. Everyone in Elk Point said he was good for nothing but breeding kids. One night he got drunk and stayed at Lee's, just a few miles out of Elk Point. In the middle of the night he got up, fell

through the hole in the upstairs floor to the main floor below (they had a ladder to use but I guess he forgot) and broke his neck. He lived about three weeks. I felt bad about it because Roland took it hard, but my dad said the only good Indian was a dead one.

Mrs. Daniels moved to Elk Point and Mrs. Williams, the school vice-principal, bought her some teeth. Mrs. Daniels went to normal school that summer, brushed up on her teaching and has taught in Elk Point the last ten years. A very good teacher, very liberal in her thinking and one of the few teachers that has a genuine liking for kids. She is on the library board, church board, teaches Sunday school, helps with the Elk Point's annual Ati Yak Days—their annual small version of Edmonton's Klondike Days. Mrs. Daniels is well-liked and respected, mom's best friend, and between them they practically run the town.

I used to have a beauty parlour in Elk Point and you know how women start talking when you work on their heads. I once had a woman tell me all about her affair with a doctor and ask what she should do about it. I'd never seen her before or since. Anyway Mrs. Daniels and I were talking and she told me how her dad had brought his family from England to homestead by Frog Lake Reserve. They were fairly well-to-do in England, and her father was a big shot in the government there or here, I didn't quite remember. When she started going with Omar her dad wanted to send her back to England until she got over him, but she wouldn't go, and married Omar. Then she spoke of when he broke his neck and they let her live in the hospital. She slept in a bed next to his so she could take care of him constantly. She would try to feed him and talk to him, and pray for him, and then he died. And she got a sad look and said I wish he'd never got hurt, my happiest time of my life was with him. Everyone thinks lucky Mrs. Daniels, that fine lady at last has teeth and is out of the bush. Most say the best thing that ever happened to her was when Omar fell through the floor and broke his neck.

* * *

Smokey is really a good person in his heart—he's about the best I know. He doesn't try to manipulate anyone—he's honest in his business dealings—with him a handshake is as good as a contract. He's smart—can fix any machine but figures reading books can be bad for you—no one reads much in that country. He doesn't like to see anyone abuse an animal and can live in the bush—he knows his fishing and hunting.

But farming went all to hell for him a few years ago and he started drinking—he said to sit there and listen to other people's problems made his seem not so bad—but it was bad for us, because it got to be an everyday thing. One drunk lasted sixteen days—when you live with a man like that, you count.

Once when I went to his brother's house for a pail of water, Smokey was drinking there and tried to pull me in the kitchen for a drink. I pushed him away and spilled his glass of whisky. He said, after, some went in his face

and that made him mad. He grabbed me outside and kicked and hit me till he laid on the ground panting and said if he could get up he'd kill me. I looked at him and wanted to kick his head in but knew then he'd sure get up—so I went in the house. Later he came in and laid down on the couch and went to sleep. A couple of hours later he woke up and said, I suppose you're mad at me—and we went to the bar. The next day he joked to 'the boys' about having to slap 'the old lady' around but didn't hurt her none.

A couple of summers ago the crop looked good and Smokey said if we pull this off we'd have her made and then it hailed three times—flooded and the Bertha Army worms set in. He said God must have heard him and hated him.

We left in the fall to look for work with dishes, clothes, skidoo, cat and sacks of vegetables piled in the panel truck. We went to Edmonton and Calgary—but it wasn't easy and I had to get the kid in school so went back to mom's. While travelling it turned cold and ruined all those damn vegetables—a lousy summer's work. I got a job styling hair in St. Paul—twenty-five miles away—and Smokey found work in Swan Hills.

* * *

Roland Daniels was my friend, for a long time we rode that country as kids—later we'd bomb around in his old car and drink beer with our friends on those long Saturday nights. He's been dead since January 26, 1965, so I don't think of him that much now. He was hurt on an oil rig up north and died a couple of days later. After I wrote to Jean and said in my young stupidity—Roland is alive—as long as I see something or do something and think of him and tell him about it—he's alive. So maybe for awhile he was—but finally the nothing little things of every day made me quit. Death is really hard to accept the first couple of times. I'd walk through the bush at night—sometimes I could hardly see ahead of me but I knew the country. The wind would blow and I'd run—and it would blow faster and I'd run faster—searching for the Why—maybe through the next field or by the creek—down the train track—over that prairie. I was the puppy who runs from one bush to the next—sniffing one scent then the other—working himself into a frenzy—running—back and forth forgetting what he was originally looking for. In time I forgot the question. Now I just feel hard yet accept it more without ever finding out why—maybe that's the answer—don't ask the question.

Roland was a halfbreed—my dad and brother said the only good Indian was a dead one and mom said it was too bad but I shouldn't hang around people like that anyway.

* * *

I was in Dewberry Bar the night the eighteen-year-olds could start coming in. Six kids came up from Vermilion—forty miles away—strangers. They sat there—trying to look like they'd always sat in bars—a bit nervous—but smiling and talking to each other. They must have felt big—sitting with the

local cowboys and farmers—now they could see what it was going to be like to be grown-up. Maybe school tomorrow—tonight they were men. But their hair was long over their ears. Everything was cool till one of them went to the can and on his way out took down a funny little sign that hung over the door—looked at it, smiled and put it back. One of the Dewberry men said nobody can touch that sign, and hit the kid. Then more got up—taking on the other boys. These were tough—thirty to forty year-old men. The bartender didn't break up the fight—just threw it outside. The kids tried to get to their car—but they had to fight all the way. The people that weren't fighting grabbed their beer and went out to watch. There's a lot of fights there—but nobody tires of a good fight.

Everyone the next day said that was the most fun they had since before the Indians could come in the bar. In those days a halfbreed with a bar card—showing he could buy beer legally—would go in the bar and get it for his Indian buddies. Sometimes the white guys would chase them out of town, run them into the ditch, beat the hell out of the men and take their beer and women. Now those were the good old days—but last night was fun too.

* * *

I met the O'Connor boys—Kelly, Patty and Alfie at Uncle Si's years back—they're what people have in mind when they say wild as an Irishman. They all play the fiddle and jig—and Alfie was good—he represented Alberta in Canada's fiddle contest in Nova Scotia once. Patty is about forty-five and Mickey around thirty-eight now—they live with their parents on the farm. Kelly, a little older, lives a few miles away on his farm—he at least got around to marrying which is probably unfortunate for all involved. They used to go with their old man to the bar and stay for days. And they only lived six miles away. But I guess the old lady was a real tyrant when they drank—so every night when the bar closed they figured they best not go home and anger ma in this shape—but would hit out first thing in the morning. And then first thing in the morning—they would decide—well just one little beer to steady the nerves and—they said by the time they got around to getting home ma was so glad to see somebody, they had outstayed her anger.

The old man is too old to booze now—so 'the boys' go on their own. They've all been in so many crack-ups if you drive with one of them in your car, you can't go over thirty—they are so paranoid. So when a bar closes they can't go home—might crash or the cops will get them—and in the morning they need one little drink to steady their nerves.

Smokey was on a tear with them last winter in St. Paul when he was supposed to be working in Swan Hills. After the third day he phoned me at Elk Point—he knew I was coming up there to work so he said bring his underwear and the hard hat he'd forgotten and he'd go to work that night. It was forty-five degrees below that morning—a bright, frozen-solid day—no way my car would start. I was late so didn't bother finding a bag for his things—just took off for the highway half a mile away carrying the bright yellow hard hat and long johns. I went to Ollie's garage and told them to ask

for a ride for me—but it looked liked nothing would be moving all morning. A few trucks came down the road—and I ran out and stuck out my thumb—but all I got was instant frostbite. Then a funny little French priest came sliding all over the road in his Volvo—coming from Frog Lake. He drove like God was with him and I was sure he was—on his side of the car. I figured if we slid into the ditch—I'd be totally wiped out but the priest and God would be fine—but we made it. I walked into the hotel and up the stairs where the O'Connors peeked around the corner at the top of the stairway and giggled like leprechauns. Smokey was in a little room the chambermaids keep their cleaning crap in—drinking beer with the two old chambermaids. One wouldn't go to bed with him because her husband was serving beer downstairs—and the other—I don't know—maybe her arthritis was acting up. I gave him his stuff and went to work, and at noon I went back to his room and asked him to stop drinking—and then I just cried—and the O'Connors grinned and squirmed in their chairs and Smokey winked at them. A few days later Smokey went back to work—he'd been there five days—the O'Connors stayed ten. They were always afraid to drive.

* * *

I saw the O'Connor boys every day when Smokey was with them and a couple of nights I stayed. We'd sit in the bar with other welfare alkies—dirty—smelly—a couple bullshitting—most arguing—and someone sleeping with saliva running out the corner of his mouth. In the morning they'd all compare how sick they were—then have a beer and a cigarette and wait for the vendors to open for a dollar bottle of wine. At noon they'd manage to get some soup down and sometimes it stayed. Around two they would start feeling good and the bullshit would start. The stories, the sayings—each had heard it all a hundred times—if one had dropped dead the other could have finished the story for him. Christ—I could have! By evening they had drunk themselves into a half-sober depression or were asleep. They never ever chase women—they weren't queer, just scared of them. Nothing eventful would happen—the only thing they could talk about days later to their friends would be the ten-day drunk they were on in St. Paul—that's it.

A neighbour had stopped in to see the O'Connor boys after they'd been gone from home five days—actually had stopped in to give them a drink—but saw the old lady needed help with the livestock—she's in her eighties. The pigs were eating the dead ones and starting on each other—the cattle were suffering—and a few late summer calves had died. I was glad to hear they went out of livestock this summer. Now if they'd get their mother a phone.

* * *

Saturday, June 26/65—I kept thinking six months since Roland had died—all that rainy day, the kind you just feel like sitting in the bar and losing your mind. I'd broken my collar bone when I rolled my car a couple of weeks ago—so wasn't working in the beauty parlour. Manny (Roland's

brother), Scott, Jason and I had a few beers and decided that night we'd get honked. I went home and soon after mom came in—all upset—she had seen a horrible accident on the highway half a mile south of Elk Point. Two cars head-on—bodies on the road. Tough—but always happening somewhere—and then a little later I heard it was Jason. He'd gotten in with a friend who'd had a few beers and can't handle one. We were with him once when he drank two lousy bottles—blacked out and hit a snow bank. Jason should have remembered. This guy drove up the highway once—ninety miles an hour—went half a mile—turned back to town and then did it again. This can be one of the main thrills in a small town—for retards. The next time he hit the other car—killing the mother and hurting the two small kids and father—Jason was killed too. It was a long time ago—but I remember going to where it happened with Jason's family. Telling his little brother and sister to stay in the car—but the little boy ran out on the highway and started hollering wow! he'd found a doll that belonged to one of the hurt kids—all excited. And his stunned mother—who had been in the bar all afternoon—kept saying—someone told me Jason was hurt. And Jason's stepfather's tired sad eyes—knowing that this was just another incident to send his wife back to the mental hospital.

I took off through the bush—and across a muddy field of summerfallow—but my brother caught up with me and said to get the hell home. I just wanted to walk—cry—scream—alone—so I went home and was calm and dad said the only good Indian was a dead one. (Jason was about one sixteenth Indian) and my brother said my friends were no good anyway.

The night after the funeral I was sleeping in Jason's bed with his sister—I heard Jason calling my name. I opened my eyes and he was there—kneeling a couple of feet from the bed—outlined against the windows from the streetlight. I looked at him for a minute and then closed my eyes and said go away Jason—I can't talk to you yet—I'm sorry but I'm scared. And his sister woke up and said I heard Jason. Yes, I know, I said, I know.

Three weeks later my older brother was driving his friend and a couple of girls home from a dance and rolled his car down a hill—him and the two girls were OK but his friend was thrown through the back window and the car fell on him—killing him.

A couple of days later my brother said now I know what it's like and put his arms around me and cried—and I cried too—to see him hurt and I cried for his dead friend and mine.

* * *

I lived in a tent last year from May till September—when we came to Calgary. It seems funny now when I think about it—getting up—putting on warm clothes—making a fire—eating breakfast—looking out over some lake—then into the tent—putting on my hot pants—jumping into the car and bombing off to work—some sixty miles away. Making like a hair stylist all day—then driving back—fishing for supper. I quit work at the end of June and the kid was out of school so he lived with us—usually had his friend with

him for company—and our german shepherd who hated to be out in the rain—and it rains a lot at the lakes—so the tent was fairly crowded at times. It was hard but it was good—the best summer I've had for a long time. It's the best part of going back now.

* * *

Everyone says marriage isn't easy—you have to keep working at it. But in time the broken promises—the lies to each other and especially yourself—the plans—dreams you had—it just seems too much to bother with. And yet you stay together—because to admit all of this—is to admit that what you thought you saw in the other person didn't exist. And it didn't really—one never really falls in love with another person as he is—but when attracted to someone—see into him all the qualities you want to see—and are blind to the other facts that don't go along with your ideals. You hold onto your dream person to love rather than admit he never was. Or maybe I'm just afraid to be alone with nothing—scared to go through all of this again. But I'm so tired of working at my marriage.

* * *

I was thirty—April third—Smokey had come down a few days before to permanently leave me again, and then stuck around. That afternoon after school we took a mickey and went out to get willow bark for dyeing wool. We drank out in the bush and it was like being at home—looking at those combined fields and willow bushes. And Smokey said we could never break up and he'd quit drinking so much and be better, and we drank to that.

We went to bed early and sat and drank and talked till late. Smokey told me things about his life and I understood him again—he told me about working day after day on the old tractor when he was a kid—until he'd be ready to fall off—and he'd cry because he was so tired. And finally he started a little ritual of getting off the tractor every day at lunch break and flipping a coin and asking God—was his life worth it—was there meaning to this—and heads God said yes—and tails—no—but he got enough yes's to go on with hope. And of fishing this winter—and wondering could we make it and asking God if I was his woman—and flipping a coin.

We talked of everything and then got onto the cruelties of man versus animals—I'm always for the animals—but he had good points and I wrote them down as he said it after—for example—wolves in a pack take down more game than they can eat—they hamstring the hind quarters eating the animals alive—keeping the meat fresh—and how he's seen dogs do the same to pigs in a pen and then sit around laughing—because they're not hungry—just bloodthirsty—and how skunks and weasels get at chickens, sucking their blood out as they slowly die. I've seen this a lot too. But he was talking how one day him and Charlie Garner were walking home from school when they heard this squeak in the bush—a fuckin' garter snake had swallowed a frog he said—so—(and he pauses for a good swig of whisky here) so we promptly killed the snake and cut it open and the frog jumped

out—hopped away—but it was poked full of holes and spouting blood where the teeth had cut its skin. (I thought this was funny.)

Maureen's birthday is the day before mine so the next day we were comparing them—she had champagne—I had whisky. She went out for dinner—I had a hamburger at Peter's. She got skis—I got F-all. She got feeling quite high and there so did I. I don't know if her husband told her about snakes and frogs or not.

* * *

All the people from that country are basically good—but most have had hard lives—and their parents did—so a toughness is bred into them. It's the country—harsh—you sweat and curse and pray to pull off that bumper crop and often as not—the heat gets it or it floods or it gets diseased or bugs and then the whole mess is snowed on and in the spring you fight like hell to get what's left off—so you can start all over. The women work the hardest—besides helping the men they have chores and big families and gardens.

They're a community bound by their everyday problems and don't say anything about one of them—they're pretty well all related somehow. Because of phones now if Ma Ewen's potatoes were frost-bit last night or one of Hein's heifers died giving birth to twins—everyone knows the next morning.

Some give up to booze—but that's a boozing country so it's accepted—but if you're too different in any other way—watch out and get out.

Yet—then again—they sure do some crazy things. Once in a while some farmer will get so mad while he's working that he'll shoot his combine or tractor full of buck-shot. Sometimes they shoot themselves or each other instead. And a few have taken gopher poison. Some Indians have died from drinking rubbing alcohol or hair spray. We go through a lot of people.

Sigamo's big sow had broken through the ice on the slough and couldn't get out. So Sigamo walked out on the ice to save her—he was just about to her when he broke through too. He kept wading—it was above his waist—must have been fairly cold. So by the time he got to her he was so mad, he held her under the water till she drowned. Sigamo goes through a lot of animals.

* * *

HEY—MY MAN.

There are three people living in my body, and at times it gets a little crowded. Two argue all the time, and at times I just laugh—but at other times they just about drive me nuts, and I tell them to shut-up, especially if it's three in the morning and I'm trying to sleep.

Those two have my body's life planned out—and if they don't wreck it by the time I'm thirty it will be amazing.

My body loves you—but it will never get free from them—they have its life planned out for the next hundred years. One part of your body loves me. How many people in you are holding it back?

When a hundred years are up—we'll have to let those two get together. Maybe that's the best.

* * *

My man wrote me a valentine note on a napkin. It was a good evening and I kept it, it meant a lot to me. I pressed it into a book of poems. Tonight I was reading the poems and the napkin fell out, folded so I didn't see the writing. I went to the can and used my napkin, then I saw the writing. I could have cried so I laughed.

Once I had a valentine note from my man, it really meant a lot to me.

Once I had my man—now that really meant a lot to me!

But I went to the can . . . no, I just have a hard time not wrecking things.

* * *

I'm home from school—tired and feeling so good. I'm lucky to be here—living in Calgary and going to school. A spirit must be looking after me. And I stretch and smile at the walls. Life is so easy now—just my brother and myself to take care of. So easy that I feel guilty. I look at my work on the walls—not great—but I know that in time it will be OK. Such beautiful good days.

Today my man and I went to an automatic car wash. It was really scary going through—water pouring at the windows and big rushing machines pushing from all sides. You couldn't see the other end. I hate it when I can't see the other end. I was really glad my man was with me. It was like the time my kid and I were at the fair, and we went through a House of Horrors in a dirty sticky little cart. It was ninety above outside, and about one hundred and thirty above inside. I scrunched down in that cart as far as I could and closed my eyes and covered my head with my hands. My kid kept hollering for me to look—but no way was I going to. And about one hundred hours later he said he could see daylight—the other end—so I took one peek. Today wasn't that bad. Scary—but I kept my eyes open—and my man was with me—it's a beautiful day—but that sure was a bad nightmare last night.

* * *

A thousand men had walked into my body with heavy boots covered with filth and nails, ripping and tearing until only raw dead flesh was left.

I used to have waking nightmares that I was tied to a tree and snakes were crawling into me—and then that seemed kind and I no longer feared it because in reality it could be so much worse.

I heard of love so beautiful that no one could describe it. And I looked at their faces and hated them and thought—contented cows—what do you know—you are nothing for nothing makes you happy.

And then my man said—you're not ugly—oh you're not ugly inside. And I looked up from my stumbling words and saw sincerity in his eyes. And he put love into my older-than-me womb—and I felt.

* * *

My man went north—I knew he'd go soon—so was prepared for missing him. I knew he had to go—he likes to be alone in the bush. He paints and reads and lives off the land. He's very self-contained and needs no one and can handle God real easy. I'm glad to be alone too—love makes you give too much.

He left me so many things—showed me bookstores and concerts and talked mainly—showing me you can talk and love and don't need booze—Kindness—just nice thoughtful kindness. I used to always pick up a book of poems in the bookstore and read it—and one day he bought it for me—the book always opened on this page—

catch and hold love
sooner catch and hold the wind
tightly in closed hands
breaking definitions.

Two young guys lived in his house now—and at first I couldn't stand to go in it—it was so much like him and yet different—new smells—new thoughts—unseen peoples present.

Someday I'll go north—and I'll find my man again. It might be Smokey—but if it's not—I'll find my man.

* * *

Once my baby jack rabbit sat on my pillow all night and chewed my long hair off in enough patches that I had to cut the rest. I'd look stupid with three long strands hanging. If anyone else had done it—I'd have killed them—but you can't get that mad at a baby jack rabbit.

The moral of the story is don't drink beer before you go to bed with baby jack rabbits or anything else from that bush. Hair is not the only thing I lost. Hell—that was one of my better nights. He did leave eight rabbit turds on my pillow.

Jars Balan

Night Janitor

for Bill Douglas

The night janitor moves among
midnight shadows down the dim
and whispering corridors to
the coiled and ticking rooms
always almost half expecting
conjured b-grade monster movie
instant electric death and
knife stabbing heartstop of
tooth yellow rats crouching
fat under tables springing
bloodshot recognition with
devouring fluorescent
click!
while a lady dangles naked in
black sabbath sifting air and
headless men are laughing with
the window prying winds —

But all that he uncovers in
the nosepicked yawn of tiles
amid the coffee cup and
crumpled paper fantasies
of the mice skidding floor
are the scattered bits of dust
and the shattered mirror's
reflection
of the coyote howl quiet
of the water trickling streams
of green poems eddying silent
in ashes and cigarette butts
floating coca-cola still in
the cans crushed and mutilated
by the train whistle night —

Snowpoem Poemflakes

each poem is a snowflake
each poem is unique
each poem is a snowflake
each snowflake is unique

each snowflake is a poem
each snowflake is unique
each snowflake is a poem
each poem is unique

is each poem a snowflake?
is each poem unique?
is each poem a snowflake?
are snowflakes unique?

is each snowflake a poem?
is each snowflake unique?
is each snowflake a poem?
are poems unique?

snowflakes are poemflakes
snowpoems are unique
snowpoems are poemflakes
snowpoems are unique

snowflake poemflakes
are unique poems
poemflake snowflakes
are unique flakes

snow   flakes
poem   flakes
snow   flakes
poem   flakes

each snowflake is a poemflake
each snowflake is a dream
each poemflake is a snowflake
each poemflake is a dream

snowpoem poemflakes are dream poems
snowpoem poemflakes are dream flakes

snow   snow   snow   snow
poem   poem   poem   poem

snowpoem poem, snowpoem flakes
snowpoem poem, snowpoem flakes

each poem is a snowflake
each poem is a dream
each poem is a snowflake
each poem is a dream

snowflake poemflakes are dream poems
snowflake poemflakes are dream flakes

each snowflake is a poemflake
each snowflake is a dream
each poemflake is a snowflake
each poemflake is a dream

each poem is a love poem
each poem is a dream
each poem is a love poem
each poem is a dream

love is like snowflakes
each love is a dream
love is like poemflakes
each poem is a dream

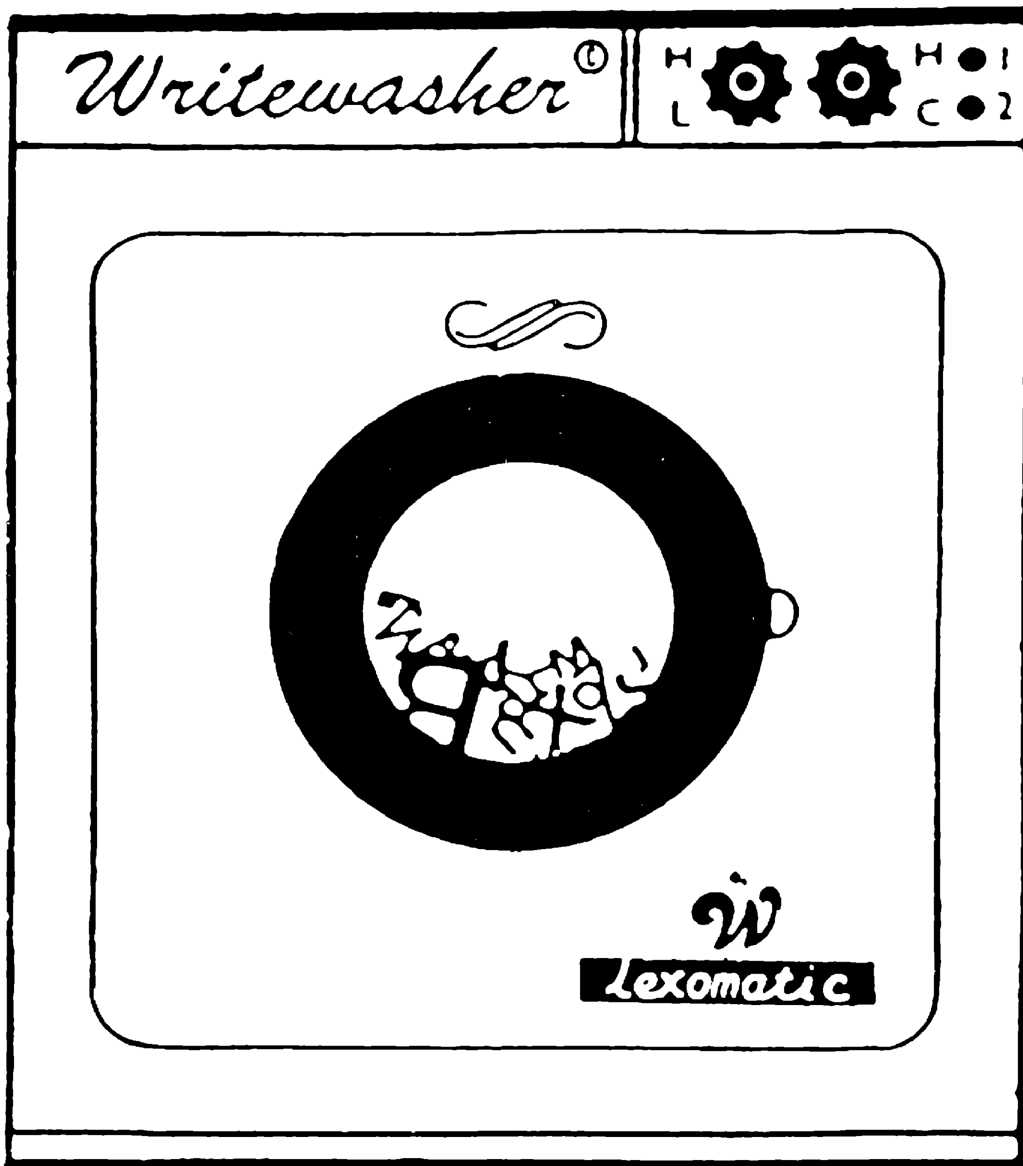
each snow is a love poem
each snow is a dream
each snow is a love poem
each love is a dream

lovepoems are snowflakes
lovepoems are dreams
lovepoems are snowflakes
lovepoems are dreams

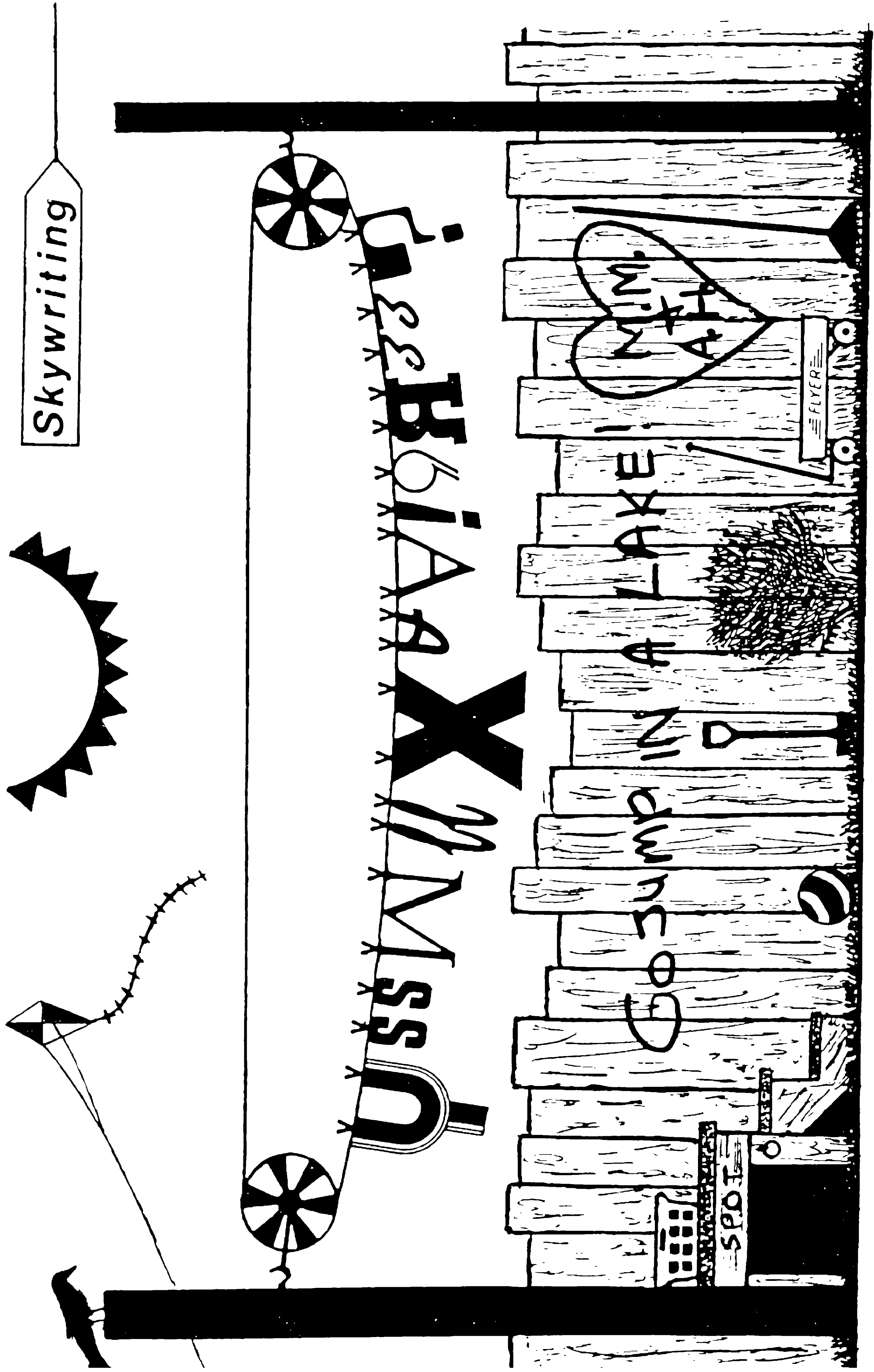
love is a poem
snow is a dream
love is a poem
snow is a dream

love love love love
poem poem poem poem

Alphablutions



Clothes Lines



Found Poem in a Cemetery Near Dauphin

NEGRYCH ANDREW

20 September 1913
23 September 1913

R.I.P.

NEGRYCH ANTHONY

23 September 1915
3 March 1916

R.I.P.

NEGRYCH ROZALKA

11 December 1919
10 October 1920

R.I.P.

NEGRYCH ANILKA

4 November 1922
30 March 1923

R.I.P.

NEGRYCH VERA

8 October 1923
15 October 1923

R.I.P.

Ivan Bodnarchuk

Upon the Golden Hills

To some they represent the oppressive longing of their hearts; to others, joy and good fortune. But who can welcome these inhospitable hills—heavy with nickel and sorrow—into his soul and embrace them in the warmest depths of his heart? At daybreak, like vast pillars enshrouded by leaden clouds, they support the morning sky; at sunset they glitter metallically, at once like gold and rust. Their barren earth produces neither bread nor grasses, but nevertheless people live here, "cultivating" the nickel, and yet not living solely by it; for they also plant gardens and flowers and thus beautify their homes with living things.

One morning, in among the hills, a train ground to a halt at the station and passengers began to disembark. Two small girls stood alongside the guard-fence, each wearing a strand of carved wooden beads that reflected the sun's rays, and carrying flowers. They had come to greet the arrival of their mother from Ukraine. Their mother had never laid eyes on the children, and was to recognize them by the beads she herself had worked with her own fingers. The girls were as alike as two drops of water, and their remarkably pretty faces attracted the notice of the passengers. "Who are you expecting here, children?" they asked. The girls looked at one another and grinned.

"These people are strangers—why should they want to know?" their looks seemed to say.

On a concrete embankment, his legs tucked underneath him, sat a railwayman sucking on a pipe and smiling to himself. The sun now hovered over the rooftops, while the moon, as if feeling somewhat out of place in the lingering daylight, shyly settled itself in partial concealment behind the hedges to await the approach of evening.

The last passengers had dispersed and the train proceeded to rumble on its way, when the children returned to where their father sat in his car with his head resting on the steering wheel. Thinking him to be asleep, the children approached quietly, speaking only when he raised his head.

"Father, Mother isn't here. She hasn't come.... "

"Your mother doesn't know the language; I hope she isn't lost." Glancing once more at the telegram, he said, "Get in. We'll drive to the bus terminal, and then we should still have time to make it to the airport." With a roar the car lurched forward and began cutting its way through the hills.

Meanwhile, upon a hillock beyond the railway station, there appeared the figure of a woman walking with suitcase in hand. She rested momentarily upon a rock, then again rose to her feet and went in search of a footpath.

"So these are the hills my Yakym wrote me about. Somehow, back home, I'd imagined them rather differently. He wrote: '*As soon as the rising sun illuminates the crest of the hills, I set my lantern on my brow and let myself down into the mine. There, nothing can cloud my thoughts, for the orchards bloom for me, the flowers give off their fragrances, and even through the deafening rattle of the drills, I can still hear the melody of some remote and almost-forgotten song.* . . . ' "

The woman with the suitcase was Maria Ivanivna, Yakym's wife. She descended toward the highway where, from time to time, she was forced off the road by the stream of cars whizzing by. At length, a car slowed to a halt beside her, and a smiling, almost familiar face peered out.

"Who are you looking for, lady?" the driver asked.

"Ah, who am I looking for.... Well, I'm looking for my destiny, lost somewhere out here in these hills . . . " she answered with an ironic smile.

"Would you be Yakym's wife, then?"

"Oh! Then you know him? Yakym Stepanovych?"

"Know him! I should think so! We live in the same town, so why shouldn't I know him? We're all of the same stock here, and live together like one big family. All of us knew you were coming. Welcome, then, on your arrival!"

"Thank you."

"Get in and I'll give you a ride. Yakym didn't go to work today, saying he had to meet his wife. You must have missed each other. He might even be back home by now. Come on and get in," he said, opening the car door.

"Oh, how wonderful, to just stumble upon my own people so soon. Here I was looking all around with absolutely no idea which road led to my own kind. Then I spied something like a dome looming over a hilltop in the distance, and set my footsteps in that direction."

"Lady, just look for where the grass grows green, follow the flowers' perfume—for we're great lovers of flowers—and you'll come across your own people. Look at those hills; they didn't even produce nettles at one time, but we've planted flowers, grown parsley, cultivated orchards.... If you should pass by a cottage wreathed in flowers, go back to it confidently, for there your people abide. Don't think for a minute, ma'am, that the nickel is all we live by and for. Although Fate has assigned us these sombre hills, we grow flowers all over them and they regale us with their fragrance and loveliness."

"And yet I can't help thinking we've got our own land, and look where Fortune has cast my Yakym . . . " said Maria with a melancholy shake of her head as she swayed in the back seat looking out at each unfriendly hill as it passed.

On and on they drove; the car jerked its way across the arched backs of the hills, and their conversation became diffused with the surrounding landscape. Soon they reached the aromatic gardens, and their talk shifted to the subject of Yakym. The man felt awkward as he attempted to familiarize Maria as painlessly as possible with what she was to expect at Yakym's house.

"Well, you know, it's like this.... Really, there's a great deal to say and not much to listen to, I'm afraid. Anyway, no doubt Yakym wrote you all about it. He was greatly distressed when he first heard that his village had been burned down and that his wife had perished—well, you see, that was the rumour that reached *us*, at any rate. And so, as I say, he was just wasting away from day to day, rather like a bloom nipped prematurely by frost. Here was a man passing away before our eyes. He became so ill that none of us believed he would recover. He just stumbled and dragged his feet as though they didn't belong to him. We all tried to do our part to save him, but that's easier said than done. It's not as though we were dealing with hunger or cold, but with that invisible rust which takes hold of the heart and corrodes the soul. The man was drooping, much like a wax candle, and it was our business to save a human life. Well, there was this French barmaid hanging around here, so we thought we'd bring them together, and in that way rescue not one, but two people. I'm afraid it didn't work out that way at all. After bringing the twins into the world, she—being a foreigner—just took to her heels and went with the wind. Well, and then there came your letter, and Yakym's whole world brightened. I want to assure you that the children have awaited you as eagerly as their own mother. They're nice kids and they're of our stock. They certainly thrived on your letters."

"I'm coming to them now, the poor things. When I heard they'd been 'orphaned' my heart broke with a desire to help them, though I was still an ocean away. The girls wrote to me often and I lived for their letters."

"We're like that, we Ukrainians; our feelings know no bounds.... Well, here we are, home at last." They stopped alongside a garden of flowers.

"This is your home now. I don't expect Yakym is back yet. Why don't you sit down here on the bench under the walnut tree and wait? He should appear any minute now." The stranger set Maria Ivanivna and her case down on the bench and continued:

"This, you see, is Yakym's house, his garden and orchard. He built the house himself. No one drove a single nail for him. He's a two-handed carpenter, he is. You just wait here, and he'll be back soon." The neighbour climbed back into his car, looked back, and with a wave, drove off.

Maria Ivanivna was left sitting under the walnut tree, and for some minutes she gazed at the curtained bay window.

"I wonder how Yakym will greet me. It's been nearly thirty years now.... A person changes in that space of time, especially in a foreign country. I shouldn't wonder if he has changed!" And so she remained struggling with her doubts.

Up among the branches of the walnut tree a bird fluttered its wings, sending down a leaf onto Maria Ivanivna's lap. She took it up and bit into it; it tasted somewhat bitter, but gave off a pleasing fragrance. A heavy loneliness weighed down upon her heart. At that moment, a cat wandered onto the scene and rubbed himself against Maria's legs. He then leaped onto her lap and began licking her hands. As she stroked his head, he purred softly through his cat-harmonica.

"Where did you borrow your harmonica, and what's your name? Do you understand me? I know your purr very well—it's the same where I come from. But then a cat's a cat everywhere. People, on the other hand.... "

Some people were passing by the garden fence, and Maria began to feel uncomfortable. "They'll be saying: '*Yakym's brought his wife home and has gone into hiding himself, afraid to show his face.*' "

She passed into the garden where the gently smiling marigolds and the fragrant mint and cornflowers somehow cheered her leaden heart. She glanced through the window into the house. There, hanging on the wall, she spotted a portrait of Yakym and herself, and saw resting on the sofa an embroidered cushion which she had forgotten about, having sent it to Yakym so very, very long ago.

Yakym returned home at last to find his wife seated on the bench under the walnut tree. Small hands accompanied by shining smiles appeared at the car window. The children greeted the weeping woman with hearty kisses, while Yakym, for some reason, hesitated by his car. This was not the wife whom he had left behind, and whom he had always carried with him in his thoughts here. Maria Ivanivna was shockingly old now, and rather reminded him of her mother, who had been about the same age when Yakym had departed from the village. The girls recognized Maria's shawl as the one they had sent her the year before. Beside her stood an old battered valise tied with rope and fastened with a rusted lock.

"An old valise from the old country," thought the girls, "They don't make them like that anymore. And who knows what's in it?" They asked their mother inside, but she remained sitting on the bench as though rooted to it. When the girls went to pick up her bag, the handle came away and, amid peals of laughter, they carried it into the house. Yakym wiped his hands, came up to Maria, and apologized for the odour of gasoline on them. He bent over to greet her, embraced her clumsily and planted a kiss on her forehead. Maria took his hands into hers and held them. Her own were dry and lined with veins, their skin, taut and shiny, like tin.

"Come into the house, flower," said Yakym. Again, after a span of thirty years, Maria was hearing that distant and once glowing word, "flower," but now it sounded hollow and artificial, almost ludicrous, as though spoken in mockery.

"I'm afraid your flower has wilted, Stepanovych, and there's not a single petal left on it now."

"Oh well, naturally, time... all those years do their work. Come inside Maria Ivanivna," said Yakym, disengaging his hand. His own hand was heavy and cold as it slid out of his wife's dry palm. And at that moment the woman fell silent and looked at Yakym as though at a stranger. Her eyes became fixed on the yellow flowers bordering the fence. She sighed softly and once more bit into the walnut leaf.

"I bring greetings to you, Yakym, from your friends, the forest path and the sycamores you used to sing about." Through these distant and well-trodden paths, she strove to touch Yakym's heart.

"It's over, wife——you know..." said Yakym weakly. "The war came between us. If it hadn't been for it we'd have lived happily, had a family. But now... well, it's too late. Let's accept life as it is now. If you like, you may live with us. If not, you can have your own lodgings. We'll carry on living without bitterness or reproach."

The black cat once again ingratiated himself at Maria's feet. As she reached down to stroke his head, Yakym kicked him aside.

"It's only a stray," he muttered, as he reached for his cigarettes. He nervously put one into his mouth where it quivered between his lips, lit it, and sat down, crossing his legs.

"Well, Maria, what have you got to tell me?"

"What can I possibly tell you? I've come to take you back to Ukraine, Yakym."

"That could be quite a chore. As if they need me there."

Maria's fingers toyed with the silk fringes of her shawl as she thought to herself, "I'm vainly calling on Ukraine for help. Nothing will move him now; he's not at all the man he was. He's become materialistic, fat, cold and dull."

The children came scampering out of the house. They had already managed to change into the embroidered costumes brought to them by Maria Ivanivna in the suitcase bound with twine. They presented their father with an embroidered shirt, a gift from their mother. He, in turn, thanked her, bowed over her as if she were an icon, kissed her brow, and handed the shirt back to the girls.

"Well, then, come on into the house, Maria. What can I do to pry you from the bench? Shall I lift you and carry you into the house, or what?" he persisted.

Maria looked about absently, rose to her feet, and had scarcely moved two steps when it became evident that she was crippled. Yakym came hastily forward to grip her by the arms.

"No, no, it's all right. You can let me go. I've been like this for fifteen years now." She smiled, and in that smile Yakym recaptured something warm and far-away, like a balm for his troubled heart.

He had heard that she had been tried and sentenced to exile, where her feet were so severely frostbitten that she had returned home a cripple. But she never mentioned any of this in her letters, and so it had never seemed quite real and had somehow faded from his mind. Maria stepped forward boldly, balancing her weight on her right leg. The artificial limb creaked as though in protest, in the same tone that had accompanied each step in the past fifteen years of Maria's life. Something stirred in Yakym's soul—something between reproach and pity. Suddenly he felt moved to embrace her and carry her into the house in his arms.

"You poor thing!"

"Oh, it's nothing, really. Don't upset yourself. It serves me as well as yours serves you. I've gotten used to it. I wander for miles and don't give it a second thought. Would that it were all one had to worry about!"

Yakym led his wife indoors. The house greeted its new guest with its spaciousness, brightness and choice furnishings. Like a stranger, Maria stood in a corner, afraid to set foot on the Persian carpet.

"What's wrong? Make yourself at home! Fialka, Nadia, welcome your mother to the house!" called Yakym to the girls.

Through a side door the girls came running, and began fussing over their mother. They dressed her in a more stylish outfit, replaited her hair in her usual fashion, and generally made her feel at home. Soon people began gathering there, and the house gradually filled with a merry hubbub. A drinking glass shot into orbit. In his new embroidered shirt from Ukraine, Yakym attended his guests.

In a corner, smiling wordlessly and tearfully, sat Maria Ivanivna. Again and again, tears sprang to her eyes.

"What's troubling you, Maria Ivanivna? Don't cry, forget the past. You'll get used to it. A person gets used to living with misfortune, so why should it be difficult to get accustomed to a better life?

"You don't have to say anything—We understand. We've been through it and we know what oppression is. It's important that our children know what it is, too. It's hell being a slave: you have ears, but must not hear; you have eyes, but cannot see; you have a tongue, but dare not speak; you have hands, but cannot do as you would like; you have feet, but are forbidden to walk; you have a heart, but are not permitted to love what you will. You must love as it is dictated to you, and should you refuse, they brand you insane, surround you with barbed wire, and feed you on millet and buckwheat until your heart turns to stone and you lose your mind. It's different here. Here each man may do as he pleases so long as he harms no one.

"So don't cry, Maria Ivanivna! You're home now. Yakym won't hurt you, because the Lord would punish him severely if he did. He's a man of means, Yakym is, and he's scraped every nickel he's earned from out of these hills. He's got his own woodland and a lake, which you'll soon see. We all consider him to be a wealthy man, and so he is, but he's come to it all by the callouses on his hands. Over here, the person who works hard and saves has something to show for it."

But Maria only sat there feeling much out of place and hopelessly misconstrued. Those around her had failed to penetrate into her heart. All the while her glance alternated between Yakym and the portrait on the wall, and the one doubt tormenting her was this—whether the last spark in Yakym's soul had not forever extinguished itself.

The guests chattered and sang in turn, and made merry until late into the night.

Translated by Tamara Romanyk

Candace Cael Carman

Katrina

your eye, old woman, is an opal stare.
a ukrainian crystal caught in a web of rock,
a shawl of stone, a tight-knit marblemarker.

the tide of your waters leaps
from the shore of your bones.
no fearful entry—it passes thru earth
  stone and air.
  mingles with the Assiniboine
  merges with the Dnieper
  seeks the level of River.

you sing the songs of a young girl
glad to feel the dark moist mouth of the earth.
your eyes are patterned tea leaves
recurring in my cup.

granny, wearer of babushka and pentagram
read the whorls of my palms.
whisper your meaning, witch and gypsy.
divine this strange tarot you have set before me.

Legacy

these stones
contain the sounds
of my grandmother's step.
the high, arching motion
of each stockingless foot
in her earthy shoe. her essence of energy,
a movement of time and un-time
thru gardens of sweet-peas and potatoes
and iris-eyes, purple as an autumn sun.
a sequence of sound
so loud and loving;
so quiet. almost,
almost, inaudible.

Edges

along the dark edges
of the northern star
I am arriving and departing.
a coming, hushed and powerful
as a train on night-steel rails
racing red as the blood
that paces my own to mortality.
a going, blue-miraged
as a jet's vaporous trail
gone white into non-white.
I am always arriving and departing
along the dark edges, the foreign fringes.
along the edges I return.

Thru Darkened Eden

you have found me   a firedrake
tongued and visionary   an eloquent
articulation of flame   within
the cross-smiles of a golden bough
    and the jumping-green
    of the juniper deep and dark
    in a perfume of pine.

I have found you   named you Adam
bright and beautiful   my tender roots
grow like wings within your wide
almond eyes   bloom in a flurry
    of flight   in shadows   tremulous
    with the lightning
    of your emerald kiss.

we regain slowly the unshy nakedness
of Eve and Adam   learn to sing
like raven and dove   aureoled
with the unseen light
    of furthest stars   dance
    our joy and sorrow
    in the rain and the sun
    on the peopled streets of Eden.

I have dreamed a dream   stronger
than the mechanics of death   higher
and wider than any Closed Gate   a long
dream of a Garden green and flowing

of Love luminous
as the faceted-flight
of the big geese winging
thru the tight night
of God's darkened Eden.

Winter Chant

when the wolves come ranging
from deep inside thru the caverns
of the ribs and the green deep
grasses of the blood

come down
from the forest of the darkness
come down
to the green-blue clearing
with the moon in your belly
and the sun in your breast
come down
to the glass stream
with the eyes of a fawn
and see to see

when the wolves come wailing
dew-eyed and lost step out
on the wicked ice the gravel bed
lost somewhere so deep

give way
to gravel and stone
and drying leaf and running pebble
give way
to hand of water resting like a star
upon your forehead and the currents
of the waters lean as hunger catch
at your shadows catch
at your bones flitting and white
thru the distant trees

when the wolves come moaning
low and last clean as the moon
in the season of her star.

Marco Carynnyk

Her Rabbi Prattled About Love

not the way you
pass by the grey pigeons
on the sidewalk
not the way we
gaze
into the flickerings
on the screen
not the way I
press faded lips
between your breasts
between your thighs
not the way they
creep up
to the white borders
but just the way you
and I and they
and all of us pierce
with machine-gun fire
this sheath of pale air

Translated by Jars Balan

The Falling of the Light

Ma pensée se pense.—Mallarmé

above and below below and above
yesterday today and tomorrow
radiate behind me

eye observes
thought thinks itself
changelessly changing

at dawn through the open door
trees are first naked
then budding forth

seed takes root
grows forth and dies
fruit becomes wormy
falls and rots

the blanket bunches up
and the wall behind the bed is cool
when I touch it with my damp shoulders

up and down
down what falls
up what grows

but slower
slower
fields grow empty
late leaves turn dark

you comb out your hair
and the window that reflects you
is also behind me

seed takes root
grows forth
is carried up and down

back and forth
back what dies
forth what is born

up what falls
down what grows
up and down back and forth
in and out

in the reflected world everything that comes
descends and is carried off
the hand I raise to the radiance

grows full
what do I give you
except what the light

gives
but faster faster
than light

or slower

Translated by the author

Barefoot in the Head

at dawn we canoe the rapids
of these cold rivers
at dusk we moor to the river's thigh
and drift across rapids of sleep

my teeth sink
in the shadows of your shoulders
my fingers sink
in the shadows of your throat

in dream I hear you say
in a language I cannot remember
I want to love
I never was able to love
in dream I hear myself say
in a language I keep forgetting
I am decomposing
in the flesh of your sacrifice

your throat emerges
from the shadows of my fingers
your shoulders emerge
from the shadows of my teeth
and I see how you
float up into the daylight
and lie open to the waters

Translated by the author

The Country We Always Visit

you are very simple
and my poem about you
has to be simple

as we approach
the crater of the volcano
whose slopes are overgrown
with knotgrass
you whisper in my ear
that you once knew a woman
who was afraid that when the surgeons
sliced into her belly
swarms of bees would burst out
and she'd be left completely empty

this seems simple
this would be very simple
if you didn't have yourself in mind
and if a sterilized scalpel
weren't chilling my ready hand

Translated by the author

* * *

what is to be done knowing what is not to be done
write   on water   a novel with a heading
what is to be done knowing what to do
paint   in air   a painting with a title
what is not to be done knowing what to do
carve   from fire   a sculpture with an inscription
what is to be done not knowing what to do
mould   out of clay   a person with a name
what is to be done knowing one is not to do anything

Translated by Jars Balan

Oleksandra Chernenko

The New Dwelling

... it is necessary, that in yourself you forever fall on your knees. So many goodbyes are needed ... with the world, to touch the edge of rays.

Bohdan Rubchak

Everything passes! And in every new instant
New icons emerge on the blades of the water.
Didn't have time to bid farewell, to unfurl the old scroll
And grasp the mystery—it petrifies in new pillars.

Until the bow launches them on the span of wings again,
So that as sparks with the wind in the sea to the sun they soar
Far and near, and high beyond the sky's horizon,
And to the depth, where ordains the carnival of spirit,

And where without limits broadens your bird in the heart.
Yet here you stand always with hands which are empty,
Clinging to them only suffering, fear and despair
And the altar of sacrifice waits its oblation for ages.

Forgetting that you are a guest in your body, a stranger
To yourself, your desires and the world; that in a mirage
Lives your constant, your dream-like illusory Eden.
Renounce it! And foster no longer this landscape of earth!

For only the love that gives beauty rebirth in the flower
And bestows splendid bounty in the fountain-head's bedding,
And paints the fruit's tenderness upon rays of branches,
Will open all four gates to the new dwelling.

Nothing will perish in the void of miracle, wonder and grace,
If humbly you fall on your knees in yourself,
Then your harvest will ripen with the radiance of blessing,
And the eye will know you both in only one being.

Translated by Oksana Jendyk

Glorifying Autumn

I

Because trace of the pathway was lost amid the prairie,
Whichever way you look, commanding the eye:
In the very centre of nativity cave's depth
You see only your wrist, which colours your cheek.

In this same way it greens the high grasses,
That have overgrown the endless boundaries,
And veiled the rounded height of glory,
And the soaring of light in the motionless tower.

Until autumn ground the hues with its fingers,
That various forms sparked from within the smoke.
And with a rain of perspiration eroded the markings
(Still visible in the mirror) of theatrical make-up.

A new pathway arises in the empty prairie,
For you no longer darken the silence on the watery land.
The gates of the Cave—a luminous lacework!—
Pluck them, like the rounded ripeness of a pear!

II

The cloud's whiteness is caught like a sheep
In a garden amid trunks, among the branches,
And from the prime-autumnal egg flows
The yolk in streams of leaves and withered flowers.

Do trees call winter the kiss of sleep?
They cast off their fruit and old garments

Into unity, indivisible and earthly,
Having extinguished the passion of summer's fire.

The river accepts the ringing of the sea
And calls the empty blue coronet to flow,
For only he who gives all he owns away,
And forsakes his home, will enter the sanctuary.

Let us greet the autumn's ripe proclamation!
The circle of the square awaits him with its bounty.
Its final pilgrimage to the sacrificial altar
Will illuminate us with unmoving time.

III

Already the verdant dreams, in the dusk-filled air
Leaves the house of its illusion.
The thunder of longing dies in the last upheaval,
Scattered like dust on the wind.

Only the sun's sap will fall like fruit upon the sod,
The blue height reconciles heaven with earth.
Life returns to the youthful eternity of the seed,
Where shadow and light meet in friendly embrace.

She swept the yard with brooms of pain,
To drink the autumn's wholeness to the depths,
Plunging like a bird that has renounced its feathers,
Into the source of the ripened wine.

Between them the barricaded walls have fallen,
Which had divided them into two worlds.
Her joy has been fated to enter
The happy round dance of his star.

IV

Praised be the life that has survived to harvest!
From suns, pregnant, all the heads of grain lay down
On the clear canvas of endless fields
Overcoming death's shadow in death!

He took her solitude into his bondage—
Into the azure filled with primordial autumn,
In the pink goblet of his palms
Burns her love of self-renunciation.

Like an early star in a twilight window
That gilds the distant flight of its arrows,
So twilight on the stump of dawn
With shadows stretches out its tent.

Blessed be the eternal spinning wheel!
There are no deaths, no births—only being!
A billion servants merely change their clothing—
They are the rainbows' radiant blending...

Translated by Marco Carynnyk

Encounter

You were opening wide the gates to all the roads,
Searching among the overgrown, verdant paths,
Even though the bitterness of the absinth burned your chest
And the fire-gutted buildings blackened on the steppes.

Still the restless waves beat against the stone
Which cleaves the entire surface of the stream,
Bewildered Pegasus drags along a chariot of water
Crosswise—so that four prints, converging intersect.

Spin your transparent carpet—that it may call the star,
As you pull tranquility from the river's spindle,
To look with the naked eye into the sun's face.
And seize the bottom of the bottomless depth by its train.

To your hands the heavens clung in serene waters,
As with sight blossomed his new spring,
And glances matured in one harvest of joy—
So tenderly did he unite you with himself.

For but one moment, flashed in interwoven rays
His appearance and your encounter in the orchard.
And when the clouds skimmed off the seed of gold,
The trees stood on their crowns all in a row

With the darkness of the river's reach—there with
The night's horns he held up the ceiling of the earth,
As if a husk, to safeguard the residence of all his fears
Where shadows overgrow the eye's expanse.

He became an alien to himself, to you a stranger,
As if the encounter had never taken place.
Only the traceless imprints in the thicket remain,
And once again the memory, like the lost oar.

Translated by Oksana Jendyk

May

Again it's May. Within the night's warm bedding,
Exhausted from the heat, the day retired
And in the twilight closed its eyes of emerald
And fading were the lyric sounds of spring.

And on the vacant streets there's only silence
That nestles to the drowsy buildings now,
And from the outstretched arms of dreamy trees
Is scattered gently on the walks again.

The taller streetlamps' light in yellow focus
Hung dormant pools, mute kisses all around
And like the beads upon an amber necklace
Adorned the rich black silky air of night.

And all these pools were tumbling out before me
Until the path became completely gold
And stretching out toward a starry threshold
It melted there so high, to heaven bound.

And on this night, the veil of darkening fabric
Conceals the masks of people in designs,
With their untruthful grins and civil greetings
In eyes remote and cold as thickened scars.

So freed from all of these unpleasant spectres
I walked throughout the city in delight.
It's May again. Within the silence strengthened
As spring brought me a flood of jubilance.

Translated by Oksana Jendyk

Silence

The higher up I walked along the mountain pathway,
More muted did the din of daily life become.
And from my heart the stone-like burden lifted
Of worry, pain—the undivided flag of life.

The higher up I strove toward the rocky ledges
The silence deepened more, until it struck a chord,
That seemed to last . . . complete and omnipotent,
And I could shed the final slavish dust.

Alone, alone I stand so near the boundless edges
Within the grasp of mysteries, yet not alone,

Because the peace in me is one with all around me,
And in a fleeting moment, eternity—and You.

Translated by Oksana Jendyk

Brian Dedora

To Have and Hold

as now
noon and not

but then
as we rolled over
to the side
i remember grass
and brown leaves
this side of the fence
over there
but near here

and now them
i see
but over
hover in a back place

but why thought
the whole stops
at that time or point

flow
let's talk flow
again
the round brown pebble
on the light light shore

rolls marbles
something to take
or put
some souvenir
some fear
of not having

but memory
which was now
had that
actually have
as that

він ворухнувся he moved corrái sé

Agus sa leaba caol sin
Cuilteach stithneach in aice a chorpán
Mhotáigh sé féin ag corrái
Agus ag fáseadh go dtí an tocht caol sin
Chun an tinneas sin a cheansáidh
Nach mhotháigh caoiseach fadó
Ach ag fás go nímhneach anois
Le grian an áit imigeinúil sin
Táithneamhach in aghaidh an cloch fuar
Agus morgacht an tuath seo
Corrai sé

і в тому вузькому ліжку
ковдра шорстка об тіло
він відчув що ворушиться
притиснувшись до благенького матраца
щоб угамувати той біль
який в минулому
був майже невідчутний
а тепер пронизував
аурою того далекого місця
яскравий на холодному камінні
й сіризні цього родинного місця
він ворухнувся

Agus sa leaba caol sin
Cuilteach stithneach in aice a chorpán
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був майже невідчутний
а тепер пронизував
аурою того далекого місця
яскравий на холодному камінні
й сіризні цього родинного місця
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Agus sa leaba caol sin
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Táithneamhach in aghaidh an cloch fuar
Agus morgacht an tuath seo
Corrái sé

і в тому вузькому ліжку
ковдра шорстка об тіло
він відчув що ворушиться
притиснувшись до благенького матраца
щоб угамувати той біль
який в минулому
був майже невідчутний
а тепер пронизував
аурою того далекого місця
яскравий на холодному камінні
й сіризні цього родинного місця
він ворухнувся

Agus sa leaba caol si[illegible] в тому вузькому ліжку
Cuilteach stithneach [illegible] об тіло
Mhotáigh sé féin ag [illegible]дчув що ворушиться
Agus ag fáseadh go [illegible]до благенького матраца
Chun an tinneas sin a[illegible]вати той біль
Nach mhotháigh cao[illegible]нулому
Ach ag fás go nímhn[illegible]е невідчутний
Le grian an áit imige[illegible] пронизував
Táithneamhach in ag[illegible]кого місця
Agus morgacht an tu[illegible]ий на холодному камінні
Corrái sé й сіризні цього родинного місця
він ворухнувся

і в [illegible] bed

ко[illegible] his body

він [illegible]

при[illegible] ца

що[illegible] ansáidh

яки[illegible] iseach fadó

був[illegible] anois

а т[illegible]

аур[illegible] place

яскр[illegible] stone

й с[illegible] familiar place

він вору[illegible] ed

і в тому вузькому [illegible] caol sin

ковдра шорстка об [illegible] aice a chorpán

він відчув що вору [illegible] féin ag corrái

притиснувшись до [illegible] tocht caol sin

щоб угамувати то [illegible] as sin a cheansáidh

який в минулому that in [illegible] hotháigh caoiseach fadó

був майже невідчу [illegible] go nímhneach anois

а тепер пронизува [illegible] imigeinúil sin

аурою того далеко [illegible] an cloch fuar

яскравий на холод [illegible] ath seo

й сіризні цього ро [illegible] familial place

він ворухнувся he moved

і в тому вузькому ліжку	and in that narrow bed	Agus sa leaba caol sin
ковдра шорстка об тіло	rough quilting against his body	Cuilt [illegible]ithneach in aice a chorpán
він відчув що ворушиться	he felt himself stir	Mhotáigh sé féin ag corrái
притиснувшись до благенького матраца	and pressing to that thin mattress	Agus ag fáisceadh go dtí an tocht caol sin
щоб угамувати той біль	to appease that ache	Chun an tinneas sin a cheansáidh
який в минулому	that in the past	Nach mhotháigh caoiseach fadó
був майже невідчутний	was almost not felt	Ach ag fás go nímhneach anois
а тепер пронизував	but now grown acute	Le grian an áit imigeinúil sin
аурою того далекого місця	with the aura of that faraway place	Tá[illegible]ein aghaidh an cloch fuar
яскравий на холодному камені	bright against the cold stone	Agus [illegible]gacht an tuath seo
й сіризні цього родинного місця	and gray of this familiar place	C[illegible]
він ворухнувся	he moved	

і в тому вузькому ліжку	and in that narrow bed	Agus sa leaba caol sin
ковдра шорстка об тіло	rough quilting against his body	Cuilteach stithneach in aice a chorpán
він відчув що ворушиться	he felt himself stir	Mhotáigh sé féin ag corrái
притиснувшись до благенького матраца	and pressing to that thin mattress	Agus ag fáseadh go dtí an tocht caol sin
щоб угамувати той біль	to appease that ache	Chun an tinneas sin a cheansáidh
який в минулому	that in the past	Nach mhotháigh caoiseach fadó
був майже невідчутний	was almost not felt	Ach ag fás go nímhneach anois
а тепер пронизував	but now grown acute	Le grian an áit imigeinúil sin
аурою того далекого місця	with the aura of that faraway place	Taithneamhach in aghaidh an cloch fuar
яскравий на холодному камінні	bright against the cold stone	Agus morgacht an tuath seo
й сіризні цього родинного місця	and gray of this familial place	Corrái sé
він ворухнувся	he moved	

і в тому вузькому ліжку
ковдра шорстка об тіло
він відчув що ворушиться
притиснувшись до благенького матраца
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яскравий на холодному камінні
й сіризні цього родинного місця
він ворухнувся

and in that narrow bed
rough quilting against his body
he felt himself stir
and pressing to that thin mattress
to appease that ache
that in the past
was almost not felt
but now grown acute
with the aura of that faraway place
bright against the cold stone
and gray of this familial place
he moved

Agus sa leaba caol sin
Cuilteach stithneach in aice a chorpán
Mhotáigh sé féin ag corrái
Agus ag fáseadh go dtí an tocht caol sin
Chun an tinneas sin a cheansáidh
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Ach ag fás go nímhneach anois
Le grian an áit imigeinúil sin
Táithneamhach in aghaidh an cloch fuar
Agus morgacht an tuath seo
Corrái sé

Ted Galay

After Baba's Funeral

After Baba's Funeral *is a one-act play depicting how a Ukrainian family in a Manitoba town deals with the passing of their matriarch. The setting is the Danischuk kitchen in the last week of July 1978, where Netty and Walter Danischuk (a couple in their sixties); their son Ronnie (a university student in his late twenties); and Netty's sister and brother-in-law, Minnie and Bill Horoshko, have gathered after coming from the cemetery. The following excerpt is the final scene in the play.*

* * *

NETTY Well, they're gone now. First, Father. Then George. And now Mother. *Pause.* Father's funeral was the worst. You remember how it rained and all the cars were sliding into the ditches.

WALTER Father Horetchko said he never saw it like that for a funeral.

NETTY It was like . . . even God was crying for our father.

Pause.

MINNIE How was Mother when she was at your place?

NETTY Fine. You just had to sit with her.

WALTER She was no trouble.

NETTY But she wouldn't know who we were, sometimes, and she would ask me, "And where's Netty?" and I'd say—

RONNIE Mom, you've told that story two times already.

MINNIE Ronnie, be nice.

NETTY So what if I have. It's so hard to listen to me? *Pause.* Never mind. You'll go Sunday, you won't have to listen to me any more. *She turns to* MINNIE. You look forward to your kids coming home and they treat you like dirt.

MINNIE Nastia, don't upset yourself, he didn't mean it.

NETTY Nobody cares how *I* feel. Nobody tries to understand. I don't know why Jack got so mad at me. I wasn't trying to show him up.

BILL Netty, you always have to be the most important one.

NETTY No, I wasn't trying to show them. But somebody had to do it and there was no one else.

RONNIE You did it because you wanted to.

NETTY Who else was there? Nobody else would take her!

RONNIE Damn it, can't you be honest just once? You took her . . .

WALTER Ronnie . . .

NETTY ***I took her because she was afraid!*** She was afraid of being left! All right! I wanted to take her. She needed me. Nobody else needed me. And she was afraid. To be left. And I know how it is to be afraid of being left. I'm afraid now. Who's going to look after me when I'm sick? My mother and father have gone. My children have left me. Who will look after me?

Pause.

MINNIE You have Walter.

Pause.

NETTY What if he goes first?

WALTER comes up behind NETTY, puts his hands on her shoulders.

WALTER You will manage, Netty, You always have. You always will.

RONNIE moves in to the family. Pause. NETTY nods.

NETTY When Father used to go away to work, I'd say to him, "I'm afraid, how can I manage? And maybe you won't come back." And he would say to me, "You will manage, Netty. God will help you. And I will be back in the spring."
He always came back.
Even when he was dying, he came back. They called us to the hospital, and when we came there, he said, "I was already halfway there, but I came back because I didn't say goodbye to you."

Pause.

MINNIE Yes, I remember that.

WALTER Are you all right, Netty?

NETTY Yes. *RONNIE touches her shoulder. She looks up, squeezes his hand.* Yes, I'm all right. *They leave her. She turns to MINNIE.* Mother's trunk is here. Maybe there's something you'd like.

MINNIE Nastia, you had her. You should take what you want first.

BILL That's right. And Jack and Theresa.

MINNIE Let Ronnie choose something.

NETTY Ronnie doesn't want anything.

RONNIE I think . . . maybe I would like to have something.

MINNIE Sure. Let Ronnie choose what he wants.

WALTER I'll get it out. We can look what's there. *He pulls the trunk over to a chair.* Netty, you take the things out.

RONNIE positions the chair for NETTY, and remains by her as she takes things out.

NETTY Here's their wedding picture.

MINNIE Oh, will you look at the costumes!

NETTY And this is Father and his brother, in the old country, just before they came over. *Points to corner of photo.* See, nineteen-o-five.

RONNIE Did Baba come then too?

NETTY No, she came in nineteen-o-six.

MINNIE Here's *our* wedding picture, Bill.

WALTER Why don't you take it?

MINNIE I'll take it for Joanie.

BILL If I knew then what I know now. You're smart, Ronnie. Stay single.

MINNIE Listen to him! He knows everything.

BILL Too late. For me, it's too late.

Don't talk like that. I don't like you to talk like that.

NETTY Here's some of Baba's kerchiefs from the old country. *Brings out kerchiefs.* This one she brought with her. *Holds one up.* These her brother sent her.

MINNIE Did anyone write to him?

NETTY Not yet. I'll have to. *Hands kerchiefs to* MINNIE. Take one for Joanie. I took one for Edie.

MINNIE takes them.

Look, her black dress she wore for the year after Father died. *Holds it up.*

RONNIE *Pointing into trunk.* What's that?

NETTY I don't know. *Pulls out two framed pictures, wrapped in an embroidered cloth.* Oh, Minnie, look.

WALTER Taras Shevchenko and Ivan Franko.

NETTY Father always read to us from their poems. They must be here too. *She digs and pulls out two books.* Here they are. Minnie, do you remember?

MINNIE Yes. "You must never forget your homeland," he used to say.

NETTY "And you must learn and be educated," he would say to us, "to keep up your tradition, and pass on to your children the stories and songs of their people."

MINNIE Ronnie, you should have these.

RONNIE Yes. I'd like to have them.

NETTY passes them over to him.

BILL You'll have to learn to read Ukrainian.

NETTY He knows. At catechism, he learned.

WALTER What else is there?

NETTY Just a quilt. *Pulling it out.* Baba made it herself. No. Minnie, will you look at that!

MINNIE *As NETTY passes them to her.* ***Valianky!*** *They are high, felt boots.* She kept her ***valianky!***

NETTY I forgot about that. She kept them when they moved from the farm. You remember?

BILL Baba in her ***valianky***, going to feed the chickens.

RONNIE Now I remember! He was making fun of Baba!

NETTY What? Who?

RONNIE Peter! That's why I wouldn't stay at Baba's. He laughed at her. He said she dressed funny, she talked funny. He even said she smelled funny!

BILL What Peter?

WALTER Kashka's boy. When they came out years ago.

RONNIE So I wouldn't play with him. But I was ashamed and when Baba tried to hug me, I pushed her away and I wouldn't go to her. Because she did smell funny. And she was wearing ***valianky***. Then I wanted to tell her I was sorry but I never did.

WALTER She forgot long ago.

NETTY It didn't matter.

RONNIE Can I have them?

WALTER *Looks at NETTY.* Sure.

He takes them and passes them over to RONNIE.

BILL What do you want them for?

RONNIE To keep my feet warm.

MINNIE Well, old man, I guess we should be going. You have a long day tomorrow.

BILL That's right.

WALTER Well, it's good you could come.

MINNIE You'll have to come and see us soon.

WALTER Sure. *He exits to get BILL's coat.*

NETTY We'll try, but since the accident, Walter doesn't like to drive.

MINNIE Ronnie, while you're home, bring your Mama and Daddy for a visit.

BILL Sure, you can drive them.

RONNIE All right.

WALTER re-enters with coat and helps BILL on with it.

MINNIE Good. Well, goodbye, Nastia. It's a sad day.

NETTY Yes. *They kiss.* Goodbye. ***Idit zdorovi.***

MINNIE ***Diakuiu.***

WALTER Goodbye, Bill. *They shake hands.* Minnie.

MINNIE Goodbye, Walter. And Ronnie. And don't forget, you come to see us.

RONNIE We won't. Goodbye, Aunt Minnie, Uncle Bill.

MINNIE and BILL exit.

WALTER Bill is looking good. Don't you think?

Pause. NETTY touches his arm.

NETTY Yes. He's all right.

NETTY takes off her apron and goes to the trunk. RONNIE stands near the chair which was indicated as having the child's face in it. WALTER starts to clear the table. NETTY puts the things back in the trunk.

Such a small box. To hold so many memories. *She closes the trunk and pushes it back to where it was.* I'm going to miss her. We only had her for a short time, but the house feels empty without her. She would sit here (*sits*). and she would l-o-o-k (*leans forward*) and she would say, "***Avo...*** look..." *points toward RONNIE.* "...the little boy...He's there." And she would reach out her arms and say, "***Hoitsi, hoitsi.***"

NETTY reaches out her arms. Pause. RONNIE takes a step forward. NETTY lowers her arms.

NETTY Well, it's good you could come. Jack wanted to have one grandchild from each family for pallbearers. We wouldn't have had anybody if you hadn't come.

WALTER Yes, it's good you could come.

RONNIE Yes. It's good.

Dennis Gruending

Poem to Grandfather

I

(Bukovyna)

When grandfather was seventeen
he emerged from a bright, white, hut
moved the tiny gate and faced
the edge of the village

The sun was on the steppe
the wind moved the grain:
Austrian wheat, Polish oats

His father was dust
his brothers bartered their backs
they begged thatch for their eaves

He was beaten his year of school
for speaking Ukrainian, the master
calling it mongrel Polish
and diluted Russian

He had no land
he had no tongue
he was no man.
No young bride for him
dancing *kozachok* at a marriage feast

Many village brothers were going
to a new world
they owned their land
sent home paper money.
Grandfather waved goodbye to the Steppe

II

(Fort William)

Riding the low flatcar
with forty other tired men
dragging boots over oiled ties
always another rail to move
a new spur running into the bush

Living for Sunday and town
the sound of Ukrainian tongues
like Dnieper water breaking on the rocks

Grandfather never rubbed his rough hand
inside the thighs of an Englishwoman.
He took a Ukrainian bride in Fort William

On her brother's threshold
he took three drinks of clear liquor
threw the remnants over his shoulder.
Two days of eating and dancing *kozachok*
and it was over, his new bride
carrying a child.

III

(Saskatchewan)

When they had six hundred dollars
Grandfather and his bride came west.
Bukovyna: Hall, barn, new graveyard
dazzling white church
three broken crosses riding domes.
The brothers' whitewashed houses
lay like patches on the Steppe

He took land fifteen miles from the church
made his journeys behind a plough.
Life was hammer handles and stooks of grain.
The land he worked was his

Hitching the team Sundays at dawn
eight children in a wagon to church
the choir singing without accompaniment
as it had on the Steppe for a thousand years

Working hard, drinking but little
he spent every night in his wife's bed
buried two children, believing in God's will

It passed, like a dream
youngest son married, on the farm,
grandfather in town, janitor in the school
working in the garden, building birdhouses

IV

(Pioneer Lodge: Wakaw)

His fingers are gnarled
the right thumb wide and flat
where he struck it with a hammer.
His left leg poker stiff
after a fall from a train

Half of him rests with his woman
blood never rushing through his temples now
when he crawls beneath the quilt she made.
Dnieper's roar is nowhere in his ears

His eyes glow when he sees a child.
Life has worn as well and smoothly
as that last coat of whitewash
on their neat summer kitchen

My Mother's Room

When I came to my mother's room
her head had already fallen
to one side. I moved my hand
along the soft down of her cheek.

I had been away too long.
Too late to tell her
how on that childhood morning
climbing the spring side-hill,
I found the hair on crocus stems
to be slightly rough,
like a cat's tongue.

When she was young and happy
my mother would do a chorus kick
and sing about a painter
        who lived in the city
        and married a model
        who was very pretty.

Later when she could not walk
she loved to ride in cars
and to cheer me at baseball.
Yet the night before she died
I drove past her door,
a baseball's throw away.

Alone my mother slipped
into the waters where she began
with no one to hold her
the way she held me
for as long as I allowed.

There are wounds which remain
unforgiven. This is one.
She would say *we'll meet again*,

but I am not my mother's son
in faith. I know her only in dreams.
Her face is white and whiter
and I wake with a tenderness
I would not have known as mine.

Maara Haas

Immigrant Poems:

Katherine, 1920

In the flutter of eyelids mothing a coal-oil lamp
her wrists' transparency is veined Iris
pulsating a crazy quilt of blue-bloused gardens,
riotous cotton roses and a snipped English sky.

Delirious with loneliness and now half blind
she does not turn sunflower and outgoing hands
when he comes through the door
bee-bumbling, awkward,
to shake like pollen the dust and goldenrod
from his bared arms and sun-stroked shoulders.

His appetites are fundamental,
a simple geometry of seasons:
green's sequence moving tractors, crops
as she is not

But spreading the quilt in her lap
will downward dip her face in the cool of colours
made lake and river drowning in fragrance,
While the lusting wind whispering obscenities
and LET ME IN, she smiles and is not shaken.

Anton, 1930

the street was different then
places   people
a street of subtle barriers
sweet peas laced with grocer's string
thin high fences honing roman swords
hunky
yid

galician
wop
limey
on racial whetstones
            when Time a streetcar shuttled immigrants
spiking blue frostbitten palms' stigmata
the steel cross of railroad intersections
and lesser christs in sacrificial stockyards
wallowed elbow-deep pigs' scalding urine
flesh scathed with open sores   hands lifting
JESUS
to punch the time-clock–
thick boots seamed with clay
faces hard as feldspar profiled home
to double shanties housing uncles   brides
lice-headed children stinking kerosene
six to a mattress sleeping on the floor

  O shimmering ghosts
            the dust of my beginnings

Siniti, 1985

My Sister arises from her bed of barley straw, the seed
of black mustard spiking her eyelids.
She will bake little cakes for the Jasmine Festival,
the sky bursting jasmine in a thousand petals of snow.

Flame tree and sugar cane,
the first harvest of winter rice
is the rhythm of her sari interwoven with the seasons.

And I, in Canada
between these woollen blankets
temple the small heat of my breath.

I turn off the alarm clock that regulates my days.

My heart cracks open with the cold.

I am closed in by mountains of snow,
I am buried alive in the snow.

Tomorrow I will lay away my sari for a parka.

My Love, my Beloved
sleeps like Vishnu in his tortoise reincarnation,
his head tucked under his shell.

We are Rama and Sita exiled on the mountain.

I go now to my tasks in the restaurant
where the three eyes of Siva watch behind red curtains,
Maharajah smiling from the menu.

In a monsoon of glass raindrops
I walk through the curtain of beads,
my glass tears shattering the silence.

Enchanted/Disenchanted

I

Is the King well? Is the King dead?
Two queens sharpen his restless bed.
Tell him this:
When the moon's clock shows the hidden hour,
go the circular staircase to the four winds' tower.
A hammer of flint, a pillow, a taper
take with him, nothing more.

Love will open the sealed, spiked door.

What he finds, speaking my name
my name the key, this treasure unlocks
of glass, of doeskin, of cedar
Three small boxes contained in one box.

My amber eyes the first
he must hammer to a fine glass dust.

My heartbeat, he must
smother with pillow's soft and yielding word.

The light straw in its cedar box being third
my renascent soul he must ignite,
to the elements of carbon and vapour returned
four directions, the four winds' plebiscite.

Is the King well? Is the King dead?
Two queens sharpen his restless bed.

Having done love justly
Let him sleep a good night,

The black queen at his left; my absence at his right.

II

who killed fantasy?
hitler stokes a dachau coven
hansel   gretel in the oven
three macbethian witches brew
a nazi cauldron for the jew

who killed fantasy?

snowhite shaken from her sleep
breaks the legendary spell
one hundred years within the tomb
her armpits do not sweat or smell
as lifting to prince charming's kiss
their dentures clash in sterile bliss
look my sweet no cavities

who killed fantasy?

babes in the wood   children weep
with the fox five-legged creep
claw the ground   dig a hole
to burrow with the starblind mole
scab on the sun's glaucomic eye
maggots clot the dead-flesh sky
in this forest man is law
mushrooming hiroshima

who killed fantasy?

pease porridge hot in a runcible spoon
green cheddar's old man in the moon
squeaks hi diddle diddle out of tune
scraping of dirt in a fingernail
moondust   moondreams   faerytale
three clowns in spacesuits prick the balloon

nightmare's whynken   blynken and nod
who killed fantasy?

who killed God?

The Year of the Drought

That winter, a light frost hardly covered the ground. The prairie was near naked except for a beard of stubbled yellow grass. There were three snowfalls: the icing-sugar kind, too wet for moccasins, too soft to build a hill for stomach tobogganning. The end of March, it suddenly turned warm and the snow disappeared without leaving a mark.

"Gotta' start savin' our spit for washin' and cookin'," says Uncle Tony. "This third eye in the middle of my forehead—invisible to Conservatives and all them other types lackin' the common man's vision—tells me we're in for a drought. Yah. Shoulda' followed my farmin' instincts—planted them gladiola bulbs last fall. Got to be a world market for gladiolas. Drought times, hard times, people go for them 'touch of class' items to boost their morals."

I kept hoping for a nice May blizzard or the hint of a flood—no such luck.

The squishy April mud in Bullfrog Hollow is sucked out; the ditches along the railroad track are slime, no bullrushes, no hard-back beetles, just razor-sharp quack grass filling the crumbling, dry places.

In June, a sprinkle of rain comes down, barely a cup of water to prime the pump. The metal ribs of the rain barrel shrink from the wood, and the prairie breaks up into little pieces like a jigsaw puzzle.

"Sure as taxes, them hoppers are gettin' the best of us," says Uncle Tony, jabbing at a solid chunk of earth with his hoe. The earth cracks open, two feet deep, sending a cloud of baby-green hoppers straight into his face.

By the first of June, the hoppers have settled in to stay, and Bertha, the new hired girl is settled in, not much to Uncle Tony's liking.

Sent by the nosey Social Welfare, Bertha isn't anything resembling the girls from the Old Country, boarding with us since Ma died and Pa went off to the bush camps to make his fortune playing poker.

Bertha is closer to a schoolteacher: sour-salt dress choking at her neck, stiff ribbons under her double chin.

"Smells musty in here," she says, picking her way across the parlour like a city hick through the cow pancakes on the prairie. She pretends not to see Uncle Tony's manure boots on the parlour couch; the inner tube smeared with tar that we hung on the glass chandelier in the middle of the room.

Bertha's meals are something different than sardines or a tough killing rooster, but they sit heavy on Uncle Tony's stomach, judging by his moods.

"Yah," says Uncle Tony, blowing the cork from a bottle of homemade beer, splat on the ceiling. "A person can't go around ignorant, stayin' babygreen forever. A girl your age needs the influence of a good woman in capital letters."

"What kind is that?"

"What kind is what?"

"A good woman in capital letters."

Uncle Tony's face has the look he gets when he's cleaning out the hen-coop.

"Hell, I ain't never been close enough to find out, but she ain't for manure boots, plug tobacco or a friendly swipe on the hindquarters."

We sit and drink our beer.

I drink the foam; he drinks the kicky part.

Sharing a beer and reading *Dodd's Almanac* is the fun time at the end of the day after chores. One month of Bertha, seems to have killed Uncle Tony's fun, either way.

"Restore your manhood in five short days with the application of Dr. Zorba's salve to affected part. SNORT.

Satisfaction or 25 cents, postpaid, cheerfully refunded.

HAH.

Instant soothing relief. Baloney.

Damned shyster, that Zorba. He won't get a red hot cent outa' me."

Uncle Tony points sideways in the direction of Bertha's bedroom: "Now there's someone else not likely to shed a drop of soothin' rain on a bachelor sufferin' from the drought."

Thursday being egg day, we're supposed to be up at the crack of dawn—two in the afternoon, by Uncle Tony's clock. But we don't deliver eggs on account of Bertha, who makes us clean the chicken stuff off the eggs—a four-hour job— so we go back to mashing hoppers with snow shovels.

The hoppers are getting to Uncle Tony, tossing in his sleep, moaning and groaning into his pillow. When he's not smashing shovels, he's taking it out on Bertha's clean sheets, saying as how they give him the itch.

We deliver eggs, alright, but nobody wants them. There's no stopping the chickens from eating hoppers and the laying eggs are smelly green like a dead catfish from the Red River.

A half mile out of O'Grodnick's farm, the Ford breaks down, Uncle Tony kicking the car, cursing blue blazes.

"Can't get a spark outa' her, nohow," he keeps mumbling. "Just like that Bertha."

We sit on the running-board of the car, killing time, eating pumpkin seeds. The hoppers jump into my mouth and ears and up the legs of my Whooppee pants.

An old hopper, leathery, twice the size of my thumb, and a far-out spitting range, hops on the steaming rad, tobacco juice dripping all over the chrome Venus.

Not minding the mud road's bumps and ruts, the old hopper rides home with us. He reminds me of Uncle Tony, around the eyes, though it's hard to tell through the spattered-guts windshield of dead hoppers.

Supper is boiled chicken necks with cold tapioca, because we come home later than we should and Bertha isn't having any of it.

I run to my room.

My clothes closet is empty: the bicycle chains, the aeroplane propellers, the marguerita cigar box full of Quaker Oats hockey stars—my emergency socks, all sizes, all colours, stuffed with hard-rock horse turds, the best kind of puck for hockey—disappeared—gone.

Nothing is settled about my trash.

Bertha is nicer and nicer but not chummy; Uncle Tony is extra quiet except for the wet nightmares. "Uncle Tony?" Uncle Tony pretends he's sleeping but I can feel his eyes are wide open. "What do you think happened to the old hopper who bummed a ride from us? I have the feeling he wore himself down, taking that trip. On the chance he's dead, maybe we could find him and give him a proper United Church burial."

Morning, I expect the brown-sugar smell of Bertha's pancakes, but there's no sign of Bertha. The kitchen table is set with two jagged tins of sardines and two forks.

"You were dead wrong, kiddo," says Uncle Tony. "That far-spittin', hard lovin' old hopper is still going strong. You can take my word for it, he's out there in the tall grass, strummin' on his old banjo, livin' it up with a sympathetic lady hopper."

The same night, we go to the C.N. station for the new hired girl.

She has fat knees, curly yellow hair and a see-through housedress. Her name is Polly and she laughs when Uncle Tony gives her a passing swipe on the bum.

"Thank God, the drought is over," says Uncle Tony.

The drought was with us till late September. Thinking about it, I still don't know what Uncle Tony meant.

Oleksa Hay-Holowko

I Fled From My Home

I fled from my home glowing in gold
And in a starry blue mantle.
I fled from my home covered with blood
From the Dnieper tributaries to the sea.
I fled from home not to be mute,
Not to be silent like a rock in a desert,
Unable my own voice to hear,
Voice imprisoned alive in my chest.
I escaped from my home to open my soul
And a legion of words put in lines
And run to the battle with swords
Of songs tempered in the sun,
Against blood-thirsty hordes.

Not to walk for me on my land,
Not to walk on the golden steppes,
For between us—blood-saturated flag.

Translated by Watson Kirkconnell

* * *

The azure in the autumn sky is waning,
The poplar tree is shedding her attire.
Is there still something in which you are wanting,
Upon the crossroads in this final hour?

Do not be grieved, my soul, in languor pining,
For there are worlds that still remain unseen. . . .
We came upon this planet as guests only
To visit and again to take our leave.

Translated by Orysia Kalinowsky

* * *

I like to go fishing on autumn days
Upon the rushing riverbank nearby,
Where often Dnieper reappears to me
With inflamed crimson of the evening sky.

Here, on the riverbank, my spirit dreams,
And bygone thoughts flow forth without restraint,
Shadows of memories I, here, enlace
And see within them my beloved Ukraine.

Translated by Zoria Orionna

* * *

The stars in the skies were in slumber,
The moon was abating his gait.
White swans . . . white swans in my garden
Alighted with dawn's early light.

The sky in the east was applauding,
Beholding the radiant sun.
Not swans—white peony blossoms
Greeted me with the tender morn.

The sky in its crimson was smiling,
Surroundings were joyful once more—
I had peered out of night into morning,
I arrived into day reborn.

Translated by Zoria Orionna

A Song About Canada

I'm fond of Canada the wide domain
Her prairies are the home of hospitality,
I'm fond of my chosen work and quiet refrain
With peace in such infinite blue tranquillity.

I'm grateful that she extinguished my pains
With her generous warm words of wisdom,
She formed my destiny in her name
And gave me refuge in her bosom.

I love her for the liberal way of life
The star glows for all as it should,
I love because I cannot respond otherwise
To a country so abundant and good.

Translated by Watson Kirkconnell

Night in the Orchard

The moon beams gently cradle the rose
As it leans against the fence unfurled,
While I'm slowly departing down the road
Into another strange new world.

The night is clad in a white gown
The day is a bitter avenger,
I'm not denying to anyone
That among my own I was a stranger.

Only with song can I fill my loneliness
While the meteorites depart and swarm,
To call our people ours would be erroneous
Their habits appeared to be foreign.

The horizon spews golden sparks into steeples
The stars weep while the space I scan,
Even though I walked with my own people
I did not see or hear them.

As the sounds of dawn increase
My young orchard is not able to quell,
I pass my hand out to the trees
And I bid them all farewell.

Translated by Ivan Dolinsky

* * *

Spring has come to me
At dawn on cherry horses,
And proffered me
A gift with her spring hand.
To me the beauty said:
I bestow gifts on all, as I can.
For you alone have I chosen
The most precious gift—hope.

Translated by M.H. Hykawy and Jars Balan

Maria Holod

Trondheim

Traditional, old, modern, new
city under cathedral's wings.
As medieval pilgrim
to old Saint Olaf's tomb
comes the soft rain
with warmth of Gulfstream.
The air is filled
with linden's honeyed bloom
and tolling of the bells
in the evenings full of daylight.
Then market's busy voices cease,
then spells of ancient trolls
rule again and again.

Translated by the author

Mirror

old mirror in gilded frame
slightly faded
a large mirror from my great-grandmother
opposite
a green tapestry was hanging
a green one with pink flowers
does anybody know
where is now
  the old mirror
  with gilded frame
  there remains
  the reflection of youth
  the youth of green background
  between pink flowers
that mirror from my great-grandmother
where the youth and beauty
of four generations
were reflected

Translated by the author

Birthday Meditation

Should I throw stones at my archfoes,
or break the swords on iron mails,
sonorously blow the trumpets of warriors,
or toll the bronzecast victory bells?

I do wish to cover the fields as the snow does,
to grow together with silken green grasses,
to ferment in springtime as juices of maples,
to flow far and wide with sweet rivers of life.

Translated by the author

The Bridge

thoughts leave no trace
on the grey stone
  the bridge reaches out its arms
  but cannot catch the thoughts
maybe
they'll rain
upon grey stone

maybe
the bridge
with reaching stony arms
will be
a rainbow

Translated by the author

The Equinox of Spring

The equinox of spring
embraces willow branches
filling them with
coloured juices

browns and yellows and greens
inspiring in them the wish
to swell
to bud
to green
to blossom
blooming with puffy catkins
 the equinox of spring
 is luring me
 into its happy orchard
 of existence

Translated by the author

A Starry Tale

If I could only
have a drink from the well
where the stars
left their trace,
I would possibly
touch with my lips
the infinity,
be soaked by light,
and with meteoric speed
write a starry tale
where new horizons
are diffused into
the green leaves
of the oak grove.

Translated by the author

Reunion in September

Oh, how to keep
the leaves on trees,
not to let them fall
as a dry rain.

Let the illusion's fullness
be still with us,
when the green abundance
is no longer ours.

Trees, oh, trees
do not shed your leaves,
let not the warm forests
change in autumn's chills,
into sad wintry loneliness.

Translated by the author

Modern Edifices

In concrete, in iron,
up the stairs of stone,
between escalators
and elevators
in blinding neon
my world lost its way.
Smoky windows,
smoky sky
for my world.
Artificially cool
air soaked
in metallic smell
spins around my world.
My papery world
my world in machines
my world in digits
my world, my world
At one time
my world was
in the sun
in the sky

in trees and birds
and in human beings.

Translated by the author

The Sentimental Feelings

The sentimental feelings
are just not mine.
This mopping up the streams of tears
does not relieve
my burning in the fires of sorrow.
I'm coming near the executioner's block,
the stake of holocaust,
when other people are
conforming to the customs
adhering to traditions.
They shall expect
catharsis through the weeping.
I am not able to cry.
I just don't want to cry.
When finally the tears
are running down my cheeks
the earth itself is breaking
under my shaky feet.
Every atom aches
in my poor awkward body.
My heart is shattered
into the countless thousands
of separate despairs.

Translated by the author

No Wishes

Behind closed doors
exists a different world
where time is not
measured in hours
who needs the clocks
when everybody knows
the constancy of time
everything is at standstill

not moving backwards
nor forwards
nor left
nor right
neither up
nor down
all beings
behind those closed doors
have no wishes
what for these wishes
when time is at standstill
without future

Translated by the author

Too Bad . . .

Too bad
you wrote your poems
with plain black ink.
Perhaps you should have used
a blood-red crimson one.
Or even better yet
a fiery hot iron
to brand with them
immaculate white paper,
so they would flame
as a fresh wound.
They burn so fiercely
that blood is seeping,
the real red blood. . . . Oh, one but wants
to scream and cry
for past forever lost.

Translated by the author

Stefania Hurko

The Modernist

He sat on a stool
selling his madness
displayed in a cheap frame
hung on a brick wall
of a bustling street
black madness
with a red streak
red madness
with a violet triangle
violet madness
with a white spot
white madness
dissected by black and diagonals
coloured madness
which exploded in solar flares
blinding the eyes
rattling the brain
the antidote of insanity's serum
people passed by
some
recognizing themselves
hurriedly turned their head away
some with astonishment
looked at the artist
the way you look at someone
who heedlessly
can risk
showing the world
his naked "self"
He sat on a stool
absorbed in the abyss
of his soul
in his eyes
there thrashed forms
of new imbecilities
waiting for the moment
waiting for paint
waiting for the brush
to be incarnated
on clean canvas
The artist patiently waited

certain
that someone would be found
who would pay dearly
for the remedy
of his own madness

Translated by Jars Balan

Predestination

We met
like two hurrying trains
at a bustling terminal
we exchanged passengers
and went separate ways
to our intended destinations

Translated by Jars Balan

Seals of Premonitions

Seals of premonitions
surfaced from
the oceans of
subconsciousness
on the dry shores of reality
there linger moist
traces
on the elemental border
of reality and dreams
swim the seals of
premonitions.

Translated by the author and Jars Balan

* * *

To perceive the imperceptible
to grasp the ungraspable
to see the invisible
to touch the untouchable
to express the inexpressible
life is much too short for this
for this we need Eternity

Translated by the author and Jars Balan

* * *

the Soul needs eternity
the way life needs water
the Soul needs immortality
the way the body needs food and air
the Soul needs God
the way life needs Sunlight

Translated by the author and Jars Balan

* * *

I praise the rectilinearity of the right angle

the ideal meeting of two lines
the flashing impact
the source of new energy
this is how life begins
this is how creativity begins
this is how a house is built
this is how a cross is made
for God-man

Translated by the author and Jars Balan

Oksana Jendyk

From the Prairie

If there was quiet, it wasn't
in the angrily twisted cedars
that conquered battle-scarred rock
whiting logs and high tide grass
to grow, stay green:
or with the embittered gulls
arguing among themselves, diving
for the better scraps, floating
on the sea, left by passing ferries.

I was left alone aboard the Challenger
(she was a racing sloop,
born for the sea)
in Pirates' Cove, the others
rowed to land to look for driftwood
pretending survival from shipwreck
with a beached dinghy.
Anchored, the hull
sleek, arching, rolls with the marbled surface
an infinite black/green motion;
while I ponder prairie stillness
legs rooted to the soil
standing solidly in balance.

The sun finally surrenders to encroachment
mast lights blink across to beach fires
silhouetted voices skip and bounce around the cove.
I am removed from those who discovered
a new land on that island, by more than imagination.
For me liquification begins
bone marrow, fibre
spread like phosphorescent litter
through the sea.

They found me
long after I had drowned
eyes still open in wonder
washed up to their beach
with rusted iron and other skeletons
and took a picture for me
a momento of the sea
that eventually rejects
all foreign objects.

Peoplescapes to M.M.

There is a quiet love affair
in your eyes
as you paint faces
human torsos
anonymous people
with caged passion
static
there on the canvas ready to explode.

You claim to hate this mass
this crowd
that pushes at your eyeballs;
the blank hollow lips
about to speak
hooded eyelids
heaving shoulders
deformed hands
flat bored noses
skeletons with flesh
skeletons with souls.

All of them wear your masks
you know their brittle facades
and like a fortune teller
laying tarot cards
the peoplescapes form on your canvas
the colours of the souls
spinning their lives
through the compassion of your open hands.

Yuri Klynovy

Tragedy and Triumph in the Stefanyk Family

Dedicated to the memory of my brother Semen

Sometime around the spring of 1929, my father, Vasyl Stefanyk, said to us, his three sons: "Boys! Never take advantage of my reputation, good or bad. Because there is nothing in this world that's more pathetic than children who cling to their patrimony." That is why it is appropriate that I begin with an entreaty: may our domestic gods forgive me, for today I am compelled to violate one of the rules of our family code of etiquette.

The title of this essay is "Tragedy and Triumph in the Stefanyk Family." In it I will relate the story of this peasant family, recording events that in their fundamentals are undoubtedly true, though in their details may pass with the years into murky legend.

I

As a writer, Vasyl Stefanyk was in one respect fortunate: he had a talented young friend, Vasyl Kostashchuk, then a teacher in his native village of Tulova, Sniatyn county. After the death of the author in 1936, Vasyl Kostashchuk worked long and diligently to write a biography of his friend, who was some thirty years his senior. Consequently Vasyl Stefanyk, unlike

his more illustrious contemporaries, Lesia Ukrainka and Mykhailo Kotsiubynsky, rather quickly received a good biography—actually, one of the better biographies in Ukrainian literature. Under the somewhat ponderous title of "The Master of Peasant Thought," it has already been accorded two editions in Ukraine.

Here is what Vasyl Kostashchuk writes about the Stefanyk lineage in his biography:

> *Toward the end of the 18th century, when serfdom tyrannized our land, in Rusiv there lived Theodore Stefanyk with his wife Maria, a native of the Hryhorashchuk family. Their lives were indistinguishable from those of other peasants, because everyone bent their backs in the masters' fields. They had one son, Lukyn, whom they wed on 17 February 1824 to Maria Proskurniak. Lukyn managed to attain the leadership of the village—becoming the reeve of Rusiv. Reeves in those times were responsible to the landowners of the village. Lukyn was strict in the execution of his duties. For days he would race about the village and fields on horseback. Woe to the disobedient or anyone guilty of an infraction! Like a whirlwind he flew about their yards on horseback, right under their windows; if the gate was closed, he would jump over it.*
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> *Lukyn was harsh even toward his own wife. One time he returned from the fields and lunch wasn't ready.*
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> *Lukyn was boiling mad. His wife knew how her husband's rages could end, and therefore hurried to put lunch on the table as quickly as possible. She ran outside to get some brushwood for the fire. Picking up some kindling, she was so upset that she poked out one of her eyes with a twig.*
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> *Lukyn had five sons and one daughter. The sons were named Les, Ivan, Maksym, Fedir and Semen, and the daughter, Evdokiia.*
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> *They feared and also respected Lukyn Stefanyk in the village. He was strict, but fair. He liked to mete out punishment and have power, but never took advantage of his position. He married his children well, and equitably divided his land among them. The daughter and four oldest sons got outlying land, while the ancestral plot went to the youngest son, Semen.*

There is no doubt that all of the events described above are accurate. Nonetheless, they are incomplete, it seems, because Vasyl Kostashchuk was by then unable to speak with a genuine dinosaur who by some quirk of nature had lived out his days a half-century earlier. In the village of Rusiv itself few would have known that Vasyl Proskurniak was born nearly thirty years after the birth of his sister Maria, whom his parents gave in marriage to the grandfather of Vasyl Stefanyk, Lukyn.

Vasyl Stefanyk called his grandmother's native brother "uncle," kissing his hand whenever he met him, and this was the only person in the village whom the writer honoured with this ancient custom. It was this uncle, Vasyl

Proskurniak, born sometime around 1840 and deceased on 1 February 1934, who every Christmas came carolling to the grandchildren of his sister Maria, and who together with his friends became one of the heroes of the Stefanyk sketch, "An Ancient Melody."

I clearly remember uncle Vasyl Proskurniak; we, the great-grandchildren of his sister Maria, also called him uncle. On occasion he would come to see our father, with a stern-looking face, tall, and very thin, but straight like a candle, with firey grey eyes, long moustaches that wearily drooped downward, and similarly grey, almost white hair. It was with uncle Proskurniak that a lot of other long-ago events were discussed and recorded by Mykhailo Stefanyk, a nephew of the writer who today lives with his family in Parma, Ohio. He also wrote down many family stories from his own uncle, Matthew Stefanyk, who was a little older than his first cousin, Vasyl Stefanyk.

II

And so the time-worn and faded curtain rises and long-forgotten events revive in the stories of people whose graves have grown old along with the memories of them.

Sometime around 1792, about six years before the appearance of Kotliarevsky's "Eneida," there rode into the village of Rusiv, county of Sniatyn, a still youthful cossack, Theodore Stefanyk. He arrived mounted on an exquisite white horse with a sabre at his side, as befitted a Zaporozhian. If not about him, then having learned from him, the people of Rusiv sang a very old song:

From Zaporozhzhia I departed,
My horse stumbled along,
Whene'r my horses stumbles,
My heart pounds—
Lord knows what fortune awaits me . . .

I entered a vestibule,
They were sitting down to supper,
Only my beloved,
Like a grey-plumed dove,
Does not sleep
But only rocks her child,
And writes in a delicate hand
As she talks with the wild wind . . .

Hey, windy-wind,
Tell me the truth,
My true love has gone off
Like a little grey dove,
Hey, will he ever return to me . . .

It is precisely a fragment of this song that concludes the Stefanyk short story, "Mother Earth." Theodore, or perhaps Todos (nicknamed Todor in

Rusiv)—since in Stefanyk's "The Basarabs" there is a woman Todoska—according to an ambiguous retelling was brought from a cossack unit by his father, Luka Stefanyk, who after the destruction of the Zaporozhian Sich in 1775 relocated in the Danube delta, more specifically, in the town of Kilija. Why his son, more than a decade later, decided to move to Galicia, we don't know; perhaps because he didn't want to go back to Dnieper-basin Ukraine, which was then already beginning to suffer under the offensive rule of the Russian tsars; or perhaps because some ten years earlier there had settled in Galicia three cossacks who had also come from Kilija—Proskurniak, Lazarenko, and Kuzmenko. They became the founders of three families under these surnames, and though the Kuzmenkos of Rusiv changed their name to "Kosmynka," their descendants are quite well-known under this name.

Todor Stefanyk looked over the village, acquainted himself with its people, including, it seems, his future wife, Maria Gregorashchuk, and finally decided to settle in Rusiv. Likewise, not an insignificant role was played in his decision by an agreement with the magistrate who presided in the neighbouring village of Stetseva: Todor's descendants on the male side of the family would not have to work at *corveé* labour, while on the female side they would engage in such work only when they married indentured peasants.

At this time Todor returned to Kilija, sold all his property, and with two cousins came to Rusiv, together to establish permanent residence. One of his cousins, Kyrpriian Stefanyk, remained in the village and founded the line of Stefanyks that even today is known as the "Cypriianovs." The other cousin settled in Stetseva, where his descendants live to this very day. And Todor and his progeny of Rusiv became known as the "Basarabs," perhaps because their knowledge of geography was not very extensive. "The Basarabs" was the name Vasyl Stefanyk also gave to his poeticized history of his family.

Upon returning to Rusiv, Todor bought several hundred morgs of uncultivated land between Rusiv and a neighbouring village to the north, Pidvysoka, married his Maria and built himself a house. This was no ordinary house, but rather reminded one of a Zaporozhian winter house, so thick were its doors, frames and windows, made of sturdy oak. The house stood for more than a hundred years—Vasyl Stefanyk was born in it—and was destroyed as a result of a fire in 1898. This event was described by the writer in his short story "The Arsonist."

For those times Todor Stefanyk was an exemplary husbandsman, buying steel ploughs in Austria and importing modern techniques of farming. Nonetheless, he had very little land under cultivation, only as much as was personally required and was necessary for pasturing the livestock. In fact, the production of feed for livestock was the basis of his operation. On his tilled soil, which according to some calculations comprised thousands of morgs, he had scattered "outbuildings" or shelters fòr animals to winter in. The livestock was tended by Todor's numerous daughters, each of whom, in keeping with cossack custom, rode a horse. Uncle Vasyl Proskurniak used to relate a Gogolian story about the beginnings of Todor's residence in Rusiv.

One dark autumn night his farmstead was attacked by seventeen bandits under the leadership of, as he was later dubbed, "The Coachman" Ilashko. In the village there were rumours, so to speak, that Todor had brought with him from Kilija a sackful of gold ducats. The bandits, each armed with a gun, pounded on the door and shouted:

"Let us into the house, Todor, because if you don't we'll kill you, your wife and your children."

But Todor didn't panic because he knew his house was like a small fortress. He ordered his wife to take the girls into the loft, tear a hole in the thatch, and to begin calling for the constabulary. His only hired hand, who slept in the house, he posted by a window with an axe, and he himself, also wielding an axe, took up a position by the door. When the bandits again pounded on the door, Todor cried out:

"Just wait a minute, I'll open it myself."

In the vestibule there stood a large log, on which there was some brushwood for the oven. Todor quickly rolled it between the door and the wall that bordered the smaller section of the house, so that only one bandit could get through the opening, and that, with difficulty. Then, hiding behind the door, he shouted:

"Alright, step in one at a time and we'll do battle!"

In response the bandits replied, "Open up or we'll use our bullets to shred you like cabbage!"

And indeed, seventeen guns went off. The lead bullets ricocheted off the door, which was slanted at a forty-five degree angle, and struck the adjacent wall. Then Todor roared so loudly and chillingly that the echo pealed throughout the darkened village. This roar, which was positively inhuman in those circumstances, seems to have rescued Todor and his money, because it bolstered his neighbours, who slowly began to approach his farmstead. The bandits were taken aback, and fearing they would be recognized, fled even more hastily.

This occurrence, according to the explanation of Vasyl Proskurniak, was the reason why Todor, immediately on the following day, rode into the village of Pidvysoka and bought from this community a large tract of uncultivated soil that stretched all the way to the village of Toporivka. One should add that the community sold its land for a nominal fee, because they had to pay taxes on it.

More or less at the same time Todor ordered a gigantic stone cross, which two sets of oxen pulled from Kosiv for three days, and erected it on one of his grainfields. From there this cross, known as the "Cossack Cross," was later moved to the junction between Rusiv and Stetseva. There, after the Second World War, it along with other crosses, was ordered destroyed by the present government of Ukraine.

III

While Todor prospered and grew wealthy, in family matters he had no luck. Eight or nine daughters were born to him, each of them strong, healthy, and all good horsewomen, seemingly raised on horseback. And although the old cossack went to pray beneath his cross, he did not have a son, no one to bear his cossack name for posterity. Two sons who were born, died soon after. Thus, a great joy visited Todor's home, when at the beginning of the nineteenth century a son was born who was named after his grandfather, Luka—or in the Rusiv dialect, Lukyn. And now if the infant wasn't tended or pampered by his mother and sisters, even the father would cradle the child in his arms. And Todor's wife, following an old superstition to protect him from death, sold him to a wandering Moldavian through the door, then bought him back through the window for the price of a steer. When Lukyn had grown everyone would teasingly call him "The Procuree." Thus, Vasyl Stefanyk was known in Rusiv as none other than "Vasyl Semenovitch The Procuree."

For his time Todor Stefanyk was a very progressive individual, paying no heed to his wealth, sympathizing with the poor, and helping everyone as much as he could. Moreover, he hated the local lord of the manor, a Polonized Jew by origin, because he paid the villagers for their indentured labour only with brandy-mash, which he produced in his two distilleries. In addition, the squire was a terrible agriculturalist, to the extent that he could not care less about his husbandry, so that on days when a villager was signed up for *corveê* labour and instead tippled brandy in the tavern, he was not punished by the land-steward. Todor's hatred of the estate owner was so intense that he not only bought up all the fields between the manor house and the village, thereby blocking the landowner's access to the village, but distilled his own plum *horilka* so that he wouldn't have to drink the squire's. At the birth of each daughter Todor buried a barrel of *slivovets* underground, and dug it up only when she was getting married. Then Todor would send his servants in every direction and invite to the wedding every passer-by, rich and poor, *muzhiks* and lords, Gypsies, Jews and townsmen. People were delighted to come to Todor's weddings, not only because they liked to drink the well-aged *slivovets*, nor because the weddings lasted an entire week, but also because he set out sumptuous tables in his barns, hosting his guests without regard for their social status, material standing or ethnic identification. It was at these weddings that endless discussions were conducted about the lawlessness of the landowners, hatching revolts against the nobles and squires.

Although rather amazing, the Rusiv estate owner found a way to get even with the freedom-loving cossack, whose hero was none other than Maksym Zalizniak.* When in 1810 the landowner was ordered to establish a school in Rusiv, in it were enrolled two of his boys; the son of the impoverished aristocrat, Knihinitsky, about whose distant descendants Vasyl Stefanyk wrote the *feuilleton*, "The She-wolf"; the son of another noble, Kobyliansky;

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* Maksym Zalizniak was the Zaporozhian-trained leader of a successful peasant revolt in Polish-occupied Ukraine in 1768.

and Todor's son Lukyn, who then was eight years old—all of them being children of freemen. As things worked out, Lukyn became very close friends with the landowner's sons and often visited, even staying over, at the manor. Todor was very displeased with this friendship, and to break it, removed Lukyn from school. However, he was never able to isolate his spoiled son from the influence of the manor. When Lukyn grew up, he continually went to visit the landowner's manor, always taking his gun with him. He would say:

"My father identifies with the rabble, all his life he's been a shepherd and will die one."

Lukyn was ashamed of his father, being of the opinion that peasants should work for the landowner and do *corveê* labour because that was the way the world was ordered. When the conflict with his father grew more intense, Lukyn one day vanished and didn't reappear for several years. And then again in Todor's house happiness reigned for a short while, because the prodigal son had returned. To detain his son and bind him to the land, Todor married him to a beauty renowned throughout the county, Maria Proskurniak, the sister of uncle Vasyl Proskurniak, who came into the world some fifteen years after her marriage. To Lukyn and Maria were born five sons: Maksym, Les, Ivan, Vasyl, and Semen. They became the founders of five branches of the family—Maksym's, Les' (Les died young and his branch became known after his wife Lesysia), Ivan's, Vasyl's and Semen's.

However, the father was not able to successfully domesticate Lukyn, who continued to drink and carouse with the landowner's sons, by whose graciousness he became the reeve of the village and the manorial "*ataman*"* who chased people to their *corveê* labour, kept the register of work days, and served as the magistrate in place of the squire. In all these duties he became infamous for being severe, and unlike his father, rode only on a black horse.

Meanwhile Todor grew old and began to lose his strength, and gradually turned over the running of his large landholding to his daughter-in-law, Maria, whom he loved deeply for her intelligence and honesty. In this way he came to prevail over Maria, so that she didn't name her first-born son Todor, as custom dictated, but Maksym, after the *haidamak* hetman† Maksym Zalizniak, whose name for him was sacred. In his old age he would dress in his cossack mantle and pantaloons, which he had carefully preserved, entertaining his grandchildren with games and teaching them cossack ways. Todor was also unlucky with his sons-in-law. All were indentured peasants and quickly sold the big estate owners their parcels of land, which they had obtained along with their wives. Todor died sometime after 1830.

In 1846, when anti-feudal uprisings began, in Rusiv the news spread that in the estate owner's fields peasants were being beaten for refusing to do the hoeing. Lukyn's wife immediately despatched the eldest son, Maksym, on

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* Cossack chieftain

† *Haidamaks* were eighteenth century peasant rebels. A hetman is the commander-in-chief of a cossack army.

horseback to inquire if her own relatives weren't also being beaten. Maksym rode into the fields, with his younger brother Les in tow, and there they witnessed a disturbing scene. On the orders of the land-steward, who was standing with some footmen, they were prostrating the peasants on the ground one-by-one and beating them with a hunting-crop. Maksym went up to the land-steward, and said to the agitated man:

"Why, sir, are you beating them? They are human beings, like yourself."

Instead of answering, the land-steward ordered the footmen to light into Maksym as well, and when they hesitated to beat Lukyn's son, he himself struck the boy on the head with his cane. Then something happened which no one expected. Maksym grabbed a hoe and together with his kinsmen, also struck the land-steward on the head with full force. He tumbled to the ground, bloodied, and instantly gave up the ghost. The footmen arrested the killers and took them to the prison in Stetseva, where the mandatory court was to try them. On the way, as well as in the prison, they were severely beaten, and Lukyn's good-hearted wife brought them food and took away from the jail their bloody shirts. Matthew Stefanyk, who related this story to his nephew, said:

"And this, Mikey, was at a time when there weren't any committees to feed you, your brother Ivan, or Vasyl's boys in Kolomiya jail. Your orphan grandmother was the sole support committee."

But the peasants regarded Maksym and his kinsmen as heroes, gathering in the evenings outside the prison to visit, chat and sing with them.

When Lukyn learned about the murder he came flying on his black steed and began to beat his wife mercilessly with a riding-crop, shouting:

"It's you along with grandfather who raised me these *haidamaks*, it's your hand that killed the land-steward."

When Lukyn in his fit of rage struck Maria on the head, one of the steel studs that was attached to the tip of the crop happened to catch her eye, which was instantly poked out. When this bloody confrontation ended, Maria told her son Les to hitch up the horses, and black and blue from the beating went to see the officials of Sniatyn county. However, she didn't go to lodge a complaint, telling the officials, as she told others, that she had poked her eye with some brushwood; she went to ask the chief elder to remove her son and relatives from the Stetseva prison because they would be killed there. This she managed to achieve, and they were transferred to Stanyslaviv prison, where after two years, in 1848, when serfdom was abolished, they were released without being brought to trial. The prisoners returned home with their health seriously damaged from the beatings, for which the village greeted them as heroes and fighters for the truth.

Serfdom no longer existed but the struggle for land with the big estate owners continued, especially for the forests and pastures. And though Lukyn tried to change his formerly harsh behaviour, he was still disliked in the village. Nobody greeted him, the people of Rusiv ignored him, and they avoided asking him favours. Eventually Lukyn couldn't endure the sea of hostility that surrounded him, and to ingratiate himself with the community

donated a plot of land for a church within the village, and when that didn't help, another plot for a town office. But even these gifts failed to win public favour, as people were still unable to forgive the old "*ataman*" his bestial behaviour.

The death of Lukyn Stefanyk had all the attributes of a Greek tragedy: nagging regrets, and then an unexpectedly terrifying resolution. One autumn morn in 1885 his wife Maria, who despite all the torments remained possibly his only real friend, went out into the yard and saw her husband's black horse standing haltered by the fence, pawing the ground and restlessly gnawing. She instantly sensed something foul had transpired, because Lukyn always put the horse in the stable. Coming closer, she saw the open gate to the barn and in it, her husband, who was hanging suspended from a joist with a terrifying, contorted expression on his face. Maria was a strong woman, she didn't cry out, she didn't begin lamenting, as ancient custom demanded. She quietly left the barn, woke the hired hand, and within thirty minutes Lukyn was already laid out on a bench in the large house, washed and dressed as befitted a proper corpse, only that a kerchief was tied about his neck. Maria then ordered that her husband's official tin-plate be affixed to his saddle and that his black horse be loosed in the direction of the squire's manor, which he knew very well. In this way she sought to thank the squire for leading Lukyn up the garden path of ignominy. And when the children awoke in the morning she told them about the death of their father and for the first time bitterly wept. Sobbing, she led them to the corpse to pray. The children only learned at the funeral that their father had taken his own life, as he was buried outside the cemetery fence.

IV

About the death of his grandfather, Vasyl Stefanyk wrote the following in "The Basarabs," putting the account of the suicide in the words of an old peasant who knew about the tragedy:

> *"That's what you remember, but I can recall when their great-grandfather dangled from a joist. He was rich beyond counting, dried his money in his coverlet, and never went anywhere on foot. He had a jet-black horse that used to jump over the gate, and he always had a whip handy. It was said that he drove people to their* corveé *labour, tearing their flesh off with that knout. Then one morning the news spread that the old* ataman *was hanging from a joist. I was a child then, but can see, as if it were today, the host of people in his yard. When they cut him loose and carried him to the porch, he was such a terrifying sight that the women wailed from fear. And the men could care less, simply saying: "Oh, now you won't be able to lift chunks of skin off of us, because now the fiend's strung you up a joist!" A day or two later such a storm blew up, and it was so windy, that it uprooted trees and lifted roofs from houses.*

His own grandmother, Maria, having lived seventy-one years, died on 7 November 1878—in "The Basarabs" the author made her Toma's wife. He characterized her with accurate pietism, this way:

> *She stood in front of the table, tall, erect and hoary. Her eyes were large, grey and intelligent. She peered through them as if there wasn't a nook in the entire world that was unknown to her, and which she, having rolled up her long white sleeves, couldn't do to what every competent housekeeper does—either tidy up, or make spotless, or put in order.*

After the death of the "*ataman*" the village breathed a sigh of relief, while a deep shame and ignominy befell the Stefanyk family. Citing once again from "The Basarabs":

> *...now the Basarabs will lower their heads. They'll walk about wretched and unhappy.*

And truly the Basarabs walked about "wretched and unhappy" for almost a half-century. Eventually Lukyn's youngest son, Semen, having become a widely respected husbandsman and the wealthiest man in Rusiv, was chosen reeve near the end of the nineteenth century although the Polish administrator did everything he could to prevent his election. However, the triumph of the Stefanyk lineage was attained somewhat later, coming only when the son of Semen and the grandson of Lukyn began, in 1897, to publish short stories. It was then that the memory of the terrifying "*ataman*" slowly began to fade. And today the tragic figure of Todor's son is forgotten in the village, and instead the people of Rusiv take pride in his grandson, Vasyl, scion of Semen "The Procuree," as well as his museum, whose director is a son of the writer, Kyrylo. This is because Vasyl Stefanyk made the name of his native village widely known throughout Ukraine.

Perhaps it is most fitting to finish our story with a quote from the autobiography of Vasyl Stefanyk:

> *I don't know why, but merely note, that Ukrainians from Eastern Ukraine are spiritually closer to me than Galicians.*

Translated by Jars Balan

Myrna Kostash

Leonid Plyushch—His Prairie Odyssey

That was it, to mean well! He caught a glimpse of that extraordinary faculty in man, that strange, altruistic, rare and obstinate decency which will make writers or scientists maintain their truths at the risk of death. Eppur si muove, *Galileo was to say; it moves all the same.*

T.H. White

In Edmonton, in September, 1977, there is a press conference with Leonid Plyushch, Soviet Ukrainian dissident, in the basement of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church. There are a half dozen of us, under Christ in Gethsemane and two popes on the wall, and Plyushch, in a baggy Soviet suit, collarless shirt and with a leather briefcase.

Not for nothing is this press conference, and the public meeting that evening, being held on the ethnically neutral ground of an "anglo" church. Here Plyushch can seem to represent Ukrainianness in general, dissidence in general. For among the Ukrainian Canadians in Edmonton there are those who would say he does not represent them. Heaven forbid. Those on the old left, for instance, the Party faithful, will say Plyushch is an anti-Soviet madman and his ideas therefore deranged. It is correct to ignore his arrival among us. Those on the right, the ultra-nationalistic, anti-communist emigrés, will say he is a KGB agent sent abroad to confound the campaigns of Ukrainian liberationists. Besides, he's a Marxist. It is then the task of all the other strands of Ukrainian radicalism to welcome Plyushch.

The press conference, then. WHAT KINDS OF CRITICISM GET PEOPLE INTO TROUBLE IN THE USSR? "An amateur youth choir in Kiev was forcibly disbanded because they made up their own programmes, because they sang old folk songs as well as political songs, because, in short, they were 'bourgeois nationalists.' Crimean Tatars, amassed at a Lenin monument and politely demanding the right to return to their homeland, were dispersed. Baptists are illegal." (*Here Plyushch dips into his briefcase and withdraws a fuzzy photograph of a Baptist murdered by the police.*) "A labour strike is a criminal offence." HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THESE THINGS? "We have the underground democratic movement, personal contacts with the Crimeans, the Jewish movement, the Moscow human-rights groups, and we have *samvydav.*" (*He dips again into the briefcase and holds up two typed pages of onion-skin paper.*) "A person who receives such a document types up five more copies and passes them along, hidden in their clothing, their shoes." WHY IS THERE SUCH REPRESSION? "The system is founded on lies. On terror and political monopoly." (*Here he pulls out a copy of the Soviet Constitution.*) "The new constitution that is being planned will be worse than Stalin's. I wouldn't be surprised if there are clauses in it 'taking care' of the dissidents. The contradiction between the demands of the economy and its

management, between the masses and the elite, are growing and at their centre are the technologists. A state which is built on disinformation cannot work: scientists and engineers need information. The danger is that the technocratic fascists—those who are interested only in efficiency—will merge with the fascist nationalists, the Great Russian chauvinists."

Humanity Is At The Abyss

Following the press conference there is a meeting for the English-speaking public and it is packed with members of the Ukrainian community, at least those who are not boycotting Plyushch, and with NDPers, anarchists and socialists, with concerned liberals and even a handful of blacks. The young are out in droves, especially the young Ukrainians. Across the stage a banner: FREE ALL SOVIET POLITICAL PRISONERS. The literature tables are covered with an astonishing number and variety of books by dissidents, published outside the Soviet Union, of course. Young Trotskyists, anarchists, assorted radicals, stand behind the books. The irony of juxtaposition: the youthful critics of the bourgeois democratic state are precisely in a position *within* that state to publicize the voices of those rendered speechless within other regimes. This too: that the progeny of electronic media, their consciousness framed by television and the movies, are here the caretakers of the printed word, the page, the moveable type, not to mention the cramped handwriting on onion-skin, whole volumes of research and polemics rolled into tiny cylinders that fit into the seam of a dress. "The vanished man, miserable as a fly," wrote the poet Yuri Galanskov, dead in a concentration camp in 1972, "moves still between the lines of a book."

For all the radical politicians, though, for all the tremors of nonconformism and protestation radiating out from Plyushch's visit, there is nevertheless the faint odour of the fifties here, of the Cold War and McCarthyism and—lest we forget—Social Credit. Now, as then, numbers of people are attaching themselves to a campaign of anti-Sovietism, generated by the international furor over civil rights, or the lack of them, within the Soviet Union which is climaxing precisely during a period of severe dislocations—the catastrophe of the unemployed, the tightening noose of foreign ownership of the economy, the desperate projects in the pursuit of energy, the will to separate of the Quebecois—within Canada.

Onstage an Anglican minister draws the parallel between the repression of civil liberties and the martyring of Christ. A man from Amnesty International says that the struggle for human rights is a "journey made only by brave men and women and it is made for all of us." The head of the Alberta Federation of Labour says we must not take for granted the freedoms we do own in this country. Around such self-satisfied notions the righteous indignation of the Canadian public, projected onto the Soviet "other," may be mobilized; have we not been through this movie before? Have we not then turned as a pack on the disputatious scapegoats among our own countrymen who challenge our self-satisfaction? Must we really lie in the same bed with

the types of Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*, who, in such perfectly liberal projects as gay rights, anti-war resistance and disarmament, perceives the "failure of the anti-Communist will"? *Deja vu.*

As the meeting progresses, however, it becomes increasingly obvious that we have in Plyushch and his campaign anti-Soviet agitation of an original colour: not the repudiation of the Bolshevik Revolution but a call for its completion in democratic socialism and the self-determination of nations. And, to judge from the panelists' remarks, we have the connections to be made between this and our own situation. They speak of a commitment to "set our house in order," of the fact that Canadian police officers have received instructions in the use of torture from American advisors, of the bugging of union headquarters during strikes, of the fact that "authority in this country has never flinched from using force to sustain its authority, as October, 1970, showed." A Plyushch rally, it seems, is less a witch-hunt than a point of resistance to the violence and injustice within the home and native land.

One notes, for instance, the numbers of young people (in their twenties), Ukrainian Canadians, who have attached themselves to Plyushch. My generation, now attached to house payments, has perhaps passed on a political legacy after all, a critical consciousness that knows how to exploit the materials, where they become available, of provocation, protest and civil disobedience. It is not necessarily true, then, that the youth of the Seventies have been lost to self-absorption and domesticity. Among them are those whose identity is inseparable from their politics. Here they are in Edmonton, rallying around a neo-Marxist, a Ukrainian democrat, a freedom-fighter, a witness. "Everybody," says Plyushch, "must take upon himself those loads he can carry." The one he carries is prodigious.

He comes to Edmonton as a representative of the Soviet human-rights groups. Their optimistic strategy in turning the documents, the "pieces of paper," of the Helsinki accords, of the United Nations Declaration of the Rights of Man, into weapons for their own struggle against the Soviet leviathan is a rather touching reminder that one may still hold those representatives of the people, the politicians, accountable to their signatures. He describes the inter-relatedness of tyranny. Communist China aids Chile and Brezhnev aids Iran; the dissident Bukovsky is turned over to the West in American-made hand-cuffs and Plyushch himself was tortured with Belgian and French-made drugs. When Castro visited Kiev, he says, university students were put into Ukrainian costumes and professors were told to speak Ukrainian: for Castro's benefit, presto! flourishing national cultures! Otherwise, one is told in Ukraine to speak "human," i.e., Russian. A member of the audience asks: Do you believe in Communism with a human face? "I call myself a pessimistic optimist. Being in the West makes my Marxism even stronger." Several people clap, congratulating him on the mordancy of his perception. He lists the problems of humankind: pollution, crime, loss of spirituality, dehumanizing technology. "All of humanity is at the abyss." For him the primary struggle in these times is between totalitarianism and

democracy. Once a truly democratic socialism is established by the working class in Eastern Europe, then, at last, at long, laborious last, the titanic struggle between socialism and capitalism will be engaged.

The 'Madman' is A Hero

The next night, after a Ukrainian-language meeting, there is a party for Plyushch. The twenty-year olds are there, in their embroidered shirts and Free Valentyn Moroz buttons and the black flag of anarchism buttons. They seem pleased with tonight's meeting and enjoy a few laughs at the expense of the older generation of Ukrainian Canadians who had asked: Do you believe in God, Mr. Plyushch? Who means more to you, Karl Marx or Ivan Mazepa? I wander over to a group singing songs about Ukrainian partisans and notice Plyushch singing with them, beating out the rhythm on his knee. His left leg is stiff and unbendable. I'm told, in hushed tones, that this is the result of the drug "therapy" in the prison hospital. In fact it's the result of tuberculosis contracted in childhood and I detect here in Edmonton the beginnings of a cult. He drinks a prodigious amount, and tonight he is drunk. The young people hover around him, taking care of him. He is precious, a hero snatched from the jaws of madness.

In 1967, Leonid Ivanovych Plyushch was a young cybernetician at the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, a married man, a career man, by all accounts with an enviable future ahead of him. Never mind that in 1964 he had been visited by the KGB in response to several letters he had written to the Central Committee of the Communist Party (among others) in which he had pointed out certain discrepancies between Leninist texts and contemporary Soviet reality. The KGB counselled him to keep his silence for a couple of years and Plyushch put his sentence to, as it turned out, subversive use: he diligently studied the classics of Marxism-Leninism. It was here he learned, for instance, that Stalinist campaigns to obliterate national cultures were a perversion of the Revolution. Publicly he remained a good citizen and industrious mathematician. In 1968, however, he wrote a letter to *Komsomolskaia pravda* protesting the trials of Russian dissidents and was fired from his job. In 1969, now working as a book-stitcher, he joined the Moscow-based Initiative Group (for the defence of human rights in the USSR), signed his name to a letter addressed to the United Nations and was again dismissed from his job. In 1972 he was arrested by the KGB for "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda" and was imprisoned. In 1973, diagnosed a victim of "sluggish schizophrenia from an early age," he became a patient at the Dnipropetrovsk Special Mental Hospital. In 1976 Plyushch and his family, after a prolonged campaign for his release both within the Soviet Union and in the West (on the Left), were expelled from the Soviet Union. In September 1977, he came to Edmonton on a speaking tour.

Plyushch is a small man, frail within the baggy suit, with a lined face, rheumy eyes and blackened teeth: where has he been? He speaks in a rich, deep voice and gently, tenderly even, as though the air around him were

fragile. A year and a half earlier this body had been shot with drugs, flailed with convulsions, the eyes rolled upwards and the tongue hanging out, his whole being maddened with chemicals that were, in spite of his resolution, rendering him careless and insouciant, involuntarily deprived of his will to resist, to question, to challenge, even as his wife was forced to watch.

If this is madness, this getting up from all fours off the cement floor of a hospital prison to raise a hand—"I am present"—against the false speech of the Wardens, then Plyushch is superbly mad, like the village crazy-men of everywhere who are fed and clothed by the rest of us, that we may pursue our ordinariness. And here the young people are, at his side, making sure he gets a meal, forcing down him mugs of black coffee, then, hands under his elbows, leading him home reminding him to sleep. "Take care, brother Plyushch."

Ukrainian? Canadian? Ukrainan Canadian?

Brother. A man from halfway around the world, citizen of a Soviet socialist republic, an intellectual marinated in Marxism-Leninism, what has he to do with these Ukrainian Canadians, these passing-through-prairie ones, the children of rock'n'roll and *pyrohy* dinners in the National Hall? Just this, he will say: "We all come from the same village."

I take the question to his acolytes. They belong to a group called "Hromada," which means "community" and they get together to talk about the Soviet dissident movement, Ukrainian history and multiculturalism. They call themselves, "Ukrainians in the diaspora," an image that evokes almost insupportable restlessness. They could be any émigré group anywhere except for this: they were born in Canada. They are in their twenties. They define their legacy as "Ukrainian socialist democracy," so that they may be distinguished from all those Ukrainian Canadians whose legacy is "bourgeois democracy" or anti-communist nationalism or Eastern Orthodoxy or "self-reliance." Or, for that matter, whose legacy is North American socialism and populism. They talk about developing social services in Edmonton for Ukrainians, food co-ops, drop-in centres, reading rooms, unwittingly repeating the efforts of a generation that preceded them in the west, the nationalist consciousness-raisers who worked in the small towns building Ukrainian drama clubs and Ukrainian reading societies, before the forces of assimilation cancelled them out. It is not with such people they feel continuous, but with Ukrainian partisans, hiding out in the Carpathians, with peasant-anarchists and Cossack outriders, sweeping vengefully across the steppes, with gentlemen in spectacles and waistcoats, rising in the Western Ukrainian parliament to speak as the "people's socialist deputy."

They are the children of the third, post-Second World War Ukrainian immigration and the two patrimonies, the Ukrainian and the Canadian, cross-fertilize in them in intriguing ways. Their parents were refugees who came to Canada initially in an act of expediency—the Red Army, they felt, would soon be repulsed from within Ukraine and the refugees would

return—and were forced to stay on, suffering the chagrin of involuntary exile. The children grew up in their intensely political homes. Heated discussions around the dinner table, membership in paramilitary youth groups, Saturday at Ukrainian School, summers at scout-like Ukrainian camps, attendance at conferences, congresses, and demonstrations. Speeches. Always there were speeches. "In everything," says one man, "there was a total orientation toward the liberation of Ukraine. It began with that, it ended with that." In one home, the father was a member of the League for Liberation of Ukraine and had come from a village which had manned a whole division of anti-Soviet partisans. In another home, the father armed the fifteen-year-old son with rocks in his pockets to throw at Kosygin when he visited Canada in 1971. In yet another, the mother wept whenever she had to speak English and her son now fears for his own consciousness whenever he fails to express himself in Ukrainian.

They went to church bazaars and concerts in the parish hall, sang the Ukrainian national anthem and saluted the blue-and-yellow Ukrainian flag-in-exile, danced in Ukrainian costumes and, at home, marched around the living room to the sounds coming off the phonograph: Mario Lanza and Ukrainian insurgents' songs. They grew up on stories about relatives imprisoned in Siberia, hanged by the Germans, shot by the Russians, starved to death in Stalin's forced famine in Ukraine, killed in action while serving in the Ukrainian Insurgent Army. At the very least, they learned the equation of the Ukrainian church and the Ukrainian language with nationalist consciousness. At the extreme, they understood they must dedicate their lives, however problematic that might be to fulfill in Canada, to the liberation of Ukraine from the Soviet Union. The atmosphere was profoundly anti-Communist and wary of the anglicizing forces of Canadian society. "The notion of Mother Ukraine back across the ocean, yearning to be free, was supposed to be sufficient to keep us Ukrainian."

And so it was, for many years. "Without my early socialization in the Ukrainian community, I'd probably be in pre-Law now, or be a Jaycee." But inevitably they learned English and entered into relationships with Canadian society. They read books—Marcuse, Fromm, Bakunin, Goldman, Marx and Lenin—having encountered the New Left in their older brothers and sisters. They were polishing their Ukrainian nationalist enthusiasm with applied theory from whoever was useful. "I had heard and read about Ukrainian political thought and I asked myself, 'Where did those Ukrainian Social Democrats come from?' So eventually you run into that 'ogre' Karl Marx." Another stumbled across Nestor Makhno, the peasant anarchist leader whose movement was crushed by the Bolsheviks in 1920, and his slogan, "Live Free or Die Fighting!", is on the bedroom wall, alongside posters of Red Emma and Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces. Others, who confess that, even though they are only one generation removed from the "ancestral homeland," it is "ludicrous, psychologically and politically, to deny we are Canadians," took to reading texts on the history of agrarian socialism in western Canada and discovered "alternative viewpoints" to their parents' conservatism (not to say

reaction) in Wobblies and Ukrainian Canadian socialists. They got summer jobs and became involved in labour disputes: "I couldn't understand at first why my boss drove big cars, lived in big houses and yet 'couldn't afford' to pay us more than the minimum wage." They lived in co-ops in Chinatown, and every morning while waiting for the bus, had the opportunity to observe poverty in Canada. They became critical of the anti-democratic elements in the organizations of their parents—"that World War Two mentality conditioned by hiding in the forests and artificially transferred to Canada"—and began to chafe at the exclusiveness of the possessive "ours," meaning "Ukrainian."

By 1978, in their twenties, at the university, they seem to have put it all together. "Super-critical" Marxists/anarchists/socialists, inheritors of a revolutionary violence, of a passion for national liberation, of the outsider's alternative vision, proud bearers of a cultural legacy they can evoke to enrich their concerns and commitments, they stand between their parents, the refugees, and me, the Canadian, as a third way of being Ukrainian Canadian. Neither one nor the other. Some may *feel* more Canadian than others—in any case they feel not-exactly-Ukrainian—while others worry that by speaking English as much as they do they will be anglicized beyond the recall of the liberation struggle. Some had a period of adolescent rebellion when they went out drinking with the boys and said to hell with the League for the Liberation of Ukraine but they feel now they've re-entered the community on their own terms. Some are more tolerant than others of the Ukrainian culture evolved by four generations in the prairies. But they all distinguish themselves from my generation, we, the "clean-cut" Ukrainian Canadians, conformist graduates of Sunday school, uncritical digesters of garlic sausage and the values of the Jaycees, sentimentalizers of—it's all we've got—*baba* and the country wedding. Like their parents before them, they confront their Canadianized neighbours and find us lacking. "As someone who was raised in a paramilitary atmosphere," says one, "I feel stifled by all the interminable discussions about how to reach out to the unconscious members of the community. I just want to get on with it."

From The Same Village—A Globe Apart

Enter Plyushch. He is important, they say, because of his politics, a Marxist critique of totalitarian state capitalism. For this reason he is unpopular both among "official" Communists everywhere (the *News from Ukraine*, published in Kiev, claims that "Soviet society does not produce 'dissidents,' they are the product of bourgeois propaganda") and among the anti-Communist refugees, who view him as guilty of collusion with the Soviets because of his Marxism. He is important, they say, because he enriches the intellectual life of Ukrainians outside Ukraine and legitimizes, with his intelligence and reasonableness, the "Ukrainian question" which had been discredited by the excesses of the Cold War. He is "steeped in humanity," a lover of life, an example of the triumph of the human spirit over the forces of darkness.

And, of course, there is the blood-tie, the original meaning of the word "brother": the relation. "It seems most natural to me, because of my linguistic, historical, familial and spiritual connections with Ukraine, for me to get involved in the campaign to free Plyushch." One is, in the end, a patriot, a compatriot, not by analogy but by inevitability: "I have limited time. I had to choose among priorities. I chose Ukraine because, although stateless, I am a Ukrainian."

It keeps coming back to that, to the amazing palpability of Ukraine, the phantasmagoria that is Canada. What is it about this place that is so unreal? "We are the youth of the seventies," it was explained to me. "By the time of our political coming-of-age we looked all about us and saw nothing but ambivalence and passivity. Ukraine was where the action was." Ah, yes, the sixties, been and gone, by the time they'd heard of Plyushch.

So when they meet him they recognize the continuity they have with him, through their parents after all and not through the mortgaged Canadians. The parents had been there all along while we have come from and gone, unrecognizable, into quiescence. In Plyushch they identify the political ally: the concern about the degeneration of the revolution, the gaps in Marxism, the wrestling with ethics and morality, the humanizing of inter-personal relations. Freedom as self-consciousness and vision as the protest against necessity. The identification of the human being, proprietor of self: in spite of the drugs and the convulsions, the torn underwear exposing his genitals and the female guards watching him at the toilet, in spite of the KGB's message to his wife that if she stopped agitating for his release they would stop the drugs, in spite of the temptation to recant—"the task of the poet is to write poetry, not to sit in prison"—and the fears bordering on hysteria, the fear of torture, the fear of loss of contact with his family, the fear of simply never being free again, Plyushch resisted the moral death of capitulation and received the larger life of integrity as the comrade, the husband, the father, and the friend. The recognition of themselves as the fellow Ukrainians. They have, after all, come from the same village.

They are on the prairie now, near the farms of fellow immigrants who came out some eighty years ago. They are on the prairie now, with visions of insurgency among the sunflowers, the dillweed, the corn stalks, dancing in their heads. It was on just such acres that those other Ukrainians across the sea have risen and fallen in their rebel rows, pitchforks and rifles wielded against not only foreign invaders but also against those within who would feed the hunger of the people for justice with the tainted meat of a bogus revolution. And so, to keep the faith with them, it is no wonder the twenty-year olds take their chances not with my generation of politicians of gesture and existential dilemmas but with Leonid Plyushch, the man, convulsed and confused, friends dead before him, visions defiled, with whom the police could make no deals.

Dmytro Kozij

The Myth of Gyges, His Ring and Metamorphoses

I

Herodotus tells the following story: Candavles, the king of Lydia, very much loved his wife and considered her to be the most beautiful woman in the world. Not surprisingly, he would even praise her beauty before his bodyguard, Gyges. One time he told Gyges: "I suspect that you do not believe everything I say about the beauty of my wife. People are much more easily convinced by what they see, rather than what they hear. Therefore, you should see her naked." Gyges actually shrieked with astonishment and replied: "My lord, you are propounding a sinister idea, that I should see my lady—naked! When a woman unclothes herself she forfeits all right to respect. Customs established even long, long ago, demand to be upheld. They teach us that only a spouse may view a spouse. I believe that my lady is the most beautiful of all women in the world, but I ask of you: do not force me into disrespectful behaviour."

The king, however, insisted: "Don't worry, Gyges! Don't be afraid and do not think that I wish to test your loyalty or that of my wife. I know that she could bring great misfortune upon herself, but I will arrange things in such a manner that she will not discover you have seen her. By the door there is a stool on which she places her clothing, and that will give you a chance to look at her. But be careful, that she does not notice you when you are leaving."

And so Gyges agreed, having no other choice in the matter. It was time to go to sleep, and the king led Gyges to the bedchamber, where the queen soon appeared. She undressed, and Gyges looked at her. When she turned her back to him and made her way to the bed, Gyges stole out of the bedchamber. Nevertheless, she noticed him when he was leaving. Suspecting that her husband had concocted the affair, she did not cry out in embarrassment or even give any indication that she had noticed something. Still, she decided to seek revenge on Candavles. For the Lydians, like almost all barbarians, believe that it is improper to see someone naked, even a man.

For the time being she restrained herself and did not reveal her feelings. But when morning came she called on some of her servants, those whom she could confide in and count on for help in time of need. Then she sent for Gyges. He did not suppose that she knew anything and responded, as usual, to her call. When he was standing before her, she said: "Gyges, I am giving you a choice: either you kill Candavles and win my hand together with the crown of Lydia, or you will die, so that you never again see things that you should not look upon. For there is no other choice in the matter: either he must die for his deed, or you must die for seeing me naked and for contravening the law." Upon hearing this Gyges stood as if petrified, then began begging the queen not to force him into making such a difficult choice. When his pleas failed to move her, he decided to save his own life: "If you

are compelling me," said Gyges, "to kill my lord against my will, then so be it. Tell me where and how I am to lay hands upon him." To which she replied: "This must happen at the place where he let you see me naked, when he is asleep."

At night Gyges followed the queen into the bedchamber, where she gave him a sword: he killed the king and won the queen's hand along with the crown. Extremely annoyed, the Lydians took up arms. There began an internecine slaughter, which ended with an agreement: to take the issue to the Delphic oracle for a judgment. The oracle sanctioned the rule of Gyges.*

II

In the version of the myth told by Herodotus, there is missing a significant motive—namely, the magical ring. We learn of its role in the version of the myth used by Plato. We will relate its contents: Gyges served for the king of Lydia, taking care of the horse-herds that grazed in the steppe. One day, as he was in the steppe, a terrible storm began to rage; the waters overflowed and the earth opened up, forming a crevice at the very spot where Gyges stood. Curious, he descended into it. There he saw all sorts of wonderful things, in particular a copper horse with an opening in its side. Upon thoroughly examining the opening, he discovered a cadaver that seemed to be larger in size than a human. There was nothing on the corpse except for a gold ring on one hand. Gyges pulled off the ring and got out of the crevice. He went straight to the other shepherds, who had gathered to make their monthly report to the king. Taking a seat among them, he accidentally turned the ring around so that the stone rested in the palm of his hand—and became invisible. The shepherds thought that he had left. Astonished, Gyges turned the ring around again, and became visible. Having observed this, he tested the power of the ring several times, and each time the same thing happened.

After this discovery, he was soon able to enter the king's select circle. Not only that, he seduced the queen, conspired with her against the king, killed him and seized power.

Plato gives his own interpretation of the myth. Gyges is seen by him as a prototype of a tyrant, who is driven by an appetite for unlimited power and insatiable greed. He is always ready to make use of various methods of compulsion. He cannot tolerate in his country people who are noble, generous in spirit, wise or wealthy. That is why he destroys them like enemies, ultimately "purging" his land of them. He has his own sophisticated theorists, who justify his criminal behaviour. They conduct "value revaluations," especially revaluations of justice and injustice. They reject the current understanding of justice. In their opinion, anything that benefits the strong and the powerful is justified. A tyrant, if he is strong and powerful, may do whatever he feels is necessary to open up greater possibilities of living a full life for himself.

* Herodotus, *History I*.

Still, he must deal with the prevailing moral attitude of society, and therefore, he should mask himself and conceal from others his true nature. The ability to mask himself comes precisely from the wondrous ring.*

III

In modern times a characteristic reworking of the myth of Gyges' ring was provided by Friedrich Hebbel in the tragedy "Gyges and His Ring" (1853–4). The German playwright moved the initial action to Greece, more specifically to Thessaly. He related through Gyges a tale shrouded in a veil of romanticism, about how he was walking through a forest and was pursued by bandits. He managed to hide from them in a grave that he happened to come upon. There he saw a corpse, on the finger of which sparkled a ring. Gyges slipped the ring onto his finger and was convnced that he had become invisible, for the bandits passed by without seeing him, though they looked into the grave. In time he found himself in Lydia, where he won the friendship of King Candavles, to whom he gave the wondrous ring. As ill-luck would have it, he fell in love with Queen Rhodopis. Gyges could not conceal his love from the king, his noble friend. The king decided that they must part. Gyges then set out into the world. Upon learning of this, Rhodopis diverted him from his journey. She had, until then, been keeping a secret. She knew that one night Candavles led Gyges into her bedchamber. Gyges had been invisible, for the king had temporarily given him the ring, but somehow the ring got turned around and for a moment he became visible. Rhodopis recognized him, but kept silent. She decided to punish her husband. Having now called Gyges back to her from his journey, she presented him with a demand that he kill the king. Gyges was horrified, because he could not take up arms against his faithful friend. He was even more horrified when he heard from Rhodopis, that she would commit suicide if he did not take on his assigned task. But she promised to become his wife if he executed it. Gyges could not refuse her. Still, he was not the type to kill a friend perfidiously. He went to the king and revealed everything that Rhodopis had planned. Candavles loved his wife, and was ready to pay for the affront with his life. He could not, however, punish his friend. He engaged him in a duel, in which he died. Gyges then married Rhodopis at the altar of Hera. The law required that she cleanse herself of the shame which had burdened her since the night Gyges saw her naked. By becoming his wife, she purged herself of any shame. But she now expected nothing from life: she stabbed herself with a dagger that she had brought with her. And Gyges hurried off, to repel an enemy that had attacked the country.

But what about Gyges' ring? Candavles took it with him to the grave. The story of the ring, so to speak, terminates. But the playwright attempted to endow it with historical-sophistical substance. In the closing scene of the tragedy, Candavles was transported by the prophetic vision into the mythical age, in which Zeus rose up against his father Cronus, bound him in chains

* Plato, *The Republic*.

and hurled him down into Tartarus. He had the fatal ring on his finger, from Ge herself.

Thus, the fate of the world was linked with the ring. But the playwright did not answer the question: where was fate leading the world? He leaves us to confront a major riddle.

It must be acknowledged that the modern reincarnation of Gyges does not even remotely resemble Plato's tyrant. This is a humane ruler—a personification of the idea of humanism.

IV

In the arena of mythical history there appears the name of Immortal Koshchey. This name has nothing whatsoever to do with Greek antiquity. Perhaps the ancient Gyges would be ashamed before the monstrosity that emerged from the mythical land known to Herodotus by the name Archipelago, to which the chronicler Nestor, following Arabic sources, added the word Gulag.

The Gyges of antiquity assumes a human form, whereas Koshchey is inhuman, or as we read in the annals, "an evil being somewhere between an animal, a dragon and a monstrous human." He has a hundred eyes and a hundred ears. In his hands lies the fate of every person, from the cradle to their dying breath. Nothing anywhere can hide from his "all-seeing eyes" and "all-hearing ears." His code of morals does not recognize human individuality, but only human statistics; it does not recognize that a nation has its distinct ethos, but sees only a stupefied mass which has petrified in voiceless submission, bound by thousands of the monster's tentacles. Neither the individual nor the nation should have a soul. The ideal of Koshchey is a country where "all tongues are silent."

Koshchey's power is terrifying. He calls out in a thunderous voice: "Love me, or I will devour you alive. I give you life. I will twist your brain, so that you will see and understand only those things that I see and understand. For there is no god but Immortal Koshchey." His fiery breath blackens the green steppes of Blossoming Lands. He laughs, and shock-haired fellows who did not deign to call out with the blinded crowd—"Long live Immortal Koshchey, Father of Nations!"—convulse with hunger. He beckons with his finger, and long echelons of exiles roll: fathers who could not solve the riddle of blame and punishment; blackened mothers, mesmerized by their clouded-over vision through the shattered windows of the little white cottages in clouds of smoke; and adolescents who have brought upon themselves an unpardonable offence: ever insatiable, in their unwitting blindness they stole stalks from the barren stubble of Koshchey's fields, for which they must now undergo rehabilitation behind barbed wire, namely, they must be made savage and taught the real criminal craft. The echelons are directed to the Land of Hyperboreans, the land of arbitrary rule and compulsion, the land of "joyful toil."

And Koshchey rises on his buskins and holds forth from the chair of philosophy, for he is a philosophical genius, before whom Platos and Kants pale. His faithful disciples understand his teachings: they take people to

torture without trial. And he, with mellifluous words about "love for the people," masks his abhorrence of those who are noble, righteous and creative, whom he destroys as "enemies of the people" far more effectively than ancient Gyges ever did. Loftier spiritual values irritate his eyes. He pulls out, like so many weeds, the spiritual aristocraticism despised by him. His children are the children of hatred. He knows nothing about the voice of conscience. In his world, deceit and lies triumph. Day and night he is tormented by an inextinguishable thirst for revenge upon everyone and for everything—ignorant of the reason why, or the cause. He must mask his spiritual misery, he must trample on right and the law, making mockery of justice and the concept of responsibility before the law—and before God. For there is no God but Immortal Koshchey.

Is it true that Koshchey does not have Gyges' wondrous ring. All his power is hidden in the little finger of his left hand. That is where his wisdom is concealed, which depends upon teaching the "beloved people" to rejoice in never-ending terror and never-ending fear, and to recognize in compulsion the supreme wisdom of the leader, their well-being and their salvation: to see in the demon of evil, an angel of peace.

Only Koshchey understands the history of humankind, only he wisely directs the present, leading the way to "the land flowing with milk and honey."

Koshchey takes pride in his immortality. He has the ability to transform himself, appearing every time in a new form. But the time will come when the Headless Cossack will appear. He will drink the life-giving water from the bottomless well of the Kievan Crypt Monastery and Immortal Koshchey's secret, hidden in his little finger, will be revealed to him. The Headless Cossack will engage in a duel with Koshchey, and will bleed his little finger. Koshchey will disintegrate and his ashes will be scattered by the tempestuous steppe wind.

On that preordained day a feeling of self-worth will return to mankind, and Cossack Nations will regain their freedom and chivalrous morality.

That is how the story of Immortal Koshchey will end.

So it is written in the Book of Genesis.

In that book there is also a "Page about the Future for the Initiated Few," but it is written in the inscrutable script of the Chaldean magi.

Translated by Roman Brytan and Jars Balan

Janice Kulyk Keefer

Unseen, the Cuckoo Sings at Dawn

Who could ever have discovered even the simple truths about Pani Zozoolya: why she'd come to Toronto; how she'd learned her tipsy English; and where she disappeared to after her last performance? An actress, and what's more, a specialist in dramatic monologue, she treated every question as rhetorical.

Zozulia means "cuckoo bird" in Ukrainian and indeed, there was a true resemblance between the actress and that poetical bird—brash, and at the same time, melancholy; flagrantly irresponsible, yet charming; egotistic to within a shade of the ridiculous. "*Pani*" was a courtesy title: the Ukrainian for Mrs., it also suggests Lady, or Madame—someone belonging to the gentry, or to the more permissive aristocracy of the arts. Courtesy or not, the marital status of Pani Zozoolya became her drawing card in the community. The how and when and why of her, any history book could answer: she'd survived the Nazi occupation of Kiev, German forced labour camps, and ultimate translation from Old World to New on one of those postwar freighters in which dislocated Europeans were crammed thicker than poppy seeds into a strudel. But as to her lack or superfluity of wedding rings—there indeed was richer dough to knead.

Had she lost her husband when the Red Army blew up the Khreshchatyk, Kiev's grand avenue, whose offices, theatres and shops had been seized and then infested by the Nazis? Had he been one of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army, his brains blown by a German, or perhaps a Soviet bullet? Or, like many theatrical ladies, had she never cared to have domestic salt sprinkled on her tail? Perhaps she'd been married and divorced too many times ever to keep track of all the Yuris, Borises and Mstislavs who'd wooed her. Or had she only taken lovers? This, of all the explanations fluttering round the Gossips' tree, roosted most happily and may explain why the former leading lady of the Drama Ensemble at Kiev's Opera and Ballet Theatre came to be called by enemies and admirers alike, as just "Zozoolya."

Enemies she could not help but have, considering the nest she'd chosen. This was the Bathurst Street Cathedral, with its technicolour icon screen, its faked-marble columns (resembling warm spumoni ice-cream slithering down sagging cones), and, over the outside doors, its mosaic Christ whose spindly fingers always seemed more to be hailing cabs than giving blessings. The Cathedral had been built before the war, with money set aside by the first peasant immigrants, and tripled by their offspring—doctors, dentists, lawyers, entrepreneurs. Now it was being infiltrated by D.P.s with doctorates from vanished European universities: intelligentsia, self-styled, who lived off sausage-chain grants from the forty-three different Ukrainian governments-in-exile. These D.P.s, led by one Dr. Oleh, abetted by the likes of this Zozoolya, had gone so far as to accuse the original Cathedral builders of having trailed the standard of Ukrainian Art through the muck of hop-hop

folk dancing and take-away 'perogy' parlours.

To right this wrong, to whip the cream of Ukrainian culture, Dr. Oleh had conceived a Gala Spring Concert to be held in the cathedral catacomb—better known as the Basement Theatre. Yet, surely as a cat has fleas, so Dr. Oleh had his headaches—to him his protégés came howling at the lumpen-ness of their pupils, spoiled shameless by the soft, safe life they'd always known in Canada. Among the most hopeless of the students were eight teenaged girls, daughters of wealthy families whom not even Dr. Oleh cared to insult. Some small but well-lit place had to be found for them on the concert programme, but where? Pan Nikarchuk, the dancing-master, had washed his hands of them—conspicuously clumsy, even in the crowd-scenes, these girls had dancing slippers made of lead, not leather. Panna Sitchenko, the choir mistress, had despaired of them—not only were they loudly tone-deaf, but they mashed even the simplest lyrics into overboiled potato. Finally, Pani Lishtera, no D.P., but an old-style, prewar émigré whom Dr. Oleh hadn't yet managed to purge from his Cultural Committee, denounced the eight as sluts and traitors. Ukrainian—*mova ridna,* the beloved speech—they treated as so many old rags—*shmaty*—with which to wipe the floors of their filthy mouths.

As recitation coach, it was Lishtera's task to prod her pupils through verbal bogs of the most sentimentally patriotic passages from the national poets. Though she curled her scanty, rust-coloured hair, and dressed up for recitations in a tight black skirt with an embroidered blouse caging her fulsome breasts, she always looked like Nikita Khrushchev in ethnic drag. At least, reasoned the eight girls in the front row of the Basement Theatre, at least the new instructor of whom they'd already heard so many rumours, would be a visual improvement over the old. They reasoned fitfully, in the violent discomfort of their horsehair-padded chairs, for they knew the frantic whim on which Dr. Oleh had called them here. Through the magic art of Zozoolya, fallen like some ripe and wayward pear into his lap, the good doctor believed these overgrown ducks before him now could be transformed into eight elocutionary swans. Far from shaming his Cultural Committee, the girls would vindicate its whole philosophy by forming the *pièce de résistance* of the Spring Concert, now less than a month away.

As for the ducks, they scratched themselves and sighed with boredom sprung from nothing more than the accustomed dreariness of their surroundings. The splendours of the Cathedral décor did not extend to the Basement, with its plaster flaking like exaggerated dandruff; the patter of rats and cockroaches along the drooling pipes; the general, green gloom which made the theatre walls look like some long-neglected goldfish bowl. The girls would willingly have traded their front row seats for the higher depths, the exhaust-perfumed purlieus of Bathurst Street. The hospital, to whose emergency entrance dilapidated drunks would stagger, clutching both their chests and brown paper bags; the funeral parlour from whose back doors dropsical roses could be filched for mock wedding bouquets; the Cathedral steps, upon which women in stained cloth coats, with string bags full of

cigarettes and instant soup mix would sit and gossip—how could any rabbit jerked from Dr. Oleh's hat possibly upstage all this?

In threadbare tweeds, but succulent Ukrainian; smearing the lenses of his spectacles with an oily thumb, that very gentleman was now extolling his most recent protégé, stressing her magnanimity in accepting—for the sheer sake of challenge—his plea to "do something, *anything* with these girls." Yet now, having exhausted her praises, having called out her name and signalled applause from the front row; having thrust out stubby arms toward the shadowy wings, the conjurer began to gasp and flounder. No rabbit, and certainly no cuckoo bird appeared onstage. The girls began to titter; Dr. Oleh released his arms from their semi-crucified position, and clearing his throat, marched across the stage. He vanished to reappear after a pregnant moment with someone who knew perfectly well the waiting she was worth: the former toast of Kiev and a dozen other Eastern European capitals—the incomparable Zozoolya.

* * *

She wore a jet-black cloak whose crimson lining showed like wounds whenever she turned. On her feet were boots—not rubber, or sensible, serviceable, black leather, but dainty, pointy, scarlet dancing boots, the kind that make the lumpiest legs look long and fine and slender. Upon her hand, which she twirled into an entire dictionary of gestures, were rings flashy enough to sizzle the dank basement gloom. Around her neck were several strands of coral the colour of skin pursed pink by long, hot soaking in the tub. But it was her face which caught the girls as surely as a hook an eye: cheekbones slanty as teeter-totters, eyes dark and glittery as a bird's, lashes so clumped with mascara it made you think of heavy earth clinging to the roots of plants plucked up from a garden. When she smiled it was as if her lips and cheeks and black-pencilled brows were wings stretched out in some abandoned flight; when she spoke it was as if some glorious great bird were circling far above them, letting tumble unembarrassed cries of self-delight.

"Gerrrrrrls, ah, gerrls—so! These are my promised pyooo-pills," she sang out, in an English more exotic to their ears than even Hottentot could be. Holding out her arms to gather up the girls as if they'd been a gross of roses, she took graceful, gliding steps until she reached the very apron of the stage.

"I be making you into wahn-der-fol pair-formers—I be teaching you as I be never, never teach before." She drew herself up to her full height—no more than five feet five, but on that stage, and in the spotlight trained upon her, she seemed statuesque. Tossing her head, flinging out her arms, she cried, "People be come from miles to heeeer you: you! My doves, my diamonds, pyooo-pills of Zozoolya—."

Eight moth-pale faces veered to this electric light; eight pairs of eyes were drawn like beads upon a string. Kissing her fingertips to them, abandoning her hands to Dr. Oleh's lips, and clicking the heels of her adorable, extravagantly pointed dancing boots, she made the most accomplished exit that ever the Basement Theatre had been privileged to witness.

* * *

"Cuckoo bird—*zozulia* in Ukrainian, geerrls—make most byootifful sound to heer."

It was, reflected Vera, a flamboyant if not utterly deceitful way to start what could only be another stupid recitation class. Annie, short, thick and loud, objected that there were no cuckoo birds in Ontario, so what was the point? Doris, the oldest, bit her lip in shame at Annie's rudeness; Sonia, the leader of the eight, demanded to know just what hunk of patriotic baloney the girls were supposed to bite off and chew.

"Eeez not posss-i-bool you never, never hear the cuckoo sing?" Zozoolya went on blithely, dangling her short legs in their shiny boots over the stage. "Why, when I be your age, we go out into country, so errrly on April morning. We be taking boat onto reever, we be swim through mist until, along the shores, we heeer zozoolya. You be count how many times you heeer the cuckoo sing, and you be know how many yeeeers you have to live—"

"Oooh, I'd be scared," interrupted Mary.

"But that eeez—what you say, syuper-steeshun, no? But gerrrls, listen; I be telling you, even when war come, and everything be only ashes, ashes, still—cuckoo be cry in spring. You know, eeez so good to heer, you no be counting then how many times cuckoo be cry—you be so heppy for to be alive just then, to heeer such singing. . . . " She lifted a hand to her cheek, and Doris could have sworn she wiped tears away, though Steffie argued afterward her cheek was dry—it was all acting.

Perhaps Steffie was right, for, abruptly business-like, Zozoolya had fished from an overflowing handbag plans for the performance she had chosen. It was, she said, *poeziia*: an extract from the ancient *Tale of Ihor's Campaign*. So that her girls would understand the words they'd have to say and hear, Zozoolya sketched the story of the poem in her fretted English, and then read a translation of the passage they would recite. Thus it was that the dimmest pupils of the Ukrainian School heard how the great Ihor, prince of Kiev, waged, for honour and for glory, battle with barbarians; and how his wife, the young and lovely Yaroslavna mourned his defeat from her battlements, one misty April morning.

The girls had little enough to memorize—their role was to be attendants, largely deaf and dumb, to Zozoolya who would take on the exacting part of Yaroslavna. She would wear sumptuous robes and a golden tiara. As for the girls, they would appear in white and simple gowns—cut from old bedsheets which, assured Zozoolya, would suggest an unaffected purity and innocence: they would look like pear-blossoms in Spring.

Thus, for the next two weeks, the girls rehearsed on every other evening with Zozoolya—that is, they heard stories about Kiev, before the war: bouffant, glamorous tales with random uncurtainings of a sense, if not of tragedy, then of witless catastrophe impending. When too many questions were asked, too many answers pressed for, Zozoolya would jump up and, clapping her hands, race the girls through their three lines, then gesture

through her own. The performance was to go like this:

After Panna Sitchenko and her singers had quit the stage, the curtains would re-open onto Yaroslavna sitting melancholy but resplendent on her throne—fashioned from a wing-chair upholstered in tinfoil. Suddenly, she would rise, fly to the apron of the stage and, shading her eyes, peer into an imaginary distance. This was the handmaidens' cue to enter and begin their lines:

Unseen, the cuckoo sings at dawn:
So weeps Yaroslavna, on the battlements
Of old Putivl' city, saying—

Three times they would repeat these lines, in order that Yaroslavna could pledge to wash with tear-drenched sleeves the wounds of her beloved: that she might upbraid the wind for scattering Ihor's ships upon the waters; finally, that she might let her loosened sleeves fall back from raised, white arms, and cry out to the great river, Dnipro:

You cradled the long boats of Sviatoslav
Till they reached the armies of Kobiak;
Then cradle, O Lord, my beloved to me
That my tears may not drown the seas.

The first time Zozoolya had performed for them, the echo of Yaroslavna's lament had filled the Basement Theatre with a sigh so desolate and so delicious; so quiveringly intimate, that the girls had blushed from toe-tips to foreheads. Their hands had itched to clap and yet they hadn't dared, as if it would have been bad luck or an imposture to applaud a mere rehearsal of Zozoolya's art. Besides, they'd had their own performance to attend to. Their applause could wait for the very night of the concert, when, rushing forward to escort the gorgeously collapsed Yaroslavna from the stage, they'd hover in the wings to watch the radiant Zozoolya plunge into the thunder of a thousand pairs of hands, into the cloud of roses that would surely shower down on her as she had said they'd done in Kiev and Lviv, even in Moscow so many, so few years ago; before the defeat of other leaders, other legions.

* * *

"I dunno," whined Olga, struggling with her mothball-smelling, bedsheet gown. "I heard some pretty funny stories going round about Zozoolya."

"My father doesn't like the extra money he's had to pay out for my acting lessons—and for *her* costume . . ." muttered Annie.

"Everyone says she's just another stuck-up D.P., trying to take things over—" began Cathy.

"Even the D.P.'s don't really like her," pronounced Steffie. "You know she told Pan Nikarchuk that he knew no more about dancing than a plough-horse. Even Dr. Oleh's upset—she's been saying that some Russian—Checker, Checkup, Checkoff?—is a greater writer than Shevchenko."

"*I* heard," began Larissa, slyly, "*I* heard them say she had a baby without being married—back in Kiev."

"That's just one of Lishtera's lies," broke in Sonia. "You know very well she's been on the war-path ever since the Cathedral Steps."

That affair had become a legend in itself. Pani Lishtera, who'd become bitchier than ever with Zozoolya's arrival, had, on her way home one day from Saturday Ukrainian School, come across a crowd of string-bag shoppers sitting on the steps of the Cathedral. Lishtera detested non-Ukrainians in principle, and her fury had been doubled on this occasion by reason of colour as well as patriotic creed. "You devils, get your dirty black bums off those steps or I'll have the police out after you," she'd screamed in the same voice she used to bully her students into memorizing poetry. The shoppers, too weary to put up with any more burdens, even verbal ones, were in the act of lugging themselves off the steps when along had come Zozoolya, late for her drama class, but blowing conciliatory kisses to the rooftops with her smile. Hearing Lishtera, she'd stopped in front of the steps; flung out her arms as if to defend the black women from some massed attack, and, in resounding Ukrainian, had rebuked her rival.

"Is this not the House of God: is this not His Property?" she had declaimed, pointing to the mosaic over the Cathedral doors in what would have been a parody of the Christ's blessing, had not her gesture been incomparably more graceful and decisive than His. By now there was a considerable crowd around the church steps—the uncomprehending shoppers were hemmed in by students, teachers, parents, priests and random passers-by. Spreading out her cloak so that she resembled some crimson-winged avenging angel, Zozoolya strode forward, thrusting her bedizened face so close to Lishtera's that the very hairs on the latter's purplish mole, stuck like a wad of chewed-out gum upon her chin, were reported to have trembled.

"Did not our Father make us, black and white alike?" the actress had demanded. "Did He not banish from His temple only those, Pani Lishtera, black of heart—not black of skin?" And then Zozoolya had furled her cloak about her, as if fearing some contagion from Lishtera's presence. Without a glance at her audience, but with the concentrated brilliance of a flashlight scalding a dark alley, Zozoolya had sailed the few steps from the pavement to the inner doors of the Cathedral Hall.

Within hours everyone had heard the story, and had sided with Zozoolya—for the perfection, not of her views, but of her performance. No champion came forward for Lishtera, whose sheer brutishness had long made her feared and disliked by all. Zozoolya had done everyone a favour—let this be a lesson to Lishtera. Yet no one envied Zozoolya, or defended her against the rotten fruit of Lishtera's wrath: lies, rising like green gas from a marsh, and sharp-pronged digs into Zozoolya's fallow past. Lishtera had even convened an emergency meeting of the whole Cathedral Association that very night, and Zozoolya had been ordered to attend, after rehearsal. "I dunno," repeated Olga, "I just dunno."

Bedsheets twitched into place; shivering in the mushroom smelling air, the girls proceeded from the vestibule into the Basement Theatre. Their anticipation was all the more savoury for the rumours they'd exchanged; tonight was the dress-rehearsal—at last they'd see the princess Yaroslavna in her full regalia, so brilliant and so beautiful that even Lishtera's hatred could not dim or harm her. "Oh!" exclaimed Olga for them all, as they beheld the princess on her throne; "Oh, no——." For there on centre stage, in semi-darkness, was their instructress, tiara tangled in a flamy mop of artificial hair, and her embroidered robes looking like cast-off Christmas wrapping paper. She was slumped forward, her wrists crossed at her ankles, her head on her knees, as if she'd suddenly felt faint, or dizzy.

It was only when Steffie had come right up to the stage and called out, "You sick or something?" that Zozoolya raised her head at last. The glittery eyes blinked once, twice, then focussed on the girls. Annie, the fat fool, gave a shriek—there were red smears all over Zozoolya's face, though, as Cathy later pointed out, anyone with half a brain could tell it wasn't blood, just rouge. The girls waited for their teacher to say something; to explain or reassure—until Sonia, who could bear the awkwardness no longer, nudged them into their first line:

Unseen, the cuckoo sings at dawn?

Zozoolya stared at them, then pulled herself up into a sitting position. "Oh, yes—the gerrls," she trilled, a little thickly. Smiling at no one in particular, she heaved herself to her feet—not like the young and lovely Yaroslavna, but like some clothes-clogged Dowager. "So! my maidens," she began, holding her hands out, shakily. "We shall commence re-herrrsal?"

"If you please—madame—we will not begin anything." It was a man's voice, strained by either shame or fury. It was Dr. Oleh who had stepped forward from the wings, accompanied by another man—short, dark-haired, and dressed like a mechanic. Suddenly, every light in the Basement Theatre blazed up; the backdrop to the stage—whitewashed cottages, overweening sunflowers, and a bunion church dome—popped into focus. Zozoolya began to say something in Ukrainian, but Dr. Oleh cut her short. "We shall speak English, if you please, so that these girls will understand everything. Please to sit down, girls," he commanded, and the eight dropped into the front row seats like dumplings into a pot of boiling water.

Zozoolya had slumped back down upon her throne, and was bowing her head, as if to hide a grimace, or a smile—who knew?—as the two men moved toward her.

"Pan Struk," asked Dr. Oleh, putting his hands behind his back, and inclining his head in the actress' direction. "You will kindly tell us, will you not, the truth about this lady? Who, exactly, is she?"

Vera wriggled in her scratchy seat—she recognized the man now: Struk, another D.P., but a poet or playwright who'd been in some concentration camp, and who'd been shipped to Canada after the war at the expense of the Cathedral Cultural Association itself. But there'd been some scandal—he'd

refused to write patriotic poetry urging his compatriots to rise up against the Soviets. He'd refused, too, to make speeches about how the Communists were even more evil than the Nazis. And to cap it all, he had refused the job the Cathedral had found for him, and instead was working at some factory; taking night classes in English at the university, so that he could write like an *Angliik*—for the *Angliiky*. Vera whispered her news to the others, and they all strained forward in their seats to watch the stage—Struk, small, intensely thin, his arms hanging stiff at their sides as he looked down at the woman's drooping head—her crown askew, her artificial hair looking like a cross between a halo and a pincushion. When Struk spoke at last, it was in a voice neither accusatory, nor defiant, but just very, very tired.

"Olena Zozoolya was shot, along with many others, by the Nazis, at the beginning of the Occupation. There was, I remember, a Natalka, or Nastassia Zazoolka—a wardrobe mistress, who would stand in for players who didn't show up for rehearsals. She may have escaped with the rest of the maintenance people when the round-up began. I don't know. What does it matter who this woman is, as long as she does the work you wish of her; as long as she does not take the name of that woman who—is dead. Like everyone and everything else from those days—dead."

Before Dr. Oleh could reply, there came a bluster from the back of the theatre—Pani Lishtera was stomping up to take her full revenge.

"What did I keep telling you, Oleh—you *baniak,* you elephant's arsehole? A great actress? She? A painted whore, a shameless bitch. . . . " Puffing like a long-beached whale, Lishtera ascended the stage and aimed her meaty arms as if to pummel the paint and jewels from her rival. The girls sat with their mouths gaping, Mary sucking on the ends of her braids, Doris with brimming eyes. Why didn't Zozoolya say something, do something, make a sign to them so they could rush on stage to lead her away: Yaroslavna, the stricken princess. But Zozoolya, who had hidden her face in her hands, still made no reply as Lishtera called her names so vicious they drew Dr. Oleh from the wings where he'd been hiding ever since Pan Struk had disappeared.

"An actress—she? An actress? She's just a hot bitch looking for some bone to lick—"

"Calm yourself, Pani Lishtera—remember there are children here," began Dr. Oleh, dodging Lishtera's hammer fists and signalling to the girls that they should go, when suddenly Zozoolya uncovered her face; straightened her tiara and, in one long fluent movement, rose from her throne. She seemed to stand a full head taller than Lishtera; her crimson brocade, her ballooning sleeves with their burden of embroidery, made her seem some blooming, burning bush in the glare of the stage lights. Lishtera dropped her arms and her jaw—even Dr. Oleh stopped short on the balls of his small, plump feet. As for the girls, they teetered on the edge of their chairs, anticipating the dramatic fireworks, the superb and supersaturate contempt which they'd been hoping for ever since Dr. Oleh's interruption. They watched the actress flare and quiver as a paper does the instant of catching fire—flare, quiver, and then, sigh itself out. Hands clasped to her breast, her whole body lamb-like,

limp; her voice caressing as a mother's with a fretful child, Zozoolya stepped toward her rival.

"Poooor soul—poooor crrrray-zee lay-dee." Lishtera's mouth snapped shut: she looked frightened and expectant, as if she realized she'd just swallowed a wasp.

"Such terrr-ible things she have in her to say," went on Zozoolya, soft and sadly sensuous. "But she be sick lay-dee, Dr. Oleh: you must be forgiving her—such a frrenzy I am never seeing: poor demented lay-dee. She must go and rest, and recover to herself."

Lishtera began to splutter, and made the mistake of looking at Dr. Oleh. No friend of hers, he took advantage of the lull: "Yes: go, Pani Lishtera. You have done enough already—you will be wanted upstairs at the meeting." Screwing up her eyes until they looked like suckers lusting for a surface, Lishtera fixed on the girls in the front row. "You're as bad as she is—lies and paint, the pack of you. Take her, take her, then—you wanted her, you've got her—I'll have none of any of you."

When Lishtera had stomped through the EXIT doors, Dr. Oleh turned to Zozoolya, his hands on his hips, as if to show he would not be bulldozed by pathos, as Lishtera had been. But whatever he'd opened his mouth to say tripped over its own feet as Zozoolya interrupted:

"Dr. Oleh, my dearrr, Dr. Oleh—I be only changing my cost-yoom, and then I go. This you be telling them, upstairrrs, from me." Her voice was throbbing as a wood dove's; her body pliant, for all her heavy robes, as a willow by a stream. Dr. Oleh blushed purple, as if he were some village seducer shamed to repentance by the forgiveness of the wretched maiden he has fatally wronged. "Of course—" he stammered, "I will inform—if you require any—I will be honoured—quickly, quickly, dear madame—". With a bewildered, backward step he hurried into the wings, surrendering the theatre to Zozoolya.

Slowly, sagely, she walked to the edge of the stage. Like an abdicating Empress she lifted the tiara from her head—let it clatter to the floor, along with the fall of false hair—and then shook her own curls loose. Palms up, she held out her hands and then brought them together, as though pressing the hands of each girl, in turn. One by one she called their names.

"My gerrrls," she continued, her voice embracing just that one, front row. "My byooo-tifful gerrrls. You must be knowing two things. First thing: I be prrroud of you, and all I be teaching to you. So! Tomorrow night, we will not pair-form together. For this, and only this, I be so very much sorry. Gerrrls! here is second thing. There be worser things—so many things—than what I be doing. Maybee one day, you understand this, but—. Eeez not posss-ibol—those days—you be grab to any branch you can—"

She let her arms fall limply by her sides. Feet slightly apart, eyes fixed on the ground, she looked no longer the part of an Empress, or of Lishtera's milkily maternal rival; of the Princess Yaroslavna, or even the coy maiden who'd so cunningly disarmed poor Dr. Oleh. She stood before them now as some endearing, awkward child, summoned before her elders to take some

undeserved punishment. Slowly, she raised her eyes to theirs and whispered, "Good-bye, dear gerrrls. Remember cuckoo bird singing, singing, even when you no be seeing her. . . . " The girls stared down at their laps, tears big as quarters in their eyes, but whether more of sorrow or of vexed astonishment, they could not tell. If this woman was not Zozoolya, then which of the many roles she'd performed so perfectly for them could she be? Was everything she'd said and done just acting—and, if so, did that make it any less the truth—or more? Looking back up to the place where the actress stood, as if to net some answer, however flighty, they saw empty air—their bird had flown.

All eight rose in one panicky rush, as if ready to leap on stage and pull Zozoolya back. Yet all they could do was stand and wait, in silence that pinched like an outgrown shoe, until Sonia suddenly lifted her hands, and began to clap. Vera joined in, and then Mary, Olga, Doris; Cathy and Larissa—even Annie. Chapping, bruising their palms, they clapped and clapped until the tinny chandelier seemed to be swaying in time to their hands, and the empty tiers at the back of the theatre seemed full of ghosts to echo them. Until Dr. Oleh, embarrassed and alone, with nothing left to conjure from the wings, jerked at the strings of the faded curtain, and sharply, slowly, painfully, allowed the stage to vanish.

Svitlana Kuzmenko

Roman Tomatoes

My neighbours to the right are an older, married couple. Around their little cottage is a pedantically manicured lawn, framed by flower-beds that spill over with colours from early spring to late autumn. In front of the house, two Japanese cherry trees invite passers-by to pause and delight in their beauty. Mr. and Mrs. Brown are not only childless, but seem to be virtually without family, living completely isolated, indeed insular, lives. Other than the fact that they are greatly enamoured with their lawn and flowers, to which they devote a great deal of time, none of the neighbours knows anything about them. They are always friendly and smiling, and our encounters never take place without an exchange about the nature of the weather and inquiries about "how's it going," to which we invariably have several ready-made and familiar, mostly optimistic replies. And then we go our separate ways. I am assured that such neighbours are truly a blessing, almost akin to winning a substantial sum of money on one's lottery ticket. This is a sentiment that I share. Nonetheless, a short time after I settled here, my heart leaned in the direction of my neighbours to the left.

It all started from apparent curiosity. From the very first day it appeared to me that somehow everything which took place among my neighbours to the

left, happened in a uniquely individual way. In that yard, life always seemed to flow at full tilt, as if it could not be contained within the walls of the house where the people lived. This building belongs to a prolific, patriarchal family with the name Caruso, which, during the time of my acquaintance, was comprised of four generations. The representatives of the third generation—a brother and a sister—were brought over from Italy when they were still little children, while the single representative of the fourth generation at that time existed in the form of a dark-eyed, swarthy and very active three-year old boy, Angelo.

The Caruso home was almost always in some state of renovation and improvement, accompanied by the most active participation of all the clan members. On Sundays the Carusos, dressed in holiday outfits, attended church as one family. They also went visiting *en masse*. When the family left home dressed in their holiday best on Saturdays, it meant that they were calling on their relatives or friends to celebrate some important occasion in their lives, such as weddings, christenings, birthdays, etcetera. As usual, there were also funerals. And when they left the house dressed somewhat more poorly than in their Sunday best, but better than in their daily attire—then we could be reasonably sure that they were heading out to make some minor purchases, such as buying a sweater for grandma, a dress for mama, or gloves for Angelo—because for larger purchases it was necessary to first hold a conference of other relatives and friends.

The Carusos would all work together around the house: the men would do the traditionally masculine jobs, while the women did the traditionally feminine ones. During the construction of the garage the three-year old, Angelo, hammered away at his board with no less enthusiasm than the father hammered at his, which was held in place by the grandfather, under the watchful eye of the great-grandfather, who walked among them leaning on his cane. From time to time the female portion of the Caruso clan would emerge from the house with drinks for the men, and after chatting and planting several kisses on Angelo, would summarily disappear. Even unpleasant events would transpire at the Carusos' with a hint of the extraordinary. For instance, suddenly the pounding of the hammers was interrupted by Angelo's frenzied scream, violent at first, but diminishing gradually into a self-pitying wail. Instead of pounding the board, Angelo had hit his foot with the hammer. Almost instantly his mother came running from the house, and shouting "Mama Mia!," took the boy into her arms, pressing him to her bosom and crying aloud. When the men had managed to calm her somewhat, seating the two of them on the porch, the mother continued kissing and blowing on the boy's foot, cooing comforting and cheery things amid the fretting faces and "ohs" and "aahs" of the entire family, thereby soothing the little boy. And thus, having been kissed from head to toe, he was soon pounding away on his board with a large hammer as if nothing had happened.

When Angelo's seventeen-year-old Aunt Maria was married, the Carusos solved their living-space problem by convincing their neighbour to sell them

her house. They then immediately joined the two houses together by means of a long common verandah, and by tearing down the fence that had divided the two yards.

One Saturday, in the spring, the family stood around grandpa as he was digging something in the middle of the yard. When they had dispersed I noticed that a small tree had been planted at that spot. It seemed to be an ordinary thing. It is not unusual for people to do some planting, especially in the spring. Then it was revealed, as might have been expected from the Carusos, that this was no ordinary tree. When on the following day I met with Angelo's mother and asked her about it, she informed me that this tree was grown from a fig tree seed that grew in her husband's parents' yard. The father-in-law had succeeded in bringing back a small sprig on his last trip to Italy.

"But will the fig-tree grow here?" I asked incredulously. "It will never survive our Canadian winter!"

"Father said he will take good care of it, bundling it for the winter. They say that here you can even buy an electric heater that keeps the tree warm during the winter. He wants so much for it to grow!"

"But when will it establish itself—grow big enough?" I began to say, but seeing in her eyes so much longing and faith, I said nothing more to her. And in a very short time I, too, became caught up in the fate of the tree and watching with interest how the old man, every autumn, would wrap the tree with various quilts and burlaps, having first bent it over and blanketed it with dry leaves; capping off this procedure to protect the tree from the frost, he would place a crate over it of hammered-together boards, which he then covered with plastic. In the spring all of this would be removed, the tree straightening itself and growing green.

When they planted the tree Angelo was only eleven years' old and it barely reached his waist. In nearly ten years' time the sapling had become a full-sized tree, greatly outstripping Angelo in height, and for several years the Caruso family had relished its sweet, fragrant fruit. It could not be bent over to the ground anymore. In the fall, with the first chilly weather, it would again be painstakingly wrapped with various coverings, a wooden structure then being built over it, beneath which ran cords to the house connecting an electric heater that warmed the tree during frosts. It had become, so to speak, a member of the Caruso family, to which, from the time of my acquaintance with them, four of Angelo's brothers had been added, along with two sisters and five cousins—the children of Aunt Maria.

It was a sunny, spring day. The previous week the Carusos had unwrapped their tree. I glanced through the window from which the tree could be seen, and almost fainted from the shock. The elderly Caruso was chopping down the fig tree. He was alone. I realized that the tree must have frozen during the winter.

In the evening I dropped in on the Carusos to see Angelo's newly-born brother. Caressing the infant, who lay in his cradle decked out in light blue material with fancy tassels, we sat drinking home-made wine and sampling

the baking, discussing the two-week-old Mario, enjoying his antics, and speculating about who he resembled most in the family. I noticed, as on serious occasions, the Carusos were sad, and attributed this to the loss of the fig tree.

"I am very sorry," I said, "that your tree died. I feel as if I myself have experienced some sort of loss."

"We always expected this demise," said Angelo's mother. "Perhaps we were hoping for a miracle... especially for our grandfather's sake, while he was alive," she sighed. "But now in its place we wil plant something more durable, that will remind our parents of their native land."

"Your father is very worried," I observed, noticing how uncharacteristically quiet the elder Caruso was, sitting lost in his thoughts.

"We are *all* worried," replied Angelo's mother. "Today Angelo announced that he is leaving us. He is going to live in his own apartment."

"It's hard to believe that time has passed by so quickly! Angelo has grown into a handsome young man."

Angelo's mother lifted the corner of her apron to her eyes.

"Don't worry! He will still come to visit you,"—I wanted to cheer her up somehow, although strictly speaking, there was not much need for it, because I knew that Angelo had already been working for two years in the office of a goods importing firm where, only recently, he received a promotion and was satisfied with his work.

Angelo's grandfather stirred from his day-dreaming and slowly, in his broken English, exclaimed: "Ai-ai-ai, Angelo said: this is my life and I am going to live it the way I please. This is your Canada... that's Canada for you... I kept saying."

The women began wiping their tears. I rummaged for my hankie.

That summer the Caruso yard reddened with tiny Italian tomatoes. Alongside them stood a barbecue—a gift from Angelo to his mother on Mother's Day. Whenever Angelo visited on sunny days, he would take upon himself the preparation of supper, and the aroma of roasted meat would long tickle the noses of the neighbours both near and far.

Having noticed that Angelo spent most evenings around the house, I concluded that he had returned home to live and I welcomed him on his homecoming.

"Oh no!" he answered, in surprise. "I am leading an independent life. I have a nice apartment and a good job. What made you think so?"

"Simply because I see so much of you around here," I replied.

"Oh, *that*!" his boyish eyes twinkled with the radiant Caruso charm. "I don't know how to explain that to you. We, Italians, suffer from a probably incurable disease of kinship... and I feel that I am no exception."

"How interesting—what is the reason for it?"

"Hmmm..." the boy smiled. "I have never given it any thought."

"Could it be an expression of love, in one of its many aspects?"

"Anything is possible... there are various sicknesses," replied Angelo. "One must give some thought to this. But now I must rush off and cook some

steaks on the barbecue that I gave to my mother. Come over and I will treat you, too. Besides, my mother said that many tiny Roman tomatoes, of which you are so fond, have now fully ripened. . . . "

Translated by Jars Balan and Walter Barabash

"Every day"

Every day
        I write a letter to you
In my thoughts:
                about all that has happened at home.
Only I never
        mail the letters to you,
Because your address
                is unknown.

But wherever you may be—
                        you are still among us.
And without the letters
                        see and know all,
Just as those
        who have gone beyond time,
To that place that waits
                        for us all.

Every day
        I write a letter to you:
As always . . .
        about all that has happened at home.
Only I never
        mail the letter to you,
Because
    your address is unknown.

Translated by Jars Balan

Son . . .

Son—says the mother—
Don't leave home.
At home the food is tasty,
At home your bed is warm.

And if you leave the house—
Don't leave the yard.
Your father and mother
Will protect you from harm.

And when you leave the yard—
Don't go far.
To get along in life
Isn't easy without parents.

Mother—the son tells her—
I will go from home.
My young wings
Are eager to fly.

And when I leave the house—
I will leave the yard.
I am enticed, mother,
By the blue expanses.

And when I set out from the yard—
I will go far.
Youth, mother,
Doesn't believe in danger.

Translated by Jars Balan

The Emigrant

A man walks the dividing line between two roads.
Between two different worlds he disconcertedly goes.
In one—there echoes the call of his homeland.
In the other—he hears the cry of his children.

Who, now, remains whole,
When dual worlds already exist within?
A man carries on the line between two roads:
Two strengths, two hopes, two crosses.

Translated by Jars Balan

Spring

When the world puts on a new dress;
When a soft, silky touch
Can be felt in the wind;
When mornings bathe in the songs
Of bird cries;
When youthful words stammeringly
Embrace the loftiest dreams.
When there exist such longings . . .
It's spring:

When the orchard dresses up in flowers;
When people, in the sun's sweetness,
Are like children with their mother;
When everything on earth is filling up with vigour;
When the apple tree's white branches
Reach out to meet the future.
When everything on earth is growing younger...

It's spring.

Translated by Jars Balan

Myron Levytsky

Portrait of Aurora d'Anville

This morning, as every morning, Madeleine, bearing breakfast on a tray, knocked on the door to Claudio's room.

"Come in!" called a voice from inside the room.

Besides the breakfast, there were several flowers on the tray, which Madeleine added to those in a little jug, removing the wilted ones. Often at such moments Claudio would take her hands in his, to display his pseudo-romantic interest in her. Madeleine never resisted. On the contrary, it seemed as if the flowers and the breakfast were a strategic manoeuvre on her part.

On this particular morning Claudio was standing by the window, and did not even turn when the girl entered the room. For Madeleine, such behaviour on the part of Claudio was unbelievably rude; surely, he could at least have said, "Thank you." But she did not say a single word; she put the breakfast on the table and unhesitatingly swept the wilted flowers to the floor, then left the room, closing the door somewhat more loudly than usual behind her.

The day stretched uneventfully into evening, there were no conversations between them, nor did they take their usual walk to look for new subjects to paint. In the early evening, Claudio left the house and went down to the *auberge*.

He was finishing his last glass, the wine sparkling ruby-red. Claudio's fingers caressed the glass gently, as if they were tickling the chin of a lover. On the table—a vase of astrids, the last astrids of the season. They were as red as the wine, and tartly fragrant. The *auberge* was dark, and beyond the window the amber of autumn was colouring the ancient trees in the d'Anville park.

The owner of the *auberge*, Madeleine's father, a fat, short-legged man named Pierre Debois, leaned against the counter and moved his meaty lips as if he were saying something. He was a talkative man and could not endure long silences.

"It will rain, monsieur," he began.

Claudio stared into the clouds that bore sluggishly down on the yellow and violet contours of the castle d'Anville.

"It will rain, monsieur," repeated the proprietor.

"Maybe so."

"You won't be going out anywhere tonight?"

"I'm going to the castle."

Pierre laughed uproariously, his belly jiggling.

"The castle! You want to go to the castle? You are joking, monsieur. The castle is beautiful, but only from a distance. Besides, you can't get in because the keys are in a museum. Though really, why shouldn't you go and have a look! Maybe the castle is lovely, perhaps very lovely, I don't know. And it has such a history! I'd be happy to relate it to you."

"No thanks, Pierre, perhaps tomorrow." Claudio did not want to listen to the talkative Debois' boring stories. "Tomorrow—alright?"

Pierre's observations had not conjured up any sensations in Claudio. The effect Pierre anticipated from his words had been lost in the dark corners of the shabby little *auberge*.

"Here, monsieur Pierre, for your exquisite Bordeaux. I must hurry."

"But monsieur!"

"Goodbye, Pierre."

Claudio left the bewildered Debois and set out briskly for the castle.

He was thinking about an ancestor of his, a captain in the army of Mazepa, who migrated with the retinue of young Orlyk to hospitable France after the battle of Poltava in 1709. In his family archives were preserved accounts about the sojourn of the Tursky family in France. These were ancient yellowed papers—letters bearing the signatures of the French nobility of those times. Of special interest were the smaller letters, covered in delicate script and signed by Aurora d'Anville to Claudio's great-grandfather; they were bursting with affection and tied with a light-blue ribbon. Neither of his grandfathers, who returned from France to their homeland, knew how to explain the meaning of those letters in the life of Claudio's ancestor. It was as if they were part of an inconsequential novel that he undoubtedly intended to complete.

But Claudio thought otherwise. He believed that these yellowed letters concealed some important event in the life of his ancestor, for why hadn't other letters of affection survived, but only these, tied in the light-blue ribbon? Whenever he reflected on it, he would invariably reach into the inside pocket of his jacket to caress the letters with the tips of his fingers.

Branches crackled under his feet as he walked. The road wound up a hill, climbing higher and higher. Overgrown with weeds and covered with stones, it resembled a forgotten mountain trail. The long branches of ancient trees grasped after Claudio like spindly octopus tentacles.

Claudio stopped momentarily. The wind blew, rustling the yellowed leaves. The densely bowered oaks, which seemed to be propped up with stilts, murmured a chorus of their beggarly evensong prayer.

There fell on Claudio's forehead the first drops of rain. The drops began to fall harder and they moistened his dry lips. Claudio quickened his pace. Suddenly he heard a soft laugh. No, it was the rustling of the trees that was so similar to the muffled laughter. The strange murmuring of the d'Anville park. It seemed as if the laughter-like rustling was becoming faintly conversational. Claudio's fantasy was assuming ever-greater proportions. Now it seemed to him that he could catch not only mutterings, but complete words, and he was even tempted to reply. Then, the castle appeared before him. Claudio approached the parapets. This rough stone was well-known to him. He stroked it and continued walking slowly. He happened to come upon a door and, incredibly, it was open. He went up one set of stairs, then down another. Soon he could see a large hall, a stone staircase and flickering girandoles. He mounted the stairs and for some reason began counting: one, two, three, four....

From above, there rang out a hissing voice:

"Monsieur Claudio Tursky?"

Claudio halted, and saw a little man with a waxy face, dressed in a masquerade costume with a candle in his hand.

"You know me?" asked Claudio incredulously.

"Oui, monsieur," the little man courteously bowed. "The Marquis Honore d'Anville awaits you in the drawing-room. Permit me, esteemed master, to show you the way."

"Could this be a dream?" Claudio wondered. But no, he still had his painter's easel in his hand, and in his mouth there lingered the taste of Pierre's wine. From his pocket the latest issues of Parisian newspapers protruded. They were dated 30 October 1948. No, this was no dream.

Claudio ascended the stairs behind the soundless footsteps of the waxy little man. Through one set of doors, then another, and finally into a spacious hall. Seated around a table in it were people who appeared to be dressed in costumes from the rococo era.

"Monsieur Claudio Tursky, painter from the Cossack Nation," announced the little man.

Claudio couldn't help smiling. "Fool," he thought, "what kind of Cossack Nation? May the devil take him!"

On the far side of the table there rose the elegant figure of a little old man in a snow-white wig and azure coat.

"Welcome, master painter!"

Claudio could feel the eyes of the assembled guests upon him. Some looked surprised, others, simply friendly. Pale, colourless faces, well-preserved behind the walls of the castle.

"Welcome, master painter," the little old man repeated.

He raised a gold-rimmed glass, then all the guests raised their glasses, too. The waxy little man gave a glass to Claudio. The scent of the wine tickled his nostrils. This was not Monsieur Pierre's wine. Claudio drank it down, and out of habit, smacked his lips.

"This little man must be the Marquis d'Anville," he thought.

"Yes, master, I am the Marquis d'Anville."

All of his thoughts could be read by the strange marquis.

"Madame Marquessa Henrietta d'Anville, my wife. My daughter, Aurora. And these are my honoured guests." The marquis introduced all of them by name.

Each marquis, count and noble guest of the Marquis d'Anville nodded when introduced. Claudio in response nodded his rain-soaked and dishevelled head.

"Please," said the marquis, motioning Claudio to a chair beside him.

It was a feast. A delightful feast. With the choicest dishes and wines.

The marquis caressed his long, pale fingers.

Opposite him sat Aurora, with her large, dark eyes. "Her pale face is the colour of an unripe apple . . . "—it reminded Claudio of the painter Boucher.

And the wine was tasty.

He looked at Aurora. He didn't hear either the stories of the marquis or the melodious voice of de Covignac, who was seated next to him. Aurora smiled at him.

He could sense that someone was looking at him intently. It was Monsieur de Menier—a man with a grey, expressionless face and frog-like eyes. Around his neck snaked a crimson rope-burn. Monsieur de Menier uneasily covered this mark with his collar.

"He's disgusting," thought Claudio and turned away. He glanced at Madame de Menier. She smiled, parting her pale-violet lips.

"Have you, master, been in Paris a long time?"

"Already a year, marquessa."

"Really, only a year?"

Somebody laughed raucously. It was Monsieur de la Brière. Aurora raised her glass.

"To your future, Monsieur Tursky!"

It was the first time he had heard her velvet voice.

"Mademoiselle, allow me to drink to your eyes!"

"Why only my eyes, monsieur, would it not be better to drink to my entire head?"

"To the head? Yes, to your head," nonchalantly repeated Claudio after Aurora.

Monsieur de la Brière laughed again. He raised his glass.

"And to yours, Monsieur Tursky."

Claudio wanted to reply to him, but the marquis interrupted.

"We always drink to one another's heads, master—perhaps you find this strange?"

Someone called out, "Red wine for the master Tursky!"

Waxy little men darted about and refilled the gilded glasses.

"The devil take me!" thought Claudio, "I will never figure this out." He glanced at the marquis, who gave him a friendly smile.

"Don't worry, master, don't worry—you will come to understand!"

Claudio looked into Aurora's dark eyes.

Outside, a frightful wind was blowing. The raindrops ran down the windowpanes in crooked rivulets.

"Monsieur Debois was right when he said it was going to rain," said the marquis.

"Indeed."

Claudio was no longer surprised that everything was known to him. He looked around at the guests. They were chuckling quietly.

"Perhaps they are crazy," he thought.

Another glass of dark, red wine. Claudio was feeling tired.

There softly wafted into his ears the metallic tinkle of a harpsichord. Claudio could not tell if it was a gavotte or a minuet. The party was coming to an end. The marquis stood up, as did the guests.

"It is time for you to rest, master painter!"

Aurora extended her hand to Claudio, resting it in his fingers. "I will show you the way."

The waxy little men opened door after door, and they walked through one large room after another. One room was rose-coloured; another pale blue; a third, lemon-yellow—all in subtle shades, and fitted with elegant furnishings that even matched the colours of the walls. Although it was dusk outside and there were no girandolles in the rooms, they were bright inside, almost painfully bright.

"How long are we going to keep walking through these rooms?" wondered Claudio.

"Oh, a long while, Claudio," said Aurora in answer to his thoughts. Claudio looked at her incredulously. Could he have spoken without realizing it?

"No, Claudio, I don't need words—thoughts are enough." She stopped and turned to face him.

They stood in silence for a moment, and then Aurora's delicate head drew closer to Claudio as she brushed his lips.

It was not a kiss. She had gently grazed her lips against Claudio's, and he stood motionless, his hands seemingly clasping Aurora's delicate shoulders, which protruded out of her low-cut dress. Claudio gazed into Aurora's face; at her large eyes and shapely lips, which were formed in an almost imperceptible smile. The enchanting beauty of Aurora unnerved him and his excitement mounted to a climax. The switch from "monsieur" to "Claudio" came as no surprise to him.

They continued walking through various rooms until again they approached the sound of a harpsichord and clamorous voices.

The waxy little men opened a set of doors, and Aurora and Claudio entered into a hall where there bustled the guests of the Marquis d'Anville.

"I see you do not wish to rest," said the marquis, turning to Claudio.

Indeed, after the touch of Aurora's lips, his fatigue had somehow vanished. Claudio wanted to say something in reply, but the marquis continued.

"Men are physically stronger, but women have much greater endurance."

Claudio was silent. There was no need to speak if Aurora and the marquis could read his thoughts. He could only feel an ineffable thirst, and it seemed to him that his tongue was like a parched lip.

"A little wine for master Tursky," said the marquis. He raised his hand slightly and there instantly appeared a waxy little man with glasses of red wine. It was then that Claudio suddenly preferred white.

"We drink only red, master."

The bewigged heads of the women resembled pastry twists piled high with whipping cream, thought Claudio. He did not want to join in the party, but wished to be alone with Aurora. She again placed her palm in his hand and led him to a room where the gay clamour of the guests could not be heard. His easel and paint box were in the room.

"It will be quiet here," said Aurora, and he easily clasped her in a gentle embrace.

* * *

The next morning, Madeleine began to feel anxious about Claudio's absence. Her anger had evaporated into thin air, displaced by growing concern. Maybe something had happened to him, she fretted. She searched the entire d'Anville park, all of the nooks and crannies where she might find some sign of him, but discovered not a single trace. Perhaps he had lost interest in her and gone somewhere else. She realized that his feelings for her would not last forever, and knew that he wasn't planning a long-term relationship, but she truly loved him and his presence brought her joy. She felt sad because of her love for him. Never again would she bring him either breakfast or flowers, and never again would he take her in his arms, or would she feel his gentle caresses, which reassured her of his fidelity. Some sort of malicious hand had thrown a curtain over her and enveloped her in a heavy mantle of sadness.

Three weeks had passed since Claudio had forsaken her. Sometimes she scoured the castle and the path up to it, because that was where his track led when she last saw him.

Today she again found herself beneath the castle windows and she peered at the stony walls. There were moments when she thought she saw him in a window. But no, it was probably only her imagination. And what was this?! She again saw him in the window. Her face lit up more brightly than the stars. Her hands began to tremble.

"It's him, it's really him!" she almost shrieked, and immediately ran to her father.

"It's him! It's him!" she cried to her father.

"It's who?"

"Him! Claudio! In the castle! I saw him in a window!"

Pierre tried to calm Madeleine down, and to convince her that it was just her imagination, but Madeleine would not desist.

"Phone Paris, to Claudio's brother!"

"That's expensive!"

"Then send a telegram!"

"That's equally dear, if not more expensive!"

But Madeleine could no longer be convinced otherwise. She dashed out into the street and ran to the post office.

Pierre stood dumbfounded for a moment, then walked over to the door and looked toward the castle. He could see no one in any of the windows.

Claudio's brother Orest arrived at noon the following day. Madeleine waited for him at the station. She stood by the exit holding a large cardboard sign that had "Monsieur Tursky" written on it.

"You must be Mademoiselle Madeleine. I'm Orest Tursky."

She disconcertedly embraced him and burst into tears.

"What happened?" asked Orest.

On the way to the *auberge*, Madeleine related the entire story of Claudio's disappearance to him, also explaining that she had seen him at the window of the castle the day before. Orest did not really believe her account, but she was becoming increasingly upset and he decided that it was necessary to satisfy her wishes and go to the castle.

At the *auberge*, Pierre was merely wringing his hands.

"Let me tell you about the castle," he whispered furtively to Orest. "The situation is this. . . . "

Debois had finally found a willing listener. Madeleine stood impatiently by the door and determinedly gazed at the windows of the castle.

"Monsieur," began Pierre, "nobody lives in that castle, all of its doors are locked, and there is no way your brother could have gotten in there."

"You know what girls are like," he said gesturing toward Madeleine as if he were passing a plate, "and perhaps she liked your brother, but what of that? He was here, he left, and that's that. And so she missed him. I'm telling you, nobody lives in that castle—that's what all the town histories say and every tourist guide will tell you the same thing. The castle belonged to the d'Anville family, and they were all guillotined during the revolution like all zealous royalists. Now, no one goes near the castle because people say that you can hear some kind of voices around it. But if you ask any of the locals—no one will admit to actually having heard them. Indeed, nobody's in a hurry to be convinced otherwise, either. Because the voices can only be heard at night. And who's stupid enough to go up there at night to listen to some kind of voices?"

"Let's go, monsieur!" said Madeleine, turning impatiently to Orest.

"Well, alright, let's go."

They followed the same rocky path that Claudio had taken. They reached the main entrance of the castle but discovered, as Pierre had predicted, that

the doors were locked. They walked around the entire castle, trying all the doors and even the windows. Orest threw up his hands in a gesture of peevishness. He was becoming increasingly convinced that Madeleine was hysterically imagining the whole thing. He was all ready to go, and only the serious expression on Madeleine's face restrained him. Madeleine, momentarily standing motionless as if possessed, slowly raised her finger.

"Can you hear it?"

"I don't hear a thing."

"Listen carefully. You can hear the wind rattling a window."

And indeed, he could hear a barely audible, regular sound like the ticking of a clock. Quietly, so as not to hush the sound, Madeleine almost noiselessly approached the spot from where the ticking was originating.

She pressed each cellar window and finally one gave way to her nudging. Her face brightened.

"Here. This is where Claudio entered."

And sure enough, having easily opened the window, they could see handprints in the thick layer of dust on the parapet inside. Madeleine turned triumphantly to Orest and said gently, "You see, monsieur, to know the truth you must first have faith in it."

They carefully lowered themselves through the window, then went down a musty corridor until they came to a set of heavy steel doors, which were open, and beyond which the hallway brightened. A few more stairs, another set of open doors, and beyond them a short but wider corridor that led to the main hall.

"He was on a higher floor," said Madeleine, and only then did they notice, on some dusty stairs, human footprints. Madeleine almost ran up the staircase and Orest hurried after her. She could remember which window it was, and turned into the gallery on the right to get to the front rooms. The interior doors of the palace were open. Having run through several empty rooms, she suddenly stopped at a third set of doors. Orest stepped in ahead of her.

Near the window stood an easel, by a box of scattered paints, beside which Claudio lay sprawled. Orest quickly ran up to Claudio, bent over him, and raised his head. Claudio's pale visage brightened with the faint trace of a smile on his fevered lips. Orest felt for a pulse.

Madeleine still remained by the door, not having moved a single step. Orest turned his head slowly in her direction. He didn't say a word, but Madeleine did not need an explanation; she could sense that Claudio was no longer among the living.

Orest looked at the easel. On it rested a portrait of a woman in a white wig, from rococo times.

"Could it be a Fragonard?" he wondered. "But it's still wet!"

On the other side of the canvas, on the matting, Orest could discern an inscription in Claudio's handwriting: "Portrait of Aurora d'Anville, 1788."

Translated by Jars Balan and Borys Hrybinsky Jr.

Wasyl Sofroniw Levytsky

Klikusha

It was a warm and peaceful evening in August 1915. Four long columns of German infantry were marching rapidly along a wide and dusty road in Volyn. The reserve battalion, led by Captain Burghardt, was trying to catch up with the front line of its forward unit, which in pursuing the fleeing Russian troops had lost contact with the rear. The military task of the German and Austrian armies in this sector was to pursue and harass the enemy relentlessly so as to prevent him from evacuating the territory. But the Russian retreat continued to press eastward, like an implacable, wind-driven prairie fire. It swept over every living thing in its path, leaving for the victors only the barren and uninhabited villages, the traces of burnt stooks, and the sun-bleached dust on the roadways, which in an instant, after a sudden downpour, became an impassable quagmire.

The conquerors were entering into a bewitched and lifeless wasteland. They were greeted by the deathly silence of a ghost town. Only the dreamy forests incessantly whispered their primordial green melody. In them, like some fata morgana of recent days, there still lingered the creaking of the long-axled wooden peasant wagons. Laden with their muzhik paupery they rolled eastward under the threats of Muscovite bayonets, which glistened in the sun like funeral torches. Behind the wagons walked people with harried looks in their eyes and silent curses on their lips.

The indifferent, iron-grey columns of the German battalion moved like spectres through the lifeless hamlets. But the dead villages did speak. Each little white window of every hollyhock-ringed cottage, every flower-bed of celestial marigolds, and each path leading into a lush orchard, told the tale of the life that but a few days earlier had flowed in its ordinary, peaceful stream. Its everyday worries and joys; its distresses and delights; girlish laughs and boyish pranks; the intrigues of a capricious mother-in-law; a baby's first word, the first kiss stolen at a maiden's gate; and the funeral orations that so often soared in these surroundings from the lips of bearded priests—all these seemed to reverberate from beyond every fencepost. Even the imprint left behind in the dusty road by a bare foot, contained within it a hidden story of someone's life.

The officers searched their maps with interest for the names of the abandoned villages along the way. Just as people, out of curiosity, attempt to locate and decipher the inscription on the cross of a lonely, forgotten grave. At times it was hard to believe the terrible desolation. In the air there still seemed to hover an image of human tears, the echoes of scurrying and shouting Russian troops. One sometimes felt like dispatching soldiers to

search a village—what if even one human face were hidden there! But only savage dogs, released from their leashes, roamed with mangy fur through the empty farm yards, gardens and streets. Occasionally an emaciated and crazed cat ran across the road and, springing up a nearby tree, scrutinized the detachment of troops.

Captain Burghardt rode alongside his unit on a weary horse. The evening sun, like a red rooster on a fence post, receded beyond the horizon on golden wings. The deserted fields, mute forests and lifeless villages, depressed the officers. The soldiers were fatigued from the day-long marches. From under their feet the dust rose in billows, settling in a layer of black on their sweaty faces, covering their green German uniforms in a grey blanket, filling their eyes and making it difficult to breathe. The captain trotted his horse up to an officer who was walking on a path alongside the road. He was the only officer in his unit from the regular Austrian army, a Ukrainian, Lieutenant Ulashyn, who had been assigned by the Austrian general staff to the German company as a Ukrainian-German interpreter for dealings with local inhabitants.

"I am increasingly inclined to give the order to raze these abandoned villages in turn," said the captain to him, as if reproaching him for the desolation, which was beginning to unsettle the German officer.

"*Herr Kapitän,*" answered the lieutenant, "this also affects me in a bad way, although it grates not so much on the nerves as on the heart. I fear, come what may, that my countrymen, should they return, will not find any trace of their villages."

The corners of the captain's lips curled fleetingly in a malicious grin: "That's just what they deserve!"

The captain then spurred on his horse and cantered far ahead of his unit.

Far off the road, at the foot of a hill, there sprawled a large village that was as lifeless as all the rest. The eyes of the soldiers wistfully turned in the direction of the white-washed cottages as they dreamt of a comfortable rest. Nonetheless, the captain steered his mount past the track that led into the village, and rode on. Lieutenant Ulashyn surveyed the village panorama. It lay spread out on the hillock as if cupped in a palm, intensely verdant with its summer-green orchards, and blazing with rose-tinted white walls and gilded purple windows that reflected the sunset's afterglow.

They went about another kilometre further, where the road led into a large common pasture. Amid the dark shrubbery, scattered here and there like giant mole-hills, tentative white moonbeams already played with the final violet rays of the sun.

"The company bivouac!" boomed the thundering voice of the captain.

It was as if an electric spark had passed through the sections. The lines straightened out and the soldiers' legs regained their steely strength. The words of the command fell among the tired ranks like drops of rain on dried-out clods of soil. One-two, one-two, the soldiers' steps pounded rhythmically in the soft dust of the road, kicking it up in thick clouds. Then the formations turned into a lea where their tread was transformed into a grass-muffled tramping.

The detachment broke camp. The field kitchens rolled into the pasture, and the transport wagons formed a perfectly measured square. Out of the blue hemisphere of the sky there appeared the much more radiant lamp of the moon, highlighting the dark wall of the nearby forest. Lieutenant Ulashyn, with an electric torch in his hand, diligently searched the map for the name of the village. It was Malychi.

At dinner, around the officers' field-table, a conversation took place about the evacuation of the people from the area, and it settled on the abandoned, raving and starving dogs. The army general staff had issued an order to kill all such dogs in the evacuated territory to prevent a mass infestation of rabies, which had already begun to appear in some areas. In connection with this, Captain Burghardt related a minor incident from his own life. He was once walking, rather late at night, down some seldom-used street in Berlin, when suddenly he was approached by an unfamiliar young man who, in a voice quaking with fear, asked the captain for permission to accompany him.

"Certainly," said the captain, "but tell me, what is the cause of this strange anxiety that I observe in you?"

"I am afraid of dogs," was the answer, "afraid of dogs!"

Afterward he explained that as a small child he had been bitten by a chained dog. Since then he had borne an unrestrained fear of dogs. Even now, whenever circumstances forced him to use an infrequently-travelled street in the city, the mere thought of a dog sent him into a panic-ridden terror, and he was often obliged to seek protection from passing strangers. No conscious efforts of will on his part were of any help, but culminated instead in still greater panic.

When everyone had voiced their opinion and had agreed that even very brave people were sometimes afraid of dogs, one of the officers drew their attention to the strange and manic sensations that people experienced from the howling of dogs.

"In one of Mérimeé's stories," explained the officer, "there is an interesting reference to a form of collective insanity which is well-known throughout Muscovy. It manifests itself in this way: that unexpectedly, some man or woman in a village begins to howl like a dog, following which one neighbour or another joins in, so that in a few days' time the whole village is howling, not unlike a pack of rutting dogs. In any event, it is an interesting phenomenon and would be a scene worth witnessing."

"Ah, the so-called '*klikusha*'," corroborated the company doctor.

"That is the name the Russians give to people afflicted with this sickness. It is fairly widespread, especially in the northwestern parts of Russia. These are typical hysterics or the so-called 'devil-possessed,' who in coming down with this disease cry out in a great variety of raving sounds. This illness was most widespread—and not only in Russia—in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The '*klikushi*' were accused in those days of being in league with the devil, who seemingly spoke and raved through their lips, and they were therefore persecuted by the church and the municipal authorities. They were interrogated under torture, and later, in the eighteenth century, the Russian

people's courts punished them by caning or by jailing them for six to nine months. From one community they once accused nearly 250 people of being *klikushi*, about a hundred men, and the rest women. This was the highest number of *klikushi* from one area ever recorded in medical statistics."

After the doctor's remarks a hubbub prevailed amid the officers around the table, who laughed and mimicked the barking and howling of dogs. The doctor completed his explanation about the causes of the illness only to a few of his nearest neighbours.

"The fundamental basis of this sickness," he said, "is hysteria. But the immediate impulse which triggers this nervous disorder is usually a strong psychological shock. That is why the cause of *klikushi* is popularly considered to be an unhappy love affair, the death of a loved one, a loveless marriage, betrayal in love, and so on. Further ways of inducing *klikushi* are suggestions and auto-suggestions, the prerequisite being, of course, a basically nervous disposition."

"Your attention, gentlemen! There will be no falling in love here in Volyn," shouted Lieutenant Ulashyn merrily, "otherwise you better be prepared to go back home bound in cords! What would your Gretchens have to say about that?"

"Folk medicine," the doctor continued lecturing, "explains this malady as being brought on by an evil person, such as a witch or sorcerer. And equally interesting is yet another folkloric explanation for this sickness, which relates, Herr Lieutenant Kremer, to your earlier comments about the manic feelings evoked in people by canine howling. It was told to me by a Muscovite student in Berlin whom I made a point of questioning in detail about this disease, which is now rare in western Europe. So, among the Russians there is supposed to be a belief that when a woman, especially a pregnant one, awakens on a brightly moonlit night and hears dogs howling outside, if she carelessly runs to a window bathed in moonbeams she instantly becomes a *klikusha*, because the 'evil spirit,' embodied in the dog, is transmitted through the moon's rays into the woman's body. It is just such female-*klikushi* who are the real '*hurleuse*,' as Mérimeé calls them, for they are the ones who howl like dogs."

"You should also consider," interjected Lieutenant Kremer, "the fact that for human beings probably the easiest animal sounds to imitate are the barking of dogs. A good many people are able to mimic these canine sounds with a truly artistic flair, and we ourselves recognized, a moment ago, the strange pleasure we find in imitating the barks and howls of dogs. It seems that we respond at such times with the voices of our forgotten 'animal self.' The scale of canine sounds is quite extensive, and the vocal emission is somewhat similar to that of humans. The dog's very howling electrifies us with its sad, surging vibrations, and with its ominous expression reminds us of pain and death. Allow me to relate the following incident. . . . "

There began a hushed tale about sinister signs, announced by the dogs' howlings, as an accompanying glass of wine further enhanced the officers' imaginations. The discussion subsequently never tore itself from the chosen

theme and, in truth, that evening they talked, not surprisingly, entirely about dogs.

It was after ten o'clock when the officers of the detachment dispersed to their tents for the night. But Lieutenant Ulashyn was not yet ready for bed. The low field-tent stared uninvitingly at him with its gaping black opening, beyond which a hard, narrow, ghost-like camp cot awaited him. The nocturnal hour quietly seeped through the land, and some sort of sweet longing tickled his heart after the several glasses of imbibed wine. It was pleasant for him just to stand silently amid the low-lying shadows of the plain, having removed his black-framed pince-nez from his nose, and to look into the silvery-white face of the moon, which comically reeled and doubled before his short-sighted eyes.

All around him, in white moonlight, as if immersed in milk, peacefully reposed the German encampment.

"*Kamerad, schlafen gehen! Schlafen... schlafen.*"

It seemed to him that the sound of these German words was falling into the tranquil Volhynian night like glowing coals into a still body of water. Chsh... chsh... chsh.... And what exactly was he doing here among these olive-garbed alien beings, these eaters of marmalade, who swarmed in the twilight over the bare earth, wrapped snuggly in their overcoats? He began to feel uneasy. The blood throbbed in his arteries and his nerves softly buzzed. Since the last grenade, which had showered him with shrapnel, all was not well with his nerves. He walked amid the sleeping soldiers, but only regained a measure of self-control once he was beyond the camp on the road to the village.

Nobody knew that Lieutenant Ulashyn had been enticed on this moonlit night into taking a stroll in the direction of the abandoned village of Malychi. He walked without being remotely aware that he was exposing himself to any sort of danger. He wanted to enter the village and to peer inside its empty houses, its empty storage rooms; to feel the former rhythm of its dead heart; and to grasp the secret book of life, written in invisible words, on the door of every cottage. Why not contrive, on occasion, to sip on some wine and the moonlit night?

He turned down a track that led from the wide road into the village. On the right side of the village entrance, there stood, sentry-like, a single house. Its gates were closed and even tied with a cloth cord. The two cottage windows and the stable's small pane reflected the moon's beams and cast from their black depths the murky glimmer of mystery acquired by the windows of empty houses on a moonlit night.

The lieutenant leaned against the top of the gate with his elbows. Conjured by his imagination, the shadow of the cottage's former owner materialized on the threshold, and a girl's features flickered briefly in the window. Thoughts spun in the lieutenant's head like a web that clings to every passing object. A soldier's riddled teapot on a dung-heap... a broken staff leaning against a house... a well-beaten, almost polished washing-beetle, lying in the middle of a yard....

He walked further in the direction of the village, flouting the moon, the howling, and the inky darkness of the village, which now loomed nearby.

The first cottage, which marked the beginning of the village, stood on the right, close to the road. The narrow yard in front of the one-windowed cottage had no fence around it, but only two slanted posts standing in place of a gate. A half-demolished hen-house stood on widely-spaced stilts in a corner of the yard, like a pup on feeble legs. Adjacent to this cottage and partitioned from the street and from its dilapidated neighbour by a neat fence woven of hornbeam, there mutely stood padlocked, in the middle of a spacious yard, a splendid house with a freshly-thatched roof. Above, on a board atop the high entryway and raised toward the moon, was a three-barred cross painted in blue lime, and on the gate itself, suspended from a nail, hung a blackened icon of the Blessed Virgin. Lieutenant Ulashyn smiled inwardly. Such icons hung on almost every gate of these abandoned villages. It was with final tearful looks that the fleeing villages left their sacred soil in the care of these icons.

The lieutenant reached out to remove the icon to have a closer look at it, when suddenly he heard a rustling sound behind him. He reeled around as if his spine had been jolted by an electric spark and saw, some ten steps away, a large, skulking, brown dog. The hulk of its body almost rested on the hunched hindquarters tucked beneath its gaunt belly, while its forelegs inched forwards stealthily toward him. Its spiked and shaggy muzzle showed a set of long fangs, from behind which was drawn first a faint, and then ever-louder, growl.

The situation of the lieutenant became most unsavoury. He didn't have his revolver with him, or even his officer's bayonet, having carelessly left them behind in his tent before supper. As long as he stood still, with his back pressed against the gate, the dog only advanced harmlessly forward and retreated harmlessly back again. But when, with a sudden movement, he put his hand over the gate to unlatch it from the inside, he immediately heard a yelp from the dog's gaping throat, as its soft, shaggy body landed on the foot he had extended in self-defence. Anyone who has ever lived through such a moment, having felt one's flesh—be it only a foot clad securely in a thick military boot—in the jaws of an enraged dog, will know the nervous shock that runs through one's body from the soles of the feet to the skeins of the brain. Merely one fleeting moment. The vicious growling of the dog, the tugging at the thick leather of the military boot, and the forceful thrust of the foot forward. The dog stumbled, whined, and sprang to the side; and then coiled in a rage, barking and snarling, it again began lunging at the lieutenant.

The gate was high, and the latch was hard enough to reach from the other side. Lieutenant Ulashyn stood pressing his back against the gate, like a circus clown employed by a daredevil in a knife-throwing act. From time to time he would kick out with his right and then his left foot, warding off the dog's lunges, while with his hand he held his pince-nez to his nose. He began to consider the tragedy and the comedy of his situation, when all at once a

real terror pierced him like an ice-pick in the heart. From the village you could hear the distant clamour of barking and growling dogs. The tempest of canine voices approached and filled the air, like the ninth billow of a storm-tossed sea.

Lieutenant Ulashyn's thoughts, like a flock of startled sparrows, suddenly fluttered away in every direction, flashing in his mind in a kaleidoscope of images: the high enclosure; the regimental bivouac; the evening's discussion around the table; the frenzied rutting of the savage dogs; the ajar door of the unfenced cottage next door; and the brown dog, which now turned its head in the direction of the other dogs' barking, and with short yelps urged them on. At the same time he became aware of the icon of the Blessed Virgin hanging on the gate, the thin broadcloth of his riding breeches, and someone's mocking words—"eaten by the dogs." And then all his stray thoughts came together like nuts spilled from a lap, lining themselves up and pointing in a single direction: "Try to make a dash for the open door of the unfenced adjacent cottage. . . . "

Lieutenant Ulashyn was no coward. He already had experienced, in the course of the war, moments and deeds that one might consider courageous feats, for which he had received medals of valour. He had been wounded several times and only recently had been struck by shrapnel. Even if at this minute he were facing the pointed gun of a Russian soldier, the lieutenant probably would not have been so afraid, or at least would have been frightened in a different, less bestial, base and desperate way. Just when his nerves and will were strained to their utmost, a life-saving thought flashed in Ulashyn's head. When he began to retreat along the fence in the direction of the neighbouring house, and again felt at his feet the bared teeth of the shaggy beast, he reached alertly into his jacket pocket and withdrew an electric torch, which he shone in the dog's eyes. The dog, suddenly blinded by the glaring light's piercing rays, jumped sideways and, tucking his tail between his legs, fled the flashlight's beam as if it were a stream of cold water. In the same instant, the lieutenant, shining the light behind him, dashed along the fence and into the neighbouring yard, running up to the cottage's open door and shutting it with a quick jerk behind him.

With trembling hands he slid the wooden bolt into place. For a moment he had to brace his back against the door, to catch his breath. Outside, the mangy bitch was desperately trying to get in. At the same time, there grew ever nearer to his refuge the baying of the dog pack in heat, until at last, like water cascading against a rock-face, it shattered around the house into the barks of tens of crazed animals.

Lieutenant Ulashyn stood inside a small vestibule littered with garbage and twigs, from which a low, wide-open door led into an equally low room. He had to bend his knees even after he crossed the threshold. He took one step and instantly felt that he was inhaling, not air, but some sort of foul stench. He had to get to the window as soon as possible to open it. With his electric torch pointed in front of him, the lieutenant warily approached the window, crouching in order not to hit his head on the beam. The torch's light,

tilted to the floor, revealing a puddle of dried blood near the bed and the corpse of an old, grizzled peasant. On his shirt there was congealed a dark trickle of lymphatic fluid. In his gaping mouth there yellowed several stubby teeth, while his upturned eyes seemed to be searching for something beneath his bald, bulging forehead.

The lieutenant was accustomed to such scenes. He inhaled but a few more pungent whiffs from the corpse and, almost reeling, collapsed on the bench beneath the window. With some difficulty he opened the small sash window. A breath of fresh air forced itself inside the house. He breathed deeply, and as if touched by an internal, healing bath, his senses revived to lend themselves to a new outlook.

The small yard, awash in pale moonlight, swirled with hunched dogs and boiled over with their cries. The pack of dogs barked, howled, growled, chewed and clawed at the walls. The frantic din clattered at the window. The gaping muzzles with bared sharp fangs, seemed to exhale the poisonous miasma of madness.

The lieutenant sat on the bench with his face turned toward the window, through which flowed the resuscitating night air, along with the sounds of the savage orgy of animal fury. Time passed. His thoughts, again, began refusing to obey him. It seemed to him that this was not a pack of dogs in heat celebrating the Walpurgian night outside his window, but some sort of infernally blazing fire, and it was spreading out toward him with crimson tongues.

A sudden thought about a way out of this predicament, somewhat sobered him. From within the house he again was increasingly made conscious of and brought to his senses by the stench of the corpse lying on the bed. He shuddered at the abomination. He stuck his head out of the sash window toward the hounds' muzzles, as the dogs began to leap and claw at the casement. The unbearable stench of the corpse was becoming ever more acrid. His ears started to ring and he began to feel nauseous. He rose to his feet. At the same time the light of the electric torch, which he hadn't turned off, fell across the bed and illuminated the corpse. He took a few steps and bent over the dead peasant. Holding his breath, he grasped him by the sleeves of his short, homespun cloak and the belt that girded him, and tried to lift him up. The lifeless head rolled sideways then drooped, revealing, above the bloodied shirt-collar, a dark slit across the throat. On the bed, near the corpse, lay a long, leather strap, and a steel peasant pocket-knife with an open black blade.

He dragged the corpse to the window and propped it up with its back against the bench. A shaft of moonlight fell on the lifeless face, framed by a grey, trimmed beard. Where did this corpse come from? Who had cut the old man's throat? Some sort of subconscious sympathy urged the lieutenant to answer this question. The peaceful life of a fellow countryman, rent by the steel claws of war and 'hidden' as if by the dirt-scratchings of a blind hen, now appeared before his eyes. A voluntary offering of love for home and hearth.

Now, when the lieutenant turned his attention away from the pack of dogs outside the window, when he occupied himself with the corpse and resolved the riddle of this tragic death, the lifeless, bald, Volhynian oldtimer became like an old friend.

"It's all for naught, grandpa! Although you slit your throat in order not to forsake your native hearth in old age, I still have to throw you out through your own window," said the lieutenant to himself. "Because I can't breathe, grandpa! You stink already, you stink terribly!"

"*Out the window! Out the window!*" restlessly cried all the lieutenant's senses, for it seemed to him that at any moment the dead oldtimer would speak and that his voice, instead of coming from the mouth, would wheeze through the slit in his throat. But would the dead oldtimer allow himself to be thrown out through the window, to be devoured by the dogs? Fear, again sent a shiver up the lieutenant's spine. A commonplace and inexplicable fear, not of death, but of that which is already dead. It was cut from the gloomy spectre, flooded with mysterious moonlight, here, in front of him, with its back leaning against the bench. The lieutenant flashed his electric torch, grabbed the dead peasant by the sleeves of his homespun cloak and the cuffs of his cotton trousers, and carried him into the vestibule. Then he closed the vestibule door tightly.

He rested his head on the window-sill and for a while, without thinking, as if he were taking a break, watched the frothing mass of hunched dogs and listened to the canine yelping and barking outside the window. Suddenly the word "*klikusha*" came to mind.

"*Klikusha*...you will turn into a *klikusha*," a thought flickered, and began to peck relentlessly at his brain. "You will become a *klikusha*.... "

Despite the absurdity of this idea, he began to scrutinize the dogs. They now interested him in a completely different way. He wanted to comprehend their inner impulses and to understand their character. He watched each of their moves closely, their every leap. But in the deepest recesses of his soul something was scratching like a stubborn mouse, and he was now unable to drive away his strange, subconscious fear.

The dogs gradually calmed themselves. One by one they lay down on the ground, extended their front paws, and rested their fanged mouths on them. Occasionally they would lift their heads, as if disturbed, bark for a moment, and then settle inertly. Then one of them would sit back on his haunches, raise high its fanged muzzle, shriek a penetrating howl, and continue with a sad, drawn-out wail.

The other dogs, as if momentarily agitated, attentively lifted up their heads and listened. Then one after the other they, too, would sit on their hind legs, cock their heads to the moon, pause momentarily, and then begin to pour out a protracted lament-like whine. Initially these began as individual whinings, but later the whole pack united in the single, plaintive and sombre chorus of mystical, ritual canine wailing. In its intrinsic rhythm of ebb and flow, this wailing rose and fell like the frothy surf of the sea.

Have you ever listened to dogs wailing at the moon? Did it not fill your soul with strange fears, or strike a responsive chord in you, awakening new and unfamiliar instincts? Did this howling not entice you somewhere primeval and elemental, beyond the prison bars of time and space into the dance of mystical and enchanted shadows? Did you not have the urging to howl along with the dogs? Howl to the white, mysterious moon, baring your teeth at it? Perhaps this was supposed to be your cry, or perhaps this was supposed to be your laughter, by which means you wanted to express what was then reviving in you, but which you could not comprehend? Or maybe even I, who write these lines, and you, too, who have feelings just like I do—maybe we are simply nervous, overly impressionable people, the way Lieutenant Ulashyn was, having so recently been struck by shrapnel. They say that such symptoms manifest themselves on the basis of anxiety....

Lieutenant Ulashyn did not understand this when he sat by the window of the lonely cottage in the evacuated Volhynian village, with his head resting on the sill, gazing at the small, sash pane as if it were a silver screen upon which the moon was casting a spell. He sat there without a single thought, only his perceptions growing ever more animated and intoxicated in the moonlight by the rhythm of the canine chorale. His body was wracked by chills. Something white whirled in his brain. His nerves sweetly tingled. The long-forgotten melody of a lullaby suddenly came to mind. He was enveloped by a blissfully sweet feeling of peace, such as one experiences when a toothache goes away. Saliva gathered in his mouth and trickled in thin threads out of the half-curled corners of his lips onto the window-sill. Then something formed in his craw and drained away....

From Lieutenant Ulashyn's throat there began to unravel a clear, trembling, and flat vocal thread that wound itself around the moon, as if it were a bobbin.

* * *

In the records of the VII German division you can find two interesting documents. One, dated 24 August 1915, is the report of the "N" company commanders about the desertion of the Austrian army lieutenant, Vasyl Ulashyn, on the night of the 22nd of August, from a camp near the village of Malychi; the other, dated August 25th, is an announcement from the field gendarmerie on front-line support duty in Volyn, concerning the apprehension of a man wearing the uniform of an Austrian army officer and bearing papers in the name of the Austrian lieutenant, Vasyl Ulashyn. This suspicious character was wandering around in the woods, and upon seeing a patrol, tried to flee. At the end of the gendarmes' report it is noted that the arrested man appeared to be feigning insanity and was sent for the time being to the prison hospital under the corps' command for further observation.

Translated by Jars Balan
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Vera Lysenko

Yellow Boots

The novel, Yellow Boots, *published in 1954, traces the story of Lilli Landash, the daughter of Ukrainian immigrants, from her difficult childhood on a prairie homestead to her blossoming as a talented singer and self-reliant young woman. It begins in 1929 with an account of Lilli's brush with death as a small and sickly girl, when we learn that her Bukovynian parents—Anton and Zenobia Landash—unsympathetically look upon her as the "runt" of the family. The book chronicles Lilli's early teen years, when she was neglected and exploited by her family; describes her escape to the city at the age of sixteen to avoid a marriage opportunistically arranged by her father; and follows her progress from a domestic servant and factory worker to a succesful dressmaker and performer with a budding singing career. The novel ends with Lilli's triumphant return to her old village during a concert tour, and with her engagement to an Austrian choirmaster fifteen years her senior.*

Set in Manitoba during the 1930s, Yellow Boots *successfully conveys both the charm and the backwardness of many Ukrainian peasant values, which Lysenko shows being gradually transformed and undermined by the changed circumstances of the new world. The 314-page novel is divided into six sections, and this excerpt is taken from the concluding chapters to Part III, entitled "The Wreath Plaiting." In this episode, Lilli's older sister Fialka marries her sweetheart Marko, after a traditional courtship and with the approval of the Landashes. The passage begins with an account of* vinkopletynia, *or wreath plaiting, a party during which wreaths are made—to the accompaniment of ritual songs—in preparation for the wedding. Granny Euphrosyna is Lilli's and Fialka's maternal grandmother, and Mr. MacTavish is their former teacher.*

The Wreath Plaiters

The women had been working for days to prepare the wedding feast, and now a great table was spread along the entire length of the house, where the food was laid as it came from the pots and oven: pastries, tarts, rolls, strudel stuffed with cherries or figs, honey cake, cookies in animal shape, prunes, cottage cheese, pickled herrings, nuts, rolls with poppy seed and honey, jars of preserves, garlic sausage, dumplings, cabbage rolls, and three fancy *kolaches* for the bride's table. The previous night Zenobia had made preparations for the chicken and pork stew by cutting the meat in small pieces and salting them overnight, then cooking them in the oven until brown with onions, fat, garlic and parsley. With this she served *dushenyna,* made of roasted cornmeal which had been mixed with fat, fried onions, hot milk, eggs, salt and pepper to form a thin batter which was baked in a dish until brown. As an appetizer,

she had small pickled mushrooms which she had put up a few weeks before in vinegar, spices and cinnamon sticks.

The interior of the house had been whitewashed and decorated with tissue paper designs on every empty space; benches had been placed against the walls and the central floor space cleared for dancing. At one end was the bride's table, with a tapestry and linen towels draped like a canopy behind it. The red rag of virginity had been tied before the door, to signify that Fialka came as a chaste maiden to her groom.

On the evening of the maiden's farewell party, which Marko was not permitted to attend, the children were all dressed in white, and propped up against the wall like a row of stiff hollyhocks, their legs stretched out before them in a graduated row, from biggest to smallest. Granny Euphrosyna put the last touches to her costume, which was composed of a black woollen skirt striped in blue and red, the end draped diagonally across the front to the waist and kept in place with a wool belt woven in orange, blue, green, red and black with an eight-inch fringe. Her shirt was of white linen, embroidered with openwork and hemstitching. On her head she wore a blue silk shawl with floral embroideries. Lilli was splendid in a black satin jerkin, blue accordion-pleated silk skirt, shirt embroidered in red and blue beads, coral necklace and bracelets. Zenobia, more sombre in hue, wore her striped satin skirt with a white linen blouse, and over the two horns of her head-dress she had draped a white shawl in the old style of Bukovynian women, a relic of the days of the Tatars, to signify the married state.

First to arrive were the old ladies, gossipy and curious, anxious not to miss a thing, for their lives having been emptied by the inevitable passage of time, they filled their days by a vicarious interest in the lives of other people. Then came one wagon after another, rumbling up to the front gate and disgorging the wedding guests. Lilli was kept busy running to the door and helping the guests with their wraps. A chorus of laughing voices signalled the arrival of the bridemaidens, tumbling out of the wagon in a rainbow of ribbons, flowers, satins, velvets, heels clicking, beads jangling, voices ringing. Lilli thought she had never seen so much beauty before. The girls crowded before the mirror, chattering and arranging their hair, posing and turning around to display their dress.

"Youth is like flowers!" exclaimed one old lady to another.

"I was a beautiful girl in my youth," sniffed one old crone with a pulpy red nose. "The best dancer in our village."

The young girls came out in a throng and found Fialka sitting before the table on which were three large *kolaches* topped with lighted candles. On her head, glittered a two-inch band of beadwork trimmed with flowers, peacock feathers and silver coins; her white linen shirt, modelled after her grandmother's, blazed with yellow and red weaving and embroideries of golden wheat ears; her knee-length wine velvet tunic, with its tight bodice and full skirt, was trimmed with gold and silver sequins and fastened with gold braid frogs; her accordion-pleated satin skirt was striped with bands of scarlet, green and yellow and three rows of metallic braid; on her neck were

strings of corals and coloured pearls; around her waist, a golden girdle; on her feet, the yellow boots.

"The most beautiful bride we have ever seen!" exclaimed the guests as they formed an admiring tableau around her. Fialka did not appear to Lilli to resemble herself. The emotion which she was experiencing had cast an unearthly radiance upon her, and although she smiled, there was a thoughtful expression on her beautiful yet melancholy features.

"Bless, O Lord, the father and mother who are plaiting this wreath for their daughter!" the guests sang out in a wild, impassioned outburst. As Fialka sat on her silken cushion, the bridemaidens approached her to unplait her hair, singing the while. The widow Tamara, as the matron, now appeared with a knife in her hands and made as if to cut Fialka's hair, the bride defending herself the while. Finally, she permitted the matron to cut off a little hair, and the girls sang out again, "Comb my hair, mother, with your white fingers, with tears. Light may your hands be on my tresses! I did not ask this favour of you when I walked free as a maiden; now grant me my request."

The plaintive notes of the violin, weeping and rejoicing in turn, resounded while Fialka and her mother kissed each other. As the men's and women's voices combined in harmony, the pathetic music tore at Lilli's heart strings. The ceremonies were wedding poesy, handed down from generation to generation, and sewn into the wreath, for there was a song for every leaf. Each scene of that wonderful drama was imprinted on Lilli's mind. She watched with mounting excitement the motions of the bridemaidens' hands, as they wove the ribbons and leaves into a wreath, singing as the wreath grew into a thing of beauty, took on a symbolic meaning, the farewell of the bride to her maidenhood.

Now Tamara stepped forward from the throng and as she placed the wreath on the head of the bride, the guests sang out:

"The white blossom of the cranberry has flowered; the wreath glistens in beauty; let us put it on the head of the bride."

The Marriage Rites

Among the guests attending the next day's ceremonies was Ian MacTavish, who was still teaching school in the district. "Oh come, Mr. Mac," Lilli had urged. "You will see something wonderful," and Fialka, bowing low, had extended the formal invitation: "My parents and I invite you to my wedding." She was charming in her silk shawl and flowers, thought MacTavish. "I wouldn't miss it for the world," he said. He had long desired to witness such a ceremony, but more and more of the younger generation were being married in the new Canadian style.

He stood now, an incongruous figure in his tweed suit and red hair, among the costumed, rosy-faced Bukovynians, watching the crowd of guests who had assembled to see Fialka off to church. About a dozen wagons were lined up in front of the Landash home and within, young and old swarmed in the big room around the bride.

Lilli stood out as a unique personality, thought the teacher. Face, expression, gesture, were all marked by a peculiar delicacy and sensitivity.

One other person he noted—this was Tamara, a women whom he had never seen before, because of her isolated way of living. The tall, sombre woman, so richly dressed, so tragic in expression, arrested the attention, and some of the women spoke of her in low, hostile whispers.

"I am surprised," hissed Lizzie Schwartz, "that Zenobia should invite this Tamara for Fialka's wedding, for many have cursed her as a witch."

"I hope," said Agapia Honchar with a vicious leer, "that Fialka may not live to regret it some day."

The time had come for Fialka to depart from her home and she stood now, pallid beneath her long white veil and flowered wreath, before her parents, who were sitting on a bench outside the house, holding the wedding loaf in their hands. The guests, accompanied by the musicians, filed out of the house, singing as they came, a prayer to the parents to bless the young bride beneath the "royal golden wreath." This poetic utterance was sung with such free abandon that MacTavish was stunned by its power. The entire scene seemed to him like a drama created by the people—the songs, scenes were all their invention, acting with spontaneity, as if springing that very moment from their hearts.

Tamara stepped forward now as matron and counsellor of the bride and exhorted Fialka: "You must now thank your mother and father for bringing you up. You have grown like a beautiful rose in the garden, in favour of people and of God; you have not lost your chastity. Fate awaits you at the altar. You must promise now to obey your husband. We pray God to cover your road with happiness."

Standing on a white cloth, Fialka bowed to the guests and to her parents, taking leave of her girlhood home. Overcome with emotion, she wept as she sank down on her knees before her mother to receive her blessing:

Mother mine, keep well! For now we two must part. Say not that I've taken all, I pray you, have no fears. Lo, upon the table I am leaving—tears!

Anton extended the loaf and touched Fialka's head with it lightly, as if saying in effect: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread. May'st thou never be wanting for bread." These bread ceremonies contained all the wisdom of the peasant and his philosophy of life, his love of the earth which is the mother and gives bread in return for hard toil.

All were deeply touched as Fialka, still weeping, kissed her mother's hand three times, and the musicians played the song of farewell in a minor key. Then Zenobia, with a flask of holy water, circled about her daughter, blessing her and the doors through which she had passed to begin a new life.

The wedding procession now got under way, as the guests clambered into the wagons and set off for the church, where the bridegroom and his retinue were already waiting. The countryside was beautiful that fall day, painted in

the absolute blue and golden of a Manitoba autumn, as though decorated by a gigantic brush dipped in gilt and splashed over trees, grass, shrubs. In some fields, the stooks still stood about, like enchantresses in a circle. There was only enough breeze to fan the cheeks of the bride and lift her veil in a cloud of white net about her. Lilli, who had been left behind to help Zenobia with the dinner preparations, stood at the gate listening to the voice of Tamara as it came back to her, with such power that it could be heard by all the neighbours: "Blow, wind, on our young bride, let her hair fly free today beneath its scarlet band, because this night a shawl will hide it."

It did not seem long to Lilli before she dashed out to meet them, tearing off her kitchen apron as she went. When Fialka stepped from the wagon, her younger brother Basil, with a wand in his hands, led the bride over the white cloth into the house where Zenobia had already seated herself, with a loaf in her hands. Fialka circled the table three times, then sat down to eat. The guests followed her example, while the musicians continued to play.

Lilli ran about the platters of pickled herrings, beet soup, stuffed cabbage, mushroom dumplings, poppy seed tort, beet relish and fig-stuffed rolls. There was one man, big, high-coloured, who sat at a table devouring a platterful of cabbage rolls as if afraid that they would disappear when he stopped. Beside him sat a pale, frightened girl of seventeen, whom he caressed with his greasy paw from time to time. Lilli watched this ill-matched couple for a few moments and then going up to Fialka asked,

"Who is that man, Fialka, eating so much cabbage?"

Fialka made a grimace of dislike and shrugged: "That is Simon Zachary. He does well by himself at weddings."

"But why does the girl look so frightened?" persisted Lilli.

"He wants to marry her."

"But you don't look like that."

Fialka gave her sister a pitying glance. "You see, Lilli, it is bad when the girl doesn't like the man. This Zachary has a bad reputation with women."

As Zachary suddenly pulled down the girl and forced his wet red lips upon her, Lilli shivered in the midst of the gaiety about her, and she thought, "What if for me, too, such a thing might come to be?"

From then on, the tempo of ceremonies accelerated. Led by the elder, one guest after another burst into song to wish the bride happiness, good health and prosperity, while in a recurrent refrain, the guests in chorus sang, "Many Happy Summers!" They mingled the querulous voices of old women with the gay voices of maidens, the shrill voices of children and the hoarse voices of old men. Some of the songs were traditional, some improvised, and there were dozens, in a kind of continuous performance, the elder interposing hi's, calls, good wishes at every interval.

The guests now stood in line to present their gifts, with Fialka's grandparents offering treasures—a marriage coffer of carved wood, porcelain in turquoise and brown design, and the most admired gift of all—a gigantic coffee maker from Mr. MacTavish.

Fialka now came up to Lilli and said, "Lilli, I want you to have something; choose what you like best." Lilli looked at the gifts which Fialka spread before her and her eye was caught by a pair of coral earrings.

"The earrings?" asked Fialka, holding them up. They dangled, rosy-red, carved and beautiful with gold fastenings.

"Yes," whispered Lilli, her eyes glistening. "But what will Marko say?"

Fialka laughed, full of confidence: "He wants you to have something," she reassured her sister. "Here," she urged, fastening the earrings on Lilli's ears. "Come look at yourself."

Lilli, feeling coquettish, stole a glance at the mirror and was amazed at the transformation in her appearance. Her face was flushed with the bloom of adolescence, her eyes appeared dark and enormous, her mouth fuller and of a richer colour; her hair braided and twined with flowers, shone with a new gloss. Slowly Lilli passed her hands over her costume—her white linen blouse, her pleated blue skirt, her satin bodice. She looked down at her patent slippers; they were the first real shoes she had ever owned. On her face was an air of breathless expectancy, which had never been there before. "You're growing up, Lilli," laughed Fialka. As the girl stood bemused before the mirror, she felt a light touch on her arm. It was Tamara. She smiled and whispered as she touched the earrings, "These are right for you, Lilli. They are your style."

As young girls suddenly in one day bridge the gap from childhood to girlhood, so too, Lilli on this wedding day. She was partly puzzled, partly delighted at her new powers, scarcely knowing yet how to handle them. If she could only stay where she was, at that delightful age, and prolong for a while the day of awakening and self-discovery!

Meanwhile, the colours of the costumes—wine, green, yellow, scarlet, blue, swung like a rainbow before MacTavish, the pattern changing constantly at every moment against the background of tapestries, towels and pictures on the walls. The wide accordion-pleated satin skirts of the girls undulated in spirals according to the dance, and the recurring note seemed to be a bright blue shade. There was a great deal of this bright blue—in Granny's shawl, in Lilli's skirt, in the bead embroideries on the women's blouses. Another brilliant note was the breastplate of gold coins worn by the woman Tamara. Her entire chest was covered by coins, about seventy-five of them, and great hoop earrings of gold dangled in her ears. The third strong colour note was provided by the yellow boots of Fialka, which attracted the attention of all, since no other woman possessed such a pair. The hand-made boots symbolized for MacTavish a vanishing world. It was possibly the last time these boots would dance in their proper surroundings; they were like actors playing their last role. Each guest had some article of dress which indicated the intrusion of the modern world—store-bought shoes, or silk stockings, or machine-made shirts, or mail-order dresses. The schoolteacher stood beside the window and looked out at a neighbouring field where he could see a thresher as it hummed through a field of wheat. This was a new rhythm which was making anachronistic the rhythm within, and in a sense, the rhythm of Fialka's

yellow boots. "For these embroideries," thought he, "they will substitute the machine-made variety; for the hand-made costume, the dress from the mail order house; for the peasant poetry of their ceremonies, the cut-and-dried responses of a civil ceremony."

Matters were reaching a giddy climax when the rumbling of wagon wheels outside the house announced the arrival of the bridegroom and his retinue. The ground quaked as the guests rushed from the house to meet the party. As they dismounted from their wagons, the groom and his attendants sang:

The golden feather has fallen,
And we are full of joy.
The young bride has won our hearts,
Come out, dear one, come out.

Marko, splendid in an embroidered sheepskin bolero, white shirt, dark trousers, and six-inch scarlet wool belt, rushed to the doorway where Fialka stood, but she eluded him and tried to escape, defended by the members of her own party against Marko's young brigands from a far country. Some of her friends urged her to surrender, but she still fought, protesting, "No, I won't leave my home." This act of the wedding ceremonies was viewed by MacTavish with particular interest, as he knew it was a relic of ancient times when kidnapping of the bride—to avoid paying a ransom—was an accepted tradition of courtship. He was not surprised when the strength of Marko's party finally prevailed over the protests of the bride and she was borne, still struggling, into the house and placed on the knees of the seated bridegroom. To placate the bride's family, a "ransom" of a hunting knife was paid to Fialka's younger brother.

The time had come for Fialka to surrender the wreath of her maidenhood. When the bridemaidens had removed the wreath, they put on her head a flowered blue wool shawl and tied it behind her head in a knot. Fialka covered her face with her hands, as if overcome with modesty while the married women jeered, "You are now a married woman; you belong to the women's union. No longer may you wear flowers in your hair, as a young girl wears them." Once Fialka had assumed the shawl of wifehood, the maiden's wreath became the property of the bridemaidens. One by one they stepped forward and donned the wreath with such remarks as, "How do I look, girls?" or, "Do you thing the bride's wreath will become me?" Each was seized by Marko and twirled about on the floor for a few turns, while the elder called out, "Play, musicians, play, and you, black-browed maidens, dance and sing for us. Play lightly, musicians, until the feet of our maidens ache from dancing."

The bridemaidens had all danced when a new candidate appeared for the wreath. This was Lilli. "Let me try it on," she begged, stretching out her hand for it. "You are too young," demurred Zenobia, but public opinion was against her. "Let the young sister have her chance too!" Wearing the wreath proudly, she began to dance with her head high, shrugged her shoulders, winked at her partner, clashed her heels with a firm click, pointed her toes

and stamped with authority. The tickle of Marko's moustache against her cheek gave her a funny kind of thrill. "Look at her dance!" commented the guests as they made way for her whirling figure. "The fiddler will have to give up sooner than she." The young men exchanged compliments: "Small but fine," others asked Zenobia, "Where have you been keeping this one?" and still others admired her spirit, "That one is full of life—she needs a young man to tame her!"

At last the hour had arrived for Fialka to be taken to Marko's home, and his attendants gathered around him and sang:

The maiden, wearing on her brow,
the wifely shawl, comes with us now.

Going up to her marriage coffer, they lifted it and carried it out to the wagon, which was outside. "Come with us," urged Fialka as Lilli appeared. She hesitated, but when the musicians cried out in protest, "We must have the little singer with us," she could not resist, and climbed into their wagon.

The whole procession moved off down the road, the lanterns on each wagon flickering in the dark countryside like a convention of glowworms, while the sky was lit with stars and a big copper moon hung low and full. The laughter of the young people mingled with the rumble of the wagons and the music of the players, while in some wagons the guests still sang and pounded their feet, and clapped. The great eyes of the widow Tamara gleamed by the light of the lantern which fell upon her face and on her breastplate of coins. Unconscious of the stares directed at her by the men, she sang on, as if she were trying to express something, or re-living the days of her courtship and marriage. "How she sings!" murmured the guests as they followed her lead and sang out with great intensity:

Light up the road, O moon,
So that we shall not lose our way,
So that we may not lose the bride.

Irena Makaryk

Wilderness

In the dry moments of a March day
we fast the fast of despondency and destitution
in purgatory between the seasons of the year
neither the brightness of a sunny day
nor the freshness of an unexpected shower
nor the rage of a snowy tumult
nothing
only obscure thoughts about obscurity.

Translated by the author

The Passion

It is I who am led to that hell—
to the camp of people-eaters,
brain-shrinkers: Dachau.
It is I who watch that great mushroom,
O my Hiroshima,
it is I who look at the absurdity of the Holocaust,
at the wounds of your inhuman orphans.
It is I who am buried
in the bony earth of Babyn Yar.
It is I, blinded by hunger,
who rends my likeness.
It is I who am driven to Siberia
for the beauty of a pure thought.
It is I, brotherless,
who sorrows for my brothers,
it is I, childless,
who suffers for my children.

Translated by the author

Fury

You were Buj-Tur in the instant
that I was Peace,
you were the sea,
smashing the shores of my soul,
you were the greedy wind,
stealing human warmth,
you were a loathsome serpent,
hidden in the garden of my happiness,
you were a leech,
sucking the blood of lifejoy,
you were a storm,
destined to be still
when the sun flashed—
and then you became a sunbeam.

Translated by the author

Theodore Matwijenko

Commandment

With garbage, sand and pebbles underfoot,
The dry wind irritatingly pelts my face;
And smoke, and exhaust fumes from cars on the bustling
street,
Give me a headache that is stupefying me.

It seems the world has wasted away in a pestilent plague,
Drifting haphazardly along deserted byways,
Thoroughly corrupted by malevolent sages,
As if withered for the lies of the wormy scroll.

There arises a full-blown and singular question:
Will earth-bound humanity rise up in heart-felt rebellion
Against the hangman's torments for Christ's radiant
thought,

So that the words, "Thou shalt not kill" are for
all perpetually incorruptible;
And the murdering cutthroat is slaughtered wholesale
In self-defence? This, is a sacred commandment!

Translated by Jars Balan

Springtide

The muddy springtide waters came streaming down;
The bottom of the shallowing river turned green. . . .
Shoreline trees with extended boughs
Bathed their shadows in the rippling coolness.

On the frothing riverbends: branches, roots, logs;
And cackling geese and fretting ducks;
And overgrown patches of musty sedge
And rock-hard mats of withered plants.

In the grey days, like the most precious gift,
The soil is already swelling, a milky vapour is rising,
Transforming the meadows from their dormant state.

And life's palpable spirit is manifest to humankind,
Which gives with warmth and becomes incarnate with motion,
In the growth of the slender crack and in the white seed.

Translated by Jars Balan

It Was So

In the beginning there existed only the spiritual world
In the magnetic gleam of the cosmic expanse;
Eternally enlarging, growing in depth and reach,
Congealing the mist—constellations of dried flowers.

And there emerged from the haze the substance of creation:
The grey, planetary disc—a mixture of graphite.
A material compounded from the debris of many years
Tempered and compacted in the firmament's hearth.

In the heart of paradise—good and evil competitions,
Where God and satan squeal the invisible axle-wheel
Amid lakes, hills and heaths—the primordial
Green orchard of life did grow for everyone's delight.

Herds of livestock, shrieking clouds of birds;
Humankind's first day, and apple tree's birth.

Translated by Jars Balan

Bohdan Mazepa

For Ukraine

How distant you are, blue-starred beauty,
How distant you are, goddess-stepped!
For me, you are the boundless expanses,
For me, you are like a living rainbow!

Whenever I roved over strange roads,
Whenever the sun didn't shine in foreign lands—
You sent a breeze from the vast grainfields
And sparkled like stars for me.

May the wind waft through all the forests and mountains,
May it carry to you stirring words!
Accept my song, blue-starred beauty,
Accept my bow, goddess-stepped!

Translated by Jars Balan

Autumn

Rain. Always rain. The streets are foul.
Cracked pavements slither, patched with slime.
Bird-flocks have fled the autumn's scowl,
And wind and mist usurp the time.

This alien city's surly face
Is mournful as the darkened home
Of which, each night, I dream apace—
A hearth where I no more shall come.

Translated by Watson Kirkconnell

To a Critic

You gaze upon my thorny words
And find a lack of modern form;
You seek to rent my pure, young birds,
My eagle-soul that dares the storm.
This first swift year may be its last.
Judge not its notes, untamed and free.
The red of roses may forecast
Blood shed upon some Calvary.

Translated by Watson Kirkconnell

A Night in Banff

In gigantic cliffs marched the smiles
of the constellations.
On rusty pins I restrained my vision.
And there breathes an intoxicating freshness at twilight,
Silent drowses the weary forest.

In the granite silences—an enchanted trail:
It seems, that before the day awakens—
With a clarion call they will disturb the quiet,
The waves of cries of swarthy tribes.

Translated by Jars Balan

My Songs

No longer do I hear the harps of spring.
And I have lost the lily, rue, and rose.
Sonorous songs I can no longer sing,
For now the days are overfilled with woe.

In silence in this land my soul grows cold.
My heart no longer quivers for today.
The forests and the mountains are on guard,
The fields of home alone in dreams I see.

But if someday, across the blue-starred sea,
Into the rainbow spaces I should flee,
and bow once more unto my native home—

My songs will suddenly begin to sound.
But they will vanish in a foreign cloud
If evermore, without a home, I roam.

Translated by Zoria Orionna

Wail More Quietly Winds

Wail more quietly winds from Alaska,
For a moment refrain from your cries.
On this evening I rather would listen
To a tale of the boundless blue skies.

Of the land with a warm crimson sunrise
That caresses the sweet-scented grain,
Where the little ones gather their chestnuts
And their garlands of cornflowers braid.

Maybe someone upon thought-filled evenings
At the window awaits me from far,
With a bitter despair prophesying:
"As fresh spring, he will come home once more . . . "

My eyes close. And I yearn for the graces
Of my youth—for a moment in time.
But the winds from Alaska keep wailing
And the snow-covered wilderness whines.

Translated by Zoria Orionna

George Melnyk

The Indian as Ethnic

A former president of the Metis Association of Alberta was once quoted as saying that he wanted to have the Metis regarded the way Ukrainian immigrants were—hard-working and constructive—and he suggested that Metis people follow the ethnic road to social acceptance. Obviously, he felt there was a basis for identification between the two groups as well as difference. What he liked about the ethnic situation was its proven record of social mobility. Here was a group of Western Canadians that began as an impoverished and dispossessed group and ended up relatively established.

But the Metis people remain trapped by unemployment, lack of education and modern skills; they live in isolated rural areas and equally isolated urban slums; often dependent on welfare, their life is one of class and racial oppression.* The Ukrainians may have started out as poor pioneer farmers and unskilled labourers alienated from the dominant society by language and discrimination, but they progressed.† It is that "progress" that seemed so appealing.

Ever since the defeat of the Riel Resistance the native people have been trapped at the bottom of Western society. The ethnic way is supposedly a way out. It is the model of success meant to replace a history of failure. Initially, the comparison between native and ethnic makes sense when one is aware of their historical affinity as outcast minorities. But why did their histories diverge? Why did one fail and the other succeed? The answer lies in the ethnic's immigrant status. The very thing that gave him some problems at first was what later assured his mobility. The white conquest was an immigrant conquest and the ethnic was part of it, while the Indian was its victim. The ethnic was offered a piece of the promised land taken from those who resisted. The ethnic was part of the white flood, but the native stood in its way. The ethnic was part of the success, while the native was part of the failure. He was the loser in the battle and he carried the scar. Not being white, he could not blend into the European mosaic. For the ethnic to identify with the victor is understandable; but for the native to do so would be a travesty.**

The native leader who suggests the ethnic model sees not only success, but also reasonableness. From his point of view, it is foolhardy to dream of native dominance when all that is possible is the recognition of aboriginal rights,

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* See Maria Campbell, *Halfbreed*. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1971; and Howard Adams, *Prison of Grass*. Toronto: New Press, 1975, for personal accounts of Metis life in Western Canada.

† For a poignant account of ethnic social history see Myrna Kostash, *All of Baba's Children*. Edmonton: Hurtig, 1977.

**An important study of the psychology of colonialism and racism is Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*. New York: Grove Press, 1967.

protection of minority culture, and assimilation that would result in a social and economic profile resembling the rest of Canadian society. The ethnic evolved gradually, step by step, so isn't this the right approach for native people as well?

The first objection to this position is the question of why assimilation and mobility haven't already happened. Is our society so different today from what it once was that one can consider success reasonable? There are few indicators that suggest things have changed substantially. In a mid-seventies study of Westerners' attitudes toward native people, the researchers discovered a strong current of pejorative stereotyping of native people.* They concluded that "if Indians achieve a new economic accommodation with white society and improve their level of economic development and their physical standard of living, the perception and evaluations which some non-Indians hold of them may change in a 'positive direction.' "† This is what happened to ethnics in their historical development. But who can be certain that the structural obstacles of class and race that have historically stood in the way of native advancement are now gone?

We cannot answer the question of whether the ethnic way would work for native people until we have answered several other questions. For example, why did this proposal appear at this time? What are the socio-economic forces that make it seem logical? What are the implications of ethnicity for the native identity? Is the ethnic way a worthwhile objective for the native people? And finally, are there any alternatives to this proposal? Is there another path that could work and that is possible, which would both further the native identity and be a worthwhile objective for the native people?

There are two reasons why the "Indian as ethnic" concept appeared in the 1970s. The first is the rise of native militancy in the sixties, which produced a cultural renaissance emphasizing native pride in language, tribal customs and religion.** This self-consciousness had to be accommodated. Since it wasn't part of the Anglo mainstream, it was placed in "multiculturalism." It became an ethnicity. The result was Cree language radio programmes alongside the Polish and Norwegian; community cable television programmes; appearances at "heritage days" and photographs on government calendars alongside the Dutch, the Ukrainian and the Japanese. With a "foreign" language and "foreign" costumes, the Indian fit beautifully into the song-and-dance world of ethnic Canada. The Indian had become an immigrant.

The second reason for this Indian/ethnic equation was the economic boom in the West and its effect on the class composition of native people. For the

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* R. Gibbins and J.R. Ponting, "Prairie Canadian Orientation towards Indians," in I. Getty and D.B. Smith (eds.), *One Century Later: Western Canadian Reserve Indians since Treaty 7*. Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1978, p. 85.

†Ibid., p. 88.

** See Harold Cardinal, *The Unjust Society: The Tragedy of Canada's Indians*. Edmonton: Hurtig, 1969, for a statement of the sixties' militancy and its sense of accomplishment in his subsequent *The Rebirth of Canada's Indians* Hurtig: Edmonton, 1977.

past century they had been trappers, seasonal farm-labourers and fishermen in the countryside, and unskilled day-labourers in the city.* The new militancy with its proliferation of government-funded organizations and the new wealth from oil and gas royalties and land settlements created a tiny elite with white-collar jobs. But there was also a broader change—proletarianization. Whether it was a mobile home factory on a reserve in southern Alberta, a native priority employment programme on a northern energy project, pipeline construction or a native-sponsored clothing factory in the city, the urbanization, industrialization and wealth of the New West was moving native people out of their predominantly *lumpen* status to that of workers. In those areas of the West untouched by the boom their marginal roles continued. This entrance into the working class brought native people into the world of the non-English-speaking immigrant, the world of the ethnic worker. In this new situation the distance between the Indian and the ethnic was shortened and the Indian/ethnic equation became plausible.

This change in class status has important implications for the native identity. The narrowing gap between the occupations traditionally associated with ethnic immigrants and those traditionally associated with native people results in greater compatibility and respect. When the ethnic is joined by the Indian, both begin to share values. Historically, the immigrant formed the base of the white social pyramid. The ethnic ploughed the fields, built the railroads and sweated in the factories. From this working-class position he could look down on the native people and look up to the ruling Anglo elite. The entrance of native people into the working class is welcomed as 'progress,' but the implication of ethnic status that goes with it is very serious.

Ethnic status for the Indian identity removes his potential for social change. Why? Because the essence of ethnicity is a trade-off between acceptance into the dominant society and the closeting of one's past. In order to acquire social mobility one must privatize one's ethnic identity. The less one is willing to do so, the more one is trapped in an ethnic ghetto. In joining the ethnic mosaic, the Indian is saying his "foreignness" is compatible with Anglo domination. His past is de-radicalized and its militancy eroded. When an Indian becomes an ethnic he accepts the fate of most immigrants, which is a long apprenticeship in the working class and a tacit agreement that his culture must remain outside the mainstream.

As an ethnic the Indian accepts immigrant status, which implies both difference from and identification with the dominant society. In white ethnicity the difference is muted so that its power to push for social transformation is deflected away from society as a whole to the sole interests of the group itself. Since ethnicity is an identity of social acceptance and

* This letter to the editor in the *Edmonton Journal* appeared in the mid-seventies. "Indians," the writer stated, "have been trying for decades to join society but the hurdles have been numerous and the results meagre . . . the immigrant farmer was glad to have the Indians to clear their land with axes, pick the stones, to burn the brush, to build and mend fences, to stook grain, to pitch bundles into the threshing machines. Many a time his wages consisted of old clothes or a few surplus cabbages and potatoes."

passivity, the native heritage of oppression is made irrelevant. Ethnocentric native issues become paramount and are dealt with piecemeal and gradually. The native people stop speaking about the need for a general transformation and accept improvements in their conditions alone. Certainly ethnic status has an element of gain, but also a loss of any uniqueness for the native people and their place in Western history. They are simply one of many minorities swept under the colourful rug of multiculturalism.

Ethnicity means that the historical defeat of the native people is accepted as unalterable. The radically different vision of the indigenous people is lost in a sea of immigrant experiences, all of which are circumscribed by the institutions of the dominant society. In return for the promise of social mobility and a museum-like preservation of culture, the native people surrender any attempt to make their heritage a part of everyday life; they surrender any leading role in social transformation beyond their own concerns; and they give up any social objectives other than assimilation and social mobility. Rather than change society, they seek to enter it.

Those who suggest the ethnic way argue that it alone can save native culture and promote assimilation into the mainstream. What they don't seem to realize is that ethnicity means disaster for native people, while remaining tolerable for immigrants. It is tolerable for immigrant people because it reflects their historical role in white society. But Indian cultures are not immigrant cultures.* To put them in the same category as foreign cultures is to acknowledge the primacy of Anglo institutions. What is even worse is that ethnic status offers native people a position which is not central to the Canadian identity. This is simply not a worthy objective for a people who have paid such a terrible price for white domination. There has to be more.†

The native peoples are the *other half* of Western society. They are not a numerical half, but a psychological and metaphysical one. Without their participation the Western identity is incomplete. As ethnics, Indians become just another statistical dot in the blueprint of liberal society. Accepting their role as an ethnocentric minority, they surrender the right to be a founding people, a right they possess because of their origin. It can only offer them a peripheral status as Indians and a minor identity because ethnicity in Canada means limited power. To follow the ethnic path means to accept once again the terms dictated by the dominant society and to enter it as imitators of other minorities.

Thinking of native people as the other half of the West's identity seems strange to those who only think in terms of voting and numbers. But to think of them as 50 per cent of the regional reality is to acknowledge their

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* Wilfred Pelletier and Ted Poole, *No Foreign Land: The Biography of a North American Indian*. New York, Pantheon: 1973, is a moving statement of Indian distinctiveness and rootedness.

† For a comparison between the status once held by the native people and contemporary conditions see George Woodcock, *Gabriel Dumont: The Metis Chief and His Lost World*. Edmonton: Hurtig, 1975, and Heather Robertson, *Reservations are for Indians*. Toronto: Lorimer, 1970.

fundamental role and relationship and to place a direct limit on the dominant role of Anglo institutions and customs. Ethnicity means that the native person must do all the adapting to the dominant society. He is not met halfway. What equality requires instead is equal adaptation from both sides. But such a demand is intolerable to this society because it asks too much and undermines the meaning of the conquest.

Ethnicity does not challenge the system. It bolsters it. It does not reject; it accepts. It does not raise the fundamental question—to whom does the land belong?—the question the native people have raised because of their aboriginal rights. Ethnics consider the issue closed. But for native people the issue of whose land this is is the essence of equality. It was this land that gave the native people their dignity. Their control of it and their possession gave them equal status with the white man who sought to take it away. Of course no one can turn history back. The native people cannot possess the land in the same way they once did. But certainly they can possess it more fully than they do at present. Only by building a new society in the West that reflects their identity and is a society for all the region's inhabitants, can the native people hold the land as their own. The creation of a society in which they are a founding people and their traditional values are a guide for *all its citizens and institutions* may seem utterly utopian. However, the alternative is the perpetuation of this society with its history of social and economic injustice.

Native leaders have chosen to imitate the ethnic route rather than work for a new society. Like the ethnic they prefer a comfortable minority status in this society to the risks of building an alternative. To the native person who follows this ethnic path, I can only say that a history that is not good enough for me as an ethnic cannot be a sufficient future for an Indian.

Nick Mitchell

A Place of Our Own

The following excerpt is from a novel in progress that is essentially a mosaic consisting of the father's journal, the mother's letters, and Peter's own account. Each of these people recount the story of Uncle George, a Ukrainian immigrant who came to Canada in the 1930s. Since George has been in Canada for some time before his brother and family arrive, he becomes for them a go-between in their experience of the new land. Over a period of about thirty years they outgrow George's vision of the land, and this is what the story is about, the conflict between the different waves of Ukrainian immigrants and how this conflict shaped their vision of Canada.

* * *

Dear Victor,

You have been fairly accurate in describing my awkward situation now that your brother is living with us. But there are some things that you have missed. Things that obviously don't matter as much to you as they do to me. This letter isn't a criticism but an amendment to your journal. One of the things that has come up between George and myself when you're not around, is his correcting my language. It seems to bother him no end when I use Belorussian words. He winces as if I were stepping on his toes. I did not catch on at first why he was wincing. But finally it all came into the open. He had been trying to disguise that it bothered him, till at last the thing overflowed. I hadn't even been conscious that I was still using Belorussian mixed into my Ukrainian. "Not *kuplai*!" he cried out one morning, when I was talking about him going downtown to buy things, "but *kupy*!" He began to rant about how after living all these years with you, I still didn't know how to speak Ukrainian properly. It was as if he thought me ignorant, as if my mixing two languages together had somehow dirtied them. I couldn't understand why he was so angry, except possibly that after having lived with us for a week and seen that our domestic situation had a great deal of stability to it, he felt his own way of life either threatened or questioned. The language thing I'm sure was just a substitute for some greater frustration that he felt. But his outburst did not help me any. I was suddenly aware of just how many Belorussian words I was using in my speech. It's not, like he suggested, out of ignorance that I was doing it. I knew the Ukrainian words. After living with you for so long, I knew the language well. But it was more a matter of comfort. Belorussian was my mother tongue. There was in it for me something very personal and dear, something that connected me with home, something that gave me a sense of who I was. I couldn't understand your brother seeing my mixing the two languages together in such a cold light. I didn't mean to 'pollute' his precious Ukrainian, as he put it. After his explosion, he stormed out of the house. I think I cried as much that afternoon as the time I had to leave my family behind during the war. He had done such a cruel, cold thing the way he had attacked me. I was glad when he did not return that afternoon the way he usually did. My face was so red that I don't think I could have faced him. The way he had shouted, "*Kuplai! Kuplai! Kuplai!* What the hell are you saying?" The rage with which he did this, astonished me. I had never seen him angry before. I didn't know why he was angry, and it took me time to figure out what he was furious about. Well, you can figure out what has happened since between us. The next day I stayed out of his way. We hardly spoke to each other. If the house would have been a bit bigger, I would have avoided him altogether. But what with the baby and all, there is no way I can stay in one corner. He must have felt a bit uncomfortable too, because he ate breakfast and left shortly afterward. It's the first break I've seen in his routine. I had the house to myself all afternoon, thank God! Since then we have begun speaking to each other again. At first, it was very tentative. But it's impossible to be confined to such a small space with someone and not say anything. I am very conscious

now of every word I speak. I think things out ahead of time before I say them. Your brother sees that I'm not as ignorant as he thought. That it wasn't out of ignorance that I was mixing the languages. Sometimes though, in moments of happiness or exuberance when I see Tanya crawling along the living-room floor, I'll forget myself and blurt out something in Belorussian. Your brother will correct me then. The whole thing has taken on an educational angle with him. He says that if I mix the languages, our children will never speak Ukrainian properly. He's also taken to correcting Peter who can't figure out that some of the words he was speaking weren't Ukrainian. Peter is baffled by the whole thing and is trying to understand it all. The crusade that your brother is on 'for the sake of the children' very conveniently provides an excuse for that initial outburst, and puts him in the right. But when he corrects me, I hear that irritation in his voice, that same irritation that led to the outburst, and I wonder whether he isn't doing the thing more for himself than for the children. I feel he's taking some cruel and vindictive pleasure in this education he's giving me. But what hurts me most of all is the way Peter looks at me now, as if there's something improper about me, something inadequate, as if I'm tainted in some way. For that, I don't think I can ever forgive George.

Yours, Vera

* * *

My mother had been cheerful and easy-going until Uncle George began to stay with us. I remember the incident of Uncle George's outburst. I was only six or seven at the time, and I had never questioned the things my mother did or said. Up to the time of uncle's moving in with us, I remember some of the girlish pranks she'd play on me. One day I woke up and found a present under my pillow. I don't remember now anymore what the present was, but the fact that there was one there, had me checking under my pillow for many mornings thereafter. I think the reason for the present was that it was my patron saint's name-day. Another incident I remember is her falling down one day on the floor and remaining perfectly still, until I went to the sink to get some water to throw in her face. Dad's advice whenever anybody felt ill was either to drink some cold water or apply it to the face. As I explained to Tanya that our mother would be all right as soon as I emptied the glass of water, I saw mother leap to her feet. She took the glass out of my hand and emptied it back into the sink. Would I really have done that, she asked? I explained that I was just following dad's advice. She shook her head as if dad's advice was worthless, and explained to me that she had not really fainted, but that it had simply been an experiment to see what I would do in such a situation. After Uncle George moved in with us, all such surprises and experiments ceased. The look on mother's face became long. I'm sure I was much to blame for this. But how can a child of six or seven really grasp how much he can hurt someone? When uncle pointed out the imperfection of my mother's speech, I naturally sided with Uncle George. Who wants to be a part of any imperfection? When uncle talked about the purity of the

Ukrainian language, and how my mother's speech maligned it, my mother did not argue. It became self-evident then that uncle was right and mother was wrong. If she would have argued with him in any way about this, I would probably not have sided with uncle. What really bothered her also was my questioning. I didn't quite understand what the uproar was about, so when I was alone with her I asked her, "Can't you speak real Ukrainian?" I was naive about the whole thing. But it cut right through her. It hurt her to the quick to have her children looking at her as if there was something wrong with her. Since she was so imperfect, uncle was perfect, and I watched him carefully. I watched everything he did. It was hero-worship. He used to go downtown and buy whole wheat bread at Eaton's. At breakfast, he'd cut slices and put butter on them and eat them with his coffee. When I stayed away from school because I was ill, I noticed this and I asked if I could try a slice. My mother was very disturbed by this request. We had not made any demands of uncle up to now, and though he had lived in our house for several weeks, and made use of things like our icebox, my parents had avoided asking him for anything. Uncle gave me a slice of the bread. He seemed pleased by his influence over me. My mother was furious after uncle left for his daily excursion downtown. "It's as if you're not properly fed!" she cried. "As if you're starving and have to go to strangers to beg for food! Lord only knows what you do when you go over to your friends' houses to play. Do you ask their mother's for food so directly? Lord only knows what the neighbours think of us as parents!" My attempts to explain that I just wanted to taste the bread, fell on deaf ears. "If I would've brought a loaf of that bread into the house myself," she said, "you would've refused to touch it!" I couldn't argue with her about that. She was right. When a few days later I requested porridge for breakfast, she looked at me sideways as if she had guessed what my request was about. I had refused to eat porridge in the past, but on my day home from school I had seen uncle eating porridge with a bit of butter melting on it. Uncle's trust and confidence in me grew in a way inversely proportionate to my mother's trust and confidence in me. One day that winter he sent me with some of his paperbacks to a bookstore on the corner of Boyd and Arlington. His trust had grown to the extent that he allowed me to trade his old books in for new ones. I was simply to tell the proprietor I wanted books with a similar content. So I finally got to see what kinds of books he read till late into the night. They were trashy paperbacks, not worthy of even being thought of as literature. Cheap mysteries and detective thrillers. One thing that I had in common with uncle by this time, that I could not share with my parents, was my ability to speak and read the English language, which we would do sometimes in front of my mother.

* * *

There was a knock on the door. I opened it and George was standing there, neatly dressed in a clean suit, his withered arm hanging motionless at his side. He came in, and we went into the living-room. The kids were somewhere outside, and Vera was at work. George sat down in the armchair in the front

room, and I sat on the sofa. He did not beat around the bush this time, but came straight to the point. "Can I move in?" he said. I had spent days trying to figure out how to put it so as not to offend him. I had half-hoped that he might reconcile his differences with his landlady and not return to me.

"I can't help you," I said.

"What?" He looked at me as if he could not believe what he was hearing. We had never refused him anything. He had never put us into a position where we could refuse him anything.

"We've talked it over," I said, "and we've decided that we're not going to rearrange things and take on any more boarders."

"Boarders?" His eyes were almost popping out of his head. "I'm your brother! I'm not a boarder!" I could think of nothing to say to pacify him, so I kept quiet. "Is this what it's come down to? After everything I've done for you over the years! Is this how quickly you've forgotten!" I looked at him, for the life of me unable to figure out what he was talking about. He caught the questioning look in my eyes. "I got you into this country!" he said. "I sent you money for your passage. I took you in when you arrived and had no place to go. I found you a job!"

I could not hold my tongue any longer. I boiled over. "Sure, you sent me money for the passage," I said. "Then you hounded me until I paid you back to the last cent. And you've never let me forget that hundred dollars. Everytime you talk, it's as if without it I would have floundered. I would have probably ended up a lot better off if you wouldn't have answered my ad in the paper. And as for that crummy job!... Who in their right mind would send a man off into the wilderness when he's just arrived, can't speak a word of English, and his wife is pregnant, about to give birth, and can't speak a word of English either!" I caught myself and tried to calm down. George could see I was shaking with anger. After a time, I said, more calmly, "You'd better look for a room somewhere else. We've never got along, and there's no reason that this time it'll be any different."

"If you give me that room at the back," he said, "you won't even know I'm around." I could not believe that he had taken my outburst and overlooked it. Vera was right. He had burned all his bridges and had no one to whom he could turn. But there was nothing I could do to help him. If he moved in, there would be a lot of trouble, and it would only be a matter of time before there was a storm and he walked out of the house too.

"Why don't you go to Baba Malowski's," I said. "Vera talked to her on the phone yesterday. She's got that room available where you stayed all the time. Vera asked if she'd take you in and she said she would."

"I'm never going to go there again!" he said.

"Why not?"

His face was immobile and he did not answer. There seemed to be some truth now to Vera's speculation that Baba had been instrumental in the break-up of the relationship between George and the widow. "You've stayed there so many times!" I said. "Why won't you go back? Sometimes Baba says and does things that you don't like, but you've always worked things out

between yourselves. She told Vera she has no objection to you moving back in." When George would not respond to this, I tried a new tack. "What about the Swerid's? Why don't you go over there?"

He shook his head that he would not. "They've got a room there that I used to rent once," he said. "But since Catherine moved out, and they've retired, they prefer not to be burdened with boarders."

"So you'd rather burden your brother!" I said. "Why don't you ask them? You got along with them! You never had anything bad to say about them. They were always inviting you over for dinner. I remember when you stayed with us, you were constantly going over there. If they've got a room, like you say, why not give them a call and ask if you can move in?"

"No," he said. "I know how they feel about that room."

"Have you talked to them lately?"

"I see them once in a while," he said. "Not as often as I used to. But I know how they feel about the room." He seemed very uncomfortable talking about the Swerid's. Maybe he had at last had a spat with them, too.

"Why don't you want me in your house?" he said, looking directly at me.

"You're welcome here anytime," I said. "You know that. How many times is it that we've asked you to come to dinner? Even when we haven't heard from you for years, we've made you welcome in our home. How is it that sometimes years go by before we hear from you? Who is it here that's being pushed away? It's not you. It never has been you."

"If I'm welcome, what's the problem about moving in?"

"The problem is we don't get along." I became impatient with him. "Why're you so dead set about moving in here? That's all I've heard since the last time you were here. You want to move in, and that's all there is to it. You've made up your mind and you're going to bulldoze everything in your path to get your way. I just don't understand this obsession of yours. When you lived with us on Aberdeen, you were always aggravated by the things we did. We couldn't do anything to please you. No matter how hard we tried to stay out of your way, there was nothing but grumbling and bad feelings. If we would've got along to some degree, I'd understand. But we didn't get along at all. In fact, when we parted, I'm sure it was as much of a relief to you as it was to us. So why this big push to get in here?"

"It's Vera, isn't it?" he said. "She doesn't want me."

I was quiet for a time. Then I said, "It's not only Vera. I don't want you living with us. And the kids don't want you either. Nobody here wants you." There was resentment in his eyes. "What do you think?" I said. "You're more of a stranger to the kids than people outside our family. You're Peter's godfather. Do you ever remember his birthdays? Do you even remember him at Christmas time? How do you think he feels when he sees Tanya getting things from her godfather? Is it so strange then that he doesn't want you here with us?" The look of resentment did not leave his eyes. "You have no right to be angry at anybody but yourself," I said. "This is all your doing. When we came to this country, you didn't think we'd be anything more than the beggars we were when we got off the boat. You treated us like dirt. We

didn't see you for long stretches of time. You didn't help us in any way. You made us feel cheap and worthless. Despite all that, we've treated you like a human being. We've overlooked so many things, because you're family. Anyone else would have spit on you long ago and never have invited you into his house again. So what do you expect now, coming to us like this and asking to move in? You expect us to treat you like a part of the family? You're my brother, but I have no brotherly feelings toward you. I have more brotherly feelings to people who have treated me decently over the years, who've helped me when I needed help, who were there when I needed someone just to talk things over with! I can't summon up feelings for you that just don't exist. Neither can Vera nor the kids. If you would've been closer to us over the years, it would be different. But what you've done by acting the way you have, you've done only for yourself. You could've really been an uncle to the kids. You could've helped set up some kind of fund for them to see them through university. You could've done something for them, if you don't like Vera and me."

"I'm broke," he said.

"What?"

"I don't have a penny to my name."

"What're you talking about?" I said. "How can you be broke? You know the kind of money you were earning when Vera and I first arrived in this country. You don't gamble. You don't drink. How can you sit there and tell me you're broke? The thing that's bothered me all along is why you want to move in with us, into a tiny back room, when you can afford a place like this of your own. You should have more than enough money to buy a house like this for cash."

He seemed almost contrite. The resentment had vanished from his eyes. It was the way he was sitting in the chair that seemed to say everything. He had crumbled in on himself, his shoulders hunched and rounded forward, his head hung, his body sunk into the soft nylon material of the armchair. He stared at his feet. He seemed to be looking right through the carpet and the floor.

"If you had nowhere else to go," I said, "that would be a different story. But there are rooms available to you. It's just that you won't take them. As far as I'm concerned, I won't inconvenience my family because of some whim that's come over you."

He was quiet for a time, then looked up and said, "Can I stay here for a few days, at least until I find a room for myself?"

"Where?" I said.

"In the back room," he said.

"There's no bed there," I said.

"I'll sleep on the floor!" he said, impatiently and angrily.

"No," I said.

"You've got a bed in the basement," he said. "The one under the stairs. Let me sleep on it for a few days."

"In the basement?"

"Yes!" He was irritated and brusque.

"I couldn't let you do that. The basement's cold and damp."

He sighed and turned to begging. "Can I leave my luggage with you for a few days then?" he said.

I shook my head that he could not. He looked crushed by my refusal to help him in any way.

When Vera came home from work we sat in the living-room and talked a long time into the night about what had happened between George and me. It had upset me a great deal. I told her that he had offered to sleep on the floor and then on the bed in the basement. I was embarrassed by his proposals. If anybody had been listening to us, they would have thought very badly of me. But I could see that if I gave in to him even to the extent of letting him store his suitcases at our place, it would be like letting him stick a foot in the door. We would never be able to close it on him. "Do you think he just pushed the point because he saw I wouldn't agree, and he wanted me to feel bad?" I asked Vera. "Why was moving in with us such an issue for him?"

"I think I know why," she said. "When I talked to his landlady, she said something about his mentioning that if he ever wanted, he could always get a room with his brother, on a moment's notice. It's something he must have believed for a long time, maybe since the last time he stayed with us on Aberdeen. It might have been an idea that stayed in the back of his mind through all his rows with all his landlords. Yes, it sounds like something that's been with him for some time. It's the only way to explain the tenacity with which he tried to get in here."

As we talked further, Vera said, "Well, he certainly can't say we're after his money after what happened today."

"He doesn't have any money," I said.

"What?" She could not believe what she heard.

"He told me," I said. "He's broke."

She was lost in thought for a moment. Then she said, "Do you think it's possible."

"Why would he lie?" I said. "You know that George isn't the kind to tell lies."

"But how?" she said. "How can he be broke? He earned such good money for so many years. He never paid utilities or taxes. He had no family to support. All he ever paid out was his rent, and that was only for the winter months. In summer he was out in the bush, and then there was no place out there to spend any money. He never bought a house or a car. The only trips I remember his making were those two to New York when he just arrived. He can't be broke."

"He says he is."

"Maybe he is," said Vera, after a time. "But if he is, there's a very good reason for it."

"You said he was always going downtown shopping," I said, "when he stayed with us that time."

"For a loaf of bread, or something like that," she said. "But nothing expensive. He had no real possessions. Everything he possessed could be packed away into those two suitcases he always carried with him. No, he didn't spend that money buying bread at Eaton's." I trusted Vera's judgement when it came to this kind of thing. Women had a sixth sense about such things. "There's something crooked here," she said. "Something happened that we don't know about, that cleaned your brother out, if he's really broke like he says."

* * *

Looking back over the journal I have been keeping of our life in Canada, it seems to me that it has become largely an account of my relationship with my brother. But in a way, what better measure of our progress in this country can there be than someone like George, whose way of life has remained unchanged since we arrived. Everything we've done, everything we've accomplished, is measured against him in some way. So the fact that he is a central figure in my journal is understandable to me. Also, my account has been in a way an attempt to understand my brother. I have no luck with him when we encounter each other head-on. The only way things have been working lately, is that I keep my mouth shut and listen. He does all the talking. After he's gone I can blow my top and let off steam. But if I contradicted him just one time in the middle of one of his stories, there would be a row, and he would walk out. The journal then has become for me a more detached way of trying to understand him. I can put my emotions away to some extent when I come to it. The latest thing that has happened in regard to George is that Vera ran into his old landlady, Mrs. Swerid, at the Ukrainian meat market on Main Street Saturday morning. But it seems that Mrs. Swerid was not eager to encounter Vera. Vera says that she wanted to be polite and at least thank Mrs. Swerid for the visit that she paid along with her daughter to George at the hospital. But apparently Mrs. Swerid was in no mood to be thanked or approached. She avoided Vera by losing herself in the crowd of people at the front counter and then disappeared from the store. Vera was surprised by this, and we sat down and had a long talk.

We have always been distant with the Swerids, so we have never really known them well. We have done a great deal of speculating as to what they might be like and as to what their relationship with George is like. No doubt they have also done a lot of speculating as to what our relationship with George is like. But speculation is one thing, and running into a person in public and treating them civilly is another. This wasn't the first time something like this has happened in regard to them. I remember that shortly after George tried to get a room at our place and we had turned him away, I ran into Mrs. Swerid in a store downtown, and the same thing occurred. She avoided me. I was not particularly interested in speaking to her, so it really didn't bother me at the time. I was aware that she had seen me, though we never made eye contact. And there had been the chance that she was in a hurry and simply did not have time to chat, and avoided me for that reason. I

had not given it too much thought. It could not be that she had avoided me because I had not rented a room to George. She had no reason to be angry at me when she herself would not rent a room to him. No doubt George had told her something of the matter. But just how he had seen it, and described it to her, I had no idea. Now though, after this incident with Vera, I wonder why Mrs. Swerid is avoiding us. George says almost nothing of the Swerids to us these days. Maybe he remembers how he used to castigate us by holding them up as an example to us. It seems, though, that we have surpassed them in his eyes. He can't seem to get over the large house we have and the new car. He can no longer hold up the Swerids as examples. Still, he must keep in touch with them. If Mrs. Swerid and her daughter visited him in the hospital only a short time ago, there must be some kind of communication going on between them. The problem, though, is that the Swerids have no car. And as far as Catherine is concerned, she has her own family to look after and is under no obligation to drive George to her mother's place and then drive him back home. I am sure that the Swerids know that George is spending a good deal of time with us. Considering how dazzled George is now by everything that is happening in our home—Peter's graduation, our having a large house to ourselves, and our having a new car—there is no way he would not gloat to somebody about how he is part of all this. That is the kind of thing George enjoys. Maybe the tables have finally turned on the Swerids. Maybe George is doing to them what he did to us. Maybe he is holding us up as an example to them. This is a real possibility. After all, the one thing George knows how to do is to stick a pin into you so that it hurts. After his dissatisfaction with the Swerids, which set in when Catherine never invited him back to her house a second time, it is almost as if he has just gone through the motions of keeping in touch with them. He has never been rude to them, the way he was to us. But it's as if he has been biding his time. The question is what is he waiting for? Usually, when he's disenchanted with someone or some situation, a storm takes place, and the thing is dropped. But this situation with the Swerids has brought out an aspect of George that I've never seen before. Maybe this has happened in this particular case because they are the only people with whom he ever allowed himself to go beyond a superficial involvement. I've never seen anything before that even comes close to resembling vengefulness in George. He was never that kind of person. If he's said things behind our backs, it's been more by the way of gossip. It was a way of releasing his frustrations. It's been part of the storm that is so typical of him. Since he's said things just as bad to my face when we've had our rows, I don't consider his saying the same things behind my back as being vengeful. Besides, anyone who knows him and knows us well, would grasp that such nonsense is more the heat of the moment that is speaking, rather than the truth. But with the Swerids, George never maligned them behind their backs. Even when Catherine never invited him back a second time to her house, George tried to find something positive in the situation. Despite his efforts to remain positive, within months of this event there occurred a kind of estrangement from the Swerids that nobody would have believed possible.

When he made up an excuse to get out of Mrs. Swerid's dinner invitation, it was obvious that he was undergoing some kind of change in himself. And now this sudden rush to his bedside by Mrs. Swerid and her daughter, indicates that he has kept the lines of communication open all these years. Not only has he kept them open, but also he has given Mrs. Swerid some room for hope that there is still something to be got out of him. Is George, now that he can take the Swerids or leave them, taking some kind of slow and calculated revenge for what they have done to him? Is George using us to toy with the Swerids? Possibly Mrs. Swerid thinks that we were aware of some small fortune he has stashed away, and now that he is ill and has not much longer to live, we are wooing him in the hope that he will leave his fortune to us. This makes a lot of sense. Because if this is the case, she looks upon us as rivals, and that explains why she fled from Vera. But Mrs. Swerid has really no reason to think that George has money put away. He lives as if he does not have a penny to his name. From all indications he has given me, I know that he really does not have a penny. His inability to disguise his true state of affairs has allowed the truth to leak out during his Sunday visits. He lives from month to month, like most old-age pensioners. He has his Canada Pension and a small retirement pension. He also has a pension from the C.N.R. But the C.N.R. pension is a fixed rate, and since he started receiving it the value of money has dropped considerably, while the amount of his pension has remained the same. According to what he has said, after paying the rent on his apartment and buying his groceries, he has little or no money left over at the end of the month. And no one could doubt this, unless George had deliberately set out to mislead them, and at the same time they wanted to be misled. Mrs. Swerid fits into this situation perfectly. She has got money out of George in the past. Just to what extent we cannot be sure. But there is no doubt that George provided Catherine with some kind of expensive wedding present, even if all of our other speculations are wrong. If our speculations are right, and she fleeced him of a great sum of money, then she has all the more reason to go back to the same source. But whatever the reason for her belief that George again has a lot of money, that reason has to have its source in George. He has either hinted to her that a large sum of money exists, or else he has not prevented her from reaching such a conclusion, the way he has done with us. If this is his revenge for what the Swerids have done to him in the past, there is a calculation about it that I have never seen in George before. I cannot understand, though, that it is anything but revenge. If he phones Mrs. Swerid up regularly and talks about his visits to us, this kind of thing would make her agitated. She would see that he has re-established his ties with us, and that now there is a possibility that the money he put away might come our way. If she was so agitated by this thought as to run away from Vera, then it only stands to reason that she thinks George has a very substantial amount of money, and the only reason she would think that it is a large sum would be that the first time she fleeced him it had been just such a large sum. But George is so quiet about the Swerids, that when their name comes up in conversation today he does not

dwell long on them. It is completely unlike when he stayed with us on Aberdeen and could never seem to talk about them enough. If he is taking revenge, it is very quietly. He does not boast about it. And since George boasts about most things, it intrigues me as to exactly what has happened in the past between him and the Swerids to make the revenge he is taking now so special to him. Also, it seems to me, that things are a little more complicated than this. Why did Mrs. Swerid avoid me shortly after I refused George a room? Everything makes sense when it comes to her recent avoidance of Vera. But shouldn't she have been delighted by my refusal to take George into the house? Shouldn't she have come up to me and said something, the way a victor always treats a loser? Here was an opportunity for her to claim him, to bring him into her fold. Why had she not offered George a room? The truth is that maybe she did offer him a room but he did not accept. Maybe he was already toying with her. But there had to be some reason for her avoiding me. If I think back to what happened at the time when George approached me for a room, I don't remember the Swerid's name coming up in any way except when I mentioned it as a possible place where he might stay. I also mentioned Baba's place as an alternative. Then there was that moment in the front room when I had confided to George that I was keeping a journal of what had happened to us upon our arrival in Canada. I had been discreet in answering his question about whether he was in the journal. I had said that everyone we had touched on was in the journal. Could George have used something like this to sweeten his revenge? Could he have perhaps told Mrs. Swerid that I had recorded the events of the time he had stayed with us, the time she had fleeced him of his money? Maybe he need not have been all that blunt about it. He could have hinted to her of the journal's existence and the kind of things I was recording in it. Maybe he even hinted that eventually I would publish it. Now that I saw the vengefulness of which George was capable, such a thing was not beyond reason. If this was the case, then Mrs. Swerid's avoidance of me would make sense. She would not want to meet face-to-face with a person who had a record of her behaviour and might publicize it at some future date. Also, her avoidance of Vera would still make sense, since knowledge of my journal would not alter anything as far as Mrs. Swerid trying to get her hands on George's supposed money.

George Morrissette

A Boy's Wedding at the Prosvita Hall, 1949

it was fun and it was not
but the beer flowed from silver
kegs and the men drained
the little glass barrels
dry to the bottom of happiness
before wiping their lips

sweat glittered over the corseted
satin and cotton swells
of the well-fed women
who paused from their men
and homes to gossip of their kids

we sat at the edges
and looked up the great arms
of Kushmeter the Knocker
and heard the awfulness

in shredded talk, for the factories
had their own momentum

but this was Saturday night
and the shy white bride
and the determined groom
stood exhausted before the procession
of Gift Givers, under the light bulb glare
in the dark summer plenty

and the men made jokes
as they must always muster

and the women looked away
into their sure knowledge

there was sweat and meat and bread
and another day to build the church

there were desoto cars and white shirts
and ties to exchange business chances

and there was the violin that broke us down
for a moment, the butterfly dance
when we boys would be whirled
and brushed against

we knew, the life-giving swells
though we could not yet live
as men, so there you are, fellow Ukrainians

time is made up of instances
and Métis memory makes good, sometimes

Finding Mom at Eaton's

The following excerpt consists of parts two, three, six and seven of the first section of the long poem Finding Mom at Eaton's.

Adoption

a chance beer parlor meeting

my grandfather and cronies urge Fred to see
if he can adopt
this little fatty
with a cold
rocking with the other foundlings
on the floor

(when the Sisters bring you out to be shown)

During the 30's
Social Work
was simpler:

Aurore and Fred: had love
a one room shack
some horses and acres
his muscle

Aurore had suffered six miscarriages

the Social Worker could tell
they were decent
let them have the child

after a visit from the agency lady
the adoption papers were signed
on the condition
that Mary would relinquish claim
forever

Even so, Aurore was afraid
all her life
that Mary would return

all that remained
of the transaction
was a slip of paper

it was neither lost
nor destroyed . . .
the only link
between mother and child
when
    the re-living
        began

AT LEAST
URGE BUREAUCRACY

NOT TO DESTROY FILES
NOR LOCK THEM AWAY FOREVER

THE SEARCH
IS A HUMAN RIGHT

Fred and Aurore
    take the child
        to their shack

in the Weak City
    so-called by the Village Priest
because Frank and the seven brothers
who lived in the dwellings scattered on the acres
had a hard time making it to church

Métis for wind and horses
    space
        for their voices

strong men
    who can call you home
        from thousands of miles away

in '40
    Fred goes overseas
        for three years
Aurore and the child
    move to St. Boniface
on his return
    they buy a house there
with a trap door that opens right on the prairie
between the great Cathedral and the stockyards

Wooded riverbanks, streetcars' clatter
the animals in Charles G.D. Roberts

running over the moonlit snow
blind Frank carves me a hand-made bob-sled
sickness, drunkenness, the Great War
frightening God, nuns, homework

until I'm 15
fitting in pretty good
When the rock
upon which my church was built
loosens
and falls
The Parish Priest
seeing confusion
diffident skinny me
200 lb.
swarthy skin
truck driving legendary strong man dad

we were at blows

there'd been moments at parties when Uncle Raoul
would take me aside begin telling me
something
weeping, "Georgie . . . I have something to tell you . . . "
(leaning over me with his grown-up breath smelling of beer)
but Mother Aurore would shut him up

then too my cousins would sometimes bunch up together
whispering—saying things—looking at me
"les gros babines . . . petit jewif . . . "

that day in August
when they sat me down
had to say
start all over

there'd been hints

that man guilty
wasn't scared
my father alone

I was free to be me

weeping
" . . . but then
who is my father?"

"he's a good man
very tall"
says my foster-mother

"that's all we know"
"...and my mother?"
"she's short
has big lips like yours
and her name is Mary—"

roughly
that was my identity
for the next
17 years

* * *

The Bastard's Search

Hear me, ancestors!
You've buried me alive!
Ivan the Terrible
at work here

Old Russia and Hitler

to show who's boss

dangle us on lampposts
and smile
for the photographers

Dare bury me alive!

I haul across a continent a Red River cart
fill it with the answer
so I can stop and rest

I'm not deformed!
nor evil
nor born by immaculate conception

how many times
must I say
I hate you, mother
I hate you, father

what do you look like?
what's your life span?
are you drunkards?
rich like Tuxedo

poor with a houseful of kids
the cheque spent
healthy or sick?
Aphygavistanian?
or Jewish?
when shall we take a walk together?

Socrates and Plato; Mother and Son at picnics . . .

Entire planet: the 3 or 5 or 11 billion of you—
there is no lament or cry
to say

are they still alive?
if so, where are they?

bastards by the millions
war
mistakes
locked in cabinets
in the lonely institutional cribs
chewing at the chipped enamel
big eyes asking . . .
while the Sisters scuttle

orphans of bombed cities
watching nylon legs walk by
peer into every face

Who is my mother?
Is she still alive
strong and generous
or spreading her legs
on a rock pile
for a soldier?

afraid
she's my SISTER MY MOTHER

or when
you weep
over a melody
French
Russian
Jewish Polish
Negro
Italian
which
one

is
your
soul?

this Cry of the Bastard Army I was to carry about
for 17 years because I was too afraid
to find
a lonely old woman
sitting in a Hotel Room
with a single chair and table
a few cracked, thrown out, hospital dishes
and a bottle
her face haggard and ravaged
thin and smelly
raising up her right hand to me
in wretched welcome
I preferred
walking about New York City
with my firstborn son
the Jewish butcher or hardware store owner
asking
"Are you Jewish?"
How should I know!

* * *

Eaton's Dept. Store

Timothy in Bronze
was sternly watching
me wait for my mother
I was afraid she would appear and disappear . . . there's one!
shallow complexion
strong jowls hanging
ballooning sheets
on a clothesline;
small eyes hiding
behind frightening
receding forehead;
hair thinning, frayed white
rolls of fat pouched
at wrist and elbows—arms
a child dare touch at asking
black dress
patterned

with flowers

she noticed me

fixed those small eyes
on me
quickly searched over
my features
studied my hair colour
shape of my mouth
forehead
a dirigible of hatred hovered

then she was gone

PANIC

in my hatreds
I'd looked away

she'd come to compare
& somewhat satisfied, had fled, after all
one such mother had abandoned me 32 years before

she'd disappeared
into the crowd of mothers

Eaton's
place of sorrow!

a short blond prim lady
came up to me "... you must be George ..."

she was all that I ever wanted her to be

* * *

Moore's Restaurant
(*What is my nationality? Ukrainian!*)

At the time, I was a little disappointed,
frankly, that I wasn't Jewish. But then,
there wasn't much that could be done about
it. For 32 years I'd been a Ukrainian.
Wasn't so bad. The more I thought about it,
the more I began to say, there is a lot of
prejudice. My grandfather liked hotels.
See—explains my fondness for pubs. There's
a little Polish blood somewhere, she said
rapidly; who cares? She's sitting before
me, lovely, blond, well-meaning woman;
showing me the photo of her three daughters,

each dressed in a white dress, seated on
the prairie in the 1940's sunshine,
well-scrubbed and cared for.
I was supposed to be there. But wasn't.
Destined for Aurore. No, there weren't
any particularly bad illnesses. She was
troubled by diabetes. Grandpa was in his 70's;
would live longer, if he didn't touch drink.
Maybe he'll have to live with us, but my
husband wouldn't like it. Oh I know, what
can you do, I was so upset that your father
didn't marry me. He still says he prefers me.
But what can you do? So I married another, and I
make the best of it. But don't you
let him know
that you're
my son

I'll never forgive you
He'll never
let me
alone

Nina Mudryk Mryc

In the Land of Art

This was not long ago, as is usually the case in fables, this happened now, a short while ago. Somehow a group of children wandered into the realm of a mighty king, who bore the name of Art.

The children were struck dumb with amazement when they entered, for the kingdom was so marvellous and beautiful, so fascinating, that it was hard even to imagine. No books were ever written about it, nor has anyone described it before, but everyone knows that somewhere it exists and that it is enchantingly beautiful. Many people spend a lifetime looking for this kingdom and longing for it.

The children stood by the gate and looked attentively at the magnificent orchards and the towering palaces that gleamed white in the distance. They would have loved to run along the winding pathways into the depths of that strange kingdom, but—this I will only whisper in your ear—they were a little afraid to enter there without permission.

And then a girl came running up to them along one of the paths. Wonderful flowers glowed in her braids and her cloak glittered with colourful

embroidery. She stopped with a look of surprise and peered wide-eyed at the children. For a brief moment they stared at each other, and then the girl gave a friendly smile and welcomed the children with oustretched arms.

"Who might you be?" she asked.

"We? We are children. I am Peter—"

"And I'm Martha."

"And I'm Lesia."

"And he is Slavko, and that's Yarko. We lost our way and somehow ended up here. But who are you?"

"Oh, so you have gone astray? I feel sorry for you, but nonetheless I am very happy you came into our kingdom. My name is Fantasia and this, before you, is the realm of Art. I am his youngest daughter. I have many brothers and sisters, and all of them are princes and princesses; each has his own principality in my father's kingdom—I am the only one without one. But I don't want one as I live with my father in the palace or visit with my brothers and sisters. They all love me and are glad to have me stay with them. Do you know what we can do? I will show you our kingdom and acquaint you with my family. Agreed? They will be delighted by such wonderful guests, while you, no doubt, will be pleased with our world."

Fantasia took the children by their hands, and together they set out for the depths of the magic kingdom.

She was a most unusual girl... this Fantasia. It seemed to the children that whenever she laughed, golden sparks danced in the grass. Her beautiful eyes would turn blue like spring anemones, turn as black as pieces of coal, then turn golden-brown, like amber. She would talk to the birds and the flowers, and the children would understand every word. When they had to cross a stream she would pluck a leaf, throw it on the water, and this would change into a magnificent boat with white sails; or she would throw a green branch on the waves, and it would turn into a delicately-carved bridge. Truly, she was like a good sorceress out of a fairy tale.

The children walked for a long time with Fantasia through the enchanted kingdom. They called upon Prince Painting, Princess Sculpture, Princess Architecture, Princess Ballet and her daughter Choreography, Prince Creative Writing and his daughter Poetry, and Princess Music.

Enthusiastic cries of "Ooh!" and "Aah" rang out from the band of children. For how could one not be excited, watching as Prince Painting strolled through his kingdom with a palette full of different colours and a handful of various-sized brushes, painting the most beautiful pictures. There were flowers, landscapes, portraits and whimsical patterns, and in the end it was difficult to distinguish between what was real and what had been painted.

"Open your eyes, open your eyes, for this art can only find its way into your hearts through your eyes," whispered Fantasia, and the children gazed with gaping eyes, unable to take in all these wonders.

Sculpture's principality was ornamented with a wide variety of many-coloured gems. The Princess, with golden chisels and hammers, was

transforming it into an exquisite carving. White marble flowers blossomed in her hands, and towering forms grew out of craggy buttes, as though the dead stone, at any time, would burst into life.

Princess Architecture was building palaces, castles and spires, and the children studied them as if they were pictures in a story-book.

In the principality of Ballet it was hard for the children to stand still and watch as every living thing swayed in dance. People were dancing, butterflies conducted an incredible reel above the flower tops, and the flowers themselves rocked in time to the bird songs while the leaves rose flutteringly with the wind into the air. Everything was dancing and the children's feet were twitching to the musical beat as though at any moment they, too, would join in the dance, but Fantasia, with a nod of her head, led them swiftly to the edge of a pond that waxed green in the middle of the kingdom.

The sun's rays embroidered the blue and emerald surface of the lake with golden patterns. White water-lilies floated gently on the water, and the silver-winged waterfowl played hide-and-seek, flitting from flower to flower. From the depths there rose a murmuring sound similar to a lullaby that a mother sings on a starry night, hovering over her sleepy babe...

"This is my father's most precious treasure-vault—have a good look!"

The children bent over the surface of the lake.... Deep below, the sand brightly sparkled and glimmered, and on it, there lay many beautiful pearls. Some were large and shiny, others were small, while still others were positively tiny; some were white, others were rosy or cream-coloured, and still others glowed in every hue of the rainbow.

"These are talents," said Fantasia. "From time to time my father gives them to people and then they become artists—either painters or poets or sculptors, dancers or musicians. But talent alone is not enough, and one must work and study. For those who labour, the pearl grows larger and glows brightly, but for those who do not exert themselves, the bead fades and grows smaller. 'A wasted talent,' as people say."

"But you must be tired by now and wanting to rest. We will only visit my most beloved sister, Music, and then I will show you the way home. But in the principality of Music you can only listen. You must simply prick up your ears and forget the fact that you can talk, mutter or laugh, shuffle your feet or make a disturbance, for if we forget this the entire spell is broken."

Princess Music greeted them joyfully, but she did not speak in words, only sang. Her entire principality also sang. The bees buzzed above the flowers, cricket choruses boomed and enchanting melodies flowed from the royal palaces. Princess Music, wearing her crown of golden notes, guided her guests through the entire principality, and each of her movements produced a different tone, and every step rang out in song. The children forgot that they could talk, or even whisper. They trod softly along the path so that you could not hear their feet scraping, and listened, as if entranced, to the beautiful melodies. The songs and melodies now sobbed, now laughed, sometimes roaring tempestuously, at other times settling like peaceful prayers in the nooks and crannies of the princely palaces.

In the palatial halls concerts were being held, and people, absorbed in the charming sonatas and resounding rhapsodies, forgot the many trials and sorrows of this world.

But suddenly someone coughed, and the children shuddered. It seemed to be less a cough than a painful crack of the whip. Somewhere, a chair creaked, someone was drinking water and it gurgled in their throat, and some sort of clamouring sound dispersed all the beauty of the tones. The spell of the music was lost and the children trembled as if struck by painful blows.

The eyes of the princess filled with tears.

"It happens quite often," Music said. "It pains me, for it ruins all the beauty of my art... my songs."

"Ugh! How evil these people are!" exclaimed the indignant children. "They only hurt themselves, for if they cannot remember that in order to experience fully the true magic of music they must just listen and forget everything else, they will never know the real beauty of your art! When we return home we will tell them what harm they do to you and to themselves, and we will ask them not to drive away music's charm by talking and making other disturbing sounds."

Princess Music smiled joyfully and thanked the children for their thoughtful promise. Fantasia led them to the kingdom's gate and pointed their way home.

The children walked quietly along the narrow roadway, and it still seemed as if they could hear the enchanting songs of Princess Music.

Translated by Jars Balan and William Barabash

Michael John Nimchuk

The Day My Grandad Died

This three-act play deals with an ailing Polish immigrant farmer's final reconciliation with an estranged daughter, Irena. The two have not seen each other for eight years because the daughter rejected a local farmer (Zbigniew 'Ziggy' Barski) whom she was being pressured to marry. We learn later in the play that she had been raped by him in a desperate attempt to win her affections, and that her child, Michael (Miszka), is the product of that encounter. Irena is summoned home by her father when he realizes that he is dying and wishes to see his only grandson.

In the following scene, excerpted from the middle of the second act, Irena and her father discuss for the first time the event which scandalized the community and drove a wedge between the old man and his Christian faith. The story takes place in Manitoba in late March 1932, and the action unfolds on a multi-purpose set that serves at various times as a bedroom,

kitchen, farm yard, toolshed and church. Props distinguish the different parts of the set, and lighting effects are used to separate scenes from each other. Anna is Irena's younger sister, and Andrew and Janusz are two of her three brothers.

* * *

They all leave, Irena and her father look at each other. Grandad looks away for a moment.

GRANDAD Get me bottle. I'm . . . Ah, you know. You not forget.

Anna pours two small toasts, hands one to her Dad, they salute each other and drink. They eye each other. He looks away.

GRANDAD I didn't want you to come home. When you left I said to myself: Let her go. Let her go live with this man. She will find out. You don't have to stop her. Life will show her. Someday she will think about her life and know better. Someday she will take son and leave him. Leave him.

IRENA Is that what you want?

GRANDAD Does he treat you well?

IRENA Yes.

GRANDAD And my grandson. Does he treat Miszka well?

Irena looks away.

GRANDAD Does he?

Irena nods. She turns on him.

IRENA Why did you ask me home, father? I don't want arguments, fights. Not any more. What happened is past. Let it be.

She gets up and moves away.

GRANDAD I ask you home because I want to see grandson. First grandson. Why you not name him after me? My first grandson . . . Irena. . . . Answer your father . . . you change . . . big change. . . .

IRENA We all change.

GRANDAD City girl now.

IRENA What did you expect?

He begins to cough. She looks at her stubborn, determined father. She is torn between concern and assertion. She makes a move.

IRENA I'll get you some water.

GRANDAD No, Irena. Sit. ***Please***.

She comes back from near the door and sits in the chair beside him.

GRANDAD Why did you not write me? No love for your old father anymore? You can forget me . . . Irena ***milenka***, Irena we were such good

friends.... You were...my...my favourite.

IRENA Of course. I loved you. Why do you think I stayed away so long? Why do you think I never wrote? When you feel nothing for someone you can always talk to them—always write. But when you turned on me— told me to leave this house—my home because I wouldn't marry Ziggy, I was...desperate. So I ran off with Stephan.

GRANDAD Don't say his name in this house.

IRENA I have to.

GRANDAD No.

IRENA He's only another human being. Another stupid human being...like myself and others. He's not to blame. He'd pursued me all that summer even when he knew I was engaged to Ziggy.... You know that.

GRANDAD I told you I don't want—

IRENA Yes, yes, maybe we were in love. I don't know where any love began and my hatred started—we were impulsive, stupid, stubborn—I still am...just, just like you.

She cries.

GRANDAD Irena!

Torn between sympathy and anger.

IRENA Stephan was no one to despise, be angry with or afraid of....

GRANDAD I'm afraid of nothing—

IRENA Then what have you learned? What have you learned since you were a boy?

She touches him.

IRENA If you would have only listened to me and what I wanted to tell you that summer. But you wouldn't. You closed yourself off like a silo.

They look at each other and are very quiet.

IRENA There were things I wanted to tell you...serious things....

GRANDAD Like what??

IRENA Too late now. It doesn't seem so important.

GRANDAD Something to do with Ziggy?

She looks at him with relief and fright.

GRANDAD 'Cause you disgraced his family?

IRENA Oh, yeah, I disgraced his family. I disgraced...by leaving Ziggy Barski at the altar...his family insulted...all those guests waiting... Father Korchansky mad as hell. What's so funny?

GRANDAD *Laughing.* Old woman Barski...so mad at me. Cursed me. Tried to

make me pay for everything all food rotting in hell. She had little pig eyes of greed for all wedding presents. She open them all up. Look at them. Like them. Didn't want to send none of presents back. Tried to keep new electric iron, Zukowski give for your wedding present.

IRENA No....

GRANDAD Yes.... *Laughing uproariously.*

IRENA But...what is so funny?

GRANDAD She keep electric iron! Electric iron. And there was no electricity in her house. No electricity in all of municipality.

They both have a great laugh.

GRANDAD She still curses me.

IRENA And probably still curses me.

GRANDAD No...no. She doesn't give damn for you. Thinks Ziggy good boy but stupid. A ***baniak*** a real woman would leave first chance.

IRENA Ziggy's not so bad—

GRANDAD Well, so she says—she's terrible woman. Six months ago I danced with her at Ted Polonski's wedding. We got drunk together. Even got as far as barn.

IRENA Papa....

GRANDAD It was nothing...just old woman, old cow and bull together.

IRENA Oh, no....

GRANDAD We did nothing.... Too drunk. And it was too cold.... Smell of shit in the barn. No place for romance. She's a terrible woman. *Laughs out loud.*

For a moment we are diverted to the kitchen. There is Anna on the floor with Michael, playing quietly at a game. Andrew and Janusz are out checking the stock. Grandma and Anna hear Irena and Grandad's laughter. Grandma nods her approval. Anna smiles, responds.

Inside the bedroom, Irena is holding her father's hand. He looks at her sympathetically and she returns the feeling. The wind outside howls like a dog.

GRANDAD Remember our dog...Hector.... His death?

He winces.

IRENA It was horrible....

GRANDAD It was accident. Yes. But his dying, great pain. He lay by post moving tractor belt...legs and back crushed. He not cry out. Touched him with hand. Run gently over smooth fur. Blood. He quivers. Yes. No whimper. But look at me. And I see it in his eyes. He wants to be happy again. I begin to whistle like I did when he

and I go for walk.

He whistles remembering the tune.

He heard me. I think he smiled when he died in my arms.... I'm dying, Irena. Not afraid to die. Don't want to die. But dying.... Who will take care of bees...take care of Nellie and new foal...Grandma. Who will take care of Grandma?

IRENA We will.

GRANDAD Good.

IRENA I...I saw Father Korchansky in the church.

GRANDAD You.... *Smiles.* He no throw you out of church?

IRENA No.... I was saying a prayer....

GRANDAD *Eyes twinkling.* Do you believe prayer will get you to heaven? Do you believe God knows you exist?

IRENA *Lightly.* Can't you be serious?

GRANDAD I'm an old man. What is there to be serious about?

IRENA Father Korchansky said that—

GRANDAD Ah, Father Korchansky. He's a good man. He want start museum. Pioneer museum. Give pride to our people. Museum. For Poles, Lithuanians, others.

Irena laughs.

We fight among ourselves—Ukes, Poles—and Englishmen and Scotsmen laugh. And keep us down. Canada like big zoo. Everybody have own cage. Nobody care about the whole thing. So Father Korchansky makes museum. He ask me for old things. Tools. Machines. *Laughing.* I pretend I no hear him but I know what he wants.

IRENA He asked me—

GRANDAD No worry.... I give him everything. Put in my will. For sure. Many good things in barn. Made by hand. By me. Pioneer, Canada.

IRENA No, he wants you to make your peace with God.

GRANDAD *Laughs gently.* Peace with God...?

IRENA Yes.

GRANDAD I am at peace. Maybe not with Church. Maybe not with Priest. Maybe not with God. But I am at peace. Me...simple uneducated farmer. What I know about God? What anybody know? World big place. Night time I stand out on field, look at stars. I no understand nothing. Years ago, crop ruined by early snow, frost, flood, hail, grasshoppers, heat, no rain. I look at sky and pray. Nothing happen. I look at sky and shake fist at God. Nothing happen. Waste of time. He no care. Crop live, die.... You, me, live, die.... He no care.

IRENA I care.

GRANDAD Sure, but you not God. *He takes her hand and pats it.*

GRANDAD My son Andrew, still play best violin in all of Manitoba...and Nick Panchuk...good accordian. Tell them come here.... I want hear music. Old comic songs. See young people dancing. *Laughing.* Invite old woman Barski—husband dead long time. She need know men look and like her still. You do this for me?

Irena stares, nods, then gets up.

IRENA Yes.

GRANDAD Good...Irena. You understand father. Give him kisses.

Irena kisses him, they hold each other then release.

IRENA I love you, papa.

GRANDAD Good. Then God is in this house.

Lights dim in bedroom.

Borys Oleksandriv

A Dental Story

I met Larissa Dmytrivna under circumstances that were in no way conducive to mutual attraction. I was sitting in the waiting room of the dentist's office, my face contorted from the unbearable pain that clouded my entire world, while she.... But first, let me describe the physical impression Larissa Dmytrivna made. She was a small, rather severe-looking woman with blue eyes and smoothly-combed light blonde hair, and a pleasant voice that lulled like a wave on a lake. An extraordinary sense of vitality and self-assurance radiated from her calm, oval face, her white smock and dexterous hands. In short, she was a dentist, a person deserving of consideration, and I was a miserable patient whose annoying groans could only have kept the presence of the lady away.

"Lomachka!" she called out, appearing in the doorway and giving me a stern glance as if I truly were guilty of something.

I entered a little room where there were some sort of macabre machines and the wall was decorated with a gigantic mould of human teeth that more closely resembled the teeth of a dinosaur. Ever since childhood I have had an aversion to any medical apparatus whose cold shine, always accompanied by the smell of iodine, or some other similar odour, invoked a strange weakness in my knees. I had little faith in the healing functions of these machines and considered them to be nothing more than a convenient disguise for their actual blood-thirsty proclivity. And I never would have agreed to subject my organism, which is sensitive to physical disturbances, to the uncertain

experiments of these machines had it not been for the fierce toothache which clouded not only my entire world but also my sober, unwavering convictions about the matter.

Somewhere in the depths of my conscious mind there was a small ray of hope that perhaps my tooth had only temporarily strayed from its proper functioning and that maybe everything would be limited to a simple rinse. or compress. This hope was further reinforced by my faith in the extraordinary dental abilities of Larissa Dmytrivna, and in her innate delicacy and desire not to cause anyone any unpleasantness. I was therefore somewhat amazed when Larissa Dmytrivna, instead of engaging me in a warm, sympathetic conversation—which certainly would have soothed the nerves in my teeth, as well as my general anxiety, better than any kind of medicine—and instead of giving me a gentle rinse or compress, ordered me to sit directly beneath the drill. This cruelty took me by surprise and I immediately shrank and shrivelled, finding myself sitting in the light of the implacable machine, neither dead nor alive.

It would be excessive of me to torment my readers with a description of the way I opened my mouth and the way Larissa Dmytrivna determinedly poked my unfortunate teeth with her hook—surely everyone, or almost everyone of my readers, has experienced such manipulations in his or her own mouth. The only difference would be that in my case it was Larissa Dmytrivna who was doing this to me with her beautiful hands, whereas for the reader, perhaps, it was someone else. It would be worthwhile, however, to note our conversation. Before setting the drill into motion Larissa Dmytrivna asked:

"What do you eat?—something decent?"

"What do you mean, *decent*?" I asked, spitting out some vile stuff that Larissa Dmytrivna had squirted on my tooth. "I eat all kinds of legal, nutritional things."

"Well, what did you eat yesterday, for example, or the day before? It must have been something unusually hard. . . . "

"Hard?" I thought. "Why, yes, I was chewing on nuts. The nutcracker wasn't handy, so I cracked them with my teeth. Possibly something cracked there in my tooth."

"You didn't try chewing on some steel bolts?" my interlocuter inquired sarcastically.

"What a way to eat nuts. . . . "

I got angry. First of all, how dare Larissa Dmytrivna talk to me as though I were not a respected member of my community, but a schoolboy who had to be instructed; and, secondly, what grounds had she to be concerned about my teeth, anyway? For they are my own private property—what I want to chew I will chew, and just because today I appeared with them before Larissa Dmytrivna did not mean that she had some right to them. Of course, she may poke at them, twist them. drill them and even pull them, but this is strictly a business matter that changes nothing in regard to the principal aspect of their ownership. And so, taking from my mouth the tube which hissed snake-like under my tongue. I impudently lashed out:

"I'd crack *you* between my teeth, Larissa Dmytrivna, if the circumstances were different. . . . "

Suddenly Larissa Dmytrivna seemed to swoon—having known me as a humble singer in the church choir, a quiet and friendly person, she apparently did not expect such aggressiveness on my part. The astonishment, which in an instant had widened her eyes, changed into a cold flash of anger. A woman's anger is a terrible thing, dear reader, but try to imagine how much worse it is when the woman is a dentist! Without a word, Larissa Dmytrivna changed the small bit in the drill to a larger one and started the motor.

Stars lit up in my eyes and whirled in a raging sphere, scattered in constellations unknown to me, then vanished into a dark abyss. . . . This was something that was completely insane. My body shuddered in convulsions, and into my clenched palms, blood oozed out from my fingernails. I wanted to shriek, like a rabbit caught in a trap, but my inherent embarrassment before women restrained me from this shameful cowardice.

At long last the drilling stopped. I opened my eyes and saw the blue eyes of my tormentor before me, blue and gentle, like the sky after a downpour, and this angered me even more.

"This is devil-knows-what, Larissa Dmytrivna," I said, spitting out the remainder of my tooth, "this is not medical aid, but murder!"

And I rose to go, but Larissa Dmytrivna grabbed me by my shoulder and I sank into the chair again.

"Sit still," she said, "I am going to drill some more. This time with a smaller bit."

Is it necessary for me to explain what was happening with me while Larissa Dmytrivna occupied herself drilling my tooth? It was only my ridiculous state with my gaping mouth that prevented me from roundly cursing Larissa Dmytrivna. I could not escape from her custody—it would not have been appropriate, of course, to start a fight with her—but I could not endure her torture, either. And when, finally, she had finished filling my tooth, I felt that I hated her as much, perhaps, as a poor circus animal hates his implacable trainer.

I was Larissa Dmytrivna's last patient that evening, and we left the clinic together. The street-lights, the stars, and the neon signs were shining. Irresistibly enticing was the secluded calm of a nearby restaurant.

"Shall we have supper, or what?" I asked, somehow suddenly feeling hungry, almost famished, after the recent dental procedures.

"You mustn't eat for two hours," Larissa Dmytrivna pointed out with my tooth in mind. I sighed, and with a feeling of despair led Larissa Dmytrivna through the park, where the densely branched maples and acacias wove for us chimerical patterns of shade and light along our path.

It was sad and somehow awkward. I did not understand why, after all, she had decided to walk with me following such an—however one might regard it—*unpleasant* visit that upset our previously harmonious relationship, and I maintained a gloomy silence. But silence is not the best companion if one

sustains it for too long. We sat down on a bench, and I felt that I must say something.

"You have a terrible profession, Larissa Dmytrivna," I said, lighting a cigarette. "I can't imagine how it came into your head to become a dentist!"

This surely wasn't fair to the lady, nor was it justified, since Larissa Dmytrivna had, after all, helped me in the way that her duty as a dentist demanded. I could not confidently claim that her conduct toward me was worse than her conduct toward her other clients. One could even assume that she behaved better. This I realized much later, but at that given moment, when the pain was still very real, I was incapable of any courtesy. My original feeling of spite toward the one who caused me pain, affected my conversation. But Larissa Dmytrivna did not get offended. Almost as if she did not hear my words, she gazed along the lane at the quivering mesh of light and shadows, and it seemed to me that sorrow had moistened her eyes. And somehow, completely out of context, she said:

"I read your humorous stories, Mr. Lomachka. I read everything to the last period. And do you know what? There is more sadness in them than humour. And it seems to me that you are not a very level-headed person, and sometimes are even insincere. I, for example, believe in your loneliness, but I do not believe in your love stories. I think they are a figment of your imagination."

I released an intense cloud of smoke. To tell you the truth, I was surprised and did not know how to respond to this observation by Larissa Dmytrivna. I realized that this little woman had a much more complicated strategy. And I suddenly wanted to tell her the truth, which also became obvious to me—that all this rage within me, my anger and contentiousness, were because of her blue, cornflower-bright eyes.

But Larissa Dmytrivna was already walking away from me along the lacy path, disappearing into the twilight, and every tread of her fading footsteps was a tread of despair in my suddenly lonely heart. I rose to follow her, but realized in time that it would be in vain. Especially today, on this evening. Above the park the stars were glimmering, piercing the reddish crowns of the maples with their rays; there was the scent of an early autumn in the air, and the sorrow of late encounters, and I thought it would be most appropriate if this week yet, possibly even tomorrow, or the day after, another tooth would begin to ache.

Translated by Jars Balan

Doggish Popularity

When I moved into a community where, because of my social status and ethnic background I did not belong, I felt it immediately. My neighbours, people of Anglo-Saxon background, who had lived here since the time of Sir John A. Macdonald, and perhaps even earlier, had developed the area into a fine residential district with rock-faced buildings, massive trees, and

flower-beds. Few of these people held jobs; most had tidy sums in the bank, shares in mines and long-established companies, and, whenever necessary, engaged in the simplest form of writing—the signing of cheques. Thus, when I appeared among them with my rusty Chevrolet, my long-skirted coat, my strange accent, and, most important of all, a bank account that rarely exceeded two digits—I had no chance of becoming popular. How I happened to land among them is another matter, worthy of a different feuilleton, but for now, there I was, among self-respecting Taylors and Smiths; and whenever I cut the grass around my house, rarely did anyone take the trouble to greet me, to say "lovely day," or utter some other customary, albeit vacuous, pleasantry. But I could not care less: I had no aspirations to become a candidate in the neighbourhood popularity contest. I mowed my lawn, pulled my weeds, and breathed the fresh residential air.

Simply put, things were fine. I had enough time for myself, for my affairs, and for my solitude. Gradually, I became accustomed to my neighbours and my neighbours to me, as one, for instance, becomes accustomed to a disease. And even those few among them who would on occasion speak to me, having encountered me in a face-to-face situation, stopped talking entirely, as if to say, why bother?

Just as man cannot live by bread alone, so solitude alone cannot enhance human existence. This adage suddenly came to mind when Domenic, an Italian who worked with me at the factory, complained that his dog had blessed him with a whole litter of puppies, and that he didn't know what to do with this new acquisition. "Bring me one," I said, "my house is huge and there's lots of room to romp in."

And so, Zhuchok, a little black dog with a white chest, came to live with me. The first hour of our life together passed by in mutual adoration: I patted his bright, soft fur, while he would occasionally lick my nose. Both of us were content. After about an hour or so, however, I had to wipe first one, and then another, corner of the room, and this cooled our relationship considerably. Later I became accustomed to the differences in Zhuchok's and my understanding of life's principles, although this wasn't easy. To this very day, for instance, I cannot understand why it was not enough for Zhuchok to sleep on the couch—why he constantly had to chew at it and burrow into it—or what he could possibly have found nourishing in my shoes, or in my dictionary of synonyms? But on the whole, Zhuchok was a sympathetic creature, and it was thanks to him that the snobbish residential atmosphere of our community and the neighbours' attitudes toward me underwent some surprising changes.

Despite my personable congeniality and kindred sentiments toward Zhuchok, I did not lose my sense of understanding that Zhuchok was nevertheless a dog and had to be treated in a doggish manner. This does not mean that in this respect I support the tradition of the "old country," where the favourite pubescent pastime, perhaps to this very day, is to chase with cudgels and stones after any dog that appears on the street. I do not uphold this particular tradition. Nonetheless, whenever I go to work I never leave Zhuchok with free reign over the house, as though he were not a dog, but

some sort of a landlord. I tie him up in the yard with a nice steel chain (Zhuchok can gnaw through ordinary straps), leaving him various dog foods (those recommended in television commercials) and tenderly stroking his fur as I depart. Zhuchok wags his tail at me in a friendly way, but it is evident that in his mind he is already thinking about what damage he can cause before my return. And when I come home, the damage, as a rule, is not lacking: Zhuchok has either dug a hole in the lawn that is three feet deep, or trampled the flowers, or chewed at the fence. And the neighbour, who unexpectedly began speaking to me, walks by and says: "Nice little dog, such a lovely dog!"

I should mention that, upon adopting Zhuchok, I had some apprehensions as to whether his presence might not disturb my staid neighbours, who valued peace above all other things. For Zhuchok, despite his sympathetic demeanour, had a stupid characteristic: upon anybody's appearance he would howl and leap with joy, and generally carry on in a manner that was not in accordance with the dignified life-style of this community, "Stop it, dummy!"—I would often say to Zhuchok when he enthusiastically demonstrated his friendliness to everyone who walked past the house. "In this world, mutt," I would begin lecturing, "one mustn't be so naively sentimental." But Zhuchok would cheerfully wag his tail, looking at me with his dark, intelligent eyes, as he calculated something or other. He had his own philosophy of life.

It is strange to say, and embarrassing to admit, but perhaps Zhuchok understood life better than his owner. For not even two months had gone by before Zhuchok was known throughout the entire residential district. And not just known, but well-loved at that! I was completely unaware of the situation, mowing the lawn, soaking up the clear day and enjoying the autumn leaves that burned under the sun like genuine gold, when a dignified gentleman with an umbrella and a reddish-brown poodle on a chain, came up to me and introduced himself. "I am Brockhaus, a bank manager—your neighbour. Would you mind if my dog became acquainted with yours? You have a wonderful dog. He sometimes comes into our yard. Unfortunately, I don't know his name, and it wouldn't be nice to call him something inappropriate—he might be offended. Here is my business card. If you should ever have the need, drop by!" He then paid me a few more compliments, praised my rather neglected flower-bed, and departed, pulling his scruffy poodle behind him. I stood and looked in amazement at Zhuchok, who now wagged his tail at me, then at the bank manager as he solemnly made his way down the street.

At first, I believed that the bank manager was an oddball, a dog lover, and that his friendly attitude toward me stemmed from his affection for Zhuchok. However, Mrs. Hardy, my neighbour on the left, who usually passed by me as if I were a stump, and not a human being, suddenly began to smile at me, and Mr. Paddicombe, the respectable owner of a supermarket, when driving past in his Oldsmobile also began to call out "hi" enthusiastically, even waving his hands. It appeared that the entire residential distirct was comprised of dog lovers, and that my neighbours' former indifference toward

me could be explained not by my social status, and not by my exotic accent, but only by the fact that I, in their minds, did not seem to be a dog lover. With the appearance of Zhuchok this gloomy suspicion dissipated. Attitudes toward me steadily changed according to the extent to which Zhuchok became known in our residential district and established his family identity. Now, it is impossible to walk down the street without hearing at every step, "hello," "how are you," "lovely day," and so on, especially when I am accompanied by Zhuchok. On cloudless evenings, when the street traffic subsides and the residents are comfortably sitting on their chesterfields and watching their customary hockey games, the dog lovers come out for a stroll. Usually the first to come out is Mrs. Hardy with her Australian terrier, then Mrs. Brockhaus with her poodle, then Mrs. Taylor with her Saint Bernard, followed by Mr. Paddicombe with his sleek, constantly-drooling bulldog; and then others whose names, or breeds of dogs, I am unable to recall. On the street—a canine carnival, worthy of an artist's brush. Lastly, so as not to attract too much attention, Zhuchok and I come out. And it is an amazing thing: although Zhuchok's pedigree is uncertain, and his very appearance is pitiful, he becomes an absolute attraction. Cries ring out from every direction—"Hi Zhuchok, hi dear, lovely dog, pretty dog.... "—and everyone greets me as if I were a relative, tipping their hats and smiling at me. Never have I lived in such a good-neighbourly, friendly and supportive community. But to tell the truth, I do not know if I should thank Zhuchok for my having become a popular and well-respected member of our residential district, or if I should complain that it is because of him that I no longer enjoy any peace.

For, among other things, in the next municipal election my neighbours are planning to put me forward as a candidate for alderman.

Translated by Jars Balan and Orysia Ferbey

* * *

And so, it is done. I burnt all your letters,
And was saddened, as if overcome by fatigue.
Though not smoke, like a wisp
You melted into the unknown distances...

Burn mine... And once again, we will be
Like wanderers who met on a bridge.
Let our two wisps rise and dissipate
And perhaps they will mingle somewhere on high.

Translated by Jars Balan

* * *

There are times this recedes like a wave from the gully.
You depart with the wave and return once again,
Like a surf you resurge in my dreams, dark and dreary,
And my turbulent blood is with lightning inflamed.

Then abruptly my dreams and reflections are shattered.
Their faint traces, an eddy has rashly subdued.
And I wade through the night, and the storm, and the thicket,
and wrenched pain—to escape from saying:
I love you.

Translated by Orysia Kalinowsky

Autumn Strolls Through the Meadow

It all will come about too soon.
The day will wane and end.
Again the fading cherry bark
A ray will sadly bend

And spray its gold upon the field
On autumn's dimming brown
And perish. Clearly as the pain
You'll feel all is foregone.

This uninvited autumn, too,
This mournful ebb of streams—
Is like the spectral sail of hope
That reels—and disappears.

Translated by Orysia Kalinowsky

I Believe in the Bright, Autumnal Smiles

Through defeat and through tempest and downfall,
Through my doubts and my virtue and sin—
I have sought the unknowable fable
Upon pathways where no one has been.

Indecisive, uncertain and sullen,
Unastute on the path to my goal—
I kept stumbling upon icy waters
That appeared to be easily combed.

But with a bold and firm insubmission
That is forged both with iron and steel—

I believe in the sun, stars, and waters,
And the dawn on the boughs of the trees.

Translated by Orysia Kalinowsky

Evening Bell

This thread—could it be gold, or silver, or plain white
Or maybe it is a spider's web so slender
That from it—watch—the human life is sundered
And into darkness, into shadow, put to flight?

The years like raindrops from the branches, fall
And soak into the ashes, clay and soil
And barely audible, the crane's sad wail
Sounds from beneath the clouds, a distant call.

How steep and how uncertain the way,
This path of life! The cradle . . . and the grave
And in between: the human life, a dash, save
For the single footnote—sinner, saint.

A blood-red sun descends into its well.
An evening bell. A mournful evening bell.

Translated by Borys Hrybinsky jr.

A Memory

Long eyelashes. Behind you—a lantern.
A glimmer of blue city lights.
With your eyes of blue sapphire you pierced me,
You smiled—and then vanished with the night.

Like a moment you fleeted. And never—
Your smile, or your eyes again glowed.
Just a memory, like sin, seductive
Disquiets and pierces my soul.

And a sapphire-blue, star-studded curtain
Is fluttered by windmills of dreams.
I know not why the lantern till morning
Extended to heaven its gleam.

I know not why the lantern abruptly
Withdrew to the wall with a fright.

Why the wintery, silvery snowflakes
Had died, in their fall from the heights.

Translated by Orysia Kalinowsky

Easter Thoughts

A bright spring day. Melodic tones and
A sky afire with golden flame
And bells ring out throughout this fine land
Our Christ has risen! Praise his name!

And every time these bells do peal
And ringing out those words they start
An ancient voice begins revealing
Thoughts of the past inside your heart.

To the horizon all our thoughts go
Oh land of steppes. Oh land of sun
You've suffered long and vainly tried so
To keep your hopes. Oh tortured one.

But ne'er the dear light of salvation
Did cease when it was put to test
And I believe that you my nation
Are as eternal as the Christ.

The day will come—the cloud of sadness
Will change into the cloud of light
And from the night of fear, injustice
You will emerge with strength and might.

And neither greed nor grudge nor evil
Will e'er survive, they all will die
Except for God, His land, His people,
His Easter bells, His sun, His sky.

Translated by Orysia Kalinowsky

Waiting

My father is ever waiting
For something to happen exciting
Unexpected and yet delighting—
My father is ever waiting.

Each day he reads all the papers,
That arrive from abroad out of date,
Somewhere dark clouds formulate—
Each day he reads all the papers.

What news, how are things in the homeland?
The summer was fierce, it brought sorrow,
It will likely be still worse tomorrow—
What news, how are things in the homeland?

My father is old, much too old,
It's too late now for him to go home,
And it's sad to be all alone—
My father is old, much too old.

He dreams of his own native country,
Quiet waters and shining stars,
And trails of tears his face have seared—
He dreams of his own native country.

And my father keeps waiting and waiting,
Each day he reads all the papers,
And rockets fly, off into space—
My father keeps waiting and waiting.

Translated by Orysia Kalinowsky

* * *

I didn't await either joy or escape,
Didn't expect smiles, or misfortune.
I only wanted to say "Good evening,"
But she glanced at me—and fled....

Alone and wandering outside of the city,
I brooded over the details: was it in jest,
or to offend me?
And somehow it all became remarkably simple,
Everything that was hurting and burning inside of me.

I gave the situation a long hard look, like they say
in the highlands;
As a warm wind lifted me—on its wings to a temple.
O, my dear friend! In her eyes—cubes of ice,
But you, skeptic, thought there were fires.

Translated by Jars Balan

Snow

In layer upon layer the gloom,
Unfolds in the quiet of the gently-sloped valleys.
You can hear the midnight murmuring
Of white firs.

Murmuring—and far-off cries,
The voices of strange alpine hollows:
Why, strange fellow, are you walking
Alone in the night?

The despondent stars gleam:
Here... my betrothed once walked.
Did someone call me outdoors?
Silence. Mist.

Snow, snow relentlessly sown
In the quiet, pondering valleys.
You can hear the midnight laughter
Of the white firs.

Translated by Jars Balan

Todos Osmachka

Red Assassins

Rotonda dushohubtsiv *(literally, Rotunda of murderers) or* Red Assassins, *is a fictionalized account of the brutal purge of Ukrainian peasants and intellectuals initiated by Joseph Stalin in 1929. Subtitled* "A factual story revealing how the Ukraine lost its freedom," *it depicts how the Soviet secret police conducted a reign of terror in Ukraine, systematically persecuting and destroying anyone regarded as a potential threat to Russian Communist Party rule. (Ukrainian national communists were among the first victims of the campaign, which spanned the decade of the thirties and reached its height in 1932–3, when millions of Ukrainian peasants starved to death in an artificially created famine.) The author's dedication forewarns readers of the bleak and pessimistic vision expressed in this book: "To the millions of people of the world living under the tyranny of ruthless dictators without any hope of ever gaining freedom."*

Red Assassins *tells the stories of Ovsy Brus, a self-taught peasant veterinarian from the village of Kuchiwka in central Ukraine, and his son Ivan, a poet living in Kiev. The former dies in despair at the conclusion of the first part of the book, having been singled out for elimination by*

comrade Partsunia, a secret police operative working in the Ukrainian countryside. Partsunia is himself a former victim of police terror, but has decided to collaborate with his oppressors in the attack on cultural and political life in his native land. In the following excerpt from the sixteenth chapter of the novel (entitled "Ivan is Arrested"), the secret police raid the home of Ivan Brus under the pretext that he is hiding money which his father, a poor peasant, had hoarded from Tsarist times. Ivan's dull-witted and opportunistic brother, Modest, has been brought to Kiev by Partsunia to substantiate the allegations, which are completely unfounded. In fact, Ivan Brus is concealing a manuscript which chronicles the purge being conducted in Ukraine.

Olena Antonivna, Ivan's twenty-year old wife, is a student in midwifery at a local hospital. For almost a year she has been looking after her husband, who suffered a nervous breakdown from the intense pressures experienced during the campaign of terror. The arrest takes place two-thirds of the way through Red Assassins, *which is 375 pages in length. The book concludes with a postscript in which the author proclaims his faith in the power of love to conquer all, and predicts the eventual downfall of Communism because it is based on hate. Unfortunately, Osmachka was himself unable to overcome his own feelings of hatred, for the book is marred by strong anti-Semitic prejudices—possibly developed because a number of his persecutors were Jews.*

* * *

At one o'clock of the following night a truck pulled out of the Kiev G.P.U.* yard on Vladimirsky Street. There was an oppressive and deathlike silence in the city. The streets and pavements were empty. The lights were burning only in those parts of the city where citizens lived who were suspected by the G.P.U.. The quiet of the night was pierced only by the noise of automobiles starting out from the Lukianiwsky prison, and from Katerinsky Street, on the way to arrest people. It is not known why they did this, because the automobile which drove out of the headquarters of the G.P.U. yard on Vladimir Street rode on without any noise. Even the front lights were dimmed. And thus, from the ground of the dark city, to the mysterious sky and to the small and sparse stars, it seemed like the movement of a shadow that separated itself from a building in some secluded corner of the street.

Now the auto passed by the German consulate on the Great Pidwalny, approached Leontovich Street, and then halted. Two officers rose up in the back seat. The door was opened and two other persons got out, one in civilian clothes, the other in an army uniform. The person in civilian clothes said something to the two in the automobile. One of them got out and went over to the two who were standing on the ground. And the three of them turned to the left into the street. The auto, too, moved without a sound or a light to the

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*G.P.U. is the acronym for *Gosudarstvennoe Politicheskoe Upravlenie* (State Political Administration).

Hay Market. This was the road to the Lukiansky prison.

The civilian with one of the officers stood by the door of Brus' lodging place, and the other one stood under the window of his home. The civilian knocked energetically on the door. And in every neighbouring yard, and from under every shadow, a cold, apparent, long acuteness of fear showed itself. On the opposite side of the house behind the visitors, the window of someone's lodging place opened, and just as suddenly a latch clicked and it was shut again. The quiet on the streets grew more heavy and the cobblestones colder. And behind the door of Brus' lodging place someone asked, "Who's there?"

The civilian replied, "Open up! The G.P.U. wants to examine the inmates of this lodging place!"

For a moment there was a rustling near the latch and a click, too. Finally the door opened, and the civilians thrust a revolver through the open door, ordering, "Hands up, please!"

Brus, who was dressed in his pyjamas, held his hands up while the officer searched him. Then the civilian whispered a command: "Take him into the room but without any noise."

In the room the officer tiptoed to the window, stood by it, aiming his revolver at the bed. The civilian pressed the button in the wall, lighting up all the walls, the ceiling and the table in the centre, the two chairs near the bed, and Olena Antonivna in the bed. It was Partsunia who spoke to Brus. "Stand behind the bed near your wife's head."

He stood there quietly. On one of the chairs rested a closed book, another chair being empty. The top clothes of both husband and wife were hanging on the wall near the cupboard. Olena Antonivna was holding up her head with her hands above the pillow. She was covered up to the neck with a quilt. And Partsunia said to her, "Put your head down on the pillow. That's right. Lie there without moving."

The Chekist* by the window now lowered the hand with the revolver. Partsunia went over to the table, pulled out an envelope, drew a paper from it, read it, then said, "Don't worry, Comrade. We're not arresting you. Pardon us for all this trouble. You'll freely and rightfully leave for treatment. I won't beg your pardon yet, for I don't know what form this apology will take."

Brus changed the position of his legs, but he remained quiet, waiting. But Olena Antonivna having stirred, indicated in a voice filled with emotion, "Your words are as near to the truth as those that you uttered before the outside door when you said that you only wanted to examine the inmates."

"And were you, too, near that door?" Partsunia asked this question sarcastically, but not insultingly.

"No; I heard it from here, for Ivan had not closed the door of our room. You yourself are witness to that."

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*Cheka is an abbreviation of *Chrezvychainaia Kommissia* (Extraordinary Commission), the secret police agency that is the forerunner of today's K.G.B.

Partsunia, swiftly rummaging among the papers and books, examining them, made no answer at the moment. But with a hardly perceptible but meaningful smile, he started to rustle the papers and books more loudly, transferring them from one pile to another. Olena Antonivna was evidently very deeply moved by Partsunia's insinuation that she had been near the door, and that she had swiftly run back into her bed and under her quilt; and also by the fact that not one of the Chekists had made any clear answer concerning the examination of the inmates. She was deeply stirred and wanted to say something. The Chekist, who was standing by the window with the raised revolver, noticed this and reminded her, "Don't move, and don't talk. Wait until you're spoken to!"

Following these words Olena Antonivna remained quiet and did not stir during the search of the room. From her outward look one might think that she had been ready for this arrest, and not for those possibilities that Partsunia had mentioned at the beginning of this operation. Finally the Chekist felt over all the clothing. He was examining the last pocket of Brus' trousers when a knock was heard on the door. He merely glanced at the door, then quietly went over to the table, took a chair and set it down in such a way that his back was turned to the door. He drew the notebook out from his jacket, opened it and asked, "What is your family name?"

Brus answered by a question: "Are you asking me?"

"Only you."

"Ivan Ovsievich Brus."

"Tell me, what were you burying in the ground in your father's house at the time you were home to attend your mother's funeral?"

"There was never anything of the kind," answered Brus with amazement in his voice.

"I'm asking you again: What were you hiding in the smaller room across from the vestibule along with your father? That was the time when you came late for your mother's funeral."

"I'm telling you that there was nothing. I still have a strong and clear memory, thank the Lord. I don't understand how such an accusation can be made against me."

"You don't understand? Well, you'll soon understand. I'm surprised at you, an intelligent man, hiding behind such means as self-defence, which is used only by the horny-handed villagers with their 'I know and I don't know, I see and I don't see.' This puts you on an equality with ignoramuses."

Ivan was silent. It was evident that he did not intend to react against any insults. But Partsunia would not keep quiet. With an irritation that showed but slightly in his voice, he turned to Olena Antonivna, "Did your husband ever talk to you about this incident? Just lie there; speak from your recumbent position."

"This is the first time I've heard about this."

"That's some husband you have. Never speaks to his wife about intimate matters."

Then Olena Antonivna spoke up bravely, "Don't intrude into the intimate affairs of my husband. We haven't yet given you the right to insult us as people."

"I'm sorry if I've caused you any pain, but duty stands above everything. You will soon see, my dear comrade, with whom you've tied up your life."

Partsunia now struck the table with his knuckled fist with the same measured beat as was used by someone before him on the door at the time when he was examining the clothes of the *khaziains** hanging on the wall. The door opened and Modest entered, accompanied by a Chekist. Modest was wearing a short jacket of peasant make, torn at the pockets from old age, but now mended with patches of the same material. On his feet, looming dusty with crooked heel pieces, were some Russian leather shoes, and his boot tops hung miserably over his dirty cloth trousers and his shoes. He held in his hand a winter cap with ear muffs. Without looking around, he kept his eyes glued on Partsunia.

Ivan turned numb with fright and fear. He recognized his brother immediately, and after a brief pause he greeted him. "How do you do, brother!"

Modest looked and shook, thrusting his hand out as if he wanted to seize hold of the walls, which were not anywhere near him. The Chekist had to hold him up. Modest looked at his brother again with a painfully twisted face and, without answering his brother's greeting, concentrated his gaze on Partsunia again. The latter, having noticed this meeting, rested his gaze on Olena Antonivna who had raised herself from the surprise of it all by both hands upon on the pillow, looking deliriously at the muzhik. Tears rolled from her eyes, flowing silently down her face, falling off her chin onto the pillow. Finally she drew herself up, let her feet fall down on the floor, and started to yell: "Ivan, hand me my clothes. I want to dress."

Partsunia leaped up immediately, ordering in a metallic voice, "Stay in your place! Move one step and your eyes will pop out! Lie down the way you were lying before." Then, turning right to the window, he shouted, "Che-kist!"

In this one word there was a command for vigilance, and a reminder of something in the past which compels a Chekist to be cruel and unabated. On hearing this cry Ivan turned pale, stretching up, making himself taller. With feverish haste he whispered, "Olenka, be quiet and lie down. I beg you."

Olena Antonivna listened almost mechanically and lay down, covering herself up to the neck. She was now not looking at the ceiling, nor within herself, as if she were listening to someone else not in these terrible surroundings. Partsunia too sat down, having turned his head to the left, but in such a way that he could not see the ones in the back. He ordered: "Fellow-countryman, come closer to me!"

Modest came closer. Partsunia got up again and, having seized Modest around the shoulders with both hands, he turned him around facing Ivan Brus, and ordered, "Keep standing like that!"

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* *khaziain* means master of the house, landlord, host, proprietor or countryman.

Having sat down, he turned his gaze on Ivan Brus, who was no longer looking at his brother. Having quieted down, he contemplated the Chekist who had led his brother in and was now standing by the door. But one could easily see that he was watching every nervous movement of his companion. Partsunia understood this, and continued: "Comrade Modest, do you recognize who's standing before you?"

The exhausted voice woodenly droned, "I recognize him."

"And who is he?"

"My brother."

"Your own natal brother?"

"My own natal brother."

"Now tell us all whether it's true that he was burying something in the room across from the vestibule and from the room where you lived?"

Modest with despairing indifference replied, "I don't remember."

Partsunia stood up, sidled toward Modest and, having drawn his revolver from his pocket, he started slapping his left palm with his revolver, the same way a director uses his tuning fork, meanwhile watching the villager, and timing every question with each smack of the revolver. "I'm asking you . . . you idiot . . . you forgetful one . . . You *kurkul*!* Do you know what it means to die for the Soviet Government? Do you know that in the Soviet Government only *that* life lives, which by reason of its power fells another life, just as nothing dies from falsehood but only from the truth, in the same way as the sun really shines above us? Do you know that if I shot you from this revolver that you'd be dead from the truth, because there was a bullet in the revolver, and not from a lie, which wasn't in it? Because of that you'll have to tell the truth!"

Then he stepped to the side of Modest, who had become beclouded and excited, his features turning black with fear, his legs shaking. Turning his head to Partsunia, he uttered very feebly: "Honest, I don't know. I can't remember."

"What do you mean, you can't remember?"

The Chekist saw something in the face of the villager which he had often seen in the doomed ones a few moments before their execution by shooting. And thus the revolver was put back into the pocket on the right side of his jacket. He stood before Modest again. He continued his questioning, but this time in a more sympathetic tone of voice. "Why, only a year ago you told Mazdigin all about it. Why don't you want to tell me anything? This happened right after the funeral of your mother. Don't you remember?"

"I remember." Modest rejoiced. Out of sheer fear he had transposed something in his head. And now, like a small child, he grew happier when he recognized the replacement. Partsunia sighed lightly and drew out a handkerchief from the pocket of his trousers, wiping his forehead. Then he

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* *Kurkul* is the Ukrainian equivalent of the Russian *kulak*, or wealthy peasant (i.e., someone who profited from the exploitation of poorer peasants)—a derogatory term that was applied almost indiscriminately to any peasant who resisted Bolshevik rule.

resumed his seat and began to ask questions, pretending to be attentive and humane. But there was a hidden poisonous barb in every word against Ivan Brus. In this respect he did mask his words.

"Now you tell me, Modest, how your father was digging in the house. Your brother Ivan is interested in this too."

"It was on the third or fourth day after my mother's funeral. I was coming home in the evening when I heard the calf bawling in the hut. The vestibule door was open. The door of the room was ajar. I entered. In Father's room I heard a conversation between two people. Father was digging a hole behind the table. He had thrust a box with something in it into the hole, and then covered it with earth."

"Your father alone, or with your brother?"

"Alone. My brother was just standing there looking on."

"Good. Wait, Modest. You stand facing me and not your brother. Otherwise, it's as if you were tethered."

"Well, you told me to stand like that."

"When was this? According to you, your brother was there too?"

"He was."

"And when they saw you, what then?"

"Nothing. I turned around and went out to the calf."

"Well, and how was it the next day?"

"The following day my father and Ivan rode off to the station. I stayed home and looked to see what they were hiding. I dug up the hole but found nothing in it."

"Did they take it away?"

"I think they took it away."

"And what do you think was in that box, medicines or money?"

Now Modest began to show a real interest in the matter. He replied, "Oh, not medicines! Father treated cattle, but all he ever got from the people was thanks. Father didn't need to spend money on anything, for he always got enough to drink and eat from the people. Whatever money he did lay up had to be stored somewhere. That's why he wanted to bury it."

"Good . . . good . . . very good. Well, what have you to say in regard to this burial?" The inquisitor now turned to Ivan who was standing near his wife's head, listening like one hypnotized to Modest's every word, and watching the impression that he was making on the Chekist and on Olena Antonivna. He had never told her anything about the hiding because he was afraid to put himself in a bad or uncomfortable position before her. Ivan, knowing his wife's sensitiveness, knew that she would immediately exaggerate everything, turning fanciful things over to the point of grotesqueness. He worried about how, following his brother's evidence and the demands of the Chekists, he would appease her with his contradictions. For who knows whether he would ever be able to talk to her freely on this subject. Although he never expected anything from the Chekists, Ivan never expected an attack from the Cheka against his conscience. So now he kept quiet, awaiting Partsunia's next question, thus using the delay to figure out an eventual answer. And it was not

long in coming. "Why do you keep quiet? Tell me finally: what did you hide with your father in his house?"

Ivan Brus replied, "I'll tell you, but only to say that my father and I didn't hide anything. An intelligent person would have figured this out differently. It's no wonder that my brother, Modest, saw it and spoke about it the way that he did. For it happened this way. Father's house was built only recently on shifting soil. And because of that the left frontal started to settle. I spoke to my father about this and expressed an opinion about how long the house would be able to hold up. Thus both of us dug a hole, sweeping up the earth with a broom. Then I bored a deep hole with a thick piece of iron in the middle. Then I asked Father to get a tall tin can and fill it with cast iron. We covered it over with earth to give it more weight. Then we set it down over the drilled hole so that we could test the instability of the earth. It's plain why my brother didn't find anything on the following day when he dug up the filled hole again."

Ivan Brus heard how his wife breathed with greater ease as she ran her cheek over the pillow. Partsunia, penetrated with coolness, swiftly asked Modest: "Is there really something like that going on with your house?"

"Oh yes, our house is really sinking down on one side into the ground."

"Well, and have you ever afterwards noticed that can around the place which they were burying?" Again the Chekist put his question with strained curiosity. Again the answer came with laconic transparency.

"It's now under our stove filled with millet."

"Are there any pieces of cast iron that could find their way into the can?"

"Oh, we put them into our tub when we steam out our shirts."

Partsunia grew silent. But it was evident that Modest was no less worried about the fate of the Chekist than he was over what Ivan and his father were hiding, and which, according to his brother's words, he just couldn't quite make out, for it had now become nothing . . . and so he dared to ask: "And now, Comrade chief, will nothing come out of that hidden money?"

Partsunia suddenly set his eyes on him, as if to convince himself whether these dogs' souls were making a laughing stock out of him. But, having learned that they were not, he rose and asked Modest again, "Have you enough money for the journey home?"

Modest answered, "I had a ruble but they took it from me at Lukianiwchi."

The Chekist thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out a ruble, threw it to Modest, who watched its flight as it left Partsunia's hand downward, just like a feeble dog to which a piece of bread had been cast. He picked the money up, put it in his pocket, and then in Muscovite soldier fashion, yelled: "Thank you very much! *Pokornishe blahodarim!*"*

"That was for your journey back home. Go away from here and 'beat it' to the station!"

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* *Pokornishe blahodarim!*: "I thank you most humbly!"

Then, without paying any more attention to him, or to anyone else, he thrust both hands into his pockets. Having gone over to the wall, then to the table, he bent his head down. When he had raised his head, Modest was no longer in the room. Only Ivan Brus looked at him quietly and patiently. But Partsunia went wild. Looking at Brus with a hypnotic stare, he began to pull out his revolver just like he once had in the hospital before Ivan's father, after having swished loudly the fly swatter and then sat down. He now slowly leveled the revolver at Brus. Brus stretched out and raised his head, but his whole figure remained immobile. Only Olena Antonivna feverishly raised herself on her right hand, and shaking her left hand under the muzzle of the revolver, shrieked in a frenzied voice, "Oh!"

Partsunia lowered his revolver, without putting it back in his pocket. He showed his teeth in a smile to Olena Antonivna. "Contain yourself, madam. It was all good. But you," he said, turning to Brus. "Don't think that I believed your fairy tale. When people hide money in the manes of horses, they think up those stories to destroy any trails to the treasures hidden in the ground. Believe me, you'll yet tell me sincerely where you've hidden it, and what you've hidden. There are not fools; they're all married. Che-kists! Let him dress up. He'll go with us!"

With swift steps he halted at the feet of Olena Antonivna. The two Chekists left their places. One of them went over to where the clothes were hanging, and the other halted by Brus, taking him under the arm. Ivan spoke to his wife: "Farewell, Olenka!"

His voice was broken by a hot lump of repressed feeling in his chest. His wife, it seemed, did not hear his farewell greeting. Having settled on her right elbow, she followed with frightened eyes that were full of tears the Chekists and her husband as if they were figures in the pictures of tragic scenes and not living persons. It was not until one Communist in front, and another in the back, led her arrested husband out of the room that she fell back onto the pillow, choking with grief. Partsunia thrust his revolver into his pocket and, as if he were accentuating the fact that tears too were necessary in the Soviet Union just as caps and straw hats which never prevent one from listening to any commanding orders, he loudly remarked: "Citizeness, when the Chekists come to you again at night, you will have the right not to let them into the room until they call the janitor. I think that we'll meet again. Farewell!"

Then he entered the vestibule. When he closed the outside door, he heard the terribly lonely and unappeased grief of the forsaken woman.

Translated by Michael Luchkowich

Lydia Palij

Notes from an Old Ship

A portly woman moves over to make room for me on the edge of a narrow bench right beside the ship's rail. I did not expect this Yugoslav ship to be so old, crowded, and neglected.

The harbour of Dubrovnik recedes into the grey, gloomy mist. The motor chugs; the deck vibrates; time barely moves along. I dread the thought of some sixteen hours of tedium ahead of me. Vaguely outlined mountains lazily creep along the shoreline. Somewhere ships' sirens burst forth and then drown in the sea.

Acrid moisture and penetrating cold envelop everything on deck. Fog eddies between the benches and scratches my throat. Two-dimensional figures freeze in one pose.

I tilt back my head, supporting it against the railing. The ceiling above me has not been whitewashed for ages; the life jackets have faded to a dirty pink. The hull vibrates, and I find it difficult to hold my head on the railing. I must try to think about something pleasant.

only yesterday on the stern of a greek ship i saw the flag with blue and white stripes flutter in the breeze and everything shimmered on deck from the whiteness and cleanliness as if washed by sea foam and it was warm and multicoloured deck chairs sparkled in the sun while the sea turned so blue that there seemed to be no bluer hue and the sun skidded about on the surface and later fell into the water to splinter like a mirror.

i wanted to soar toward the islands where mountains stood in sharply defined rows first blue then grey and still further tinted smoky and a light breeze from the shores carried the scent of sage and thyme and other spices

at the foot of mount parnassus in the harbour of itea the first officer stood at the stern and supervised the casting of the anchor as his ancestors had done for centuries and the chains screeched rustily and the water foamed while the salty wind ruffled the curls above his tanned face and i thought this wind once filled the sails of odysseus' ships

in the bay of corinth the sun sank like an orange disk into the lilac haze above the horizon where the shores of attica and peloponnesus meet and heroes from antiquity appeared walking the decks

It's drizzling. The passengers stir, shifting their bundles, and withdrawing from the open deck to huddle under the roof. Only a few figures wrapped in their raincoats remain on the shiny stern.

Time moves sluggishly, and boredom smothers me. The dishevelled captain with his windblown shock of hair and reddened eyes, looks tipsy. After a casual inspection of the sky he gives an order to spread a canvas over the open deck.

In Korcula more grey passengers board the ship. They spread out on their baggage and on the planks, crowding us even more.

The smell of food escapes from the crew's quarters, and hunger begins to gnaw at me.

I am growing weary of the ashen mountains along the shores. There is no clarity either in the landscapes or in my feelings.

they say that sailors are superstitious and alexis placed a yellow wax candle in every church that we entered on the island of corfu and further on he picked long shiny leaves and rubbed them in his palms and surprised me with the beautiful scent of laurel

in the museum of herakleon on the island of crete the full-breasted goddess of fertility presided while in the dense greenery outside red hibiscus blossoms flared up and cicadas ticked away in the eucalyptus trees like tireless gears of old clocks and there was not a breath of air and the heat hung suspended above this whole blossoming world and mount kouloukonas impaled itself on stony bull's horns on the terrace of the palace of knossos while the ghost of minos sat on the ancient throne in the labyrinth and the court ladies came down from frescoes rustling their long skirts in the semidarkness while huge urns echoed hollowly in the cellars and reminded me of sweet aged wines

after sunset when the ship cast off and the sky turned pink the calm surface of the sea and the two-dimensional mountain with lights at its foot fastened themselves to the porthole in my cabin

above the silvery olive groves on the steep slopes of delphi where pythia once foretold the fate of the world hovered the ruins of apollo's temple

in olympia at the site of the games the heat clung to my skin as i wandered among huge columns that seemed to roll silently on the spot where mighty zeus presided in his sanctuary and now only lizards scurried about among the rocks

on the majestic acropolis in athens the sky vibrated with blueness and the sun gilded the fingers of columns but it was pointless to think about history as tourists swarmed over the rocks like multicoloured insects

at midnight someone attached the cold illuminated walls of the parthenon to the sky and they swayed between the grape vines above tables in the tavern and i was lulled to sleep by the sound of bouzoukis while the wine hummed in my head

Our ship docks in Hvar. Black umbrellas swarm in the moorings, and again the crowd flocks over the gangway. It is hard to believe that there will be room for everyone. The portly woman is now hysterical, convinced that the ship will sink. I offer her tranquillizers, and she calms down. We sail on slowly.

Someone fetches a few soiled deck chairs from the captain's bridge, and after a lengthy commotion we find room to place them and to sit more comfortably. A Polish woman produces bread and sausages and shares it with us. We all try to communicate, to help one another. A rusty dog rubs against my legs; it also seems uncomfortable in the crowd. A man of undetermined nationality takes off his shoes, sits down on a spread-out newspaper and attempts to feed the dog some biscuits.

The rain stops. Drops still tremble on the railing and then slowly fall down. I want to yawn.

on sunny mountain slopes in greek villages the houses were stacked like precious caskets one above the other whitewashed until they glared and their walls were adorned with fiery bougainvilleas while squat round churches ruled over the landscape and dignified priests wearing tall hats and long habits stood on guard like candles

men sat drinking at tables by the cantinas and fingered their beads as if praying while women wrapped in large white kerchiefs returned from the fields on donkeys' backs

windmills extended their wings in the harbour of rhodos and black cypresses and dishevelled palms concealed the crusaders' fortress

on the same island mounted on a donkey i climbed the hill of the acropolis in lindos where salty winds had polished greek ruins for centuries and the animal trotted sure-footedly over the cobblestones of the steep streets while the houses swayed around me and the horizon reeled above the cornflower-blue sea and a whiff of air brought the scent of orange blossoms

at sunset i swam in the sea parting the warm silk water with my arms and someone sang wistfully on the distant shore but there was not a soul to be seen

in ephesus i walked the excavated streets of roman ruins and felt under my feet the worn marble slabs upon which cleopatra had ridden and other mighty people had stridden and i stopped in the amphitheatre where the apostle paul preached unsuccessfully and i was moved and my heart pounded and i wanted to sit down in the shade of a fig tree to compose my feelings but the turkish guide in a biblical head-dress beckoned with his reed pipe like a shepherd and i followed him over the hot stones and the sun burned

in kusadasi on the shores of asia minor i was sitting in a coffee house near the sea and could hear the muezzin's call to prayer and the melody hung suspended over the town which continued to bustle under the sky stretched like a tent from the pointed minarets and i could see my ship glistening in the harbour like a huge silvery fish while palm trees and agave plants cast long shadows upon the sand and then the night came unexpectedly

It is growing dark. Most of the passengers disembark at Split. The deck is almost deserted. The wind tugs on the canvas of the deck chairs, and they billow like full sails. I wander along the swaying decks, shivering and holding on to the railing and the walls. Empty beer bottles roll over the planks. Drunken Yugoslav dock workers attempt to sing, but the melody breaks in mid-syllable.

On the lower deck I peek into an opening that exposes the bowels of the ship. From it comes the roar of engines, as well as a blast of air smelling of oil, and blackened faces stare back at me.

I order hot lemonade at the counter of a small bar. It is crowded, stifling and smoky.

evenings in the blue salon the orchestra played sentimental tunes and a gentle breeze fingered the curtains over the portholes and later in the discotheque in the ship's hold a different music pulsated and pale faces floated in semidarkness above tables and figures swayed in modern dance while the first officer whose face reminded me of hermes in the museum at olympia conquered the hearts of lady passengers with his elegant white uniform and gilded shoulder straps

after midnight i saw from the upper deck light dripping from the full moon onto the water and black blades of islands cut the sea into pieces while everything was clear and the deck glimmered and alexis' uniform shone with a phosphorescent light as he told me his own version of the myth about dedalus and icarus and the night was tranquil and warm

I continued roaming about the ship. It is after midnight. I lean over the railing and look into the white wake in the black sea. The water seems so near that I feel I could touch it with my hand. A lighthouse blinks in the distance.

Deck workers sleep peacefully under pale electric bulbs that barely illuminate the deck.

The bow is completely dark. A chipped moon rises and hangs crucified on a black mast. The ship's superstructure appears large and threatening against the phosphor-green sky. The motor chugs even louder. Metal rigging screeches, and I think of the African Queen.

My eyelids turn heavy. The lights of Zadar slowly come nearer. Human figures can be seen on the docks. Perhaps one of them has a room for rent and clean white bedding.

Translated by the author

First Snow on the Humber

Wind shattered
the red pots of Autumn.
Oak leaf shards
scoop up the first snow
on cold stony steps.
Far below
white roofs
like birds departing
beyond the river
toward
the great luminous cocoon.

Translated by the author

Alone Again

Sunray and Moonbeam
entered my house.
In anticipation
I foolishly lit a candle
and incense sticks.
But it was in vain....
As soon as Sunray
touched my shoulders and
Moonbeam kissed my lips,
they began to depart.
I plunged after them
like a fish into the sea of time,
but they outdistanced me.
I was alone again
desperately searching
those brown eyes
and the sorcerer
with his hashish pipe.
It was not wise
because only in fables
do sun and moon
shine simultaneously.

Translated by the author

* * *

We walked the night streets,
sadness trod heavily behind us
but only I saw it.
You cheerfully broke off
a piece of moon
and put it in your pocket.
And now I weep, knowing
I will never see
the full moon again.

Translated by the author

Winter in Black and White

Parachutes of black snow
descend from white skies.
Wind blows his sinister trumpets
and I am frightened
          I run
            run
            run down the street.
Trees fence fiercely
with bare branches.
Startled crows shriek,
fly up and flutter
against low clouds
trying to break out.
I look behind me
and see black hydrants
wearing white helmets.
          They march
                  march
                  march in formation.
I shudder, knowing
that I am losing my war
with Winter.

Translated by the author

* * *

I should not have imprisoned you
in the rosy apple of my happiness,
Now when it fell and split in two,
a white moth fluttered from its core.
A hard seed of pain, which will never sprout
remains on bare ground.
I rolled the seed away from me
like a heavy stone.
Only emptiness left behind.
Nothing . . .

Translated by the author

* * *

I circle like a satellite
around my black telephone
and cannot leave its orbit,
I have turned black myself.
I am listening with my black ears
to hear only the ringing of my heart.
I look at the world with ten round eyes,
a digit in each iris
and you forgot their sequence.

Translated by the author

Early Autumn in the City

Full moon clocks rise
on fire station towers.
Dark-violet aster clouds
scent the night.
Crickets roll Autumn
on small ticking wheels
closer and closer . . .

Translated by the author

Lilacs

Clouds weigh down the lilac bushes
revealing heavy leaden fragrances.
I carry their firm clusters on my back
along with memories of strange orchards
from the primeval mists of my childhood.

Translated by the author

Arriving in Canada

On stifling nights
this overheated crate
of a flimsy house
whines with mosquitoes.
And because my body
smarts with poison
and the sheets burn like flames

I dream of fans.
I cling to the window
and want to drink the breeze,
but there is none.
Somebody took it,
along with my past.
    Unseen trains wail
    with foreign voices
    silencing crickets
    which rustled like hot grasses
    in the peach orchard.
    Beyond the twisted branches
    car lights flame up
    followed by the
    nightmarish hiss of tires.
Across the highway
coloured lights blink in dissonance
and beckon to a gas station.
I walk again
barefoot over warm asphalt
clutching in sticky hands
my happiness—
a cold bottle of "Orange Crush"

Translated by the author

On Lake Ontario

The white blotter sky soaks up water.
There is no horizon.
no beginning, no end
Only seagulls unevenly threaded
on the string of the breakwater
—dots of an unsolved code.
Then a freighter
with black scissors
cuts the horizon
and pierces the silence
with a foghorn.
Seagulls soar
and their wings become sleeves
that wipe off skyborne tears.

Translated by the author

Mykola Ponedilok

On a Ukrainian Farm

Toward the end of last summer I had a stroke of very good luck—I had the opportunity to escape from New York for a whole month. I broke loose and slipped into Canada. That month I visited the beautiful, spacious western provinces of Canada—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. And believe me, this visit, this trip left me with so many lasting impressions, that I live with them to this day and derive immense pleasure from them. And I'm dying desperately to tell everyone about the most interesting moments of my stay in these best and most Ukrainian provinces of Regal Canada.

* * *

In Regina friends asked me:

"What do you want to see, Mykola? We've got some good restaurants, and one of them is really top notch. They have such great roast beef, you'll take two days to finish it, and even then you'll lick your fingers.... "

"I don't want to eat roasts or to lick my fingers. Take me to see a farm."

"Which one?"

"What do you mean, which one? I don't want to see a Slovak or a German farm, but a genuine Ukrainian farm ... "

Well my friends brightened up. They said it wouldn't be hard at all to drop me off at a farm; they'd just start their automobile and in a flash we'd zoom off to the nearest Ukrainian farm.

"Don't worry, Mykola," they assured me, "in half an hour you'll be on a farm."

And really, soon I was pacing a large farm yard. Looking about. Good, deft hands had left their mark here: everywhere there was cleanliness, tidiness, order ... And there were even two dozen chickens strutting about proudly on the mown grass, which was as green as a gooseberry.

The farmer's wife came out. Wearing a kerchief and a full skirt, she carefully wiped her hands on an apron.

We exchanged greetings.

"Lady," I said to her, "you really dress up like back home. Wearing a kerchief instead of a hat ... "

"What the heck do I need a hat for? To scare away the sparrows? Now my daughter Mariyka, who's not even eighteen yet, has bought so many hats, it makes my head spin. And she wears different make-up with each hat. She's in her room in front of the mirror now rubbing black under her eyes and yellow on her nose ... "

"Where is everyone?" I inquired. "The yard's empty ... "

"Gone to the fields in their cars. There are only four of us god-fearing souls around the house. Me, Mariyka, small Petrus and our Riabenka."

"Riabenka must be your servant, yes?"

"What servant, sonny. She's our cow. So there's the four of us running around the house."

Only then I noticed the horned beast near the fence.

"So this is your Riabenka?"

"Mine all right. She's old now. Doesn't give any milk, but I keep her for appearances. And when there's no one home, I talk to her. We have such good long talks with her sometimes. . . . "

I was amazed.

"How do you talk with the cow?"

"How? In Ukrainian. I've been talking to her in Ukrainian for seven years now—and she understands the language better than my two sons, who attended grade eight in Ukrainian school."

The woman came up to Riabenka and left me flabbergasted.

"My speckled one, my dearest, my nicest," the woman began to croon, "how are things here? Dozing away in the sun and driving the flies away with your tail? If it's too hot, I can find you a shady place. Ah, you're looking at me, I know you love me. I love you too, Riabenka. Come on, stand back and raise your left hoof. That's my clever darling. Thank you for lifting your hoof. And now kiss *pani* on the hand. Come on. You kiss *pani'* on the hand every day, and now when we've got a visitor from New York, you've become all capricious."

The cow licked the woman's hand. Overjoyed, the farmer's wife encouraged the cow again.

"Come on, kiss me once more."

The cow obeyed and licked the woman's palm.

Before I could shriek in amazement, Mariyka burst out of the house and hurried toward us. Throwing us a "Hello," she patted the cow. And the cow immediately tickled the girl between her made-up eyes with her rough tongue.

Mariyka burst into tears.

"See how your cow's dirtied me with her tongue, mother."

But the mother jumped on her daughter, fists flying.

"What are you yelling for, Mariyka? She hasn't dirtied you at all! She only licked the paint off your face. It's Riabenka who's dirtied her tongue with your paint—and see how silent she is, she's not angry that she's gotten her muzzle dirty because of you."

Mariyka left. The farmer's wife watched her go and smiled good-naturedly.

"Mariyka's a nice girl, though a little perky at times. And she listens to me too. She's a good child. And how nicely she speaks in Ukrainian!"

"Very nice," I said.

"It's all because of the cow, sir. I said to my daughter one day: 'Why do you speak so badly to me Mariyka, in our native tongue? Even our Riabenka understands me better than you, child. When you speak Ukrainian to me, it's like you're chewing on sand and gravel.' My daughter was so ashamed that

she really knuckled down to her Ukrainian textbooks for two years. And now when she speaks, it's like a Ukrainian song floating from her lips. It's a pleasure to hear her speak. For both little old me, and our dear old cow."

I left the farm with a happy, beaming soul. I was so happy I wanted to take the whole world in my hand and press it tightly to my heart.

Translated by Yuri Tkacz

Customs Inspection

I was sitting in an airplane, and after it had finished its roaring and shaking, and taken off, slipping into the clouds above the skyscrapers, I thought: "It's quite a distance from New York to Edmonton. Almost four hours sitting in an airplane."

But it's not that much of a hassle. During the flight you'll be given two large meals—so for next to nothing you can caress your intestines with choice food, and to wash the food down they'll measure out a good ten thimblefuls of "horilka" for you, and you'll be a touch intoxicated. Nothing to grieve about.

Only sometimes it's not that easy to fly over the border and enter Canada's royal Toronto from America's New York.

Quite often that's when your heart sinks to your heels. Because, like it or not, you have to pass through customs in Toronto. And who likes inspections? No one. Because any inspection is added trouble, a weight on your mind and an unnecessary strain on your nerves which are on edge already.

But you must go through with it. A customs official is already staring at you... And you're already nervous. And rummaging through your pockets, finding all those documents. And hurriedly ransacking your head how best to reply to the official's questions. Those questions can descend on you in limitless quantities. "Why are you flying to Canada?" "Coming to work or to play, to marry or to study?" "Perhaps you're off to the northern provinces to look at polar bears?" And you have to turn the cogs quickly, to comprehend, to think properly what to reply. 'Cause if you blurt out something amiss, the official will keep interrogating you for over half an hour and leave you dripping with sweat.

One official will ask the questions and check your documents. But you'll still have to bow to another. The second will rummage through your two suitcases.

So you'll have to open your two suitcases and lay out everything packed and hidden in them. There'll be a host of questions here too. "What are you bringing into Canada?" "Any literature or trash?" "Any paintings?" "What sort of painting is it—decent, classical or pornographic?" "Aha, so this is how many shirts you're bringing in?"

And then there's trouble with the shirts. If they're dirty, the official will ask immediately why you are taking unnecessary dirt into clean Alberta or British Columbia. And if there are plenty of clean shirts in the suitcase, why

are you taking them, to wear or to sell and stuff your pockets with money? And for every question you must have a quick accurate reply...

In short, customs inspection can be fast and easy, but occasionally you will be so "cleansed" and "disinfected" that you will leave mopping the sweat from your brow.

The airplane has landed in Toronto. And all the passengers flock like geese to the door marked: Customs, Royal Canadian Government.

I am third from the door.

I move closer. I wipe my face with a hanky to look better.

I move closer still. There's an official before me—glistening like a newly minted coin. Shoes shining, buttons glinting on his uniform, his starched white gloves crackling. And so closely shaven that the blood vessels show through his skin.

"Country of birth?"

My feet go—jerk! Oh God, my feet are giving way. The last thing I need! I'm afraid I might faint and collapse with a bang, stretching all over the floor.

"Do you hear me," the official booms, "country of birth?"

"Ukraine," I babble.

"And who do you want to visit in Canada?"

"Ukrainians."

"Where?"

"In Ukrainian Edmonton."

"Have you got relatives there?"

"No, friends. There's a convention there this Sunday to celebrate the anniversary of Ukrainian Canada."

He shoots a glance at me, then taking a green scrap of paper, thumps it with a stamp. I now have the paper in my hand.

"Now," he says to me, "go over to that fellow on the end. He's Ukrainian too. He'll check your baggage. Maybe he'll find nothing more than your Ukrainianness in your suitcase."

I approach the second customs inspector. He smiles at me.

"So, you're Ukrainian?"

"Well, yes," I reply softly. It's better to speak very quietly so as not to attract undue attention from the English and French. "I'm Ukrainian."

The official replies to me in a thundering voice: "Why are you whispering and muttering? Talk loudly in your native tongue! Why are you afraid to say something in your own language? There's a Frenchman over there, an official like me, and when he rants and raves in French, my ears crackle. And when that Englishman unleashes his bass, the windows rattle. We're no worse than the rest. We'll speak up too, let them know that we're here! Let them know they're not the only ones God favours in Canada. Where you from in Ukraine?"

"Kherson province."

"Kherson. In Canada there's a Kiev, an Odessa and a Poltava, too, I think. But there's no Kherson yet."

"And where you from?" I asked the official.
"Drohobych."
"From Galicia then?"
"Galicia? No, Canada."
"There's no Drohobych in Canada."
"What do you mean? My father had a farm. And called it Drohobychivka. I was born on the farm."
He checked my luggage perfunctorily and said to me very loudly in Ukrainian: "So long! Enjoy yourself!" My inspection was over.
It was not at all tedious, instead so quick and so unexpectedly happy.

Translated by Yuri Tkacz

An Adventurous Excursion

I'll ask you straight: "Can one visit Alberta without admiring in the same stride the majestic, adorable mountains of British Columbia?" No, no, three times no! After you've arrived in Edmonton and seen enough of this clean, tidy city, pack your suitcase and hurry off to Jasper, where the mountains are more imposing and magnificent than any you'll read about in fairy tales.
So when I was asked in Edmonton if I wanted to see the mountains, I squealed with delight. I want to, I wish to, I desire to . . .
And five of us piled into a car and sped off to British Columbia.
Here they were before us . . . So precipitous, so steep, so pointy, so rocky . . .
People stood before them, looking like teeny-weeny ants before this marvel of nature. It seemed that if one of the mountains should open its stone lips and blow at the ants, they would fly head over heels into the moon.
Fantastic mountains!
I stood rooted to the ground, mesmerized. And my friends beside me. And beside them some other friends had lifted their heads, lovingly caressing the mountains with their eyes.
Half an hour later another dozen cars rolled up. Now there was quite a crowd of us.
"Are they all Ukrainians from Edmonton?" I asked my friend.
"Just about. Except for that small group of Ukrainians from Winnipeg over there. They're yokels. Communists."
"Do you have Ukrainian communists too?" I asked.
"Yes, there's a bit of that trash scattered around. A handful or less. And that's a tiny heap of them over there."
I did not believe him. There was nothing on their foreheads to say they were, pardon me, communists.
"You're wrong," I told my friend. "They are . . . "
"They are just like I told you, Mykola. They would bend over backward for Moscow's Kremlin."

Eh, I thought, my friend is picking on this group. Why should these people exert themselves for some god-forsaken sod.

Eh, I don't believe it.

We remain standing there. And the small group stretched their heads up too...

Suddenly the sun shot out from behind a cloud and we all sighed deeply. And clapped our hands. Not far from us a herd of goats had appeared on the steep foothills. A buck with horns proudly led the way, behind him moved two smaller he-goats, then a she-goat, followed by the rest of the flock numbering a dozen or so.

"Look at the buck! What a buck!"

"Two he-goats!"

"A mummy goat!"

At this point my friend growled so loudly that an echo bounced back off the mountains:

"Look, look at the flock over there. See, Brezhnev walking up front, followed by Kosygin and Podgorny, and behind them Madam Furtseva, tailed by the whole Moscow Politburo."

At these words the Ukrainians from Winnipeg stirred.

I heard someone from their group call out:

"It's those independents!"

"They should be ashamed of themselves!"

"What an insult! What a comparison!"

I walked up to the small group of my brothers by blood, who were clearly disoriented by the red hammer and sickle flag.

"Good day," I said to them. "I see you're incensed. I'm incensed too."

The Red patriots became all ears.

"You are incensed too?" they asked me.

"Extremely incensed. How can one make such comparisons..."

"Yes," they interrupted me, "yes, dear friend, it's outrageous to compare Comrade Leonid Brezhnev and Kateryna Furtseva to goats. Do you agree?"

"Certainly," I said, "it's an extreme insult. Neither the buck nor the she-goat deserve such a thing."

The Red patriots at first just stared at me, then they spat on the ground, jumped into their cars and rumbled off.

Translated by Yuri Tkacz

Helen Potrebenko

The Fifth Bundle

I'd like to tell you a story I know that no one wants to hear. I have told enough such stories to disgusted and bored audiences to know that nobody is interested in hearing them. There are millions of such stories, of which I know only a few hundred, and of which I wish to tell you only one right now.

The story concerns an old man who was born in Polish-occupied western Ukraine and suffered the oppression of serfdom under Polish lords. Although Ukrainian peasants rebelled against serfdom every generation, they were never successful. So like a lot of other people, this man left the country between the wars and came to live in Canada. As he was a communist he rejoiced when he heard the news that his homeland was freed from Polish imperialism and was to be converted to socialist prosperity and made into a classless society.

Like a great many old men, this one wished to visit his homeland once more before he died. So he went back, all these decades of socialism later, still remembering as old men often do, every detail of life as a youth under the Polish oppressors.

Many old men and some old women are now going back for such visits. The women talk about it a little bit when they come back, but only because it doesn't matter very much what women say. Very few women were communists anyway, politics being men's work.

The men do not talk because if they did, they would be shamed before their peers. If you are an old communist, it is better that you should die than that you should slander the Soviet Union. I am not going to explain that because I can't. It is simply a fact. So they all go and they come back with colour slides of approved showplaces, and pictures of relatives dressed in their Sunday best, and pictures of monuments to the heroes who died defending the great fatherland during the great fatherland war and they repeat the official statistics. If you get them drunk and insist they tell you the truth, some will cry, others will whine about customs officials, but no one will slander the Soviet Union. They'll tell you where they went and what the food on the plane was like and what museums they went to and insist that you look at those pictures of the relatives in their Sunday best, but they won't even tell you who bought those clothes.

If someone has a relative who is a worker or a bureaucrat, no matter how minor, then they can tell a little about how they live really, without slandering the Soviet Union. But forty-two per cent of the population is still engaged in agriculture, and almost all the immigrants from western Ukraine to Canada were peasants and it follows therefore, that their relatives still in western Ukraine are peasants rather than workers or bureaucrats. So there are only two choices: they either keep quiet about how those relatives live or they slander the Soviet Union. Most people choose to keep quiet.

The old man, whose name was, I think, Petro (although it may have been Ivan), understood the rules followed so carefully by thousands of others. He went to the Soviet Union to visit but when he came back, he transgressed and asked a question. He was not very descriptive and he certainly did not intend to be malicious. He was, quite simply, in a state of shock and needed help in understanding.

The question he asked concerned haying. Haying is itself a fairly simple matter but the social situation under which it is done is very often not. In order to understand the old man's babbling, it is necessary to understand a little about collective farms.

How it works is, to use milk as an example, none of the milk produced on the collective farm is available to the peasants. I don't know where it goes. "Out there," they tell me, pointing up or around. "They" drink the collective farm milk. It is all collected in proper containers, properly sterilized, properly pasteurized and it is all a miracle of technology, they tell me. But the peasants don't get any. "Those in the higher classes," they will finally say, "*pany*." But they hasten to explain that there are, of course, no classes in the Soviet Union.

In spite of this lack of classes, if the milkmaid who milks the collective farm cows wants some milk, she must own her own cow kept in her own private plot, beside her own private house. As the collective farm belongs to the people, you would think she could help herself to some milk while milking. If however, she gets caught, she would go to jail for stealing.

In addition to all the above, it should be noted that the cow has a quota for the butterfat she must produce. There isn't much you can do to a cow who doesn't produce the required amount of butterfat one day—due perhaps to some minor illness, poor quality grass, or maybe even the weather. It is unlikely the cow even knows she has a quota. The person who gets the blame if the cow does not produce the requisite amount of butterfat is the milkmaid. So as well as guards, for making sure the collective farm workers don't eat what they produce, there is an inspector who takes a sample with a syringe out of the milkmaid's pail and tests it for butterfat quantity. If the butterfat content is too low the milkmaid gets criticized, loses any bonus or award she might otherwise have earned, and ultimately, if the cow doesn't shape up, gets transferred to a worse job. (I asked if the inspector was one of the "they" who actually got to drink some of the milk but did not receive a satisfactory answer.)

That is why the milkmaid must own her own cow. If you have a cow, you must also feed her. As no one owns any land apart from their garden plot, the only place to get hay is from the collective farm. In order to get hay for his/her cow the peasant contracts out a piece of land with hay on it from the collective farm. The peasant then cuts all the hay on this piece of land and for every four bundles he/she turns in to the collective farm, they get to keep one for their cow. That is, every fifth bundle is theirs.

So the old man, Petro (or Ivan or Stepan), went back to visit his homeland after all the years of socialism. The trouble with him was that although he

was a communist, he was also a peasant and understood nothing of Leninist dogma and had no opinion at all on Marxism and the National Question. He saw that under Polish oppression he had worked for the landowners for every third bundle whereas now people were working for every fifth bundle. I'm sure he had the tonnage of steel production explained to him, and that he saw at least some of the monuments to the great fatherland war but he either didn't remember or thought it was irrelevant. He saw and remembered that peasants worked for every fifth bundle.

So he came home, a bewildered old man, and he made the rounds of all his old friends and asked each one of them how it came to be that under Polish serfdom, peasants had worked for the landowner for every third bundle and now they got only every fifth bundle. He made no mention of the militarism, the fact that you have to speak Russian to get a job in a Ukrainian city, the position of women, the absence of consumer goods, or any other stuff that constitutes slandering the Soviet Union. Nor was he critical, vindictive or malicious in his questioning. He was simply confused. At first he visited people at their homes but as he was always unwelcome, he hung around East Hastings looking for people he knew. He went from person to person, seizing them by the lapels to prevent escape, and said that peasants now got only every fifth bundle whereas he had worked for the Polish lords for every third bundle. How am I to understand this? he asked over and over again. Please, can you explain it to me?

People brushed him off as one would an old man. When he nevertheless persisted in his questioning, they began avoiding him and if he caught them anyway, people told him they were tired of his nattering about the fifth bundle and couldn't he leave them alone.

The old man died; whether his death was at all connected with his failure to understand is unlikely. All old men must die some time and most of them die confused.

All the old communists came to his funeral, for one must do one's ritual duty in death as well as in life. It is unclear whether they came to mourn or simply to see if he really had ceased slandering the Soviet Union. In any case they were relieved to find that while they walked within touching distance of the old man in the open coffin, not once did they hear him make any mention of the fifth bundle.

That's the end of the story. The reason no one wants to hear such stories is that they are interpreted as slandering the Soviet Union. For those who are against such activities, any notion of imperfection in the USSR is a sin. For the others, slander is insufficient unless it includes mass starvation and lice. But I swear that my intention at this time is not to slander the Soviet Union. My intention, while slanderous, has quite a different target.

Days and Nights on the Picket Line

If I wasn't walking on picket lines,
I could walk across Canada.
The walking I did on anti-war marches
would have got me to Abbotsford;
the Cunningham boycott,
to Chilliwack.
If I hadn't walked in front of the Medieval Inn,
or Wardair,
I could have been in Hope.

Denny's was the tough one,
almost like walking through the Fraser Canyon in spring.
I could have walked past Yale,
where they buried the men who built the railway,
Spuzzum
and on past the churning water of Hell's Gate.
It's cold in Boston Bar in spring.
The road goes up and down and around—
with the Fraser on one side
and the mountains on the other.
The scenery is as breathtaking
as walking through the Fraser Canyon in the spring.

We finally stopped at Lytton.
Not too many people know that after Lytton it's the
        Thompson River.
I could have followed the Thompson
to Spences Bridge and on toward Cache Creek
on a cold winter night about a year later—
picketing at UBC.
Several marches about Chile
would have taken me to the turnoff to Ashcroft,
finally limping into Cache Creek
on an International Women's Day march.

If I hadn't been picketing Mallabar
I could have walked down the Trans-Canada Highway
on hot summer days
past Savona
and into Kamloops,
past sagebrush and tumbleweed,
and hot dry hills,
into Kamloops.

After that was Bimini's.
The road out of Kamloops is flanked by

hop fields,
orchards,
gardens,
until Chase.
At Chase you climb up a curved, rocky road
and suddenly there's the Shuswap.
There's nothing like the Shuswap on cold, wet, windy, evenings.
It sure was cold, wet and windy on the Bimini's picket line.
I could have walked along the Shuswap all those weeks;
I could have stopped for coffee at Sorrento,
Tappen,
Salmon Arm,
Canoe,
Sicamous.
We walk slow on picket lines—
only about one mile an hour.
The months of the Bimini's picket
would have got me to Malakwa.
I hope another picket happens soon—
I never was very impressed with Malakwa.

I hope to see Three Valley Gap soon.
I like Revelstoke.
I hope it's a restaurant and not a bank,
climbing that jesus great hill after Revelstoke.
I hope it's summer and not winter in the Roger's Pass.
Before I get too old for walking,
I'd like to get to Newfoundland.
I've always wanted to visit Newfoundland,
walking slow.

Nicholas Prychodko

Good-bye Siberia

This epic saga chronicles the fate of a Ukrainian peasant family from the village of Slobidka, Poltava, during the period of Stalinist terror. The story begins in 1928 when Petro Hloba and his son Roman are exiled to Siberia (along with countless numbers of their countrymen) as part of the Soviet regime's programme of forced collectivization of Ukrainian agriculture. Comrade Nitkin—a Communist Party functionary sent from Moscow to oversee the genocidal campaign in the Slobidka district—spares the women of the family because he has designs on sixteen-year-old Christina Hloba.

Although she finds him repulsive, Christina ultimately agrees to marry Nitkin in the vain hope that he will make good his promise to secure the release of her exiled father and brother.

Hnat Kaydak is Roman Hloba's best friend, and like him is fourteen years old at the time of their incarceration. The two subsequently attempt to flee captivity, but are recaptured and sent to different labour camps, never to see each other again. However, Roman's second escape attempt proves successful and after many adventures he returns to his native Ukraine, where he is reunited with his beloved sister (who in the intervening years has left Nitkin and married a man she loves). The story then traces their harrowing experiences during the Second World War, after which both make their way to freedom in America, the novel concluding with their arrival in the new world.

The following excerpt (chapters fourteen through sixteen in the first section of the three-part book) describes the break-up of the family and the terrible journey of Roman and his father to a remote corner of the Siberian wilderness. It movingly conveys the suffering of the innocent victims of the Soviet regime's brutal policies in the late 1920s and early 1930s.

* * *

On the siding at the low slope stood a long train of cattle cars with bars over the small corner windows. At the end was a passenger coach. Along the full length of the train stretched a chain of GPU* men in fur jackets and felt boots, with mounted bayonets. Through the bars of the front cars, faces peered out furtively.

There were no other passengers at the station that morning. All train stops had been cancelled there for the day and all travellers ordered to leave the station. Red and blue caps swarmed on the platform. Khokhlov, the chief of the district GPU, was there, and a group of party leaders; among them was Babbler with his briefcase. Nitkin found Khokhlov on the platform and went inside the station for a while.

In fifteen minutes the column of the Slobidka prisoners rounded the corner of the station square, coming up onto the platform. Khokhlov and a GPU sergeant checked the names on the list.

"Name?"

"Hloba, Christina."

Khokhlov measured the girl from head to toe.

"Stand aside. Yours?"

"Hloba, Maria."

"Stand beside her." He pointed at Christina.

"But why should we stand here? My husband and son are over there."

"Don't ask questions. Do as you are told."

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* GPU is the acronym for Gosudarstvennoe Politicheskoe Upravlenie (State Political Administration).

Khokhlov set aside a few more women, then ordered them to be taken inside the station.

"Mother! Mother! Christina! We're in this car," called Roman from the train.

"I know, Romanko. I see you," shouted his mother. They were her last words to him.

Roman quickly scrambled up to the grated window in the corner, his father beside him.

"Perhaps they let them go home, Father?"

"God grant they should."

Just before the overloaded train's departure, the women were brought back from the station and hurriedly hustled on. Christina and her mother were not to be seen among the group.

"Where are Christina and my mother?" Roman shouted as loudly as he could through the window.

"They are still in the station," replied one of the women.

A dreadful thought struck Petro, like a crushing blow. He pressed his face against the cold bars.

The locomotive chugged noisily, puffing out bales of steam under the wheels, the couplings rattled and the "train of special destination" jolted forward, tearing all eyes away from the station. Now the road stretched along the high embankment to their native village and receded like an arrow into the distance—perhaps forever.

A heavy snow was falling from the low, overcast sky, and in the car muffled heartbroken sobs sounded out here and there. Petro Hloba pressed his hands tightly against his face and leaned toward the wall. His broad shoulders shook with weeping.

"Don't cry, Father!" Roman hugged his father, pressing his face against his father's chest.

Coiling like a giant boa around an embankment, the train stole out of the Zolotonosha suburbs into the open steppe. Panting and exhaling clouds of smoke, it increased speed and rushed on, monotonously beating on the rail joints: Si-be-ri-a, Si-be-ri-a, Si-be-ri-a. . . .

In the small cattle car people were packed like matches in a box. It was impossible to sit down. Only women with infants were given a little room in a corner to sit on bundles. Everyone else stood, leaning against the walls or each other. Perhaps it was just as well, for the frost and sharp wind came tearing in through the bars of the four corner openings, blowing in snowflakes.

"Oh, the cramps are killing me! I can't stand it any longer!"

"Do it in your pants." Someone attempted a bitter joke, but no one laughed. A small pot was found in someone's bundle and passed hand to hand and then to the bars.

Children cried for water, but no one had any. The train sped on and on. The semaphores at the stations were raised, the tracks set in advance for swift passage to conceal the cargo from human eyes, to hasten it past the frontiers of Ukraine into the vast Russian hinterlands.

After nightfall the train stopped in the middle of an open field. Further away, some station lights flickered weakly. The locomotive was detached and driven off, probably for water and coal. Instantly the dark silhouettes of the guards appeared along the full length of the train.

"Wa-ter, wa-ter! Give the children water! Let us out for toilet!" The shouting exploded in all cars.

The guards pounded the walls of the cars with their rifle butts. They threatened to shoot, but the clamouring did not abate. Two shots echoed, and a shrill cry came from the end of the train.

"Prisoners! Listen to me! Listen!" cried the trumpet. "You will get water, food and toilet tomorrow morning. Cries and shouting will help just one thing: we will shoot five men from each car." It was obvious that any protest would be of no avail.

For twelve days and nights the long train rumbled over the tracks, passing the remote stations of Balashov, Ulianovsk, Ufa, Cheliabinsk and Sverdlovsk. At the rare stops, corpses were taken from the train.

* * *

Finally, one severely frosty morning, the train of the doomed stopped five hundred kilometres northeast of Sverdlovsk, on a siding at Samarovo—a small station nestled in a clearing of boundless Siberian taiga* covered with a heavy blanket of deep snow. The door bolts rattled and across the deathly stillness echoed the command: "Ge-e-et out!"

In a few minutes the strip of snow beside the train swarmed like a giant anthill. Along the tracks stretched a chain of guards. On leashes they held wolfhounds that barked incessantly and strained ferociously at the prisoners. On the platform a commandant appeared with a megaphone.

"Prisoners, listen to me! Listen! You will be taken to your place of work. Escape from here is impossible. For hundreds of kilometres around there is nothing but the taiga and swamps. Anyone who tries will be shot without warning."

Passing the sawmill, with its mountains of railway ties, slabs and logs, and then a group of log houses, the long column started along the narrow snowbound trail through the dense taiga. At the end of the column eighteen prisoners were harnessed to three sleds covered with canvas. Petro Hloba walked silently, holding Roman's hand in his own, with desperate thoughts of Christina and Maria.

At about ten o'clock that evening the trek ended, at last, in a large clearing encircled by a barbed-wire fence, surrounded by the impenetrable taiga which rose like a dark, sinister wall. There were no buildings in the clearing, but on the outside of the enclosure stood a small log house with a separate barbed-wire fence around it. Through its two small windows beams of light fell on the snow, and from the chimney a thin, grey stream of smoke

*taiga—wild Siberian forest

spouted straight as a ramrod up into the air. Near the house rose the dark outline of a guard tower.

"How can we all get into the house?" the prisoners wondered. "Even ten would be too crowded in it."

"There are probably more houses behind those trees."

"Prisoners, listen! Attention!" echoed a raucous voice from the tower through a megaphone, after the mute human stream had filled the clearing. "You have now arrived at your destination. You will be given a few axes. Chop some dry brushwood and make a fire for the night. In the morning you will get more tools and food, and you will build barracks for yourselves. If there is any disturbance," threatened the trumpet hoarsely, "we will mow you down with the machine-guns like mad dogs!"

Such was the New Year's greeting of the two thousand condemned souls.

"But what of the little babies in this cold and snow?" sobbed a woman.

No answer followed.

* * *

By the end of March, six squat log barracks had been erected in the clearing of death, but there were not too many left to occupy them. Out of two thousand prisoners, only 418 remained alive. The others had died from exposure, hunger and overwork. Five committed suicide by hanging themselves from tree branches.

About fifteen people had fled, but no one knew what had happened to them in the vast taiga, in the terrible cold, without adequate clothing and food, unarmed against the wild animals. Three of them were caught some distance away; brutally beaten, with their hands tied behind their backs, they were led in, just as the prisoners were leaving the barracks for work and shot before the crowd.

In March, Roman's father died. Weak and thin as a skeleton, he was caught across the chest by a branch of a falling tree. Unable to get to his feet, he lay there while the blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, staining the snow. The men placed him on a stretcher made of twigs and brought him to the barracks.

"Oh, my father, my dear! What will happen now?" wailed Roman, falling on his knees beside him.

"Don't cry, son. It won't help," his father barely murmured, gasping spasmodically. "Save your strength; you're like a shadow already, my son... when you get the chance, flee with Hnat to your uncle in Kamianske. Take my clothes off before you bury me and wear them. Here is my cross. Take it. It was grandfather's... " He tried to raise his hand to open his shirt, but blood gushed out in a rivulet from his mouth and his hand dropped limply, motionless.

In the evening, when the men returned from work, they placed Hloba on a makeshift sled, especially constructed for hàuling the dead to the pit, and Roman with Hnat pulled him to his eternal rest in the common grave where Hnat's father had been laid two weeks earlier.

The boys removed three of the slabs which lay across the top to keep the wolves away and, carefully holding the body by the arms and legs so as not to bump it against anything, slowly lowered it down on top of the frozen pile of corpses. They crossed his hands upon his chest, replaced the slabs, thrice repeated "Everlasting Peace," crossed themselves three times, and returned to camp.

"Roman, we must flee or we'll end up like that too," whispered Hnat.

"We'll wait another two weeks or so, until the weather is warmer and we can save up some bread."

Roman did not sleep that night. Pressing close against Hnat he lay motionless, afraid of disturbing him, while his imagination shifted from one picture to another, bringing to mind the bright, sunny days in his native home. His mother, father and Christina appeared before his eyes as real as if they were here. He saw the quiet, summer day, the heat shimmering over a placid pond profuse with white lilies in the middle of their meadow. He saw the ploughed black field beside the birch grove, with the song of the lark in the limitless azure overhead, and the tiny lamp before the icons on Easter night. If I could only dream of them tonight, he prayed in his heart. The loneliness weighed on him like a stone. He wanted to cry to relieve this heavy burden, but his eyes remained dry and burned as if full of sand.

Out of the night, from the direction of his father's grave, came the howling of a hungry wolf.

Translated by Olga Prychodko

George Ryga

A Letter to My Son

The following is an excerpt from the play A letter to my son, *written in commemoration of the ninetieth anniversary of Ukrainian settlement in Canada. The setting is the functional but rather dreary farm kitchen of a lonely old widower, Ivan Lepa. The story unfolds around Lepa's frustrated efforts to write a confessional letter to his estranged son, Stefan, and two visits from a civil servant named Nancy Dean, who is attempting to establish proof of Lepa's identity and age, so that he may qualify for his government pension. Lepa, however, has no official documents and was mistakenly reported (in a newspaper account) to have been killed in a mine explosion in 1934. Most of the action is set around a kitchen table at the front of the stage, but Lepa also interacts with other characters from his past on what is described as the "memory stage." Lepa moves into this darkened and elevated part of the set—situated behind and on the periphery of the main stage—whenever he grapples with ghosts or argues with absent relatives. The*

scene below concludes the first act of this two-act play: Nancy has just entered and offered Lepa some brandy she has fetched from her car. He is pale and shaken after a flashback in which he recalls how a pathetic religious fanatic provoked the jealous rage in him that eventually contributed to his wife Hanya's premature death.

* * *

NANCY Now, Mister Lepa—you homesteaded here and this was your farm?

OLD LEPA Sure....

NANCY *Delighted, picks up briefcase.* Good! Then it's in your name—which resolves whether you've been alive or not since that accident in 1934! *Old Lepa stares balefully at her. She becomes confused.*

OLD LEPA *To himself.* I like this young woman... but I'm not going to show it. Long ago I learned the best way to deal with government is to stare at it... and think of a toothache.

NANCY *Uncertain.* Well? Why do you look at me that way?

OLD LEPA No.

NANCY No, what?

OLD LEPA Not in my name. When I took out homestead papers, I wrote them in Hanya's name. The work I did... places I went to... I didn't know if I'd be living or dead one day to the next. So everything I put in her name. She willed it to Stefan... like both of us wanted... but Stefan, he didn't want farming.

NANCY Everything—in her name? I don't understand... here's you and....

OLD LEPA This house he had excluded from the farm....

NANCY That's not what I find odd... it's leaving everything to your wife, who no longer lives.

OLD LEPA That's the way it should be—has to be. To be a widow immigrant is bad. To be a widow with nothing is like being blind and deaf and having nothing to eat.

NANCY *Amused.* That bad, eh?

OLD LEPA Worse... I don't tell things good.

NANCY How in hell would you know what it's like to be a widow? *Old Lepa has no reply. He stares at her, blinking elaborately.*

NANCY *Laughing.* Then maybe you ***were*** a widow... in some other life!

OLD LEPA *Coldly.* You laughing at me?

NANCY No. I'm not laughing.

OLD LEPA That's good. I thought you was laughing. *Nancy pulls out some forms and begins to review them.*

NANCY Okay—we have some forms to fill out.... You came to Canada... in what year?

Wordlessly, he explains and they carry on a soundless discussion. She corrects the odd notation in her forms. He never takes his eyes off her.

OLD LEPA *To himself.* A floating Polish Tub brought me here. I never had vermin and I was not Polish. But I was deloused and my head was shaved... and I came on a Polish passport. I had to have a health certificate... from the village doctor, who was drunk and stank of vomit. He said I had an ear infection. His open, trembling hand moved across the clinic table as he told me this. I put five zlotys in it, and the ear infection healed just like that. Twenty zlotys would have cured a cancer. He stamped my passport with good health, and all the time I stared at him as I stare at her.

NANCY Everything in your wife's name, because you're worried about her.

OLD LEPA To be an immigrant widow in Canada.... *Sees her smiling as she listens.*

OLD LEPA *Irritably, turning away.* To hell with you! Speaking with you is like speaking to a fence post!

NANCY I... I understand. I'm sorry. I know it means a lot to you.

OLD LEPA *His back to her.* You laugh—but if you a widow and don't speak the language—eh? Who would worry for you? Your neighbours? The government? The cowboy in tight pants who sells you shoes? Bullshit! Nobody worries for the poor! *Nancy breaks into laughter, which she tries to choke back, but cannot. Old Lepa turns and stares balefully at her.* That's nice... I like that laugh. An honest woman. My Hanya laughed a little bit like that.

NANCY Why, thank you. I didn't mean to....

OLD LEPA Yah... I like that. What's your name?

NANCY Nancy. *He leans forward and takes her face in his hand. Studies it intently.*

OLD LEPA Nancy? Nancy?... Gimme the rest. *She becomes a bit anxious, but doesn't know what to do.*

NANCY My name was on a letter I wrote you.

OLD LEPA I don't read letters. What's your name?

NANCY Nancy Dean.

OLD LEPA Hah! *Almost triumphantly, he releases her face and slaps the table.*

OLD LEPA *To himself.* Just like that, I know! She's not one of the Angliiky... not with that face. Yet... could she be one of ours? They changed their names—I heard of such things. I had a section foreman whose name was Dobush, but who called himself MacGregor because Scotsmen got the good jobs. ***Meester***

MacGregor, we would say to him, our caps in our hands . . . gives to me the good job. I have a *hryzha. . . . He grins at the recollection.* A hernia down here. *Motions to his crotch.*

NANCY Is there something amusing about my name?

OLD LEPA I want to know your real name! *Nancy is startled and stares at him uncertainly.*

NANCY I told you. . . .

OLD LEPA *To himself.* Oh, my child . . . if I was young again, we would find better things to do than talk of old men who lost their names. *Sound of cheerful folk dance music. Strains of melody begin softly, as if across open fields.* I was young once, you know. I didn't dance or play then . . . or watch fields of grain at sunset, when the world seems to be on fire. *Music slows and becomes haunting and mournful.*

NANCY I know you were young.

OLD LEPA *Interrupting her.* This homestead, is where my youth came to rest . . . right here. With a two-bladed axe, then out on the road, seeding and harvesting for others . . . from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains . . . mining, railroading, cutting pulpwood . . . through a depression. Youth started and ended here . . . right here. We all danced at our weddings . . . and after that. . . . *He rises heavily to his feet. Music ends abruptly. Sound of distant thunder.* What's your name? Your real name, Nancy Dean?

NANCY *Distressed.* What difference would it make, Mister Lepa? Would that help me to help you get your pension?

OLD LEPA To hell with the pension! In my heart I know this—there are no people called Dean in Halychyna. I could say more—but it is for you to speak.

NANCY *Angry.* It's for me to speak—and suddenly everything you needed to know will be self-evident?

OLD LEPA Maybe yes, maybe no. I don't understand them big words. . . .

Nancy slowly, methodically begins to replace her papers in her briefcase. Another sound of distant thunder. Old Lepa strains to listen to it, as if judging whether it will bring good or troubles.

NANCY I guess I should pack up and leave now. *Pause.* My grandfather's name . . . was Odinsky.

OLD LEPA *With disinterest, still listening.* Ah . . . I knew a shepherd boy named Odinsky in the old country. He had this growth on his neck, and because of that he walked with his head to one side . . . like this.

NANCY *Firmly.* Not this Odinsky. My grandfather was a Russian Jew, Mister Lepa! *Old Lepa turns slowly to stare at her, then he breaks into hearty laughter, which discomfits Nancy.*

OLD LEPA When he landed in Halifax, Odinsky was hard to spell by immigration. So they gave him the name Dean?

NANCY I guess so.... *Old Lepa moves to her and puts his arm around her shoulder reassuringly. He continues laughing.*

OLD LEPA How many names...going back six hundred—a thousand years—of warriors, merchants, slaves...died with the stroke of a pen in Halifax? Maybe one day we make a big monument of stone...of a man standing looking into the country...he's got hands, feet—everything. But no face. And we put that up in Halifax to remind us how we got a fresh start, no? *They both laugh and lean toward each other. Laughter continues under Old Lepa's memory. Another sound of thunder, nearer now.*

OLD LEPA *To himself.* We laugh, but we are sad. There is much to forget before Halifax and all that business. I will not deny the pogroms, and you must know how poor I was. And that makes us sad....

NANCY I have to go now.

OLD LEPA So...after all these years, I have a Jew in my house. I'll make some tea for us.

NANCY Not for me, thank you.

OLD LEPA If I need tea, you need tea. So don't argue. *He busies himself preparing water for heating. She watches him with mixed emotions. Suddenly she shudders and pulls at the collar of her blouse.*

NANCY Winters...must be lonely here.

OLD LEPA Was worse once. No woodpile, you freeze. Now they bring the oil even in the summer. Your grandfather, was a good man, I think.

NANCY *With surprise.* He's never mentioned you. Where did you meet him?

OLD LEPA Here...there....

NANCY My grandfather lived in Winnipeg....

OLD LEPA Sure. I know. He was the city man...the rag and bone man...the man who sold shoes for a living. I was a country man. We spoke the same language, he and I. So we told each other what could not be understood in silence. He was a good man....

Nancy rises and retreats to exit, her eyes fixed on Old Lepa at the stove. A roar of distant thunder. Old Lepa does not acknowledge her departure. When she is gone, he returns to his table with a cup in his hand and resumes work on his letter.

OLD LEPA *To himself, sadly.* She is gone. Didn't wait for tea even. Was it something I said? Naw. She'll be back. *Begins writing.* Dear Stefan... I say things the best way I know how. The woman I told you about was here—and I thought to myself—why are you a

bachelor? I will never understand. But that is your business. If you was married and had a son... *Ponders*... if you had a son, and he was old enough, I would tell him what I could not tell you. I was not a good man to hurt your mother like I did, Stefan. Telling her to leave this house and follow a man who would die that night... *Distraught, Old Lepa pushes the paper aside.*

OLD LEPA You cannot say such things, you crazy old man! Stefan will not thank you for writing like that in a letter... yet someone has to know. I cannot die with that secret. No man should.

Ancient liturgical music begins, passionate and distant. Old Lepa rises and turns this way and that, as if searching for something he has lost. Sounds of anguish, indistinct outcries of pain.

OLD LEPA Hanya? Is that you? *Hanya, huddled and shawled, appears in dark periphery of memory stage. She faces him accusingly.*

HANYA *Pleading.* No, Ivan... it's not what you think!

OLD LEPA How was I to know, when he left long ago, staggering away through the snow like a drunkard... that he would try to cross the railway at the bottom of the farm?

HANYA Don't make me go with him!

OLD LEPA I was mad... as men like me are... to see him here in my place. I was young, Hanya... young and crazy!

HANYA *Frantic.* I am not guilty of what you think.

Old Lepa tries to scale the elevation to reach her, his arms extended to her. But he stumbles and cannot rise. He speaks to her, but she retreats. In her place, the Fanatic appears, holding up a coarse wooden cross. He is ragged.

OLD LEPA Oh, my God! Will he never leave me?

FANATIC Let her stay. I only stopped by to help her plaster the walls of the house.

OLD LEPA Leave my land! I wish to God I had never seen you!

The Fanatic retreats in fear. Old Lepa slumps, clinging to the riser. The music fades and swells. Thunder crashes and echoes.

OLD LEPA *Softly, to himself.* I was told later he carried a cross to my house. The cross he carried to the doorsteps of other homesteads. They told me he was trying to find converts to some god he had made up in his sad, simple mind. He walked across the field there through snowdrifts to the railway in the coulee beside this farm. A wind blew that night, covering fields and trees in a white cloud. He couldn't see where he was going. He might have fallen to the track... or tried to walk on it until the train came. The train came... it hit him and threw him into a drift. He was found a week later when the section gang came along and saw one of his legs sticking out of the snow.

Off stage, sound of Hanya screaming in horror at hearing the story for the first time. Stefan crosses memory elevation in shadows. He is in a hurry. Old Lepa tries without success to regain his feet and run to him.

OLD LEPA *Crying out.* Stefan! *Stefan stops abruptly and turns to Old Lepa. Stefan has the manner of an impatient professional interrupted in his thoughts.*

STEFAN What is it, you foolish old man? Can't you see I'm busy?

OLD LEPA Just give me a moment to speak, son. I know you have much on your mind . . . it must give you a headache sometimes to think of so much. . . .

STEFAN Well, speak . . . go on. Be precise and to the point. I have no time for animal grunts from the ignorant!

OLD LEPA Only a moment. . . .

STEFAN I am an educated and refined man, as you can see. It's not all a blessing, you know. It is a terrible responsibility, weighing on me like two big suitcases on a hot day.

OLD LEPA About your mother. . . .

STEFAN Or a carton of textbooks I have stupidly agreed to carry, but cannot find a place to put down.

OLD LEPA I have never told you this, Stefan. . . .

STEFAN I have no interest in what you did or did not tell me. Can't you see how terribly, terribly busy I am? And may I ask who are you? Have you children in my school?

OLD LEPA Your father. . . . *Music and other sounds die. Stefan yawns with mock weariness.*

STEFAN What a bore some days can be. Will the girl never learn I can only see people by appointment?

OLD LEPA Stefan . . . Stefan . . . Your mother was the finest woman!

STEFAN I keep telling her, but she behaves like a peasant incapable of learning.

OLD LEPA A thousand times I have seen this nightmare of my foolish mind . . . wanting to tell you, but afraid I would anger you.

STEFAN Come, come, old man—state your business. I have work to do.

OLD LEPA She was carrying you when I ordered her out of my house. She didn't go, but something in her health and spirit died that day.

STEFAN All this talk of death and dying is really most unsettling—are you aware of that? Do you really appreciate how much of a bother you are to the educational system?

OLD LEPA A year after you were born, she got sick. I carried her in my arms down that road there. Hoping for a truck or a wagon to come along

and drive her to the hospital. For two hours I carried her before help came. I was out of my mind.

STEFAN That's impossible. Nobody leaves their mind in one place while travelling to another, in a manner of speaking. Therefore it is incorrect to employ such a metaphor thoughtlessly. It is also alarming to others.

OLD LEPA Stefan—listen, please! She begged for us to go back... because we had left you alone in your crib. I ran all the way back to look after you. I forgot to say goodbye to her, I was that worried. She... never came back. She died. It was my fault that I had broken her spirit when she was so young and beautiful... that I had turned against her... betrayed the love I felt for her. I am an old man, soon I will die. I ask for your understanding... and forgiveness. Stefan! *Liturgical music sounds faintly. Also sounds of storm. Stefan stares at Old Lepa, then knots his hands into fists.*

STEFAN *In petulant rage.* Betrayed her? You killed her, you ridiculous old bastard!

He rushes off stage. Old Lepa half rises and lurches at the table, his face contorted with anguish. He grabs the letter he has been writing and tears it out of the scribbler and tears it to shreds. Hard crash of thunder and sound of rain deluge on fast blackout.

Ulas Samchuk

Moroz's Manor

This story begins the first book of the trilogy Ost *(East), which consists of* Moroziv khutir *(Moroz's manor),* Temnota *(Darkness) and* Vtecha vid sebe *(Escape from oneself). This epic tale focuses on the fate of a prosperous and enlightened village family during the 1917–20 Ukrainian revolution, and specifically on how national, social, economic and moral forces shaped the course of events. The setting of the first chapter of* Moroz's manor *is the vicinity of Kaniv in central, Dnieper-basin Ukraine (the ancient town where the poet Taras Shevchenko is buried), formerly in the Kiev gubernia and now in Cherkassy province.*

* * *

During the break before the last lesson Vasyl Moroz was sitting at the second-last desk of the first row and was diligently repeating the lesson on the Central Region. Five more desks stood in front of him, and at the first of these sat two girls. One of them was called Ala.

Andriy Knysh, nicknamed White Tusk, with unruly red hair covering his forehead and with sparkling lively eyes, stood behind Vasyl and, tugging at his elbow, whispered: "Alochka!"

Vasyl took no notice of him. He covered his ears with both his hands and closed his eyes. He did not want to see or hear anything. He was picturing the Central Region: Moscow, Iaroslavl, Tver, Volga, Oka—towns noted for trade and rivers with plenty of water—dark, dense pine forests and distant, wide, green or white open spaces.

But Andriy, the devil, continued to tug at his sleeve and hair, whispering the same words: "Alochka! Vasyl! Alochka!"

"Go away!" Vasyl exclaimed angrily, his eyes still peeled to the book, though Andriy's whispering was having an effect on him and he could distinctly feel his cheeks burning, and probably turning red. He was ashamed and pained.

"Go away, I said!" Vasyl yelled out. But Andriy only began to repeat faster: "Alochka, Alochka, Alochka.... " The whole class could hear him, and even Ala was blushing noticeably at the front desk.

Vasyl suddenly grabbed the inkwell in front of him and hurled it at Andriy. But the fellow ducked and the inkwell sailed through the air and struck the map of European Russia hanging on the wall behind the teacher's desk.

The impact was forceful and direct. The inkwell disintegrated and the map became adorned with several expressive black stains, the largest of which completely covered the Central Region, which Vasyl Moroz was studying so diligently.

The class let out a sigh. All was quiet. Everyone stood up. Only Vasyl remained seated, looking wide-eyed at his deed, unable to utter a word. "It's your fault!" he yelled out, and enraged, rushed at Andriy. Andriy raced off, Vasyl at his heels; the boys stopped Andriy, and Vasyl pounced on him with the savageness of a wild animal.

Entwined, the two boys rolled about on the dais, snorting and growling, the aroused pupils crowded around them, black tears slowly running down the map of Russia, and the bell sounding in the hallway. The door opened and punctual, stern Afohen Vasyliovych Levytsky appeared in the doorway, holding a globe in one hand. He was the history and geography teacher, and at the same time principal of the local Kaniv two-grade school.

Fat, round, on short legs, adorned with a shining bald patch, with his forever-burning blue eyes, dressed in his immutable uniform and bearing that globe in his right hand, he looked like a god of Thunder.

The scene which greeted his quick, habitual teacher's eyes surpassed in scope and effect everything he had hitherto witnessed, and Afohen Vasyliovych exploded with characteristic rage: "What's this?"

Afohen Vasyliovych's clear, resounding high tenor calmed the storm immediately. The pupils rushed to their desks. Dishevelled, red and breathless, Vasyl and Andriy stood alone in the suddenly deserted middle of the classroom. Afohen Vasyliovych took several hasty steps, passed both boys and riveted his gaze to the map of Russia.

"Who did this?" he uttered his precise, distinct and fatally decisive question. The reply was deep silence. Then an incredible thing happened. Andriy and Vasyl first looked at each other, and then both stepped forward and, amid violent sobs, screamed out together: "It was me!"

"You're lying!" Vasyl yelled at Andriy and was ready to fight him again. "It was me!"

"You're lying yourself! Everyone saw that it was me!" Andriy roared viciously.

"Outside! Outside! Both of you! Come to my office after the lesson!" the principal pronounced, and the globe in his right hand traced out unexpected and sharp paths through the air. The boys dashed to the door and, freeing himself of the earth's sphere, Afohen Vasyliovych, agitated and formidable, began pacing up and down the classroom between the desks.

"Rogues!" he repeated at every turn, came up to the map and looked at it with angry eyes, blowing at the blots. "Rogues! They don't understand that you can't get a map like this now at any price. Who is responsible?" he addressed the whole class.

A deep, turbid silence. Several dozen pairs of perplexed eyes looked at him, but no one's lips moved. Afohen Vasyliovych prodded the nearest pupil with his short, fat finger: "Myron! Who did this?"

Myron was tragically caught off guard. He jumped to his feet and his small black eyes began to blink spasmodically. "I . . . I . . . I! I . . . no. . . . I saw nothing. . . . I went to the toilet. . . . "

"Wipe your nose!" the principal commanded. "You know how to lie, but let's hear what you know about the Central Region."

"Now he's in for it," thought his deskmate, glad that it was Myron and not him now being raked over the coals. Myron was already standing under the fateful map, his frightened eyes seeking something on it, his lips trembling, voice stammering, and the words which he tried to force out seemed to break loose and rush back inside.

"The Central Region. . . . The Central Region—is the central region of European Russia. . . . " and he stopped.

"We know that much! Continue!" Afohen Vasyliovych's distinct tenor inexorably drove Myron into an abyss. "What do we find there?"

"We find there. . . . There is the large city of Moscow. . . . It is a large city, noted for its trade. . . . "

"All you think of is trade!" the principal interrupted him. "From which districts?"

"Kursk!" Myron ventured diffidently.

"You're a Kursk yourself. And a crow at that," the principal lashed the boy.

"Voronezh. . . . " Myron mumbled and prodded his finger about on the map.

"Stop dirtying it!" the principal yelled out shrilly, and Myron tore his finger away from the map as if from a hot surface, not even noticing that he

had in fact been smearing the ink blots. His hand was already black. Nervously Myron wiped under his nose and the class exploded in guffaws. Thick black whiskers had appeared under his nose. This had an effect even on the furious Afohen Vasyliovych, who immediately ordered Myron to return to his place, and called out the fellow who had been guffawing the most—Myron's deskmate, Zarudny.

But the fellow rattled away like a machine-gun:

"The Central Region is the central region of European Russia. It consists of the following districts: Kursk, Voronezh, Orlov, Tula, Riazan, Tver, Moscow and Iaroslavl. Moscow is the heart of Russia. The landmark of Moscow is the Kremlin. The Kremlin is the heart of Moscow. There we find the Faceted Palace, in which Russian tsars are crowned. The Kremlin also contains the tsar of cannons and the tsar of bells, and in its gate we find the Iversk Icon of the Holy Mother. The Kremlin also contains banners won in battle by the brave Russian armies from their historical enemies—the Turks, Caucasians, Poles and the French. . . . "

"Enough! Sit down!" Afohen Vasyliovych pronounced, for he already knew that Zarudny had learnt everything word for word. At last a smile played on his face. He called out Loboda and Borovyk, who continued about the rivers, the forests, the industries and culture. And after the whole Central Region had been discussed in this manner, Afohen Vasyliovych came up to his table, stretched out his hand and picked up the globe, looked at it from above and spun it around with the forefinger of his left hand, then throwing the class a glance, began:

"Before crossing over to another part of our Fatherland, the so-called Agricultural Region, I'll allow myself, boys, to show you where our State lies in relation to the rest of the earth. Here you see our earth in my hands," and he spun the globe around once more with the forefinger of his left hand, stepping closer to the front desks.

"Here we see our continent, Europe," and with the same finger he outlined a small oval on the globe. "Further on here, forming a continuation to our continent, we find the enormous continent of Asia." And Afohen Vasyliovych confirmed his words with an appropriate movement of his finger. "Further on here, we find Africa—this well-known exotic centre of our planet. On the other side, here below us," Afohen Vasyliovych even tapped his foot, "is the distant America, like the wings of a bird, and here, lost amid the islands and islets of Oceania, lies the discreet, almost forgotten Australia.

"These five continents of our earth are related not only by the fact that all are to be found on the same planet, but also by many important factors which make our planet into a living organism, so to speak, aware and obeying certain rules.

"This earthly sphere," Afohen Vasyliovych continued, and raised the sphere in his right hand like a priest raising a chalice during mass, "is divided not only into continents, natural borders decided by God, so to speak, but is also divided by frontiers decided by human might and wisdom. These so-called states, or nations—peoples or their unions, each having their own

form of government. And since it is so, we must know not only the geography of our own state, that is the things contained within our borders, but we also have to know the relationship of the state to the rest of the world surrounding it.

"This vastly reduced copy of our earth alone can tell us a great deal. We can see Europe here, and the frontiers of European countries, and from this alone we can create a general view of the matter in our minds. And when we make several quite superficial comparisons, then we Russians will see that our place on this earth is neither the last nor the least significant.

"We see," Afohen Vasyliovych continued, "that our state takes up most of the European continent, and juts into colossal Asia, taking a large slice out of it; in this way our Russia becomes a so-called bridge between the two oceans: in the west the Atlantic, and in the east—the Pacific. The tooth which seems to make up the end of Europe and where we find Romania, Austria, Serbia, etcetera, is, from the perspective of history, nothing more than an introduction, a beginning, a foreword to that large, sapid and complex state system which is our beautiful Fatherland, the Russian Empire, beginning with Verzhbolov in the west and ending with Vladivostok in the east."

This wasn't the first time Afohen Vasyliovych was uttering these words of his. He had spoken them many times before, for many years, and knew them by heart, as he knew himself. Many of the inhabitants of this town and its outskirts had listened to these words over the years, heard them and tried to comprehend them. The age of the man testified to this, his external appearance, his large bald patch, his grey hair, and his forehead ploughed full of wrinkles.

But on this day in *Anno Domini* 1918 these words were spoken with exceptional care and unusual warmth. Afohen Vasyliovych had assiduously prepared for this moment. Before this he had paced about his office for a long time, thinking, wrinkling his forehead, puffing. Occasionally, his eyes would suddenly become damp. He would step even more firmly then with his strong, short legs, as though his thoughts wanted to break free, like an eagle locked in an iron cage.

What a pity that on the threshold of realizing his plan he had stumbled on something so unexpected, and what a pity that this lesson had to be somewhat modified because of this quite unpleasant incident.

One should know that Afohen Vasyliovych was a dignified person, great in his own way, respectable through and through, and exceptionally honoured. And when he spoke this way to these small citizens of his town, his gaze habitually fell onto that part of the wall which still contained two large white rectangles. Not so long ago there had been two coloured portraits in those places—one of His Imperial Majesty the Sovereign and Autocrat of all Russia, Nicholas II, and the other of his deserving wife, the Sovereign Empress Alexandra Fedorovna. Now they were no longer there. The school janitor Parfen had assiduously removed them to the school attic, and they now stood there, even though Russia herself still existed, and her geography was still being taught, and trains continued to run along her length and

breadth. And when Afohen Vasyliovych saw those empty spaces, when he read the papers, when he sounded out the mood of those around him, he felt quite awkward, even sometimes afraid, and for this very reason he wanted to speak to someone in words that would fall into the very centre of the human soul. But since he wasn't a statesman, or a people's tribune, or a general, or a minister, he spoke only to those who could hear him. He was merely a modest teacher.

Vasyl and Andriy found themselves outside the classroom. They managed to catch only the word "rogues," which was, so to speak, the last confirmation of their action. Now they were surrounded by the emptiness of the hallway. Lessons were in progress in the classrooms. They buzzed with that familiar hum which the boys knew so well, when many voices merged into a single jaded tone, when teachers yelled out, chalk fell to the ground and laughter erupted.

The boys immediately decided to continue their unexpected journey. The hallway was no place for them to be. If one of the teachers chanced on them there would be questions, superfluous words. It was wise to avoid attracting unnecessary interest. A moment later they were on the school porch outside, on the familiar porch with those chipped cement stairs from which individual bricks were slowly but distinctly working their way out.

The school itself had only a single storey, but was long, white and solidly built, with a queue of high and narrow windows along its length. In front of the windows grew a garden fenced off from Kiev Street by a good cast-iron fence. In the garden were beds of asters which had finished flowering, stalks of cultivated roses, the dry stems of mallows and dahlias which had frozen together completely. Not so long ago motley spikes of mallow had burned along the cast-iron fence, and bushes of nasturtiums burned like fires on the ground, colourful beds of cultivated poppy stood as if in vases. Now autumn had made its way here, trampling everything, covering everything with grey damp, then disappearing into the unknown. An autumn drizzle was sifting its way down from the sky, and the yellow leaves of the chestnuts, lindens and weeping willows adhered to the juicy wet earth. Several benches stood unused, though not so long ago people had still sat on them.

Behind the school was the old white baroque Uspensky Cathedral, massive old lindens, chestnuts and acacias. Behind the cathedral was a steep slope with a view onto the lowlands of the Dnieper, onto the Poltava side of the river. Steep, deep, overgrown small streets, small Lake Lymarka, a winding stream, patches of white sand, piles of red osier and the grey, steely reflection of the water swathed in mists. Down there on the right were the indistinct colours of Varshavka, dissected by streets, houses with gardens along Poltava Street, the Dunaiets Creek overgrown with alder, and Moskovska Hill rose hazily in the distance. The cupolas of Spasky Church protruded from the undergrowth, together with crowds of old lindens hung with a veil of mist; a wide road ran from under their branches, escaping into the fog where the barely-visible bank merged with the water and created the distance of space. Large, dotted with puddles, the market-place stretched wantonly in all

directions. Its booths stood whimsically thrust into the ground along Poltava Street, which seemed to be ashamed of their proximity and precipitously, importunately, ruggedly and tempestuously escaped toward the Dnieper, crossed it with a floating wooden bridge and disappeared in the east, where the bell-tower of Lipliava Village occasionally drifted out of the solid grey.

Instead of the sky there was an opaque mistiness which continually fell in fine droplets of water. The leaves of the mighty trees flew to the ground steeply and unexpectedly. The stone blocks of the footpath glistened with wetness. Several crows loomed on the cathedral crosses.

The sight appealed to the boys very much. It was the essence of nature, having the expectant air of a first day at school. Each year at this time it was the same, and they felt this was the best time of year, better than May and its sun and blue skies—a grey, wise beginning, a reflection off water and the disappearing summer, which continued to hold on with its strong remnants in the leaves of the lindens and the white berries of the berry beds.

The boys immediately recovered. Thrown out, they did not fall. They wanted to scream out anew. Suddenly they raced off along the worn footpaths toward the cathedral. The rain did not worry the boys, they took no notice of the views.

A thought suddenly occurred to Andriy that it would be worth climbing the bell-tower. Vasyl immediately liked the idea. The bell tower was, of course, locked with a heavy old rusty padlock, and the key to it was kept by the stern church warden, Khoma, but the boys could not care less about locks or keys. The old, ramose chestnut that had accidentally grown up in front of the bell-tower windows would help them to accomplish their design—and they scratched their way up the wet trunk, helping each other up, and after a while, dirty, green and wet, they stood in the windows of the first storey, sending shouts into space and suddenly espying something which was new and exciting to them. "Vasyl!" Andriy bawled. "Look!"

Vasyl rushed to the front window and saw a large long column of people, some with umbrellas, marching down Kiev Street between the buildings and trees. He could see flags of some sort, the people were singing a marching song, some sort of stirring song. They were moving from Market Square in the direction of Sytnyky. The boys pressed their heads to the narrow cracks between the extremely thick stone walls. "Let's go!" Vasyl called out—and that very same instant they bounded out of the window and descended to the ground by the same difficult and inconvenient path.

How easy it was at such a moment to forget the highly-respected Afohen Vasyliovych. As soon as their feet touched hard ground, the boys raced off along the iron fence and the old damaged stone wall without even looking about, and if someone had been watching them from behind, he would have been convinced that their feet did not touch the ground. They flew along like birds. Another moment, and they could have taken off. Their heads were raised. The unevenness of the brick footpath disappeared. Splashes of water from the puddles squirted in all directions. And now they were in the street, in the thickness of the crowd, walking along with everyone, satisfied that they were seeing something hitherto unseen.

Everyone stopped outside the town council offices. The crowd grew. A fellow in a grey army uniform stepped forward onto some kind of platform. All eyes were on the soldier.

"Citizens!" the boys heard from somewhere above the heads of those in front of them. They had to find a better vantage point from where they could see as well as hear. What was actually happening? What would those people talk about in such rain? Why had they gathered here in the first place?

The orator continued to speak. Now he had become impassioned and was yelling. He was holding a strange-coloured flag in his hands. Neither Vasyl nor Andriy had seen one like this till now. They heard something about a Ukraine. That it was being oppressed by Russia. The fellow mentioned Shevchenko for some reason, the one who was buried on the hill outside the town. He waved a blue and yellow flag about. Said that we were free now, that Ukraine....

So many loud, angry words, and the boys listened to them so avidly. In the crowd they spied a familiar face, Yashka. "Yashka! Hey!" Vasyl called out to him. "Come here!" Yashka walked up to them. He was older than the boys, already a salesman, and he knew everything. "Well, what do you want?" Yashka asked in a deferential tone, as if he was an important gentleman.

"Who are these people?" Vasyl asked him. "These?" Yashka inquired again, as if there were others here. "Of course," said Vasyl. "They.... They're Ukrainians," Yashka said, and immediately added: "They are for the bourgeoisie.... "

Vasyl and Andriy were pleased. Yashka knew everything. Oh, how black these people's clothes were, and those over there had embroidered shirts. They even hung a portrait of Shevchenko bedecked with wreaths in front of the council offices. This was very interesting. And the boys could not calm down. They ran up from the sides, crawling between legs, scrambling up onto higher ground....

But suddenly one of them remembered that the lesson must have finished by now and they already had to be in Afohen Vasyliovych's office. The thought of it made them feel sick, their hearts contracted painfully, and they softly let each other know about this sad fact, and extracting themselves from the crowd, hurried back across the mud; but this time they had to run uphill, and to Afohen Vasyliovych's office at that.

Along the way they met their friends. "Moroz! Hurry up!" they yelled at the two boys. "Roly-Poly has already gone." Roly-Poly was Afohen Vasyliovych. And the fact that he had "gone" was evident, too. Vasyl and Andriy already knew where he had gone. And when they clambered up the hill to the school, everything was quiet in the schoolyard. And in the silence, with heavy, anxious hearts, both sinners entered the office of their menacing principal.

They stepped inside. Stopping by the door, they did not venture a step closer. Their shoes were filthy. Their faces painted with mud. Hair dishevelled. From all sides they were being watched by old pictures,

geographical and botanical maps, portraits. Afohen Vasyliovych was sitting at his desk, armed with a giant pencil.

"Well?" he said curtly and indifferently. "What have you got to say?"

"Nothing," they both said in unison.

"And you, Moroz? What have you got to say for yourself? Aren't you ashamed?"

Vasylko was silent.

"And the son of such a respectable father," the principal said reproachfully. "Moroz! Remember, that your father, Ivan Moroz, went to school here too. And remember that he is an officer in His Imperial Majesty's army," he said, and his voice was no longer stern, sounding grieved or distressed instead.

The boys looked at him in amazement. They had not expected this.

"There's a note here from Tania. You're being called home. You can both go. I don't need you any more."

"Can . . . can I go . . . home?" Vasyl asked cautiously, unable to believe his ears.

"Why are you stammering? How have you been taught? Ask bravely! I won't bite you!" Afohen yelled out. "You've nothing to fear. You can go home, but you have to be back in class the day after tomorrow. Understood?"

The boys flew headfirst from the principal's office and stopped only when they reached their lodgings in the so-called Prychilok District. And only then did Vasyl remember that they had forgotten their books. "Andriy," Vasyl begged. "Run and get my books! Please. . . . "

"Know what?" Andriy could barely utter. "By God, I'm not lying! He had been crying! Cross my heart, he'd been crying," Andriy assured him. "The miser!" said Vasyl scornfully. "He's sorry about that stupid map. . . . "

Translated by Yuri Tkacz

On the Hard Earth

On the Hard Earth *is a classic love story written in the neo-romantic style of much émigré Ukrainian literature of the post-Second World War period. Its main character, Paul Danyliv, is representative of that generation of Ukrainians born in post-revolutionary Soviet society and educated in the general ideas of Marxism as manifested in their local (i.e., Russian) Leninist-Stalinist forms. Having survived the extraordinary circumstances of war and political strife, Danyliv finds himself, after a life of wandering and uncertainty, on the "firm ground" of a country (Canada) where he is allowed to pursue and attain virtually everything that had previously been denied him. Possessing greater intellectual drive than the social milieu that produced him, Danyliv immerses himself in the material and spiritual culture of his new homeland, determined to adopt quickly the enterprising ways of his new social environment. He becomes especially enthusiastic about real estate, which not only allows him to own his personal living quarters—a*

concept familiar to him as zhytlo-ploshcha *(living-space)—but his own destiny as well. Rather than being a "rootless" proletarian, he becomes a man tied firmly to the planet by the bonds of private property and the potential for self-realization. The focus of* On the Hard Earth *is Danyliv's search for self-fulfillment in modern urban life and his various reactions and adjustments to changed circumstances. His philosophy of life is one of active individualism tempered by life's humanizing experiences. The following is the first chapter of the four-part novel.*

* * *

When I decided to risk my neck in this adventure—to acquire my own building, consisting of six rooms with a basement, for twelve thousand seven hundred dollars, having in my account at the Royal Bank of Canada only one thousand seven hundred dollars cash—it seemed to me that I had made up my mind if not actually to commit suicide, in any case to commit myself to permanent penal servitude from which there was no turning back. This matter cost me not only many dollars, but even more, sleepless nights, as if I were getting ready to rob a bank or to make an attempt against someone's life. There were quite a number of reasons for this, the chief one being that after long Odyssean wanderings over this vast, turbulent world, I finally stepped upon the firm ground of a large, peaceful continent with its entirely different order to which I had no access, and on the boundary of which there stood a severe, fiery inscription: Danger! Entrance Forbidden!

But I dared to violate that prohibition, as the dice were cast and here for the first time in all my thirty-eight years, I made myself the owner of the most wonderful piece of our planet, thirty-two feet wide, one hundred and eight long, under the coquettish hillock of sinuous Glen Street, where, basking in the western sun there stood a two-storeyed structure, "my home—my fortress," with a verandah in the colonial style to which, from the sidewalk, led thirty-two not very promising concrete steps.

At first, this home and this fortress conjured up in themselves only a mysteriously neglected emptiness evoking the smell of tobacco, probably "Ogden," with ceilings outlined in nightmarish patterns that gloomily threatened at any moment to tumble down upon one's head, with a floor which was but little different from an ordinary sidewalk on the street, and a kitchen in which, one may assume, instead of food being cooked, horseshoes had been forged for thirty years.

The real estate agent, from what was actually the newly established but already well-known agency of "Snilick & Co.," 33 Dundas Street West, whom I had asked to conjure up something similar for me, fulfilled his task in an exemplary manner and in so doing saved me at least two and a half thousand in cash.

Because, fundamentally, my home (permit me in future to extoll it as such) made an entirely satisfactory impression, situated as it was in a fair part of the city, close to High Park, and not lacking in fantasy in its landscape—two lawns, one in front, the other at the back, the remains of a

flower-bed, a pair of shady trees, and most important of all, on the slope beyond the lot, real jungles of flora and fauna; where, besides the oaks, birches, firs and other vegetation, there also multiplied quite a few grey, indolent raccoons, which crawled about together with domesticated cats; striped, coquettish skunks, which terrorized Yorkshire poodles; and whole gangs of grey and buff squirrels, which like bedbugs leaped about not only on trees and telephone wires, but kitchens and dining-rooms as well.

The feathered population of this motley kingdom was no less impressively represented. On the lawns, wherever one looked, there toiled the dedicated and untiring stalkers and hunters of all wormdom, the good-natured robins; like a fury, there came swooping down in bands, the racial imperialists and aggressors, dark brown starlings; among the branches there prayerfully called out to each other in their magnificent red cassocks, the pedantically serious, crested cardinals; and, on the television antennae there sharply and ominously chattered bluebirds and many other wonderful, winged creatures, among which an especially important place was occupied by the multicoloured hummingbirds, which from time to time appeared like bolts out of the blue, kissed each flower and then disappeared in another flash.

And if one were to add that in an overgrown maple grove, in the long-unused garage of my neighbour Mrs. Greenwood, there flourished several wasps' nests, and that under my centuries-old oak behind the house there self-reliantly and proudly grew red toadstools speckled with white, and a dark brown anthill rose like a pyramid—the picture would be complete. Perhaps all that was needed was for Sioux Indians to emerge from the primeval forest of my neighbour Fitzgerald, set up a camp on my lawn, raise a bonfire, and to the sound of tom-toms begin dancing their menacing boogie woogie.

Such a picture could indeed saturate the driest subject, especially at nightfall, when from behind the lightning-thrashed fir trees growing on the hillock, there advanced the cratered disc of the moon to the accompaniment of the hymns of myriad crickets which reminded one of the Wild West, cowboy films, Gary Cooper and the howlings of coyotes.

And I appreciated not only the landscape, the mood, the surroundings, but also the entire house in its spaciousness, because it meant not only "a roof over one's head," nor simply "a domestic hearth," but likewise a gold mine, for among my general operational plans there was still the one, that for my personal use, I was to take a single room, two at most, and the rest of the living-space I was going to rent out; which, according to my mathematical reckonings, would cover all my building expenses, including the municipal tax. After that, I was to live on this planet like a hereditary parasite, completely free of charge, within the space of two rooms with three windows and various comforts, worthy of any kind of capitalist shark.

But the road toward this stirring paradise passed through rather thorny terrain: the entire house, that hearth and that renowned gold mine, demanded not only enthusiasm, but also sweat and blood. The green-shingled roof overhead, by some unknown authority allowed the falling elements to infiltrate the upper rooms and to sketch on their ceilings frescoes worthy of the

imagination of the Pompeiian masters, and its eaves, as soon as the first rain fell, caused such a cascade in all directions, that to some extent it brought to mind Niagara Falls. Not having the least bit of experience with any roofs, I likewise did not have the slightest idea about what to do in such situations. To me, it always seemed that all roofs, as many as had been built throughout the world, stood splendidly between the sky and the earth, like those heavenly birds that the Lord God himself looked after, and that their owners lived sumptuously under their benevolent shelter and puffed on pipes stuffed with "Ogden" tobacco.

It was only now, and with my own eyes, that I saw and became convinced that this socio-philosophical question did not seem so idyllic. The walls, ceilings, floors, eaves, roof and stairs, including the basement and the dressing-room, surrounded me on all sides "like a black cloud," did not give me any relief, day or night, demanding repairs regardless of the sad fact that my account at the Royal Bank of Canada had hopelessly withered and nothing remained but to make up for it with my own sweat and blood.

Oh, that roof and those eaves-troughs! Whose bright idea were they? My first natural reaction was to turn to responsible craftsmen in the field and to pass this entire bothersome problem into their experienced hands. And most appropriately, there happened to appear at just the right moment an acquaintance of mine, an old émigré, a respected member of the community, an owner of a building and a General Motors truck from Oshawa, who occupied himself with exactly this kind of work. I, of course, presented him with my entire problem, and he carefully, with an experienced eye, glanced at the roof, walked around the building several times, withdrew to a distance, looked at it from different perspectives, as if at an abstract painting, shook his head mysteriously, and ominously clicked his tongue. Naturally, I followed every spellbinding movement; my heart, to be sure, seized painfully and almost stopped beating entirely when my expert, with the appearance of a sorcerer, pronounced his final verdict: the reason for the miscreant behaviour of my eaves-troughs was concealed in the fact that the entire building, if looked at from the front, was leaning a good half-inch to the right side. Such precise accuracy in this expertise evoked in me understandable respect for its master and at the same time provoked sudden panic, because did it not all mean that the whole building was a hopeless thing, a Tower of Pisa, a candidate for demolition, which had been thrust upon me by its unscrupulous agents like rotten eggs; and would I not, at some time, wake up under its ruins like a cat that had crawled into an improper place and shaken down upon itself a store of clay pots? I cautiously expressed my doubts to the expert, upon which he, with an authoritative glance, happily reassured me that there were no reasons for pessimism because, he explained, if it had stood in such a state for three decades it could still stand like that for an equal period of time, and all that remained to be done now was to put on new eaves-troughs and to raise the right side half an inch higher.

"And how much would it cost?" I hastened to ask.

"Oh . . . " the other replied, drawing out each word, "if the matter is to be taken seriously and done properly. . . . Oh! One hundred and twenty. . . . "

" . . . dollars? One hundred and twenty. . . . Wait, wait. . . . This is somewhat. . . . " I fell silent.

This, perhaps, couldn't be so. I didn't have a stool, not a pot, and in my pocket. . . . In a word, where was I to get one hundred and twenty dollars to pay for such secondary matters, which had been neglected for thirty years, and when the water had flown so freely—then let it continue to flow, I will not interfere with it. I parted with the expert most courteously, thanked him very sincerely, at the same time making it very clear that I would not trouble him any further.

Nevertheless, those thrice-accursed eaves-troughs completely poisoned my peace of mind, especially when I returned from my night-shift and had to have at least a little sleep; those fiendish eaves-troughs, regardless of my weariness, broke off my sleep and I, like it or not, had to take more interest in them than in the threat of the atomic bomb. I would go out to inspect the situation and, imitating the expert, scrutinized both front and back. . . . From below, of course, little could be seen, one had to climb up onto the roof; and this meant, no matter how you considered it, mounting two storeys, for which I didn't have a ladder; moreover, what could I determine, even if I got up to the top? If everything had to be changed, raised half an inch, then one's hesitations were justified. It was only because of my foolish and stubborn nature, which penetrated me to the core, that I took the risk anyway; and since I had no ladder (the wretched are always cleverly inventive) I used my bathroom window, which most conveniently opened up on my neighbour's roof, from whence one could easily get wherever necessary.

Having decked myself out appropriately and armed myself with the standard gear, a hammer and pliers, without which I did not even sit down to breakfast, I squeezed out sideways through a narrow window, scratching my nose until it bled, and scrambled up my neighbour's roof, which was as hot as a frying-pan, until my miscreant, rascally eaves-troughs appeared right under my nose in their primordial aspect. And what did I see? My eaves-troughs stuffed to their very rims with decayed leaves, overflowing with water in which maple shoots sprouted and possibly even wild ducks cavorted. Out of rage I forgot my fears, crawled over onto my roof, and kneeling, inspected everything all round—and after that I certainly felt no worse than the explorer Stanley, who discovered the source of the Congo River.

I absolutely and irrefutably confirmed that my eaves-troughs had long ago broken off from any sort of business-like relations with the pipe, which in turn, was thoroughly plugged with all manner of things, including some kind of a child's shoe and the remains of a dead bird. An urgent operation was necessary, and I had to perform it immediately.

And without a second thought, I began my work. No great artistry was called for. With an ordinary bare hand I freed the eaves-troughs from their age-old layers of organic and inorganic debris, secured the mouth of the pipe with the handle of my hammer, and, to my delighted surprise, the stagnant

water poured into the pipe with such genuine splashing that it was as if one sunny morning you had opened a cage and released a flock of imprisoned birds. In a few moments my hapless eaves-troughs were basking in their immaculateness, my hands, face and shirt resembled those of a grease-monkey, and I myself, when my feet were once again upon firm ground, was as proud as a Spanish matador who had overcome the strongest bull.

And when the next rain came I confirmed with great pleasure that the water from my roof enthusiastically flowed upon its rightful paths, without betraying any signs of opposition; and equally fitting I had the honour of verifying that the distinguished building had been innocently accused, that it stood irreproachable, and that the investigations of the experts from Oshawa were simply the usual slander.

After this, I regularly climbed onto that roof as if I were going to a park for a walk; I became so fond of this blessed mission of saving the neglected and the decayed, that I indiscriminately hunted for every suspected chink, frantically smeared it all over with asphalt, until the entire roof became spotted like a leopard and the ceiling was freed from the meddling of the elements and dried up completely. The first decisive and incontrovertible victory was mine.

But it was far from being the last. All my five rooms, the dressing-room, the kitchen, the basement and even the stairs, required attention. And urgent help at that, for on this inexorably depended the success of all my proprietoral ventures. Time did not stand still, the interest implacably increased and rapaciously devoured all my wages from the Rowntree chocolate factory; I had to hastily undertake all possible measures in order to avoid a complete collapse. Because, as has been mentioned, my entire bottom storey, as well as a goodly part of the upper one, were decidedly and ritually designated as a sacrifice to the god of gain and prosperity; but they could only have made their proper impression when everything sparkled there and shone with all the hues of a rainbow.

It is truly difficult to surmise the identity of the severe ascetics who had brought this cosy habitation to such a grandly surrealistic state. When the agent and I first entered this place it was very quiet, dusky and empty; nothing indicated the presence of any kind of inhabitants of this space. History was likewise silent about it, while some archaeological remnants in the form of vase potsherds and certain fragments of hieroglyphs on the wall, did not say much. In all likelihood these were the issue of most rigorous ancestors, undoubtedly bearded, and not necessarily with sunny dispositions, for whom the smoky hearth, a decent-sized pipe for smoking harsh shag, or a healthy portion of skoal, brought a lot more enjoyment than aesthetics and hygiene.

Some hints explaining the situation could be garnered, as mentioned, from the remains of the ancient inscriptions, such as "Juliette" with a heart pierced by an arrow, drawn in chalk on the exterior under the kitchen window; and likewise "David," with a similar heart and arrow, scratched on the bricks of the verandah. Such hearts and such arrows, most of them almost obliterated

by time, were encountered in great numbers, and this could create legends about knights clad in armour, about love-struck beauties in castle towers, and generally, about love, youth and happiness even in these severe climates.

Perhaps my meddling in this world of romanticism was not justified. I, for example, armed myself with brushes, scrapers, paints, and the moment upon returning from work, be it in the evening after a day shift or in the morning after a night shift (my shifts changed every three weeks), I immediately put on the raiment of a pagan priest, and the mystery of the climatic change would begin.

It was summer. The thermometer usually showed more than eighty Fahrenheit, "Seven Ups" were constantly being downed. The sweat poured so profusely that the most courageous Zulu did not have a face better streaked than mine; and the parquet floors were covered with *Daily Stars*, upon which were placed cans of "Starlak Paints." Not one of my female admirers would have believed that this besmirched fellow was the very same dandy whom they were accustomed to seeing in the finest clothes from the best firms.

Nonetheless, after two or three weeks of such activity, all of my lower floor and part of the upper one actually shone with the cleanliness of a pharmaceutical container; the kitchen brought to mind a bride in a white veil, ready to get married; the living-room was adorned with the colours of "Driftwood 162" (craftsmen are familiar with this); the dining-room sparkled with olive colours; the hall was decorated with tapestries under antique bronze, and the upper bedroom with radiantly beautiful "Sunshine 54." My own quarters remained untouched—the proprietor can wait; but beyond that, nothing was overlooked. All round, everything sparkled, rejoiced, laughed.

There yet remained to fill this whole thing with life, best of all with a young, childless couple, without dogs, cats and canaries. These demands, as you can see, were stringent, but our modern, refined age does not admit any sentiments, it measures value by means of ciphers, profits. As one philosopher was supposed to have said, modern man is a synthesis of concrete, nylon and nicotine, in whom feelings and sympathies are replaced by whims, smoke and alcohol. I am not convinced that it is really so, as we like to exaggerate, but some part of this philosophy may be justified, because to me, also, it has often seemed conspicuously apparent that for some time now my building, and myself, had become incorporated into a single chimerical being, in which my nerves and its bricks began to live with an independent rhythm and to create some kind of unique toxins of happiness. I have nothing to do with nicotine and do not like smoke, but in such circumstances, I do not know why, a good Havana cigar simply begs to be smoked, which would complement the abasing passions of concrete and nylon, and likewise assist one to grow into the hardness of a new land on a new planet.

And finally, "*finis coronat opus*"—the drama has been performed, the curtain falls, the first chapter of my *sonata pathetique* has ended with an idyllic finale.

Translated by Constantine H. Andrusyshen
with Jars Balan

Ray Serwylo

The Son of the King of Brocade

Predictably the overhead fan stops this morning too, now a suspended St. Andrew's Cross, a still reflection of the outstretched arms and spread eagled legs on the mattress below it. If there is a cool breeze from the coffee and cream coloured river not too far from the hotel, Danny cannot feel it. And if the sun ever sweats the heavens into splashes of monsoon rain that will rinse clear the city and the sky, Danny knows that that, as well, will not happen today. In this country, these are the things that are sure.

"...the cool weather lasts from October to the end of February; the really hot weather from the beginning of April to the beginning of June; at which point...." *Fodor's Guide to India* topples shut from Danny's hand to his caseless pillow. This is the first of April. Next week he will meet his twin brother Tom in Calcutta. They have suffered a long year through letters of recrimination and dearness, the latter too often submerged.

Now, with the sudden inhalation of remembrance that precedes renewed sleep, Danny is again reminded that back home it will soon be Easter. Beneath closed eyes, rain—its green grass smell burning cool like frost—pits the last dirt-speckled puddles of snow. Inside, candles are lit, and in the aisles beside the pews baskets of meat and butter, intricately coloured eggs, and holy *paska* are blessed and sprinkled by the old priest, stout with age and celebration.

"Back home..." Danny mumbles, "it will...be...*Khrystos... Voskres....*"

At eight o'clock Danny awakens the second time. He checks his ticket to see when the steel wheels of the *Howrah Mail* might cry out for Calcutta. "9:13 a.m." is pressed deeply into the stub, and Danny wonders if such an incisive prediction of exactitude is an attempt to make it self-fulfilling. But he has learned that the train might leave at any time during the ninth hour, for "When it comes to the religion of precision," his brother had written in one of his more philosophical letters, "it is a faithless country." Still, Danny realizes he had better hurry up and pack his two bags. Lalu did not appear last night, but he had insisted that he would come by with the promised brocades at least this morning, and that he would accompany him to the train station.

Having already paid for those three other brocades is a fact that bothers Danny an amount far disproportionate to the forty-eight dollars he will lose, should Lalu not make this final appearance. Lalu had seemed more sincere and less pushy than the other hustlers in Varanasi—including the hotel clerk—but Danny is no less convinced that it is simply stupid for a traveller, in a city of cons and cheats, swindlers and liars, where even the beggars are not always genuine, to trust anyone. He has made a mistake. After all, the

guidebook identifies Varanasi not just as the world's oldest surviving, and the Hindu's holiest, city, the focal point of the creation of the world, where the holy Ganges briefly curves back toward its source, but as the financial and administrative centre of Uttar Pradesh.

"M-money is not i-important to me," Lalu had said when they had first met several days ago. "I-I only want friendship." His betel-stained smile became twisted by words, his voice rising and falling like a gull fighting gusts off the lake, gliding smoothly for a few words until a sudden unseen pressure would force each syllable to be stopped, then squeezed out in difficult birth. It was the drunkenness of a palsy, the same thing that as children Danny and his brother had used to tease Eddie Smoke about. He also had spastic arms that couldn't reach out straight and still, that swayed erratically in the air like crooked branches, heavy in the breeze. Yet when it came to shooting pool at Nestor's Billiards, it was a mystery to Danny how after all the sloppy aiming, at the moment of actual contact, Eddie Smoke still managed to hit cue balls with an unswerving accuracy.

Lalu had continued then to talk of Srinigar in the Himalayas, and of Ladakh, where he had been born. "Oh, Babu, I-I have been back v-very many times... it is v-very beautiful there." His arm had wavered again, a drunken cobra trying to place the almost extinguished match to his cigarette. He had not felt it burn his fingers, and Danny had quickly lit the cigarette before Lalu could fumble out another wooden match. "But Varanasi is m-my home.... I-I like it here very much.... " At that first meeting he had made no immediate suggestion Danny buy anything from him.

The arms of the ceiling fan suddenly begin to roll, then whirr into a single wheel. Outside the hinged boards which gate the window, Danny can hear the stirrings, the throat-shovelling coughs and hawking of phlegm. The roomless workers are beginning to rise too, sleeping every night on the flat roof that stretches out just below his window. Because of them, Danny keeps the opening shut, having found only his first night in the room unbearably warm. That night, with the lamp off so that those in the dark would not be able to see him in the light, he was forced to tug open the suffocating gates furtively. But now he had gotten used to it, as he had to the bedbugs in the mattresses and their enemy geckos suction-cupped to the ceiling and walls, to the beggars and lepers out in the streets. In his letters his brother had described what it would be like. Danny had not believed him. Not until he had followed his brother to India, and had seen with his own eyes.

"See, my brother has been here for a year, now," Danny had told Lalu. He did not explain then what had happened back home, at the northern seminary that faced the Saskatchewan border. "He told me to come to Varanasi, to make sure I buy some silk brocades... to see your holy Ganges... and the ghats, of course... the burnings." Another taxi had honked, and their driver had casually swerved his pedal-rickshaw away from the creeping bumper. Every movement had seemed to be a rush toward collision in the crowded bazaar streets around the Chowk. Yet the waterfall tinkling of splashing glass

was only an illusion. All it had been was the ringing of double chrome bells, bolted to all rickshaw axles.

"Your b-brother very smart man, Babu . . . you will see, m-my father . . . he is K-King of Brocade. . . . We sell the best brocade in Varanasi . . . the best silk, all handmade by m-my family, m-my grandfather . . . many many generations. . . . You just look, Babu, y-you don't have to buy. . . . "

Danny had taken Lalu's card and shown it to another dealer. He had said yes, certainly he knew Lalu—very well. He had insisted that Lalu was never to be trusted, and that the "King's" merchandise was infinitely inferior to what he himself would show Danny. Also in the brocade business was the clerk at Danny's hotel, a thin, quick man, who had embraced, like so many others, the fortrel fashions of the discount West. When Danny had shown him the card he had exploded into almost physical violence.

"WHERE YOU GET THIS?! TWICE BEFORE I **BEAT** THESE MEN! THEY ARE A **SMALL** SHOP—**CHEATERS**!! I **BEAT** THEM—SO THEY DON'T CHEAT **TOURISTS**!!"

Danny had then returned and bought the silks from Lalu, the rather senseless hostility shown toward the son of the King of Brocade being reason enough to favour him. As at home, the more adamantly the fathers at the seminary were against the visits his brother had made to the neighbouring Saulteaux reservation to see Eddie Smoke, the more frequently they had occurred. The visits had only stopped once Danny's brother had quit the seminary. And though initially he had convinced Danny to join him there, Tom later could not persuade him to abandon it as well.

Danny slams his *Fodor's* guidebook into one of his bags, and begins to fold the two brocades. Where's Lalu with the other three? It's almost twenty past. A spasm of unusually brutal doubt knifes his insides. Clenched teeth bite and release a knuckle. Forty-eight bucks. I shouldn't have paid for them all, he thinks. There is a sense of stupid tragedy that is uncommon for Danny. "I could've chosen any other pattern—Good Lord! Why order—why *pay* for three more of the same?" Beginning to doubt now if the brocades were really hand-woven, or even truly silk, Danny thumps down onto the mattress, and stares at himself in the chipped mirror. The hair he had shorn in Bombay with nail clipper scissors is starting to re-cover what he considers a rather lumpy scalp. And not all the red splotches have disappeared from his chin and around the Adam's apple. They still sting from the razor that had erased the familiar beard and moustache. A summer afternoon in Bombay had accomplished what two years of nagging by the priests had not. Even his brother had used to rib him then.

"You know, tonsorial asceticism is one of the basic tenets not only of the Ukrainian Catholic faith, but of the classical upbringing of the immigrants' sons. You, Danny-boy, are a heretic!"

"And you, Thomas, are a 'D.P.' Considering we're twins, both born here, how come you look and act like someone just off the boat?" Instead of the mirror, Danny suddenly realizes it could be his brother sitting in front of him,

for not since they were children, when their mother would fit the same bowl over their heads and scissor their hair, have their appearances been so identical.

Reaching across the mattress, Danny slithers a gold brocade toward him, feeling its dry coolness over his bare thigh. With every movement sheets of light slide and glimmer across its surface like on the pools of a mountain glade.

"You know, these brocades," Tom had pointed out after his first trip to India since leaving the school, "are not unlike the glittering chasuble, the stole Father Kuzyk wears on the feast days. Or the silken veil itself... when you hold it over the holy bread... for the recitation of the Creed... '*Viruiu... v iedynoho Boha Otsia....* " In spite of his knowledge Tom had said he no longer cared about the faith; but he would pray for Danny, hopeful that things would work out. Tom knew that instead of travelling like the Hindu pilgrims to the holy city of Varanasi, deep down Danny wanted to be back home, conducting his first Easter mass. As the Byzantine gates of the iconostasis are opened, his winey breath would mingle with the raspy sweetness of incense, and he would raise the song to God, "Blessed is the kingdom of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, now and always, and forever and ever."

Danny puts on his watch. "I'll give him ten more minutes. I should've given the watch." A smirk begins to form. Lalu had explained how he had stepped out of the Ganges onto the concrete ghat the other morning, after his ablutions, and had found his watch gone.

"M-my father... h-he will buy me a watch, Babu.... H-he is very very good to me—*Duo chai deo, jaldi, jaldi!*—You would like something to eat with your tea, Babu?" The stall owner had clicked worn steaming glasses onto the scarred wooden table. Flies had scattered routinely into the air.

"No, no thanks."

"I-I do not need your watch... m-my father give me everything I-I need.... I-I am his son... b-but you are my friend, Babu.... When you go away... m-my friends will see my watch... and they say 'Oh, Lalu! You have v-very good Canadian friend!'.... This way I a-always remember, I never forget you, Babu.... " Lalu's large jaw had hung down, the muscles in the neck and around the lips tired with the contortions of avidity. After the second day with Lalu, Danny had felt more amd more irritated with him, with his now continual suggestions for gifts. He had already refused to buy him a little radio—"I-I would listen to it, Babu, I-I would think of you"—or to pay for a series of photographs of the two of them—"It is only twenty rupees, Babu, a-almost nothing for you!"

Or you, Danny had thought, judging the family's brocade business. Lalu had always paid for the sugared tea that lined their teeth with felt, and the fifty *paistre* for every crimson chew of *pan* that seemed to bloody his mouth and gums, and stained floors, paths, and whatever else gravity would draw spit to. But he had presumed Danny should pay the scalper for tickets to see the film *Asli Naqli*, and the rickshaw driver for taking them to the cinema

across town. Lalu had been shouting at the driver in Hindi as Danny had dug into his pockets to pay him. "I-I tell him.... Your money, my money—NO DIFFERENCE! Y-you are my friend, Babu.... He want more.... I-I tell him I-I will SMASH HIM! if he try to cheat you!"

Danny had smiled. "Lalu, you keep telling me how much money your father gives you, but it won't be long before I buy you your *pan*, too." Slowly, Danny's words had condensed into meaning, and Lalu's own loose smile had begun, almost imperceptibly, to crystallize and tighten. Then he had laughed, in a high pitched wheeze, disconcerting and unexpected as the eventual bray of a long-tethered ass.

"Oh, Babu! You think I try to cheat you?!" One hand and arm had bobbed slightly, curled in toward his chest in a parody of improper accusation.

"I was just kidd—"

"I-I told you, Babu, f-fr—"

"I know, 'Friendship is the most important.' You—"

"Yes, yes, Babu, FRIENDSHIP! I-I not like those other men!.... That man yesterday, HE TRY TO CHEAT YOU!" Danny should not have told Lalu what the hotel clerk had said about the King of Brocade. "I-I told you, I WILL BEAT HIM! He only want y-you to buy his brocades.... Just money!.... I-I don't care for m-money, I told you, y-you buy or not—Friendship the most i-important to me!"

Moved more by guilt and sympathy than any faith or trust, Danny had wondered if perhaps he had been wrong to doubt Lalu. He had remembered how the priests had criticized and accused his brother for letting Eddie Smoke drive the seminary's van, for rolling it not far from the reserve. Minute spasms had danced in Lalu's fingers as he had tried to emphasize his grip of sincerity on Danny's shoulder. His brother had remarked before on how seriously the merchants of India regarded their trade, each decrying the other as a false prophet.... "I WILL BEAT HIM!" Yet, how could Lalu's squirming muscles ever entwine into a gladiator's fist?

"I-I will meet you tonight, Babu.... Y-you come to the Burning Ghat. T-tomorrow my father will have the other b-brocades a-and I will bring them early.... "

It is a few minutes before nine. Danny places his two bags on the shaded seat and jumps into the back of the rickshaw. At the front desk there is a different clerk and he makes it clear to the driver that it is the train station Danny wants, and that two rupees are more than enough for the trip. Danny leans forward in the seat, pinching his shirt away from his sticky back. "Damn Lalu, it was stupid to trust him. He didn't show last night, why come today?" The rickshaw driver is a skinny man, but fine muscles begin to swell his calves as he pushes down on pedals with all his weight. With several crisp "dr-r-rings" of his bells and a sharp turn, he manages to glide easily into the kaleidoscopic flow of sareed women and dhoti-clad men, where cool reflections from golden bangles and bracelets slice through heat. A few more rings warn a tall, grizzled cow to remain foraging in meagre piles of rotting vegetable leaves and not wander into the rickshaw's path.

The sun begins to stoke the morning more earnestly, quickly drying pilgrims as they return from their holy immersions off the Rana Ghat. The driver leaves Madanpura Road and pedals through the Chowk to Chaitganj. There is no more time, and on his own Danny knows it would likely be futile to try and find the King of Brocade in the capillary maze of pathways off the Chowk. When Lalu had first led Danny in and out of the confusion to finally purchase brocades, Danny had made it a point to remember the miniature temple he approached on his right, the Annapoorna Ivory Works with its brightly painted red and blue signs at the last left turn, and across from it the blind *pan-wallah* in his booth. Yet Lalu later had to lead him out to the Chowk nonetheless, for on the return it seemed the guideposts of the approach had changed considerably, even had disappeared.

Impossible not to find, however, and in fact near the silk emporium of Lalu's father, was the Marnikarnika Ghat—the Burning Ghat. During Danny's stay in Varanasi he had been there a number of times, transfixed by the same crucial acts and images that his brother had continually written about, by the ever present rows of funeral pyres on the river's bank. Always there were a dozen pyres or more, each new one being lit with the coals of the previous, forty to fifty bodies a day in the healthy winter season—seventy-five or more as summer and the monsoons struck.

Waiting to meet Lalu last night Danny had stood under the canopy of a narrow, stone pavilion, on a plateau overlooking the Burning Ghat. He had held his frayed tourist map over his nose and mouth, an inauspicious attempt at deflecting the flavour of sandalwood smoke as it drifted from the pyres. An occasional draft would wrestle the smoke past Danny's face, forcing him to lean away from it until the scent had become imprecise, a latent smell that would lodge in the wrinkles and crevices of Danny's "Ski Banff" T-shirt and Levi jeans, and would in some future time and distant place be safely secreted as memory.

Below him Danny had counted six fires raging high and bright orange. Two others had been reduced to glowing pools, while directly below him one of the *doms*, loins and face swathed in cloth soiled by the day's burnings, jabbed at a smoking pyre with his bamboo pole. He finally took to whacking the springy rib cage to cave in the stretchered body. To the right they were preparing to start another pyre. Danny had thought he had heard Lalu's braying laugh somewhere behind him but saw only a familiar group of old men squatting in a circle, drinking their tea, and smoking.

It had neared midnight, and seemed doubtful that Lalu would meet him. Four barefoot men had jogged from a twisting crevice in the darkened city into the ghat's dancing firelight. Each held an end of a bamboo stretcher. Danny had left the pavilion and descended the steps which were upwind from the burnings. At the bottom he had sat on a stump, grateful for his thick hiking boots at the sounds of scurrying in the woodpile further back. He should be going home if he was to get up early tomorrow, he had thought, but it was difficult leaving the spectacle of the cremations. The four

barefooted men had just dipped the shrouded body into the Ganges and layed it beside another. Their feet were probably tougher than his booted ones. In fact, Lalu had verified what his brother had told him, that the feet, toughened by the pilgrimage of life, resisted the flames and were the last things to shrivel. When they were done, long after the skull would explode in heat, the body was done.

Flames had burst forth from the new pyre, grappling to ignite the moon. Danny was to meet his brother on Easter Sunday, and he had been taught in the seminary that that would be on the Sunday following this first full moon after the vernal equinox. But did such a precise feast of a crucified God hold true in this country? Back home Eddie Smoke used to tell Tom of his people's beliefs too, how tribes like the Ojibway used to worship the bear before and after they hunted it, saying "We have killed you, cherish us no grudge for our children are hungry; they love you and wish to take you into their bodies." But here there was no Resurrection, and the bear was a novelty, a clown made to dance at the side of roads for passing tour buses. He was a fallen emigrant god, tongue out and drivelling, burning in his improper forest of fur. Here, they would not worship Ursae Majoris but, under a different moon, they would teach him to dance. For after all, were they not the only people of a Dancing God?

Now, however, their gods had seemed tired. Thick shadows had lain in piles on the pavement ahead of Danny, leathery blackness staring indifferently into the fiery space before them. They chewed their muddy cud endlessly, and only their nostrils twitched as did humans' with the ashy smell of sandalwood. One of these strange buffalo had stood by the water, a traitor, nibbling at the straw that bound the shrouded body to its bamboo rack. As Danny had risen to leave, he had seen a passing *dom* poke the animal with his stick. Casually and expertly the merciful act had been pierced, and the grey god chased away.

Danny had turned the corner and it was as if the flames had been snuffed out, and the Burning Ghat extinguished. That last night he had walked along the Ganges toward his hotel, past the Mir Ghat to Dasaswamedh Ghat, past the dormitory lines of squatting lepers. Many were on small, wheeled boards, but only one had made a half-hearted attempt and had pushed out toward Danny. His upraised hands were fingerless balls, serving him better as castors on the dirt streets. Lalu had called them "professional" lepers, and so Danny gave alms even less frequently than he had been accustomed to. That way there was less chance of being deceived. His brother too had described how a few times he had been cheated of small amounts of money, simply because he had always lavished the benefit of the doubt. For Danny, a traveller's luggage *was* doubt, and the true benefit could only be achieved through doubting. One trusted wisely, intelligently, and to touch the wounds of deception was no noble reward for his faith. He *had* dropped coins into beggars' hands, confident of their need. However, even paying Lalu for unseen brocades had been a mistake, and Danny was uncomfortable not so much with the illusion of naiveté that that act had created, but indeed of trust.

Scorched by black steam and the pre-noon sun, a train screeches at the platform opposite Danny. He puts his most recent letter from his brother back into his shirt pocket. There is still no sign of Lalu, nor is the train the *Howrah Mail*. Pillars of sand crumble within his stomach and trickle into his bowels. Before returning to the hotel last night he should not have eaten the *samozas*, cold and waxy with fat. Danny had walked up the steps of Dasaswamedh Ghat, and like the colourfully shrouded bodies before cremation—which are dipped into, then lifted out of the muddy river of faith—he had plunged back into the life of the city streets. As Danny had re-emerged from the darkness of the riverside where only a lone *sadhu*, his forehead streaked with sandalwood paste and his chest with grey ash, prayed under a modern concrete umbrella, the noises had washed over him like the breaking foam of waves, effervescent in his ears and mind, and the lights had dazzled like crumpled brocade.

He had arrived back at the hotel around midnight, rather startled to find the clerk, dressed in his same K-Mart clothes, calling his name and stepping before his door. Perhaps Lalu had left a message.

"Ah, Mister Danny, you have been out.... Come.... I have some fine brocades to show you.... That man...Lalu...he is a cheater.... I told you. You cannot trust him.... Come...just look.... "

Danny felt uneasy about having mentioned Lalu to the clerk. "I'm sorry.... I'm tired. I don't want anything."

"No no! You just look. You *must* have brocades from Varanasi! We are famous for our silk.... You—"

"No. Thank you. Goodnight." Danny had managed to get in and close the door. He had quickly bolted it, and turned the fan on. The blades had remained still—there had been no need to try the light. What had happened to Lalu? From his bag where he had carefully buried them, Danny had taken out the brocades and untied the string around them. Lalu had begged him not to show the brocades to anyone, convinced the family's designs would be stolen. Or perhaps if was fear of retribution, having stolen them from others? Danny would never know. Absently he had tugged at the various silk threads that dangled free on the reverse side. This was the side exposed to the weaver, Lalu had explained, and Danny had found it odd that the weaver, facing only the clutter, could create the beautiful and intricate patterns hidden from his view.

Swirling the brocade like a shawl over his shoulders, Danny had lain back on the bed. "THIS MAN IS A CHEAT! I HAVE BEATEN HIM!" In his mind voices had blazed and twisted like hot metal until torn. When he had heard the click he had opened his eyes briefly to see the idle fan start up. Then, perhaps before sleep, he had seen the rich wine, the warm syrup of stigmata, dribble from the mouth, and Lalu's head nod like a heavy tulip in the breeze.

Volodymyr Skorupsky

Returning

May destiny once more abrasively command us
To return shieldless from battle,
Not to embellish brows with stems of laurel
For the exultation of wives and the glory of children—
We are against the continuing true struggle
For happiness and the fatherland and the self;
We are united by the distant future,
which in our comings and goings
Leaves, for time, both judgment and medals.

Translated by Jars Balan

Statue of an Insurgent

They carved you: girded with grenades,
And on your brow a bandage or a scar from a wound.
I stood to break the stride of your charge,
Which can breach walls like a hurricane,
And wouldn't be restrained by a shrivelled body,
The hands of which, punish oppression,
Because, having victory as your goal,
You will not let her rest, until the world is whole.

Translated by Jars Balan

My Time is Swiftly Passing

My time is swiftly passing, and I am unable
To saddle it, like a horse.
Who am I?—a pursuer of dreams and the morrow,
Or a fugitive from the gloom seeking death from day?

The winds I didn't perceive in hues,
Nor capture the essence of the sun.
Who am I?—a smithy of earthly destiny,
Or a cry from the wounds suffered along the way?

Translated by Jars Balan

The Cry

There is an inarticulate cry.
Probably from those arid wastes,
That wither horseshoes made of steel
And crumble rock, as if it were bluntly struck.

There is a cry amid laughter.
The tavern walls resound with it,
And those, whose wild despair it is
Will mercilessly drive one mad with it.

There is a cry of separation.
The one heard against a wall,
Where a nimble spider nests
And sucks a fly until it is dry.

Translated by Jars Balan

In Childhood

There were pranks and scary threats,
And robust, rounded tears like peas,
And the first step toward the heavy gate.

There were also the sudden flights into the room
From lurking shadows that sought to startle,
And the counting of stars to the point of exhaustion.
And a mouth left gaping by wondrous tales.

And painful fingers, scraped against rock,
And regrets about nests, ruffled by stones,
And yet, this was the time when mother's love
Carved my soul with songs and supplications.

Translated by Jars Balan

Kisses

Kisses—
Are born without pain,
Lovers drink them freely.

And in what palms
Will I carry yours—do I love you?
Since the angelic are tethered,
And the callouses are falling off.

And to what cliffs
Will I fasten mine—my only?
For never will my cloister be forsaken
By either loneliness, or solitude.

Kiss me, kiss me!
The gods will never forgive us,
For elevating them to statues,
Disposing of kisses for altars.

Translated by Jars Balan

The Most Beautiful Work of Art

Madonna made of lilies and crystal!
I know of no marble, nor metal,
That would not envy your lustre!
Yet, sculptor, my opposition is futile:
Do not surrender pain, or hope,
What your chisel cannot reach—
Will carve itself from life and dreams.
The most beautiful work of art, which is not yet created.

Translated by Jars Balan

Original Sin

From Eden into exile we went,
When the angels failed to guard the apples,
And the serpent, which was curled among the branches,
Did not recoil a single step from Adam,
And Eve, craving languid love,
Shattered heaven's silence without regret.

Translated by Jars Balan

The Gift

From mother I received as gifts:
The warmth of a cradle and an altar of sacrifices.
But father taught with reprimands,
And burdened me with sorrows of the clan.

I went into the world. By wealth I was not blinded,
Though there were offers, I did not trade:

The warmth of the cradle for charitable bread,
Nor mother's sacrifices for an easy fame.

Translated by Anna Ostapowich
and Lydia Palij

Tell Me

Tell me, sea,
What is more opaque—
Your depths or man's despair?

Tell me, wave,
Which is the stronger force—
A tear or your overflow?

Tell me, squall,
What will survive for eternity—
Loneliness or distance?

Translated by Jars Balan

* * *

Hurry into the orchard that like an album
Nurtures reminiscences about places and dreams.
Where with a kiss stronger than wine
Intoxicated, we wove a distance out of hopes.
We freed the quietness from silences
About passion which grew of youthfulness and love
We did not hide our excitement in the shadows
Though the meeting might be our last.
And we awaited the guelder rose berries
Filled with unpricked blood
And a wreath, even of thorns,
Did not wound our happiness nor love.

Translated by Jars Balan

Under the Stone

Under the stone, the incorruptible dream
Will not awaken either the murmuring of pines
Nor rain, which becomes a streamlet,
Nor lizards, which attack burrows.

Thither is not only total darkness,
Deaf, like a jail under lock and key,

But even in silence is constrained,
Nailed tightly shut like a coffin.

Restless eternity of maggots
In bottomless eyes plucked out,
The matted straw lips are ground down,
All traces of solitude are lost.

And now it isn't choking loneliness,
Which burdened one's heart daily,
And now the secret is revealed,
That death for one isn't dreadful.

Translated by Jars Balan

Inimitability

Every dream—
is a tightrope, on which
there waits the riddle of the future.

Every recollection—
is a tightrope, on which
there are woven the knots of no return.

Every day—
is a tightrope, on which
life cannot endure.

Translated by Jars Balan

At the Cradle

The dream sneaks in on tiptoes,
And the babe in the cradle's a whiner.
Sing a song,
That will charm a snake, and tame it.

The dream doesn't acknowledge defeat,
And the babe awaits a tale.
Tell it the one,
Of a thousand and one nights.

The dream isn't heavier than stone,
And the babe stamps its feet.
Silence those things
That because of malevolence within her
—are heroes.

Translated by Jars Balan

The Album

I merely turn a page,
And my album preserves a photo:
I am an infant in my mother's arms,
Before father, who is pondering my future.

And here, already sweetly in the orchard
Under the joyful moon of romance,
And with friends in hiding
Fighting for land and liberty.

And now in the unseen world I am in flight,
Having placed everything worthwhile on my back,
And my crucifix, as if it were a talisman,
A sail beyond the ocean.

And the ages are bent beyond salvation
And recollections all unravel to a parting kiss
The faces, which are preserved in the album
Are the treasures of a petrified dream.

Translated by Jars Balan

The Tree Only Sighs

The tree in the orchard only sighs—
And already the murmuring of twigs trembling,
Not even knowing momentary rest,
And already with a dizzying scent winnows
A cornucopia filled with sunshine and dew,
And now from all the marvels grasps life:
The world will not find wisdom and strength
Greater than the seed, which withers a bough
With the burden of a cradle or a grave.

Translated by Jars Balan

In April

In April—flowers
And the resounding sobs
Of the blasting wind from above the groves.

In April—snares
Of intoxicating kisses
And the thickets of first love.

Translated by Jars Balan

Yar Slavutych

The Conquerors of the Prairies

In memory of the first Ukrainian settlers

Not Corteses from some long-bygone day,
Not empires' minions grabbing without leave,
But conquerors of prairies, in their way,
Came Pylypiwsky, Elyniak, Leskiw.

The humble plough with home-made steel for share
Grubbed up the burnt-out poplars from their bed
To let the famed Podillian wheat lie there
In the black lap of porous earth instead.

And borne on golden wings the harvests came,
Drawn to their destination as by thirst.
To our Ukrainian ploughs, honour and fame;
Canada's lands you opened from the first!

Conquerors with a peaceful aspect and,
From one dawn to the next, tillers of soil—
Both Vilna and Myrnam well understand
The nature of your brisk and dexterous toil.

It's you the meadows and the groves recall:
Mundare remembers you, and Vegreville. . . .
Rest well where you repose in down-soft pall,
Among the sweat-dewed fields you came to till.

Your arms drove roads through wooded land as they
Worked tirelessly for Canada's renown.
Grant that no plough shall now stand in your way,
And may the earth lie on you light as down!

Translated by R.H. Morrison

Alberta

The greenish prairies' black blood moves firm ground
Raising it boldly up to sight.
And I in the refineries' clamorous sound
Can hear Alberta's cry of might.

Like splendours from the entrails of the earth,
Forth from the depths dark arrows burst.
And the breasts of some primordial birth
Brown oil-rigs of the fields are nursed.

There dreams far-off Galicia's Boryslav,
Above you in the stratosphere.
The black blood-streams of greenish prairies have
Made metal-alloy garlands here.

With golden hands Ukrainian people raise
Your cross-shaped banner to the sky
In human dignity, in freedom's ways,
Where pride of prairie we hold high.

Seething with our Ukrainian speech are you,
Alberta, bright in onward speed.
Faithful to ancestors, close to the new—
Brave changes' conquerors indeed!

Translated by R.H. Morrison

* * *

A yellowish sun was shining,
But froze in the sky;
On vestments of snow declining,
Its clustered rays die.

I hear, polar world, your stillness,
And death's silence there;
I am a heart lulled by chillness,
And warmed by despair.

Like tundra from happiness weeping
In spun silver strand,
Singer of solitude's keeping,
Paint my soul's own land.

Translated by R.H. Morrison

Epilogue

(Dedicated to the two hundred Ukrainian authors killed by the Russian Communists during the 1930s.)

No wreaths were plaited to your name,
No trumpets heralded your dying.
Your wives and children never came
To bless the ground where you are lying.

Perhaps your noble bones decay
Ignored in some Siberian woodland.
Perhaps your ashes blew away
And circle up above our good land.

Who knows? Perhaps your stalwart soul
Stood firm, rebuking the assassin.
Perhaps it fell before the goal,
Accursed, unworthy of its passion.

O God, show mercy to them all,
To them who broke, whose tongues betrayed them,
And prayed to Satan at the wall,
To those Red devils who dismayed them.

And with eternal peace repay
The tortured martyrs of the basement
Who walked as on a holiday
Against the promise of effacement,

Who faced the bullets with disdain
And turned their killers' pride to water
Outlasting every thrust of pain
And proving prouder at the slaughter.

Bless those who made each hope sublime
And wrought from truth a thing of beauty
To bridge the abysses of time
And span the spheres of life and duty.

Commanders of the souls of men,
The future will attend your bother
When sons are welcomed home again,
Each one the gladness of his father.
And brothers, sisters will rejoice
When men are men once more, not chattel!
Then people will exalt the voice
Which marshaled them in battle.

Translated by Morse Manly

The Solovetsky Prisoners

Prologue

Uncultivated, barren shores.
No living voice reveals its presence.
It seems, the life this land endures,
Has never breathed with human essence.
Just, night by night, from off the sea,
Fierce blizzards maul the frozen acres,
And mighty tempests, howling free,
Resculpt vast drifts in frozen breakers.

Uncultivated, barren shores.
No burst of sun their bleakness fingers.
Just, dawn by dawn, throughout the moors,
A melancholy whiteness lingers.
But up above the clouds race by,
And, bursting free, the icefloe surges,
And through the snows, with bleary eyes,
The starving polar bear emerges.

Oh barren, barren, lonesome shores!
The summer weeks revive them lightly,
But then again just storms and storms,
And endless snows, and blizzards nightly.
Just, on an isle, of barren stone,
That breaks the White Sea's ghastly stretches,
There stands an abbey, grimly lone,
For "grievous-sinning," worldly wretches.

I

In broken anguish, bowed with sadness,
Like Jesus Christ in Herod's room,
Within that dreary dungeon-fastness,
A prisoned man awaits his doom.
Who is this man? Some robber-killer?
Some rustler-thief—of broken steeds?
Or chief Puhach's faithful pillar,
His brother true and friend in deeds?
Oh, reader, reader!... Countless muskets
Once thundered symphonies for Him.

Once hapless men, undone, distrustful,
Rose proud and brave to follow Him.
To soar with Him . . . down Dnieper-River,
To smash the Turks, the Tatar swords,
To hear His mighty voice send shivers
Through Janissaries' clustered hordes!
His glory shone. Through storms, through thunder,
His Cossacks spread their honour wide;
From Azov's brines, to West, and under,
They scoured the steppes like Gods in stride!
But all was stolen. All, that blossomed,
The filthy Russian gouged it all,
And on the steppes the red rue blossomed,
And choked the grasses, prairie-tall.
And He, who led the Sich's numbers,
Relieved of sabre, steeds, and all,
To all the world's undying wonders,
Was cast behind a dungeon's wall.
And thus, condemned to cold seclusion,
And grated slits enmeshed and thin,
Deprived of light, and false illusions,
Kalnysh* sat down to purge his sin.
"Oh, why did I place trust in strangers,
And enter Russia's waiting chains?
Oh God! Were I to shrive for ages,
I'll not absolve my soul from shame!
Forgive me, Maker . . . wise suspicion
My Brother-Cossacks counseled me,
When, waving flags of peaceful mission,
The Russian came—to rob from me.
But I believed their foul *tsarytsia*,
And her unwelcomed martial slaves,
To her, the Sich's treasure-riches,
With these cursed hands myself I gave.
Oh Lord, forgive! Forgive my errors!
My cheated Children, Brothers free!
To you, unconquered Glory-Bearers,
I send my hopes, and dying pleas. . . . "
And down He drops, His soul to languish,

---

*Kalnysh, or Kalnyshevskyi, Petro (1690–1803), the last *Koshovyi* Otaman of the Zaporozhian Cossacks. He was exiled by the tsarist government to northern Russia, where he spent the last twenty-five years of his life in a dungeon.

Upon the floor, where refuse seeps,
And, straining hard to numb his anguish,
With grating sobs, the oldster weeps.

And on, till night is midway over,
Collapsed from grief, and guilt's reprise,
He, wrapped with filth and frost all over,
Upon the ground unconscious lies. . . .

II

When middle night, in polar thickness,
Has swung the Dipper's stars around,
Ferocious rats, with jostling quickness,
Toward the jail by hundreds bound.
They hurry freezing, starving, biteful,
Throughout that night, no food was found.
From holes they forged, ferocious, frightful,
And raze the night with squealing sound.
Like frightful wraiths, like ghastly leapers,
They squirm in past the gratings' steel,
And on the warm, unconscious sleeper,
Commence a frightful orgy-meal.
The Cossack's trousers shred, and tatter,
In tatters shreds the once-rich coat;
They squirm on him like ghouls a-chatter,
Like wolves that glimpse the victim's throat,
Like crows that tear a corpse at leisure,
They gnaw his flesh with rasping laps,
And gobble down, with feral pleasure,
The horribly dissected scraps.
And on, till morning's ghostly breaking,
The Hellish travesty endures;
Until, from Hellish pain awaking,
Besmirched with gore from opened sores,
Kalnysh rears up with mad insistence,
And flinging forth his tortured hand,
Sweeps back to glooms of non-existence,
The terror-stricken, fiendish band.

III

(Kalnysh's Prayer)

Oh God, my maker! Heal my blindness.
Restore to sight this sinful face.
Accord to me, with Heaven's kindness,
The strength to die in peace, and grace.
Instil in me—determination.

Inspire my soul—with sacred ken;
So I may bear these deprivations,
And endless sufferings. Amen.

IV

The years ache by. The scars grow older.
The Lion's mane grows soft, and thin.
Sword-worthy hands grow slowly colder,
And slowly life's remembrance dims.
Each living day the endless peering,
By steps destroys the helpless sight;
Each year by year, a weaker hearing,
And in the heart, a deeper night.
It seems, the reason's struggles languish,
Inside the heart, the blood turns sere;
It seems, this Cross of endless anguish,
Is more than man, or God, could bear.
But boldly moves the tortured martyr,
And bears unbowed the score-years' load;
And though the years grow sterner, harder,
Kalnysh's will . . . will not erode.
He nears the grating's musty lightness,
And, groping, feels the frozen wall,
But He perceives not sky, nor whiteness,
His vision blurs with lightless pall.
He leaves the wall with aching anguish,
Then back again, in anguish, nears. . . .
It seems, the reason's struggles languish,
And in the heart, the blood turns sere. . . .
But still the legs, they keep Him standing,
And still His will holds strong, and whole,
He suffers on, His fate commanding,
Intact remains His martyr's soul.

V

When Spring breathes in on weeks of lightness,
Along the Solovetsky shores,
Appear the gulls. Across the whiteness,
Across the sculpted snowy moors,
They wail along, and wing, and yammer;
They skirt the waves in flying files;
Or, bursting free, they coast and clamour,
Each way you turn—for tens of miles.
With waterfalls' crescendo violence,
Their noiseful numbers coast and wail;
And from its siege of sleeping silence

They stir the cloistered abbey-jail.
It's then, in pain, Kalnysh arises,
And, stretching, grasps the grating tight;
And, mad for freedom, scrabbling, rises,
With painful heaves toward the light,—
And with his blind, unseeing vision,
He greets the gulls' returning flight;
With broken-hearted, harsh incision,
He welcomes Spring's returning rite:
"Oh gulls! Oh gulls! Oh sacred flyers,
From long-unwitnessed, distant lands,
Oh bring to me, precocious criers,
The smallest scent of Dnieper's strands.
The smallest clumps of grasses, briars,
Come down and fling from off your train,
For just a while, beloved flyers,
Relieve these years of boundless pain. . . . "
But on the gulls keep reeling, reeling,
Like winter leaves, with heedless calls,
And on the oldster's heart keeps keeling,
His legs turn stiff, His arms lose feeling,
And breaking loose, He groundward falls.

Epilogue

The One, interred near thirty years,
Has long ago from life departed,
Just freezing tempests, free and fierce,
Still sweep the isles where He was guarded.
But axes' sounds now daily stray
Through nearby swamps, and frozen larches,
And screams of pain, each living day,
Reverberate throughout the marshes.
They echo South, from off the Sea,
Upon great winds in mighty choirs,
And call to every human free,
To heed the Truth and turn from Liars!
To cultivate intent, and thirst,
To free themselves and forge their nation,
To guard their own dominion first,
And never bow to Russia's suasion,
Or promises. For Russia's face,
When facing one— inspires elation,
But once she slips inside your grace,
There follows filth, and degradation.
It's time! It's time! Our bowed Ukraine
Is worn from wounds and foes' aggressions.

So let's strike back for all Her pain,
And tenscore years of jail-oppression!

Translated by Roman Orest Tatchyn

* * *

Not these will be forgotten soon:
The rich young growth; and gravel road;
The surging storms from Saskatoon;
And far fields' little fires that glowed.

Where, unembellished, all remains
Endless as being, flat and vast:
Kherson-like Manitoba plains
Awaken feelings from the past.

Lutsk and Podillian toilers' love
Watered this land. O that I might
Rest here, to lay my head above
Spread beauty of Canadian night!

Of this space let me drink my fill,
And drink in this time's beauty, so
That sight's thirst will be quenched until
Sorrow and grief I'll no more know,

So that, when I have met days in
Saskatchewan and Edmonton,
As night's or morning's hours begin
At least in sleep I'll see Kherson.

Translated by R.H. Morrison

* * *

Thus was Cree prophesy fulfilled: on wigwams
And spears fell peace—and dust of battles lay
On recent clearings and on roads new-made
That white-skinned men with blackened hands had built.

Instead trod rawhide shoes laced with string,
And leather coats reflected the sun's rays;
Through wildernesses' vast, malign domains
On all sides rang the peaceful axe's din.

All praise and glory to the calloused palms
That covered distances with fertile fields!
Sting of disdain and pride's fire, set apart:

Your conscience, newcomer, represses these;
Your soft white loaf of bread, fruit of your toil—
Elias Kiriak's *Sons of the Soil.*

Translated by R.H. Morrison

* * *

Beyond far Athabasca snow mounds rise,
Like caravels about to put to sea.
With torrid heat after the snowstorm dies,
There burns and burns the leafy rowan tree.

And I salute the tree of bounty there,
my brow to berries of delight I bend....
As if my life had swum from endless care,
And my existence had attained its end.

On naked shoots are purple wounds laid bare,
And from them drops of pink blood drip away.
And in the snow a gentle print steams there,
Like death's own banner with its head of grey.

Beyond far Athabasca snow mounds rise,
Cold-sighted distance, blue as blue can be....
With torrid heat after the snowstorm dies,
There burns and burns the grieving rowan tree.

Translated by R.H. Morrison

* * *

Earth's craving, which slumbered in dreams
Burst forth with war in a sudden blaze
And the old griefs with a shadowy echo
Died in silvery wormwood.

Fortunate is he, whose thoughts
Domestic thought doesn't lure with imperishable boredom
Whose brain strives indefatigably to unravel
The mystery of evolution on the paths of discovery.

O universe! Your alluring distances
Ring for me through my unrelinquished days
Like uproars, sceptres and maces;
Take me in your ponderous embraces

Allow me to solve the riddle of your primordial expanses
And cast the lot of happiness, as my destiny.

Translated by Jars Balan

Alexander Smotrych

Dialectics

It could be said that Vasko the mechanic was having a double holiday. His wife, at long last, gave birth in October to triplets in the hospital, while his aunt died of tuberculosis somewhere in Crimea. In a word, everything came off smoothly and well. Yet just that morning he was feeling sad. His wife was still in an uncertain state, and the matter with his aunt remained completely unresolved. Three weeks without a letter, with nary a hint or at least an announcement of her death. Vasko was even rather afraid that his aunt was already somewhere en route and may, at any moment, make her appearance; then he would have to vacate another room for her, which after all, by every account belonged to her anyway. And even if you did go to court, you wouldn't win! All would be well, if, in the long run, his wife Varka did not give birth. Such things have been known to happen. But who then would want to believe in these sorts of accidents! It would be like believing in an aunt's death and in national luck at the same time. And so Vasko crept from corner to corner, often entering the communal kitchen to say repeatedly: "Here, one must understand, is a dilemma. Simply a complete dialectic!"

Even the neighbours were sympathetic toward Vasko. His wife, regardless, would give birth first. And in fact, Vasko himself in this respect was still a greenhorn, without any previous experience or preliminary background. Was it so amazing that he somewhat lost his wits? Absolutely not.

"You should be more cool-headed about this," said his neighbour, Maria Ivanivna. She poured him a dishful of yesterday's borshch, thickened with various ingredients. Vasko was so preoccupied that he was not even aware of what the ingredients were. He slurped a spoonful and said, "Well, how will we manage in the front room with a child? It will be most inconvenient, especially with such a whining little kitten! The neighbours are going to raise hell!"

"Let her first give birth and then, with God's help, everything will sort itself out. Perhaps Taisa Rodionivna, God willing, will be detained in the Crimea. And then, when the child is bigger, maybe it won't whine. But why look so far ahead?" said Marta Ivanivna, and emptied the rest of the borshch into the bowl. Vasko ate the remaining borshch. Afterward he wiped his lips and said:

"But you, Maria Ivanivna, will be the first to protest! Wait and see! Diapers, and this, and that. Why, how do I know if the baby won't get a stomach ache? And then my aunt might start coughing to make things even worse! Perhaps you've never coughed? And all of you here will raise a terrible uproar, as if I didn't know it. That's people for you!"

Maria Ivanivna waved her hand at Vasko as if he were a fly and said nothing more. Vasko stood up, walked over to the window, looked through it at the slop-pit, took a sniff of the withered figtree standing on the window-sill, then spat on the window and said:

"Well, judge this for yourself! My aunt is in the final stages of consumption, and now comes the child—perhaps this is sanitary, I ask you?"

Maria Ivanivna sighed and answered: "But maybe she'll recover. . . . "

"That, I will tell you would be a real joy! Oh, such a dilemma, such a dilemma!" cried Vasko, and then glancing at the clock, which was indifferently ticking away, clutched his head with his hands. He was already late in seeing Varka by a full half hour.

At the hospital Vasko was informed, without any dialectics or even any sort of delicacy, that Varka had not only given birth but had completely surprised the medical personnel with a set of triplets. Two boys and a girl, or was it the other way around, two girls and a boy—which, as far as Vasko was concerned, made no difference. Vasko was a sorry sight to see. He completely lost the ability to think dialectically and stumbled homeward without even seeing Varka.

At home a telegram was awaiting Vasko. His hands and his legs trembled as he opened it. As usual, he wasn't expecting any good news to come from it.

In the evening of the same day, Vasko hosted guests in his aunt's room. That, I must tell you, is how he happened—as they say in poetry—to undergo a metamorphosis that is simply hard to believe. And the dialectic of his thoughts clarified, and his general mood changed for the better. Only one thing disturbed him for some time yet—namely, the triplets. However, after three drinks he was laughing merrily and shouting:

"Just think of it—triplets! Well, I'll be! A whole incubator for you!"

Maria Ivanivna grabbed Vasko by the hand and shouted:

"Shut up, you mangy cat! Some hero! Here, pour us some drinks! They say God loves everything that comes in threes. But you didn't know that, did you? Huh?!"

Vasko poured more drinks and bellowed:

"Ah, my good friends, that aunt of mine was no fool. What is known as a dialectical problem resolved itself. Let us drink to my aunt!"

And they all drank until the early hours of the morning.

Translated by Jars Balan

A Family Story

My father, a man with a pre-revolutionary past, was forever awaiting his arrest, especially during his off-hours. For this reason he kept in readiness a change of socks and some warm underwear. But no one ever came for him, and my father was convinced that all this was happening simply because of some sort of incomprehensible mistake. He was even somewhat disappointed by this state of affairs. It was almost as if he were standing in a long queue, waiting for his arrest.

He was afraid of his former friends, didn't have any present ones, and wasn't anxious to have any in the future. In his entire lifetime, apparently, he had never done anything to harm anyone. He simply lacked the courage to do anything like that.

He walked the streets only to go to and from work, and when he went he made his way stealthily as though to avoid running into someone on the empty street.

If one were to believe our ignorant neighbours, he was a very intelligent person. He never quarrelled with them, although I doubt if he understood some words whose meaning I already knew when I was five years old. I was nine when I told him where babies came from, and he was very much surprised.

He didn't smoke, but when one of the neighbours would offer him a cigarette, he, out of politeness, would not refuse—he would cough, gasp and lose his voice, but he would continue to smoke.

His greatest fear was that he might bother someone. Even if they were thieves who had broken into his quarters. He did everything possible to prevent the thieves from noticing him so that later they wouldn't say that he had reported them to the police.

He was a good spouse. He did the laundry, washed floors, cleaned windows, cooked, and I'm sure he would have even given birth to me and my sister, had he been capable.

My mother was the kind of person who had loftier pretensions, and if she did any work it was mostly for self-improvement. One after the other, she read her way through several regional libraries, and she constantly took private lessons on the piano. Under the guidance of a number of teachers she spent several years deciphering Chopin's Seventh Waltz, and generally had an insurmountable propensity for everything artistic and beautiful.

My sister also had similar inclinations, but more in the line of opera. She took private singing lessons, and only sang when nobody was listening. She kept her voice a great secret.

At seventeen years of age she became pregnant, and this was no secret. This was an interesting event in our daily lives. My father was moved to tears and kept repeating:

"So, when life is this way. . . . "

My sister was in love with a chorister in the operatic theatre. I would bring him notes from her, and for this he gave me cigars.

They would meet in the park, behind the orchestra pit. When it rained they would meet in the pit itself. They would get together late after the opera, or after the choir social, or even when there wasn't a social at all. They saw each other until the late autumn, until the snow fell. The chorister had a large coat, with wide sleeves.

The chorister also had a wife in our city, and another two elsewhere. Counting on my fingers, I concluded that my sister would be the fourth. It was an affair that had absolutely no future. The chorister made less than what he had to pay in alimonies.

My sister was a nervous creature, with a long nose. This was some sort of error of nature in our family. We all inherited pug noses from our forefathers.

What the chorister saw in her is hard to tell. Affection, like death, is indifferent as to whether this or that will predominate or not—both are hopelessly fatalistic phenomena. Lovers do not count either time, or money. Indeed, they never take account of anything. I was jealous of my sister. I smoked the cigars and envied her. The chorister impressed me.

For a time our mother left off figuring out Chopin's Seventh Waltz and occupied herself tracking down the chorister's three wives. Later she entered into business-like correspondence with them. From this correspondence it became clear that the chorister, in addition to these three, had two more wives. The fingers on one hand no longer sufficed. My sister was to become the sixth. My grandmother sighed and said:

"Some chorister! A conductor perhaps, but not a chorister! He has a whole choir of women!"

My mother, after a lengthy period of letter-writing, organized a joint meeting of all the wives, which resulted in the chorister's disappearance. Winter descended.

Spring came and my father rejoiced in his grandson. He was as happy as a child. Deep down my father was an inherent atavist. He now also washed diapers, nannied his grandson and sang, in a falsetto voice, lullabies to his illegitimate offspring.

In the month of May my sister disappeared, along with the grandson.

I think that my sister met up with the chorister somewhere and became his wife. She loved him. Perhaps even for him it was a true love. The first in his life, after five attempts.

With us everything remained as before.

Father feared everyone and awaited his arrest. But no one came for him. It seemed to me that he might go to them himself and put an end to his waiting. He would often wake up from the sound of his own screaming.

On his way to and from work he would almost hug the buildings and fences, and kept glancing about as if everything were collapsing around him and something might fall and crush him.

Mother continued to pick apart Chopin's Seventh Waltz, and in her free moments from music and art carried on her correspondence with the chorister's wives in the matter of his location and punishment.

I myself, out of great boredom began writing a story, but our neighbours all believed that I was penning denunciations of them. They would say:
"The father is an intelligent man, however the son is nothing but riff-raff."

Translated by Jars Balan

The Gift

For Varvara Antonivna, today was a great holiday. Her son had just returned from a shopping expedition and brought back with him a gas stove. An absolutely new primus stove, straight from the store.
"I certainly won't leave it in the kitchen," said Varvara Antonivna, glancing lovingly at the stove.
"Why wouldn't you leave it there?" asked her son, looking with satisfaction at his satisfied mother.
"Such an article could be stolen! And then just try and find it," replied Varvara Antonivna, as she looked meaningfully into her son's face. The son simply shrugged his shoulders and said:
"But our neighbours, it seems, aren't thieves. . . . "
"What do you mean, not thieves! How do you know?!" said Varvara Antonivna, suspiciously eyeing the door. The son lowered his shoulders and said:
"Now then, at which neighbour can you point your finger and say . . . 'thief.' After all—the people living in our apartment are intelligent."
"Exactly! These are the very people who steal. Indeed, in them all their intelligence is geared toward stealing."
Oh, mother, what are you saying?"
"A fool doesn't steal. And even if he does steal, he is easily caught. But what can you get from a fool, though he's caught?"
"Alright, alright! You always know everything. . . . "
"What, then? Am I lying?"
"I don't even know already. . . . "
"But *I* know! Who stole your socks from the line? No one admitted it! Some say a beggar was passing by and perhaps stole them. But I think to myself, wait and see! Then I look and see that pensioner's mutt dragging away your socks!"
"Scandalmongering again?" said the son reproachfully, staring her in the face. Varvara Antonivna suddenly stopped breathing. She kept silent for a moment or two, and then burst out shouting:
"*I* was scandalmongering?! It was *him*, that mutt, who did all the scandalizing! Indeed, I still intend to haul him into court! You just wait! Do you know what he called me?! He said that I was a nutty old lady."
The son gripped her hand and whispered:
"Must you always shout? Wait a moment. . . . Is it necessary for you to yell?"

"I want you to hear me! That mangy parasite!"

The son squeezed his mother's hand forcefully and whispered in her ear:

"Don't you know where he works?! Don't you know that everyone walks an extra ten blocks simply to avoid him?"

"I know, I know! He's a son of a bitch! But the socks belonged to us! Let him work where he will, but the socks are ours. I bought them for a reason!"

"He also could have bought the same kind. I don't rule out the possibility that he.... "

"But who could have darned them?! It's my own darning! Only I know how to darn that way. Your socks were carried off by that mutt!"

"Think about it—all this fuss over a pair of socks."

"For a pair of socks! According to you, I suppose the streets are just littered with socks! What do you think, we're about to have a revolution or something? Do you know what Tatiana was going to give me for them?! *Ten* eggs!"

"Okay, okay! When all is said and done, he could have mistakenly taken my socks. Wait and see.... But for this you're willing to cause an uproar in the building?"

"Who, me? Causing an uproar! Have you ever known me to be the first to start a row?"

"What does it matter—whether you're the first, or not the first.... "

"But what am I, then—nuts?! Eh?! So this is the joy you bring me?! Have you ever known me to pick a quarrel with someone?! Even when some bitch scolds me in the coarsest language, I back off and even say—God be with you, my little dove. I step aside for everyone.... And this is how you cheer me! There is no one left to stand up for me.... "

"I have, it seems, already heard this before.... But enough. Have you anything to eat?"

"I made borshch yesterday.... But where.... "

"Oh, how wonderful! You know, I was parched the whole trip.... "

"But where can one cook in here?"

"Well, that doesn't matter. They promised to give me an apartment. Our company is going to put up a building for fellow construction workers. We'll be on our own! There will be, they say, an apartment for everyone!

"They say, they say... if only! But yesterday—I stepped into the kitchen, thinking I would make you some borshch. I look and see this flea-bitten cat licking my frying pan. And his owner wasn't even paying any attention! I mentioned this to her.... She replies—my cat is cleaner than you are, and besides, she says, it was his privilege to lick my pan. And so I say to her—take your cat away, scum-bag!"

"How many times have I pleaded with you... about the words you use!" said the son with a reproachful sigh.

"You pleaded? I also pleaded with her! And what was I supposed to do?! But what I did tell the bitch was this—if I see her cat licking my pan a second time, then I'll bash his head in with it!"

"But when all is said and done, you could have washed the pan instead of scandalmongering!"

"Well, you know I am not so nutty as to wash the pan after her cat! I told her: here, *you* wash the pan! But are you kidding! So I think to myself—just wait. But the flea-bitten bag of bones wouldn't leave the kitchen! She began to make some damned *holubtsi*! And she makes like she's overjoyed. She starts singing. And I think to myself, wait and you will see! And you know, I took some cod-liver oil and began to fry it! I look, and notice that her nose is beginning to twitch. So I pour in some more! She finally left, slamming the door behind her. So, I think to myself, you have been well brought up, my little dove—to slam the door like that!"

"How shameful.... And how many times have I told you about exchanging one unpleasantry for another! Why don't *I* ever quarrel with anyone around here? That you should carry on with her like that, is for me, especially unpleasant. After all, she is a teacher.... "

"As far as I'm concerned, she's some teacher! She herself needs to be taught! She says to me—you are spoiling your son's life with your personality.... And I think to myself—why you, with your personality, will croak as an old maid!"

"So, now I will have to apologize to her! You should be ashamed.... "

"Have you lost your mind?! Why, she is the one who has to apologize!"

"No, I cannot allow that.... "

Varvara Antonivna was obviously taken aback, for momentarily she just stared wide-eyed at her son and said nothing. After a while she smiled and declared:

"Aha! Just hold on one minute!... Only yesterday Niurka was saying to me—you can just about kiss your boy goodbye. He seems to be eyeing our teacher very closely. And I say to her—to this very same Niurka—that I'll make a fool of her and drag her through the mud for such slanders, but for this she just spits in my borshch. And look—it all turns out to be true!... And so I.... "

"And what.... " said the son and fell silent. Varvara Antonivna licked her lips and said:

"Now what, my son? So you already have brought me a gift! A stove for me, and for yourself—who?"

"Drop it! I can't take it any more. Do you understand—I simply can't."

"You can't, but until now you could?... Do you think I'm blind? Do you think that my eyes have fallen out?! So you have found her!... "

"Leave her out of this! Don't touch her! She has nothing to do with it. Please!"

"So, you've found yourself a plaything! Found her, my son, for your own downfall!" said Varvara Antonivna lifting her apron to her eyes. The son looked vacantly around the room, then said:

"Leave it be. How many times have I told you, pleaded with you.... But it has all been so much wind. Enough! I can't live like this any longer!"

"But yes, of course! The fact that I am sick is not even worth your spit! According to you, I dream up even my ailments. But look—it hurts.... What comfort you give me in my old age! Go...go! So you've sniffed her out! No doubt your old man's bones must be turning over in his grave. But this means nothing to you—go!"

"Will you keep quiet! Leave me alone! I, too, want to live," shouted the son, and bolted for the door. Varvara Antonivna took her hands away from her eyes and for a moment or two looked vacantly about the room. Suddenly her glance fell upon the stove. In that instant she grabbed the stove and hurled it through the open window. The stove hit the cobble-stone pavement and shattered.

Translated by Jars Balan and
William Barabash

Danylo Husar Struk

Sleepless Night of March 30, 1974

to cover the day with dreams
to grasp the cause
to etherize the impulse
of uncertainty....

thoughts find no words
and heap into mounds
of unused feelings....

if only body
against body

if only fear were
to pour through lips
if only your scent....

the possibility of union
tripped and fell
on the threshhold
of formality,
or decency....

only the long night
is witness
to the cruel waste of
kisses not kissed
caresses not caressed

endearments
not whispered.

Translated by the author

Beckett's Play

When you are watching lips
on the dark background;
lips which live only by sound:
recall those lips
alive only when they mingle with yours.
Recall those lips
that brush past
the edges of your ears
losing themselves in your hair.
Recall those lips
that drink of you—
that source of life—
and I'll recall the lips
that embrace me,
in frenzied love,
partake of me
in communion.

Translated by the author

A Ritual of Waiting

Somewhere on the crossroads of the lines
of Life and Heart
my fate is being decided.
Awaiting your sentence,
I caress the petals of my roses
and whisper a prayer to the yellow trinity.
Only the voice
nursed by your lips
can heal my soul.
Only the lines on your palms
can guess the fate of my waiting.
I wait and fortune tell:
In a brown pot
I mix dry herbs
dried by your hands
in some distant lands of fairy tales

"Do you believe in the ritual of tea?"
I wait . . .

My trinity bows its head
and whispers to me in scents of our love:

Yes, our wheel rolls on
over the crossroads of the lines
of Life and Heart
and today and tomorrow and yesterday
I wait . . .

Translated by the author

Eternity in a Circle

In sacrifice
a vestal offered me
the scent of crumpled leaf
and drops of wax.

A witness to passion—
red wine;
a witness to love—
fresh *kalach*
in periwinkle braids.

At eleven
the heart no longer beats
and from grey eyes
and gentleness
drips into a chalice.
On grey paper
words in love entwine
forming a circle.
"Oh roll along, roll along.
I'll come to drink water;
I'll come to break bread;
I'll come to forge the heart."
But don't pick snowdrops,
They'll melt in warm palms.
Pick me
I'll bloom
in the gentle hollow of your hands.

Translated by the author

Andrew Suknaski

Konopli

for myrna kostash

mother enjoying some tea
and remembering how they grew *konopli* back in galicia
tells of baba karasinski planting the precious round seeds
in the spring
and how she later coddled the young green leaves
the male and female plants growing side by side
from a single seed
baba wanting only the best always weeded out the male
so the female could grow tall and strong
there was never any difficulty telling them apart
though the male plants grew first
the females always flourished taller in the end
"why bother with the runts" baba must have thought
"they're only like some *geedo* . . . an obedient shadow of baba"
she probably assumed that in one's garden at least
things could be perfect
and anyway it was the female who bore all the seeds
she could survive alone

when the crop was ready baba and dido would harvest it with sickles
and tie small bundles
later buried in a muddy trench near a creek
where they were left to rot for one week before being dug up
and taken to the creek to rinse
finally *konopli* were hung on a fence to dry
and a few days later geedo battered them with a flail
till only the strong hemp thread within the stalks remained
then baba's final delicate work began
using a huge piece of circular wood with many spikes
she would comb and comb the threads
until they became almost as fine as gossamer
then on winter nights baba and other women
got together with their bundles of combed *konopli*
to tell stories while they spun by hand
spun every bundle into fine thread wound onto big wooden spools
they call "*vereteno*"
and mother says
their arms and hands were their spinning wheels
the thread was dyed with beet plum or carrot juice
and woven into cloth becoming

table cloths towels curtains
and clothes for a whole family

fascinated i ask mother
"what did you do with the seeds leaves and stems
after you flailed *konopli*?"
mother sipping her sweet tea slowly remembers
"vee kept seeds fhorr nex yearr
and throw straw to dha peegz. . . .
dhey vaz shure like dhat sthoff"
i ask if she grew *konopli* on the farm
she smiles
"shomtimes . . . ohnly leedly bit fhorr burds
i gif dhem seeds in veenterr
oh dhey shurr like dhem . . . sing soh nice"
she tells how in the old country
dido used to press oil from *konopli* seeds
and she wistfully recalls how good it was on salads
a bit of chopped home-grown onion and sliced cucumber
a tad of pepper and salt
"smell soh ghoot . . . dhat oil
vit leedly veenyeegerr
nhoting else now *soh* ghood"

smiling i ask mother
"you know what *konopli* are mom?"
as she eyes me suspiciously
i tell her
"grass mom '*trava*' that's the stuff the kids smoke mom"
she lifts her braided fingers high above her head
rolls her eyes heavenward
and exclaims
"oooh my God . . . marryyohnah! dhat's be marryyohnah?"

and now that i mention to mother
how the kids often grow their own hiding it with corn stalks
she slowly remembers how her father
grew his illegal tobacco at the turn of the century
and hid it at the centre of his konopli crop
that always grew taller all around
she remembers that when the first world war came
tobacco was scarce everywhere in the old country
and didos suffering withdrawal beat their babas
the old women scuttling to neighbours everywhere
to beg for a bit of tobacco
geedos tried bulrushes and nettles and simply anything
and mother recalls how her grandfather silent as granite

in his corner of the living-room
was often lost in a cloud of rising smoke
like a chimney on a cold windless winter morning
baba coughing and chiding dido
"*didko . . . variiatstvo!*
aby tebe shliak trafyv!"
geedo always mumbling between well spaced blissful eternities
and keeping his secret
"*faino baba . . . faino . . . vse bude iak zoloto*
'beautiful old woman
beautiful . . . everything will be like gold' "

Sister Pauline

retired r.n. in lethbridge, alberta

"Mark, you took me back son
to my youth . . . "
(*evening of saskatoon picking*
in the old man river valley/
her first time in 14 years)

sometimes
the body turns
against itself
a cruel tyranny
of anti
-bodies

"I feel no pain"
she assumes a communion
wafer
thin smile

"there is no pain
killer
stronger
than the one
that keeps me going
now. . . . "

2.

more magnetic
than the lemmings' rush
to the sea
that others may
endure
she fades in

and out
of darkening bushes
to finally bend
the last few boughs up
to dwindling
light
of sky
silhouettes suggesting
berry
become her last
refuge. . . .

3.

three gallons of saskatoons
and us
on the fading margins
of twilight
we sit
on dry grass
rest on the coulee's edge

the sage
and silver willow
intoxicate

the cigarettes we slowly
savour
seem like nails
levitating
in the palms
of our stained
hands

there are ambient sounds
the homestead
and murmurings of nostalgia
till she finally
draws a wisp of some stray
thought
from memory
to wrap it
like a surgeon's thread
closing
a suture
along
still another
memory

of our
mother's funeral
i failed to attend
" . . . that wonderful old priest
he actually broke down
trying to give a eulogy
. . . i think he silently
most of all
remembered our mother
who always lingered by the church gate Sundays
to see if anyone would take him home
for dinner
half the time
she invited him home
after they'd all left
. . . the other half
the time
she told that only lie
staying
away from the confession and communion
to confirm the silent truth
that she's already eaten
to set him a plate
with a glass
of home-made
chokecherry wine
. . . yes,
he actually broke down
said half-choking on it:
'Normally, we pray for the dead
—this time,
dear Julia Suknaski . . . you
pray for us . . . ' "

The Mirror

yevsei liubitsky (*–1981*)

identity lost
in life
let this be your
obituary
noting the awesome
irony of your name
liubitsky "brother to
the loved one"

though you mirrored
uncle joe   ordering
millions   to silence
of earth

you fated ukrainian
jew   from vynnytsia
that sunny summer day
in '35
abducted   by three men
in a black car
scarcely enough
time   for brief goodbyes
with wife   and children
left forever

your home becoming
a luxury villa
where barber
makeup artists
and tailor   maintain
the subtle   touches
of you   as mask

your new life /
pacifying   delegations
of miners   and others or
playing chess
with strangers   visiting
you

you becoming   minotaur
to that   paranoid
in monsterous
labyrinth
the homunculus
with yellow teeth
clacking
a hopeless   georgian accent
bent on   pogroms
a lonely   redhaired
golem

of whom you later
spoke   to someone
in dushanbe

"Believe me, I looked much more like Stalin
than Stalin looked like himself.

Look at the portrait. Everybody who sees
this famous picture believes it is one of Stalin.
Even the painter thought so. But it was I
who posed for it."

yes *liubitsky*
one has to be troubled
by inversion
in common myth
who really *dead-rings for golem*?
who *is minotaur*?
one must be haunted
by the real
where some are doomed
to dead-ring   for tyrants

twin to   the dreaded other
one   *liubitsky*
that you were so   possessed
by theatre   troubles me
for you did once
nostalgically   reveal
to someone

"My real pleasure was to visit the theatre.
People stood up and applauded,
not the actors, but me, Yevsei Liubitsky.
I mean Comrade Stalin, of course."

and of course *liubitsky*
knowing how men can tragically change
shameless in the entropy of intentions
one now must wonder
. . . who was it
sat beside khrushchev
that steppe night
while ukraine's greatest actor
played as traitor?
that night where uncle joe
nudged khrushchev
and whispered
"only a man who is
indeed
a traitor
could play it
so well
. . . you know what must be done
comrade"

was it you liubitsky
or simply one of
the twenty-four others
mirroring
the horror
of uncle joe who
couldn't trust
anyone let alone
himself?

The Ukrainian R.N.

suknatskyj's sister the fiery-tempered r.n.
if there's anything her thin body
cannot stand
it's an incompetent
doctor
or head nurse

by God
she will gather signatures yes!
she will draft
petitions
petitions
petitions
again and again
year in and year out
whenever necessary

and like her late mother used to say
by God
vona bude
kliuvaty
kliuvaty
kliuvaty
azh poky khtos pide
"she will
peck away
peck away
peck away
till that person leaves!"

well by God
the new head nurse one night
saw the perfect chance!
by God that head nurse

was gonna get *her* licks in
yes that fiery r.n.
was having major surgery!
and the simple truth was
by God
she had to convalesce somewhere
and the head nurse
knew the perfect recovery room
she had planned it all long ago
learning a few things from bergman
"ha! that last room in 9 east
where she rolls away the terminally ill
for the final days
that's where i'll have her placed
to come out of anesthetic"

well suknatskyj's fiery sister
opened her eyes
to suddenly wince
then rage
"God damn that bitch!
bloody old hag!"

and by God she rose
with the average difficulty
of one still partially anesthetized
and walked right outta that room
walked right past nurses
staring in amazement!
walked right past that head nurse
stunned beyond words
walked right past her doctor
and right to the public telephone
in the waiting room
and phoned a taxi!

and by God the next day
she was back with a petition
demanding the head nurse's removal
and by God
every nurse signed it!

Yaryna Tudorkovetska

Upon Kissing the *Plashchanytsia* *

With my knees toward the *plashchanytsia* which lies on the worn runner
on the floor of our Father's eternal home, which nowhere has
any keys, and hasn't a past or future,
and I cannot comprehend this, kissing the *plashchanytsia*,
as if I am guilty of my original torment,
for death, and for deaths,
which, nonetheless, are without a past and future,
and I don't know why, when you went among the fishermen,
        you didn't call me,
didn't divide the number 12 in two halves, in equalized portions,
You, who came to save me,
forgot me,
taking from my hands the host, taking from my hands the wine
and the cleansed linen,
You didn't call me to cross the threshold and didn't hear
        my anguished cry
to have my chest unburdened of seeming original sin,
        which confined me
during this life to the cup of my destiny,
did not call me with the fishermen, who could
        leave everything
and follow You, You called them,
forgetting about me.

And forgot, oh why did you forget
to remember your Mother to the Lord, that she among women,
is outside of Him,
is outside of Him, the Holy Ghost and the Son,
and is saddened by her estrangement on earth,
so forgotten by the Father and the Son in their,
        as it were, only eternal
home, alone before Your birth and after it.

In her estrangement
with her knees toward the earthly *plashchanytsia* she bore her penance
and for the sin of her primeval mother,
and for the guilt of death without a past and future,

---

* A representation (on cloth) of the figure of Jesus Christ in the grave, used in church on the Good Friday re-enactment of Christ's funeral.

just as I bear till now, penance and sin
and cannot comprehend, kissing every *plashchanytsia*.

Translated by Jars Balan

Woman

I rose at daybreak and watched the rosy bough.
His little cheeks were delicately sprinkled with the morning sun,
        which shifts its beams
from the horizon, not caring how much light spills over the globe
and swims into biologicial rhythms,
just as I, the essence of Woman, shower the line of Being,
reaching out to the surface of her slippery rationality
        and to the extremes
of the bloody contradictions of the world,
and this, when the horizon is stretched into obscurity,
        when the line
of the oceans and the six continents is clear,
        like my rounded breasts
and hips, because I am a woman and carry within me
        the womb's warmth,
which splashes in me, mixing up the sands and metals,
vitamins and minerals.
I never enclose them, not in membranes or in deathly films,
and can go with circular endlessness, as curved,
as my lips when they call for love and form around
all the little seeds in the depths of the earth,
        which has a maternal rhythm
and cries,
because they are dissecting her with furrows and selling her for money,
because they trample down her bosom,
        and shred the contrivances of original
patents, until they shake the cosmos, scattering on
the cloven deaths, my sons and daughters.
And I weep before their skeletons, and gather
        from beneath the emptied skulls
the bloody contradictions of the world,
in my loneliness, in corner and shadow,
        because I am Woman and to me
is assigned an embroidered cage for the sins
        of an alleged temptress,
for their biblical contrivances, to drag me through
        Penance and Submission.
And I, having bent over, trickle over the membranes and films,
where there live contradictory beginnings, and knit together
        into a whole, their endings,

and will rest awhile on my knees, on the narrow roads
that are assigned to me,
and warm myself in worldly half-light
that mark for me my insignificant place on earth, knowing about
my Abidance, knowing also
that I am miracle-working Woman,
and I cannot fall asleep, even for a minute,
because through the membranes and films there claw toward me such
familiar voices, so pleasant and friendly, that they didn't sprout,
as I did, on the compost heap of global
contradictions, in the full blossoming of the human flower.

And their marrows are shattered into contrivances
on the dictates of prototypes.
And I weep, because I cannot fall asleep,
even for a single minute, floating
with them into the whirlpool amid eternity.

Translated by Jars Balan

The Essence of Jasmine

The jasmine in the garden is mortal, though with its
white essence
it lays down such a thick scent, that it seems to me
it passes pungently
by my window's white prostitute.
And the essence of jasmine permeates my dream,
a sweet-smelling stalk
over the raked twigs, which antedate the memory
of flowers,
and I enter into a church, which no longer exists,
and see, how the girls in their functional kerchiefs,
carry their paper
jasmines, as if they were fresh
from the garden,
and strew them green and white over the altar,
having knelt,
and beaten their brows against the cold statues
that are supposedly weeping
over the world's problems and shortcomings,
over the secret recesses of my heart,
which is sundered from earth,
and those cold statues, as though exasperated
by my sufferings, and having
a heart that crawled out of stone

from their craggy breasts
and doesn't beat, just blood drips as from a brow,
torn
by thorns, and this stony blood, congealed,
doesn't gush, like that of a young man on the common,
shot up,
who cried—I want to be, to live vivaciously.
And the youth's blood trickled out into the eyelids
of his earthly mother,
who on earth is mortal, like the white flower
of the jasmine,
and today is as sweet smelling with its white essence
as it was then,
long ago.
And today is so strongly-scented, that it seems to me
it is walking
past my window like white prostitutes,
and by me, who has opened her mortal doors,
strange doors,
in a strange garden, amid strange sounds.
And here sometimes, as I stride across the soft grass,
I hear the cry
of the Indian woman, simply because she wanted to be
an Indian.
And I step over the slain Indian woman to the jasmine
of the white wall,
because I feel that when they call me to her
in my mortal condition,
the sounds of my grandchildren and the grandchildren
of my great-grandchildren will be like
that sweet-smelling
flower, where there once were young men and
young women in their functional kerchiefs.

And I fill my lungs with the essence
of the white scents,
in a sweet-smelling hallucination,
and it seems to me that I am not here, as though living
we are all
in the depth of my mortal heart.

Translated by Jars Balan

Mundus canis

My spine is supple with rings,
and through the vertebrae something unseen is pushed,
        attached with a collar
to a leash, which drags me agonizingly
to the Judgment, to the meted assessment,
when I lead my dog,
lashing out at him with my cries about his shut and open
internal fecal and urinary aperatures,
and having purged his organs,
I draw together in my grip all his vertebrae
with a collar, which strangles
the soft neck,
and I teach him how to walk upright on the sidewalks of his life,
mundus canis
I teach him not to sniff, when he records
        in his canine notebook
complex seismographs of every startling scent and sound,
ticklish echoes, etched with half-faded candour and
from primeval whispers,
I teach him not to sniff that divine memory,
which tugs at his spine at will,
        to pursue
his cravings into the expanse of his freedom flight,
I restrain his drive
and order it according to my measure,
drawing together in my grip all the vertebrae of his untamed nature
with a collar.

And rejoice, when he is numbed and dazed,
having covered a kilometre.

And we sit in the yards together,
the dog and I,
collared by the same castrating lines,
which draw together all the vertebrae in compliant suppleness.

Translated by Jars Balan

Bob Wakulich

Love Me, Love My Varenyky

It's all right if you want to watch, but I don't want to stop until I'm done, so you'd better grab yourself a beer and get comfy.

This is not the kind of thing I do very often. I only ever make these things once a year now, and I suppose that's because it takes the better part of a day to make them, but it takes just as long to make twelve dozen as it does six, so that's why I make twenty-four and really go to town on them. That was probably a normal batch for my mom, if you consider the fact that you can down about a dozen in one sitting without much thought, even if you're not Ukrainian. Besides, you can freeze them, or fry them up for breakfast. I can eat these things for days.

My mother has never bothered with measuring cups and spoons. She reckons it out in the palms of her hands, but I don't have faith in my own hands, and I need the calibrations. When I asked her for the recipe, she just shrugged and said you needed some of this and some of that, boil some potatoes and so on. What I had to do was sit and watch her, taking notes like it was some kind of applied science lab. Even after that, I had to guess at the amounts, and it took me three batches before they stopped exploding in the water.

You know, to really understand my mother, you have to understand a few things about *baba*, her mother. It might even help you to understand me, so I'll just talk for a while, and after that, we'll eat some of these and then go to bed and tell each other silly lovers' things by the light of my no-drip candle, okay?

You have to be able to see *baba* sweeping a dirt floor and insulating her shoes for the winter with straw. You have to try and imagine her as a young girl getting scared when the soldiers came expecting to be fed. Being a peasant never saved anybody from anything, she told me once, and if you didn't have enough, you were either an enemy of the people or an enemy of the czar, depending on which soldiers showed up. She would make these things for them, and then usually slaughtered some livestock too, and it would upset her that they stared at her like *she* was something to eat.

A lot of *baba*s grew up that way. It was something they learned to cope with, like heavy rains or drought, and she managed to grow up, become a young woman and marry a soldier.

Her husband, *dido*, was a captain in the militia, and this was good because there was money, and a doctor when you needed one, something she was glad of when she had *diadko*, my uncle, and mom. *Baba* showed me a picture of him in his uniform, and he had lots of medals and shiny buttons, a sash across his chest and good black leather boots on his feet, really *duzhe dobrii*.

The only problem was that the governments kept changing, and there were always men coming to take him away. They were always wearing long coats

and caps, but never the same colour, and every time *dido* came home, he would look very tired and be wearing a different sash. It was a very unstable time, with Stalin over here and Hitler over there. *Baba* didn't really like to talk about it much, and all my mother can remember is the men in the long coats.

***Baba* Mary's Varenyky Dough**

This will provide enough shells for six to eight dozen, depending on how large you make them and how thin you roll the dough out. To cut out the shells, use a two or three-inch cookie cutter or jar lid.

4 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1 beaten egg
4 tablespoons oil
1 cup of warm water

Combine the water, egg, oil, baking powder and three cups of flour. Mix well and then knead in the fourth cup until the dough is smooth and elastic. Cover in a bowl and set aside for about fifteen minutes.

Hey, don't be staring at my recipe cards! If you want another beer out of this deal, you'd better pay attention. Okay now, read my lips. When they decided they were going to leave, *baba* and *dido* were told not to take anything except some clothes. *Dido* was arrested at the docks because they found some money stashed in with *his* clothes, and they kept him in jail for almost a month. When they finally let him and his duffel bag go, the money was no longer there, and he looked very tired again, but he was smiling, probably because they didn't find the money in his boots.

They had to switch boats in England, and when they docked in Montreal, it was very dark and very late. They were herded with the other people into a drafty, marble-floored room and waited there until morning. The immigration officers who showed up had bacon and eggs on their breath, and they were at a loss to speak to most of them, depending on the few who knew bits and pieces of English and French. Relatives of the same name ended up with different English ones on their papers because of the cyrillic alphabet. Sometimes they used 'B', sometimes 'V', and sometimes they added an 'A' or a 'T'.

They gave *baba* and *dido slovari*, dictionaries, and explained that they would go by train—"You know, train? Choo-choo?"—to Saskatoon. They gave them money, and told them they would be given land if they were willing to go out and live on it, and *baba* thought it was wonderful. My mother told me she spent most of the time with her face glued to the train windows, wiping away the steam her breath made and watching the trees and lakes and plains go by between mouthfuls of a wonderful new food invention: hot dogs.

Mom's Varenyky Filling

Prepare six cups of mashed potatoes
ADD:
1 grated medium-size cooking onion
1/2-1 pound of heavy cheddar cheese
Allow the mixture to cool.

Dido groomed some of the land he had, and after trading with some of the others out there, he managed to set himself up as a pig farmer. *Diadko* and mom picked up English quickly, as young children do. They now had wooden floors. They had some cows and goats, and when there was nothing else, they always had plenty of these things to eat, and eggs. People helped each other build barns and bigger houses and fences.

Like many of the young girls of her era, mom was accorded all the disadvantages of her sex. *Dido* would go to town and come back with seed catalogues, newspapers, and old books and magazines, which she was allowed to read after *diadko* was through with them. She was expected to do well in school, and she did, but when it came time to go on, *dido* sent *diadko* east to some relatives where he could get more schooling, and mom was told to help *baba* and get busy with looking for a husband, maybe that nice boy on the next farm over.

There was a restaurant about five miles from the house on the highway, about an hour's ride on her heavy, old bicycle. The guy who owned it was Ukrainian, but *dido* didn't like him because he was sure he watered his milk. The year she turned sixteen, from late spring to early fall mom got up and left the house by 5:30, riding to the restaurant where she worked until noon, frying up eggs and bacon, making porridge and coffee, serving the customers and picking up the dishes. Then she would ride home and help *baba*. The money she was paid was meagre, but there was the odd nickel or dime under a plate too, and by the fall she had enough to pay the tuition for a secretarial course in Saskatoon.

Dido said it was a waste of time, that she should leave the money for a dowry. Young girls in the city going to school had too much idle time, he told her. They get into trouble. When she pointed out that *diadko* could find the time for trouble just as easily as she could, he slapped her face and stormed out to the barn.

Baba didn't say anything for about an hour. She stared out at the barn, looked at mom and sighed a lot. Finally she smiled, with watery eyes, and told mom to pack. Myron, the man who owned the restaurant, took them to the train station in his car, and he and *baba* saw her off.

She found a women's boarding house, and another restaurant to work at, and she started to learn how to type and take shorthand. Saskatoon had movie houses, and people who wore suits all the time. It was all very exciting, and she wrote to *baba* and told her all about it, and *baba* would write back

short, little notes and say it sounded wonderful, and sometimes she would send a dollar or two.

My dad was one of the regular customers in the restaurant. He was a truck driver, always wearing green pants and jackets and sporting a perpetual brushcut. "Hello, Missus!" he would say to her every morning he came, and she would pour him a coffee at the counter and make him his ham and eggs. He drove his truck to Vancouver and Winnipeg and every place in between, and he was full of funny stories about other truckers and some friends of his in Edmonton who had a band.

He would always let her know how long he would be out of town, and she began to circle the dates on the calendar she got from him with a big picture of the Rockies on it, and she would worry when he wasn't back on time. One of these times was after she got her secretarial diploma and found a job in an office. She had two weeks before she had to start, and she went out for one of them to visit *baba* and *dido*. She told them about her new job and about dad, the man with the funny stories, and *dido* was suspicious, of course, and was unconvinced that mom had done nothing but talk to him. "Ha! No hanky-panky? Sure! Yah, sure!"

For the week before she started, she went back to the restaurant to see if dad was there so she could tell him about the nice desk she got to sit at, the big typewriter and adding machine perched on it and the two telephones she was in charge of answering. but he wasn't there. She left her number at work with the new girl there. Another week went by, and then a month, and she started to imagine the new girl standing behind the counter listening to dad's stories and circling dates on *her* calendar.

But then one day, one of the phones rang, and she picked it up and said good morning and all the other things she was supposed to say when she answered the phone, including her department and name. There was a silence at the other end, and then someone clearing their voice. She said good morning and the rest of it again, and finally, there was a familiar laugh. "Hello, Missus!"

> Cut off enough dough to make about a dozen shells at a time, keeping the rest covered. Roll out each piece on a lightly floured board until it is about a quarter inch thick and then cut out the shells. Roll each shell out once or twice in each direction, making them as thin as possible.
>
> Place about a tablespoon of filling in the middle of each shell, fold it in half and pinch it shut. Lay them out on tea towels and cook them in dozens.

Hello, Earth to lover, are you there? That beer bottle is looking pretty light. Why don't you grab another one, and you can get me one too. You've really got to pinch these things to make them weld together. It seems to take hours,

and your fingers start getting a little numb. My mother always had this look on her face when she did this, where you couldn't tell whether she was getting mad or getting ready to cry or what.

She had the same look on her face in her wedding picture. Dad's face was kind of placid, like he was feeling no pain, and he probably wasn't, and all things considered, he probably never did.

For the first nine years of the marriage my mother was in a state of perpetual pregnancy, while my dad split his time between highway driving and building extra bedrooms in the basement. I'm the second oldest of seven brothers and two sisters, and I can remember that at one time we fancied ourselves growing up to be a hockey team, with dad as the coach and mom as the trainer. It's the kind of thing that people shake their heads at now, but when you come from a family like that, it's really hard to imagine what would have happened if they had stopped at four, or two, or even one.

On a typical Saturday morning we would all be corralled in the living room watching Bugs Bunny and The Road Runner. The older ones would be up earlier to catch the Indian chief on the test pattern and Felix the Cat. Mom would usually be downstairs with the washing machine, rinsing out a few thousand things.

Dad would come in and sit where he usually did, at the end of the shiny blue plastic-leather couch. He would go to light up a cigarette, an Export A, and find the entrails of three or four oranges or a half a dozen apple cores piled in his ashtray. It definitely was his ashtray, because mom didn't smoke. He would look at it, look at us looking at him, and then he would puff out some smoke and rub at his forehead and say something like, "What the hell's this? I don't smoke oranges." After his smoke, he would go out to the garage to fix all the flat tires on the bicycles and dip into his supply of Red Cap.

I can remember an endless array of salesmen, and one especially, who showed up with a vacuum cleaner. "You've never seen such suction," he told my dad. "We got a professional heavyweight wrestler to stand on it, that's how durable this baby is!" He had pictures to prove it too, and I couldn't understand why dad wasn't more impressed.

When he was trying to demonstrate it, I didn't think that anyone but me noticed the little sock that got sucked up from under the couch. Dad told me when I was older that he'd seen it too, but he figured one sock was worth it. It put a real damper on the man's patter. You can't keep saying how amazing something is when it makes a lot of noise and doesn't do anything, so he gathered up his vacuum cleaner and pictures and managed to get his red face out the door just before the man with the encyclopedias showed up.

My mother made incredible stews and sauces, cakes and pies, and lots of these things. I remember getting new clothes every fall for school, and she wanted all of us to do well and go as far as we could. There was a kindergarten teacher who got mad at my brother for mixing his languages, and she yelled at him and made him stand in the hall, thinking he was swearing at her or something. When he got home that day and my mother asked him something in Ukrainian, he said, "Don't speak that Chinese to me

any more. It makes the teacher mad." My mother went into the kitchen and made a batch of these, some with fruit, some with *kapusta*, and she cried the whole time, and after that she stuck to English. I can still speak a few words, but I've lost most of it.

> Bring a pot holding at least two quarts of water to a rolling boil and throw in a teaspoon of salt. Drop them in one at a time. Wait until they all rise to the top, dip them in butter as you take them out and store them in a roasting pan in a warm oven.

It won't be much longer. I have to make a batch of *shkvarky* to go with these. You dice up half a pound of bacon and an onion in a pan and brown it all, and then you slop it all on top.

My mother told me when I was older that she was so happy that she managed to get us all through, get us all grown up and healthy. There were times when we got sick or got in trouble for something, and she was always the one who had to take care of it because dad was out of town. When we got older and started dressing like hippies, it upset her to see us in patches. I had to fish my best pair of jeans out of the trash three times.

Some of us went to university. I even took some classes from *diadko*. He wanted to take me for a spin in his Mercedes one day, but I could remember when he came to visit, and looked at us like we were pigs at *dido*'s farm. He wouldn't let us near his car then, and I really couldn't see the point in getting a ride now that my hands were clean.

Mom moped a lot when we all started leaving. When you think about it, we were a city unto ourselves, and she was the mayor, and when you do it for that long, you start to think that's all you can do. She was even worse after *baba* died, and it really upset her when I missed that first Christmas.

She's working in a doctor's office now. The doctor gets a lot of old ethnic types, and she can talk to most of them. Dad stopped driving when his eyes started going bad. He's working as a janitor in the freightyards. They talk about going to Hawaii now the same way they used to talk about going to Regina.

Mom still makes these things. She's always got a batch to haul out of the freezer when anyone comes to visit. She still cooks like she's cooking for all of us, so the freezer's pretty well stocked.

Here, taste.

Day Goddit at Kenaidyan Tyre

So why you wanted-it new one?
Clean-it burnt part
in this stuff some.
Dett's all.

So what you waiting
forty minutes longer
for your waffles?
What you egg-spect
for two niney-five?

Ron Wolosyn

The Gable Blanket

Franko opened the door to his apartment.
I knew it! Damn the intuition!
There was the Ford girl,
Sitting with Franko's wife, drinking coffees.
(The room meticuously takes on two separate
territories.)
She can't or won't look up.
I focus on Franko.
It's icy. I want to run
But I notice the door is closing.

"Hey Shell!" That's Franko's wife-to-be.
"We saw some classy tuxedos."
I'm sharpshooting the situation.
Cannot be caught napping. I must not falter.
Something instinctive advised me this far. Stay.
I didn't hear Shell's words.
I'm only aware of the Ford girl.
I say hello—I recognize the voice—
I'm shivering.
Damn hard lighting that first cigarette.

Franko gives me the choice
Of coffee or a beer,
I choose the ale, needing a scotch.
Now Franko and Shell assail the situation.
Trying to nonchalant the fear
That has grown in the half a year

We have denied our existence to the other.
Ours is a barbed disease. Respect to her is final.

A long pause melts the butter on the table.
This must be the death in dreams.
I catch a glimpse of her through the jaded plant.
We can look at each other without seeing.
Then something breaks. I'm instantly calm.
I'm tired, so tired of this stupidity.
I want to leave and walk. We stay.

Hating came hard.
I'm always trying to forget the Ford girl.
She lingers like the smell of old cancer,
A lover's ghost haunting your vulnerability.
But when the flesh sits before you,
Her head bent low,
You feel you want to reach out.
What is the use?
It must be universal,
Because the Ford girl and I
Did touch a hundred galaxies as only we could.

I think I will have the coffee now.
Maybe move the plant.

No.
I will not choreograph this two-step,
I've learned she has no sense of romance.
The Ford girl is a contaminated puzzle.
A unique experimental species of simian.

I will walk now and not shudder with hate.
I will smirk.

From Love to Fords

There is no amnesia in skulls.
So I bought a truck, a Ford, to forget.

The summer was awkward this year.
More like an apologetic animal sound.
Crab-apples were too soft to eat,
Waited too long for the green acrid ones.
Tree was old, ladder wasn't safe,
But like she said,
"At least there aren't any wasps to battle this
year."

Ironic then,
Her knee was stung.
And I panicked.
I'm allergic to wasps.
"Don't worry," she lied. "There is no pain."

There was an anarchist out front.
A picnic table. Showed up one afternoon,
So people could abuse on it,
Compare tans and debate mosquito repellants.
It was a neutral table. Creating moods,
Urging us to speak our thoughts out loud.

Especially forceful at night.
It was chilly but clear.
I asked, if she believed there was other life, up
there.
There was no answer.
I told her, I thought there was life.
She limped into the house. The sting was serious.
I sat for a while longer. Shook my dog's paw.
Watched some leaves fall and paused,
Before I went inside.
All this time,
I thought she was listening.

It must be the Fall,
When this camouflage of frenzied death,
Stings the neurosis in hearts.
Makes us believe there is no malice in Indian
Summer.
(The arrows are poison.)
Subtly brushes our minds to change.
Creating fear in the few who understand.
The Summer was a Fall.
The Fall was not a season,
Except the forceful poetry of a wasp.

So I bought a truck, a Ford, to forget.
I can repair the timing.
Skeleton.

With epochal secrecy,
We create
The witch-hunt
For a pierced heart.
Passionless for promiscuity
And praying for the purity of Cinderella.

The tree fell silent.
The picnic table, like a Brownie
Black and white photograph,
Conceded peace at the first snow fall.
All the night questions, cryogenically dead.

I brushed this snow from the windshield.
Step inside. Turn the key.
It starts.

It must be the Fall.
We change and we crawl.
We stood tall to die
And talk about Fords to forget.
It had to be a Fall.

Larry Zacharko

Darlene's story

It was my first year teaching and I was lucky to get the job. Work was scarce. I'd written everywhere, I mean everywhere, and fifty dollars of stamps later all I had were four replies—none of them positive. So I went to every one of the school principals within driving distance and personally gave them a resumé; and told them I would do anything, substitute, playground patrol, take the tough kids, anything. I guess I was pushy but, heck, I was all raring to teach. But no replies, so I was filling out applications for any kind of work. It was when I was dropping one of these applications off at a major fast-food chain, that I came across St. Jude Junior High, and about a week after I'd dropped in on them, they called me for an interview. Before the end of the month I had my very own grade 7–8's—thirty-three of them. Thirty-two. And a "Parents Meet the Teacher Day" only a fortnight away.

What an awkward age they are at grade seven and eight, all elbows and glands gone into acceleration—the girls faster than the boys. Not all of them, mind you. In one of my *faux pas* early on I mistook Melanie Elliot for a boy and had marked her absent a whole week. I also was well into a broken Portuguese/Italian/English hand-gesturing scolding of Frank Salvi's father—for reaching for the strap too often—when I realized I was talking to poor George Tonelli's father (and George even knew Latin as well as Italian) at the meet the parents day. But, all-in-all, that first month went surprisingly well. Mind you, I hit all the shocks a new teacher gets—like planning a day's work one whole evening and not even getting past the second item. Or they do everything you can think of doing that day—and it's not even eleven a.m.

Or the fact that no one tells you Monday mornings or Friday afternoons you sometimes find yourself merely trying to contain that tornado of energies, so at least the begonia and the gerbils will be spared. I may have been sincere, but I did stumble about pretty much. The teacher I'd replaced—they said she'd gone to have a baby—didn't leave anything in her day plan. Nothing on where they were in their books, or what specific problems each student had—not even an up-to-date day plan. And the attendance was sloppy.

They were sharp kids, though. They liked puns. Television is right in their gear. You just don't know how some of them cram so much into their spare time—dance, sports, music—and how they can't remember that the essay was to be in *this* morning after daily reminders for a month, yet they can tell you all of the stats for the Double E's.

And they'd tell you a dirty joke, and laugh, but they weren't quite sure what it was about the joke that made it dirty. I remember on Armistice Day, as I watched them working hard, in groups, finishing off their "Look at War Another Way" project. Randy Weinter was helping Evelyn McLeod—these two never talked to each other (I always pictured Randy growing up to become a season ticket holder to everything but work and Evelyn as the first female president of the stock exchange)—and there was an unmistakable hum of creativity in action.

You notice the loud ones first, and the troublemakers. It's impossible not to; we all know that they often are the quicker students, but not always. Then you jump to the other end of the spectrum and worry about the ones who score zero on the math test, or social studies. Was the test too hard? Was the question worded right? Am I going too fast? Too slow? Are they getting enough sleep? And there always is the slight worry that you might, completely without knowing it, bruise their egos when they need strengthening. Then there's the regulars—they give you exactly ten lines if the question says answer in ten lines. They follow the rules and take care of themselves, more or less. Just regular, normal adolescents.

I don't know why it took me so long. I don't know and that's that. It was when I was marking the Christmas exams that I came across it for the first time. I was checking their scrap books—they had to be half way through the four seasons, but the seasons were their choice. As usual, Sonia handed in what would have been a complete book by any of the other pupil's standards and Renetta had two pictures and a drawing—but it was one beautiful drawing. Sonia, her regular A plus; Renetta a C instead of a C minus. Some of the pictures the students found were gorgeous. I'm always afraid of that. I have nightmares about being called up by the Public Library to bail out one of my students for cutting up a rare Audobon original for her social studies project.

Teddy Nema. I'd just given him a B plus; he most regularly got B plusses and this was another. I had gone on to James O'Reilley (B), Stephan Reese (A minus) and Betty Stuperski (C plus) when, for some reason, I looked back at Teddy Nema's paper. Teddy Nema. I couldn't seem to put a face to the name. His face. Or hers? No, his face. Teddy, must be a boy. Maybe he's one

of those in the back; no, that's Brian Deprachuk. Hmmm. Ohhh, boy, I thought. I'm only away two weeks and already I'm forgetting their names and faces! What'll it be like when I get back.

But when school was recalled I'd forgotten that little whatever it was—a moment of amnesia?—and handed out the scrap books and didn't notice anything peculiar or out of place. It wasn't until I was adding up the weekly attendance that I remembered about Teddy. When I called the roll, I looked up to see the face... but no one answered. The kids said he was sick. I tried calling Teddy's home, but the line was always busy. The next week I missed. After having my wisdom teeth removed, I spent the time in bed imitating a chipmunk. When I returned, the substitute teacher had marked Teddy present every day, but when I called his home Sonia said Teddy was at his grandmother's funeral. Then we had Professional Development Day. I used it to my best advantage by studying the office files on Teddy's history. It told me nothing much more than he was an Air Force child who'd already lived in six different countries and a dozen different air bases and been to four schools in the last two years. But that was about all there was on him. I wasn't even sure it was a him because the form was smudged. I broke out in a sweat. I pictured me getting to the office door and the Principal walking in and asking me how Teddy was working out. What would I say? "Fine. Can you give me a hint on what he looks like? Or is this some kind of test?"

And then I couldn't remember if I'd met Teddy's parents at that "Meet the Teach" day—but my card said I had; I have notes from the meeting.

While correcting the exams they'd done for me, wouldn't you know there was one handed in by Teddy Nema. My God, I thought I was going crazy. How could I have totally blanked out one of my students? I tried to picture every one of the students in my head.

They were a sharp class, bright, from immigrant families, mostly, but with a fair smattering of inner city kids. Much like my own class in grade eight. In fact this classroom, still from the forties, was like my classroom. What was I like in grade seven? I remember my friend spending most of her time in the hallway for cracking up the class, but I liked to erase the blackboards. Not that we sucked up to teachers. In fact, we were the class that broke down more substitute teachers than any one in our district. One thing that always worked: we'd put a piece of cardboard or something in the drawer, turn the drawer upside down and close it, then pull the cardboard out, so when the teacher opened a drawer, everything would fall on the floor. We used to—— The penny dropped!...

Practical joke! Of course. They were playing a practical joke on the new teacher and I was going out of my mind thinking I was going out of my mind. That's what they're doing. They had created a fictitious student, and I fell for it, hook, line and sinker. Why the little ——!!

I think I turned as red as a fire engine at first. Good thing there was no one in the house. Here I was a qualified, at least degreed, university graduate being out-foxed by a gang of puberts! How dare they! I got very mad. I fired off a stinging lecture on ethics and the difference between a practical joke

and bad taste. I took it out on the sofa, the chair, the rug and the cat. I lectured every one of the plants as if they were the class I was going to face in the morning, when all of a sudden, I burst out laughing. I mean, you have to give them some credit. And it's my own fault anyway, for being Miss-know-it-all. All right. But two can play at that game. Like I said, I was in grade seven once, too.

I would ignore them. I'd just play along. I'd include Teddy in group projects, so that they would have to double the work if Teddy was in their group. I noticed that when I took attendance, if I kept my eyes on the sheet of paper, someone would always call for Teddy, but if I looked up, they'd say he was absent. I would shrink the circle. I hand them a math test and I've counted out thirty-two of them. I personally give one to each student at their desk and pick them up when the bell rings. I put the tests in my briefcase, lock it and go home. When I open the briefcase and correct the tests, Teddy Nema's name is in the middle of the pile! How did they do that?! How did they do it? I try again with another test. Then another. A test every day and there was always one handed in by Teddy.

Then real panic set in. I've been sending report cards, attendance, everything through the head office—when are they going to find out about little Teddy, and when they do what will happen to me? "You see, they were just playing a joke, you see, and I was just playing along with it, and I'm sorry if this affects mill rates and everything. . . . "

What if they've already found out at the school board office? Then I thought I caught a glimpse of Teddy once or twice. This was taking quite a bit out of me, I guess, because when Mrs. Belicki—she teaches 8–9 right next door—walked into my room after classes, I didn't notice her at all until she said "Hello," and I let out a scream and almost hit the ceiling, apologizing all the way down. No need to, she said, she'd seen burn-out before. I was just exhausted, needed to take it a bit easier. She seemed to know what she was talking about, and before I knew it, I'd blurted out my whole Teddy experience. I was afraid it was getting out of hand and maybe she knew a simple way of correcting the situation.

She immediately asked to look at the personal files, which I gave her and which she studied in minute detail. I showed her all the tests, the artwork, the essays, everything this B plus regular student had done and she studied it all without a word. After looking at everything, she said, "What do you mean there's no Teddy?!" I said the kids have made it all up. She said they may have made up the artwork and all, "But my goodness, you can't tell me a grade sevener could falsify documents like these—and so precisely! Get a grip on yourself, girl! I've told you you're spending far too much time here. Just like the last girl."

"What about the last girl?"

"Oh . . . she had a baby, didn't you know?"

"Is that true?"

"Darlene, calm yourself. Now I suggest you take a day off, give yourself a nice long weekend, go as far away from here as you possibly can, and relax.

Things will have a much clearer perspective when you come back with a fresh approach. Believe me, I've lost track of kids myself. Sometimes I get a student mixed up with an older brother I'd taught and all of a sudden I'd blurt out... what are you doing here?!"

I could see in her eyes that she would probably say a rosary for me that night. But I took her advice. I phoned up a university friend who just happened to be looking for a fourth for a canoeing weekend, so off I went and forgot the whole school business.

And when I came back to St. Jude, I realized the nonsense I'd been filling my head with. Of course the student is there if he is on the card. Teddy kept on handing in average work for which Teddy received average marks... and at the end of the year, I passed Teddy—into Mrs. Belicki's class.

Oleh Zujewskyj

Ars Poetica

Narrow roads lead to words,
Because in them lies your only opportunity,
And that enticing road,
Which you would like to avoid

Because of the labours of the old masters,
Who long laid seige to it,
Was thrown open
For all from every corner of the earth;

But if this concern—
Is only unavoidable virtue
Because of the wise world around us,

Then thought's pathway (its edifice)
To pass through on one's wings,
Is like a needle's eye for a camel.

Translated by Jars Balan

Sonnet *à la* Baudelaire

With its flood the spring day
Set straight the white columns,
Which did not rise to defend
Some dead wall,

But only shone
Enticingly unimpeded
In the long, vast reaches,
Where joy invokes no shame.

And though far off somewhere in the sun
The most skilful defenders
Are only briskly chasing after a ball,

So that from the unexpected poison
The heart's pain is overcome
There laughs the slogan: "Pass!"

Translated by Jars Balan

A Lament For Ophelia

The stream is still murmuring there,
Where the leaves conveyed brooding
And the glances endowed in that instant,
When there was neither breeze nor sandstorm,

But only the stooping blue
On the way, as befits a stableboy,
Was leading the songs incessantly
From lips to lips: who would not recognize

The sweet sum of their knell
Against the background of beach games
In the presence of the solitary sun,

Where, like mute clouds,
Love itself with wreaths was flowing
Toward morning in a startled dream?

Translated by Jars Balan

The End of Hemingway

All shadows are braiding into one shadow
Of the same hopes and desires,
And in their perpetual braiding
One facet strings together with another.

In order that thought's petulance
Locked them to the grasping flame,
Like a pocket of the billiard-green field
And the skilfully aimed cue,

So that again, o proficient shadow,
You plaited in your knell
Both the outlines of Kilimanjaro,
And in an explosion of happiness, like thunder.

Translated by Jars Balan

Shards

I have read about these shards,
About their fat ruddiness
Amid the bed of ripe grasses,
In the night's anthracite;

I saw the flood's crest, that came
With unexpected sorrow
Among the red, interlaced glass
In the overgrown meadow;

I saw the work of white hands,
Like the net of a fisherman,
In the chest swells a timorous knock
Because of the red shards;

I observed them by the bonfire
(Similar to the licks of flames!)
For infantile overenjoyment,
These dyed in the wool red shards.

Translated by Jars Balan

Proteus

From today on there will be no greeting:
The suns rustled away to the past,
And like a hostile world's constant reminding—
The white smile of a reticent face.

He would come in the day's glaring brightness:
Full of gold, like a coral, all warped,
And for you, oh you Loftiest Princess,
Bringing stars of the evening to hold.

But his motion is now like a stone's death,
As if punished by night, all congealed,
To appear in the darkness with pages
Of the books yet unopened and dear.

Translated by Patricia Kilina

"Who knows whence, suddenly unawares"

Who knows whence, suddenly unawares—and
Subtle as air and light, as breeze from land town,
Comes memory, brushes against one's face
With harmful warmth, destroying peace of mind.

And so it happens, the seasons to defy,
Long after leaves have fallen, on cool autumnal morn,
The river's waters rise and sweep away
The stores so safely away in barn and granary.

Translated by Volodymyr Derzhavyn

Untitled

You longed for peace. But imperceptibly
And unknown—from time to time
An enemy appears (first fate
Of passion to distort your
Living hate with treacherous cunning)—
The peace and melody is broken,
You renounce your love and think to
Cast out ecstasy and feelings which
You lived through in happy days—pearls
In a bottomless sea,
And now ungrateful and superfluous
The echo's message seems to you,
Unless 'tis clear that all your love
Was only like the glitter of the grass
In the last rainbow's wreath,
Since you were waiting for the future pain.

Translated by Volodymyr Derzhavyn

Around the Fish

(*Paul Klee*)

Neither a leaf's mould nor commandment fables,
Like map or branch extended into murkiness
And throwing back its horizontal levels
To signs of space for tenuous epiphanies,

Have yet aroused, amassing all their forces,
Another likeness out of paintings found anew,
Save only for ambiguous exhortations
To each duration when the act arose and grew.

And hence the fish, having declared her contour,
Seeks out her passageway among resplendent beams,
While the bright yellow sun which hangs above her
Protects the lightless horoscopes of streams.

Translated by Bohdan Rubchak

Contributors

The following biographies and bibliographies have been compiled to assist readers interested in learning more about the authors in *Yarmarok*. Although the lists of published literary works are comprehensive, information concerning reviews, critical writings and periodical sources, has in some cases been edited for brevity. Where such selections had to be made, items of Ukrainian Canadian interest were given priority over entries that primarily pertained to the study of Slavics. Below is a table of acronyms employed in the research guide. For the original Ukrainian titles of translated works, readers should consult the index.

Abbreviations

ACTRA— Association of Canadian Television and Radio Artists

CBC— Canadian Broadcasting Corporation

CIUS— Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies

MUR— *Mystetskyi Ukrainskyi Rukh* (Movement of Ukrainian Artists)

NFB— National Film Board of Canada

OPLDM— *Ob'iednannia Pratsivnykiv Literatury dlia Ditei i Molodi* (Association of Literary Workers for Children and Youth)

SFUZhO— *Svitova Federatsiia Ukrainskykh Zhinochykh Orhanizatsii* (World Federation of Ukrainian Women's Organizations)

SLOVO— Literally, "The Word," the name used by *Ob'iednannia Ukrainskykh Pysmennykiv u Kanadi* (Ukrainian Canadian Writers' Association), an organization that evolved from the *Ob'iednannia Ukrainskykh Pysmennykiv na Emigratsii* (Association of Ukrainian Writers in the Emigration), which was founded in New York in 1954 and was later renamed *Ob'iednannia Ukrainskykh Pysmennykiv v Ekzyli* (Ukrainian Writers Association in Exile), the name still used by the American branch of SLOVO.

UCC— Ukrainian Canadian Committee

UCCA— Ukrainian Congress Committee of America

UVAN— *Ukrainska Vilna Akademiia Nauk* (Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences)

Ruth Amber Andrishak was born 3 April 1943 in the town of Elk Point, Alberta. She attended the Alberta College of Art in Calgary (1972–6) and studied creative writing at the Banff Centre. She is currently writing for radio and television in Winnipeg. North Dakotan on her mother's side, her paternal grandfather emigrated to Canada (c. 1905) from the village of Nebyliv, Western Ukraine, and her grandmother came from the village of Denysiv, near Ternopil, in 1912–13.

Publications

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Exile* (Toronto), *Free Fall* (Banff).
FILM: *Family Tree*, Bioethics in Discussion series, NFB, 1985.

Awards

Robert Weaver Literary Competition, CBC radio, 1980. (For "The night the rabbit chewed my hair off")

Acknowledgements

"The Night the Rabbit Chewed My Hair Off" originally appeared in *Exile*, vol. VI, nos. 1 and 2, 1979.

Jaroslaw (Jars, Jerry) Ihor Balan was born 10 June 1952 in Toronto. He obtained a B.A. (honours English) from the University of Toronto (1976); an M.A. (Creative Writing) from the University of Alberta (1981); and for three summers studied Creative Writing at the Banff Centre (1972–4). In 1978 and 1979 he taught poetry courses in the writing programme, Faculty of Extension, University of Alberta. A resident of Edmonton since 1976, he is a freelance writer and broadcaster. His maternal grandparents emigrated to Canada from Western Ukraine (Potochyska, Galicia and Chernivtsi, Bukovyna) in the early twenties; his father emigrated from the village of Onut, Bukovyna, in 1947.

Publications

BOOKS: *Salt and braided bread: Ukrainian life in Canada*. Toronto: Oxford Press, 1984.
ANTHOLOGIES: *Scarborough fair*, Toronto: Faculty and Students of Scarborough College, 1975, 1976.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Canadian Forum* (Toronto); *Descant* (Toronto); *Quarry* (Kingston); *Waves* (Toronto); *Journal of Ukrainian Studies* (Toronto); *Student* (Toronto-Edmonton); *Alive!* (Guelph); *ACCESS Magazine* (Edmonton); *Alberta Report* (Edmonton).

Editorial and critical work

Editor, *Scarborough fair*, Toronto: Faculty and Students of Scarborough College, 1976; editor and contributor ("'A word in a foreign language': Ukrainian influences in George Ryga's work"), *Identifications: Ethnicity and the writer in Canada*, Edmonton: CIUS, 1982; editor and contributor, *Film and the Ukrainians in Canada, 1921–1980: Research report no. 1*, by S. Zaporzan and R.B. Klymasz. Edmonton: CIUS, 1982; content editor, *Student: Canada's newspaper for Ukrainian students*, Edmonton, 1980–1982; "Ukrainian writing in Canada," in W. Toye (ed.), *The Oxford companion to Canadian literature*. Toronto: Oxford Press, 1983; reviews in *Journal of Ukrainian [Graduate] Studies*.

Other media

STAGE: Lyricist, *The offering*, a musical presented by The Odessa Group, Caravan, Toronto, 1975; lyricist and co-author (with Taras Shipowick and Christina Hnatiw), *Song of leaving*, a musical presented by The Odessa Group, Caravan, Toronto, 1976.

RADIO: Producer, "Voiceprint: Speech, language communications technology and the literary arts in a changing world," 1979–83; "Paper Tygers: A program for creative writers," 1981; and "Celebrations: literary portraits from the University of Alberta," all for the University of Alberta Department of Radio and Television and ACCESS Alberta.

EXHIBITS: "*Vyshyvanyi papir*/Embroidered paper," displays of visual poetry: St. Vladimir Institute, Toronto, April 1985; Citadel Theatre, Edmonton, November 1986.

Awards

Bliss Carmen Award for Poetry, Banff Centre, 1972.

Memberships

Slovo; Writers' Guild of Alberta; P.E.N. International; Canadian Authors and Publishers Association (CAPAC).

Translations

Translates from Ukrainian into English.

Criticism and reviews

"Ukrainians live in a house divided," J. Adams, *Edmonton Journal*, 13 January 1985; "Ukrainian memories," G. Dambrofsky, *Vancouver Sun*, 2 February 1985; "More than Easter eggs," B. Pasnak, *Alberta Report*, 18 March 1985; "Ukrainian history touching, painful," A. Robinson, *Saskatoon Star Phoenix*, 16 March 1985.

Acknowledgements

"Night Janitor" was originally published in *Scarbòrough Fair*. Toronto: Faculty and Students of Scarborough College, 1976. "Found Poem: in a Cemetery Near Dauphin" was published in *Student*, June 1978.

Ivan Irynei Bodnarchuk (who has also written under the pen name ***Ivan Chabanruk***) was born 21 December 1914 in the village of Cherniatyn, Stanyslaviv province, Western Ukraine. After pedagogical training in Stanyslaviv, he taught in the village of Kosiw, Galicia, and studied political science at the Ukrainskyi Tekhnichnyi Hospodarski Instytut in Czechoslovakia. During the war he emigrated to Germany, where he was active in MUR. Emigrating to Canada in 1949, he settled in Toronto, where he is now a supervisor of Ukrainian schools.

Publications

BOOKS: ["Rozhubleni kvity" (Lost flowers). A manuscript lost at the printers in Germany, 1948]; *Na perekhresnykh shliakhakh* (At the crossroads). Winnipeg: Novyi Shliakh, 1954; *Kladka* (Foot-bridge). Toronto: The author, 1957; *Znaiomi oblychchia* (Familiar faces). Winnipeg-Toronto: Trident Press, 1961; *Druzi moikh dniv* (Friends of my days). Winnipeg-Toronto: Trident Press, 1967; *Daleki obrii* (The distant horizons). Toronto: Harmony Printing, 1968; *Pokolinnia ziidutsia* (The generations will get together). Edmonton-Winnipeg-Toronto: Slovo, 1974; *Zamriacheni ranky* (Misty mornings). Toronto: Slovo, 1978; *Do ridnykh prychaliv* (To native lands). Toronto: Kiev Printers with assistance of Ontario UCC, 1979; *Zaobriini perehuky* (Echoes beyond the horizon). Edmonton-Toronto, Slovo, 1984; *Rozkvitli suziria* (The blooming constellation). Winnipeg: Ukrainian Voice, 1985.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The Word), vols. 2–10. Edmonton-Toronto-New York: Ukrainian Writers in Exile and Slovo, 1964–1983; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vols. II-V. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1965–7.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Kameniari* (Lviv); *Zhinochyi holos* (Lviv); *Chas* (Munich); *Veselka* (New York); *Zhinochyi svit* (Toronto); *Ukrainskyi holos* (Winnipeg); *SUMKivets* (Winnipeg-Toronto); *Kyiv* (Philadelphia); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto); *Moloda Ukraina* (Toronto); *Promin* (Winnipeg); *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Homin Ukrainy* (Toronto);

Hutsulshchyna (Toronto); *Lys Mykyta* (Detroit); *Ukrainska shkola* (Winnipeg).

Editorial and critical work
Author of several texts for use in Ukrainian schools, including *Zbirnyk dyktativ z ukrainskoi movy dlia shkil i samonauchannia* (Collected dictations from Ukrainian for schools and self-education). Toronto: The author, 1974; writes widely on educational and literary themes for the Ukrainian press.

Awards
Received an honorary mention for his collection of children's stories, "Rozhubleni kvity" (Lost flowers—see above), OPLDM, Munich, 1948. First prize (stories), *Literaturnyi konkurs*, Ukrainian Women's Association of Canada [1963]; award for *Do ridnykh prychaliv*, Ivan Franko Literary Fund, Chicago, 1983; merit award, Government of Ontario, for editing the Ukrainian school readers: *Lastivka* (The swallow), *Romashka* (Camomile) and *Soniashnyk* (The sunflower), Toronto, 1983; *Toni spalakhy*, OPLDM, Toronto, 1985.

Memberships
Slovo (Canada and the USA); OPLDM; "Kozub" literary society.

Translations
His novel, *Pokolinnia ziidutsia* has been translated by Yurij Tkach and published as *The generations will get together*. Edmonton-Winnipeg-Toronto: Slovo, 1986.

Criticism and reviews
"*Na perekhresnykh shliakhakh*" (At the crossroads), B. Romanenchuk, *Kyiv*, I (34, 1956); "*Znaiomi oblychchia*" (Familiar faces), I. Kyi, *Kyiv*, I (64, 1961); "*Tonkyi znavets liudskoi dushi*" (Subtle expert on the human soul), S. Volynets, *Ukrainskyi holos*, I (19, 1964); "*Povist Ivana Bodnarchuka*" (The stories of Ivan Bodnarchuk) and "*Pokolinnia ziidutsia*" (The generations will get together), Y. Klynovy, *Moim synam, moim pryiateliam* (To my sons and to my friends). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1981. Other critics who have written about his work include O. Hay-Holowko, O. Mak, J.B. Rudnytsky, I. Smolii, N. Kohuska, W. Luciw, J. Rozumnyj, O. Kopach, D. Chraplywa, L. Luciw and D. Chub.

Acknowledgements
"Upon the Golden Hills" was originally published in *Slovo* (The word), vol. 6. Edmonton: Slovo [1977].

Candace Cael Carman (previously published under the name ***Candace Adamson Burstow***) is the literary name of ***Candace Litchie***, born 11 September 1952 in Winnipeg. She studied religion and philosophy at the University of Winnipeg and trained in music and the visual arts. In the early 1970s she taught creative writing for the Canadian Mental Health Association. Although she knows that her ancestors came to Canada in the 1890s and 1909 from eastern Europe, she notes that she has "more questions than answers" concerning her family background. She believes her identity is a mixture of Ukrainian, Jewish and other nationalities. She currently works as a music teacher, freelance critic and illustrator in Toronto.

Publications
BOOKS: *Pale lady*. Fredericton: Fiddlehead Press, 1980; *The songs of Bathsheba*. Fredericton: Fiddlehead Press, 1981.
ANTHOLOGIES: *Winnipeg centennial poetry collection: 1874–1974*. Winnipeg: Hanaco Press, 1974; *I want to meet you there: The poetry of W3*. Winnipeg: Haneco Press, 1976;
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *CVII* (Winnipeg); *The Far Point* (Winnipeg); *Nebula* (North Bay); *Canada Poetry Review* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work
Co-edited *Chatauqua Review*, 1982–3; Reviews books for *Books in Canada* and TV Ontario in Toronto.

Memberships
The League of Canadian Poets

Criticism and reviews
"Poems describe hard-won love," R. Quickenden, *Winnipeg Free Press*, 30 January 1982; S. Erhlickman, *The Scribe*, Spring 1983.

Acknowledgements
"Katrina," "Legacy," "Edges," "Thru Darkened Eden" and "Winter Chant" originally appeared in *The Songs of Bathsheba*. Fredericton: Fiddlehead Press, 1981.

Marco Carynnyk was born in Berlin in 1944 and emigrated to the United States with his parents after the war. Upon completing his early education in Philadelphia, he studied literature at the University of Pennsylvania. In the 1970s he moved to Canada, settling in Toronto, where he now works as a freelance writer and translator.

Publications
ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vols. 2, 3. New York: Ukrainian Writers' Association in Exile, 1964, 1968; B. Boychuk and B. Rubchak, *Koordynaty II. Antolohiia suchasnoi ukrainskoi poezii na Zakhodi* (Co-ordinates II: An anthology of modern Ukrainian poetry in the West). New York-Munich: Suchasnist, 1969.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Suchasnist* (New York-Munich); *Smoloskyp* (Baltimore); *Ukraina i svit* (Hannover); *Visnyk ukrainskoho studenta* (New York); *Nova poeziia* (New York); *Terem* (Detroit); *Nove zhyttia* (Prešov, Czechoslovakia); *Studentske zhyttia* (Philadelphia); *Student* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work
"*Iuri Koval*" [Introduction to short stories], *Smoloskyp*, (May-July-August 1965); "*Lesia Masiuk*" [Introduction to poems], *Smoloskyp*, (July-August 1965); "*Virshi Stepana Hostyniaka*" (The poetry of Stepan Hostyniak), *Smoloskyp*, (March-April 1966); "*Bohdan Boichuk: poet suchasnoi miskoi psykhiky*" (Bohdan Boychuk: Poet of the modern urban mind), *Smoloskyp*, (September-December 1966); "Vasyl Stus" and "A note on Oles Honchar," *Journal of Ukrainian Graduate Studies*, 1 (Fall 1976); co-editor with Wolfram Burghardt, of Vasyl Stus, *Svicha v svichadi* (A candle in the mirror). Munich: Suchasnist, 1977. Has also reviewed numerous books for the above publications and written on Soviet Ukrainian cinema.

Translations
For translations of his Ukrainian poems into Portuguese and German see W. Wowk (trans.), *O cântaro: A nova arte Ucraniana* (Sing out: New Ukrainian art). Rio de Janeiro: Companhia Brasileira de Artes Graficas, 1973; W. Wowk (trans.), *Der Baum: Ukrainische Kunst Heute* (The tree: Ukrainian art today). Rio de Janeiro: Companhia Brasileira de Artes Graficas, 1975. For his translations from Ukrainian, Russian and Polish into English and Ukrainian, see "Five translations" [Poems by Tadeusz Rozewicz], *Stylus* (Philadelphia) 12 (Spring 1970); "The ballad of the sunflower" [Poem by Ivan Drach], *Modern poetry in translation* (London), (January 1971); "Eisenstein on Mayakovsky," *Artforum* (New York), (January 1973); Alexander Dovzhenko, *The poet as filmmaker: Selected writings*. Cambridge, Mass. and London: The MIT Press, 1973; Tadeusz Rozewicz, "Rozmova z pryntsom" (Discussion with a prince), *Suchasnist* 9(153, 1973); Leszek Kolakowski, "Georges Sorel: Jansenist marxist," *Dissent* (New York), (Winter 1975); Mykhailo Osadchy, *Cataract*, New York: A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book, Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, 1976; August Stern (ed.), *The USSR vs. Dr. Mikhail Stern*. New York: Urizen Books; Toronto: Lester and Orpen; London: Jonathan Cape Ltd., 1977; Leonid Plyushch, *History's carnival: A dissident's autobiography*. With a

contribution by Tatyana Plyushch. New York: A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book, Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich, 1979; Victor Nekipelov, *Institute of fools: Notes from the Serbsky Institute.* Edited and translated in collaboration with Marta Horban. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux; London: Gollancz, 1980; Leonid Plyushch, *U karnavali istorii* (History's carnival). [Munich]: Suchasnist, 1980; Mykhailo Kotsiubynsky. *Shadows of forgotten ancestors.* Littleton (Colorado): Ukrainian Academic Press for the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies, 1981.

Acknowledgements
"Her Rabbi Prattled About Love," was published in *Novi poezii* (New York), no. 11, 1969; "Barefoot in the Head" appeared in *Novi dni*, (November, 1972); "The Country We Always Visit" was published in *Suchasnist* 5(149, 1973); "The Falling of the Light" appeared in *Suchasnist* 9(1553, 1973); "What is to be done" was first published in *Student* (February, 1974) and then reprinted in *Suchasnist* 4(160, 1974).

Oleksandra Chernenko (-Rudnytsky) was born in the city of Piotrków, Poland. After completing school in Piotrków, Leszno, Toruń and Kolomyia, she studied at the University of Lviv and attended the Medical Academy in Gdansk (Danzig) and Karl Franz University in Graz. In 1948 she emigrated to Canada, where she earned an M.A. degree in Slavic languages and literatures at the University of Alberta. In 1986 she completed a Ph.D. in literature and philosophy at the Ukrainian Free University, Munich. She is a freelance writer in Edmonton.

Publications

BOOKS: *Liudyna* (A human being). Philadelphia: Kiev Press, 1960; *Mykhailo Kotsiubynskyi—impresionist: Obraz liudyny v tvorchosti pysmennyka* (Mykhailo Kotsiubinsky—impressionist: The image of man in the writer's works). New York-Munich: Suchasnist, 1977.

ANTHOLOGIES: Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vol. 1. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1964; *Slovo* (The word), vols. 3–9. Edmonton-Toronto-New York: Ukrainian Writers in Exile and Slovo, 1968–1981; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975; Y. Stefanyk (ed.), *Nasha spadshchyna* (Our heritage). Edmonton: Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund, 1979.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Suchasnist* (New York-Munich); *Kyiv* (Philadelphia); *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Promin* (Winnipeg); *Canadian Slavonic Papers* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work
"The birth of a new spiritual awareness," *Canadian Slavonic Papers*, 16, no. 1 (1974); *Na marginesi ukrainskoho vydannia Stefana George* (Marginalia concerning the Ukrainian publication of Stefan George), *Suchasnist* 6, 7–8(210–12, 1978).

Memberships
Ukrainian Writers' Association in Exile; Slovo.

Criticism and reviews
D. Bachynsky, "*Tsikava poema*" (An interesting poem), *Biblos* (New York) 5(73, 1961); O. Roien, "*Davna pravda v kliasychnii formi*" (Old truths in classical forms), *Shliakh peremohy* (Munich), 29 January 1961; M. T. Iatsenko, "*Ideolohichna borotba i mify burzhyaznoho literaturoznavstva ta estetyky*" (Ideological struggle and myths in bourgeois literary criticism and aesthetics), *Radianske literaturoznavstvo* (Kiev), (January 1976) and *Duklia*, no. 3, 1976; M. T. Iatsenko, "*Problema narodnosti i krytyka elitarnykh kontseptsii literatury*" (The problem of folk populism and elitist conceptions of literature), *Na zasadakh realizmu i narodnosti* (On the basis of realism and folk populism). Kiev: Naukova Dumka, 1976; P. J. Regier, "Ukrainian: Oleksandra Chernenko. Mykhailo Kotsiubynsky—Impresionist," *World Literature Today*, vol. 52, no. 4 (Autumn 1978); Josef Lobodowski, "Mykhailo Kostiubynsky—Impresionist," *Kultura*

(Paris), 7–8(406/407, 1981).

Acknowledgements
"Silence" was initially published in *Kyiv* (Philadelphia), 6, 1957. "May" first appeared in *Promin*, 7, 1966; "Glorifying Autumn" was published in *Suchasnist* 2(194, 1977); and both were reprinted in revised form in Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975. "Encounter" was published in *Slovo* (The word) vol. 7. Edmonton: Slovo, 1978. "The New Dwelling" appeared in *Slovo* (The word), vol. 9. Edmonton: Slovo, 1981.

Brian John William Dedora (who uses the name ***Adrian Fortesque*** for pataphysical performances) was born 27 December 1946 in Vernon, British Columbia. He studied at Notre Dame University, Nelson, B.C., and the University of Victoria, where he obtained his B.A. in 1969. He owns a picture-framing business and does gilding work in Toronto. His Ukrainian ancestors (paternal) came to Canada in the 1890s, his (maternal) Irish forbears emigrated in the 1840s.

Publications
BOOKS: *The dream*. Toronto: Phenomenon Press, 1977; *A posteriori*. Toronto: Phenomenon Press, 1978; *The circle*. Toronto: Underwhich Editions, 1979; *Vin vorukhnuvsia He moved Corrâi sê*. Toronto: Underwhich Editions, 1979; *July 21, 1979*, limited edition, folder. Toronto: Underwhich Editions, 1980; *A.B.C. childhood*, with bp Nichol. Toronto: Gronk Final Series, 1982; *What a city was*. Toronto: Underwhich Editions, 1983; *A table of contents*. Toronto: Surrealist Poets' Gardening Association, 1985.
ANTHOLOGIES: M. Wolfe (ed.), *Aurora: New Canadian writing*. Toronto: Doubleday, 1978 and 1979.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Periodics* (Vancouver); *Open Letter* (Toronto).

Other media
Archeo-linguistics: Only a stone's throw, presented (by Adrian Fortesque) at the Symposium of Linguistic Onto-Genetics, Toronto, 20–21 November 1981; "Frames" performed at the Kontakte Performance Series, 29 January 1982; exhibited work, Eleventh International Sound Poetry Festival, St. Lawrence Centre, Toronto, 1978; participated in "expans'd hieroglyphiks: an exhibition of visual work by writers," Vivaxis Gallery, Toronto, 1980.

Acknowledgements
"Vin Vorukhnuvsia He Moved Corrâi Sê" was originally published in booklet form under the same title. Toronto: Underwhich Editions, 1979.

Theodore (Ted) Galay was born 16 July 1941 in Beausejour, Manitoba. After obtaining a Certificate in Education (1963) and an M.A. degree (1968) from the University of Manitoba, he completed a Ph.D. at the University of British Columbia (1974). He lives in Vancouver as a playwright and college instructor of mathematics. His ancestors emigrated to Canada from Ukraine around 1905.

Publications
BOOKS: *After baba's funeral and Sweet and sour pickles*. Toronto: Playwrights Canada, 1981; 2nd edition [revised]. Vancouver-Toronto: Playwrights Canada, 1983.

Other media

STAGE: *The Grabowski girls*, produced by the New Play Centre at Waterfront Theatre in Vancouver as part of the 1983 DuMaurier Festival; *Tsymbaly*, produced by the New Play Centre, Waterfront Theatre, Vancouver, 1985, the Manitoba Theatre Centre, 1986 and Citadel Theatre, Edmonton, 1987; *Primrose School District 109*, Blyth Festival, 1985.

Awards

Best Play, Theatre '80 Festival, Peterborough, Ontario, 1980; Drama Award, Canadian Author's Association; "Jessie" Award, Best Original Play (for *Tsymbaly*), Vancouver 1985.

Memberships

Playwrights Union of Canada.

Criticism and reviews

"Galay's play strikes home," N. Zymowec, *Student*, September-October 1980.

Acknowledgements

This excerpt was originally published in *After Baba's Funeral and Sweet and Sour Pickles*. Toronto: Playwrights Canada, 1981.

Dennis Henry Stephen Gruending was born 18 May 1948 in Cudworth, Saskatchewan. He attended St. Peter's College, Muenster, Saskatchewan, and later obtained an honours degree in English literature from the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon. Currently a journalist and radio host, he lives in Regina. He is of Slavic-German ancestry, his Ukrainian grandfather having emigrated to Canada between 1918–20.

Publications

BOOKS: *Gringo: Poems and journals from Latin America*. Moose Jaw: Coteau Books, 1983; *Emmett Hall: Establishment radical*. Toronto: Macmillan, 1985.

ANTHOLOGIES: C. Heath, D. Kerr and A. Szumigalski, (eds.), *The best of Grain*. Saskatoon: Saskatchewan Writers' Guild, n.d.; *Number one northern*. Moose Jaw: Coteau Books, 1977; D. Cooley (ed.), *Draft: An anthology of prairie poetry*. Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1981.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *The Canadian Forum* (Toronto); *This Magazine* (Toronto); *Grain* (Saskatoon); *NeWest Review* (Edmonton-Saskatoon); *Prism International* (Vancouver); *Canadian Dimension* (Winnipeg); *Chelsea Journal* (New York); *Compass* (Toronto) and *Smoke Signals* (Regina).

Editorial and critical work

Has reviewed various plays and books for *NeWest Review*, *Salt* and the CBC.

Other media

RADIO: Has done production and reporting work for CBC. Currently co-hosts the CBC Radio morning show in Saskatchewan.

Awards

Saskatchewan Writers' Guild Poetry Competition, 1978; Saskatchewan Writers' Guild Creative Journalism Award, 1981.

Memberships

Saskatchewan Writers' Guild; Writer's Union of Canada; ACTRA.

Translations

His poems, "John Wayne's death seen from Santiago," "Pablo" and "Morena" have been translated into Greek and published in *Anti*.

Acknowledgements
"Poem to Grandfather" originally appeared in *Grain* 6, no. 2, (n.d.). "My Mother's Room" was published in *Gringo: Poems and journals from Latin America*. Moose Jaw: Coteau Books, 1983.

Maara Haas (née ***Lazeczko***) was born 12 February 1920 in Winnipeg. She holds a degree in journalism from Berkeley University, California, and was awarded an LL.D. (*honoraia lauda*) by the Ukrainian Free Academy of Arts and Sciences in London for her work as a translator. She has taught creative writing in Bermuda and has worked with Indian students on Cree and Salteaux reserves in Manitoba. She works as a freelance writer, radio commentator, lecturer and performer in Winnipeg. Her father emigrated to Canada from Ukraine in 1912; her mother emigrated in 1916 from Cracow, Poland.

Publications

BOOKS: *Viewpoint: Collected poems*. Toronto, Ryerson Press, 1970; *The street where I live*. Toronto: McGraw-Hill/Ryerson, 1976; *On stage with Maara Haas*. Winnipeg: Lilith Publications, 1986.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Antolohiia ukrainskoho pysmenstva v Kanadi* (Anthology of Ukrainian writing in Canada). Winnipeg: N.p., 1941; K. Mitchell (ed.), *Horizon: An anthology of western Canadian literature*. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1977; Committee of the CAA (eds.), *Spirit of Canada*. Toronto: Jonathan James, 1977; Theresa M. Ford (ed.), *A sense of place*. Edmonton: Alberta Education, 1979; *Poetry in focus*. Edmonton: Alberta Education Heritage Affairs, 1983.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Canadian Women's Studies* (Toronto); *Canadian Literature* (Vancouver); *Indian Record* (Winnipeg); *Philadelphia Weekly*; *Washington Post* (Washington, D.C.); *Bermuda Gazette* (Kingston); *Winnipeg Magazine*.

Other media

TV: Scripted a sixty-minute documentary on the poet Taras Shevchenko for CBTV, Winnipeg, 1969.

STAGE: *Other worlds/other faces*, produced by the YMCA, Winnipeg, 1976.

Awards

Lady Eaton Award, "100 Years of Poetry in French and English," Expo '67, Montreal, 1967; Short Story Award, CAA, 1978.

Memberships

Winnipeg Press Club; CAA; ACTRA.

Translations

Has translated from Ukrainian into English, including poetry of Taras Shevchenko. See J. Panchuk, *Shevchenko's testament*. Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, 1965. Her translations have been featured on CBC "Anthology" and in the *Canadian Review of Literature*.

Criticism and reviews

"Ukraintsi shcho pyshut anhliskoiu movoiu" (Ukrainians who write in the English language," Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vol. IV. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1969.

Acknowledgements
"The Year of the Drought" was broadcast over CBC radio in 1979. "Katherine, 1920" originally appeared in K. Mitchell (ed.), *Horizon: An anthology of western Canadian literature*. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1977. "Enchanted/Disenchanted" was published in *Canadian Author and Bookman*, 1970. "Siniti, 1985" first appeared in *The Link*, 1978. All of the above, with the exception of "Katherine," can be found in *On Stage with Maara Haas*. Winnipeg: Lilith Publications, 1986.

Oleksa Hay-Holowko was born 12 August 1910 in the village of Pysarivka, Podillia province, Western Ukraine. After graduating from agricultural school in Krasnosilka in 1928, he studied arts for three years at the University of Leningrad. Upon emigrating to Canada in 1949, he worked for three years for the newspaper, *Ukrainskyi holos*, before pursuing a career with the Department of Agriculture. Now retired, he makes his home in Winnipeg.

Publications

BOOKS: *Baliady* (Ballads). Kiev: Ukrainskyi Robitnyk, 1934; *Svitannia* (Daybreak). Kiev: Derzhavne Vydavnytstvo Ukrainy, 1936; *Desiat novel* (Ten short stories). Kiev: Derzhavne Vydavnytstvo Ukrainy, 1937; *Surmach* (The trumpeter). Lviv: Ukrainske Vydavnytstvo, 1942; *Kokhaniiada* (Title page reads Love disappointed, but a more literal rendering would be The loviad, echoing Homer). Augsburg: The author, 1947; *Poiedynok z dyiavolom. Filmy nashykh dniv* (Duel with the devil: A narrative of our days), 2 vols. Winnipeg: Ivan Tyktor, 1950; *Odchaidushni* (Title page reads Desperate, i.e., Desperadoes or The desperate men). Winnipeg: Muse, 1959; *Poetychni tvory v trokh tomakh: Tom I, 1933–1948* (Poetical works in three volumes: Volume I, 1933–1948). Toronto: Novi Dni, 1970; *Poetychni tvory v trokh tomakh: Tom II, 1948–1977* (Poetical works in three volumes: Volume II, 1933–1948). Toronto: Novi Dni, 1978; *Smertelnoiu dorohoiu. Tom I* (Along the road of death: Volume I). Winnipeg: Trident Press, 1979; *Smertelnoiu dorohoiu. Tom II* (Along the road of death: Volume II). Winnipeg: Trident Press, 1983; *Son* (The dream). Winnipeg: The author, friends and family, 1984.

ANTHOLOGIES: Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975; Y. Stefanyk (ed.), *Nasha spadshchyna* (Our heritage). Edmonton: Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund, 1979.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Zoria* (Dnipropetrovsk); *Chervonyi shliakh* (Kharkiv); *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Moloda Ukraina* (Toronto); *Ukrainskyi holos* (Winnipeg).

Editorial and critical work

Editor of *Ukrainski pysmennyky v Kanadi. Literaturnokrytychni narysy—Tom I* (Ukrainian writers in Canada: Literary-critical sketches—volume I). Winnipeg: Society of Volyn, 1980.

Memberships

Slovo; CAA.

Translations

Poiedynok z dyiavolom (Duel with the devil) has been translated and published as *Duel with the devil*. Winnipeg: Communigraphics/printers aid group, 1986. Translates from English into Ukrainian. See his poems by Wilson Macdonald, Charles G.D. Roberts, Watson Kirkconnell, Pauline Johnson, Bliss Carmen, Thomas Saunders and Al Purdy in *Novi dni* (Toronto).

Criticism and reviews

"*Inter arma*," Y. Malaniuk, *Krakivski visti*, 29 December 1943; "*Kokhaniiada—liryko-satyrychna poema O. Hay-Holovka*" (Love disapointed—the lyrical-satirical poem by O. Hay-Holowko), V. Derzhavyn, *Pu-Hu* (Augsburg), 16 November 1947; "*Oznaka chasu*" (Sign of the times) H. Shevchuk (Sherekh), *Chas* (Fürth), 8 February 1948; "New Canadian letters," W. Kirkconnell, *The University of Toronto Quarterly*, vol. XX, 1950–1951; "Publications in other languages," C.H. Andrusyshyn, *The University of Toronto Quarterly*, vol. XL, 1970–1971.

Acknowledgements

"I Fled from My Home," "I Like to Go Fishing on Autumn Days," "The Stars in the Skies Were in Slumber," "A Song About Canada," "Night in the Orchard," "The Azure in the Autumn Sky is Waning," and "Spring Has Come to Me" were all published in *Poetychni tvory v trokh tomakh. Tom II, 1948–1977* (Poetical works in three volumes: Volume II, 1948–1977). Toronto: Novi Dni, 1978.

Maria Ann Holod (née ***Prokopovych***, who also writes under the pen names ***Marko, MAH*** and ***Nyk Kolka***) was born 16 January 1917 in Lviv, Western Ukraine, where she attended the classical *gymnasium* of the Basilian Sisters and studied economics and commerce at the University of Lviv. After emigrating to Canada in 1948, she lived for four years in Edmonton and then moved to Toronto, where she enrollled in a B.A. programme at the University of Toronto. She worked as a bank teller and then as a bookkeeper in the University of Toronto's Robarts Library. She currently works for the World Congress of Free Ukrainians.

Publications

BOOKS: *Chotyry pory roku* (The four seasons. [Munich]: Suchasnist, 1978.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vols. 8–10. Edmonton: Slovo, 1980–1983; *Propamiatna knyha Gimnazii S.S. Vasylianok u Lvovi* (Commemorative book of the Basilian S[isters]. S[ervants] Gymnasium in Lviv. New York: Naukove Tovarystvo im. Shevchenka, 1980; *Litopys Volyni* (Volyn chronicle), no. 13–14. Winnipeg: Society of Volyn, 1982.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Suchasnist* (New York-Munich); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto); *Zhinochyi svit* (Toronto); *Lys Mykyta* (Detroit); *Iunak* (Toronto); *Nashe zhyttia* (New York); *Dzvony* (Rome).

Memberships

Slovo.

Translations

Some of her poems have been translated and published in the *Staff Newsletter* of the University of Toronto. She herself does commercial translations from German and English into Ukrainian, and vice-versa.

Criticism and reviews

Reviews of *Chotyry pory roku* (The four seasons) include "*Nova poiava*" (A new appearance), v.-skyi. [V. Skorupsky], *Novyi shliakh*, 14 April 1979; "*Pro novi vydannia*" (About new publications), *Svoboda* 16 June 1979; "Ukrainian" section, V. Babenko-Woodbury, *World Literature Today*, Autumn 1979; and an article by R. Struc, *Canadian Ethnic Studies*, 1(14, 1982).

Acknowledgements

"A Starry Tale" was published in *Nashe zhyttia* (New York) in 1977. "Trondheim," "Mirror," "Birthday Meditation," and "The Equinox of Spring" all appeared in *Chotyry pory roku* (The four seasons). [Munich]: Suchasnist, 1978. "Modern Edifice," "No Wishes," "The Sentimental Feelings" and "Too bad . . ." were published in *Slovo* (The word), vol. 8. Edmonton: Slovo, 1980.

Stefania Hurko (who also writes under the pen names ***Henadii Gwynt*** and ***Sofia Samotynska***) was born 13 February 1924 in the village of Yamnytsia, Western Ukraine. After completing *gymnasium* in Stanyslaviv in 1943, she took pedagogical training in Kolomyia and taught school in the village of Yabluntsi. After the war, she studied in the Faculty of Arts, University of Paris, (1945–7) then moved to Australia for a period of eight years. She emigrated to Canada in 1956 and now works as a library technician in Toronto.

Publications

ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vols. 6–8. Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1975–80; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975; *Estafeta* (The message).

New York-Toronto: Ukrainian Cultural Workers Association, 1974.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Suchasnist* (New York-Munich); *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto); *Homin Ukrainy* (Toronto); *Nashe zhyttia* (New York).

Editorial and critical work
"*Zhinky v literaturnykh tvorakh Volodymyra Vynnychenka*" (Women in the literary works of Volodymyr Vynnychenko), *Nashe zhyttia*, nos. 9–10, 1981.

Other media
STAGE: Has written two plays—*Akh, ti dity* (Oh, Those Kids) in one act, and *Oduzhannia* (Convalescence) in three acts.

Memberships
Slovo.

Translations
One of her poems has been translated into German and published in Wira Wowk, trans. *Der Baum: Ukrainische Kunst Heute* (The tree: Ukrainian art today). Rio de Janeiro: Companhia Brasileira de Artes Graficas, 1975. Her translation of Volodymyr Vynnychenko's *Prorok* (The Prophet) into English has not been published.

Acknowledgements
"Predestination", "To perceive the imperceptible", "The soul needs eternity" and "I praise the rectilinearity of the right angle" were all originally published in *Suchasnist* 3(159, 1974). "The Modernist" appeared in *Slovo* (The word), vol. 6. Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1975.

Oksana Elizabeth Jendyk (married name ***Dexter***) was born 28 August 1950 in Edmonton, Alberta. In 1970 she obtained a B.A. from the University of Alberta. She resides in Edmonton, where she works for Alberta Culture. Her parents emigrated to Canada from Ukraine in 1948.

Publications
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Quarry* (Kingston); *Green's Magazine* (Detroit).

Other media
Her work has been read on CBC "Anthology" in Alberta.

Translations
Translates from Ukrainian into English.

Acknowledgements
"Peoplescapes" was read on CBC (Alberta) "Anthology."

Yuri Klynovy is one of the pen names (along with ***Yuri Hamorak***) used by ***Yuriy (George) Stefanyk***, born 24 July 1909 in the village of Stetseva, Western Ukraine. After completing his early education in Kolomyia and Sniatyn, he studied law at the University of Lviv, obtaining his L.L.B. in 1935. The following year he paid an extended visit to Canada, where he co-edited the newspaper *Ukrainski visti* in Edmonton before returning to Western Ukraine in 1938 to co-edit the journal *Zhyttia i znannia* and oversee the publication of the monthly *Novitnyi remisnyk*. During the first Soviet occupation of Galicia (1939–41) he initially worked as a Ukrainian-langauge instructor at the Lviv Veterinary Institute and as a contributing editor for the Taras Shevchenko Literary Institute. However, he was arrested by Soviet

authorities in September 1940, only to be released in May 1941, one month before the German invasion of the USSR. Under the Nazi occupation he served as an editor for the Ukrainian Publishers of Lviv, then left for Germany in 1944 in advance of the Red Army's second occupation of Western Ukraine. He emigrated to Canada in 1948, settling in Edmonton, where he was employed as an administrator for the Public Trustee's office until his retirement. He died in Edmonton on 25 April 1985.

Publications

BOOKS: *Moim synam, moim pryiateliam: Statti i esei* (To my sons and to my friends: Articles and essays). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1981.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Nashi dni* (Lviv); *Novyi chas* (Lviv); *Kameniari* (Saskatoon); *Suchasnist* (New York-Munich); *Ukrainski visti* (Chicago); *Ukrainskyi holos* (Winnipeg); *Ukrainski visti* (Edmonton); *Svoboda* (Jersey City-New York); *Lysty do pryiateliv* (New York); *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto); and *Pivnichne siaivo* (Edmonton).

Editorial and critical work

Editor of *Vasyl Stefanyk: Tvory* (Vasyl Stefanyk: Works). Lviv: Ukrainske Vydavnytstvo, 1942; 2nd edition, Regensburg: Ukrainske Slovo, 1948; "*Mykola Khvylovy*," *Nashi dni* (Lviv), May 1943; Editor of *Les Martovych: Tvory, I–III* (Les Martovych: Works, I–III). Lviv-Cracow: Ukrainske Vydavnytstvo, n.d.; "*Poet i oaza*" (The poet and the oases), *Ukrainski visti* (Edmonton), 10 April 1961; "*Vasyl Symonenko—poet i ukrainets*" (Vasyl Symonenko—the poet and the Ukrainian), *Novi dni*, September 1965; *Ivan Franko i ioho poema 'Moisei'* " (Ivan Franko, and his poem 'Moses'), *Naukovi zapysky* (Munich), vol. XI, 1966; "*Piatyi zizd pysmennykiv Ukrainy*" (The fifth congress of writers of Ukraine), *Lysty do pryiateliv*, 1–3, 1967; "*Try poety—try poetychni zbirky*" (Three poets—three collections of poetry), *Ukrainski visti* (Edmonton), 19 November 1970; Editor of *Slovo* (The word), vols. IV–X, 1970–1983; Editor of *Nashe spadshchyna* (Our heritage). Edmonton: Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund, 1974; "*Veleten znekrovlenoi literatury*" (The giant of bloodless literature), I.V. Fedorenko (ed.), *Stylovi shukannia Mykhaila Kotsiubynskoho* (The stylistic searchings of Mykhailo Kotsiubynsky). Toronto-New York: Moloda Ukraina, 1975; See the selected articles and essays in *Moim synam, moim pryiateliam*, cited above; "*Dyviziinyky i ikh poet*" (The [Galician] Division members and their poet), introduction to *Bohdan Bora: Buremni dni* (Bohdan Bora: Stormy days). Toronto-London (UK): Bratstva Voiakiv l-oi Ukrainskoi Dyvizii i Obiednannia buv. voiakiv u Velykoi Brytanii, 1982; Editor of Yuri Tkacz (trans.), *Funny tears: Short stories*, by Mykola Ponedilok. Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, 1982; "*Shchob ne zabuty Vasylia S. Levytskoho*" (So as not to forget Vasyl S. Levytsky), *Novyi shliakh*, 16 October 1982; "*Viktor Kuchenko—liudyna, poet, kulturnyi diach*" (Victor Kupchenko—the man, the poet, the cultural activist), Introduction to *Viktor Kupchenko: Poeziia i proza* (Victor Kupchenko: Poetry and prose). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1982; "*Iurii Morachevsky, ioho batky, ioho pryiatel*" (Yuri Morachevsky, his parents, his friends), *Suchasnist* 11–12(271–2, 1983).

Memberships

Slovo

Translations

Several of his essays and introductions have been translated into French and English. His preface to a biographical outline of Vasyl Stefanyk was translated into Russian by H. Liashko and published without acknowledgement (he is given credit as a "researcher") in *Rasskaz* (Stories). Moscow: Sovetskyi Pysatel, 1947. Other works by him were republished in a similar manner (i.e., without acknowledgement) in Soviet publications over the years.

Criticism and reviews

B. Kravtsiv, "*Iurii Stefanyk—Biohraf 'Poeta tverdoi dushi* (Yuri Stefanyk—biographer of "The poet of the rigorous conscience"), *Svoboda*, 15 February 1969; U. Samchuk, "*Iurii Stefanyk*," *Ukrainskyi holos*, 27 November 1974; Y. Movchan, "*Tsikave pro Vasylia Stefanyka*" (Some interesting things about Vasyl Stefanyk), *Svoboda*, 10, 12, November 1981; A. Kopach,

"*Mandrivka po literaturnykh svitakh*" (Journey through literary worlds), *Novyi shliakh*, 20 February 1982; I. Kaczurowsky, "*Ohliad knyzhky Iu. Klynovoho, 'Moim synam, moim pryiateliam'* " (A survey of Y. Klynovy's book, 'To my sons and to my friends'), *Ukrainski visti* (Chicago), 18 April 1982; M. Dalny, "*Moim synam, moim pryiateliam*" (To my sons and to my friends), *Novi dni*, June 1982; Y. Klymovsky, "*Moim synam, moim pryiateliam*" (To my sons and to my friends), *Svoboda*, 8, 10, 12 October 1982; S. Naumovych, "*Literaturoznavstvo Iuriia Stefanyka*" (The literary scholarship of Yuriy Stefanyk), *Novi dni*, February 1983; and I. Smoley, "*Pysmennyk i ioho seredovyshche*" (The writer and his milieu), *Suchasnist* 10(270, 1983).

Acknowledgements
"Tragedy and Triumph in the Stefanyk Family" originally appeared in *Suchasnist* 6(126, 1971), and was reprinted in *Moim synam, moim pryiateliam* (To my sons and to my friends). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1981.

Myrna Ann Kostash was born 2 September 1944 in Edmonton. She obtained a B.A. from the University of Alberta (1965), and an M.A. from the University of Toronto (1968). She has taught courses in Women's Studies, University of Toronto; Creative Writing, Faculty of Extension, University of Alberta; and The New Journalism, Summer School of the Arts, Fort San, Saskatchewan. She is currently a freelance writer in Edmonton. Her maternal and paternal grandparents from Galicia, Western Ukraine, settled in Alberta by 1911.

Publications

BOOKS: *All of baba's children*. Edmonton: Hurtig, 1977; *Long way from home: The story of the sixties generation in Canada*. Toronto: Lorimer, 1980.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Her own woman*. Toronto: Macmillan, 1975; Rudy Wiebe (ed.), *Getting here*. Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1977; *Still ain't satisfied*. Toronto: Women's Press, 1982; Varda Burstyn (ed.), *Women against censorship*. Vancouver: Douglas and McIntyre, 1985.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Saturday Night* (Toronto); *Maclean's* (Toronto); *Chatelaine* (Toronto); *Toronto Life*; *NeWest Review* (Edmonton); *This Magazine* (Toronto); *Canadian* (Toronto); *Camrose Review* (Camrose, Alberta); *Edmonton Journal*; *Broadside* (Toronto); *Student* (Toronto-Edmonton); *Descant* (Toronto).

Other media

FILM: *Teach Me To Dance*, NFB drama, 1978; *Where is Rosa?*, NFB drama, 1985;
TV: "Judge Sisson," CBC documentary, 1979. "Alberta Landscape," CBC documentary, 1980.
STAGE: *1985*, a three-act drama staged in Edmonton by Workshop West in 1982.

Memberships

ACTRA; Writer's Union of Canada; P.E.N. International; Periodical Writers' Association of Canada; Writers' Guild of Alberta.

Criticism and reviews

"Search for home," A. Suknaski, *Canadian Literature*, No. 77 (Summer 1978); "Kostash: The children have grown," A. Makuch, *Student*, (February 1978); "An interview with Myrna Kostash: One of baba's children," B. Bergman and K. Blinston, *Gateway*, 23 February 1978; "What would Baba say now? A Conversation with Myrna Kostash," *New Perspectives*, 18 February 1978; "New films portray pioneer struggle," A. Makuch, *Student*, (January 1979); "Canadian women writers," K. Govier, *Harpers & Queen*, (November 1980); "Interview with Myrna Kostash," D.E. Smyth, *Atlantis*, vol. 6, no. 2 (1981); "A passionate dissident: Myrna Kostash," D. Hillis, *Canadian Author and Bookman*, (November 1982); *Fatum asymiliatsii chy borotba za svoieridnist?* (Inevitable assimilation or the struggle for identity?), V. Hruzyn, *Vsesvit* (Kiev), (July 1986).

Acknowledgements
"Leonid Plyushch—His Prairie Odyssey" originally appeared in *Student*, (July 1978), and was subsequently reprinted in *This Magazine*.

Dmytro Kozij (who also wrote under the pen names ***Skytsky*** and ***M. Ellinsky***) was born 6 November 1894 in the village of Dorohiv, Western Ukraine. The son of an enlightened, self-educated peasant farmer, he graduated from the classical *gymnasium* in Stanyslaviv in 1913, but was conscripted into the Austrian Army before he could finish his studies. After fulfilling combat duties with the Ukrainian Galician Army during the revolution, he re-entered the University of Lviv in 1924 to study Ukrainian language, drama, and philosophy. He then took his examinations in classical philosophy in Cracow, Poland. During the interwar years he taught at *gymnasia* in Rohatyn and Iavoriv. During the Second World War he was the language editor for Ukrainske Vydavnytsvo (Ukrainian Publishers) in Lviv. Kozij permanently settled in Canada in 1962, working as a teacher in the Ukrainian school system. He died on 20 September 1978 in Florida.

Publications
BOOKS: A selection of his essays, reviews, articles and sketches is to be published shortly under the title *Hlybynnyi etos* (The deep ethos).
ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vols. 7–8. Edmonton: Slovo, 1978–80.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Svit* (Lviv); *Dilo* (Lviv); *Zhyttia i znannia* (Lviv); *Literaturno-naukovyi vistnyk* (Lviv); *Suchasnist* (Munich-New York); *Plastovyi shliakh* (Toronto); *Lysty do pryiateliv* (New York); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto); *Ameryka* (Philadelphia).

Editorial and critical work
Numerous articles, essays and reviews on classical literature and leading Ukrainian writers (from Shevchenko to Lina Kostenko), published in journals and periodicals cited above, particularly *Lysty do pryiateliv* (Letters to friends), 1962–1967.

Memberships
Slovo.

Translations
Although not known as a translator, Kozij was proficient in Greek, Latin, German, Finnish and most of the Slavic languages.

Criticism and reviews
See: "*Dmytro Kozii vidiishov u vichnist*" (Dmytro Kozij has gone to his eternal rest), Y. Klynovy, *Slovo* (The word), vol. 8. Toronto: Slovo, 1980; "*Pamiati Dmytra Koziia*" (In memory of Dmytro Kozij), I.B., *Suchasnist* 7–8(223, 1979); "*Svitlii pamiati pok. Dmytra Koziia*" (To the esteemed memory of the de[ceased] Dmytro Kozij), S. Sokhnaivsky, *Novyi shliakh*, 23–30 December 1978.

Acknowledgements
"The Myth of Gyges, his Ring and Metamorphoses" appeared in *Slovo* (The word), vol. 8. Edmonton: Slovo, 1980.

Janice Kulyk Keefer was born 2 June 1952 in Toronto. She obtained a B.A. (English) from the University of Toronto and an M.A. (modern literature) and Ph.D. (English) from the University of Sussex, England. She taught

literature courses at the University of Sussex and the Université St. Anne in Churchpoint, Nova Scotia, where she now makes her home. Her paternal grandparents emigrated to Canada from Ukraine in 1913, and her Ukrainian mother and maternal grandparents in 1936.

Publications

BOOKS: *The Paris-Napoli Express*. Ottawa: Oberon Press, 1986; *Black Water*. Charlottetown: Ragweed Press, 1986.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Waves (Toronto); Descant* (Toronto); *Northern Light* (Winnipeg); *Grain* (Saskatoon); *Atlantis* (Halifax); *NeWest Review* (Saskatoon); *Malahat Review* (Victoria); *Quarry* (Kingston); *Prism International* (Vancouver); *Canadian Forum* (Toronto); *Antigonish Review* (Antigonish); *North Dakota Quarterly* (Grand Forks); *Wascana Review* (Regina); *Canadian Fiction Magazine* (Toronto).

Awards

Winner of the Norma Epstein Award for Poetry, University of Toronto, 1974; First prize, *Prism International* Fiction Competition, Vancouver, 1985; First prize, Short Fiction Category, CBC Radio Literary Competition, 1985, 1986.

Memberships

Nova Scotia Writers' Federation

Svitlana Kuzmenko is the literary pen name of ***Svitlana Hrybinsky,*** born 22 September 1928 in Chernihiv province, Ukraine. She obtained her early education in the Poltava region and in Regensburg, Germany, then emigrated to Canada in 1948, where she studied library science at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute in Toronto, and Russian and English Literature at the University of Toronto. She is a library technician at the University of Toronto.

Publications

BOOKS: *Ivasyk i ioho abetka* (Ivasyk and his alphabet). Toronto: OPLDM, 1973; *Novotalalaivski refleksii* (New Talalaivka's reflections). Toronto-Edmonton: Slovo, 1976; *Pivnykova pryhoda* (The little rooster's adventures). Toronto: OPLDM, 1981; *Vichnyi proroslen* (The eternal sprout). Toronto: Slovo, 1981; *U siaivi promeniv* (In the beam's glow). Toronto: Slovo, 1984.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vols. 5–9. Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1973–1981; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975; Y. Stefanyk (ed.), *Nasha spadshchyna* (Our heritage). Edmonton: Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund, 1979.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Zhinochyi svit* (Toronto); *Nashe zhyttia* (New York); *Moloda Ukraina* (Toronto); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto); *Ukrainskyi holos* (Winnipeg); *Suchasnist* (Munich-New York); *Veselka* (New York).

Editorial and critical work

Co-editor, with Bohdan Hoshovsky, *Zibrani tvory Oksany Laturynskoi* (Collected works of Oksana Laturynska). Toronto: Obiednannia Ukrainok Kanady, 1983; Literary editor, *Novyi shliakh*.

Awards

Second prize, "*Literaturnyi konkurs*" sponsored by PLAST, Philadelphia, 1978; Honourary mentions for her stories and books, Ivan Franko Literary Foundation, Chicago, 1978, 1981.

Memberships
Slovo; Association of Ukrainian Writers for Children and Youth.

Translations
Her stories "*Margaryta*" (Margaret) and "*Pryhoda z milionom doliariv*" (The million dollar adventure) were translated into English and published in *Zhinochyi svit*, no. 6 and no. 7–8, 1981. She has herself translated into Ukrainian the Patricia Kylyna novel, *The horsemen* (Vershynyky), published in *Suchasnist* 4(220, 1979); and the George Ryga play, *Indian*, published in Y. Stefanyk (ed.), *Nashe spadshchyna* (Our heritage). Edmonton: Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund, 1975.

Criticism and reviews
"*Svitlana Kuzmenko: Novotalalaiivski refleksii*" (Svitlana Kuzmenko: New Talalaivaka's reflections), D. Kozij, *Zhinochyi svit*, no. 11–12, 1976; "*Nebudenna poiava*" (An unusual appearance), A. Halan, *Narodna volia*, 20 February 1975; "*Vichnyi prorosten Svitlany Kuzmenko*" (The eternal sprout of Svitlana Kuzmenko), A. Iuryniak, *Narodna volia*, no. 48, 1981; "*U prominni svitloii tvorchosty*" (In the beams of radiant creativity) A. Halan, *Novyi shliakh*, 5 December 1981; "*Kazka pro rodovyi korin: natsionalnyi identychnist*" (A story about family roots: national identity), V. Barahura, *Svoboda*, 23 July 1981; "*Svitlana Kuzmenko*," O. Hay-Holowko, *Ukrainskyi holos*, 31 March 1982; "*Svitlana Kuzmenko*," M. Harasevych, *Svoboda*, 18 July 1983; "*Poeziia chuttia, zvukiv i dumky* (Poetry of feelings, sounds and ideas), M. Shcherbak, *Ukrainski visti*, 19 February 1984; "*Zustrich z poeziieiu*" (An encounter with poetry), O. Kerch, *Vyzvolnyi shliakh* (London, UK) 2 August 1984; "*U siiavi promeniv—zbirka poezii spovnenykh optymizmy*" (In radiant beams—a collection of poems filled with optimism), V. Barahura, *Svoboda*, 30 January 1985; "*Dva vizyty u svit poezii*" (Two visits in the world of poetry), V. Svaroh, *Ukrainski visti*, 24 February 1985; "*A ia shukaiu sertsia liudskyi holos...Shchob zhyty i rosty*" (And I look for the heart of the human voice...To live and grow), A. Iuryniak, *Svoboda*, 16 March 1985.

Acknowledgements
"Roman Tomatoes" was published in *Zhinochyi svit*, no. 9, 1974. "Son," "The Immigrant" and "Spring" were published in *Vichnyi prorosten* (The eternal sprout). Toronto: Slovo, 1981.

Myron Levytsky was born 14 October 1913 in Lviv, Western Ukraine. He attended the art school of O. Novakivsky in Lviv and the Academy of Art in Cracow, Poland. Emigrating to Canada in 1949, he lives as a professional artist in Toronto.

Publications
BOOKS: *Likhtari. Noveli* (Lanterns: Short stories). Edmonton: Slovo, 1982.
ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The Word), vols. 6, 9, 10. Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1975, 1981, 1983.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Literaturna hazeta* (Munich); *Moloda Ukraina* (Toronto); *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work
"Peredmova" (Introduction), Lomachka, Swyryd. *Liubov do blyzhnoho* (Love thy neighbour). New York-Toronto: Moloda Ukraina, 1961. Has designed and illustrated numerous Ukrainian books published in Canada.

Memberships
Slovo

Criticism and reviews
I. Kedryn, *Svoboda*, 15 July 1982; B. Stebelsky, *Literatura i mystetstvo* (Toronto), no. 2, 1983; S. Kuzmenko, *Zhinochyi svit*, no. 6, 1983; V. Skorupskyj, *Novyi shliakh*, 14 October 1983. See also Darewych, Daria. *Myron Levytsky*. Toronto: Ukrainian Artists' Association, 1985.

Wasyl Sofroniw Levytsky (who also used the pen name ***Vadym Inshyi***) was born on 14 December 1899 in the village of Struhantsi, Western Ukraine. At the age of seventeen he joined the Ukrainian Sich Riflemen, and although he fought with them during the revolution (until 1920), he still managed to graduate from the classical *gymnasium* in 1918. In his twenties he enrolled in Slavic studies at the underground University of Lviv and at Charles University in Prague, Czechoslovakia. Subsequently he travelled to France. Upon returning to Western Ukraine he worked as an editor and journalist, leaving for Germany in 1943. He emigrated to Canada in 1948, and settled in Toronto. After several labouring jobs he became a full-time journalist for the Ukrainian Canadian press. He died in Toronto on 1 November 1975.

Publications

BOOKS: *Pid smikh viiny* (Under the laughter of war). Kiev-Lviv: Rusalka, 1921; *Bo viina viinoiu* (Because war is war). Lviv-Kiev: Chervona Kalyna, 1922; *Sviato vesny* (Spring rite). Lviv: Svit Dytyny, 1926; *Hrishnyk* (The sinner). Lviv: Chervona Kalyna, 1927; *Lypneva otruta* (The poison of July). Lviv: Dilo, 1934; *Nasha kooperatyvna belietrystyka. Referat na vakatsiinim kooperatyvnim kursi u Vorokhti v lypni 1938* (Our co-operative *belles lettres*: A paper on the co-operative summer courses in Vorokhta in July 1938). Lviv: Tovarystvo Ukrainskykh Kooperatoriv, 1938; *Parka v parku* (A couple of lovers in the park). N.p. [Germany]: Biblioteka Taborovoi Stsenky, 1946; *Babusyn kozhushok* (Granny's sheepskin coat). N.p. [Germany]: Biblioteka Taborovoi Stsenky, 1946; *Ia khochu! Ia mushu!* (I want! I must!). N.p. [Germany]: Biblioteka Taborovoi Stsenky, 1946; *Titka z provintsii* (The aunt from the provinces). N.p. [Germany]: Biblioteka Taborovoi Stsenky, 1947; *Hirskymy plaiamy. Opovidannia* (Mountain pathways: Stories). Augsburg: N.p., 1947; *Klianialysia vam try Ukrainy* (Three Ukraines bowed to you). Winnipeg-Toronto: Novyi Shliakh, 1970; *Iunyi skomorokh. Piesy dlia molodi* (The young scaramouch: Plays for children and young people). Toronto: Teatralna Biblioteka, 1972; *Lypneva otruta. Vybrane* (The poison of July: Selected short stories). Toronto: Novyi Shliakh, 1972; *Pid veselym oborohom. Piesy dlia teatriv malykh form* (Under the jolly haystack: Plays for the theatre of small forms). Toronto: Komitet 'Za Amatorskyi Teatr,' 1974; *Respublika za drotamy. Zapysy skytaltsia* (Title page reads—D.P. camp relic: Notes of a displaced person). Toronto: Novyi Shliakh, 1983.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vols. 5–6. Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1973–5.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Svit dytyny* (Lviv); *Nazustrich* (Lviv); *Novyi chas* (Lviv); *Dilo* (Lviv); *Mytusa* (Lviv); *Litopys chervonoi kalyny* (Lviv); *Vilne slovo* (Toronto); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work

Literary editor for the publisher, Ivan Tyktor, Lviv, 1926–8; Editor, *Hospodarsko-kooperatyvnyi chasopys*, Lviv, 1928–43; Editor, *Litopys chervonoi kalyny*, Lviv, 1929–39; Editor, *Zemlia* (a weekly published during the war years for Ukrainian labourers conscripted by the Nazis), Germany, 1943–5; Editor, *Vilne slovo*, Toronto, 1956–60; Editor, *Novyi shliakh*, Toronto, 1960–75; *Idiomy Ukrainskoi movy* (Idioms of the Ukrainian language). Winnipeg: UVAN, 1963.

Other media

FILM: Co-author (with Roman Kupchynsky) of the script for *Dlia dobra i krasy* (For the good and for beauty), produced by the first co-operative film company in Western Ukraine, which he helped to found in Lviv.

STAGE: Literary director of *"Veselyi Lviv"* theatre group, 1942–3, for which he wrote comedies and satires. Among them are *Parka v parku* (A couple of lovers in the park); *Romantychna vatra* (The romantic bonfire); and *Ievshanzillia* (The magic herb).

Awards

First prize for early short stories, *Literaturnyi konkurs*, sponsored by the weekly, *Buduchyna*, Lviv, 1921; First prize for the play, *"Ievshanzillia"* (The magic herb), *Literaturnyi konkurs*, sponsored by *SFUZhO*, Lviv, 1943.

Translations

Translated from German and French into Ukrainian, including Balzac's *The wild ass's skin* and several short stories by Mérimeé, published under the title *Blakytna kimnata* (The blue room); and three stories by Guy de Maupassant, published as *Sertse liudyny* (The human heart). Lviv: Novyi Chas, 1927.

Criticism and reviews

For reviews of the two editions of *Lypneva otruta*, see an article by L. Hranychka (pseudonym for Dr. L. Lutsiv), *Literaturno-naukovyi vistnyk*, 1935; the article by M. Rudnytsky, in *Dilo*, details unknown; the article by O. Dniprovsky and E. Y. Pelensky in *Novyi chas*, details unknown; the article by Dr. M. Hnatyshyn in *Dzvony*, details unknown; and *"Bud spivtsem krasy, shchastia i liubov"* (Be a singer of beauty, good fortune and love), V. Skorupsky, *Slovo* (The word), vol. 6. Toronto: Slovo: 1975; *"A literatura taky vazhlyvisha"* (But literature is ultimately more important) and *"Deshcho pro pryzabutoho maistra ukrainskoi noveli* (Some comments about the overlooked master of the Ukrainian story), Y. Klynovy, *Moim synam, moi pryiatelam* (To my sons and to my friends). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1981.

Acknowledgements

"Klikusha" appeared in *Lypneva otruta. Vybrane* (The poison of July: Selected short stories). Toronto: Novyi Shliakh, 1972.

Vera Lysenko (who also wrote under the name ***Luba Novack***) is the pen-name of ***Vera Lesik***, born 7 August 1910 in Winnipeg, Manitoba. After graduating from St. John's Technical High School in 1925 at the age of fourteen, she attended the University of Manitoba where she received her B.A. (Honours) in 1930. She was a nurse and taught high school in Alberta before moving to eastern Canada in 1936. There, she worked as a journalist, salesperson, teacher, factory hand, night-school instructor, domestic servant and research clerk. She also wrote synopses of French novels for *Magazine Digest* until the Second World War disrupted communications with France. In the early forties she was employed by the *Windsor Star*, which she left in 1943 to begin researching her first book. After 1956 she became disillusioned with writing and adopted a reclusive lifestyle, dying in Toronto in October 1975 (she was cremated on 21 October). Her parents, Andrew and Anna (née Movchan) Lesik were Stundist Ukrainians who emigrated to Canada in 1903 from the small city of Tarashcha, south of Kiev.

Publications

BOOKS: *Men in sheepskin coats: A study in assimilation*. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1947; *Yellow boots*. New York: Bouregy and Curl Inc. for The Ryerson Press (Toronto), 1954; *Westerly wild*. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1956.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Windsor Star, Magazine Digest*.

MANUSCRIPTS: Among the personal papers housed in the Public Archives of Canada are diaries, notebooks, drafts of short stories and articles, and the following major works: "The lady and the pooks" (musical); "Rooted sorrow" (novel); "The torch" (autobiographical novel) and numerous other fragments of fictional and non-fiction prose.

Translations
Worked as a French-English literary translator.

Criticism and reviews
"New Canadian letters," Watson Kirkconnell, *The University of Toronto Quarterly*, vol. XVII, 1947, 1947-8.

Acknowledgements
"The Wreath Plaiters" and "The Marriage Rites" are excerpted from *Yellow boots*. New York: Bouregy and Curl Inc. for The Ryerson Press, 1954.

Irena Rima Makaryk was born 29 June 1951 in Toronto. She obtained a BA., M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Toronto and now teaches English literature at the University of Ottawa. Her parents emigrated to Canada from Ukraine in 1949.

Publications
ANTHOLOGIES: Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Suchasnist* (Munich-New York); *Homin Ukrainy* (Toronto); *Ukrainian Echo* (Toronto); *Iunak* (Toronto); *Student* (Toronto); *Nashe zhyttia* (New York); *Svoboda* (Jersey City-New York); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work
"Comic justice in Shakespeare," *Studies in English Literature*, no. 91, 1981; "Soviet views of Shakespeare's comedies," *Shakespeare Studies*, vol. 15, December 1982; "Lesia Ukrainka's *Blakytna troianda* [The azure rose]: Apropos the Theme of Psychic Murder," *Studia Ukrainica*, vol. 2, 1983; "Gogol and the Ukrainian dramatic tradition," *Annals of the Ukrainian Free Academy of Arts and Sciences*, 1986.

Other media
TV: "Volodymyr" (*Interviu z Volodymyrom Velykym*—Interview with Volodymyr the Great), twenty-minute script for "Ukrainian Television Program," CITY-TV, Toronto, 1978.

Memberships
Slovo; Association of Ukrainian-Canadian Journalists.

Translations
Her poems have been translated into Portuguese and published in W. Wowk (trans.), *O càntaro: A nova arte Ucrainiana* (Sing out. New Ukrainian art). Rio de Janeiro: Companhia Brasileira de Artes Graficas, 1973; and also into German in W. Wowk (trans.), in *Der Baum: Ukrainische Kunst Heute* (The tree: Ukrainian art today). Rio de Janeiro: Companhia Brasileira de Artes Graficas, 1975. She herself translates from Ukrainian into English and vice versa.

Criticism and reviews
See I. Bodnarchuk's article about her in *Ukrainskyi holos*, 20 December 1972.

Acknowledgements
"The Passion" was originally published in *Suchasnist* 3(147, 1973). "Fury" appeared in *Suchasnist* 1(169, 1975). "Wilderness" was published in Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975.

Theodore Matwijenko was born in 1924 in the Dnieper region of Ukraine. His formal education was cut short by the outbreak of the Second World War, and in 1943 he was conscripted for work in a town near Berlin,

Germany. After living briefly as an illegal immigrant in France and Spain, he emigrated to Canada in 1952 and settled in Toronto, where he is employed as an intertypist at Kiev Printers.

Publications

BOOKS: *Sonety* (Sonnets). Toronto: [The author], 1961.

ANTHOLOGIES: Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vols. I–V. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1964–71; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975; *Slovo* (The Word), vols. 8–9. Edmonton: Slovo, 1980, 1982.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Moloda Ukraina* (Toronto).

Criticism and reviews

"*Ohliad ukrainskyh vydan u Kanadi, II,*" Yar Slavutych, *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern Lights) Vol. V. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1971; "*Ukrainska poeziia v Kanadi,*" in Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Zakhidno kanadskyi zbirnyk* (Collected papers on Ukrainian settlers in western Canada). Edmonton: Shevchenko Scientific Society, 1973.

Bohdan Mazepa was born in 1928 in the village of Denysiv, Ternopil region, Western Ukraine, where he completed his primary education. He attended secondary school in Germany (moving there in 1944), and after emigrating to Canada in 1948 furthered his studies at the University of Alberta on a part-time basis for several years. From 1966 to 1971 he worked as a correspondent for the "Voice of Ukraine" radio programme of the foreign-language service of the CBC. He resided in Edmonton, where he died on 25 November 1978.

Publications

BOOKS: *Zoriana dal* (The starlit horizon). Edmonton: Friends of the author, 1956; *Polumiani akordy* (Flaming accords). Edmonton: Slovo, 1976.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vols. 5–8. Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1973–1980; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern Lights), vols. I–V. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1964–71.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Ukrainski visti* (Edmonton); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work

"Oleksander Luhovy i ioho tvorchist" (Oleksander Luhovy and his works). *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vol. I. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1964.

Memberships

Slovo.

Criticism and reviews

"*Literaturnyi vechir*" (Literary evening), D. Pelekh, *Homin Ukrainy*, 23 July 1955; "*Iz literaturnoho vechora B. Mazepy*" (From the literary evening of B. Mazepa), S.S. Sass, *Novyi shliakh*, 5 August 1955; "*Zhyva poetychna tvorchist*" (Living poetic works), V.M.L., *Narodna volia*, 27 February 1959; "Publications in other languages," W. Kirkconnell, *University of Toronto Quarterly*, vol. XXVI, 1956–7; J.B. Rudnyckyj, *Z podorozhei po Kanadi* (From my travels about Canada). Winnipeg: Ivan Tyktor, 1959; M. Mandryka, "Bohdan Mazepa," *History of Ukrainian literature in Canada*. Winnipeg-Ottawa: UVAN, 1968; "*Pamiati Bohdana Mazepy (1928–1978)*, Borys Oleksandriv, *Slovo* (The word), vol. 8. Edmonton: Slovo, 1980.

Acknowledgements
"My Songs," "Wail More Quietly Winds," "To a Critic," "Autumn" and "A Night in Banff" were all published originally in *Zoriana dal* (The starry horizon). Edmonton: Friends of the author, 1956. "Ukraine" appeared in *Polumiani akordy* (Flaming accords). Edmonton: Slovo, 1976.

George Roman Melnyk was born 10 August 1946 in West Germany. He was educated in Winnipeg, where he obtained an Honours B.A. from the University of Manitoba in 1968. A year later he completed an M.A. in history at the University of Chicago, and in 1972 received an M.A. in philosophy at the University of Toronto. He has taught various courses in Canadian studies at York University (Toronto) and Grant MacEwan Community College (Edmonton), and was a founder of the NeWest Institute of Western Canadian Studies in Edmonton, serving as its president from 1979 to 1983. Having worked several years as a freelance writer, editor and publisher, he is now the Executive Director of the Alberta Foundation for the Literary Arts, in Calgary.

Publications

BOOKS: *Radical regionalism*. Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1981. *The empty quarter*. Camrose (Alberta): Sidereal Press, 1983; *The search for community: From utopia to a co-operative society*. Montreal: Black Rose Books, 1985.

ANTHOLOGIES: W.J. Keith, (ed.), *A voice in the land*. Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1981; B. Zwicker and D. McDonald, (eds.), *The news: Inside the Canadian media*. Ottawa: Deneau, 1983.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *NeWest Review* (Edmonton); *Vie des Arts* (Montreal); *Our Generation* (Montreal); *CVII* (Winnipeg); *Quill and Quire* (Toronto); *White Pelican* (Edmonton).

Editorial and critical work

Founder and editor of *NeWest Review*, Edmonton, 1975–80. (Now published in Saskatoon.) Editor of *Of the spirit: Writings by Douglas Cardinal*. Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1977. Founder and publisher (1977–82) of *NeWest Press*, Edmonton.

Memberships

Writers' Guild of Alberta; Writer's Union of Canada; P.E.N. International.

Translations

Translates from Ukrainian into English.

Acknowledgements
"The Indian as Ethnic" originally appeared in *Radical regionalism*. Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1981, and is reprinted here in revised form.

Nick (Mychajluk) Mitchell was born 11 August 1949 in Winnipeg, where he earned a B.A. from the University of Manitoba. A resident of Winnipeg, he works as a freelance writer. His Ukrainian father and Belorussian mother emigrated to Canada from Europe in 1949.

Publications

JOURNALS AND PERIODICALS: *Winnipeg Free Press*; *Manitoba Business Magazine*; *Writers' News Manitoba*; *Arts Manitoba*; *Education Manitoba*; *Prairie Fire*—all published in Winnipeg; and *Writ* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work
Fiction editor for *Prairie Fire*, published by the Manitoba Writers' Guild.

Other media
FILM: Has adapted the Paul Kligman radio drama, "The Scar," with the assistance of the Winnipeg Film Group, and done work for the NFB, Degah Productions and Cygnus Films.
STAGE: Plays for the Manitoba Multicultural Theatre Festival and the Manitoba Community Theatre Festival, 1980; the Manitoba Playwrights Development Program, 1982; and Agassiz Productions, 1984.

Awards
J.J. Borofsky Prize for "the most outstanding original writing by an undergraduate," University of Manitoba; Manitoba Radio Drama Competition Award, 1983; Manitoba Multicultural Anthology Award, 1985.

Memberships
Manitoba Writers' Guild; Manitoba Association of Playwrights; Canadian Conference of the Arts.

George Joseph Morrissette was born on 12 June 1938 in Winnipeg. He obtained a B.F.A. degree from the University of Manitoba in 1960, and in 1971 he completed his M.A. at Herbert Lehman College in New York City. Today he is a self-employed writer and the art critic for CBC Winnipeg. Although adopted and raised by a Métis family, he later learned from his natural mother that his ancestry is Ukrainian. His forefathers emigrated to Canada from Ukraine in the early part of the twentieth century.

Publications
BOOKS: *Prairie howl*. Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1977; *Two for father*, with Andrew Suknaski. Wood Mountain (Saskatchewan): Sundog Press, 1978; *Three legged coyote and Up against the open sky*. Wood Mountain (Saskatchewan): Andrew Suknaski, 1980; *Finding mom at Eaton's*. Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1981.
ANTHOLOGIES: P. Christensen and L. Daniels (eds.), *"Ride off any horizon": New poetry west*. Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1983.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Salt* (Moose Jaw); *NeWest Review* (Edmonton-Saskatoon); *The Manitoban* (Winnipeg); *Northern Light* (Winnipeg); *The Pemmican Journal* (Winnipeg); *The Lunatic Gazette* (Guelph); *Mid-Continental Review* (Winnipeg); *Arts Manitoba* (Winnipeg); *Parallelogramme* (Toronto).

Other media
FILM: *Le Mêtif Enragé*, based on the poem "A L'auberge du Violin," produced by the Winnipeg Film Group, 1982.
TV: "A Father At Last," a comedy with the Shoestring Theatre of Montreal, 1962.
STAGE: *The story of day and night*, a children's play staged at Actors' Showcase and the Winnipeg Art Gallery, 1975.
RADIO: "Emile and the Devil," CBC drama, 1963.

Translations
Worked with Soichi Furuta at Lehman College on translations of Japanese haiku: *Cape Jasmine and pomegranates*. New York: Grossman Publishers, 1974.

Criticism and reviews
"Prairie report," R. Penner, *Poetry Canada Review* 1, no. 4, (1981); "*A la recherche du pays Canada*," L. Pyke, *Quill & Quire*, March 1979; *Finding mom at Eaton's* reviewed by D. Helwig, *Toronto Star*, 29 August 1982; "Chapbooks," B. Hunter, *Cross Canada Quarterly* 4, no. 4.

Acknowledgements
"Adoption," "The Bastard's Search," "Eaton's Dept. Store" and "Moore's Restaurant" are excerpted from *Finding Mom at Eaton's*. Turnstone Press, 1981.

Nina Mudryk Mryc is the literary name used by ***Jaroslawa Neonila Mryc***, born 5 June 1927 in Lviv, Western Ukraine, where she completed her early education. She studied in Vienna, Austria, and at Bielitz and Karlsfeld-Berchtesgaden (Ukrainian Higher Plastic Art, 1947) in Germany. In 1951 she emigrated to Canada where she studied at the University of Toronto (Faculty of Arts) in 1954, the Ontario College of Arts in 1955, and at the Central Technical School in Toronto (Etching and Engraving) in 1977. She currently resides in Toronto, where she has worked as a laboratory technician.

Publications

BOOKS: *Namystechko* (The little necklace). Cleveland: Vydannia I. M.K. U.P.S. im. Stepana Tysovskoho, 1955; *Svitanky i sumerky* (Daybreaks and nightfalls). Toronto-Cleveland: The author, 1958; *Po iahidky* (After berries). Toronto-Chicago: The author, 1965; *Pryhoda hordoi kytsi* (The adventures of the haughty kitty-cat). Toronto-Cleveland: Uchytelska Hromada v Klivlendi, 1965; *Pryhody horishka* (The adventures of the little nut [as in fruit]). Toronto-New York: OPLDM, 1970; *Vohnyk* (The little flame). Cleveland: Plastovyi Muzei, 1971; *Legendy* (Legend). Toronto-Edmonton: Slovo, 1973; *Na svitanku* (At daybreak). Toronto: OPLDM, 1974; *Soniashni kazky* (Sunny stories). Toronto: OPLDM, 1975; *Prohulianka v abetku* (An excursion into the alphabet). Toronto: OPLDM, 1978; *Veselkovyi rushnyk* (The rainbow-coloured towel). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1981. *Maliuvannia* (Painting). Toronto: OPLDM, 1983; *Dytiachyi kutok* (Children's corner). Toronto: OPLDM, 1983; *Kalynova sopilka* (The guelder-rose flute). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1983.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Veselka* (New York); *Hotuis* (Toronto); *Zhinochyi svit* (Toronto); *Promin* (Winnipeg).

Awards

Her children's books, *Pryhody horishka* (The adventures of the little nut) and *Vohnyk* (The little flame), were awarded first prize, Ivan Franko Literary Fund, Chicago, 1974; *Na svitanku (At daybreak) and Soniashni kazky* (Sunny stories) won first prize, Ivan Franko Literary Fund, Chicago, 1978.

Memberships

Slovo; Association of Ukrainian Writers for Children and Youths.

Translations

Has translated German fairy tales into Ukrainian and published them in the periodicals listed above.

Acknowledgements
"*V kraini mystetsva*" (In the Land of Art) was originally published in V. Radzykevych and K. Kysilevsky (ed.), *Promeni* (Rays). New York: Shkilna Rada pry UKKA, 1955.

Michael John Nimchuk was born 13 October 1934 in Port Arthur (Thunder Bay), Ontario. He studied four years at the University of Toronto during which time he worked briefly (1959–61) as a critic for Nathan Cohen. In 1961 he joined the CBC, where he was a story editor and taught a course in drama writing. Over the years he has taught playwriting, radio drama and writing for television. He currently lives in Toronto and writes plays for radio,

TV and the stage. His Polish Canadian mother was a native of Hazel Ridge Manitoba and his Ukrainian Canadian father was from nearby Cook's Creek.

Publications

BOOKS: *The good soldier Schweik*. Toronto: Playwrights Canada, 1981; *Leonard Brady*. Toronto: Playwrights Canada, 1981.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Canadian Forum* (Toronto); *The Village Voice* (New York); *Fiddlehead* (New Brunswick); *Canadian Poetry* (Toronto); *Impulse* (Toronto) *Contact Press* (Toronto); *Toronto Star*; various University of Toronto publications (1956–61).

Editorial and critical work

Co-founder (with J. R. Colombo) of *Vocal Magazine*, 1959–61.

Other media

TV: "Mortimer Griffin," CBC drama, 1970; "Marriage," CBC drama, 1970; "The Wedding Gift," CBC drama, 1972; "All the World Was Jewish," CBC drama, 1973; "MacIvor's Salvation," CBC drama, 1974; "The Child Lover," CBC drama, 1974; "Hotchee," CBC drama, 1976; "Garneer," CBC drama, 1977; "The Day my Grandad Died," CBC drama, 1978.

STAGE: *Bushed*, produced by University College Playhouse, 1959; *The girl in the black bathing suit*, produced by University College Playhouse, 1960; *The jungle*, produced by the First Floor Jazz Club, 1962; *The armoured butterflies*, a Bohemian Embassy production, 1964; *The barber*, a Bohemian Embassy production, 1965; *Four dialogues to death*, a Bohemian Embassy production, 1965; *Yo-yo*, produced by Backdoor Theatre, 1970; *The day my grandad died*, a Multicultural Theatre production, 1981.

RADIO: "Philip," thirty-minute drama, CBC, 1968; "Justice," sixty-minute drama, CBC, 1968; "The Outstation," sixty minute drama, CBC, 1969; "Marriage of Convenience," sixty-minute drama, CBC, 1970; "Opium Addict," sixty-minute drama, CBC, 1970; "To the Waterfall," sixty-minute drama, CBC, 1974. He has also produced several documentaries for the CBC, including "The Police" and "Old Folks, or what shall we do with Mom and Dad."

Awards

Won the Multicultural Theatre Award for Best Play, 1981–2.

Memberships

ACTRA; Guild of Canadian Playwrights; Playwrights Canada.

Translations

Has done some translating from Spanish.

Criticism and reviews

His works have been widely reviewed in Canadian periodicals.

Borys Oleksandriv and ***Swyryd Lomachka*** are literary pen-names used by ***Borys Hrybinsky***, born 21 July 1921 in the town of Ruzhyn, Zhytomyr province, Ukraine. Educated at the Kiev Pedagogical Institute, he emigrated to Canada in 1949 and studied Slavics and library science at the University of Ottawa, where he obtained his master's degree. He worked as a librarian in Toronto until his death on 21 December 1979.

Publications

BOOKS: *Moi dni* (My days). Salzburg: Novi Dni, 1946; *Svyryd Lomachka v Kanadi* (Swyryd Lomachka in Canada). Toronto: Moloda Ukraina, 1951; *Liubov do blyzhnoho* (Love thy neighbour). Toronto: Moloda Ukraina, 1961; *Tuha za sontsem. Poezii 1945–1965.* (Longing for the sun: Poetry 1945–1965). New York-Toronto: Slovo, 1967; *Kolokruh.* (The circuit). Munich: Instytut imeny M. Oresta, 1972; *Kaminnyi bereh: Poezii pro liubov, pro zhyttia i pro smert, 1972–1975* (The stoney [sic] shore: Poems about love, life and death, 1972–1975).

New York-Toronto: Slovo, 1975; *Povorot po slidu. Vybrani poezii, 1939–1979* (Retracing the path: Selected poems, 1939–1979). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1980.

ANTHOLOGIES: B. Boychuk and B. Rubchak (eds.), *Koordynaty II. Antolohiia suchasnoi ukrainskoi poezii na Zakhodi* (Co-ordinates II: An anthology of modern Ukrainian poetry in the West). Munich-New York: Suchasnist, 1969; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vol. IV. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1969; *Slovo* (The word), vols. 5–9. Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1973–1981; *Estafeta* (The message). New York-Toronto: Ukrainian Cultural Workers Association, 1974; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975; Y. Stefanyk (ed.), *Nasha spadshchyna* (Our heritage). Edmonton: Alberta Heritage Savings Trust Fund, 1979.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Moloda Ukraina* (Toronto); *Zhinochyi svit* (Toronto); *Chervone Polissia* (Zhytomyr); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto); *Novi dni* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work

Editor of *Nash shliakh* (Salzburg) and *Moloda Ukraina* (Toronto), and co-editor of the literary journal, *Litavry* (Salzburg); *Slovo o polku Ihorevim* (The Lay of Ihor's Campaign). Toronto: *Moloda Ukraina*, 1960; "*Rylskyi ofitsiinyi i Rylskyi spravzhnyi*" (The official Rylsky and the real Rylsky), *Suchasnist* 9(45, 1964). "Hamlet in Ukrainian translations," M.A. Thesis, University of Ottawa, 1968. Also published numerous articles on literary themes in *Moloda Ukraina*, *Suchasnist* and other periodicals. Several of his essays as yet remain unpublished.

Memberships

Slovo.

Translations

Translations from English, Russian and French into Ukrainian. See W. Burghardt (comp.), *Poeziia/Kvebek: Vid Sen-Deni-Garno do nashykh dniv* (Poetry/Quebec: From Saint-Denys Garneau to our times) New York: Vydavnytsvo Niu-Iorkskoi Hrupy; Montreal: Les Editions du Jour, 1972.

Criticism and reviews

"*B. Oleksandriv, 'Moi dni,' liryka*" (B. Oleksandriv, "My days," lyrics), Iu. Klen, *Zveno* (Innsbruck) no. 3–4, 1946. "*Dumky na dozvilli*" (Leisurely thoughts), Iu. Klen, *Ostanni novyny* (Salzburg), 17 May 1947; "*Namysto nastroiv*" (Stringing a necklace), H. Shevchuk (Iu. Shevelov), *Chas* (Germany), 1947; "*U priamomu dzerkali*" (In a direct mirror), O. Hay-Holowko, *Ukrainskyi holos*, 20 November 1952; "*'Tuha za sonstsem' moho pryiatelia Borysa Oleksandrova, krytychni notatky*" ("Longing for the sun" by my friend Borys Oleksandriv, critical notes), Igor Kaczurowsky, *Ukrainski visti* (Neu Ulm), 17 December 1967; "*'Kaminnyi bereh,' nova zbirka poezii B. Oleksandrova*" ("The stony shore", a new collection of poems by B. Oleksandriv), Igor Kaczurowsky, *Moloda Ukraina*, September 1975; "*Pro novi vydannia* (About new publications), L. Lutsiv, *Svoboda*, 5 September 1975; "*Posmertne vydannia poezii Borysa Oleksandrova*" (Posthumous edition of poetry by Borys Oleksandriv), N. Spolska Tomcio, *Ukrainski visti*, 22 January 1984.

Acknowledgements

"And so it is done," "There are times this recedes," "Autumn Strolls Through the Meadow," "I Believe in the Bright, Autumnal Smiles," "Evening Bell," "A Memory" and "Waiting," were published in *Povorot po slidu* (Retracing the path) Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1980. "A Dental Story" and "Doggish Popularity" appeared originally in *Liubov do blyzhnoho* (Love thy neighbour). Toronto: Moloda Ukraina, 1961. "Snow," "I didn't await either joy or escape," and "Easter Thoughts" were originally published in *Tuha za sontsem* (Longing for the sun). New York-Toronto: Slovo, 1967.

Todos Osmachka was born in 1895 to a peasant family in the village of Kutsivka, Chernihiv province, Ukraine. He attended the Instytut Narodnoi Osvity (Institute of National Education) in Kiev and later taught at a school

in that city. Initially a member of the literary group *Lanka* (The Link), in 1926 he joined *Maisternia Revoliutsiinoho Slova* (Workshop of the revolutionary word), whose acronym was MARS. He was arrested in 1933 and sent to the Butyrky prison in Moscow, then to the Kyryliv Psychiatric Hospital in Kiev. From there he escaped to his native village (living underground for a number of years), and then fled to western Europe during the Second World War. In Germany's refugee camps he helped to organize the "Movement of Ukrainian Artists" (MUR). After emigrating to North America, he roamed between Canada and the United States, but he was often in poor health (he suffered from schizophrenia) and was largely dependent on the charity of fellow-exiles. He died in 1962 at the Pilgrim State Psychiatric Hospital, Long Island, New York.

Publications

BOOKS: *Krucha* (The precipice). Kiev: Publisher unknown, 1922; *Skytski vohni* (Scythian fires). Kharkiv: Publisher unknown, 1925; *Klekit* (Hubbub). Kiev: Publisher unknown, 1929; *Suchasnykam* (To my contemporaries). Lviv-Cracow: Ukrainske Vydavnytsvo, 1943; *Poet* (The poet). Regensburg: Ukrainske Slovo, 1947; *Starshyi boiaryn* (The best man). [Neu Ulm]: Prometei, 1946; *Plan do dvoru* (The plan to the manor). Toronto: Ukrainskyi Legion, 1951; *Kytytsi chasu* (Time's bouquet). Neu Ulm: The author, 1953; *Iz-pid svitu* (From under the world). New York: UVAN, 1954; *Rotonda dushohubtsiv* (The rotunda of murderers). Winnipeg: *Ukrainskyi Holos* for the author, 1956.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vols. 1–3. New York: Ukrainian Writers' Association in Exile, 1962–8; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vol. I. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1964; L. Poltava (ed.), *Slovo i zbroia. Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii prysviachenoi UPA i revoliutsiino-vyzvolnii borotbi 1942–1967 rr.* (Word and Weapon: An anthology of Ukrainian poetry dedicated to the Ukrainian Insurgent Army and the revolutionary struggle for liberation, 1942–1967). Toronto: Shevchenko Scientific Society, 1967; B. Boychuk and B. Rubchak (eds.), *Koordynaty II. Antolohiia suchasnoi ukrainskoi poezii na Zakhodi* (Co-ordinates II: An anthology of modern Ukrainian poetry in the West). Munich-New York: Suchasnist, 1969.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Literaturna Ukraina* (Munich); *Svoboda* (Jersey City-New York); *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Ukrainskyi holos* (Winnipeg).

Translations

His novel, *Rotonda dushohubtsiv* (The rotunda of murderers) was translated [by Michael Luchkowich] and published as *Red Assassins*. Minneapolis: T.S. Denison and Co., 1959. Osmechka himself translated the following into Ukrainian: *Baliada pro Redingsku tiurmu* (The ballad of Reading gaol, by Oscar Wilde.) Neu Ulm: Na Hori, 1958; *Trahediia Makbeta i Korol Henri IV* (*Macbeth* and *Henry IV*, by Shakespeare.) Munich: Na Hori, 1961.

Criticism and reviews

"*Teodosii Osmachka. Poet...*" (Theodosy Osmachka: Poet..."), I. Klen, *Arka* (Munich) 1 (November 1947); "Publications in other languages," W. Kirkconnell, *University of Toronto Quarterly*, vol. XXVII, 1957–8; "*Todos Osmachka. Slovo vyholoshene na avtorskomu vechori pysmennyka...*" (Todos Osmachka: An address given at the author's night for the writer...), V. Doroshenko, *Ameryka*, 23 and 24 May 1961; "*Nezustrichannyi druh ("Kytytsi chasu"—Osmachchyna liryka)*" (The unmet friend ["Time's bouquet"—Osmachka's lyrics]) and "*'Poet' Teodosiia Osmachky*" ("The poet" by Theodosy Osmachka), I. Sherekh (Shevelov), *Ne dlia ditei* (Not for children). New York: Proloh, 1964; See the critical articles listed in B. Boychuk and B. Rubchak (eds.), *Koordynaty II. Antolohiia suchasnoi ukrainskoi poezii na Zakhodi* (Co-ordinates II: An anthology of modern Ukrainian poetry in the West). Munich-New York: Suchasnist, 1969; "*Na smert Todosia Osmachky*" and "*Iedynyi tvir Todosia Osmachky dlia ukrainskhykh ditei*" (On the death of Todos Osmachka, and The only work by Todos Osmachka for Ukrainian children), Y. Klynovy, *Moim synam, moim pryateliam* (To my sons and to my friends). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1981; B. Rubchak, "Homes as shells: Ukrainian

emigré poetry," in J. Rozumnyj et al, *New Soil—old roots*. Winnipeg: UVAN, 1983.

Acknowledgements
The excerpt from *Rotonda dushohubtsiv* (The rotunda of murderers) is taken from [Michael Luchkowich, trans.] *Red assassins*. Minneapolis: T.S. Denison and Co., 1959.

Lydia Christine Palij was born in the town of Stryi, Western Ukraine. She obtained her early education in Lviv, and emigrated to Canada in 1948, where she continued her studies at the Ontario College of Art (1953) and the University of Toronto, earning a B.A. in anthropology in 1967. She is a commercial artist in Toronto.

Publications
BOOKS: *Mandrivky v chasi i prostori* (Wanderings in time and space). Toronto-Edmonton: Slovo, 1973; *Svitla na vodi* (Lights on the water). Toronto: Slovo, 1985.
ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vol. 6. Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1975; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Suchasnist* (Munich-New York); *Landscape* (Toronto); *Fireweed* (Toronto), *CVII* (Winnipeg); *Poetry Canada Review* (Toronto).

Memberships
Slovo; P.E.N. International.

Translations
"First Snow" has been translated into Portuguese and published in W. Wowk (trans.) *O cântaro: A nova arte Ucraniana* (Sing out: New Ukrainian art). Rio de Janeiro: Rio de Janeiro: Companhia Brasileira de Artes Graficas, 1973. Some of her poetry was also translated into German and published in W. Wowk (trans.), *Der Baum: Ukrainische Kunst Heute* (The tree: Ukrainian art today). Rio de Janeiro: Companhia Brasileira de Artes Graficas, 1975. Her translations of poems from Ukrainian into English have been published in *CVII* and *Fireweed*, and from Serbian and Croatian into Ukrainian, in *Suchasnist* 3(135, 1972) and 10(142, 1972). Most recently she has translated a series of poems by Irving Layton into Ukrainian.

Criticism and reviews
M.M. Onyshkevych, *Books Abroad* (Norman, Oklahoma), August 1974; "*Ohliad knyzhok*" (Survey of books), Irena Makaryk, *Ameryka*, 3 November 1973; "*Mandrivka Lidy Palii*" (The wandering of Lydia Palij), O. Izarskyi, *Suchasnist* 2(158, 1974); "*Z Lidoiu Palii*" (With Lydia Palij), A. Kudryk, *Promin*, (October 1974); "*U chetvertomu vymiri*" (In the fourth dimension), A. Kopach, *Zhinochyi svit*, (January 1986).

Acknowledgements
"Lilacs" appeared in *Suchasnist* 10(119, 1970). "Notes from an Old Ship" was published in *Suchasnist* 1(145, 1973). "Early Autumn in the City" and "First Snow on the Humber" were published in *Suchasnist* 10(178, 1975). "On Lake Ontario" appeared in *Landscape*, 1977. "Arriving in Canada" was published under the title "It Hurts No More" in *CVII*, (Summer 1978). "Alone Again" and "Winter in Black and White" appeared in *Suchasnist* 2(218, 1979). "We walked" appeared in *Fireweed*, Issue 3–4, 1979. "I circle like a satellite" and "I should not have imprisoned you" were published in *Suchasnist* 12(240, 1980).

Mykola Ponedilok was born 24 September 1922 in Novomyrhorod, Kirovohrad province, southern Ukraine. He studied philology at Odessa University (1939) until drafted into the Soviet armed forces, which he deserted in the wake of the German advance into Ukraine. In 1943 he was

conscripted to work in Germany, emigrating to the United States in 1949. Working first as a labourer and then as a broadcaster for the "Voice of America," he found permanent employment in a large bookstore in New York City, where he died on 25 January 1976. Ponedilok visited Canada regularly on his reading tours and many of his works (some embracing Canadian themes) were published here.

Publications

BOOKS: "*A my tuiu chervonu kalynu*" ("And we'll [raise] that red cranberry"). Buenos Aires: Vydavnytstvo Iuliiana Serediaka, 1957; *Vitaminy* (Vitamins). Buenos Aires: Vydavnytsvo Iuliiana Serediaka, 1957; *Sobornyi borshch* (Universal borshch). Buenos Aires: Vydavnytstvo Iuliiana Serediaka, 1960; *Hovoryt lyshe pole* (Only the fields speak). Toronto: Homin Ukrainy, 1962; *Smishni slozyny* (Funny tears). Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, 1966; *Zorepad* (Star shower). Toronto: Homin Ukrainy, 1969; *Riatuite moiu dushu* (Save my soul). Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, 1973; *Dyvo v resheti* (Marvel in the sieve). Toronto: Slovo, 1977.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Svoboda* (Jersey City-New York); *Ukrainskyi holos* (Winnipeg); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto); *Ukrainski visti* (Chicago); *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Ukrainski visti* (Neu Ulm); *Ukrainski visti* (Edmonton).

Other media

RECORDINGS: *Mykola Ponedilok. Humor, satyra* (Mykola Ponedilok: Humour, satire). Edmonton: Ukrainian Book and Music Store, circa 1971–2; *Mykola Ponedilok*. New York. Produced by the Film Production of Y. Kulynovych, 1977.

Awards

After his death, Slovo established a charitable fund in Ponedilok's honour.

Memberships

Slovo (USA).

Translations

A selection of Ponedilok's stories prepared by Yuri Klynovy, Y. Tkacz (trans.), *Funny tears*. Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, 1982.

Criticism and reviews

"Literaturna usmishka" (Literary chuckle), R. Kupchynsky, *Lysty do pryiateliv* (Letters to friends) 2, (V, 60, 1958); "*Mykola Ponedilok*" (a series of four articles), Y. Klynovy, *Moim synam, moim pryiateliam* (To my sons and to my friends). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1981; "Mykola Ponedilok—The Ukrainian Bob Hope," Y. Klynovy's introduction to *Funny Tears*. Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, 1982; literary critics who have written about the works of Mykola Ponedilok are L. Luciw, P. Odarchenko, B. Romanenchuk, F. Odrach, A. Iuryniak, V.T. Zyla, I. Smoley and B. Kravtsiv.

Acknowledgements

"On a Ukrainian Farm," "Customs Inspection" and "An Adventurous Excursion" originally appeared in *Dyvo v resheti* (Marvel in the sieve). The translations were first published in *Funny Tears*. Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, 1982.

Helen Potrebenko was born 21 June 1940 in Woking, Alberta. She completed her early education there and in Vancouver, where she attended the School for Laboratory Technology (graduating in 1961) and earned an honours B.A. at Simon Fraser University (Burnaby) in 1972. She currently is a Dicta Typist for a small insurance adjuster in Vancouver. Her parents emigrated to Canada from a village near the town of Brest in what was then

Polish-occupied Belorussia.

Publications

BOOKS: *Taxi!* Vancouver: New Star Books, 1975; *No streets of gold: A social history of Ukrainians in Alberta*. Vancouver: New Star Books, 1977; *A flight of average persons: Stories and other writings*. Vancouver: New Star Books, 1979; *Two years on the Muckamuck Line*. Vancouver: Lazara Publications, 1981; *Walking slow*. Vancouver: Lazara Publications, 1985.

ANTHOLOGIES: F. Candeleria (ed.), *New west coast*. Vancouver: Intermedia and West Coast Review, 1977; M. Fertig (ed.), *Literary Storefront birthday book*. Vancouver, 1979; *Common ground: Stories by women*. Vancouver: Press Gang, 1980; T. Wayman (ed.), *Going for coffee: Poetry on the job*. Madeira Park (B.C.): Harbour Publishing, 1981; G. Hancock (ed.), *Metavisions*. Montreal: Quadrant, 1984; F. Candelaria (ed.), *New west coast fiction*. Vancouver: Pulp Press, 1984; *Women and words: The anthology*. Madeira Park: Harbour Publishing, 1984.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *The Pedestal* (Vancouver); *Malahat Review* (Victoria); *Room of One's Own* (Vancouver); *Canadian Ethnic Studies* (Calgary); *Prism International* (Vancouver); *Prairie Star* (Edmonton); *Vancouver Sun* (Vancouver); *Branching Out* (Edmonton); *Grain* (Saskatoon); *Grape* (Vancouver); *Makara* (Vancouver); *Repository (Seven Persons, Alberta)*; *SORWUC Newsletter* (Vancouver).

Translations

Has done some translating from Ukrainian into English.

Criticism and reviews

See R. Labonte, *Canadian Fiction Magazine*, 27 November 1977.

Acknowledgements

"The Fifth Bundle" and "Days and Nights on the Picket Line" are from *A Flight of Average Persons: Stories and Other Writings*. Vancouver: New Star Books, 1979.

Nicholas Prychodko was born 23 December 1904 in the village of Chapaievka, Cherkassy province, central Ukraine. After attending the Pedagogical Institute at the University of Kiev, he taught high school for several years and then enrolled in the Polytechnic Institute at Kiev University, graduating as an engineer in 1934. Upon earning his Dotsent the following year he was hired by the institute as an associate professor. Arrested by the secret police in March 1938, Prychodko spent three years in a labour camp in Siberia before escaping on the eve of the Soviet-German war. His books, *One of fifteen million* and *Good-bye Siberia* are based on his experiences in the Gulag. Eventually finding his way to Germany, Prychodko lived in a displaced persons camp in Mittenwald before emigrating to Canada in 1948. He found employment as an engineer with the Massey Harris Company, and died in Ontario in 1980.

Publications

BOOKS: *Na rozdorizhzhiakh smerty* (At the crossroads of death). Winnipeg: Tryzub, 1949; *Ia proshu slova* (I ask to speak). Buenos Aires: Peremoha, 1949; *Dalekymy dorohamy* (Along distant paths), 2 vols. Toronto: Vilne Slovo, 1961; *Vid Sybiru do Kanady* (From Siberia to Canada). Buenos Aires: Vydavnytstvo Iuliiana Serediaka, 1979.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Svoboda* (Jersey City-New York); *Homin Ukrainy* (Toronto); *Saturday Night*; *Globe and Mail*; and *Toronto Telegram* (all published in Toronto).

Memberships
P.E.N. International; Mark Twain Society.

Translations
[Prychodko, Olga, trans.] *Communism in reality.* [Toronto: Free World Publishing Company, 1950]; [Prychodko, Olga, trans.] *Moscow's drive for world domination.* Toronto: Free World Publishing Company, 1951]; [Prychodko, Olga and Michael Luchkowich, trans.] *One of the fifteen million* [translation of *Na rozdorizhzhiakh smertu*]. Toronto-Vancouver: J.M. Dent and Sons, 1952; and Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1952; [Prychodko, Olga, trans.] *Stormy road to freedom* [translation of *Dalekymy dorohamy*]. New York-Washington-Hollywood: Vantage Press, 1968. Reprinted in a paperback edition, *Good-bye Siberia.* Markham (Ontario): Simon & Schuster, 1976.

Criticism and reviews
"New Canadian letters," W. Kirkconnell, *University of Toronto Quarterly*, vols. XIX–XXI, 1949–1952; "Publications in other languages," *University of Toronto Quarterly*, vol. XXIII, 1953–4; vol. XXXI, 1961–2.

Acknowledgements
"Good-bye Siberia" is excerpted from the novel of the same name (*Na rozdorizhzhiakh smerty* in Ukrainian) published by Simon & Schuster, 1976.

George Ryga was born 27 July 1932 in Deep Creek, Alberta. After seven years of primary education, he took high school courses by correspondence, then educated himself through travel and reading A student of creative writing at the Banff School of Fine Arts in 1950–1, he returned to the institution in 1972–3 to teach courses in playwriting. A long-time resident of Summerland, British Columbia, he has been a professional writer since 1962. His father emigrated to Canada in 1927 from the village of Sivka, Ivano-Frankivsk oblast; his mother came in 1929 from the village of Iablonivka, Lviv oblast.

Publications
BOOKS: *Song of my hands.* Edmonton: National Publishing Company, 1956; *These songs I sing.* Wales: n.p., 1959; *Hungry hills.* Toronto: Longman, 1963; London: Joseph, 1965; Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1974; *Ballad of a stonepicker.* Toronto: Macmillan, 1966; London: Joseph, 1966; Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1976; *Indian.* Place unknown: Book Society, 1967. [The author is unaware of this edition, which is listed in M. Butler (ed.), *Canadian books in print, author and title index*, 1982.] *Captives of the faceless drummer.* Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1971, second edition 1972, third edition (revised) 1974; *The ecstasy of Rita Joe and other plays.* Toronto: new press, 1971; *Sunrise on Sarah.* Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1973; *Night desk.* Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1976; *Seven hours to sundown.* Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1977; *Ploughmen of the glacier.* Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1977; *Beyond the crimson morning.* Toronto-Garden City (N.Y.): Doubleday, 1979; *Two plays: Paracelsus and Prometheus unbound.* Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1982; *Portrait of Angelica/Letter to my son.* Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1984; *In the shadow of the vulture.* Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1985.

ANTHOLOGIES: His stories and plays have been published in numerous anthologies. See also: "Visit from the Pension Lady" in *The newcomers: Inhabiting a new land.* Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1979.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Athabasca Echo* (Athabasca); *Maclean's* (Toronto); *Atlantic Advocate* (Fredericton); *Tamarack Review* (Toronto); *Canadian Theatre Review* (Toronto); *World Literature* (Beijing).

MEMOIRS: "Notes from a silent boyhood" in G. Opryshko (ed.), *Clover and wild strawberries: History of the schools of the County of Athabasca.* [Edmonton?]: Athabasca Local of the Alberta Teachers' Association, 1976.

Editorial and critical work

"Theatre in Canada: A viewpoint on its development and future," *Canadian Theatre Review*, 1 (Winter 1974); "The need for a mythology" *Canadian Theatre Review*, 16 (Fall 1977); "The artist in resistance," *Canadian Theatre Review*, 33 (Winter 1982).

Other media

FILM: *The Kamloops Incident*, CBC drama, 1967; *A Carpenter by Trade*, CBC documentary, 1967; *The Mountains*, for the series "The Five Regions," CTV documentary, 1974; *1927* (The Ukrainians), drama, Imperial Oil centennial production in "The Newcomers" series, 1979.

TV: "Indian," CBC drama, 1962; "The Storm," CBC drama, 1962; "Bitter Grass," CBC drama, 1963; "For Want of Something Better To Do," CBC drama, 1963; "The Tulip Garden," CBC drama, 1963; "Two Soldiers," CBC drama, 1963; "The Pear Tree," CBC drama, 1963; "The Hungry Hills," 1964; "Man Alive," CBC drama, 1965; "The White Transparent," 1966; "Just An Ordinary Person," 1967; "The Manipulators," two scripts for the CBC series, 1968; "Pray For Us Sinners," 1968; "The Name of the Game," script for the Universal Studio series, 1968; "The Bionic Woman," script, 1970; "Ninth Summer," CBC drama [adapted from the novel *Ballad of a stonepicker*], 1972.

STAGE: *Nothing but a man*, Walterdale Theatre, Edmonton, 1966; *Just an ordinary person* (Gorky), Metro Theatre, Vancouver, 1968; *Compressions*, Holiday Playhouse, Vancouver, 1969; *Last of the gladiators*, Giants Head Theatre, Summerland (B.C.), 1976; *Jeremiah's place*, Kaleidescope Theatre, Victoria, 1978.

RADIO: Twelve short stories for CBC radio, 1961–2; "A Touch of Cruelty," CBC drama, 1961; "Half-Caste," CBC drama, 1962; "Masks and Shadows," CBC drama, 1963; "Bread Route," CBC drama, 1963; "Departures," CBC drama, 1963; "Ballad for Bill," CBC drama, 1963; "The Stone Angel," CBC drama [adapted from the Margaret Laurence novel], 1965; "Miners, Gentlemen and Other Hard Cases," twelve part series, 1965; "Advocates of Danger," ten part series, 1976–7. Has also written extensively for German radio (Süddeutsche Rundfunk) and had several of his plays translated and broadcast, including *Letters to my son* and *Paracelsus*.

MUSICAL: Lyricist, *A feast of thunder*, a chorale-symphony (music by Morris Surdin), performed by the Shevchenko Ensemble, Toronto, 1971; lyricist, *Twelve ravens for the sun*, a chorale-symphony (music by Mikis Theodorakis), 1974 [unpublished, unperformed]; lyricist, *Song for a rainy Thursday* [unpublished, unperformed].

RECORDINGS: Lyricist, *Grass and Wild Strawberries*, a Warner Brothers recording by the rock group, Chilliwack, 1969; lyricist for *The Ecstacy of Rita Joe*, a Kerygma recording on the United Artists label featuring Ann Mortifee (music), Chief Dan George and Paul Horn, 1973.

Awards

Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire (I.O.D.E.) scholarships for Creative Writing, Banff School of Fine Arts, 1950–1 (revoked abruptly in the middle of the second year for writing a poem critical of the Korean War—published in broadsheet form and distributed among tourists).

Memberships

ACTRA.

Translations

Has had various works translated into German, Spanish, Arabic, Russian, Armenian, Greek, Hungarian, Bulgarian, Swedish and Chinese. Three of his works have now been translated and published in Ukrainian: "*Ballada pro zbyracha kaminnia*" (Ballad of a stonepicker) and "*Holodni hory*" (Hungry hills) appeared in *Romany i povisti* (Novels and Stories), Kiev, December 1968; "*Indianyn*" (Indian), Svitlana Kuzmenko, trans., in Yurij Stefanyk (ed.), *Nasha spadshchyna* (Our Heritage). Edmonton: Alberta Heritage and Savings Trust Fund, 1979. A radio adaptation of "Letter to my son" was broadcast in Ukrainian by Kiev State Radio in 1985.

Criticism and reviews
"The ballad-plays of Ryga," B. Parker, *The ecstacy of Rita Joe and other plays*. Toronto: new press, 1971; D. Parker in J. Vinson (ed.), *Contemporary dramatist*. London: St. James Press; New York: St. Martin's Press, 1973; "Ninth summer," R. Kripak, *Student* (March 1973); "George Ryga: Beginnings of a biography," P. Hay, *Canadian Theatre Review*, no. 23 (Summer 1979); "George Ryga" in D. Rubin and A. Cranmer-Byng, (eds.), *Canada's playwrights: A biographical guide*. Toronto: Canadian Theatre Review Publications, 1980; " 'A word in a foreign language': Ukrainian influences in George Ryga's work," Jars Balan in J. Balan (ed.), *Identifications: Ethnicity and the writer in Canada*. Edmonton: Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies, 1982; Christopher Innes, *The Canadian dramatist: Volume one; Politics and the playwright: George Ryga*. Toronto: Simon & Pierre, 1985.

Acknowledgements
A Letter to My Son was first published in *Canadian Theatre Review*, no. 33 (Winter 1982); then reprinted in *Portrait of Angelica/A Letter to My Son*. Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1984.

Ulas (Danylchuk-) Samchuk was born 20 February 1905 in the village of Derman, Rivne province, Ukraine. After completing *gimnazium* in Kremenets, he studied in Breslau, Germany (1928) [now Wroclaw, Poland] and the Faculty of History and Philology at the Ukrainian Free University in Prague, Czechoslovakia (1929–31). He emigrated to Canada in 1948, from which time he has made his living as a writer in Toronto.

Publications
BOOKS: *Volyn*, a trilogy, I-*Kudy teche ta richka* (Where that stream is flowing). Lviv: Dzvony, 1932; Toronto: The author, 1952; Toronto: Kiev, [1965]; II-*Viina i revoliutsiia* (War and revolution). Lviv: Biblos, 1935; Toronto: Kiev, [1967]; III-*Batko i syn* (Father and son). Lviv: Slovo, 1937; Toronto: Kiev, [1969]; *Hory hovoriat* (The hills are speaking). Chernivtsi: Samostiina Dumka, 1934; Winnipeg: Novyi Shliakh, 1944; *Mariia* (Maria). Lviv: Ivan Tyktor, 1934; Rivne: n.p., 1941; Buenos Aires: n.p., 1952; *Kulak* (Kulak). Chernivtsi: Samostiina Dumka, 1935; *Vidnaidenyi rai. Opovidannia* (Rediscovered paradise: Stories). Lviv: Dilo, 1936; *Iunist Vasylia Sheremety, tom I* (The youth of Vasyl Sheremeta, vol. I). Munich: Prometei, 1946; *Iunist Vasylia Sheremety, tom II* (The youth of Vasyl Sheremeta, vol. II). Munich: Prometei, 1947; *Ost* (East), a trilogy, I-*Moroziv khutir* (Moroz's manor). Regensburg: Vydannia Mykhaila Boretskoho, 1948; II-*Temnota* (Darkness). New York: UVAN, 1957; III-*Vtecha vid sebe* (Escape from oneself). Winnipeg: Society of Volyn, 1982; *Sontse z zakhodu* (The sun is from the west). Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, 1946; *Choho ne hoit ohon* (What fire does not heal). New York: Visnyk, 1959; *Na tverdii zemli* (Title page translation, On solid ground). Toronto: Ukrainian Credit Union, [1968]; *Zhyvi struny. Bandura i bandurysty* (Living strings: The bandura and bandurists). Detroit: Bandurysty imena Tarasa Shevchenka, 1976; *Slidamy pioneriv. Etos ukrainskoi Ameryky* (In the footsteps of pioneers: Saga of Ukrainian America). Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, [1978].
ANTHOLOGIES: P. Tabori (ed.), *The pen in exile*. London: P. Tabori, 1954; *Antologia de literatura Ucrainica* (An anthology of Ukrainian literature). Rio de Janeiro: Companhia Brasileira de Artes Graficas, 1959; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vol. II. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1965.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Volyn* (Rivne); *Ukrainske slovo* (Kiev); *Nova svoboda* (Khust, Ukr.); *Literaturno-naukovyi vistnyk* (Lviv); *Dzvony* (Lviv); *Samostiina dumka* (Chernivtsi); *MUR* (Munich); *Suchasnist* (Munich-New York); *Ukrainske slovo* (Paris); *Svoboda* (Jersey City-New York); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto).
MEMOIRS: *Piat po dvanadtsiatii* (Five after twelve). Buenos Aires: Vydavnytstvo Mykola Denysiuka, 1954; *Na bilomu koni* (On a white horse). Munich: Suchasnist, 1965; Winnipeg: n.p., 1972; Winnipeg: Society of Volyn, 1980; *Na koni voronomu* (Title page translation, On the black horse). Winnipeg: Society of Volyn, 1975; *Planeta Di-Pi* (Planet of DP's). Winnipeg: Society of Volyn, 1979.

Editorial and critical work
"Pro prozu zahali i prozu zokrema" (About prose in general and prose in particular), *Slovo* (The word), vol. 2, New York: Ukrainian Writers' Association in Exile, 1964; *Bii za try litery* (The struggle for three letters), introduction to *Pro blyzke zdaleka. Rivenska Ukrainska Gimnaziia, 1923–1939* (Bridging the past: Ukrainian Gimnasium [*sic*] in Rivne, 1923–1939). Vancouver: The author, 1976.

Awards
First prize for *Kudy teche ta richka* (Where that river is flowing), Union of Ukrainian Writers and Journalists, Lviv, 1934; Shevchenko Medal, Shevchenko Scientific Society, Winnipeg, 1965.

Memberships
Union of Ukrainian Writers and Journalists, Lviv and Prague (interwar years); MUR, in the displaced persons camps of postwar Germany; Slovo (USA and Canada); P.E.N. International.

Translations
The first book of *Volyn* has been translated into Polish, French, German, Czech and Croatian; French translations of *Mariia* include *Maria*. Paris: Editions du Sablier, 1955 and Paris: Editions Métals, 1959, both of which were bought up virtually in their entirety by the Soviet government (for pulping). A third photocopied limited edition was issued by the author in Toronto in 1979; parts of *Mariia* have also been rendered in Italian and Portuguese, and an unpublished English translation has been prepared by S. Pawsh; Parts of *Temnota* (Darkness), the second book in the trilogy *Ost* (East), have been translated into English under the title "Pain in Exile". Translated Thomas Mann's *Railway Catastrophe* into Ukrainian for *Literaturnyi-naukovyi Vistnyk* (Lviv), 1929.

Criticism and reviews
"Knyha Volyn" (The book Volyn), M. Rudnytsky, *Dilo* (Lviv), 15 September 1934; *"Volyn,"* M. Prusynski, *Sygnaly* (Lviv), 1 October 1934; *"Ulas Samchuk,"* M. Shevchuk, *Ukrainska trybuna* (Munich), 7 January; *"Khutir, revoliutsiia, imperiia, liudyna"* (The manor, revolution, empire, humankind), M. Shevchuk, *Chas* (Fürth), January 1949; *"Povist pro liudsku hidnist"* (A story about human dignity), L. Poltava, *Svoboda* (Jersey City-New York), 18 August 1959; Anna Maria Bojcun, "Ulas Samchuk: As artist and chronicler," M.A. Thesis, Syracuse University, Syracuse, 1964; Y. Shtendera, *"Roman Ulasa Samchuka,* Na tverdi zemli, *Krytychnyi rozhliad"* (Ulas Samchuk's novel, On solid land: A criticism [sic]). M.A. Thesis, University of Alberta, Edmonton, 1973; *"Rozmova z ukrainskym pysmennykom Ulasom Samchukom"* (A discussion with the Ukrainian writer Ulas Samchuk), interview by O. Gidoni, *Slovo* (The word), vol. 7. Edmonton: Slovo, 1978; "Ulas Samchuk—ioho simdesiatyrichchia" (Ulas Samchuk—his seventieth year) and *"Mudrets 'na koni voronomu' "* (The sage on the black horse), Y. Klynovy, *Moim synam, moim pryiateliam* (To my sons and to my friends). Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1981.

Acknowledgements
"Moroz's Manor" is excerpted from the novel of the same name, *Moroziv khutir*. Regensburg: Vydannia Mykhaila Boretskoho, 1948. "On the Hard Earth" is excerpted from *Na tverdii zemli* (On solid ground). Toronto: Ukrainian Credit Union, [1968].

Ray Serwylo was born 9 February 1953 in Winnipeg. He obtained a B.A. from the University of Manitoba in 1974 and a teacher's certificate in 1977. In 1978 and 1979 he participated in the summer writing workshop at the Banff Centre, a programme in which he has been a co-ordinator and an instructor. Currently living in Melbourne, Australia, he has worked as a teacher and for several years as a research assistant for the Manitoba Association of School Trustees. His parents emigrated to Canada from Ukraine in 1948.

Publications

BOOKS: *Accordion lessons*. Vancouver: Pulp Press, 1982.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Nebula* (North Bay); *Interface* (Edmonton); *Inland* (Winnipeg); *Student* (Edmonton); *Free Fall* (Banff); *Pierian Spring* (Brandon); *Prairie Fire* (Winnipeg).

Awards

Winner of the Three-day Novel-writing Contest sponsored by Pulp Press, Vancouver, 1981.

Memberships

Manitoba Writers' Guild; Fellowship of Australia Writers.

Translations

Has translated *Holos zemli* (The call of the land) by Honore Ewach, written in 1937 [To be published in 1986 by Trident Press, Winnipeg].

Criticism and reviews

"Ray Serwylo, *Accordian Lessons*," J. Balan, *Journal of Ukrainian Studies*, vol. X, no. 2 (Winter 1985).

Acknowledgements

"The Son of the King of Brocade" was published in *Prairie Fire*, vol. V, nos. 2-3 (Winter-Spring 1984).

Volodymyr Skorupsky was born 29 November 1912 in Western Ukraine. He later completed four years of law at the University of Lviv (1935–9). He emigrated to Canada in 1948, and after ten years in Edmonton settled in Toronto. Upon retiring as a dental technician in 1977, he edited the newspaper *Novyi shliakh* (New Pathway) from 1977–84. He died in Toronto on 11 December 1985.

Publications

BOOKS: *Vesnianyi homin* (Spring echo). Salzburg: Novi Dni, 1946; *Zhyttia* (Life). [Salzburg: Novi Dni for the author], 1947; *Moia oselia* (My home). Edmonton: Nakladom Hromadian Edmontonu, 1954; *U dorozi* (Along the way). Edmonton: The author, 1957; *Bez ridnoho poroha* (The title page reads The nameless, but a more literal translation is Without a native threshold). Edmonton: Striletska Hromada, 1958; *Iz dzherela* (From the source). Toronto: The author, 1961; *Nad mohyloiu. Vinok sonetiv* (At the grave: A wreath of sonnets). Toronto: The author and Fedir Tkachuk, 1963; *Aistry nevidtsvili* (Asters still blooming). Toronto: Tania Trusevych and Petro Gamula, 1972; *Spokonvichni luny. Legendy i mity* (Eternal echoes: Legends and myths). New York-Toronto: Slovo, 1977.

ANTHOLOGIES: Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vols. 1, 3. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1964, 1967; *Slovo* (The word), vols. 4–10. Edmonton-Toronto: Slovo, 1970–1983; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1893–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Na zustrich* (Lviv); *Nashi dni* (Lviv); *Doroha* (Lviv); *Kerma* (Salzburg); *Novi dni* (Salzburg); *Novyi shliakh* (Toronto); *Novi dni* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work

Has numerous reviews in *Slovo* (The word) and *Novyi shliakh* (New Pathway).

Memberships

Slovo.

Criticism and reviews

"*Nove slovo v ukrainskii literaturi*" (A new voice in Ukrainian literature), Y. Hamorak, *Novyi shliakh*, 14 January 1955; "*Moia oselia*" (My home), B. R[omanenchuk], *Kyiv*, no. 2, 1955; "*Volodymyr Skorupsky*," F. Odrach, *Vilne Slovo*, 24 February 1962; "*Sproba myslyty*" (An attempt at reflection), Y. Slavutych, *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vol. 5. Edmonton:

Slavuta, 1971; "*Aistry nevidtsvili*" (Asters still blooming), *Ukrainski visti* (Edmonton), 17 February 1972.

Acknowledgements
"In Childhood" was first published in *Moia oselia* (My home). Edmonton: Nakladom Hromadian Edmontonu, 1954. "Statue of an Insurgent" was published in *U dorozi* (Along the way). Edmonton: The author, 1957. "Original Sin," "Tell Me," "In April" and "My Time is Swiftly Passing" were first published in *Slovo* (The word), vol. 7. Edmonton: Slovo, 1978. "The Gift" and "Kisses" first appeared in *Slovo* (The word), vol. 8, Edmonton: Slovo, 1980. "The Most Beautiful Work of Art" and "Hurry into the orchard that like an album..." were published in *Aistry nevidtsvili* (Asters still blooming), Toronto: Tania Trusevych and Petro Gamula, 1972.

Yar Slavutych was born 11 January 1918 in the village of Blahodatne, southern Ukraine. In 1940 he obtained a teacher's diploma from the Zaporizhzhia Pedagogical Institute. After emigrating to the United States following the Second World War, he earned his M.A. (1954) and Ph.D. (1955) degrees in Slavic languages and literatures from the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. He moved to Canada in 1960 and until his retirement in 1983 taught Ukrainian language and literature at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, where he resides.

Publications

BOOKS: *Spivaie kolos* (The spikes of wheat are singing). Augsburg (Germany): The author, 1945; *Homin vikiv* (The echo of ages). Augsburg (Germany): MUR, 1946; *Pravdonostsi* (Crusaders for truth). Munich: Zolota Brama, 1948; *Spraha* (Thirst). Frankfurt: Brama Sofii, 1950; *Donka bez imeny* (The nameless daughter). Buenos Aires: Peremoha, 1952; *Oaza* (Oasis). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1960; *Maiestat* (Majesty). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1962; *Trofei. Zibrani tvory 1938–1963* (Trophies: Collected works 1938–1963). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1963; *Zavoiovnyky prerii* (Conquerors of the prairies). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1968; 2nd edition (Bilingual text). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1974; 3rd edition (Enlarged). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1984; *Mudroshchi mandriv* (The wisdom of peregrinations). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1972; *Zibrani tvory 1938–1978* (Collected works 1938–1978). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1978; *Zhyvi smoloskypy* (Living torches). Edmonton, Slavuta, 1983. Has also written and published several Ukrainian-language textbooks.

ANTHOLOGIES: V. Derzhavyn (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii* (Anthology of Ukrainian Poetry). London (UK): Soiuz Ukrainskoi Molodi, 1957; *Arena*. London (UK): P.E.N. Centre for Writers in Exile, 1961; *Slovo* (The word), vols. 1–10. Edmonton-Toronto-New York: Ukrainian Writers in Exile and Slovo, 1962–1983; C.H. Andrusyshen and W. Kirkconnell, (eds and trans.), *The Ukrainian poets: 1189–1962*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press for the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, 1963; J.P. Gillese (ed.), *Chinook arch: A centennial anthology of Alberta writing*. Edmonton: The Province of Alberta, 1967; L. Poltava (ed.), *Slovo i zbroia. Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii prysviachenoi UPA i revoliutsiino-vyzvolnii borotbi 1942–1967 rr.* (Word and weapon: An anthology of Ukrainian poetry dedicated to the Ukrainian Insurgent Army and the revolutionary struggle for liberation, 1942–1967). Toronto: Shevchenko Scientific Society, 1968; B. Boychuk and B. Rubchak (eds.), *Koordynaty II. Antolohiia suchasnoi ukrainskoi poezii na Zakhodi* (Co-ordinates II: An anthology of modern Ukrainian poetry in the West). Munich-New York: Suchasnist, 1969; J.M. Yates et al (eds.), *Volvox: Poetry from the unofficial languages of Canada... in English translation*. Port Clements (British Columbia): Sono Nis Press, 1971; J.R. Colombo (ed.), *The poets of Canada*. Edmonton: Hurtig, 1978; J.W. Chalmers et al. (eds.), *The Alberta diamond jubilee anthology: A collection from Alberta's best writers*. Edmonton: Hurtig, 1979.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Literaturnyi zhurnal* (Kharkiv); *Radianska literatura* (Kiev);

MUR (Regensburg); *Zahrava* (Augsburg); *Porohy* (Buenos Aires); *Novi dni* (Toronto); *Suchasnist* (Munich-New York); *Vyzvolnyi shliakh* (London, UK); *Svoboda* (Jersey City-New York); *Ukrainian Review* (London, UK); *Ukrainian Quarterly* (New York); *Ukrainskyi holos* (Winnipeg); *Canadian Slavonic Papers* (Toronto); *Jahrbuch der Ukrainekunde* (Munich); *Canadian Literature* (Vancouver); *Studia Ucrainica* (Ottawa); *Ovyd* (Chicago).

MEMOIRS: *Mistsiamy zaporozkymy. Narysy* (Along Zaporozhian places: Sketches). Buenos Aires: Peremoha, 1957; Edmonton: Slavuta, 1963; 3rd expanded edition, Edmonton: Slavuta, 1985; *Kozak ta amazonka (Z podorozhi po Pivdennii Amerytsi* (The cossack and the Amazon—From travels in South America). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1973.

Editorial and critical work

Moderna ukrainska poeziia, 1900–1950 (Modern Ukrainian poetry, 1900–1950). Philadelphia: America, 1950; *Rozstriliana muza* (The muse gunned down). Detroit: Ukrainskyi Prometei, 1955; *The muse in prison: Sketches of Ukrainian poets*. Jersey City-New York: Svoboda, 1956; *Ivan Franko i Rosiia* (Ivan Franko and Russia). Winnipeg: UVAN, 1959; *Shevchenkova poetyka* (Shevchenko's poetics). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1964; *Ukrainska poeziia v Kanadi* (Ukrainian poetry in Canada). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1976. Editor of *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights), vols. 1–5. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1965–71; Editor of *Zakhidnokanadskyi zbirnyk* (Title page translation reads Collected Papers on Ukrainian Settlers in Western Canada), vols. 1 and 2. Edmonton: Shevchenko Scientific Society, Western Canadian Branch, (I) 1973, (II) 1975; Editor of *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975; "Ukrainian poetry in Canada: A historical account" in *Ukrainians in Alberta*. Edmonton: Ukrainian Pioneers' Association of Alberta, 1975; "Expectations and reality in early Ukrainian literature in Canada (1897–1905)," in J. Balan (ed.), *Identifications: Ethnicity and the writer in Canada*. Edmonton: Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies, 1982; "Ukrainian literature in Canada," in M.R. Lupul (ed.), *A Heritage in transition: Essays in the history of Ukrainians in Canada*. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1982; compiled *Anotovana bibliohrafia ukrainskoi literatury v Kanadi. Kanadski knyzhkovi vydannia 1908–1983* (An annotated bibliography of Ukrainian literature in Canada: Canadian book publications, 1908–1983). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1984; Enlarged and revised edition 1986; "Ukrainian writing in Canada," *The Canadian encyclopedia*. Edmonton: Hurtig, 1985.

Awards

First prize for *Zibrani tvory, 1938–1978* (Collected works, 1938–1978), Ivan Franko Literary Fund, Chicago, 1982; Second prize for *Zhyvi smoloskypy* (Living torches), Ivan Franko Literary Fund, 1986.

Memberships

Slovo.

Translations

Two of his poetry collections have been translated and published in English: M. Manly (trans.), *Oasis: Selected poems by Yar Slavutych*. New York: Vantage Press, 1959; R.H. Morrison (trans.), *The conquerors of the prairies*. Bilingual text edition. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1974; Expanded trilingual edition, Edmonton: Slavuta, 1984. Works that have been translated and published in German, French, Hungarian and Russian are: *Spiegel und Erneuerung*. Frankfurt am Main: MUR, 1949; René Coulet du Gard (trans.), *L'Oiseau de feu*. Edmonton: Edition des Deux Mondes, 1976; Domokos Sándor (trans.), *Válogatott versek*. Edmonton: Hungarian Cultural Society and Slavuta, 1983; Yurii Pustovoitov (trans.), *Izbrannoe*. Jerusalem: Jewish-Ukrainian Society, 1986. Other poems in German translation can be found in V. Derzhavyn (trans.), *Gelb und Blau: Moderne ukrainische Dichtung in Auswahl*. (Blue and yellow: Modern Ukrainian poetry in Exile). Augsburg: Bilous, 1948; and in E. Kottmeier (trans.), *Weinstock der Wiedergeburt: Moderne ukrainische lyrik* (Modern Ukrainian lyrics). Mannheim: Kessler Verlag, 1957. Several poems rendered in Lithuanian appeared in *Nemarioji žemė: Lietuva pasaulinės poezijos posmose*. Boston, 1970. Some poems have also been translated into Russian, Polish, Spanish and Portuguese. Has translated works into Ukrainian from Czech, Polish, Bulgarian and English, including *Dzhon Kits. Vybrani poezii* (John Keats: Selected

poetry). London (UK): Ukrainian Publishers, 1958.

Other media

MUSICAL: Poems set to music include S. Yaremenko, *Saskatchevanka ta inshi pisni* (The Saskatchewan girl and other songs). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1977; S. Yaremenko, (comp.), *Vokalni tvory na slova Yara Slavutycha* (The vocal works to Yar Slavutych's words). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1978; S. Yaremenko, *Zavoiovnyky prerii. Kantata* (The conquerors of the prairies: A cantata). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1983; H. Kytasty, *Chernyhivski sichovyky ta inshi pisni* (The fighters of Chernihiv and other songs). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1984; E. Wolf, *Sniatsia nyvy* (Dreaming of fields). Jerusalem: Jewish-Ukrainian Society, 1986.

RECORDINGS: Has had poems set to music and recorded on some ten albums by the Ukrainian Bandurists Chorus in Detroit.

Criticism and reviews

M. Shcherbak and W. T. Zyla, *Polumiane slovo. Do 50-richchia Yara Slavutycha* (The flaming word. Toward the fiftieth birthday of Yar Slavutych). London (UK): Ukrainian Publishers, 1969; W.T. Zyla (comp.), *Tvorchist Yara Slavutycha. Statti i retsenzii* (The works of Yar Slavutych: Articles and reviews). Edmonton: Jubilee Committee, 1978; "*Poetychna tvorchist na etapakh zhyttia*" (Poetic works on the stations of life), M. Harasevych, *Dzvony* (Rome), no. 3–4, 1980; "Yar Slavutych's *Moja Doba:* A poem of intense personal involvement," W.T. Zyla, *World Literature Today* (Norman, Oklahoma), vol. 55, 1981; Vira Slavutych (comp.), "*Bibliohrafiia pysan pro Yara Slavutycha*" (A bibliography of writings about Yar Slavutych). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1985. Second enlarged edition 1986.

Acknowledgements

"Epilogue" was originally published in *Oasis: Selected Poems by Yar Slavutych*. New York: Vantage Press, 1959. "A yellowish sun was shining," "The conquerors of the prairies" and "Alberta" originally appeared in *The Conquerors of the Prairies*. Bilingual text edition. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1974; "Earth's craving, which slumbered in dreams" was published in *Trofei* (Trophies). Edmonton: Slavuta, 1963.

Alexander Smotrych (the pen-name of ***Alexander Floruk***) was born 28 April 1922 in Kamianets Podilskyi, Western Ukraine, where his father was the manager of a co-operative textile enterprise. He obtained his early education in Osniv, near Kharkiv, then moved in 1935 to Demiivka, in the vicinity of Kiev, where he remained until the outbreak of the Second World War. A pianist by training, upon emigrating to Canada he pursued a career as a piano instructor at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto, where he currently makes his home.

Publications

BOOKS: *Nochi* (Nights). [Hanover]: Holuba Savoia, [1947]; *Vony ne zhyvut bilshe* (They are no longer living). [Hanover: The author, V.H.S., 1948]; *Vybrane* (Selected). Toronto: Drukarnia O.O. Vasyliian for the author, 1952; *Buttia. 16 nikomu nepotribnykh opovidan* (Being: 16 [completely unnecessary] short stories). Toronto: Novi Dni, 1973; *Virshi. I–IX* (Verses, I–IX). Series of 9 chapbooks. [Toronto]: Sam Vydav [The author], 1974–5; *20 korotkykh virshiv* (20 short verses). [Toronto]: Sam Vydav [The author], 1975; *1933*. Toronto: Sam Vydav [The author], 1975; *Lirnyk* (Hurdy-Gurdyist). [Toronto]: Sam Vydav [The author], 1976.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vol. 6. Toronto: Slovo, 1975; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Ukrainske slovo* (Kiev); *Holos* (Berlin).

Editorial and critical work
Rosiiskyi imperializm v tvorchosty Shevchenka (Russian imperialism in the works of Shevchenko). Bavaria: The author, 1946.

Criticism and reviews
"*Kholodnyi vohon ikhnikh virshiv*" (The cold flame of their verses), R. Rakhmanny, *Svoboda*, 23 September 1975; "*Pro samvydav na inshomu kontynenti, pro nenavyst, pro novitniu poeziiu i pro inshi rechi i natsii* (About self-publishing on a different continent, about hatred, about new poetry and about other things and nations), Y. Shevelov, *Suchasnist* 9(177, 1975).

Acknowledgements
"The Gift," "A Family Story" and "Dialectics" were all published in *Buttia. 16 nikomu nepotribnykh opovidan* (Being: 16 [completely unnecessary] short stories). Toronto: Novi Dni, 1973.

Danylo Husar Struk was born 5 April 1940 in Lviv, Western Ukraine. He received his early education in Germany (Mittenwald) and the United States (New Jersey), obtaining a B.A. at Harvard University (1963), an M.A. at the University of Alberta (1964), and a Ph.D. at the University of Toronto (1970), where he currently teaches in the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures and is the managing editor of the *Encyclopedia of Ukraine*. He emigrated from the United States to Canada in 1963.

Publications
BOOKS: *Gamma Sigma*. Winnipeg-Cambridge: Bohdan Klymasz, 1963.
ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vol. 2. New York: Association of Ukrainian Writers in Exile, 1964; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights). vols. 1–3 Edmonton: Slavuta, 1964–7; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975.

Editorial and critical work
A study of Vasyl' Stefanyk: The pain at the heart of existence. Littleton (Colorado): Ukrainian Academic Press, 1972; *Ukrainian for undergraduates*. Toronto: Mosaic Press for the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies, 1978; 2nd edition, 1982; "Ukrainian emigré literature in Canada," in J. Balan (ed.), *Identifications: Ethnicity and the writer in Canada*. Edmonton: Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies, 1982. He has also published articles and reviews in the following periodicals: *Slavic Review* (Columbus, Ohio); *Canadian Ethnic Studies* (Calgary); *World Literature Today*, *Books Abroad* (Norman, Oklahoma); *Harvard Ukrainian Studies* (Boston); *Journal of Ukrainian Studies* (Toronto); *Canadian Slavic Studies* (Montreal); and *Slavic and East European Journal* (Tucson).

Memberships
Slovo.

Translations
Has rendered into English poems by Lina Kostenko in G.S.N. Luckyj (ed.), *Four Ukrainian poets*. N.p.: Quixote, 1969; also two stories by Vasyl Stefanyk in G.S.N. Luckyj (ed.), *Modern Ukrainian stories*. Littleton (Colorado): Ukrainian Academic Press, 1973.

Andrew Suknaski was born 30 July 1942 near the village of Wood Mountain, Saskatchewan. He completed secondary school in Nelson, British Columbia and studied at the University of Victoria (1964–5); School of Art and Design at the Montreal Museum of Fine Art (1965); Notre Dame University in Nelson (1966–7); the University of British Columbia (1967–8); and Simon

Fraser University (1968–9). He also attended the Kootenay School of Art in Nelson (1962–3, 1966–7), where he obtained a Diploma of Fine Arts. In 1978 he was writer-in-residence at St. John's College, University of Manitoba. He is currently working as a freelance writer in Regina. Of mixed Ukrainian-Polish ancestry, his father (a native of Lviv) emigrated to Wood Mountain, Saskatchewan in 1912, the same year his mother arrived in nearby Limerick from Poland.

Publications

BOOKS: *Shadow of Eden once*. Wood Mountain: Deodar Shadow Press, 1970; *Circles*. Wood Mountain: Deodar Shadow Press, 1970; *In mind or xrossroads of mythologies*. Wood Mountain: Anak Press, 1971; *Rose way in the east*. Toronto: Ganglia Press, 1972; *Old mill*. Vancouver: Blewointmentpress, 1972; *The nightwatchman*. Wood Mountain: Anak Press, 1972; *The Zen pilgrimage*. Wood Mountain: Anak Press, 1972; *Y the evolution into ruenz*. Wood Mountain: Anak Press, 1972; *Four parts sand: Concrete poems* (with others). Ottawa: Oberon Press, 1972; *Wood Mountain poems*. Wood Mountain: Anak Press, 1972; expanded edition edited by Al Purdy, Toronto: Macmillan, 1976; *Suicide notes, book one*. Wood Mountain: Sundog Press, 1973; *Phillip Well*. Prince George (B.C.): College of New Caledonia, 1973; *These fragments I've gathered for Ezra*. Edinburg (Texas): Punch Press, 1973; *Leaving*. Seven Person (Alberta): Repository Press, 1974; *On first looking down from Lion's Gate Bridge*. Wood Mountain: Anak Press, 1974; revised edition, Windsor (Ontario): Black Moss Press, 1976; *Blind man's house*. Wood Mountain: Anak Press, 1974; *Leaving Wood Mountain*. Wood Mountain: Sundog Press, 1975; *Writing on stone: Poemdrawings 1966–1976*. Wood Mountain: Anak Press, 1976; *Octomi*. Saskatoon: Thistledown Press, 1976; *The ghosts call you poor*. Toronto: Macmillan, 1978; *Two for father*. With George Morrissette. Wood Mountain: Sundog Press, 1978; *East of Myloona*. Saskatoon: Thistledown Press, 1979; *Montage for an interstellar cry*. Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1982; *In the name of narid*. Erin (Ontario): The Porcupine's Quill, 1981; *The land they gave away: New & selected poems* Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1982; *Silk trail*. Toronto: Nightwood Editions, 1985.

ANTHOLOGIES: bp Nichol (ed.), *bp the cosmic chef: An evening of concrete*. [Ottawa]: Oberon Press, 1970; A. Purdy (ed.), *Storm warning: The new Canadian poets*. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1971; G. Gatenby (ed.), *Whale sound*. Vancouver: Douglas and McIntyre, 1977; R. Currie et al (eds.), *Number one northern: Poetry from Saskatchewan*. Moose Jaw: Coteau Books, 1977; *Canadian literature in the 70's*. Toronto: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1980; D. Cooley (ed.), *Draft: An anthology of prairie poetry*. Winnipeg: Turnstone Press, 1981; D. Barbour and S. Scobie (eds.), *The maple laugh forever: An anthology of Canadian comic poetry*. Edmonton: Hurtig, 1981; M. Atwood (ed.), *The new Oxford book of Canadian verse in English*. Toronto-London-New York: Oxford University Press, 1982.

JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Capilano Review* (Vancouver); *Antigonish* (Antigonish, N.S.); *Descant* (Toronto); *Salt* (Moose Jaw); *Canadian Dimension* (Winnipeg); *Student* (Edmonton); *The Manitoban* (Winnipeg); *Arts Manitoba* (Winnipeg); *Canadian Forum* (Toronto); *Northern Journey* (Winnipeg).

Editorial and critical works

"The prairie graveyard," in D. Cooley (ed.), *Essays on Canadian writing: Prairie poetry issue*. no. 18–9, Summer-Fall, 1980; "Out of *narayan to bifrost / the word* arresting entropy," in *BRICK: A Journal of Reviews*, no. 14, Winter 1982.

Other media

FILM: Wrote the narrative script for *Pamiat'*, a Harvey Spak film produced by the NFB, 1981.

STAGE: *Don'tcha know the north wind and you in my hair*, a play collaboratively written and produced in Saskatoon, 1978.

Awards
Winner of the Canadian Authors Association Prize for Poetry, 1978.

Translations
Translator of Andrew Voznesensky, *The shadow of sound*. Prince George (B.C.): British Columbia College of New Caledonia, 1975.

Criticism and reviews
"Suknaski's geography of blood," D. Barbour, *CVII*, December 1976; "The poetry of Andy Suknaski," P. Lane in D. Cooley (ed.), *Essays on Canadian writing: Prairie poetry issue*, Summer/Fall 1980; J. R. Colombo in J. Vinson (ed.), *Contemporary poets*, 3rd edition. New York: St. Martin's Press; London: St. James Press, 1980; "Shadows of our ancestors," H. Spak, *NeWest Review* October 1978; "Introduction," S. Scobie, *The land they gave away: New & selected poems*. Edmonton: NeWest Press, 1982; and the articles by E. Dyck, K. Gunnars and J.X. Cooper in *The Dinosaur Review*, no. vi, winter 1985.

Acknowledgements
"Konopli" was originally published (under the title of "Koonohple") in *The ghosts call you poor*. Toronto: Macmillan, 1978.

Yaryna Tudorkovetska (a pseudonym) was born 3 January 1920 in the village of Tudorkovychi, Western Ukraine. After completing *gymnasium*, she attended the University of Lviv but was unable to finish her studies because of the war. She emigrated to Canada from Australia in 1957.

Publications
BOOKS: *Substantsii nauzkrai* (Substance at the extremity). Toronto: Slovo, 1985?
ANTHOLOGIES: *Slovo* (The word), vol. 9. Edmonton: Slovo, 1981.

Robert (Bob) George Wakulich was born 4 April 1955 in St. Catharines. In 1977 he received a degree in sociology from Lakehead University, Thunder Bay. Subsequently continuing his sociological studies at McMaster University, he participated in the Creative Writing Workshop at the Banff Centre in the summers of 1979 and 1980. At present he works in Calgary. His grandparents emigrated to Canada from Ukraine in the 1930s.

Publications
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Free Fall* (Banff); *Westworld* (Vancouver); *Great Expectations* (Toronto); *Pennywise* (Nelson); *Rampike* (Toronto); *Enterprise* (Vancouver); *Creative With Words* (California); *Mind in Motion* (California).

Editorial and critical work
Edited *Argus*, the Lakehead University student newspaper; has reviewed books for *The Albertan* (now the *Calgary Sun*) and the *Calgary Herald*; the project manager for *The Calgary Winter Club 25th Anniversary Book*.

Other media
STAGE: *Russell in the bush* for a Playwright's Workshop sponsored by Theatre B.C. in Kaslo, British Columbia.

Awards
Banff Centre Scholarship, 1979; Frelyn Scholarship, Banff Centre, 1980.

Ron Joseph Wolosyn was born 6 December 1954 in Brantford, Ontario. He studied drama at York University, and currently works as an actor and director in Edmonton. His father came to Canada from Ukraine in 1945, his maternal grandparents having emigrated to Saskatchewan from Ukraine in the early 1920s.

Larry Zacharko was born 25 July 1950 in Edmonton. He studied acting and playwriting at the University of Alberta, graduating with a B.F.A. degree in 1973. He currently works as an actor-playwright in Toronto, having performed in such plays as *After Baba's Funeral* (Toronto Free Theatre), *Le Temps d'une vie* (Tarragon Theatre, Toronto), *Listen to the Wind* (Actor's Theatre, Toronto) and *Just A Kommedia* (Chysta Productioins touring show). Both paternal grandparents emigrated to Canada from Ukraine in the late 1890s. On his mother's side his Ukrainian grandfather arrived in 1912, his maternal Ukrainian grandmother being a native of Lamont, Alberta.

Publications

BOOKS: *Maximilian beetle*. Toronto: Playwrights' Co-op, 1977; *Bells, lockers, n' cans*. Toronto: NDWP, 1979.

ANTHOLOGIES: *Land of magic spell* in *A collection of Canadian plays, volume IV*. Toronto: Simon and Pierre, 1975.

Other media

STAGE: *A knight in kilometer country*, a one-act children's play produced in Toronto by the Young People's Theatre in 1975 and 1976; *I wanna die in ruby-red tap shoes*, a collective creation produced in Toronto by NDWP in 1976; *Her Majesty's mustache or the Queen's a 10*, a Toronto School Board Production, 1981; *The stampede*, a production by Alberta Theatre Projects, 1982; *Is nothng Socred anymore?* produced in Edmonton by Theatre Network, 1985

Memberships

Actra; Canadian Equity; Playwrights Union of Canada.

Criticism and reviews

"Larry Zacharko," D. Rubin and A. Cranmer-Byng (eds.), *Canada's Theatre Review Publications, 1980.*

Oleh Zujewskyj was born 16 February 1920 in the village of Khomutets, Poltava district, Ukraine. He studied at both the School and the Institute of Journalism in nearby Kharkiv. Arriving in the United States in 1950, he completed M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, and came to Canada in 1966 to teach Slavic literatures at the University of Alberta.

Publications

BOOKS: *Zoloti vorota* (The Golden Gate). Munich: G. Grosskinski, 1947; *Pid znakom feniksa* (Under the sign of the phoenix). Munich: Na hori, 1958.

ANTHOLOGIES: Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Pivnichne siaivo* (Northern lights). vol. 2. Edmonton: Slavuta, 1967; B. Boychuk and B. Rubchak (eds.), *Koordynaty II. Antolohiia suchasnoi poezii na Zakhodi* (Co-ordinates II: An anthology of modern Ukrainian poetry in the West). Munich-New York: Suchasnist, 1969; *Slovo* (The word), vols 3–10. Edmonton-Toronto-New

York: Ukrainian Writers in Exile and Slovo, 1968–1983; A. Kopach (ed.), *Khrestomatiia suchasnoi literatury* (An anthology of contemporary literature). Toronto: Harmony Printers, 1970; Y. Slavutych (ed.), *Antolohiia ukrainskoi poezii v Kanadi, 1898–1973* (An anthology of Ukrainian poetry in Canada, 1898–1973). Edmonton: Slovo, 1975.
JOURNALS/PERIODICALS: *Literaturnyi zhurnal* (Kiev-Kharkiv); *Proboiem* (Prague); *Zahrava* (Augsburg); *Arka* (Munich); *Suchasnist* (Munich-New York); *Kyiv* (Philadelphia); *Novi dni* (Toronto).

Editorial and critical work
"*Novyi uspikh ukrainskoho perekladnytstva*" (The progress of Ukrainian translation), in *Ukrainskoho literaturnoho hazeta* (Munich), April 1957; "*Elementy biohrafichnoi konseptsii u Frankovykh perekladakh sonety Shekspira*" (Elements of a biographical conception in Franko's translations of Shakespeare's sonnets), in *Symbolae in honorem Georgi Y. Shevelov*. Munich: Universitas Libera Ucrainensis, 1961; "*Stefan Malliarme*," *Suchasnist* 9(189, 1976); "*Naturalizm v literaturoznavchykh pohliadiv Ivana Franka*" (Naturalism in the literary-critical views of Ivan Franko). *Studia Ukrainica, I*. Ottawa: University of Ottawa Press, 1978; "The boundaries of transformational translation," *The Annals of the Ukrainian Academy of Arts and Sciences in the United States: In honour of Yu. Shevelov*. vol. XV, no. 39–40, 1981–3; "Zur ukrainischen Neuromantik: O. Kobyljanska und A. Schopehaauer" (About Ukrainian Neo-Romanticism: O. Kobylianska and A. Schopenhauer) in J. Bojko-Blochyn (ed.), *Ukrainische Romantik und Neuromantic vor dem Hintergrund der europäischen Literatur* (Ukrainian Romanticism and Neo-romanticism in the background of European literature). Heidelberg: Carl Winter Universitätsverlag, 1985.

Memberships
Slovo; P.E.N. International; Centre for Writers in Exile, American Branch.

Translations
Some of his poems have been translated into Russian, German, French, English and Portuguese: W. Wowk (trans.), *O cântaro: A nova arte Ucraniana* (Sing out: New Ukrainian art). Rio de Janeiro: Companhia Brasileira de Artes Graficas, 1973. He himself translates from French, (Rimbaud, Appolinaire, Mallarmé, Valéry, Jean Casou), English and German into Ukrainian: *Rik dushi* (The year of the soul), by Stefan George. Munich: Suchasnist, 1982; *Vybranyi Stefan George, po Ukrainskomu ta inshymy, peredusim slovianskymy movamy* (Selected Stefan George in Ukrainian and other, especially Slavic, languages), 2 vols. with Eaghor Kostetskyi. Stuttgart: Na Hori, 1968–1971, 1973; *Zdyvovanyi hist* (A surprised guest), poems by David Ignatow. New York: Suchasnist, 1982; Translations of poems by E.D. Blodgett in *Suchasnist* 12(296, 1985).

Criticism and reviews
"*Vidrodzhennia symbolizmu*" (The rebirth of symbolism), V. Derzhavyn, *Ukrainska trybuna* (Munich), 30 November 1947; "*Oleh Zuievskyi*" (Oleh Zujewskyj), P. Odarchenko, *Novi dni*, October 1954; "*U piatdesiaturichchia poeta Oleha Zuievskoho* (On the fiftieth birthday of the poet Oleh Zujewskyj), I. Bodnarchuk, *Ukrainskyi holos*, 28 October 1970; B. Rubchak, "Homes as shells: Ukrainian emigré poetry," in J. Rozumnyj et als (eds.), *New soil—old roots*. Winnipeg: UVAN, 1983.

Acknowledgements
"Proteus" was originally published in *Chas* (Fürth), 1948, "Around the Fish," "Untitled" and "Who knows whence, suddenly unawares" appeared in *Pid znakom feniksa* (Under the sign of the phoenix). Munich: Na hori, 1947. "Ars Poetica" was published in *Suchasnist* 5(221, 1979). "Shards" was published in *Suchasnist* 6(234,1980). "Sonnet *à la* Baudelaire" and "A lament for Ophelia" appeared in *Suchasnist* 10(238, 1980). "The End of Hemingway" was published in *Suchasnist* 6(246, 1981).

N.B. George Bowering is not represented in this book.

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