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# ZDOROV!

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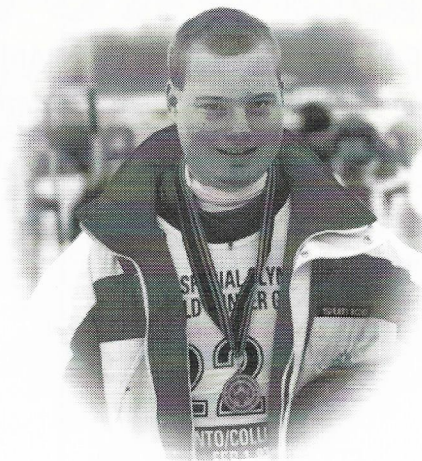


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# ZDOROV!

THE MAGAZINE OF UKRAINIAN THINGS

Volume 1, Number 2

March 13, 1997

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## Editorial Note

Thank you, readers of ZDOROV!, for your tremendous response to the first issue of our magazine. We knew that many people were waiting around for something like ZDOROV! to show up, but we were pleasantly surprised by the volume of the echo. We sold many magazines, a fair number of them before anyone had even seen the finished product. People from Florida to British Columbia, from Québec to California, from all over North America sent in their cheques weeks, and in a few cases, even months before our publication date. Interest really took off once the magazine was printed and hit the bookstores. We still have a long way to go, but with your help, our goal of producing a long-lived, quality magazine has gotten closer.

Comments from readers have been positive on the whole and often tempered with some helpful, constructive criticism. We take everybody's suggestions, criticisms and advice seriously. However, very few of these comments arrived in the form of letters that can be shared with other readers. ZDOROV! should serve as a forum for the exchange of ideas and thoughts. If you think something should be in this magazine, write us. If we have totally missed a story – give us hell on paper or by e-mail. If you want to expand on some subject we covered, please do so.

As to the current issue, it seems more work went into it than into the first one – and we thought it would be easier.

With this issue, ZDOROV! is introducing our graphic designer, Christine Kurys. She's taking the task over from the editors, and we expect the improvements to ZDOROV! will be immediately obvious. We would also like to introduce two new columns and columnists. Roma Ihnatowycz will write a recipe column, while Aleksandra Basarab will be contributing a health column. We know these will be a hit with you because many of you asked for articles on these subjects.

We'd like to thank Roman Wynnyckyj, the owner of Lava Computer Mfg. Inc., without whom this magazine would not be possible. He has provided substantial financial support to ZDOROV!

ZDOROV! also wishes to congratulate the winners of our 1st Annual Pre-Malanka Prize Draw (all ZDOROV! subscribers were automatically entered into the draw).

1st prize – \$100

Andrea Lozinski, Toronto, ON

2nd prize – Kultura CD by The Ukrainians

Marko Howera, Mississauga, ON

3rd prize – Vapniaky tape

Taras Tiutiunyk, Buffalo, NY

We apologize to Mr. Howera, who has been patiently waiting for his CD, which has mysteriously disappeared from music stores across Toronto. The distributor says there should be plenty available, but even Ukrainian shops have been out of stock for the past few months. You'll get it yet.

Yuriy Diakunchak

Nestor Gula

# WE GET LETTERS

Dear ZDOROV!

Congratulations on the launch of your magazine. I just read the first issue and enjoyed it thoroughly.

Just a point on the article "Status Quo or Bust." Like it or not, the older generation needs to be reminded from time to time that THEY do not own the organizations they purport to represent. They (the organizations that is) belong to the "cheeky youngsters" just as much as they do to the old timers. Thus the "cheeky youngsters" should not be intimidated or discouraged from stepping up and claiming what rightfully belongs to them.

Notwithstanding the role of the old-timers in turning-off the younger generation, the younger generation of Ukes have shown a high degree of apathy towards these organizations. For every 30 year-old, 1st or 2nd generation Uke who wants to rediscover his/her heritage, three or four do little or nothing to avoid assimilation. For those of us who make the effort to preserve our culture and become involved in Ukrainian community organizations, we should take comfort in knowing that the spiritual rewards are immense, and not focus on the petty inter-personal squabbles which come with the territory.

Anyway, my \$.02 worth on the subject.

Bohdan Wynnyckyj  
President  
Canadian Friends of Ukraine  
Toronto Branch

Dear ZDOROV!

A congratulatory note to the editors for succeeding where so many have perished, in fashioning a slick, readable and enjoyable magazine. The question now remains: what will you do for an encore?

Not only did I enjoy the reviews – especially the one about Tamara Gorski – but was also enlightened on the mysteries of samohonka. Certainly this drink is not to be imbibed without a 100 percent proof guarantee of its authenticity. Also, the article on Ukrainian kitsch by Maria Koropecy was well crafted. Not less interesting was the cameo on train travel in Ukraine. Let's have more of the same in the future.

What I did not find (to my dismay) were articles of a "shocking," "scandalous," or "threatening" nature in the winter issue of ZDOROV! What I came across was the S.O.S. (same old story) in "Status Quo or Bust" by Heather Olivetz and some errors in "Holidays for the Taking" i.e. Ukraine declared independence in 1918, not 1919 (Jan 22), and serfdom was abolished on March 1 not March 3, 1861. These inaccuracies, however are of a minor nature.

What came across was the image of a well designed and attractive debut of an English language Ukrainian publication.

Yuriy Hanas  
Hamilton, Ontario

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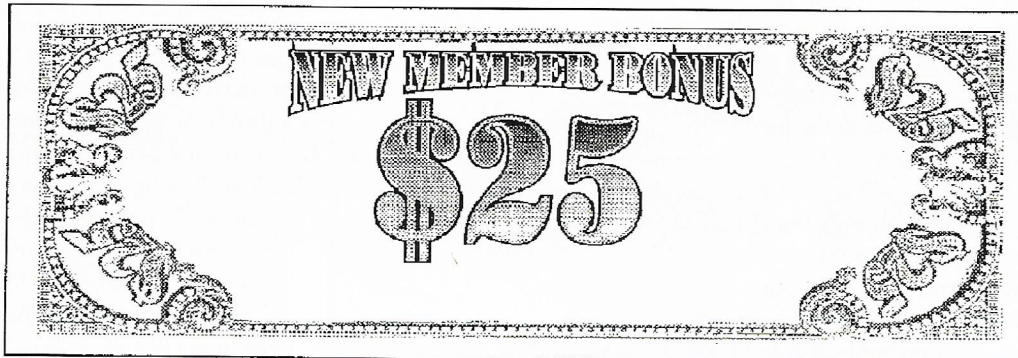
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### Holidays for the taking – if you are a Uke

So the boss is suspecting that you are a Uke now. Take advantage of it. Use these holidays as a guide to further your relaxation and gold bricking career. It is one of the fastest growing options for middle management types in the 90s.

If you feel you deserve a day off but there is no suitable Ukrainian Holiday on the horizon, make one up. Your bosses will probably not catch on. If they check by phoning the local Ukrainian organization, the chances of somebody knowing their history is so small that they too will probably decide to take the day off.

Remember, you do not have to be a “pure laine” (a French Canadian term denoting racial purity) Ukrainian to take advantage of these holidays. Just say you’re a Ukrainian with conviction and the community will accept you with open arms.

- March 17 Ukrainian Central Rada founded in 1917. Headed by historian Mykhailo Hrushevsky, it lasted just one year. If you’re a die hard, mark this anniversary by reading from Hrushevsky’s multi-tomed History of Ukraine. Or go for Orest Subtelny’s Ukraine: A History, it’s a lighter read.
- April 25 This year’s Good Friday for Ukrainians.
- April 28 Easter Monday – known as Obylvany Ponedilok – “Doused Monday” – also a big holiday for us. The Roman Catholics don’t really celebrate it with gusto any more but that should not stop you. Go to church and engage in the traditional water fight after the service. If fear of losing your job keeps you from going to church – soak your boss with a water balloon.
- April 29 1918, Pavlo Skoropadsky decides to capitalize on his Kozak family background, by setting up his own government characterized by bushy hats borrowed from the set of Doctor Zhivago. He’s laid off by year’s end, and so will you be if you start taking days off over something as dumb as this.
- May 1 You know this day – the day of worker solidarity. If the boss won’t let you have the day off, go to work and organize a union. Think hard about starting another revolution, but remember what happened the last time.
- May 15 Serfdom is abolished in Galicia (Western Ukraine) in 1848. There’s no way you’ll put your nose to the grindstone today.
- May 16 Today in 1648 Kozak Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky won his first military victory at Zhovti Vody. Combine it with the previous day for a superlong weekend.
- June 5 Swedish meatball day today. Kozak Hetman Ivan Mazepa signs a deal in 1708 with King Charles XII of Sweden to wage war on Moscow.
- June 15 Major Day of mourning. Today in 1775 Catherine II of Russia orders the destruction of the Kozak’s hangout, the Sich.

–compiled by Nestor Gula

### Life is a Half-Chicken Combo

by Yuriy Diakunchak

Life on earth may have arrived with space debris, according to a scientist in Ukraine. If you have trouble dealing with that, you should probably stop reading just about here and commence with the last paragraph of this piece. If you can handle finding out that humanity might very well be the scum scraped off of some other being’s left shoe, read on.

The Ukrainian scientist, A.V. Arkhipov from the Institute of Radio Astronomy, writes in the June 1996 edition of *The Observatory: A Review of Astronomy*, a journal published in London, that he believes life on earth may have sprung from extraterrestrial flotsam. Proponents of this theory on how humanity got its start, were quite excited last year when a piece of rock that dropped in from Mars showed signs of containing organic matter. Though there is as yet no proof that the traces found in the rock were actually organic, the incident illustrates how the building blocks of life could travel from one place to another. By this reasoning, something could have tossed the remains of its lunch out

through the air lock on a space ship billions of years ago, indirectly giving rise to the human race. Life could have started when the remains of a half-chicken combo with fries landed on our then-barren planet.

Arkhipov’s, formula has lots of sigmas, rhos and mus in it, so it’s got to be right, right? Before you start looking for progenitors in the heavens above, remember it’s only a theory. According to Toronto scientist Ivan Semeniuk (see article pg.12) this theory has been floating around for years, and doesn’t really add anything conclusive to the search for the origins of life. All the theory does is change the location of Eden rather than help explain how life arose in the first place. Semeniuk counsels that we look for clues to the beginnings of life right here on earth rather than gallivant through the universe looking for someone else’s trash heaps. Arkhipov is bound to disagree.

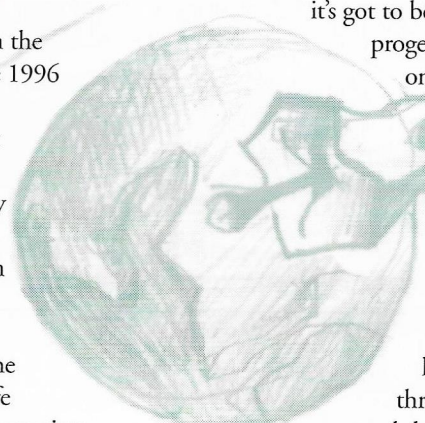


illustration by Danylo Glynchak

# Toronto's Little Secret

by Yuriy Diakunchak

The best kept secret in Toronto's Ukrainian party scene? The Uke Thursdays at the downtown Big Bop dance club. They're so secret that when I showed up in early January, the only people there besides me were my fiancée, the two friends that came with us and a bunch of staff. By the end of the evening the "crowd" had "swelled" to about 35-40 people. Now this is a huge nightclub – HUGE, I tell you. Aside from the novelty of hearing some music from Ukraine being spun by the DJ, the evening was a horrendous waste of time. After such a dismal first experience I vowed never to return.

Fast forward a few weeks and I returned to give the place another chance. I had to be sure that the one evening was not an aberration. This time I picked a night on which the regular Thursday Uke event coincided with the launch of the "I Am Alive" CD (pre-viewed in ZDOROV! last issue). With six or so bands playing (some posters said eight, some five, and the rumours said ten – who knew?) and posters proclaiming appearances by radio personalities from some of Toronto's top pop stations, I expected that lots of people would

come. At least 150 people did show up, although many of the people were members of the bands that were playing and their freinds. There were no radio personalities.

Party! Well, actually – that didn't happen.

The bands were entertaining, although the audience only reluctantly enjoyed itself, preferring to quaff pints and burn cigarettes while rooted to their spots around the tables and the bar.

The reason, I suspect, that these Thursday evenings are so bad is that no one knows about them. Then there is the added street wisdom that says – don't show up unless there's a specific event planned for the evening. Even Yuri Mihaluk, the entertainment manager at the Bop, says showing up on a Thursday when nothing is scheduled is a waste of time. "We have a walk-through crowd of maybe 20-30 people on those nights," he says. His advice is to come on the evenings when a band is playing or a Dating Game type themed

evening is on. Comedy nights and bands from Ukraine will follow in the future.



photo by Agata Koloda

*Ukrainian angst onstage at the Bop*

The Thursday evening program was started by Jurij Klufas of the Kontakt television program. He says he realized Toronto had a lot of youth but few fun services for them. The evenings target both new immigrants from Ukraine and Poland and local-born Ukrainians. However, for a city that can hold ten or so large Malanka bashes simultaneously, the turnout has been quite paltry to date.

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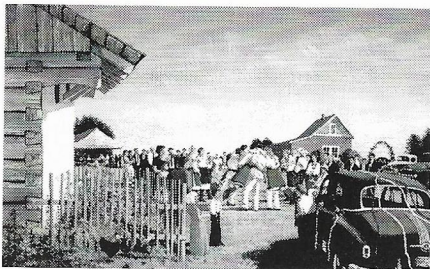
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# Shostak

by Don Sydora



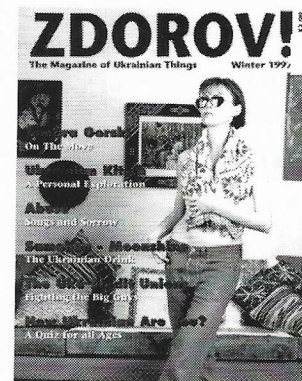
Ukrainian dance has been part of the Canadian Ukrainian experience for a long time. In Bonnyville, Alberta they are commemorating the 20th Anniversary of Ukrainian dance in the community in a unique way.

The Canadian Folk Dance Society and the Kryla Ukrainian Dancers have commissioned the well known Ukrainian artist Peter Shostak to produce a painting that symbolizes the beginnings of staged Ukrainian dance. Both Bonnyville groups have been involved in staging Ukrainian dance over the last 20 years.

Shostak, who grew up in the Bonnyville area, fondly remembers his first experiences with Ukrainian dance at the local weddings he attended as a youngster. He captures this scene, a traditional outdoor wedding in Alberta during the 1950's, in his new work, "I will learn to dance like that." During the unveiling of this painting in Bonnyville in October 1996, Shostak commented that Ukrainian dance is one of the cornerstones of the Ukrainian culture in Canada and is alive and well in the Canadian mosaic.

A total of 300 artist reproductions of this painting are available for purchase from either The Canadian Folk Dance Society or the Kryla Ukrainian Dancers. Prints are \$150, plus shipping, and are available now. To purchase these prints call Nathaniel Ostashevski at (403) 826-6825, Don Veenstra at (403) 826-7441 or Marcia Kierkosz (416) 244-6514.

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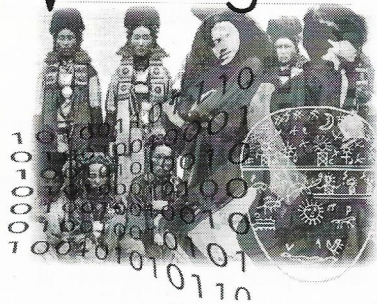
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## Virtual Souls

by: Melinda Jo Guttman



Virtual Souls, an experimental opera with "virtual reality" and the Internet as its leitmotifs, begins with the frame of two men and three women isolated from each other in downtown New York. The opera is the newest production of New York's Yara Arts Group. It was staged at the La MaMa ETC's Annex Theatre from January 16 to 26.

Two young women talk about meeting men in "chat rooms" on the Internet; one works at home and has only met the people for whom she works in virtual space; the other walks by fire stations and drug dealers on her way to work through soulless culture. A young man at a computer sings an aria about the grandeur of the binary language, ritualistically chanting the numbers 1-0-1 to a crescendo.

The actors are on a narrow platform with flashing images projected onto scrim screens behind them. Suddenly, one young man sings "Buryat Chronicles – window-open-click!" and they are transported to a mythical time akin to cyberspace (like the "dream time" of Australian Aborigines) of the Buryat Mongols of Siberia. A strikingly beautiful woman, Erzhen Zhambalov, a Buryat actor, in traditional dress turns towards the audience and sings an alluring song in the tongue of these Bhuddist and Shamanistic nomads.

The young New Yorkers enter this mythical world and are transformed by it. Dreamtime becomes present time as they learn to open their spirits and become more than just "virtual souls."

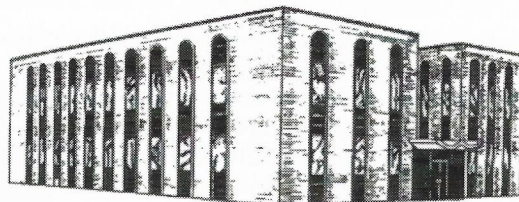
It is as if director Virlana Tkacz used a laser beam to remove thin layers of culture from our eyes and transported us to a primeval state. The music, composed by Genji Ito, includes the unusual sound of the morin khor, a cello-like instrument, with the sounds of throat singing's combinations of vibrating drone and melodic notes.

The music interweaves elements from many cultures, as well as original compositions, reflecting the cultural diversity of texts from which this piece was created. Together, the actors from the different cultures perform the arias and dances of the Buryat-Mongols "origin myth".

This Pirandellian, richly woven multicultural, multimedia, chamber opera, sped through its hour-and-a-half like a lucid dream.

*Melinda Jo Guttman is a Professor of Theatre at City University of New York*

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## Magocsi History of Ukraine by Nestor Gula

For many Ukrainians growing up in North America, Ukrainian history was endured on bleak Saturday mornings in Ukrainian school. History wasn't taught, it was rammed. It wasn't learned, it gave you a headache. "The struggle for self-determination of the Ukrainian people..." Zzz...

Professor Robert Magocsi's *A History of Ukraine* is a history of Ukraine, the place, not Ukrainians, the people. In writing about the development of the modern Ukrainian state, this book traces the development of other cultures which existed and still exist within the borders of Ukraine. A most brilliant inclusion in this work is the Russian and Polish historical viewpoint on Ukraine. Ukrainians have always excelled at navel-gazing and never really bothered to find out what other cultures, especially those which share borders with Ukraine think about us Ukes. Well here it is. This chapter is in itself worth the price of admission.

Another excellent feature of this work – the shaded text boxes which feature various debating points in Ukrainian history. Issues such as "What was the language of Kievan Rus'?", the meaning of the term "Ukraina," the text of the Treaty of Pereiaslav (Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky's sellout 1654 agreement with Russia's Tsar Aleksei), Ukrainian Jewish identity, and the anarchism of Nestor Makhno, are just a few of these wonderfully written and presented sub chapters. Although they are listed

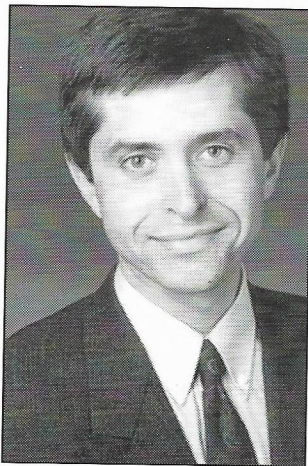
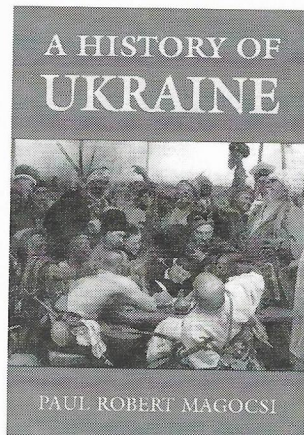
in the table of contents, they do not have a specific page reference assigned to them – a minor flaw.

*A History of Ukraine* starts with the beginning of civilization on the territory of Ukraine and ends with the declaration of Ukraine's independence in 1991. The 810 page book is comprised of 50 chapters, which are divided into ten historical periods, supplemented by 42 maps and 19 tables. Given that Professor Magocsi sets out to cover all the people that lived on the territory of Ukraine, one might even wonder whether 810 pages is enough to tackle this gargantuan subject.

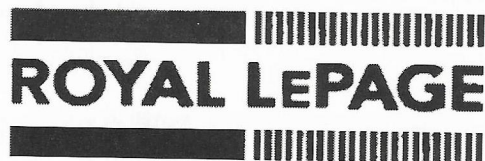
Fear not, it does the job, and in an engaging way. This is no dry textbook. In many ways, this work is a step up from Prof. Orest Subtelny's popular *Ukraine: A History*, with one exception – fewer photographs and illustrations.

It's a thick but welcome addition to your bookshelf. It should even settle a few arguments with your father-in-law, much to his shock and amazement.

Prof. Magocsi holds the Chair of Ukrainian Studies at the University of Toronto and was recently inducted into the Royal Society of Canada's Academy of Humanities and Social Sciences. He has published numerous articles and books including *The Historical Atlas of East Central Europe* and *Galicia: A Historical and Bibliographic Guide*. *A History of Ukraine* was published by the University of Toronto Press.



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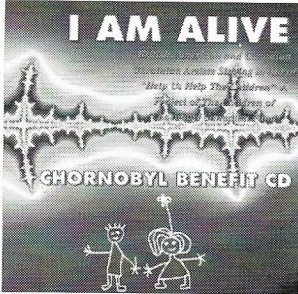
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## A Moral CD Review by Chi Chi Modal

To start off, the cover's great. The fractal images and vibrant colours of Toronto-based Znak Records first production should draw anyone within a 50-metre radius of it. It also sports the cool graphics of the Help Us Help the Children logo – a kid's drawing of a boy, and a girl with a flower growing out of her head.



It's billed as a benefit CD for victims of one the scariest cataclysms yet devised by the angry deities that visit bad things on the human race – Chornobyl.

Even if you were thinking about not buying this because it's a benefit/fundraising album, you'd

better. With Chornobyl and orphans in Ukraine, you don't mess around.

Didn't like "Sun City," "Live AID"? Tired of Jerry Lewis? Too bad. Buy this CD.

It's a hard and fast rule of human etiquette that you don't harm, abuse, defame or hinder efforts to improve the well-being of those afflicted by natural disaster or orphans unless you want to attract some heavy duty flak, if not imprisonment.

Appropriately enough for a pious Ukrainian production, the first track begins with a prayer, Roman Remeynes and the Pan Galactic Hit Squad's take on "Otche Nash" (Our Father, bracketed here as "Green Prayer"). Mr. Remeynes hopes this will "raise a few eyebrows." It's actually fairly tame international ecological solidarity agit-prop pop.

Side Two and Trembita provide some workmanlike mainstream rock, with no Uke flavour to speak of. Then again, maybe that's a good thing, cause when I got to the bathos dished out by Solovey, I suddenly felt like I was caught in a Ukrainian laundromat in hell. Ditto Nove Pokolinya, who add to the nausea by being out of key occasionally. On the upside, the Fence Sitters' "My Summer Place" is a very listenable, folksy, harmonica-and-fiddle piece, and these folks deserve to do well and be booked into lots of foot-stomping places, if it's not happening to them already.

Back to the Bible. The U.K.-based Ukrainians contributed a Euro-disco (with syntho-tsymbaly/zithers providing the beat) minor-key meditation on Chornobyl and the Book of Revelations. If you must greet the Ukrainian Apocalypse under a disco ball on a dance floor, you could ask the DJ for this one.

The track I really liked on this CD was the Vapniaky's "Nannygoatin" (also known as "Kokhayu Zhinok Na Pensiyi," I Love Women on a Pension), a Neil Young-style number. However, conflict of interest rules force me to admit my bias: I've kissed more than one member of that band in various basements in Hogtown.

Chysto Brud (Absolutely/Cleanly Dirt) from Buffalo, NY grunge it out, but sound like they got mighty tired in the studio. Same thing for pop-dance band Café Kyiv, who otherwise sound like the only ones on this production whose mother tongue truly is Ukrainian. Most-Authentic-Zabava-Band-Sound Prize goes to veteran ensemble Bukovina Brass.

To get this CD send a cheque or money order for \$15 to the Children of Chornobyl Canadian Fund, 1557 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Ontario, M6P 1A5. Don't piss me off, just do it.

## Ukraine Stars in Jackie Chan Flick by Yuriy Diakunchak

When I think of Jackie Chan, the last thing that pops into my mind is quality cinema. But when I heard that Ukraine was to have a bit part in his newest movie "Jackie Chan's First Strike," I figured what the heck.

The movie starts with Chan travelling to Ukraine to thwart a CIA agent gone bad who has just scooped up a Ukrainian nuke. The opening scenes are a bit geographically confusing. Chan is supposed to be in Crimea, but all of a sudden he's at the bottom of a very tall and snow covered mountain that is more reminiscent of the Carpathians. Don't worry, the rest of the plot doesn't make much sense either.

Jackie, with the help of a bunch of *tryzub* (trident) adorned police officers tries to break up the arms deal in a mountain-top chalet.

Later, as Chan is forced to ski off a cliff with the bad guys, a Uke helicopter flies in to save him. The rescue attempt sort of succeeds and Jackie wakes up in a hospital. Another hour or



so of excruciating nonsense ensues as Jackie follows the non-plot to Brisbane, Australia.

The fight scenes are somewhat entertaining, as Chan injects humor into his karate moves. I chuckled when Chan fought off a squad of bamboo-pole-wielding gangsters with a ladder.

I recommend this movie only to Jackie Chan fans and people who simply can't pass up seeing blue and yellow helicopters with the

word *militia* (police) written on the side. Purists will be happy to know that all of the signs appearing in the movie are written in Ukrainian not in Russian, and the characters who are supposed to be Ukrainian speak Ukrainian (though with a definite North American accent). Although a ski shop jam-packed with a vast array of the latest in multi-hued ski equipment seems a bit out of place in the Ukrainian landscape, there's nothing in the movie to get the activists riled. The best Ukraine related material is in the opening scenes when Chan gets a vast stack of *kupony* (Ukraine's former currency) in exchange for a few US bills. Anyone who's travelled to Ukraine before the introduction of the new currency took place in 1996 can relate to this.

By the time you read this review, the movie will have finished its run in most theatres, which is just as well. If you really want to see it, wait for the video and rent it with Taras Bulba.



# The Ukie Dating Game

by Luba Krekhovetsky

Being a hyphenated Canadian isn't easy. Aside from the difficulties of repeatedly spelling out your name, correcting people who assume you're Russian, and negotiating days off for Ukie holidays, there's also the complex issue of dating Ukrainians. If you identify with your Ukrainian heritage, this will inevitably hang over your heart, whether you want it to or not.

For many young Ukrainian-Canadians, whether someone is Ukrainian is not a decisive factor when it comes to dating – but it is a consideration. "If somebody had the other characteristics I find appealing, then it would probably tip the balance of probabilities," says Andrea, a 26 year-old law student. It depends on your sense of identity. If you were well-indoctrinated by your parents, you may be searching diligently for that "nice Ukrainian boy / girl" to settle down with. Or, if you consider yourself more Canadian than Ukrainian, you may be looking for a soulmate of unspecified ethnic origin, or simply anyone who is not Ukrainian.

Most of the Ukes I talked to felt that, although ethnicity shouldn't be an issue, their sense of identity makes it one.

Oleh, a 27 year-old sales rep, finds the concern crops up once in a while. "Sometimes I think it's not important, but then I have this nagging feeling that it's actually more important than I'm willing to admit," he says. Others, like Dora, a 21 year-old biology student, try not to let it influence their judgment though they don't always succeed, "I think subconsciously it might influence my judgement," she says.

For some, like Dmytro, a lab technician in his mid-twenties, dating some-

one Ukrainian is a conscious decision. "I've concluded that I can only date Ukrainians. I find I can't relate to non-Ukrainians as much."

There are a number of advantages to dating Ukrainians. For one, you may be able to discover valuable information about a potential date from others, even before you ask them out. "When I see someone I'm interested in, my tendency is to ask people about him," says Dora.

With a bit of detective work, you can glean information from mutual friends, family members, maybe even your *baba*.

For some women it's a safety issue. Sophia, a 22 year-old history major, says she won't date someone she meets in a downtown bar, "but I'll probably go out with someone Ukrainian if one of my friends knows him." But be forewarned: the grapevine is a rich, but notoriously unreliable source. Don't base your decision solely on gossip.

Another major advantage is appeasing the parental units. If your parents want you to date a Ukrainian, it can simplify your family life. Dating a Uke not only reduces family tensions, but it can eliminate that awkward language problem during family visits. "In practical terms, I wouldn't have to translate when relatives come over," says Andrea.

Aside from these more practical aspects, there's the added bonus of sharing a common identity. Someone Ukrainian is more likely to understand your cultural baggage, your specific cultural reference points, maybe even your political biases. "If you're part of the Ukrainian community, it complements your life within it because the other person understands your commitments and probably has some reciprocal feelings as

well," says Petro, a 25-year-old law grad.

For some, it's about sharing a personal journey. "As I'm coming to terms with my Ukrainian heritage, I could do it with somebody who's experiencing the same growth process," says Andrea. Dating someone from the same cultural background can enrich your cultural identity.

On the other hand, there are also some pretty compelling disadvantages to dating a Ukrainian. Being part of a close-knit community has its drawbacks, one of which is the above mentioned gossip network. Gossip is like wildfire, and it can be quite invasive. "If I was involved with someone, I'd probably want to keep it quiet, at least at the initial stage," says Dora.

If you're part of the community, gossip is unavoidable. "When you're involved in the Ukrainian social enclave," reasons Dmytro, "it's just natural that more people know what you do."

The more visible you are in the community, the less privacy you have. If you're involved with someone, people will continually be asking about your 'other half.' "You get a feeling that your relationship becomes public property," says Petro. "You're a couple in everybody's eyes. You're not an individual person." Being in the public eye can put tremendous pressure on a couple. In some cases, people are so eager to see you paired-off that "they see your wedding bells before you see them," says Petro.

If you're actively looking for someone Ukrainian, then you're really limiting your options. "What are the chances of finding your soulmate within such a limited group of people?" says Dora. As you delve further into the various criteria of what constitutes a 'good Ukrainian,' the pool of potential mates becomes even more circumscribed. Are they of mixed parentage, are they of the same religious denomination, which organizations do they belong to if any, what are their family's political ties?

After a while, the whole enterprise becomes absurd. "I can just imagine a personal ad reading: 'Looking for Ukrainian Catholic Plastunka of Melnykivets influence,'" says Petro.

Limiting yourself to Ukrainians only, can be risky. But if preserving the culture is that important to you, it may be a risk worth taking. "You might reject somebody great, but I think the importance of maintaining the culture through a relationship overrides that," says Dmytro.

Another drawback to dating a Ukrainian is that the ghetto is small – too small sometimes. Everybody knows each other. You may find yourself interested in the same person as one of your friends. Worse yet, you may end up dating someone they've dated. You're bound to run into your ex at some Ukie function. If you're dating somebody new, this can make for awkward exchanges. Even across the continent, the community is tightly-knit. Due to the road trip phenomenon, long distance relationships are not uncommon.

Finding a Ukrainian you actually want to date can be a tricky proposition. Basically, there are two categories of Ukrainians: those you've known since you were in kindergarten and those you meet at *zabavas*. The thought of dating a childhood friend seems almost incestuous, like dating your brother. If you've known someone for a long time, it's difficult to see them in a romantic light. "I think you see their faults, and this prevents you from wanting to become involved with them," says Dora.

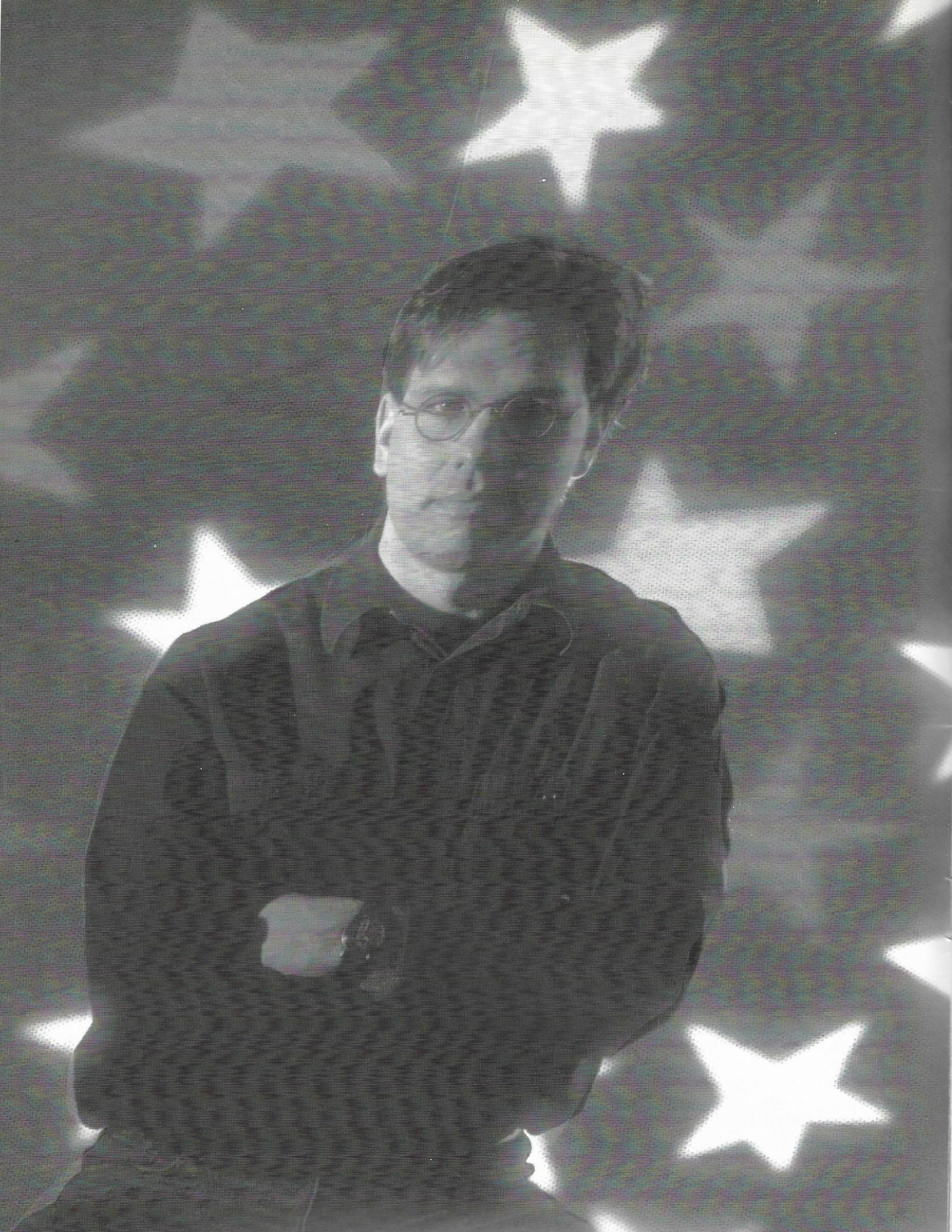
As for the people you meet at *zabavas* and other social events, your odds are slightly better. "For youth, going to a *zabava* is a very important aspect of our social culture" says Dmytro.

But why? What is the purpose of the Ukrainian *zabava*? There's an absurd mating ritual that goes on at *zabavas*. You meet new people. There's flirtation, dancing, and of course, drinking. People get paired-off. "I think alcohol has a lot to do with it. Everyone develops beer goggles at *zabavas*. People look more attractive when you're drunk," says Dora. If you're trying to pick up someone, don't expect it to go unnoticed at *zabavas*, the lack of privacy is magnified a hundred fold. "Everyone sees, everyone knows, everyone talks, and that's what makes it more complicated," says Dora. "I don't think it's possible for two Ukrainians to get together without anyone knowing."

However, *zabavas* are not always about the dating game. "I seem to have the best time when I don't hook up with somebody, and just hang out with my friends," says Dora.

Unfortunately, when it comes to the Ukie dating scene, clichés and stereotypes abound on both sides. Women tend to think Ukrainian men are looking for a domestic woman who'll cater to them. "I don't want to stereotype them, but I've met a few unfortunate idiots who perpetuate the myth of wanting to marry a girl just like baba," says Andrea. Men, on the other hand, tend to think women are searching for a 'catch.' "I don't think there's one Ukrainian woman. There are various types. But there are a number of them who are obsessed with marriage and who they want to marry," says Petro. In the end, it seems to be a problem of misperception and miscommunication. Maybe it's just a question of shedding the misconceptions, ignoring the gossip, and losing the beer goggles. **ZI**





# Spaced Out

# Spaced Out

With Ivan Semeniuk

*story by Yuriy Diakunchak*

*photo by Yuri Dolnycky*

I have to admit that I have some rather stereotypical ideas of what a scientist should look like. There are two types floating in my head: wild-haired madmen plotting the destruction of the world in their subterranean laboratories or skinny nerds on a high sugar diet solving the world's problems and saving a whale or two to boot, all from behind jury-rigged home computers. However, shoe-horning Ivan Semeniuk, Staff Astronomer at the Ontario Science Centre, into one of these two moulds would take an imagination vastly superior to my own.

Semeniuk, who gives lectures at the Toronto tourist attraction/science mecca's planetarium, makes complex science interesting. When he's declaiming about the stars, his arms fly around, he inflates balloons to illustrate points about the galaxy and generally infects the audience with his fascination with the night skies.

No pasty faced lab rat is he. He's young, 33 years-old, personable, knowledgeable and seems to understand that scientific knowledge is far removed from the lives of many people who visit the

centre and needs to be explained to the lay person in an accessible manner.

"You're dealing with true natural beauty and people have an emotional response to it. When you show them pictures they do respond emotionally," he says.

Drawing on humanity's natural fascination with the skies, Semeniuk tries to provide his audiences a context within which to understand the universe. "We're all parts of the universe, we're intimately connected with the things that we see out there in space. The long term cycle. We're from space and we return to space. Our existence relies on it, so it's much nicer that people get a feeling for the big picture and the richness of the details within that picture."

Working with people who are not well versed in astronomy must require a lot of patience, even though Semeniuk, who got his B.Sc. in Physics and Astrology at the University of Toronto, maintains that there are "no dumb questions." I think he's saying it for my benefit, because I've just asked him one or

two that even I realize are quite dense. What does seem to irk him a bit are the bad jokes he must hear at least once a day.

"There's always the one about Uranus. And (when I say) the brightest star you can see from the Earth is Sirius everyone always asks me if I'm serious."

Semeniuk doesn't think his job at the Science Centre is to help in some scheme to churn out more scientists, he just wants to give people an opportunity to experience the beauty of our universe.

"I'm really more interested in allowing people to consider astronomy and science the way we appreciate art. You can grow through science, you can get a better idea of the world around you. You can base your philosophy of life on a firmer foundation and better idea of what the world is really all about on a physical level. I think all those things contribute to the quality of life," he says.

Astronomy is a funny science, because so little of the material under study is within reach of the researchers. Aside from the odd meteorite that falls to the

Earth or a few handfuls of soil and rock scooped up on trips to the moon, astronomers have nothing solid to work with beyond our own atmosphere. Most of their work is based on long hours of observation of objects so distant that it is virtually guaranteed no human will ever land on them. Advances in technology, such as the Hubble Space Telescope, have brought into focus phenomena no one could have imagined ever existed, but the physical distances remain as great.

Working in this field requires an ability to work without ever knowing for sure if one's theories are accurate.

"You don't even know if there is a real universe. There are academic arguments about scientific realism and about how real is the universe," says Semeniuk. Though there is a certain level of uncertainty inherent in other forms of science, such as quantum mechanics, almost any observation or theory made about distant heavenly bodies is difficult to prove beyond a doubt.

"The universe seems to evaporate into fields of probability instead of hard substance. We keep looking and looking, we just don't know how big it is. We have this free floating island of what we know and its tapers off at either end into the unknown and possibly unknowable in principle." It's the job of scientists to flesh out knowledge to these limits, but as far as Semeniuk is concerned, there are still centuries of research to be done before we start hitting the ceiling.

If you believe in the possibility of other life forms in the galaxy, take comfort in the fact that Semeniuk acknowledges this possibility. But if you are the type that tends to worry about invasions from Mars, you should probably channel your fears in some more credible direction.

"I like to tell people I'm a UFO – Ukrainian from Ontario," says Semeniuk, who was born in Windsor, Ontario, the youngest of four siblings to parents who emigrated from Ukraine. In his youth he belonged to Uke dance groups at St. Vladimir's Orthodox church in Windsor.

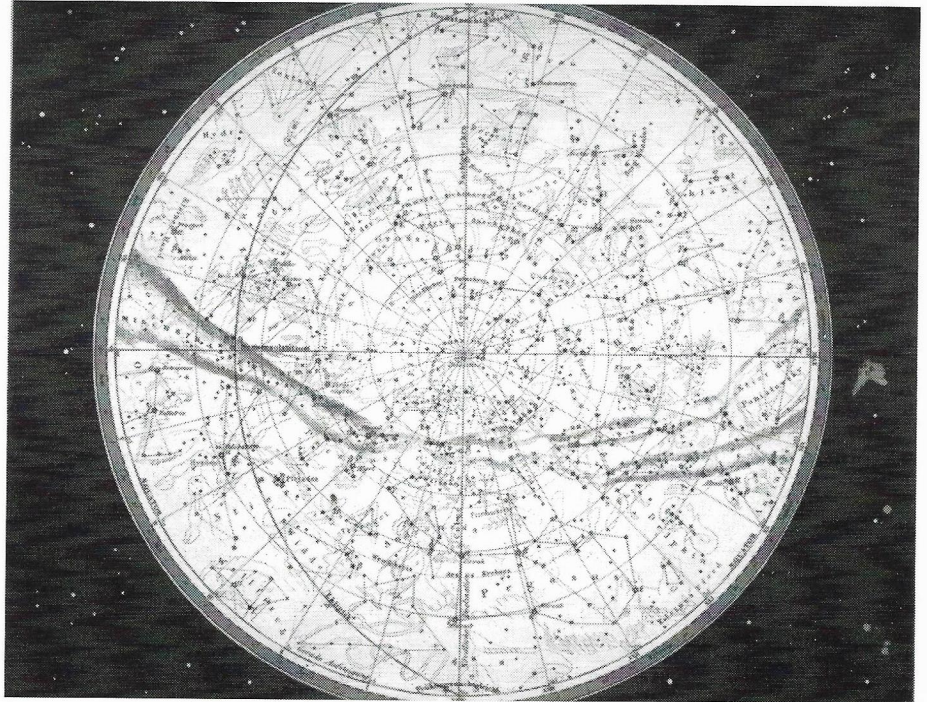
"We know the universe is filled with planets, so it isn't hard to imagine that some planets might have life, but I categorically believe that other life will never reach us." The reason: the enormous distances between our planet and any other

solar system capable of supporting life.

Most UFO sightings can be attributed to the movements of Venus and other heavenly bodies he says. But the biggest proof that UFO's do not exist according to Semeniuk, is the network of tens of thousands of amateur astronomers gazing at the sky every night who track anything

interested in going into astronomy to focus on "math, math, math, math, really do a lot of math."

The job of a scientist is to know the how's and why's of things, he adds "The scientist has to figure out how to know something, how to actually get some new information. You have to ask questions



that moves. "They're not the ones reporting the UFO's."

If the UFO's can't reach us, then it follows that life on earth arose independently of any other life in the universe.

"We have Earth stamped on our foreheads. Everything about our bodies, and our chemistry, the trace elements in our bodies has to do with evolution in an Earth environment. Everything about us is perfectly meshed with other life on this planet on a molecular level." (For a different theory see page 4.)

Semeniuk is enthused by the very fact that we even exist.

"What's really astounding about the size of the universe is that we actually evolved and an intelligence can emerge that arrives at so many answers. Even though physically we can't get there, in our minds we can move all over the universe and this is very profound. I don't know if anyone has as of yet come to grips with how meaningful our existence is."

Semeniuk advises people who are

about everything around you."

You can see the show Semeniuk produces in the Science Centre's Planetarium. It's a regularly updated look at the night sky includes the latest news on discoveries in astronomy and space science. You can catch him on TV on one of the two shows he does. Every Friday night at 10:30 he can be seen on the Discovery Channel doing a program called "Heaven and Earth This Week." During the show he points out some of the highlights amateur astronomers might like to look for across Canada. The second show, "@.discovery.ca", has been nominated for a Gemini award. Semeniuk has been a regular astronomy columnist with the show since January 1995. It can also be seen on the Discovery Channel and runs weekdays and Sundays at 7 and 11 pm. **zi**







# Pysanka

by Nestor Gula

I write pysanky! It's a relaxing hobby – more exciting than collecting stamps and seasonal to boot.

Pysanky (pysanka is the singular form) are Ukrainian Easter eggs. They are usually made just prior to Easter, but the pros make them year round. The term pysanka derives from the Ukrainian verb "pysaty" to write. You don't paint on eggs to make pysanky, you gotta write 'em.

Pysanky are rife with symbolic meaning. The pysanka itself is a pre-Christian symbol of good fortune, a long life, love, fertility, etc. The mysticism of the pagan pysanka was adapted to Christian rites and the art of the pysanka has evolved steadily. Now you have everything from avant garde eggs to the meta-kitsch of stick-on decals.

Writing pysanky is inexpensive as far as hobbies go. Compared to the cost of acrylic or oil paints and canvas, pysanka supplies are incredibly cheap. Eggs are cheap. Beeswax (don't use paraffin) is

plentiful and you don't need a lot of it. The water-based dyes are laughably cheap and seem to last forever. I once had a set of colours which lasted for about two years. The kistka is perhaps the biggest expense.

The kistka (some call it a *pysaltse*) is the tool you write pysanky with. It's a simple instrument which holds melted wax and distributes it evenly over the egg. The traditional kistka is a wooden stick with a very thin metal funnel attached to one end. The kistka is heated over a candle, dipped in wax and then the wax is applied to the egg. This is all fine and dandy, but really a pain in the seating cushion.

I use an electric kistka. Electricity was invented by Muddy Waters, as we all know, and has revolutionized pysanka making. The electricity keeps the temperature just right to keep the wax flowing evenly. (I got a kistka that has an adjustable temperature – in Spinal Tap fashion I keep it at 11.) The purists scoff

at this. Electricity, hah! "The only true way to make a pysanka," they say, "is with a traditional kistka." I respond by turning the radio up.

The electric kistka cost about \$50 the last time I checked, compared to about five dollars for a traditional ones, but it is well worth it. The thing never breaks down and usually comes with removable funnels that let you vary the thickness of the lines you write on the egg.

So you've done your shopping. You have all the stuff. Now for the fundamentals of pysanka writing. Dab wax, using the kistka, onto the clean white egg according to a traditional design, a preconceived plan or in a random fashion.

Once you are happy, or reasonably content, place it into the coloured dye. Start with yellow, which is the lightest, and work your way up, or down depending on your religious views, the colour range. You yank out the egg after



about five minutes (I used to time it by smoking a cigarette before I quit) and dab some more wax according to your style and preference. You soak, you dab some more, and keep repeating this until you hit black. After soaking in the black dye, the egg is fairly well covered with wax and looks like a small baked potato pulled out of a fire.

You have to remove the wax to make this minor monstrosity look like a beautiful pysanka. You must heat the egg to melt the wax to reveal your artistic accomplishment. The traditionalists do this over an open candle flame, carefully heating the wax and deftly wiping it off with a rag. I use a stove. You can also use a toaster oven. Please, DO NOT use a microwave. I set the stove to its lowest temperature and wait until the wax starts to glisten. I then pull the egg out, and with one or two deft

wipes all the wax is gone. The pysanka is now done.

The area where the wax was applied will preserve the underlying colour.

Once the wax is applied, there is no force in the world that will remove it so that a dye will stick to that place again.

As mentioned above, this only works with beeswax. Paraffin does not work.

I'm not saying this just to give some apiarists the chance to sell all the wax they have accumulated over the years. There is some property in beeswax which makes it bond to eggshells.

When writing pysanky one cannot erase mistakes. This can be quite tricky when you are dealing with melted wax that doesn't always behave like you would like it to. Shaky lines are made by shaky armed people – don't fret – it is an endearing trait which gives your pysanka that "I made it myself" look. Splotches form where wax inadvertently drops.

Areas which were to be completely covered by wax mysteriously develop spots where no wax was applied and the darkest color shows through. The best way to learn pysanka writing is through trial and error (frequently error and error). Eggs are cheap, the materials are



inexpensive and no one can get hurt, usually.

The best egg to use for making pysanky is a small to medium-sized chicken egg. In my opinion, the smaller eggs tend to be smoother and much easier to handle. But if large eggs are your style – go for it. Just look at Vegreville, Alberta.

Then there is the hollowing of the egg. There are three theories about the proper time to do it. According to one theory, the best time is after the pysanka has been completed and before the wax is removed. The insides of the egg keep the egg immersed in the dye and the heavier egg is easy to work with.

The second theory is to remove the insides of the egg before writing the pysanka. This theory is based on the principle that after spending time and effort making a pysanka it would be a great shame to see it shatter when you try to remove the insides – removing the insides prior to commencing the pysanka will avoid this heartbreak.

The third theory is "who cares if the damn egg implodes after twenty years," leave it full. Feel free to apply the theory

that is most to your liking.

To hollow out the egg you can buy a special device – but that costs money. My method is to delicately make a small hole in one end of the egg (usually where the design will obscure the hole). I make the hole roughly four times the diameter of a regular pin. Then I stick a syringe, with a long needle, into the egg and pump air into the egg. The yolk and stuff will start running out of the hole after a while. This is fun.

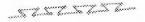
Expect to break a few eggs at first. You can get the syringes from your family doctor. If he is loath to give you a syringe, go to the nearest rehab centre, tell them you are a heroin addict and they will give you a needle. Hell, you might even get a meal and some condoms to boot.

To write pysanky one must be in the right frame of mind. I don't mean you must be in touch with the gods. You have to be relaxed and in a peaceful state of mind. One cannot write pysanky while being bothered by some other worry. Clear the mind. Switch off the TV. Rediscover some music that you haven't heard in a long time. Put your-

self into a peaceful trance and devote your concentration to your pysanka and the friends around you. To my mind, pysanka writing is not an activity for hermits. It is a social art form better done with friends. ■

### Ten symbols to incorporate into your pysanka,

•Ribbons or belts around the egg represent immortality and/or eternity.



•Pine Needles symbolize health, stamina, eternal youth.



•Curls symbolize fertility and mystery.



•Triangles are the symbols for the trinity of: air, fire, and water; alternately the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; earth, heaven, and hell.



•Wheat symbolizes growth and a good harvest.



•Fish, a symbol of water, symbolizes Christianity.



•The Star symbolizes heaven.



•The oak leaf symbolizes strength

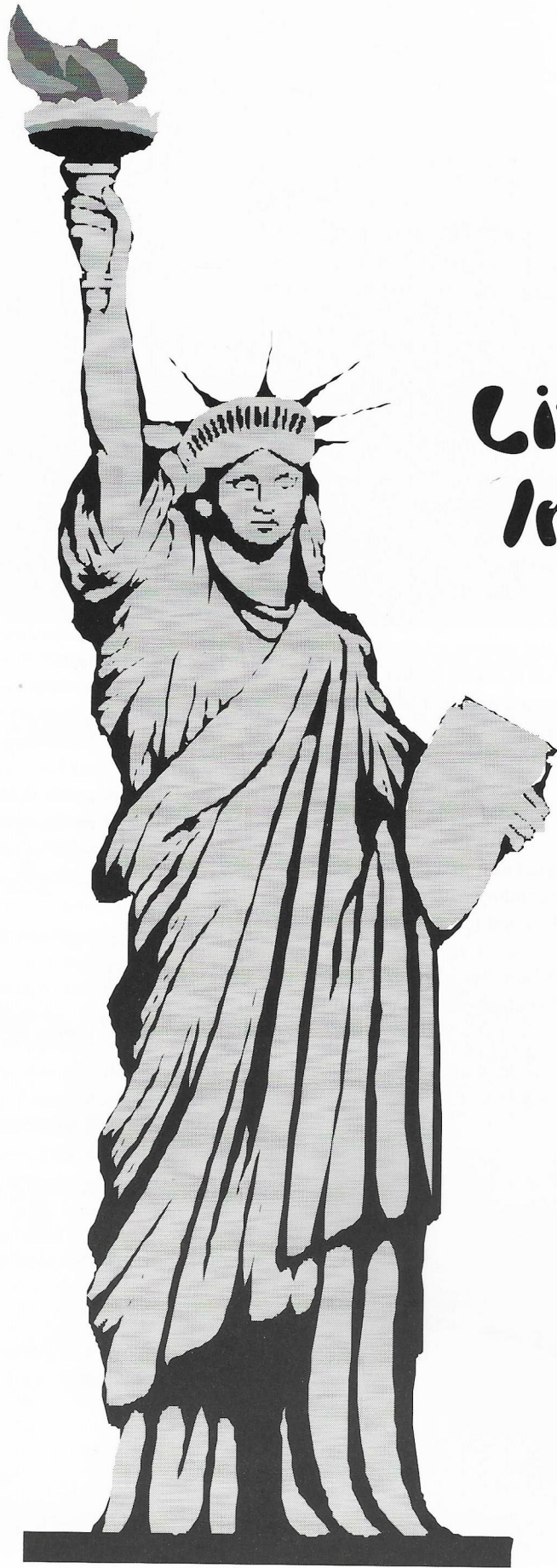


•Lightning symbolizes God's grace and power



•Hens feet symbolize guidance and a search for knowledge.





Think New York City, what springs to mind? The Statue of Liberty? Maybe the Empire State building? As I scan the map, looking for the next tourist site to visit, I spot the words "Little Ukraine" hidden away in the East Village of Lower Manhattan. It isn't listed in any of my tourist guides of the city, so I decide to explore on my own. With map in hand I head South, down 3rd Ave toward until I arrive at East 14th Street. The East Village.

# Little Ukraine In New York

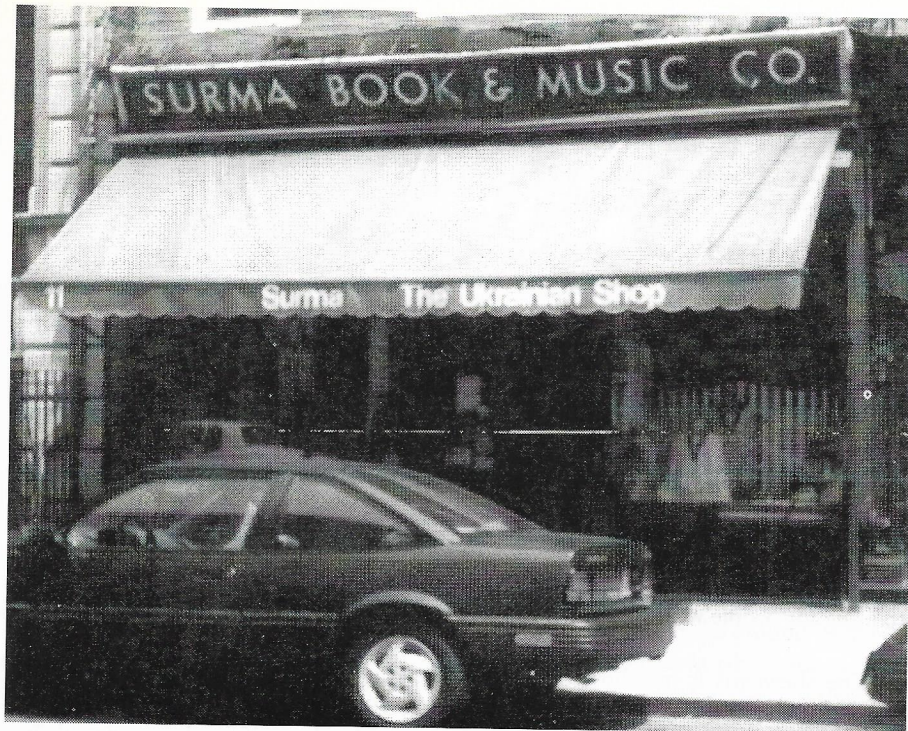
*by Greg Kowalczyk*

It's a hive of activity. Sidewalk restaurants, bars and delicatessen shops, just waiting to satisfy one's tastebuds. Then, I hear the familiar sound of Ukrainian being spoken. I must be in the right place!

Still walking south, I turn left into East 7th Street, and to my right I see the huge Ukrainian Catholic Church of St. George. Above the entrance doors is an impressive golden mosaic that glistens in the sun. As I step inside, the enormity of the church and the beautiful stained glass windows really strikes me. The midday mass is about to start and the church is packed.

Afterwards, I leave and turn into Taras Shevchenko Place, where at the end of the block I find the St. George Ukrainian school. Unfortunately it is closed for the holidays so I can't go in and look around.

I head back in the direction of the church and see a little shop called "Surma". A lady greets me with a smile and "Dobriy den" as I enter. While I browse, the owner Myron Surmach offers assistance. He is the father-figure of the East Village and knows everyone and everything. His shop has a large selection of audio and video cassettes, books embroidery and other bric-a-brac,



all reasonably priced. I buy the new Verioivka video and make a hasty exit before I spend all my money.

Not to far away I walk into "Brewsky's" to quench my thirst. It was opened in 1986 by Jaroslav Kuziw or "Jerry" for short. Jerry give me a guided tour of his establishment. Signed photographs of film and pop stars adorn the walls of "Brewsky's." Sting, Madonna and Tom Cruise have all dropped by according to Jerry. It may be something to do with the 420 beers in stock. "Soon to be increased to 600," says Jerry proudly. Jerry hopes to build a chain of Brewsky's in the future. He then leads me to his other bar called "Burp Castle" which is two doors away. The walls are hand painted with pictures of the Middle Ages. Bar staff and waitresses are dressed as monks, while Gregorian chants play in the background. The basement which lies underneath the "Burp Castle" and "Brewsky's" will be transformed into yet another bar Jerry says. I leave Jerry and cross the street to the Kiev Restaurant.

Situated on the corner of 2nd Avenue and 7th Street, the restaurant is popular with Ukrainians and offers both take-away and sit-in meals. The menu is varied with generous portions and reasonable prices.

Next stop on my tour is the Ukrainian Sports Club (locally known as USK) which was established in 1949. I meet Ivan Kowal who is on the club committee and he fills me in on what teams and groups are based there. There are two soccer teams and a billiard/pool team which represent the club. The New York Dumka mixed chorus are also based here and practice every Friday. "USK" produce a monthly newsletter under the initiative of Steve Kovalenko

who is also a player/coach with the New York Ukrainians Soccer team. The newsletter contains up to the date information on soccer around the world. Before I leave I have a chat with some of the locals, who are friendly and hospitable.

Due to the size of the Ukrainian community in the New York area (70,000 strong) it would be impossible to cover everything "Little Ukraine" has to offer. From museums to dance schools, churches to delis, it's all here.

*Greg Kowalczyk is a resident of Wolverhampton in England. This article originally appeared in the Winter issue of ZDOROV! England. <sup>21</sup>*



# Sports

## Going a Bit Faster

by Yuriy Diakunchak

Halfway up Blue Mountain in Collingwood, Ontario, Kris Shewchuk slips his goggles on and pushes out of the starting gate. Less than a minute later, he's made his way through the course of red and blue markers, and arrives at the bottom to the cheers of a small group of supporters. They don't know it yet, but Kris has just won the bronze medal in his category of downhill racers in the 1997 Special Olympics World Winter Games being held in Toronto and Collingwood.

Kris is a friendly young man with autism, who took to the slopes eight years ago. The resident of Kamloops, BC, will go on to win a gold and a silver over the course of the Special Olympics, just as he promises the knot of his supporters when he climbs down from the podium.

"I'm proud of you," says mom Dori Shewchuk, hugging her son. "Who are you proud of?"

"Myself," beams Kris.

Like for many of the other 2,000 athletes from over 80 countries participating in this year's Special Olympics, winning medals is the icing on an opportunity for Kris to gain self-confidence through sports. He would be happy with three golds, but what he

really wants is to win one of each colour.

"Kris used to be very quiet, and didn't initiate conversations," says Terry Shewchuk, Kris' father, of the time before Kris became involved in sports. "He had no competitive spirit at all."

Hoping to help their son keep fit and healthy, his parents started him up on a swimming program. That's when they began to find out about the Special Olympics and the movement's dedication to developing sport and fitness training for people with mental disabilities.

The Shewchuk family, however, is made up primarily of avid skiers, and it seemed inevitable that Kris would take up the sport as well. At first Kris was drawn to the rope tow. "He likes repetitive things," says Terry. "He particularly likes watching the rope tow go round and round." From there, Terry insisted that Kris give skiing a try, and according to Dori, eventually persuaded Kris to enjoy the sport.

"Even though he is a great skier now, he still enjoys the rope tow," says Dori.

The Shewchuks learned about a ski meet that was being held in their area and the family decided to sign Kris up. "We thought, 'gee, that's going to be

fun.' He went in with no competitive spirit at all and came back with five or six first place ribbons. That's when he got interested in competition," says Terry.

Kris's dad started to get involved in the Special Olympics on a local level, acting as the coordinator for the Kamloops City Special Olympics. Eventually he was elected as regional coordinator for the southern interior of British Columbia and started a ski program in the area.

While Terry was engrossed in the administrative end of things, Kris was tearing up the slopes. Kris placed well at the 1994 ski meet in Kelowna, BC, qualifying himself for the provincials in 1995. He won four golds and scored a spot on the provincial team going to Calgary, Alberta for the Canadian nationals. The 1996 meet netted a further three silvers and one bronze.

According to Special Olympics organizers, medals are not supposed to count as much at these Games according, but the looks of accomplishment and pride on the faces of the athletes standing on the podium tell a different story. Even though most of the participants are awarded with some sort of medal or ribbon, you can't deny that winning a medal builds confidence and esteem for athletes faced with a sometimes daunting and confusing world.

"The real purpose is not really to try and make anyone a better athlete, that'll often happen as a result – but the real objective is to improve skills used every day of the year – social skills, communication skills, confidence, dignity," says a representative of a large US firm that donates to the Special Olympics. "Through those things [the athletes] are going to improve their lives," he adds.

Another Canadian with a Ukrainian background competing here, Debbie Lebedynski from Edmonton, Alberta, sums up it up in simpler terms, "You go fast," she says. "We're having fun, relaxing, talking to other people."



Kris with parents Terry and Dori.



*Kris shows off his new haircut*

Despite the new interest in skiing, Kris did not give up on swimming during this time. He competed in the Canadian Special Olympics Summer Games in Halifax in 1994 where Kris excelled in the pool. He set a Canadian record for 25 metres in backstroke and added a gold, three silver and a bronze medal to his collection of awards. Success in sports has given Kris a reason to believe in himself and helped him to overcome some of his shyness.

"He's developed a feeling of self worth. He's got something to talk about. Now he's a very outgoing person," says Terry.

Back at the athletes' tent, Kris is showing off the back of his head, where the word "Canada" has been shaved into his hair.

"I felt confident [on the slope], but I was a little nervous," he says about his bronze medal run. "I'm going to win the gold tomorrow. Have to go a bit faster."

"That's my boy," Terry puts his arm around Kris' shoulders and gives him a good squeeze. This is his moment. He can bask in the adulation of his parents, coaches and other team members.

Despite all of the meddling organizers who get in the way of interviews and picture taking and who don't seem to have an answer even to the most basic of questions, (such as "where you can get a list of competitors?"), I'm starting to see the very positive nature of these Games. It's easy to get emotional in the midst of

the general happiness, but there's something here that stays with you and opens up new respect for people with disabilities.

Some parting words on the team from Ukraine. The Ukrainian team consisted of eight athletes, all cross country skiers, who hauled in 23 medals. A nice bunch of teens and young adults, they came to Canada with long faces, unsure of themselves. But they left in high spirits, heartened by their victories and by the great reception they got from Stan Haba of the Canadian Friends of the National Olympic Committee of Ukraine and the rest of the Ukrainian community in Toronto. Special Olympic sports programs are only just getting off the ground in the old country. The eight who came to Canada had a chance to develop their skills, but most people with disabilities in Ukraine are still treated as undesirable. In fact, all but one boy from the Ukrainian delegation were orphaned by parents who simply abandoned them. **21**



*Downhill skier Debbie Lebedynski*



*Kris celebrating a bronze medal win*

*all photos by Yuriy Diakunchak*

# In the Pot

By Roma Ihnatowycz

## Borsch

Is there any dish more quintessentially Ukrainian than a bowlful of nice red borsch?

Yet borsch is as varied a dish in Ukraine as vegetable soup is in Canada. Indeed, different variations exist in every region, and even for each season.

Most Ukrainian-Canadians are accustomed to a garnet red borsch, made with an abundance of beets and some meat or other vegetables. This is a typical *Hutsul* borsch, and bears little resemblance to other types found in the central and eastern regions of Ukraine. In many of these regions, borsch is a hearty multi-vegetable soup, rumoured strong enough to hold up a fork.

Beets are just one of the ingredients, and, I was surprised to discover, not a terribly important one at that.

"You must be careful NOT to add too many beets," I was repeatedly told by some terribly talented cooks in Ukraine, "It will give the borsch a horrible red colour. That's not what you want."

It's not?!!

"No, you want to get a nice warm orangey-red colour."

After a series of experiments, I can now make orangey-red, ruby-red, and even slightly green borsch, and I am happy to share a couple of my recipes with you.

First a few words of advice and borsch trivia:

\*If you want a quick dish that can be prepared in 30 minutes flat, you're reading the wrong recipe column.

\*If you want to save a bit of time by purchasing a ready-made chicken or beef stock in a store, please do.

\**Salo* (pork fat) Ukraine's second most famous (or should I say infamous) product is of much superior quality in Ukraine than here. For this reason I usu-

ally replace it with smoked pork belly, which can be purchased in most Eastern European-style delis.

\*The same can be said for the quality of pork meat. In Ukraine, the base for meat borsch is almost exclusively pork, but here I find it necessary to use a combination of beef and pork.

\*Sour cream in Ukraine is unpasteurized and soured naturally. It does not curdle when boiled or clump when added to borsch as does the artificially-made sour cream sold in stores here. To avoid this problem, I create my own sour cream which comes close to duplicating Ukrainian *smetana*, both in taste and texture. I've included the recipe at the end.

\*Have you ever reheated borsch only to find it turn an ugly brown colour? This is the result of boiling beets too long or too often. Once beets have been added to borsch, the soup should only be brought to a boil once or twice, and never for a long time. When reheating borsch, always take the amount you need from the big pot, and heat it up in a small pot.

Whether you prefer orangey-red, or ruby-red, you'll save the colour.

\*Are you a great garlic fan? (What true Ukrainian isn't?!!) Chop or crush some fresh garlic into your soup bowl before ladling in some borsch. The scent and taste is fabulous!

\*To *kvas* or not to *kvas*. Originally borsch in Ukraine was always made with beet *kvas* – fermented beet juice – to give it a tart flavour. Once tomatoes, vinegar and lemon juice became readily available, beet *kvas* fell out of favour. Some diehards still swear by it, but you'll rarely find it made in Ukraine today.

### POLTAVSKY BORSCH

Thanks to the abundance of fowl in the Poltava region, borsch there is always made with either goose, duck, or chicken

stock as its base. It invariably includes buckwheat flour *halushky*, or dumplings. I've substituted a simpler type of dumpling made from wheat flour.

2 1/2 litres water  
1 chicken (around 1 kilo), in pieces, including neck and giblets if possible  
2 bay leaves  
2 tbsps oil  
1 large beet, peeled and grated (wear rubber gloves!)  
1 tbsp vinegar  
1 tsp sugar  
1 onion, chopped  
1 carrot, grated  
1 parsnip, grated  
3 tbsps tomato paste  
2 potatoes, chopped into bite-size pieces  
3 cups cabbage, sliced thinly  
50 g salo, or smoked pork belly, chopped  
3 garlic cloves, crushed  
1 bunch fresh parsley  
salt and pepper to taste

### Halushky:

2 tbsps butter  
2 eggs  
6 tbsps flour  
Salt to taste

Bring the chicken to a boil in a large pot with water, remove the scum from the surface, add the bay leaves and then simmer gently for 1 1/2 hours. Remove the chicken and strain the broth. Skin and bone the chicken, and cut into bite-size pieces. Cover and set aside. Let the broth simmer gently.

Meanwhile, gently fry the carrots, parsnip and onions in 2 tbsps of oil for ten minutes, adding the tomato paste at the end and mixing it in well. Remove and set aside. Then gently stew the beets together with the vinegar, sugar and 2 tbsps of broth in a frying pan for ten



minutes on a very low heat. Also set aside.

Bring the broth to a boil, add the potatoes and cabbage and simmer for 10 minutes. Add the rest of the vegetables, pork belly, chicken pieces, and the halushky. Bring to a boil and turn off the heat immediately. Serve with sour cream and sprinkled parsley.

#### Halushky:

Cream the butter until soft and mix in the eggs. Add the flour and salt and mix well by hand. Drop by the spoonful into simmering water and simmer, covered, for 7-9 minutes.

#### ZELENY BORSCH

Zeleny, or green borsch, is an early spring borsch which can be found in many households across Ukraine as soon as young, tender sorrel and spinach leaves start selling in the markets. The greens give the soup a wonderfully tart taste. Although many Ukrainians have started making the soup with no beets whatsoever, I find it is still better made the traditional way with beets.

2 1/2 litres water  
700 g pork spare ribs  
500 g boneless beef chuck  
2 tbsps oil  
1 carrot, grated  
1 parsnip, grated

1 tsp flour  
1 onion, chopped  
1 large beet, peeled and grated  
1 tsp sugar  
1 tbsp vinegar  
4 potatoes, cut into bite-size pieces  
1 bunch sorrel (around 300 grams), sliced very thinly  
1 bunch spinach (around 300 grams), sliced thinly  
1 bay leaf  
1/4 tsp cayenne pepper  
Salt to taste  
2 or more eggs, hard-boiled (allow 1/2 egg per serving)  
4 tbsps sour cream  
2 tbsps green onion, chopped  
2 tps fresh dill, chopped

Place the pork and beef, whole, into a large pot of water, bring to a boil, and skim the surface. Lower the heat, and simmer gently, partially covered, for about 1 hour or until the meat is tender. Remove the meat, cover it and set it aside. Sieve the remaining broth and keep it at a low simmer. Once cooled, the meat can be cut into bite-size pieces.

Fry the carrots, parsnip, onion and a bit of salt very gently in the oil for 10 minutes. Add the flour and fry one more minute. Set aside in a bowl. Put the beets, vinegar, sugar, 2 tbsps of broth and a bit of salt into the frying pan and stew over very low heat for 10 minutes, mixing occasionally. Set aside.

Bring the broth to a boil, add the potatoes and simmer gently for 10 minutes. Add the beets, carrot, parsnip, onion, spinach, sorrel, bay leaf, meat, cayenne pepper and salt. Bring to a boil and immediately turn off the heat. Be careful not to overheat this soup at this point – the greens should be tart and slightly green rather than limp, mushy and dull-coloured.

Cut the eggs into quarters, and put two pieces into each bowl. Pour the borsch into the bowls, spoon on a bit of sour cream, and sprinkle with the green onion and dill.

#### UKRAINIAN-STYLE SOUR CREAM

1 cup whipping cream  
2 tbsps store-bought sour cream or unflavoured yoghurt

Add the sour cream or yoghurt to the whipping cream and leave on a counter-top, unrefrigerated, overnight. The following day it should have thickened into a nice tart cream, which will remain good, if refrigerated, for around one week.

*Smachnoho!*



from the archives of the Martyniuk family



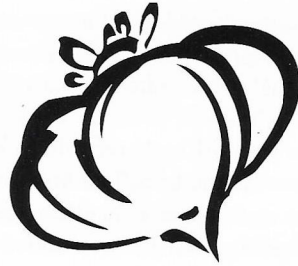
# A Healthy Shot: Garlic

by: Aleksandra Basarab

North America is quickly becoming obsessed with garlic. It is being cited as the magical cure-all, and as the ultimate illness prevention agent. Numerous studies have been done to prove its effectiveness on various body systems. Garlic is being served up, nowadays, in the trendiest of restaurants by the truckloads. Manufacturers of garlic supplement tablets are thriving, and numerous web pages are devoted to this pungent vegetable. To think that just a mere 15 years ago, garlic was considered repulsive, and as something essential to keep vampires away! However, we Ukrainians have always respected and appreciated garlic as a bringer of health. We were definitely ahead of the times with the whole garlic thing and that is evident in our traditions.

Garlic has been called the miracle drug. It has many medicinal benefits. For example, garlic is considered to be an effective antibiotic. Its antibacterial properties stem from a substance called "allicin", which is released when garlic

cloves are bruised or cut. Garlic is also seen as beneficial in aiding circulation, keeping your heart healthy, warding off coughs and colds, and relieving sto-



mach conditions.

Garlic is also helpful to those affected by diabetes. Diabetic patients, by definition, face increased risks of cardiovascular problems. Garlic helps to lower blood pressure and improves blood glucose concentrations. It not only lowers total serum lipids (fat in

blood) but works to lower LDL cholesterol ("bad cholesterol") and increases HDL ("good cholesterol"). Both the reduction in blood pressure and improvement in blood glucose concentrations are seen as vital to reducing cardiovascular risk.

Research also shows that eating garlic during pregnancy can reduce the potential risk of pre-eclampsia (raised blood pressure and protein retained in the blood). Some studies show that garlic may even help prevent low-birth weight in babies.

Sounds to me like garlic is, indeed, the magical cure-all! But, garlic as a recreational drug? Yes, you read that correctly! Some older people swear that garlic is a mind-altering substance.

Next time you slip into a nasty, grumpy and crabby mood – bite into a couple of cloves and see what happens. People testify that you'll snap out of it in no time. Hey, maybe that is why we Ukrainians are such a cheerful, fun-loving bunch – it's the cumulative effect of a centuries-old garlic habit.

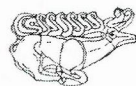
It is very difficult to overdose on garlic, and complications from overconsumption are very rare (but the odour might make socializing a little bit more difficult). There have been some rare reports of allergic reactions.

Heartburn and slowed rates of blood clotting are other potential risks. But, to truly enjoy this herb one must reach for the real thing. Tablets take away from the experience of chomping on garlic. Stomach acids will inactivate "allicin" in non enteric-coated tablets – and this way you will derive none of the benefits, and you might even get an upset stomach. Don't worry about the stink, the health benefits are worth that little inconvenience (use a lot of mouthwash). Go ahead, bite into some garlic – smachnoho and na zdorovya!

Aleksandra Basarab is a Toronto-based Registered Nurse.

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*Manitoba Legislature,  
Winnipeg, Canada  
"Louis Riel" Bronze Casting  
Artist: Miguel Joyal*

# CyberUkes

compiled by Yuriy Diakunchak

Ukrainian Genealogy and Heritage Page  
<http://ic.net/~ggressa/ukr.html>

Are you looking for long lost members of your family? Or maybe just people with the same last name? Do you ever wonder what your surname means? Or how it was derived? This is the place to come for answers.

Click onto the Surname Searchers link and you will find a long list of people looking for relatives. The names are in alphabetical order and each has the e-mail address of the searcher linked to it. I was disappointed that no one with my surname was listed but a good four or five hundred other names are. Check it out, maybe you'll find some relative living in Colorado and get a ski weekend out of it.

Once you've ascertained whether your name is there or not, link to the "Origins and Meaning of Ukrainian Surnames" page to find out who, what, or where your ancestors were named after. The page is broken up into categories based on how the surname was derived: from first names (Petryshyn, Romaniuk), place of origin (Ternopilskiy, Tataryn) occupations (Kozak, Tkach) personal characteristics (Kryvonis, Svystun). There are also interesting facts about some of the names, for instance over 130 distinct surnames are derived from the name Ivan and only 6% of Ukrainian surnames are formed from women's names. Lots of other stuff follows, including a bibliography of genealogical resource books.

As far as information goes, this is one of the better Ukrainian pages on the net. However, the presentation leaves much to be desired. Aside from a lame background screen or two this site is all text based. The Net is a visual medium for Pete's sake, give us some eye candy already.

## Other sites of interest:

How to Make Ukrainian Easter Eggs  
[www.isisnet.com/amorash/ukregg.htm](http://www.isisnet.com/amorash/ukregg.htm)



Thinking about firing off some pysanky for the Easter season, but don't know how? This site gives you a good idea of the basic steps, do's and don't's, ideas for designs

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and a list of places across North America where you can purchase equipment and exotic eggs like ostrich and rhea. There are some really garish looking pysanky on this page, which I can only assume are the products of a program with a limited colour range.

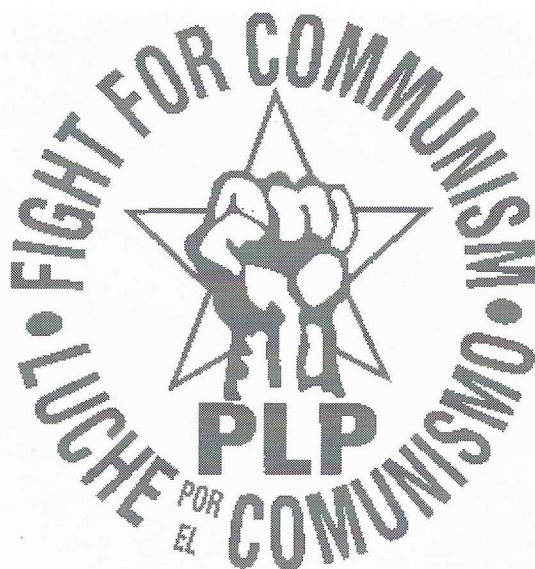
Ukrainian Customs and Information Page  
[www.magi.com/~lomatski/customs.html](http://www.magi.com/~lomatski/customs.html)

This site has some pretty basic information about observances of Ukrainian holidays. If you know very little about the customs, this page will be a good place to start your research, but diehards won't find much that they didn't already know. This site is also low on graphics, just your standard tryzub, but it does contain a modicum of humour ("Christmas comes but twice a year, so does Easter." Most quotes are from Myroslaw Lomatski, who either maintains the site or is some wise relative of the page's owner.) And if observing every single religious feast is your link of kobasa, this lists them all. If my mother new how to use a computer she'd already be printing the list out.

The Hoax of the 1932-33 Ukraine Famine  
[http://world.std.com/%7Eplp/cd\\_sup/ukfam1.html](http://world.std.com/%7Eplp/cd_sup/ukfam1.html)

Guess what, the famine never happened. Its just a great big hoax perpetrated by those nasty, Stalin hating Ukrainians. You'd think the bastards would give good old Uncle Joe a break. Heck he's dead ain't he, let him rest in peace. There's six articles in this series, each one more ridiculous than the last. If you have

high blood pressure, steer clear of this one. Comments and applications for membership can be mailed to the Progressive Labor Party at: [plp@world.std.com](mailto:plp@world.std.com)



## Peter Shostak



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# Tripping Ukraine

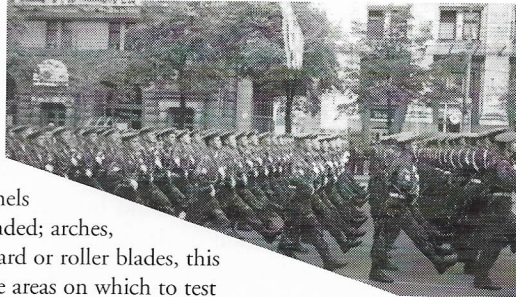
## Kyiv Metro *by Stepan Bandera*

If you are planning to be in Kyiv, jot down "take the subway" in your "to do" list. Chances are you'll be taking public transportation anyway, but a Kyiv subway ride, a trip on the "Metro," is a tourist attraction in itself. For thirty kopijky (about fifteen cents) it's the best bang for the buck. Buses and trolley cars are cheaper (fifteen kopijky), but the Metro offers tunnels, long, long, extremely long escalator rides, marble platforms, granite archways, Soviet relics, mediaeval mosaics, murals and cast-iron chandeliers.

The theme here is tubular. The escalators are situated in huge tubes, the train tunnels are cylindrical, the walkway walls are all rounded; arches, arches everywhere! If you bring your skateboard or roller blades, this underground world offers a few half-pipe like areas on which to test your bones.

The subway stations found on the Right Bank of the Dnipro River are the ones with the escalator rides which seem to take forever. Standing at the top of one for the first time is a thrill in itself. The longest can be found at the Arsenalna station, where the rider has to take two impossibly long escalator rides to get to the platform. The ride is a great chance to see the faces of the city, a healthy dose of post-Socialist Realism. Realism – you realize that these people haven't seen a paycheck in the last few months.

The subway ride itself offers little else besides speed and efficiency. Once you've arrived at any given station a recorded voice will tell you where you are and whether or not a crossover is available. At busier




stations, the voice will remind you "Citizen-passengers, upon leaving the subway cars, do not forget your stuff." Then, when it's time to leave: "Watch it! The doors are now closing" and the doors proceed to slam shut with the violence of a guillotine.

To gain access to this exciting underground world look for the big green "M". Then, throw a blue plastic token, about the size of a quarter, into the slot of a metal gate, and go through. Troublemakers who think they can get a free ride are greeted by two mechanical arms which thrust out at groin level, barring entry, causing pain and bruising and attracting the gatekeeper's attention. She will come at you, yelling, and following her will be two or more representatives of the Ministry of Interior.

These fellows can be seen everywhere on the Metro, patrolling the platforms and entrance and exit points. Their job is to enforce the by-laws governing subway travel, and maybe to make a few bucks on the side by finding somebody whose "papers are not in order."

Concerning the by-laws: you cannot ride the subway if you are drunk, filming without the expressed written consent of the appropriate authorities is prohibited, eating ice cream on subway platforms is, of course, prohibited.

Leave the surface world to the marching troops and to the creeps driving the Mercedes and the BMW's and writing the bylaws. When you get to Kyiv – go underground. 



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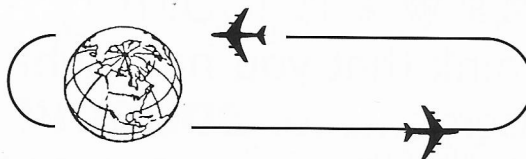
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# Quiz Quiz

Are you inviting friends over for an exciting evening of frivolity and laughter? Do you have to impress that special someone? Are you the perfect Ukrainian host? Take this survey and find out.

1. At your typical party you:

- a) prepare a sit down dinner using only your best china and silverware.
- b) lay out a scrumptious buffet allowing that people might bring some food with them.
- c) show the guest the kitchen and say, "you know your way around one of these, right?"

2. When inviting people to your party, you:

- a) make sure the guests are compatible with each other, making sure there are no long-standing feuds between the invitees.
- b) tell a few close friends that you are planning something and they should tell a few other people.
- c) tell everybody and anybody – you love a big bash, and you're moving to a new apartment at the end of the month.

3. When preparing for a party at your house you:

- a) plan the evening's food making sure the wines match the entrees and the dessert provides the epiphany to a perfect repast.
- b) arrange that everybody should bring some small item of food or drink while you yourself will provide the main course.
- c) figure people will bring something if they are hungry or thirsty, as a last resort you can always order some pizza.

4. When the doorbell rings you open the door and:

- a) apologize for the way your home looks, for the food, etc.
- b) point out the features of your home, location of bathroom(s), kitchen and give a brief outline of what's in store for the evening.
- c) say "Is it eight o'clock already?"

5. When greeting guests do you:

- a) grab them, kiss them thrice on the cheeks and proffer the traditional bread and salt.
- b) offer a polite greeting and shake their hand.
- c) shout "Let's Party! Get yourselves naked and in the pool!"

6. As the guests file in, you:

- a) take their coats and hang them on separate hangers in closets from which you have vacated all your clothes.
- b) show them in, saying they can hang their coats up themselves in the space available.
- c) tell the guests that they can dump their coats on a pile in the spare room.

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# Ukrainian host/hostess?

7. The guests are over and are milling about, you:

- a) offer the food ad nauseam until they finally relent and try your jalapeno varenyky, while saying "*Bery, bery, ne vstydaysya*" (Take, take, don't be shy).
- b) offer things once, figuring the people you invited have some intelligence and dignity.
- c) offer nothing and make your guests beg.

8. Throughout the evening you:

- a) fret constantly, making sure everybody is satisfied and everybody has enough to eat and drink.
- b) have a friend help you – after all you want to enjoy the party as well.
- c) have a great time, knowing that at least one of the guests will take over the task of making sure everybody is satisfied and everybody has enough to eat and drink.

9. When guests comment on your furnishings, plants or art collection, you:

- a) launch into a detailed history of the origin of the piece, the biography of its maker, where you happened to find that particular piece and force everybody to guess how much you paid for it while never revealing the actual price.
- b) politely agree that it is indeed a nice object.
- c) say, "I have no idea how the hell that thing got into my home."

10. When that special someone comes over for a romantic dinner, you:

- a) have obliterated every molecule of dust, made your home look like a million bucks and have prepared a meal that leaves your special someone speechless for a month.
- b) throw something together at the last minute.
- c) order Chinese and rent a few movies.

11. For refreshments you;

- a) buy some interesting wines and imported beers, have a bottle or two of vodka for the traditional toast, and plenty of mix for those who don't drink.
- b) get the basics – beer, vodka, rye, scotch and gin – the wine drinkers will bring their own and the non-drinkers can have tap water.
- c) have a case of beer and a bottle of booze stashed for yourself in case the guests don't bring anything.

12. It is late and you are tired, do you:

- a) make polite noises about the late hour, but spend at least half an hour with each guest at the door.
- b) say you're tired and turn the boob tube on – they'll get the hint.
- c) pass out on the sofa, you can finish drinking with them in the morning.

## SCORING

Give yourself 3 points for each a, 2 for each b and 1 for each c.

## WHAT IT ALL MEANS

### 11 or less

Get a life. You must not have answered all the questions. Is this because you have never had a bash at your place? Have you never been invited to a party? You really need to get out more. Stop hanging out with your regular crowd – yourself – and invite a few friends over. Make your place available for a big blowout bash and then move. This is a great way to up your status in the Ukrainian community.

### 12 - 18

You are just too cool of a host. People like coming to your home for the bashes because of the laid-back atmosphere. However they will start coming over whenever they feel like it. Your place will be the hangout centre for a bunch of people who are looking for happiness in all the wrong places. The owners of fast food delivery places will say prayers to ensure your health and that you don't move to a new neighbourhood.

### 19 - 30

Good balance here. You throw the perfect parties, getting everybody to mix and feeding and boozing people up to the acceptable limit. One problem. BORING. People like a bit of adventure. No one talks about the perfect party. Legends are made by disasters – not perfection. Spice your party up. Say your washroom(s) are broken and force your guests to use the neighbours'. Now you will be a legend.

### over 30

You are a scary person. People show up to your parties just to see how it should really be done – like in a movie or on TV. The sheer fascism of your party will prevent anybody from having a good time but they will all come to your next bash because of the food, booze and the other people. Lighten up! Enjoy life!

# What's Up

## CALGARY

### **Sandra Semchuk: How far back is home**

*March 22-June 8*

Glenbow Museum, Calgary, Alberta  
Exhibit of the Artist's most recent photos

## EDMONTON

### **Vohon Dance Festival**

*May 24*

Sherwood Park,  
Edmonton, Alberta  
Contact: Cam Kachmar  
(403) 467-5019 or 499-1958

### **Hopak in the Park**

*June 13-14*

Hawreliak Park  
Edmonton, Alberta  
Contact: Tamara (403) 426-4329

## MISSISSUAGA, ONTARIO

### **Easter Bazaar**

*Sunday, April 20*

St. Mary's Dormition Church  
3625 Cawthra Rd.  
Mississauga  
Contact:

## OTTAWA

### **Towards a New Ukraine: Ukraine and the New World Order, 1991-1996**

International Conference organized by the Chair of Ukrainian Studies at the University of Ottawa

*March 21-22, 1997*

Various speakers from Canada and Ukraine including Bohdan Krawchenko, Taras Kuzio and Anatoli Zlenko

Location: Room 257, Arts Hall, 70 Laurier St. E, University of Ottawa campus

For more info contact:

Irena Bell phone (613) 562-5800, fax (613)562-5730,  
email (kib@netcom.ca)

## TORONTO

### **UCAF Gallery Art Shows**

2188-A Bloor St. W

Gallery hours:

Tues-Sat 12:00-6:00

Sunday 1:00-5:00

For info call (416) 766-6802

### **Exhibits:**

*March 9 - March 25*

Vasyl Lopata: Kyiv painter

*April 13 - May 8*

Maria Zazula: Tapestry

*May 11 - May 29*

Zenon Holubec: Wood Relief

*June 1 - June 19*

Christopher Griffin: Landscapes of Ukraine

### **Ukrainian Canadian Professional and Business Networking Evenings**

*Thursday, March 20, 7:30pm*

Meet Ukrainian scientists and Engineers who are conducting the environmental clean up of Ukraine's now empty nuclear missile silos

Location: Crema restaurant, 250 Wincott Dr. at Eglinton and Islington.

*Thursday, April 17, 7:30pm*

Guest Speaker: Marsha Forchuk Skrypuch, author of newly released Silver Threads. Location: Crema Restaurant

*Thursday, May 22, 7:30 TBA*

*Thursday, June 19, 7:30 TBA*

contact: Eugene Yakovitch  
(416) 487-5002

### **UCPBA Bi-annual President's Award Dinner**

*Friday, June 13*

Awards will be given to members of the Association and the community who have made significant contributions to the Ukrainian Canadian society.



# What's Up

Location: the Guild Room of the Old Mill. Further details to be announced later.

## SUMMER FESTIVALS

### Dauphin Ukrainian Festival

Dauphin, Manitoba

July 31 - August 3

For more info call: (204) 638-3082

### Folklorama

August 10 - 16

Kyiv Pavillion

Garden City Collegiate

Winnipeg, Manitoba

For info call Lesia (204) 942-4627

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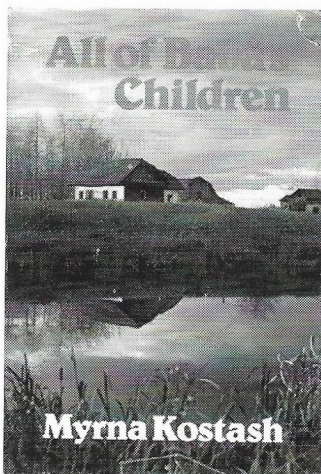
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# Final Phrases

by Myrna Kostash

## First Book Meditations: Bohunks and Bestsellers

Years ago, I was assigned by Saturday Night magazine to write a profile of that great Saskatchewan writer of prairie angst, Sinclair Ross. He was living then in Barcelona, Spain, was already in his late sixties, and was writing and writing, but I was sent to talk to him because of his first novel, *As For Me and My House*. He received me graciously and answered all my questions about *House* (it had, in a sense, been rediscovered in the 1970s by the latest generation of Canadian nationalists and prairie patriots). "I thank you for your interest," he said to me, or words to this effect, "but it drives me crazy to be known only for my first book." Now I know what he meant. Since that conversation, I have gone on to write books of my own, a number



of articles, some plays, a couple of film scripts, a translation, speeches, what have you. But whenever I meet someone who says, "Oh, I know you, you're the writer." I know what they're going to say next. "You wrote *All of Baba's Children*!" My first book. The one that made me a household name among Ukrainian Canadians. This year is the twentieth anniversary of its publication, but I still remember how that felt: to be elevated from the ranks of mere magazine and newspaper scribblers to the

status of someone who had written a book that PEOPLE HAD HEARD OF. Heady stuff. The invitations to speak in small towns, appearances before student groups, the Ps and Bs; heck I even gave the Shevchenko Lecture in Edmonton (the first woman to be so honoured), the countless discussions of multiculturalism. The contributions to anthologies.

Then there was the unforgettable afternoon I was invited to speak at a luncheon on Toronto's Queen Street by a group of Reds, aging Ukrainian Canadians who had been on the barricades of the class war and even went to Spain to fight fascism in 1936.

I don't begrudge any of that attention, but hey, I was only starting out as a writer. Since *All of Baba's Children*, I've gone on to write about all the other things that consume me as a writer and as a citizen – the Sixties, feminism, Canadian cultural policy, creative non-fiction, eroticism, pornography, identity politics, Yugoslavia, Greece, Australia, Montana...

Not to mention my latest book, *Bloodlines: A Journey into Eastern Europe*, (Douglas & McIntyre, 1993) which I wrote as a kind of sequel to *Baba's*, but which Ukrainian Canadians have

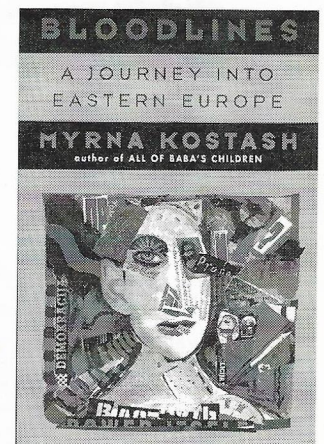
mostly ignored. It didn't seem to matter much that I had taken to heart the admonishments from so many readers of the first book that I should "go back to the Old Country," "go back to [my] real roots" and that I should rethink my more youthful opinions about Ukrainian history. It seems that if I wasn't writing about "us" in *Two Hills* or *Mundare* or *Vegreville*, then I wasn't at the centre of Ukrainian Canadian concern. Instead, just the other day I received a letter from a man in British Columbia who was REREADING *All of Baba's Children*. And I still get approached by people clutching the copy they bought in 1978, asking me to autograph it. Or the copy their parents bought.

Ukrainian Canadians don't even seem to have noticed that for several years in the late 1980s, I had stopped talking about being a Ukrainian Canadian in public, never mind mentioning *All of Baba's*. I had become sensitive to the issue of racism in Canadian society, and to the criticism of "white" culture.

Ukrainian Canadians are white, so I shut up. And spent a long while reading and thinking about what writers of colour had to say about THEIR sense of marginality and difference.

So what's it all about, this almost iconic status of my first book? Why, long after the halcyon days of official multiculturalism, is yet another generation reading *All of Baba's* when the world within which it was written has changed dramatically?

Multiculturalism among Ukrainian Canadians is no longer a combative stance. The facts of Ukrainian Canadian "otherness" – our historical and cultural marginality, our repression, our social invisibility – is no longer news. The passion with which I wrote the book, a passion really of the counter-cultural Sixties, has been eclipsed by passion about deficits. Ukrainian Canadians, like other Canadians, fret about Québec separatism, RCMP in turbans and the future of medicare. I can only guess that when they remember *All of Baba's Children* as I do, they remember a particular, unexpected and astonishing moment when, between hard covers, in black and white, and in bookstores everywhere, suddenly bohunks were bestsellers. We've never quite gotten over it.



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