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The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Spring 1999

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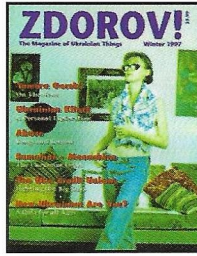
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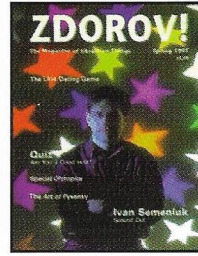
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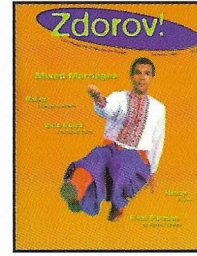
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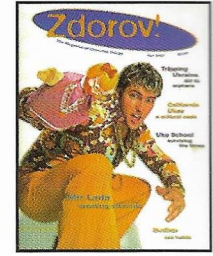
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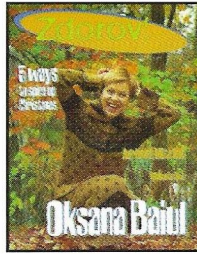
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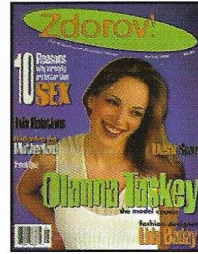
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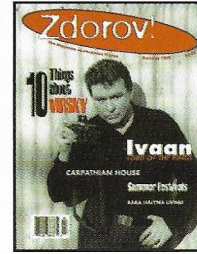
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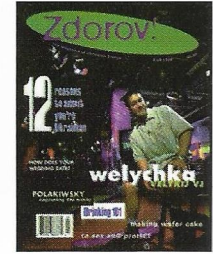
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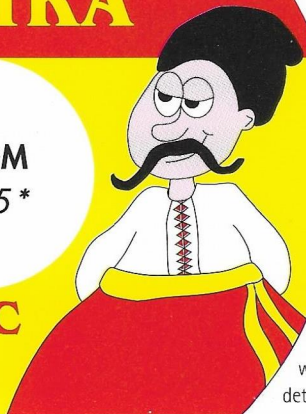
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The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

UKRAINIAN KENNEDY

Goin' places

by Nestor Gula

16

HE WRITES THE SONGS

Roman Klun's Genie

by Yuriy Diakunchak

20

I MARRIED A UKE

What was I thinking?!

by Chris Moorehead

26



2	Editorial	14	Tripping Ukraine Chop
3	Letters	19	A Healthy Shot Get some sleep
4	Starters Brock, Five for Lent, Kid's a comin', Rowing for gold	23	Financial Advice
10	Reviews Drevo and Hilka, Foa-Hoka, First Dictionary	24	Cities Calgary
13	CyberUkes	28	In the Pot Pyrih
		30	Quiz Are you over the hill?
		32	Final Phrases by Mychailo Wynnyckyj

Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Volume 3, Number 10 March 12, 1999

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Editorial

Spring is here.

The impending warm weather is so near that I can feel the itch of mosquito bites.

With this, our tenth issue, the publishing of *Zdorov!* has hit double digits. This is a very good thing.

On the cover we have Gerard Kennedy, whose work with food banks has touched many in Canada. He has now thrown his hat into the political ring. The native of The Pas Manitoba will be running in the soon to be announced Ontario provincial elections.

Ukrainian musician/lyricist/composer Roman Klun is carving out a niche for himself in the North American music industry, winning a Genie award for a co-written song "Blue Bird" earlier this year.

As spring is a traditional time for weddings, *Zdorov!* is running a feature that should prepare those who want to dip into the Ukrainian gene pool. Chris Moorehead, a nice Irish bloke with a fab collection of scotch, lists out some key points to remember when marrying a Ukrainian on page 26.

Other highlights in this issue are Michael Monita's two entertaining stories: one about his adventure trying to get out of Ukraine; the other dealing with the Ukrainian community in Calgary.

Also of note in this issue: reviews of three CDs issued by KOKA, the Warsaw-based entity that has been bringing the sounds of the Ukrainian underground to people on both sides of the Atlantic since the late 1980s.

As always if you want to write to us, or for us, please drop us a line!

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Cover photograph of Gerard Kennedy by Adrian Lepki



Dear Zdorov,

I would just like to comment on several things I see happening in the pages of *Zdorov!* and in the general media as a whole.

Specifically your Financial Advice column. Not just this column – you have other “helpful” columns as well – A Healthy Shot (health), In The Pot (recipes), Cyberukes (where to find Ukrainian “things” on the Internet if you are too lazy to search yourself), and a Cosmo-type quiz that does not even pretend to try to help you solve problems.

This is all a symptom of a disease in modern journalism known as service journalism. Journalists writing about how to survive the everyday travails of life in 300 words or less. This is like edu-tainment or info-tainment. Perhaps even info-mercial. However you are not plugging any product or service except perhaps the above mentioned Financial Advice.

Be that as it may, there is a place in this world for service journalism. In service magazines, newspapers, newsletters, whatever. I do not believe that regular magazines should run service pieces. Perhaps one or two columns per issue can be fine – but four or five in a 32-page magazine?

What I like about *Zdorov!* are the profiles of interesting Ukrainians and the wacky Ukrainian stories. I like the tidbits that you publish which never make it anywhere else. There might be a place for Ukrainian service journalism but I pray to God that *Zdorov!* does not turn into such a rag.

Keep up the good work and leave the “servicing” to others.


Barry Rushitno
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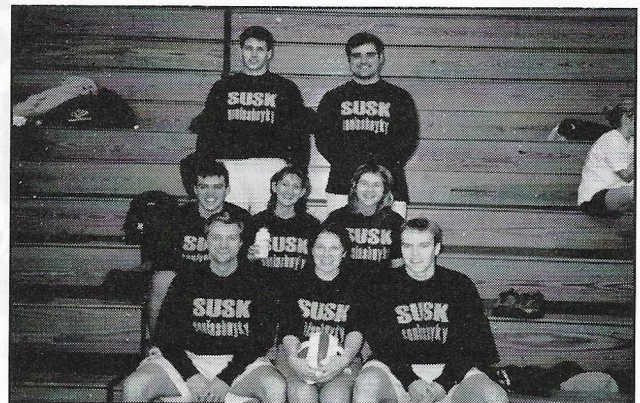
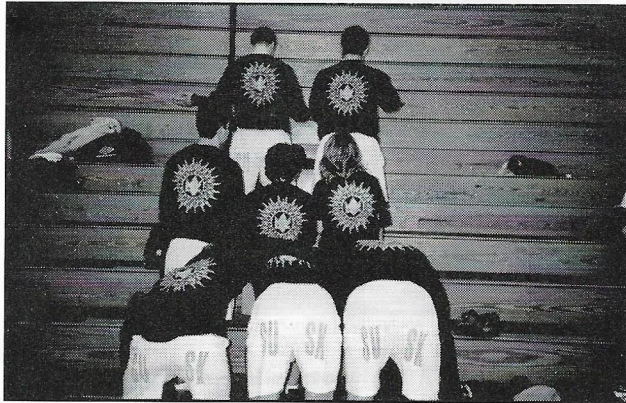
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by Lisa McDonald



SUSK Soniashnyky from the top left to right: Bohdan Tomiuk, Lubko Belej, Taras Belej, Lisa McDonald, Anna Marzotto, Pavlo Oleskevych, Marta Stangret, Pavlo Horbal.

On Valentine's Weekend 1999, 15 teams got together at Brock University in St. Catharine's, Ontario, to do what students there have done for the past 25 years: play volleyball and party.

The Brock Ukrainian Students' Club (BUSC) once again put on this extremely successful event, which featured a Friday night pub, Saturday volleyball tournament, Saturday night banquet – *zabava* and, as if that were not enough, a Sunday *popravenny*. Co-presidents of BUSC, Mike Siolkowsky, whose uncle, Ivan Schudlo, was part of the original vol-

leyball tournament organizers 25 years ago, and Antin Haljkevic, held a well-organized and smooth-running event that commemorated the history of this event. The original organizing committee of the 1974 volleyball tournament attended the banquet and received a special award in recognition of this anniversary.

15 teams, with names such as Bool'ky (Bubbles), Waskies, Da Star Club and Bruisers participated in the Saturday tournament, with the Future Bakery sponsored team, Future Generation, winning the grand trophy. Twelve other prizes were given

out including the last-place Toilet Seat Award which went to the team from the University of Waterloo.

I must say, though, that our team, the SUSK Soniashnyky, not only looked good, but we won our first game in three years. Look out next year – we're going to break open our can of "Whup Ass" and win the tournament! May the tradition continue for the next 25 years!

Lisa McDonald is a mild mannered scholar who resides in Edmonton with her husband, Marko, three goats and a llama.



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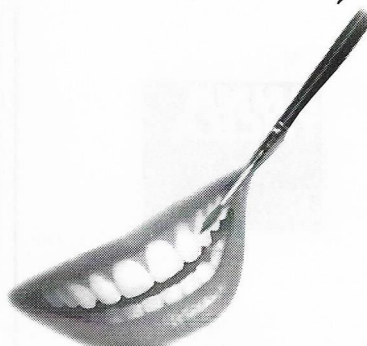
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compiled by Nestor Gula

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A Baby By Any Other Name Would Smell As Sweet

by Heather Olivetz

It's spring, and my young-at-heart parents' fancy turns to thoughts of "when is that baby coming, already?" Ever the dutiful daughter, I am doing my bit to help my parents achieve *baba* and *dido* status for the first time. My in-laws – already seasoned grandparents – also join in the waiting game enthusiastically; even now, I bet my mom-in-law's knitting needles are producing comfy baby goodies at lightning speeds.

I know it shouldn't be such a big deal. After all, women have been having babies for eons. It wasn't that long ago that hardy peasant women would barely take five minutes at the side of a road to deliver a baby before continuing on with other labours. (Family lore has it that my maternal grandfather made his debut while his mother was busy with the scythe, bringing in the harvest.) But then, they had the muscles for it: all that squatting, bending and lifting made for (relatively) easy births. In today's world, the only muscles expectant mothers develop are those associated with filling out reams of paperwork. Between my physician, my obstetrician and me, we've completed enough forms to send the junior Olivetz to Harvard.

Of course, all this pencil pushing is supposed to prepare me for the most dreaded form of all: the birth certificate. Don't get me wrong – we are eagerly awaiting the arrival of the wee Olivetz, but it's the name choosing that makes us nervous. It shouldn't be such a daunting task: all we want is a nice Ukrainian name that isn't too complicated to spell in transliteration and isn't too difficult for non-Ukes to pronounce. Easier said than done, I'm afraid, because you have to consider The Rules According To The Baby Name Books.

For example, you're supposed to consider the number of syllables and sounds in your surname before settling on the kid's handle. Since Olivetz has three syllables, according to the baby-name Bibles, our chosen name should have either two or four syllables. So that crosses Oksana Olivetz off the list. Putting similar vowel sounds too close together in a first and last name combination is also a no-no because it makes it difficult to hear where the first name ends and the surname begins. Goodbye, Oleh and Marko.

Then, of course, there are the initials to consider. Even if we were smitten with, let's say, Olena Xenia

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Olivetz or Borys Olexander Olivetz, it would be a cruel trick to play on an innocent child. Naturally, we don't want to saddle the kid with a name that will get him or her beaten up in the schoolyard. I recently met a mother who called her newborn son Gaylord. Needless to say, there are some unresolved issues at work here. For the little guy's sake, I hope he bulks up before kindergarten.

For us, an added consideration is choosing a name that comes with an English equivalent or two for that awkward embarrassed-to-be-ethnic phase that usually strikes at puberty. Thus, Taras can switch to Terry when he tires of having his name mispronounced "Tear-ass" or "Tar-ass," and Bohdan can become Bob or Dan when "Bog-dan" gets him down. Lesia can become Lisa (with a big heart over the "i", of course) and Katrusia can choose from a number of variations, such as Kathryn, Kate or Kiki.

Wise new parents have suggested we not reveal the names we're considering until the baby is born and the choice is made. I tend to agree. If you waver, others will foist their opinions on you. I plead guilty to such meddling: I was but one of a whole slew of people who convinced a neighbour not to name her son



Oliver because we felt he would've been called "Liver" for most of those crucial formative years. Another friend has forever ruined the lovely name Anastasia for me by calling the so-named child "Anaesthesia" behind her back (most unfair, as she has a most engaging personality). Yes, naming is a tough business.

I suppose we could start a trend and name the pint-sized Olivetz after a city or oblast in Ukraine. If Winona and Savannah work, why not Poltava or Odessa or Ivano-Frankivsk? Of course, we'd have to look closely at what happens when such a trend dies a quick and painful death. I'm sure naming your child Moon or Sun or Rainbow was really leading edge once. But

does Chastity Bono look happy to you?

Apparently, there's a Web site out there that will randomly pick your child's name for you from its database of four gazillion monikers. I may just check it out. But first I have to fill in another form.... **Z!**

Still waiting, Heather and bubby have narrowed it down to Hank or Una. Just don't tell anybody.

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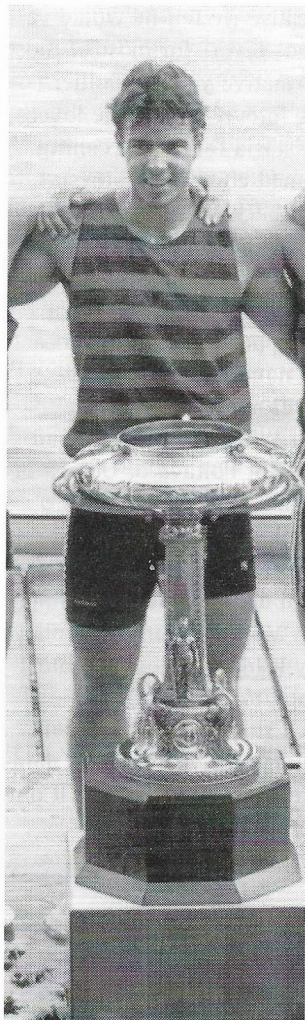
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OlympicsBound

by Yuriy Diakunchak



You can tell whether young athletes are worth watching out for by the sub-surface confidence they have in their own abilities. In older more-established athletes this sometimes comes across as arrogance, but with the up-and-comers, it is a good indicator that the individual has the determination to excel.

Markian Silecky, 23, is set to defend his position on the Canadian National Rowing Team. From there, it's on to the Olympics. Come May, he will know if the last five years of ever more intensive training will pay off. He is a handsome young man with the kind of good looks that make teenage girls draw hearts on the inside covers of their notebooks.

Silecky, who is currently training in Victoria, B.C., is a late comer to rowing. He started at 18, when he enrolled at the University of Toronto, but has since grown addicted to the adrenaline that's released by rowing.

"It's something that if I don't do every day, I feel something is missing, like some people need cigarettes or coffee," explains Silecky. Starting out late may not be that much of a disadvantage, since the sport requires an incredible amount of discipline. Silecky feels that older individuals are more likely to display the

discipline required to stick with the tough regimen of 14 to 16 training sessions a week, which consist of endurance training, heart and lung capacity development and skills training.

When he was still at home, Silecky would start his training before most of us were through the first few phases of sleep. Sometimes he would be out of bed before 4:00 a.m., either training outdoors or on an exercise machine in his basement. "I'd wake up at 6:00 a.m. and hear that stupid machine," says his mother Slava Iwaszykiw.

"I was never really athletic as a teenager," says Silecky. "I partied, then I started rowing. I believe in a well-balanced life: if you don't go out you become socially inept, but partying throws training off by a day." And the more he gets into the elite competition level, the less he can afford that day off. Top-level athletes take a maximum of four to five days off, according to Silecky, otherwise they begin to lose their competitive edge.

Last summer was the first time Silecky had any exposure to the other people on Canada's rowing team; prior to that, he trained on his own for two years. The selection process is tense. "Essentially, I

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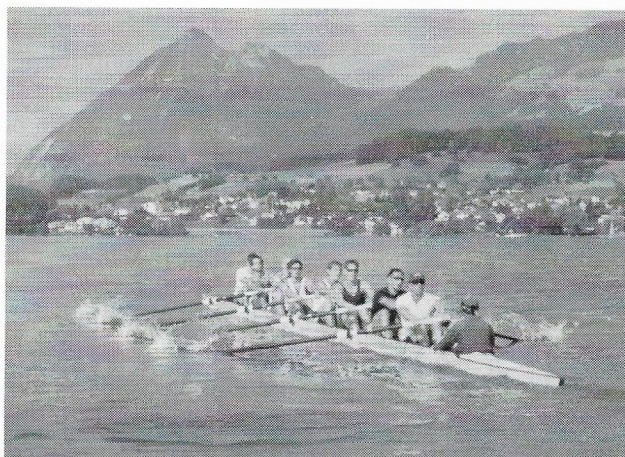
will be taking one of their spots. No one wants to be a spare," says Silecky, betraying nary a hint that he may not be the one selected.

When he first went to Victoria, his policy was to "shut up, keep my ears open, and listen." Being the new guy is never easy. "It's really stressful as the new guy. Everyone looks down at you. You first have to prove to them that you want to be there, that you are a competitor. Once you've taken someone's seat, you've earned it." Not only did he earn a position on the team last year, but he turned out to be one of its strongest members. "Mark is the strongest rower on the team. That's common knowledge. He's a powerhouse," says Iwasykiw.


This year, if all goes well, Silecky will row in the Olympic qualifying event to be held in August in St. Catharines, Ontario. And then it's on to Sydney, Australia, for the 2000 Olympics.

Silecky has medalled in the past: a gold in Holland in July, 1998, another at the Canadian Indoor Championship in February, 1998 (he came in second in 1999), as well as some smaller regattas in Ontario. One of his most interesting competition experiences to date was in Taiwan with the University of Toronto team. A typhoon hit the area, forcing the team to hole up in the hotel for two days. "There were trees uprooted all over the course," says Silecky.

For now it's more training to develop the strength needed to make it through five gruelling minutes across a 2,000-metre course. "There's no easy stroke." Silecky insists. "You're pulling off your bag the whole way."



Previous page: Silecky with trophy from the 1998 Henley Regatta.
This Page: (above) rowing in the Alps,
(below) with the team at Henley

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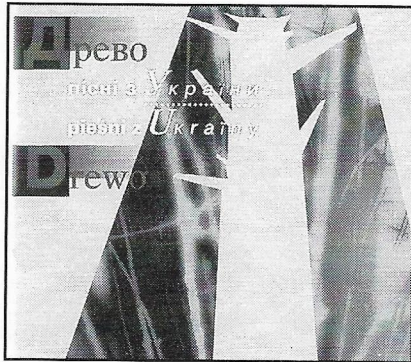
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Reviews

LimbandTree



Ironically, or perhaps intentionally, the five members of Hilka (which means branch in Ukrainian) are ex-Drevo singers that left to form their own choir.

During the dog days of summer, these singers mounted song-gathering expeditions loaded down with rations, sleeping bags and tape recorders. Their mission, not unlike that of ornithologists,

follow the cosmic calendar such as *koliady*, *petrivky*, *shchedrivky*, *vesnianky*; and lyrical songs and ballads. The cosmic songs tend to use a narrower tonal range confined to about 3 to 5 notes and are sung by either females or males, while the lyrical songs soar over two or more octaves with both men and women weaving melismatic ornamentation in the top, middle and bottom voices. Drevo's lyrical songs from the Poltava oblast are particularly rich in harmony and polyphony. Drevo's repertoire encompasses a wide area that also includes the Cherkassy, Zhytomyr, Rivne and Kyiv oblasts. One *vesnianka* originates from the Chernobyl region. True to its title, the Hilka CD concentrates on songs from the Kirovohrad oblast, which is smack dab in the middle of Ukraine. It contains two haunting wedding songs that would chill the feet of any Western bride.

For those of us who thought we were hearing the true heart of Ukraine in the guttural strains of the Verjovka Choir, these two CDs will open up a hitherto unknown series of chord progressions, twisted melodies and dialects that sound as if they were penned by a medieval composer vacationing in Palestine.

"For the tree is known by its fruit," St. Matthew 12:33

Epigraph in the Drevo CD.

Drevo and Hilka are two choirs from Kyiv that specialize in the authentic performance of Ukrainian folksongs. Their sounds are arresting and raw, yet the performances are almost scientifically controlled. All the parameters, from syllable duration to head and chest timbre, have been studied with forensic detail and either of these choirs could instantly transport you to a shindig in a Ukrainian village of your choice.

Drevo, whose name comes from the archaic form of *derevo* (tree), was founded in 1979 by Yevhen Yefremov and consists of ten students and graduates of the National Music Academy of Ukraine.

was to capture specimens on tape and make notes on the singers' behaviour as well as the song's social and physical environment. The reason for these expeditions was not only scientific, but also reflected an effort to expand the choirs' repertoires. In doing so they were also trying to save as many songs as possible from extinction. In the modern world, the folksong has fallen from being a major source of entertainment to becoming a cultural footnote in an age of growing dependency on external sources of entertainment and memory.

The songs on both CDs can be divided into two groups: songs that

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Most of the songs are performed at full throttle, blissfully ignoring the subtle double pianissimos and fortissimos that arrangers and conductors, such as the choral giant Hryhorij Verjovka, used to such great effect in the gentrified arrangements and folk-style songs prepared for mass consumption.

The CDs were beautifully recorded in Warsaw and Peremyshl by the Ukrainian-Polish label KOKA under the direction of Volodymyr Nakonechnyj. KOKA has been releasing great underground, alternative and now folk music from Ukraine and Poland since the eighties and their taste with these latest recordings is impeccable as always. Andriy Marushechko's vibrant graphic designs give both of

them a fresh modern look that is hip yet somewhat confusing considering the antiquity of the musical material. But the connection with the soil is not forgotten: the Drevo CD is adorned with what looks like a baobab tree within the Cyrillic letter "D," while the Hilka CD includes a real dead leaf.

Drevo and Hilka's CDs give us a glimpse into the immense wellspring of an oral tradition from which not only North American Ukrainians, but also most urban Ukrainians, are now divorced. With the ease of hanging up an *ikona*, we can now reconnect with another part of our ancient culture.

review by Zenon Waschuk

Drevo, "Pisni z Ukrajiny (Songs from Ukraine)"

Hilka, "Pisni ukrajinskykh stepiv" (Songs of the Ukrainian Steppes)

Foa Hoka

There's a lot of shitty music coming out of Ukraine: watered-down, uninspired Euro-pop with some dead poet's text, usually Shevchenko's, substituting for lyrics.

There are a few bands, independent bands usually, that buck the trends of the Ukrainian show-business juggernaut (be that as it may) and produce really cool music. It is always refreshing to hear of these new bands producing excellent original music in Ukraine.

Foa-Hoka is a band from Chernihiv in the northern tip of Ukraine, about two hours north of Kyiv. Their latest recording *Ne-Vidomist' (Unawareness)* was recorded in the Experimental Studios of the Polish Radio in 1996 and released in mid 1998. Their music is at once minimalistic yet rich in texture. And, although it is

readily accessible to a Western ear, it is not derivative — this is refreshing. Combining a variety of styles — post-industrial, psychedelic to name a few, Foa-Hoka's three members, Dmytro Kurows'kyj (vocalist and writer of the lyrics), Vladislav Dichtjarenko (guitarist) and Ivan Moskalenko (bassist) create music that would not be out of place at a rave, music club or small concert hall. This is not stadium rock, nor is it suited to a church basement.

Of the 13 songs on this album only three are not originals, being arrangements of traditional songs. The traditional arrangements are performed in the band's minimalist industrial stylings but also keep the flavour of the traditional melody. A wonderfully well-executed arrangement.

There are over 50 minutes of music on this beautifully packaged



Drevo *piesni z Ukrainy*
Hilka *piesni Ukrainskich stepow*
Foa-Hoka *nie-wiadomosc*
KOKA
Box 21
02-919 Warszawa 76
Poland

koka@free.art.pl



CD. It is a great buy for those who are interested in some of the more inspired and original music from Ukraine. Produced by Koka records out of Poland, the CD is available from Yevshan and Zen Records.

review by Nestor Gula

Reviews

PolyglotDictionary

I have a theory for those parents who really want their children to learn Ukrainian well: teach them Ukrainian as only one of the many languages they will know. The fact is that our generation won't be able to provide our children with the kind of immersion experience that ensures fluency in a minority language, and, on its own, English seems to wipe out minority languages without even trying. Let's teach our kids other languages as well, and then maybe the power of English will be reduced.

Miy Naykrashchiy Slovnyk - Best Word Book Ever is a Ukrainian/French/English dictionary that should help get the polyglot in all of us talking. It is a book with hundreds of pictures of objects divided into almost fifty themes and for each object (except the *zadochok*, which curiously lacks a French translation) we are given the name in French, English and Ukrainian. My Ukrainian vocabulary is far from excellent and my French mediocre, so leafing through this book with my three-and-a-half year old daughter Ariadna has become something of a learning experience for both of us.

Did you know that a dump truck is a *samoskyd* in Ukrainian, or that a robin is a *vil'shanka*. There are many more common objects for which most of us know only the English term. Well, here's our chance to expand our own vocabularies and to help our kids, too.

Let's face it: although English/American culture has the upper hand today, it is like a goliath – it is too big.

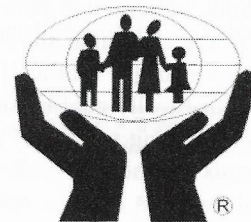
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Cultures that encourage diversity bloom; goliaths can only fall. I hope that *Miy Naykrashchiy Slovnyk* signals the beginning of a trend, a trend away from our assimilation to whatever goliath is at hand and towards a linguistically rich future.

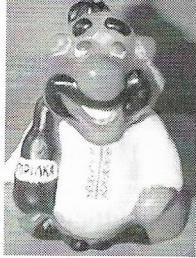
reviewed by Taras Gula

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CyberUkes

by Yuriy Diakunchak

For a change, I've decided not to go to any specifically Ukrainian sites in this issue, but instead to look at some of the Ukrainian-themed things that can be purchased on the Net. Most people are probably already familiar with booksellers such as Amazon.com and Chaptersglobe.com; if you're not, these sites are great places to pick up books and CDs on Ukrainian themes. Children's books, language instruction aids, Ukrainian literature in the original or in English translation, and much more is available.

Other large e-commerce sites also have Ukrainian things for sale. At ebay.com, an auction site that is billed as "your personal trading community," a search for the term "Ukrainian" turns up 37 items. Most of it is kitsch of a very unabashed type. You can buy wax candles made in the shape of a *kozak* holding a bottle of *horilka* (see accompanying picture). You can also get a matching "Cossack wife." *Pysanky* are offered up for sale. For a buck you can buy an "Heirloom Ukrainian Giant Winter Cabbage Seed." Mmm, I can taste those *holubtsi* already.

For more serious collectors, a wide range of Ukrainian stamps and other postal issues are available. Most of these I've never seen before, like regional issues from Crimea, Zakarpattia and Sumy. Many of them are not listed in the stamp catalogues, so buyer beware.

Running "Ukraine" through the search engine calls up a few more products, including chess sets and some artistic glass work. Typing in "Kiev" will produce a list of new and second-hand Soviet cameras that went by the name of Kiev.

Yahoo's auction section <http://auctions.yahoo.com/auction/> contains only one Ukrainian-related item as far as I could tell: stamps, of course.

At the gallery <http://www.artdatabase.com> you can find information on the previous sale prices of various artists' including Ukrainian Canadian William Kurelek and Alexander Archipenko, who lived in Ukraine and the United States.

Anyway, happy shopping. And remember, if you wouldn't buy it at a regular store, don't buy it just because it's on the Net.

By the way, some people have asked me to provide information on resources to using the Net. If you are just beginning, (it may seem as if the Internet is omnipresent, but the majority of people in North America do not have home Internet connections, and most of those with connections at work don't get to spend much time cruising), try out "Using the Internet Smarter and Faster" by Brooke Broadbent. It's an easy-to-read book that provides tips on being a smarter Internet user.

The Largest Ukrainian Web Site on the Internet

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Welcome to Chop

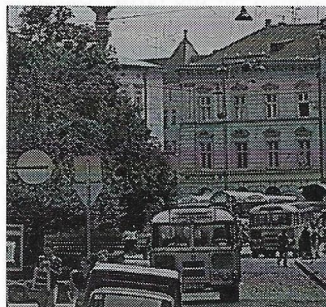
by Michael Monita

I laugh about it now.

About the time, that is, when I was stranded in Chop, a border crossing between western Ukraine and Hungary. I was in the train station and, for some reason, the rational side of my brain told me to look for the friendly tourist information booth, whose multi-lingual staff would gladly advise me on the best course of action. There was, I recall, a brief reminder from the jaded side of my cranium stating that I was in a town named Chop and that all expectations should be adjusted accordingly. For whatever reason — maybe it was just early in the morning — I chose to ignore it.

After attending a family wedding in Lviv, I was trying to use the return portion of my train ticket to get to Budapest. At the station in Lviv, I realized I had two problems: it was a Sunday night, and the one window where foreigners can book seats was closed.

So, I've got an actual ticket, but without a reserved seat, it's useless. This is repeated by the woman who is in charge of the train's wagon. But I wasn't backing down. I hadn't slept properly in a long



time and I had a belly full of *samohon* and *salo* — I could practically hear my arteries slamming shut. We cut a deal. For \$20, U.S. of

course, I could get on the train as far as Chop. I could go through customs there, take a commuter train across the border into Hungary, then reboard the original train through to Budapest. Deal. Just *please* let me on this train.

I get the pounding on my door at 5:45 a.m. I crawl out to a sunny May morning and see about 125 people with the same idea as me. Then it hits me. This is a border run: everyone on this train has bought cheap tickets to the border, will buy even cheaper tickets into Hungary and would return with heaps of goods to be sold at the following day's bazaar.

At 6:00, I'm at the end of the ticket line looking at the schedule on the wall. The next train wasn't for another hour and fifteen minutes — plenty of time. Finally, at 6:25, I have my *bilet* in hand and I toddle over to customs.

Hey Herc!

by Yuriy Diakunchak

Tamara Gorski whom *Zdorov!* discovered way back on its first cover (Winter 1997), has recently been spotted as a recurring character on the popular mythological "himbo" show *Hercules*. The Winnipeg native has now made appearances in three episodes of the show.

She plays the character Morrigan "an evil red-headed demigod" bent on destroying the Druids in Ireland, according to one of the fan sites. For *Hercules* fans, the episodes with



Gorski are: "Resurrection" originally aired on October 12, 1998; "Render Unto Caesar," October 26, 1998; and "Darkness Rising," November 11, 1998. These episodes are currently being rerun.

Morrigan's "evilness" doesn't get in the way of a romantic subplot with Hercules, played by Kevin Sorbo. But alas, fate must keep her and Herc apart for now. Watch for more episodes in the future to expand on this affair.

At 6:45, the doors to customs close. Actually, they are shut.

The ten people ahead of me begin pounding on the doors. Border guard trainee Sasha sticks his brush-cut head out to explain that they can't let any more people through and still have the train leave on time. As if some memo about punctuality had been circulated to all border guard staff. We wave our tickets, we shout words they don't teach you at *ridna shkola*, but he just bolts the door. Minutes later, we see Sasha and two of his buddies flare up Marlboros and head over to the Café.

So, I begin to look for alternatives. I find the *Informatsia* booth – the dull thud of local pop music grows louder as I walk towards it. I'm met by a no-neck guy in a leather jacket and his peroxide-blond companion, who looks smashing in her "Beebok" track suit. They're enjoying the latest in synth-pop on one of those portable stereos with the blinking disco lights. My first thought is to ask them if their parents would be returning soon. Instead, I lean over to the mouse-hole style opening in the glass and try to ask if there is another way to get across the border.

Not a word. Just two tobacco-stained fingers pointing to a little piece of paper taped to the bottom of the glass.

I'm now practically kneeling, as if in some act of prayer. I read the note.

Each question costs 5,000 *kupony*.

I look at him. He points again. If I understand him correctly, I am going to pay him for his time and effort. Maybe this is a prayer – maybe this is the supreme *Informatsia*, the kind of *Informatsia* that can only be provided by the enlightened. These two must be the all-knowing, the Great Teachers humanity has always sought. I'd never imagined, however, that pilgrims at the end of their spiritual quests would have to pay up front before achieving Nirvana.

It's not the amount of money – a value approaching negative infinity, even in Canadian dollars. But by now, I'm in no mood to stick around Chop. I put down my *kupony*. He tells me that a bus station could be found outside and to the right, behind Lenin's statue.

I turn to leave, but am suddenly struck by another broader and greater question. Putting down another 5K's, I seek the Truth.

"If I ask a question, and if you don't know the answer, do I get my money back?"

As the Buddha of Chop puts my money in his shirt pocket, he looks down at me calmly and says, "Ni."

I get out of Chop on the next bus. Later, after being graciously served a cold Hungarian beer, I finally begin to laugh. **21**

Michael Monita is a writer currently living in Calgary.

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Gerard Kennedy answers his own phone.

He sits, sometimes alone, in his storefront constituency office.

He is definitely not a normal politician.

BY NESTOR GULA
PHOTOS BY ADRIAN LEPKI

Who is Gerard Kennedy?

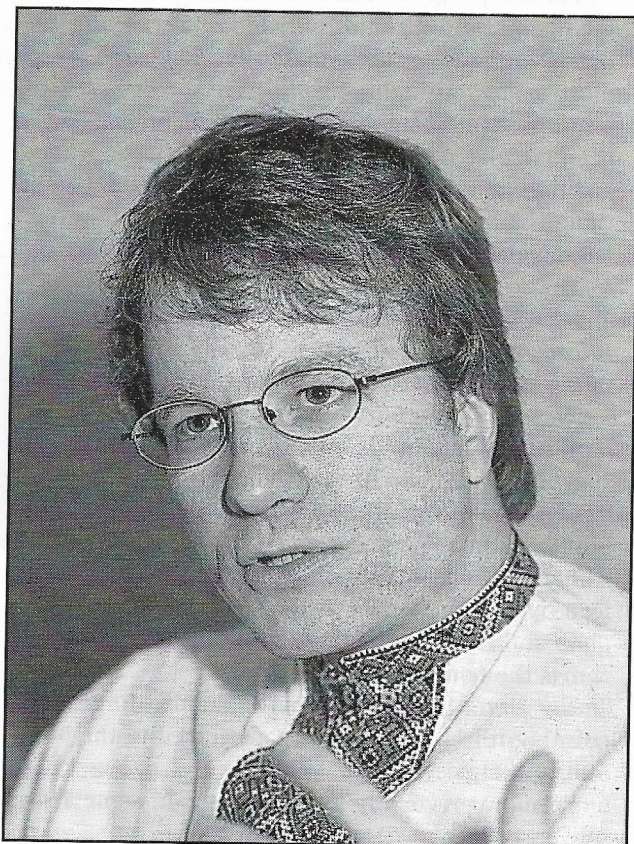
Gerard Kennedy is not one of *the* Kennedys who reign in the United States of America. Gerard hails from The Pas, a town of 7,500 souls in the northwest corner of Manitoba, over 300 kilometers from the nearest vestige of civilization.

His father is Jack Kennedy, a worker in the lumber industry and later the owner of a small bulk fuel business. His mom, Caroline, is a Shemanski, whose family was one of the first Ukrainian families to come to this country in 1891. Born in 1960, Gerard is the second oldest of six children. His siblings, in descending order: Edward, Donald, Joan, Maureen and Suzan.

Gerard plays hockey. He played university hockey and even contemplated, for a second or two, trying to go pro. He did not — although he still plays in a morning hockey league in a high school arena. He plays in a team composed mostly of people from Nelvana Limited, an animation company. By some accounts he is a chippy player who likes to win.

Gerard says that Ukrainian was not spoken much at home: "I spoke to my grandma in Ukrainian and I took Ukrainian dancing for a few years when I was in elementary school. It is unfortunate that I'm not able to speak much Ukrainian."

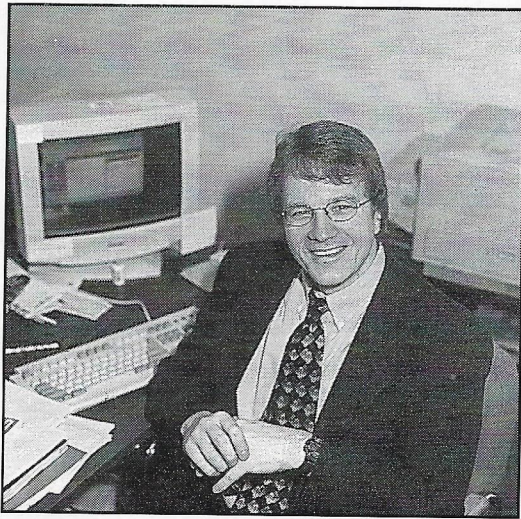
It's a little strange, too, that Gerard lost his grasp of Ukrainian given the fact that he spent over five years in Edmonton, Alberta, which is, by his own admission, a Ukrainian town. "It is incredible how much political power the Ukrainian community has in Alberta."



Where did he come from?

Gerard was in Edmonton completing a degree in Canadian Studies at the University of Alberta. He chaired the Social Justice Committee and, through this organization, got involved in supporting the Edmonton food bank, which was just starting operations in 1982. "What is interesting," Gerard comments, "is that the people the food bank was originally set up to help were migrant workers coming to Alberta to look for work. When the bottom fell out of Alberta's economy in 1983, we were up-and-running and able to help native Albertans."

He came to Toronto to help out Toronto's Daily Bread food bank, which was struggling in 1986. "I came to help them for just one year and then I ended up staying for ten," Gerard laughs. A big source of pride, and principle, for him is that the food banks he ran neither asked for nor received any money from any level of government. "We get food from the public, but a lot of it comes from corporations," he exclaims. "Did you know that corporations waste tons of food?"



When Wayne Gretzky got traded, eight tractor trailers of cereal were going to go to the landfill because the boxes had Wayne in the wrong hockey jersey on the box. We got them.” End runs of prepared food are also discarded by the food companies – and the food bank is happy to accept these “imperfect” prepared foods.

Why get into politics?

When Gerard threw his hat into the political ring he was presented as a wunderkind and a political virgin: a bright, practical, intelligent guy who has a strong character and a great media image. He was portrayed as someone untainted by politics. Here was a guy who ran one of the biggest food banks in the world without a drop of government money.

Why would a successful social activist want to get dirty by jumping into the political fray?

First off, Gerard is not the political neophyte that the media depicted. He was involved with the Alberta Liberal party while living in Edmonton. His dad was the mayor of The Pas between 1970 and 1974, and ran as a Liberal in the Churchill riding in northern Manitoba in the 1984 federal election. Gerard was not active politically while he was in Toronto at the Daily Bread food bank because it would reflect poorly on the food bank, which is a non-partisan entity.

Gerard took the plunge into provincial politics because he did not like what was happening in Ontario. “I saw the Ontario Premier Mike Harris as representing to me some of the worst of politics,” Gerard explains. “He is taking advantage of people’s negative feelings towards those on welfare, towards teachers and other groups.” This was very distressing to Gerard. “You won’t ever get a proper solution to any problem with this type of approach – you will get a pretty miserable society very quickly.”

To Gerard, the Harris government represents a fundamental change for the worse. “Canada has always

had an implicit promise that anyone can reach their potential.” says Gerard. “Now, with the extremely high tuition fees, the idea that if you have ability you can get somewhere is no longer true.” The eroding health care system in Ontario also upsets Gerard. He believes the Harris government is trying to create a two-tiered health care system in Ontario. “If Harris wins the next election, you will be paying directly for health care within five years,” predicts Gerard. He would like to see a debate on the future of Ontario’s health care system, but he knows that such a debate would never happen because there is no way Harris would run on this type of platform. “Harris has set up all the right arrangements to make it happen. I am eager to see if Ontarians want a useful society. I have a lot of faith in people.”

Gerard got into politics to combat the government’s cynicism, to bring some respect back to politics and to do things in a different and better way. “I felt that it was the right time for someone from outside politics to come in and shake things up.”

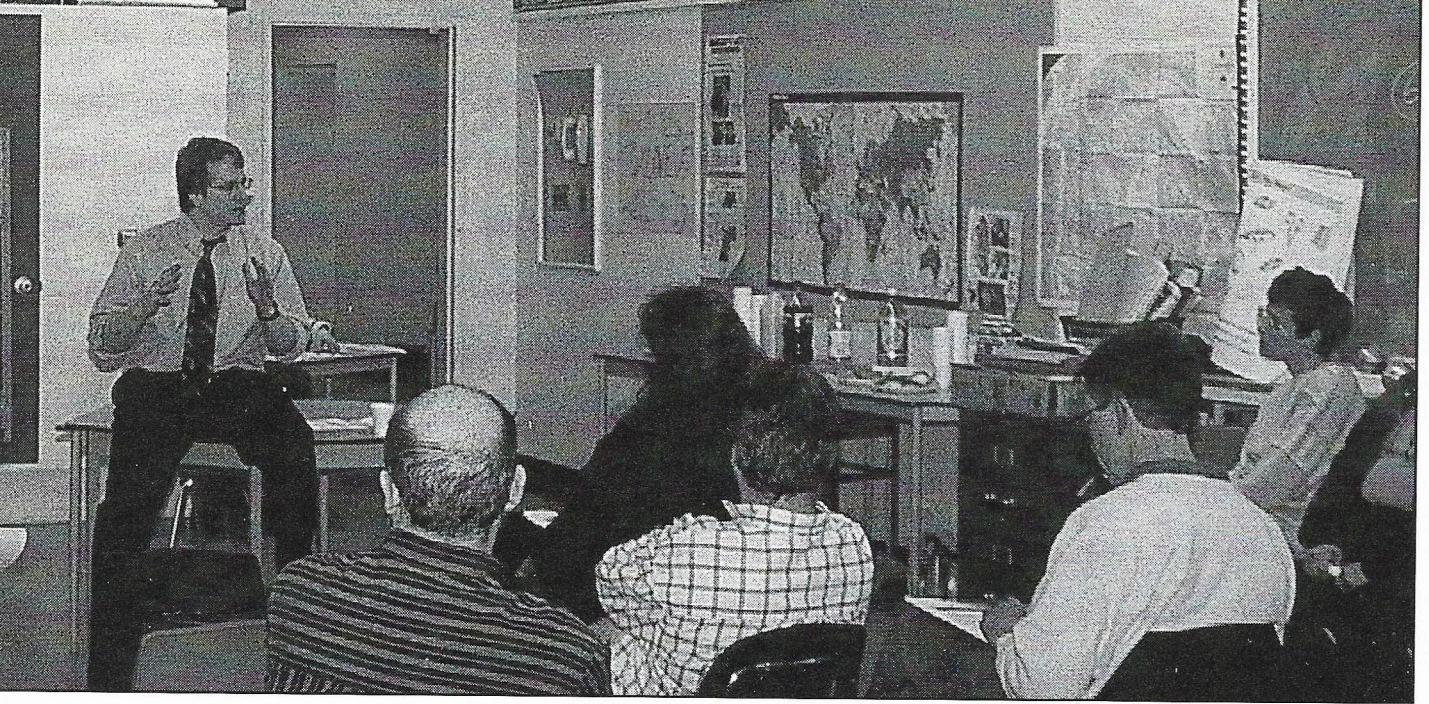
Getting into the thick of it.

Gerard’s entry point into politics was running in a May 1996 by-election in the riding of the former New Democratic Party leader and ex-premier Bob Rae. There was a lot of hype surrounding his candidacy. He won the riding and then was promptly thrust into a leadership race for the provincial Liberals. The leadership convention was in November 1996. He had strong support but lost the leadership to Dalton McGuinty by a small margin. He led for four ballots but lost on the last one. “I was not devastated by the loss,” says Gerard. “I wanted to do the job, but I did not have a sense that I needed it.”

Gerard admits that he lost because he did not have the necessary political familiarity. He learned that, politically, you can get into trouble not just through who you talk to, but also who you don’t talk to. If you don’t call people for a couple of weeks, they will feel out of the loop and will take their support elsewhere.

Running the constituency.

Gerard uses a very inclusive approach with his constituents. He holds a council once a month with all the interested constituents and organizations in his riding. For each meeting he publishes a report that outlines what he has done that month, what he spends his money on, how he votes for bills in the house, where he goes and who he meets with. “I try to bring some accountability to the office,” says Gerard. This accountability is evident in his monthly town-hall meetings.



Here he fields questions from his constituents and discusses various concerns they may have.

"The Liberal party, and all other political parties, have caucus meetings. All the decisions are made there. They should be televised," he says. "When you see what happens in the legislature you just see everybody parroting the party line. The debate is in the caucus meetings, but people do not see this debate and feel that their representative does not reflect their views." He notes that in Britain, where Canada's form of government comes from, the members only have to toe the party line for the most important bills. "If we could do that here, there would be more wrangling, but the government would also have to persuade more people that their policies are good."

Gerard lives in Toronto with his wife Jeanette Arsenault-Kennedy who is a day-care supervisor. He moved to his riding after the by-election. They had just bought a house in another part of the city, but decided he should be nearer his constituents.

Gerard's brain patterns.

Sitting and talking to Gerard, you might form the opinion that he is wildly optimistic, somewhat naive and not very realistic. He speaks with the passion of a first-year university student describing the first concepts he ever got excited about.

This is a sharp contrast to the prevailing political winds, which offer the electorate little hope. "There is more giving in Toronto than anywhere else," enthuses Gerard. "In most U.S. cities the bags that are inserted into newspapers for food drives get a three to four percent return rate. In Toronto, we get between a 15 and 17 percent return." He points out that in a single food

drive, the Daily Bread food bank "collected more food than they did in all of France in a nationwide food drive."

Gerard firmly believes that "there is a sense in Ontario, a hopefulness, that things can get better, things can get done." Decrying the cynical outlook of many modern-day politicians, he explains that "that's the way it should be. If you don't strive to do better, then what are you left with, why do anything?"

The recent assaults on the public health and education systems really disturb Gerard. "Without the public education system and the public health system, I would still be on a farm," he says. Looking towards the imminent election in Ontario, Gerard predicts that these issues will be front and centre. Harris will try to buy the election with the taxpayers' own money. "What's going to happen in the next election is that Harris will offer a tax cut in the retail sales tax, which is now eight percent," explains Gerard. "The Liberals will say that if people want a public health and education system, then we should not do that. We will present a program to improve the health and education systems. The difference will be that Harris will try to buy votes and we will say that the money you get back will cost you two to four times as much because of the consequences of the service cuts." The election will boil down to who does a better job of getting the message out. Gerard says, "I would respect Harris if he came out and said that he is running on a platform of getting rid of health care and cutting taxes. Then we would have a debate and give people a clear choice."

Gerard will be running in the riding of Parkdale-High Park, a new riding for him because of the redistribution that was carried out under the Harris government. **21**

The first challenge of the day is usually the hardest. I'm talking about waking up in the morning. This exercise is especially difficult on a Sunday following a night of intense waltzes and polkas at a *zabava* till the wee hours of the morning. Do you find yourself in a grumpy and blurry-eyed stupor the next morning? The sheer lack of coordination makes it even more difficult to get to Church on time, and I know that all of you wouldn't dare miss a week!

If you are sleep-deprived, then you are like most of the North American population. Although we have always been told to get eight hours of snooze time every night, the reality is that most of us don't get more than six hours. According to the most current research, we need at least eight-and-a-half hours of sleep each and every night to restore brain function. Interestingly enough, the main purpose of sleep is not to rest the body but to rejuvenate the brain.

Sleep deprivation affects certain sections of the brain more than others. Lack of sleep affects the prefrontal cortex the most, the area of the brain that is responsible for creativity, memory, planning and problem-solving abilities. As a result, not enough sleep makes us moody, irritated, anxious and even depressed. To live in such a state could be considered reckless endangerment of the body. Each year in North America, many industrial accidents are caused by sleepiness, and people with chronic poor sleep are two-and-a-half times more likely to suffer a car accident. Insufficient sleep is a serious problem.

When you get to work in the morning, are you ready for bed? This is very much a reality for most people. The problem is that we try to live too intensely and, foolishly, we believe that we can

thrive without adequate rest. Many still believe that going without sleep is some measure of heroism. One commonly hears of students pulling 'all-nighters' and others diligently staying up and watching taped reruns of *Kontakt*. Getting more sleep is just a dream for many people. But five hours or less a night greatly impacts on our efficiency. As a result, we Ukes – who are such a talented bunch – don't paint as many paintings, don't write as many operas, and don't thrive in the business world as we should.

Essentially, we, and the rest of the world, are a population of walking zombies in desperate need of more sleep. Consistent sleep deprivation puts you in a state of "automatic behaviour," a point somewhere between sleep and wakefulness. At this stage the brain can cease control of either side: alertness or sleep. This is dangerous because it is difficult to predict a sudden onset of sleep.

So, how do you get a healthy dose of sleep? Here are some suggestions.

First of all, go to sleep and wake up at roughly the same time each day. This may be difficult for those of you who are workaholics or social butterflies, but give it a try – you'll love the results. Have a comfortable bed in a quiet and dark room. Reserve the bedroom for sleeping; don't make it an all-purpose activity area. Also, it is not a good idea to use alcoholic beverages or sedatives to help you sleep. This approach messes up your body even more. Furthermore, don't drink caffeine within six hours of bedtime, and don't eat a heavy meal before going to bed. Leave the exercise regimen for the morning and, instead, try to relax before going to sleep. And above all, DO have a good night's sleep.

Dobraneech!



Roman Klun

The 1999 Genie Awards ceremonies recognized the work of a young Stoney Creek, Ontario, native who hopes to mainstream Ukrainian music in North America. Roman Klun, a musician, producer, engineer, arranger and lyric writer who spends much of his time living and working in New York City, was awarded a Genie for the song "River Blue". It is the theme music of a new Canadian film called *The Fishing Trip*.

Ancestral Manoeuvres in the Dark

BY YURIY DIAKUNCHAK

PHOTOS BY YURI DOLNYCKY

Klun comes across as a quiet, unassuming character – he politely asks if he can light up a cigarette in his own living room. He's a bit shy, perhaps, of having the spotlight shine on him. Short, with longish hair and a sparse beard, clad in black head-to-foot, he looks like a member of the music industry. When at home, he lives in an apartment attached to the back of his parents' house. The place is full of funky, old, green-coloured *baba* furniture.

His trademark, according to sister Nadia, is an old "grandpa hat," a fedora with a feather stuck in it. "He wears a hat that used to be his *dido*'s. It's one of those hats that *didos* wear to church," says Nadia. "He feels that it gives him strength." On Genie night, when Nadia was watching the award presentations, she didn't spot her brother until she saw the hat. "He was the only one in the audience wearing a hat."

The Fishing Trip was in the midst of production in mid-September, 1998, when Klun and country blues singer OH Susanna (Suzie Ungerlieder, native of Massachusetts, started career in Vancouver) teamed up to create "River Blue." It was written in one day and features guitar work by Klun and Bill Dillon, whom he met while working on a Lava Hay CD. OH Susanna went to receive the award by herself so Klun missed the spotlight on awards night, though he was seated up front with the rest of the nominees. "Artistically, I have a lot going on. For her it was a big first. She is not well-known. For me, receiving the award itself was plenty."

Klun is better known in the industry than by the average music fan. He has done a lot of work in New York in recent years and lately has worked on a country rock album with members of Peter Gabriel's band in Woodstock, N.Y. Ukrainian Canadians may know him from his work on four of Ron Cahute's Burya albums. He also engineered and co-produced the *Barabolya* and *Tsybulya* children's humour CDs. His anonymity may change in the very near future.

"I think he's on the verge of really breaking into a new echelon...I think he's a huge emerging talent. He'll be a household name within a few years," says Robert Ott, general manager of BMG Music Publishing Canada. Ott has known Klun for about 15 years and has worked with him on and off during that time.

Klun is a bit more self-effacing. "He's too kind," he says in response to Ott's predictions of fame.

Judging by the CDs that he has worked on – piled high in two stacks on the table in his living room – Klun is well-known in the music world. By his count, he's worked on some 50 to 60 CDs. A montage on his wall contains CDs by Jen Chapin, Bovine Devine, Speed, Burya, Lava Hay, Brouhaha, Michael Mckenna, Voloshky, Vert. He's also worked with the likes of Crimson Jimson, Gerry Moratta and produced Larry Gowan's Indigo Girls.

Klun started out on his musical career while still in high school. He started a bar band called Union Jack with some of his friends. According to Klun, it was the first Ukrainian rock band in the Hamilton community. They played mostly rock classics at bars and Ukrainian events. The same musicians later went on to form a band called Trembita. Klun also played drums for Burya. Before focusing on music, he was involved in

Ukrainian dancing from the age of about five, performing with various Hamilton and Toronto dance groups. Klun also mixed the sound at the now famous Pre-Malanka bashes when the event was still held at Yuri's Swan Club in Etobicoke, Ontario.

With the money he earned playing drums for the band and doing other gigs, Klun built a recording studio on a friend's property. Even in those days, Klun rarely had to hold down a regular job. "Most of the other guys (in the band) did part- or full-time work. I've only worked on a few occasions; the last 15 years have been pretty much devoted to music," he says.

Before establishing the studio, Klun and his band used to practice at the local Ukrainian National Federation hall in Hamilton's east end. "We used to get yelled at by the old people, *Za holosno*, they would say," remembers Klun.

For the past several years, he has been working on an idea to introduce Ukrainian music into the world music scene. The result of this work has been a CD titled *Ancestor*, to be released sometime this spring. It contains songs in Ukrainian, English and French. Ron Cahute, Greg Tkach from Trembita, and Victor Sheweli are among those who have collaborated on this effort.

Despite all of the interesting people Klun has worked with in New York and New Orleans, he claims that *Ancestor* has been his favourite project. He has been working on it, in his spare time, for the past six or seven years.

"I would like to take Ukrainian music a step further from what the Ukrainians from England have done. Bring it onto the world-class, world music market, like Peter Gabriel, Paul Simon and Robbie Robertson have done [with other world music]," says Klun. "I want to keep as much of the melody and musical tradition as possible, but to bring it stylistically more into the type of music that might be played in a dance club or on the radio. I want it to carry an element of mainstream acceptance."

Ancestor has some original music like "Zavitayemo do Vas" with music and lyrics by Klun, and some traditional songs, such as "Ivanku, Ivanku" sung by Ron Cahute. The opening track is a rather cool take on Taras Shevchenko's "Dumy Moi," with narration by Victor Sheweli. All told, Klun does about half of the singing and instrumentation on the CD.

The CD is currently being manufactured, and Klun is planning a release party for sometime in April. With ten songs, *Ancestor* is expected to cost between 16 and 20 dollars. Produced under Klun's own label, Innsbruck Records, it will be distributed by Montreal-based Yevshan. He estimates the final cost of producing the CD will approach \$50,000.

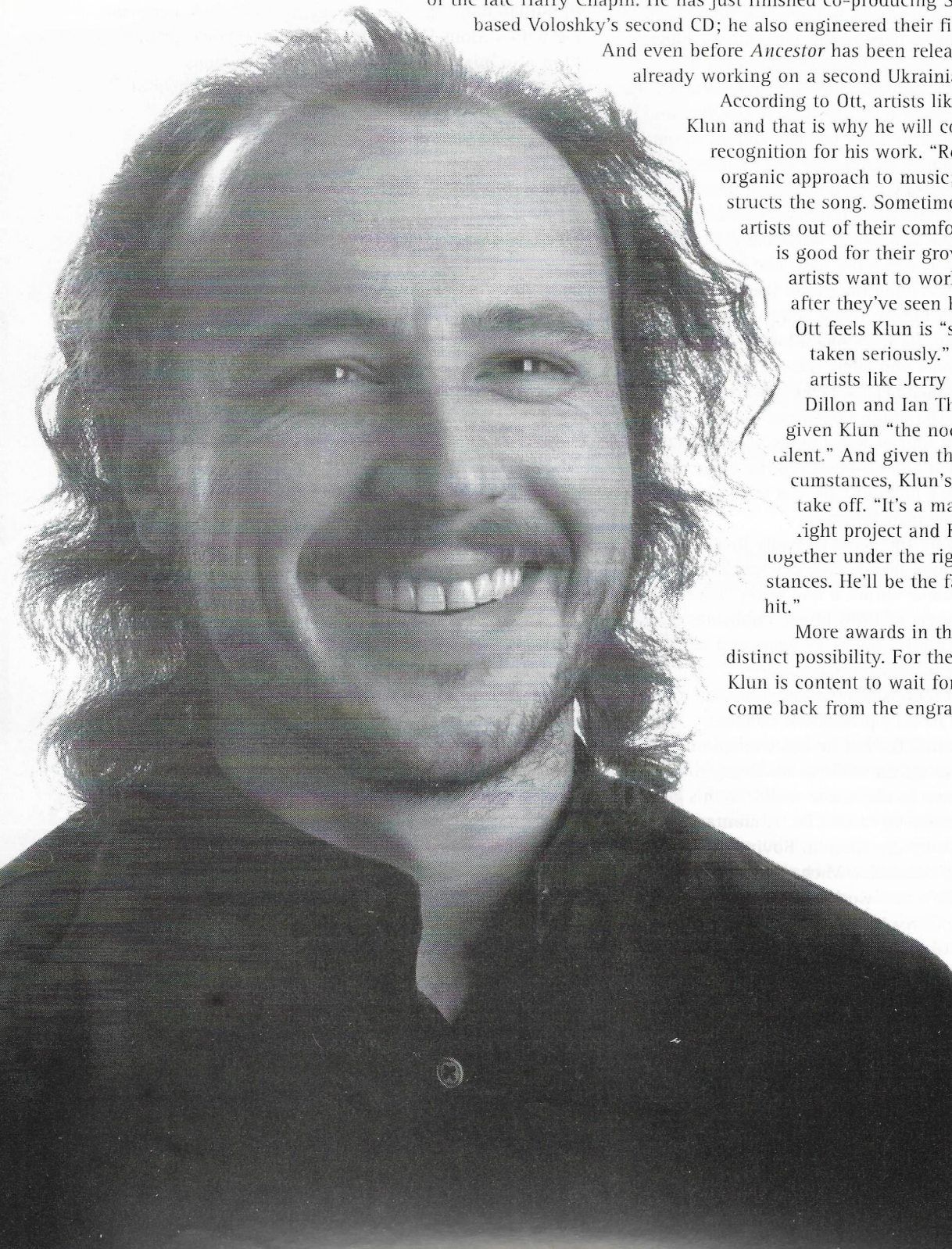
Klun owns a 1953 Gibson named Ashley, after a character on *The Young and The Restless* – he spent many an afternoon in high school watching the soap. He also has a cat called Tasha, which he found outside his studio many years ago.

He is now in the midst of engineering and producing a record with Jen Chapin, daughter of the late Harry Chapin. He has just finished co-producing Saskatoon-based Voloshky's second CD; he also engineered their first release.

And even before *Ancestor* has been released, Klun is already working on a second Ukrainian record.

According to Ott, artists like working with Klun and that is why he will continue to gain recognition for his work. "Roman has an organic approach to music; he deconstructs the song. Sometimes he takes the artists out of their comfort zone, which is good for their growth. A lot of artists want to work with him after they've seen his approach." Ott feels Klun is "someone to be taken seriously." He says that artists like Jerry Moratta, Bill Dillon and Ian Thomas have given Klun "the nod as a great talent." And given the right circumstances, Klun's career will take off. "It's a matter of the right project and Roman coming together under the right circumstances. He'll be the father of a big hit."

More awards in the future are a distinct possibility. For the time being, Klun is content to wait for his Genie to come back from the engraver's. **21**



StockMarketBehaviour

by Gregory Evans

Last issue I promised to address the prospect of early retirement, but it seems to me that the topic that is top of mind for most of my clients and the people I talk to is the 'market.' In fact, there are two questions I am sure to be asked at least once a week.

The first one is: "how tall are you?" That's easy – my answer is always 6'6". The other is: "where do you see the markets going?" That one is a little tougher, but as in all things, moderation is the key. Having said that, stock market behaviour can be summed up with the following sentence – the downs are temporary and the ups are permanent. At least there isn't any evidence to the contrary. There has never been a ten-year period in Canada in which the stock market's aggregate returns have been less than 1% annually.

For those of you concerned about stock market volatility, I can't adequately stress that, for all investors, the true risk lies not in losing money, but in outliving it. For example, you may be earning a comfortable 3 to 4 percent in a guaranteed fixed-income



Financial Advice

investment – and everyone should have a solid base of fixed-income investments – but if your mortgage and/or loan payments are 7 to 8.5 percent, does it really make sense to have your money invested in this way?

The amount of risk you take should really reflect your age and time horizon (the number of years until you'll need the money you are investing). You need to feel comfortable about your investments, but I believe a case can be made for equities as part of almost every portfolio, if not as individual stocks, then within a diversified mutual fund. And keep in mind that you need to think long term when you buy equities. After all, even if the value of the stock falls, you haven't lost any money unless you sell the stock. So try to stick to a disciplined strategy.

Gregory Evans is an investment advisor with TD Evergreen Investment Services. You can call him directly at (416) 983 - 1297, or send your investment questions to Zdorov! and they will be answered in a subsequent issue of the magazine.

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Movin' On Up

by Michael Monita

...dzvonyty do firmy Meest Travel - chotyry, dva, oden...

I pressed the scan button on my car radio to keep it from changing. "This is not 'the phrase that pays,'" I mumbled to myself. Suddenly, after hearing ad copy being read in Ukrainian, I was hearing music that could only be from *Rushnychok 3*.

Realizing that I had cut across three lanes in a stupor, I pulled over. Could this be happening in Calgary? A city where the old joke among native Calgarians goes something like this: what's the difference between Calgary and yogurt . . . yogurt has an active culture?

I'm shocked because, among the throngs of people who have recently moved to this city — over 28,000 of us in each of the past two years — this is one of the common grievances often heard. "There's no cultural heart, there are no districts with a clearly ethnic flavour. With the exception of Chinatown, the city's just so, well, plain."


And, for the most part, they're right. Calgary is a very young city, driven by an independent, entrepreneurial spirit that dates back to the ranchers and oilmen who founded it. The city's efficient layout and its focus on ease of mobility at all times have led to a lack of concentrated ethnic neighbourhoods. As a result, Ukrainians who move here will find very little resembling Toronto's Bloor West or Winnipeg's North Main. But, with a car and a map, it's possible to find signs of a Ukrainian community whose growth mirrors that of its host city.

The radio station is the most evident sign of an increase in Calgary's ethnic makeup. The station is

CHKF, a multiethnic station that simulcasts programs from Vancouver and Edmonton. Though it serves a broad range of ethnic groups, the Edmonton-produced Ukrainian program is picked up every weekday afternoon from 5:30 to 7:00 p.m. The last 15 minutes of the show provide Calgary-specific news and information. Set your tuners to 94.7 FM.

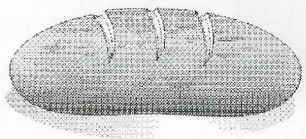
Calgary's Ukrainian events are usually staged at the halls connected to the three Ukrainian churches in the city. Estimates on the growth of church memberships range from 30 to 50 percent over the past two years. Two of the parishes are located on the slopes of the Bow River valley, overlooking downtown and the mountains. Next time you're on the 4th Avenue flyover, look to the right — on the crest of the hill you'll see the copper cupolas of the Ukrainian Catholic Church of Assumption. A short traverse down and to the west is St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Orthodox Church, also featuring beautiful copper-encased spires. In addition to providing spiritual guidance and cultural leadership, both churches offer great vantage points for watching fireworks during the Calgary Stampede.

The Ukrainian Catholic Church of St. Stephen's is found in the city's southwest. Built just two years ago, it combines an asymmetrical modern design with the traditional three-dome Byzantine layout. There is a ring of stained glass surrounding the roofline of the church, its highlight being an image of the Virgin Mary, which was depicted in one of the stamps in Canada Post's Christmas 1997 stamp issue.



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Each of the city's three churches offers courses for adults in Bible study, Ukrainian language and culture. Additionally, both Assumption and St. Vladimir's offer Ukrainian immersion nursery schools. Their locations across from downtown make this very convenient for working parents.

Outside the church environment, the Tryzub Ukrainian Folk Dance Ensemble is the city's most established dance group. For those more sonically inclined, there's also the Korinnya Ukrainian Folk Choir, a chorus whose members range from the ages of 25 to 40. Finally, if it's volunteer work you're looking for, don't worry — all of the Ukrainian organizations we know and love can be found in Calgary.

With the increase in the community's population there has also been an increase in prominence. In 1996, a monument dedicated to the Ukrainians who were interned in Canada during WWI was unveiled. It is located on the old Lake Louise-Banff highway near one of the former camp sites, about one-and-a-

half hours west of the city. And plans have been made for a monument to the Famine of 1932-33 to be established in the spring of 1999 along the Bow River Pathway on Memorial Drive.

So, in order to find Calgary's Ukrainian community, you may have to do a fair bit of moving around. But it can be found and it continues to grow. What's missing? An area with restaurants and shops that cater to Ukrainian tastes. Ukrainians in Calgary need a place where you can find Bart Simpchuk T-shirts, or those coffee mugs with a decal of 'your name in Ukrainian' on them. But, if you ask anybody here, they'll all tell you: if you want kitsch, go east, take a left on Deerfoot Trail and get movin' on north to Edmonton.. **Z1**

Michael Monita is a writer currently living in Calgary.

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So I married a Ukrainian...

by Chris Moorehead

To the untrained eye, the average Ukrainian appears indistinguishable from his or her Anglo-Saxon counterpart. It is only when one becomes more familiar with Ukrainians – in particular, when one becomes romantically involved with one – that the more unusual aspects of Ukrainian culture become apparent, sometimes disturbingly so.

I admit that I was perhaps better prepared than most Anglos for the plunge into all things Ukrainian. Since many of my own ancestors were originally from Ireland, a number of the more idiosyncratic Ukrainian customs (potatoes, singing, the accordion, alcohol abuse) were already familiar to me. I could even cope with the concept of *saló* – as a Canadian, I find it only slightly more revolting than poutine.

There are, however, a number of specifically Ukrainian cultural oddities for which even my Irish background did not adequately prepare me. To peacefully coexist with a Ukrainian spouse and his or her family, the prudent Anglo-Saxon would be well-advised to ponder these words of wisdom:

Do not expect to be punctual again — ever.

One of the first things the non-Ukrainian must deal with is the existential concept of 'Ukrainian time.' For instance, the Anglo is typically informed that Ukrainian Christmas falls on January 7th because Ukrainian holidays are celebrated according to the Julian calendar. Do not fall for this old trick – it is simply an example of 'Ukrainian time' in action, that strange parallel universe in which everything is at least two weeks late.

A typical example of this phenomenon was my own wedding. I was already familiar with Ukrainian punctuality and thus remained unfazed when my bride failed to materialize at the designated time. Our Anglo-Saxon guests, however, were decidedly less sanguine, particularly when the bride, her parents and the bridesmaids remained unaccounted for 45 minutes later. Eventually, my new family and their attendants did turn up, albeit a full hour later than expected. Their absence was blamed on rental-car difficulties, chaos theory, and – you

guessed it – 'Ukrainian time.' Fortunately, the only people truly annoyed at the whole thing were the caterers.

The Anglo-Saxon can be assured that, although there is no cure for 'Ukrainian time,' it does become gradually more endurable. Following eight years of marriage, I have become so assimilated to it that I no longer wear a watch. What's the point?

You cannot bluff your way through a Ukrainian language course.

When first learning Ukrainian, the unwitting Anglo is often lulled into a false sense of security. True, it requires learning the Cyrillic alphabet, but, unlike English, each letter has only one sound and all words are spelled phonetically – like English should be, but isn't. And no definite articles, either. How difficult could this possibly be?

Unfortunately, things go downhill from here. In order to best frustrate the Anglo-Saxon, all Ukrainian verbs are irregular and must be memorized individually. Worse, the Ukrainian language is loaded with words that sound similar but have completely different meanings – linguistic land mines lying in wait for the unsuspecting Anglo. I learned this lesson when, in an attempt to curry favour with my prospective father-in-law, I referred to him as *did'ko* (devil) rather than *bat'ko* (father). He did consent to the marriage despite this faux pas, although I'm sure he was secretly wondering what he was getting himself into.

Don't put all your money into the collection plate at once.

Ukrainian church services, whether Catholic or Orthodox, are totally unlike anything the average Anglo-Saxon has ever experienced. The visual splendour of Byzantine art, the olfactory assault of incense, the fist-pounding Cold War speeches disguised as sermons, the mysterious rituals occurring behind the *ikonostas*, the normally mild-mannered elderly folks locked in vicious combat for first place in the communion line – the list is endless.

In the midst of this incredible spectacle, it is often difficult for the Anglo-Saxon to remember the truly important things — such as the fact that the collection plate comes around twice. And the second time it's brought by a priest, so you'll want to save most of your cash for him, lest you end up on some sort of ecclesiastical list of known tightwads. It's best not to annoy the men in fancy robes, particularly those with mushroom-shaped hats. (You never know what they might keep in there.)

Never mention politics, unless you've got a lot of time on your hands.

It is often said that putting two Ukrainians in a room will spawn at least three new political parties. Be forewarned: this is not an exaggeration. Ukrainians are the most fractious people on the planet, and their shouting, ranting and scheming is truly a sight to behold (although they do refrain from tossing bricks and petrol bombs at each other, unlike my ethnic group). And that's only the diaspora! It would be madness to even contemplate entering the Ukrainian parliament, Verkhovna Rada, without riot gear, stun guns, the proper bodyguards (the pugilist Klitschko brothers spring to mind) and perhaps one of those padded suits used to train guard dogs.

There is only one issue that all Ukrainians (or at least diaspora Ukrainians) agree on — every misfortune, from bad weather to currency devaluation to male-pattern baldness to the tardiness of brides, is the fault of the Bolsheviks.

Who was blamed for these calamities prior to 1917 is less clear. My guess is either the Turks or George Soros.

Never argue with your elders.

In Ukrainian culture, age trumps everything. The fact that you have recently completed a doctoral dissertation on the very topic of discussion is immaterial — *mama* is correct because she is the *mama*. Resistance is futile, particularly in the area of food. *Mama* knows you are still hungry; what you think is of no consequence. Don't argue, just eat.

A warning: if you think you can turn the tables by having children and becoming a *mama* or *tato* yourself, forget it. In this situation, *babunya* ranks higher than *mama*, or even *mama* and *tato* combined. Remember, the rules of Ukrainian familial relations are totally unlike those of poker — in this game, one 'senior' ace beats two kings.

If you follow this advice (particularly the last part!), and attempt to develop an appreciation for accordion and bandura music, *salo*, and *horilka*, you and your new Ukrainian family will likely interact with a minimum of friction. That is, until they actually come to live with you.... **Z!**

Chris Moorehead resides happily in Toronto with his North American-born Ukrainian wife, and sincerely hopes that his mother-in-law is not reading this article.

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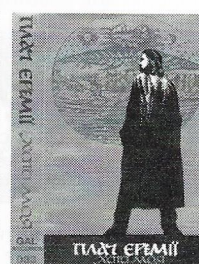
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The Pyrih Puzzle

Visiting Ukraine can be a culinary maze for the uninitiated diaspora vacationer. Aside from all the unknown and sometimes un-Ukrainian dishes, such as shashlyk or varenya, there is the touchy subject of supposedly familiar words. And no word is more familiar in the diaspora than pyrohy.

Pyrohy, as most of us know them, are the delicious dumplings we grew up on and continue to love, even as cholesterol-wary adults. Mention that you're Ukrainian and chances are most adults will hit you with a pyrohy-related comment. One that comes to mind is, "Oh yes, Ukrainians. I love your pierogies." While it may not say much about their shrewd insight into East European culture or their knowledge of Ukrainian pronunciation, it certainly warms them to our dumpling-devoted hearts.

Needless to say, the shock is quite palpable when diaspora Ukrainians visit central Ukraine only to discover that a pyrih is a cake, and pyrohy, many cakes. One friend found himself in a sugar-filled nightmare after he was offered a pyrih. "Oh sure, I could eat a whole bunch," he answered. His hosts, eager to fatten up their stick-thin Western relative, happily complied.

Diaspora Ukrainians originating from central Ukraine are, undoubtedly, quite familiar with the linguistic complexities of the pyrih. (Dumplings are called pyrohy in Western Ukraine only.) For the rest of you, here's some help.

A pyrih (plural: pyrohy) is Ukraine's version of a pie and it can be savoury or sweet. It is what many of us would call a pliatsok — a simple cake, often filled with fruit or jam, and sliced into bite-size pieces. Savoury ones are filled with everything from mushrooms to cabbage encased in either a flaky, buttery crust or a bread yeast dough. The root of the word "pyr" is Old Slavonic for "feast" and the assumption is that these pies were once served at feasts.

As its name suggests a pyrizhok (plural: pyrizhky), is a small bun usually made from a yeast dough and filled with a sweet or savoury filling. Pyrizhky are regularly sold in kiosks along the streets of Ukraine's cities.

A varenyk (plural: varenyky) is a boiled dumpling and it's what many Western Ukrainians refer to as pyrohy. The word stems from the verb "varyty" (to boil).

Pierogy is the Polish word for a Polish dumpling, which is identical to the Ukrainian varenyk.

Pliatsok is the word used in the Ukrainian diaspora for flat, jam-filled cakes often made with short-bread dough and cut into bite-size pieces.

What follows is my all-time favourite pyrih — it's sweet and not too labour-intensive. It is a recipe from the well-known Ukrainian author and cook Daria Tsvek. It can be made with either fresh or canned sour cherries.

**Latticed
Sour Cherry Pyrih
Pyrih z Vyshniamy**

Pastry Crust

3 cups all-purpose flour
1 cup unsalted butter
1/2 cup granulated sugar
3 egg yolks
1/2 cup sour cream
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
3-4 tablespoons bread crumbs

Filling

1 1/2 pounds (750 g) sour cherries, pitted and drained, or 2 jars of sour cherries, drained
(available in East European delicatessens)
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1 packet vanilla sugar (optional)
1 egg white
confectioners' sugar

Preheat the oven to 350°F. Butter and flour a 9x13-inch oblong pan.

To make the pastry, cut the butter into the flour, sugar and baking powder until it resembles coarse crumbs. Add egg yolks and sour cream and knead by hand into a well-blended dough. Refrigerate for 30 minutes.

Set aside 1/3 of the dough. Roll out the rest on a floured board into the shape of the pan, allowing for 1/2-inch high edges. Press gently into the pan. Prick bottom and sides with a fork and bake in the oven for 20 minutes.

Roll out the rest of the dough and cut into long 1/2-inch wide strips.

Remove baked pastry shell from the oven, sprinkle it with bread crumbs and spread the cherries on top in a single layer. Sprinkle the sugar over them and arrange the strips of dough in a lattice pattern on top, saving four strips to crimp along the edges. Brush the strips with egg white and bake for 40 minutes.

Once cooled, dust with confectioners' sugar. Cut the pyrih into rectangular slices and serve.

WHAT'S YOUR FUTURE WORTH?

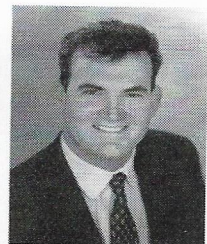
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Quiz

Are you an over the hill

Ukrainian?

Being Ukrainian requires you to be agile and hard-living. There is no room for softness and slowing down. You have to perform those wildly acrobatic dance steps. You have to consume food and drink at such an alarming rate as to shock your doctors and win praise from your Ukrainian friends.

This is all fine and dandy for Ukrainians in their teens and early twenties, but a funny thing happens once you hit a certain age – your body just decides not to cooperate with your mind. For some this tragic age comes sooner, for others it comes quite late.

Take this simple quiz to find out if you are a Ukrainian who has gone over the hill.

1. When the traditional *hopak* is played at a *zabava* or wedding, you:

- perform all the acrobatics that you used to perform when you were 15 years younger and 50 pounds lighter,
- partake in the ceremonies with a few easily and safely performed pieces,
- join the circle and clap to the rhythm but do not venture into the centre to perform any stunts. You do laugh at the people failing at their acrobatics,
- go to the bar.

2. When your abode is getting worn in places and you decide to renovate, you:

- have a rough idea of what needs to be done, buy a keg of beer and invite your friends – the project should take no time at all,
- devise a plan and phone a friend who renovates full-time to help you,
- call in the pros,
- make plans, talk to thousands of experts and friends, and do nothing.

3. The Ukrainian community is active in your part of the world. At these functions you:

- are the organizer – everything goes through you,
- participate. If anybody asks for help you try to pitch in,
- you attend to support the community,
- catch up on some much-needed sleep.

4. At a bar/*zabava*/wedding you meet a bunch of friends you used to be tight with way back when. The toasts start to fly. You:

- initiate most of them – not caring about the consequences,
- are in the thick of memories and drinking – realizing there will be hell to pay in the morning,
- laugh, smile and participate, but only sip the booze/beer/wine,
- start to wallow in self-pity and recrimination.

5. At the *zabava*/wedding, the music is great and there's dancing afoot. You:

- are on the dance floor non-stop,
- dance up a storm knowing that a trip to the chiropractor is scheduled for the following Monday,
- dance occasionally – for some reason you have not been in the mood to dance for the past decade,
- sit it all out. Your knees are a mass of scar tissue and bone splinters, you have fallen arches and you are scheduled for a hip replacement in two weeks.

6. There's a family gathering. Everybody is here. The table is buckling under the weight of all the food. You:

- go at it. There's nothing like a good home-cooked meal and everything looks *soooooo* good,
- try to sample a bit of everything,
- don't eat meat or anything that is not grown organically. Thank God you brought some granola with you,
- take some food, purée it in a blender and eat it like soup (with a spoon, of course).

7. You decide to become active in a Ukrainian youth organization because you:

- a. want to mold Ukrainian leaders of the future,
- b. want to teach the youth all the valuable lessons you have learned throughout your life,
- c. want to have some fun in a constructive way,
- d. want to inflict as much psychological pain as you yourself received from this organization.

8. When reminiscing about the past with friends and/or relatives, you:

- a. have no regrets about all the foolishness that you committed when you were young,
- b. feel sad because what you consider your glory days will never be repeated,
- c. feel happy because what you consider your angst-filled days will never be repeated,
- d. have absolutely no recollection.

What it all means:

Score 1 point for each a. 2 points for each b. 3 points for each c. 4 points for each d.

8 to 15

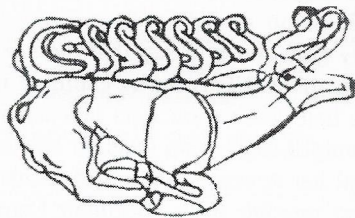
You are an over-the-hill Ukrainian, but you don't let it stop you. You are out there and doing the same things you did when you were in your prime. So what if your creaking bones drown out the music at the *zabava*. So what that you can't handle your liquor and food as you used to and you have so many medical complications that a local university's medical school has devoted a course specifically to you. You are not going to let these minor things get in the way of you getting the most out of your Ukrainian heritage.

16 to 24

You are an over-the-hill Ukrainian. But you are also a realist. You would love to just get into it like in the days of yore, but you know that there is no way you can do it. The mind is still strong but, alas, your body has become weak from years of abuse. You show up to the functions and make your presence felt, but in a much smaller role than before. You look with longing and envy at those younger and healthier than you.

25 to 32

You are an over-the-hill Ukrainian. What else is new? You have been feeling the effects of the tortures you put your body through when young for quite some time now. But not only is your body showing the signs of wear and tear, your mind is starting to sour – in a wonderfully cynical way. You make a few token appearances at Ukrainian functions, but only to sneer at those who try to recapture their youth.



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Final Phrases

Grandma's Gone

by Mychailo Wynnyckyj

I buried my grandmother yesterday. Well, actually, I didn't bury her – there was a surprisingly large group of people at the funeral. I say surprisingly because her immediate family is quite small and she was not really a very well-known person.

In fact, there was little remarkable about my grandmother. She was an exceptionally good woman. She had been the communal *babcia* for most of Montreal for quite a few years, and certainly everyone at Baturyn (the Plast campground in Quebec's Eastern Townships) had called her *Babcia* Lebid. She had taught many a young person the timeless arts of embroidery and *pysanky*, and she had given many a passer-by a warm smile and a wave. But there will be no monuments dedicated to her.

She died while I was on a plane over the North Atlantic.

We had known for two weeks prior that the end was coming, but no one could tell us exactly when, so, at the last minute, I decided to proceed with my business trip to England. My flight from Toronto to London stopped in Montreal that very night and I took the opportunity to call home for an update on Busia's health. Accordingly, I learned that things did not look good, but at that point I was committed to flying and there was no turning back.

My plane was delayed in Montreal due to bad weather, so I went to the airport bar for a drink. Over a cigarette and a beer, I began to reminisce.

I remembered the stewardess who had welcomed me onto the Toronto-Montreal flight that evening. Every other passenger had gotten a cheery "bonsoir," but seeing my surname on the boarding pass, she had switched to English. I can still see her shocked expression when I answered in unaccented Québécois.

I remembered listening to a radio debate that day while driving to the airport, during which most callers had expressed their support of the Canadian government's latest proposals requiring all new immigrants to know either English or French before entry to this country. I wondered what my fate would have been if those had been the rules 50 years ago.

I remembered having a long discussion with some young Quebec separatists several years ago, explaining to them that I was not English-Canadian but Ukrainian-Canadian, that such a concept legitimately existed in this country and that it did not make me an 'ethnic' or an 'immigrant'.

I remembered my grandfather, whose first name I proudly carry, and the stories that he told his wide-eyed grandson about his role in both World Wars. In my mind's eye, I still see him as one of the many unsung

heroes of that time: a man who fought against the Soviet regime in both word and deed; a man who rescued countless Jews from certain peril at the hands of the Nazis during the German occupation; a man who, as an 18-year-old uneducated orphan, had signed up for the Ukrainian *Sichovi Striltsi* and had immediately been promoted to an officer's rank; a man who, having come to Canada, became one of the engines of the Ukrainian community in Montreal and had organized the purchase and construction of the Baturyn Plast camp. Fifteen years after his death, I still strive to make him proud of his namesake for, in my eyes and in the eyes of many who knew him, he was a great man.

But what of his wife, my grandmother? A good woman. A woman with an immense capacity for unquestioning love. A woman for whom her family, and particularly her three grandchildren, had been the most important thing in her life. But was that all?

It was not until today – a day after breaking down in tears at her funeral – that I finally realized that, in my mind's eye, I had missed something essential about her. Her husband was indeed a great man, but she had been his better half. It was her presence in his life that had made it possible for him to do great things.

One song keeps going through my head tonight: "Klychut' kru... kru... kru... V chuzhyni umru...." It's the song that is traditionally sung at the funerals of individuals whom the Ukrainian community considers to have been great men. I heard it for the first time at my grandfather's funeral 15 years ago. We didn't sing it yesterday...but we should have.

The better half of a Ukrainian hero was buried yesterday – buried in a land that, despite all our best efforts, still considers her and her descendants foreigners.

My grandmother never accepted the idea of being a Ukrainian-Canadian. It's popular among members of my generation to say that her's sold us a lie with regards to *Ukrayina* by claiming that all would be well in that country once its independence was achieved. Tonight, I question whether it was not we who tried to sell her generation a bill of goods by pretending that it was possible to be legitimate Canadians and, at the same time, legitimate Ukrainians. By kidding ourselves in this way, and by ignoring the majority around us that sees Canada as the land of "two solitudes," do we not tarnish the memories of our great ancestors?

The better halves of the great men that we are descended from had no choice but to be buried *na chuzhyni*. I have a choice. And that, perhaps, is the greatest legacy that Busia has given me. **ZI**

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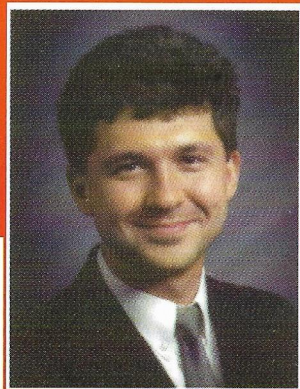
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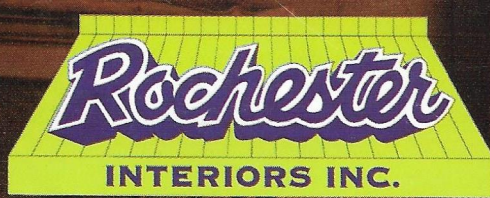
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