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The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

10

things you
think about

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a Ukrainian

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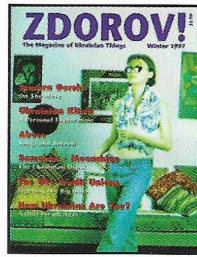
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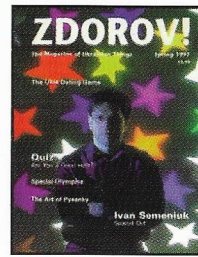
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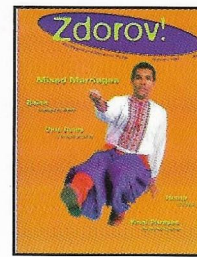
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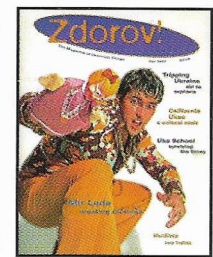
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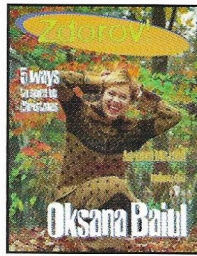
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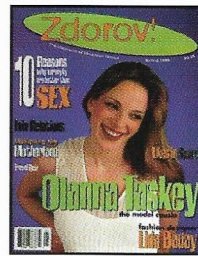
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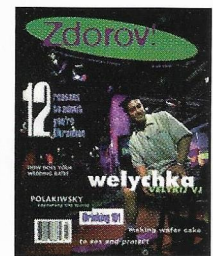
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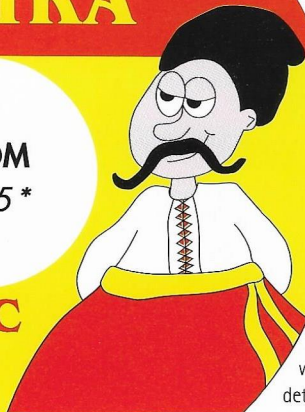
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what's inside...
what's inside...
what's inside...

Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

SLAWKO'S CBC

From a summer job to steering the CBC by Nestor Gula

16



GO GO GOGOL

New invasion grips New York by Jake Bandy

20



TEENAGE SAGA

To Uke or not to Uke by Larissa Momryk

24



2	Editorial	14	A Lit Corner Kotsiubynskyi
3	Letters	19	A Healthy Shot Blood Pressure
4	Starters Original Zdorov!, 10 things Ukrainians think about, Ukrainian Lemon Meringue	27	Cities Munich
8	CyberUkes Uke Radio	22	In the Pot Easter treats
9	Heather Olivetz Video mom	30	Quiz Who wants to marry a Ukrainian?
10	Reviews	32	Final Phrases by Douglas Horiak Rice

Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Volume 4, Number 14 March 27, 2000

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Editorial

As spring wafts its way toward us, what should be a time of growth is turning to a struggle of survival and redefinition.

As you will read, or have read as the case may be, the original *Zdorov!* has ceased publication. This is a great loss because that *Zdorov!* was our inspiration. Note the similar names. Various factors have contributed to its demise. These same factors hang above our version of *Zdorov!* like the sword of Damocles. Recently we became an unsecured creditor because one of our advertisers became insolvent. Unsecured creditors get squat if you must know. Times are tough all over in this boom economy. The publishing world is a harsh one where only few flourish and prosper.

The theory is that you build a vehicle that sells ads. Build the magazine so it delivers advertising to the consumers well and fill in the blank spaces with editorial content. This is not cynicism—it is the bleak reality. *Zdorov!* attempts to provide fabulous editorial with some advertising thrown in. We print it on good quality paper so it is a pleasure to hold and read. We eschew the business model because we are not business people. We are editors, writers and similar ilk.

Is the bell tolling for this *Zdorov!*?

Not really. This is just a kind of navel-gazing journalists do when a dear one passes away. There are problems in the way we do our business but these will all be solved. One part is to beef up our internet presence. Check us out at izdorov.com. By mid summer, in a series of gradual upgrades we should have one of the best Ukrainian sites on the internet.

As always you can contact us at:

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Cover photograph of Slawko Klymkiw by Adrian Lepki



Dear Zdorov,

I agree with Daniel Olubik (Winter 2000) that Ukraine needs to start exporting high quality goods made from its own resources. The IKEA store I shop in Burlington, Ontario, sells merchandise manufactured from all over the world. I use this as somewhat of an unofficial gage of the export market. In the last few years there has been a lot of merchandise manufactured in Eastern Europe and sold at IKEA. So far the only item IKEA sells that is manufactured in Ukraine is a wooden folding chair named "Terje". Let's hope this is a start of more Ukrainian products being imported to North America.

Stephan Swiatkiwsky
Buffalo, New York

Dear Zdorov,

I read with interest Mr. Olubik's article about the sorry lack of "good" information available on the internet about and for Ukrainian Canadians. Mr. Olubik proceeds to bemoan the Ukrainian Canadian Congress,

both at the Provincial and National levels, for not having up to date sites and not providing "some sort of funding" to set up "good" sites. He also mentions that his "love for the Ukrainian culture and its traditions are profound," and I note that he is a professional "engineer and armchair politician".

So, naturally I assumed that the concern from Mr. Olubik was that the regular donations that he makes to the Ukrainian Canadian Congress were not being used as he specified, or not in a manner that he felt was appropriate. Well, I looked and looked and looked. I reviewed annual reports of the UCC and the Shevchenko Foundation. What a surprise! I did not see Mr. Olubik's name mentioned anywhere.

Before you can complain about the sorry state of affairs that our Ukrainian web-masters must live in Mr. Olubik, you must put your money where your "heart" is. Once you start supporting UCC in a financial way, you will be in a position to criticize what they do with their very limited funds.

Sign me "someone who donates, cares, and tries to help as opposed to criticize."

Yours truly,

Scott W. Armstrong
by email

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Zdorov!UKCeasesOperation

by Peter Fundela
Editor of Zdorov!

Dear Readers

The team from *Zdorov* and/or UkiZone are sad to announce that the magazine is unlikely to continue in its present format. *Zdorov's* decline came about around 18 months ago, and since then, we have only managed to publish one issue (number 11), which is pretty abysmal. There are many reasons for the downfall in the magazine's lifespan: standards had been slipping, personal commitments from team members meant time devoted to the magazine became a scarce commodity, advertising revenue fell and team members became disenchanted and parted from the publication.

Several new issues had been written and designed for print in the last 12 months, but on each occasion we faced another obstacle: no advertising revenue, distribution problems, lack of human resources, physical and mental ill health—it's all there. In the end, we were left with a skeleton staff facing a Catch-22 situation. We could never guarantee our readers a regular magazine at the high standard they deserved to receive. We faced problems in advertising and a lack of core team members required to produce the magazine. In order to recoup advertising revenue, we had to prove that we were capable of running a tight ship and able to produce a magazine on time—every time.

The aims behind *Zdorov* (or UkiZone which was to be the relaunched title due out this year), I believe, are still good and justifiable. Our community deserves a platform for open debate on social issues affecting

the Ukrainian community, as well providing information about community events.

However, we should all look back to the achievements of *Zdorov*, which survived for almost five years. We brought to the surface many subject matters other Ukrainian publications would be too scared to print. We also bridged the gap between generations of Ukrainians young and old; and between Ukrainians and non Ukrainians alike. We proved that it doesn't matter which religious, ethnic, sexual or political makeup you are part of, or whether you are in the 'scene' or not, whether you speak or write Ukrainian or not; none of it matters as there is a stronger thread which binds us all together.

I'd like to thank you all for the effort you've put into making *Zdorov* last as long as it did. Without the motivation of our readers, the magazine would have folded long ago. And let us not forget that sales and readership of *Zdorov* never fell but always remained constant. As for subscriptions, any monies due shall be returned to subscribers within the next few weeks.

As for the future, well the printed word is in decline as more people choose to go on-line. A web site is already in the planning stage. With some time and effort, it is hoped it will replace and better what was once *Zdorov* and in turn reach out to a wider audience.

Until then, please accept my sincere apologies. And until our paths cross once again; NaZDOROVya. (sorry about the pun, but you should see me try and edit a magazine).

Paul Kolodij

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10 Things that Ukrainians think about


1. *Relativism*
2. *Love, etc.*
3. *Is the yellow on top or on the bottom*
4. *If in the future there will be flying cars*
5. *Who is really in charge*
6. *What people want from them*
7. *If there will be varennky in heaven*
8. *Why there aren't any Ukrainians in Formula One*
9. *Having fun of course*
10. *If Ukraine will ever become a normal place*

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Lemon Meringues sweetens Bloor West's Palate

by Tom Venetis

I really should not have eaten before going to Lemon Meringue. When I walk in, I can see the display case calling me with freshly baked tarts, pies, brownies and lemon meringues. In the freezer, there are tortes, freshly baked meats and salads. In a basket near the entrance, there are baguettes that can go with the pates that are made on the premise.

Before I can even sit down, Slava Iwasykiw, co-owner of Lemon Meringue, tells me to order something. "I don't let anyone leave unless they buy something," she tells me with a big smile. "Try the lemon meringue."

When I ask for a coffee, everyone stops behind the counter and looks at me. They are telling me a coffee just won't do with one of their signature deserts. Ok, I'll go with the latté.

Lemon Meringue opened its doors last December and for Slava and her sister Sonja Potichnyj, it has meant days filled with baking fresh foods and serving an ever-growing number of customers and catering assignments. Originally, Lemon Meringue was a catering company that for



some ten years made cookies and pastries. Now both women decided that it was time to take the next step and open a restaurant and bakery.

"It is an extension of our business plan," Slava adds. "It's like children. They grow up and you have to move onto bigger things."

In the three short months that it has been open, Lemon Meringue has attracted a clientele made up of young working couples and old-

world Ukrainian men and women who have become regulars. Many young people will drop by in the morning to grab a breakfast and artists like playwright George Walker drop by for a coffee or lunch. "A lot of artists and writers come here in the morning and have a tart or coffee and read their paper," Slava says. "We serve French toast, and if you want bacon, eggs, or we'll make you an omelet."

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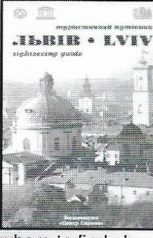




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Slava is also overwhelmed by the support the store has received from the local Ukrainian community. When she and Sonja decided to open the store, some told them not to count on Ukrainians to be there for them.

"But one Friday, you'd think it was a Ukrainian convention in here," Slava exclaims. "Every table was taken by some signore and I have one older gal who comes in at least three times a week and has lunch and talks with us. We really do have regulars."

Lemon Meringue also keeps flexible hours, as they will open their doors to someone who is looking to get that last minute pie or dinner. As they were cleaning up and just about to lock the door, a young couple appeared with their children. Instead of turning them away, the door was opened and they were sat down and brought coffee and brownies for the kids. "The hours are unconventional, just like *Zdorov!*," Slava jokes when the couple and their kids leave.

If the hours are unconventional, so is their cooking philosophy. Instead of bringing in baked goods from the outside, everything is made fresh on the premise. Sonja tells me the lemon meringue, she is making sure I finish, is made using freshly squeezed lemons and juice and the meringue is made out of egg whites and



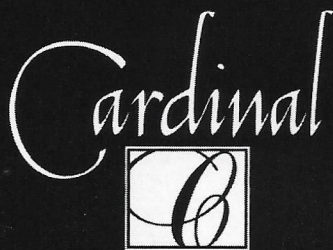
sugar. The same goes for the other foods and bread which are made fresh every day in the store. "I think people are sick of items that come out of a package," Sonja says.

Because everything is made fresh each day, the store gets a lot of people coming in after work to pick up the family meal for the evening, Sonja adds. They are even doing a brisk business among singles that

are looking to impress their dates with a home cooked meal. "We get a lot of single men who come in and buy the prepared foods to take home for the evening," Sonja says. "Some will even bring in their own containers for us to put the food in."

My only question is what happens when their girlfriends ask them to cook for them while they are there. I can just imagine them sneaking out of the house and running down to the store desperately looking for dinner. Both Slava and Sonja hope to keep the store open longer into the evenings when they are granted a liquor license. Certainly that will make a lot of single men very happy.

Tom Venetis escaped the Danforth to live amongst people who eat kobassa



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NettingsomeUkrainianradio

by Dzvinka Hutsul

In Ukraine after independence, commercial radio-stations sprang up like mushrooms after a rainfall. Due to the growth of computer technology and the Internet, most stations developed web sites. Many of these work within a soft-pop format and broadcast low-caliber Euro-pop mixed in with cover versions of North American hits and one-hit wonders. To find most Ukrainian Web radio go to <http://windoms.sitek.net/~tv4me/europe/ukraine.html>

One of the featured radio-stations on this site is the Lviv-based Radio Lux which simulcasts in Kyiv, Zhytomyr, Chernivtsi and Mykolaiv. You get news updates every hour, entertainment programs, traffic reports (*AvtoLux*), and a song-dedication program (*Koliorovyi Telefon*). What you hear is generally Italian pop music with some French and German accents. This radio-station is a favorite of middle-aged Ukrainians.

But all its mediocrity aside, it is worth pointing out that Radio Lux promotes Ukrainian music. Russian-language songs are not part of its programming. This is quite a feat, considering that much of the Ukrainian population speaks Russian and prefers Russian-language music—old habits die hard. (Unfortunately, not even good, Russian-language music but low caliber stuff).

Another Lviv radio-station that can be heard through the Internet is Lvivs'ka Khvyliya. It offers programs whose play-lists are assembled by the DJs themselves as

opposed to dictated by a central computer database and features eclectic music, news and weather.

Radio Nezalezhnist' (also based in Lviv) offers a relatively good reception through the computer. Radio Mix FM, broadcast from Dnipropetrovs'k, seems to demand long periods of buffering. Also included on this web page are radio broadcasts from Poltava, Kyiv and Donet'sk but they haven't been working well lately.

All the radio-stations included on this web page offer their own home page with all kinds of information about their operations, personnel, programming, etc. These broadcasts can be heard with the aid of RealAudio but some of them take a long time to access and require a certain amount of patience to wait-out the buffering periods.

Check out the web page listed above and use it as a starting point to discover music and information from Ukraine. Have fun!

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I was a video game playing momma

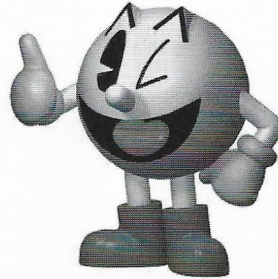
by Heather Olivetz

Until recently, the closest I ever got to video games was the Space Invaders console in the break room at Ukrainian school, and I did more watching than playing. This past Christmas, our neighbour Steve snapped up a second-hand Nintendo 64 video game system for his kids. As we often store their gifts before Santa's visit, Steve asked us to hang on to the Nintendo as well. As a special favour, he wondered if we wouldn't mind plugging it in and testing out the system and game cartridges, just to make sure everything worked.

Valiantly, Yurko took the task upon himself. "I'll just give everything a quick once-over," he assured me. "After all, we wouldn't want to disappoint the kids on Christmas morning." While he barely glanced at the *Star Wars* game (rated E for Everyone), the game based on the James Bond film, *GoldenEye* (rated T for Teen), warranted closer scrutiny. In no time, he was glued to the television screen, his expression vapid, his hands clutching the controller, his fingers pummeling the buttons.

Four days into Yurko's "quick once-over" of the

system, our friends Carole and Christopher and their eight month-old son Harrison joined us for an evening. After we put the little ones to bed, the men adjourned to the family room, where they drank beer and tried to save the free world from the evil forces of the Janus Syndicate. Carole and I used the controller so that we too could get in touch with our inner spy.



We didn't make as many chocolate truffles as we had hoped to that evening.

For the next few days I played Nintendo whenever I could. I came up with corny pick-up lines. I peppered my speech with ominous-sounding acronyms. Then one day, Yurko quietly unplugged the system and put it back in its box. He wrapped the entire package in Christmas paper, using an entire roll of tape for good measure. Then he waited for our neighbour to come and take it away.

My husband really didn't need to do that. I could have quit at any time. Really, I could. Which reminds me: our dentist has an old Pac-Man console in his waiting room. I feel a toothache coming on.

Every now and then Heather's thumbs twitch.

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Reviews

Kytytsi

Svitlana Nianio
Koka 025CD-4
16 tracks
Time: 63:35

Before you hear, you see. This is what puts a CD in your hand.

This CD comes from that fabulous record company in Poland—Koka. Their mandate is to put out good Ukrainian music. They put out excellent Ukrainian music.

But first, there is the package.

It is made out of that recycled cardboard stuff. It has an exquisite print job done on it. Heavy type mixed with weathered almost watercolour blue wash. Open it up, the middle of the three sections has a booklet attached to it. There are envelopes to both sides of the booklet.

The booklet contains snippets of the verses Svitalana Nianio sings. These are given in either Polish, Ukrainian or English. The song list of the 16 songs contained on this CD is in all three languages. Although *Kytytsi* is her first solo CD, Svitalana Nianio has been active in Ukraine's underground music scene for over 10 years. She made her debut with Kyiv's "Tsukor Bila Smert'."

The right-hand pocket contains eight prints of graph-



ics created by Nianio. They are interesting but I want to hear the music. Enough foreplay.

The left pocket contains the CD, and as the first notes of Nianio's music hit my ears I am enthralled. The first song, "no title" starts with a simple, repetitive, near childlike melody played on a harmonium. Her haunting voice weaves in and out of this melody. The effect is captivating. The short bursts of vocals with the minimalist music produces a wonderful harmony. It's a song that I want to hear again and again after it runs its five minute and twenty second length.



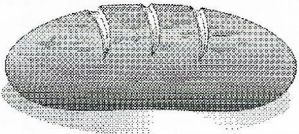
The rest of this CD is similar—haunting vocals with a mesmerizing melody. The music takes you on a flight across the ancient Ukrainian Steppes—soaring across the fields and the rolling hills. The strength of the music lies within its minimalism. Nianio deftly combines her keyboard skills with her voice. Her fellow musicians Serhii Netyachuk (guitars and percussion) and Boleslaw Bleszczyk (cello) never let their playing get in the way of Nianio's music.

This is an exquisite recording—the sound engineering is quite brilliant. When Nianio plays the harmonium you can hear the clicking of the keys. This is not a distraction but adds a second element to the minimalist music—a rhythm track which follows its own rhythm.

I have absolutely nothing bad to say about this CD—the packaging is gorgeous and every track is a gem.

See the following review for information about contacting Koka records.

reviewed by Nestor Gula

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Voted
"Best Bakery"
&
"A Favourite Dessert"

Ukrainian Lira

Myhailo Hai
 Koka 031CD-5
 11 tracks
 Time: 69:43

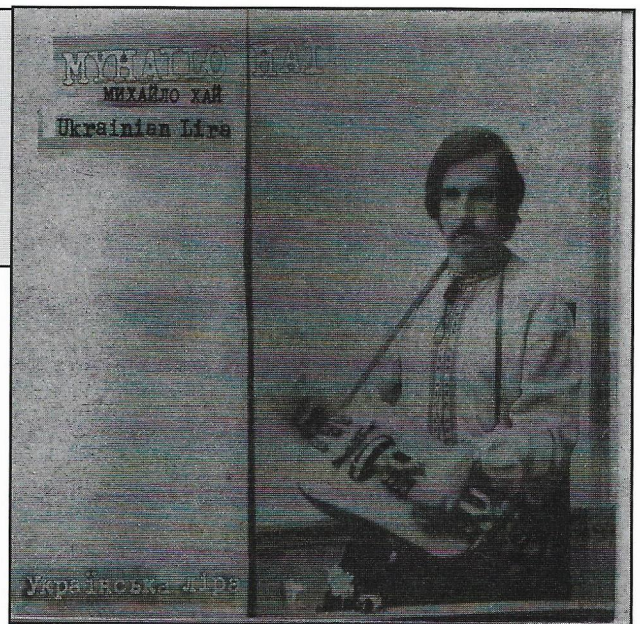
Few Ukrainians in Ukraine and fewer still in North America have heard the haunting and ancient lira in action. Known in English by the much less romantic sounding name of hurdy-gurdy it is definitely an instrument of the middle ages a popular both in Eastern and Western Europe.

The middle age worldview was prevalent in Ukraine, Russia and Belarus much longer than in Western Europe. It was the modernizing impulse of Soviet power and later the direct eradication by Stalin's purges of the 1930's, that wiped out this "world" and the lirnyks with it.

Mihailo Hai has worked on reconstructing this "other world", as he himself calls it, since 1988. The music chosen for this recording is meant to demonstrate the range of music played on the lira, and one *duma* played on a bandura. We hear a mixture of religious and secular, but very little that is not serious. This reflects the role of the *lirnyk* as seer in that "other world" and not entertainer.

Though all 11 of the works are sung, it would not be accurate to call them songs. Most have an epic quality to them. Whether a Christian prayer, or a lament on suffering in a Turkish prison, the emotional intensity of Mihailo Hai's performance draws the ear in.

This is not music that can be taken lightly. It would be annoying as hell to listen to this as background music at a cocktail party. The power and wisdom of the old stories



and charismatic presence of the lirnyk as teacher comes through only when the listener concentrates as if at a performance.

The CD is beautifully produced by Vlodko Nakoneczny of KOKA records in Warsaw and Andriy Maruszczyk's cover design is exceptional. The liner notes are extensive and thoughtful. For anyone even slightly interested in the music and songs of Ukraine this CD is a must!

Get in touch with KOKA records by email
koka1@box43.gnet.pl
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reviewed by Taras Gula

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Reviews

Experimental Bandura Trio

Experimental Bandura Trio

138 2nd Ave.,

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The use of the word experimental in an ensemble's name can either attract a whole new crowd to an updated art form or send them running for more familiar album covers. So it was with a bit of apprehension that I braced myself for an onslaught of jangling eviscerated crack-laced atonal banduras. Undeniably the banduras playing through the speakers were under the influence but in this case it was the long-lasting drug called history.

The banduras on the Experimental Bandura Trio's (EBT) debut recording do not sound crazed. This is a contemplative conversation or seance where the ephemeral guests are kozak dances, elements of dumas (the epic songs of the kobzars), Ostap Veresai (the 20th century link with the old kobzar tradition), and the legendary Dr. Zinovij Shtokalko—bandura educator and avantgardist.

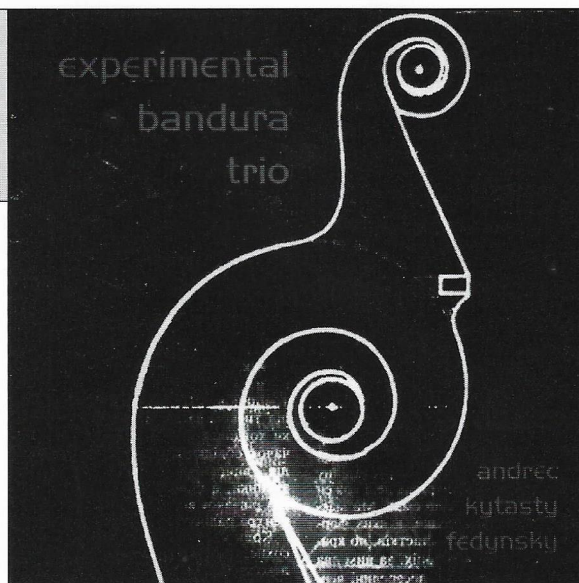
The EBT is: Julian Kytasty, whose family name is synonymous with the bandura for generations, Michael Andrec, whose influences include the American minimalists and John Cage, and Jurij Fedynsky, inventor of new bandura tunings and techniques. Their instruments are panned left, centre and right across the stereo spectrum. Without any indication in the liner notes it's left up to the listener to ponder who is playing what. They may be changing places from track to track but my guess is that it is Fedynsky, Kytasty and Andrec from left to right.

The album opens with "Mosaic," the first of three compositions by Andrec. It features a 4 against 3 rhythm and sounds like a huge temperamental music box. His compositions are measured, precise and tonal, often trying to expand or contract the melody and our sense of time.

The "Nova Radist Variations" are detached and refracted. Andrec's "Canticle" is heroic and majestic. Notable are the flanking banduras that accompany the central melody as one instrument masterfully alternating arpeggiated notes and accents among themselves.

Some of the most beautiful and haunting moments hide in the two "Hunter Nocturnes." They are named for the town of Hunter, NY—a haven for Ukrainian artists and musicians located in the Borshch Belt of the Catskills. The nocturnes sound improvised yet within a structure. "Hunter Nocturne II" evokes a nether world with a variety of bandura styles: glissandos, muffled plucking and a strange, almost electronic delay effect in the left bandura.

This is music with rich contrasts punctuated by bright



points of light—like the playful scene of children chasing fireflies on a summer night in one of Kurelek's paintings in the National Gallery in Ottawa or the phosphorescent splashes of burning colour in the dark sky in Whistler's painting of fireworks at the Detroit Museum of Art.

Ironically the track that will probably be heard by the masses on the radio is a joyous little traditional Macedonian toe-tapper called "Osogovsko Oro." On tracks like these the ensemble sounds much bigger and mimics the power of the Bandurist Chorus with its tight crescendos and decrescendos.

At press time we only had a pre-release copy of the artwork. The graphics perfectly represent the marriage of ancient and modern in the EBT's music. On the booklet's back cover a faded photograph of three kobzars look out through a haze of music manuscript grounded by draughted cross-sections of a bandura waiting to be built. Considering the individual nature of the talents of each member one would have hoped to see a biography of the EBT and its bandurists included in the liner notes.

The bandura, ancient as it is, is still evolving, being refined and redesigned by bandurists around the world to be able to play in every key and every style of music. Bandurists have dragged their beloved instrument through various styles of music including classical, jazz, rock and pop with varying degrees of success. On this recording the instrument remains true to itself and does not try to sound like a Celtic harp or harpsichord. The EBT has let the sonority and historical tradition of the bandura lead them to a music that is equally native and new.

reviewed by Zenon Waschuk

Photograph

Korinnya
Ukrainian Folk Choir
14 tracks

Photograph is the first release of Calgary's Korinnya Ukrainian Folk Choir.

It is first and foremost an example of something amazing. Though there is little or no government support for Ukrainian (or other) minority cultural groups, people up to four generations after immigration still get together to sing and play the old songs. I think that's amazing!

Some of the more ambitious lovers of the old tunes perform and put together records. Korinnya is more ambitious than most because it is a choral ensemble. Having been a member of a choir that went through the process of recording, I have a sense of the logistical nightmare involved. Any project of this magnitude that bears fruit deserves a pat on the back.

Korinnya does not pretend to be Veryovka, nor is it Alexis Kochan, and thus it cannot be judged by their standards.

It is a fairly competent folk ensemble that makes up for refinement with enthusiasm. We get the standard zabava songs like "Oy Chorna ya sy Chorna" but *Photograph* also includes some much more difficult and interesting Veryovka hits like "Verbovaya Doshchechka"—a personal favourite. Though the enthusiasm is evident, it is a bit restrained on some of the good old belt-em-out tunes like the above. Also, Korinnya lacks one or two powerful deep basses—a perpetual problem in North American choirs—maybe it's the air!?



The choir calls this project a snapshot of "where we were at one point in time." I look forward to hearing where they end up at the next recording.

A note to the director, Cathy Lebedovich. It is common knowledge that intonation is not the most important thing in folk music, however, when you put Otche Nash as the first piece on a recording it matters a lot, especially the first chord—ouch!

If you're interested in hearing Korinnya for yourself get in touch with Cathy Lebedovich (403)239-8643 or email bill.lebedovich@cadvision.com.

reviewed by Taras Gula

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A Lit Corner

Blasts From the Literary Past

by Maya Zorya Johnson

In the previous issue we featured a brief survey of works by one of Ukraine's lesser-known writers, Olha Kobylianska. This time the spotlight will be on one of Kobylianska's better-known contemporaries, Mykhailo Kotsiubynskyi (1864-1913). His most accomplished and justifiably famous text was adapted and produced by the Dovzhenko Film Studio in Kyiv, and released to critical world-wide acclaim in 1965 as *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors* (directed by the Armenian cineaste Sergei Paradzhanov).

Kotsiubynskyi completed his masterpiece *Tini Zabutykh Predkiv* (*Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors*) in 1911, shortly before his death from tuberculosis. This hauntingly poignant novella is both a straightforward documentary of Hutsul rituals and traditions, and an evocative dreamwork on the meaning and motivation for art as a whole. In many ways, *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors* can be seen as the male obverse of Kobylianska's *On Sunday Morning She Gathered Herbs*, for here it is the lonely exceptional male

who must seek and will his ultimately tragic fate. Like Kobylianska's Tetiana, Kotsiubynskyi's Ivan is marked off from the rest of the community: he does not conform to surrounding expectations, preferring the solitary pleasures of the woods and mountains. Even his own mother regards him as a "changeling," a stranger to her own belly and blood.

While still a child, Ivan finds his artistic vocation suddenly and mystically revealed to him. A *lisovyk* (forest spirit) appears and plays a wild dancing song on his flute, which Ivan labours to replicate. When he finally succeeds in capturing the elusive tune on his own flute, Ivan realizes that he was born to be a musician. Yet he chooses to share this gift with only one other person: the girl Marichka.

Like his fortuitous encounter with the *lisovyk*, Ivan meets Marichka purely by chance – and his life is again forever altered as a result. Marichka turns out to be the daughter of a Hutsul clan long at war with Ivan's own family, so she can only meet him in secret – up in the woods

where she leads her lambs to graze. This motif of wilderness as trysting place for thwarted and forbidden lovers is a direct Kobylianskian echo: like Tetiana and Hryts, Ivan and Marichka grow to love one another under the sheltering Carpathian sky. They also sing songs of devotion, each to each: he with his flute, she with her voice.

But harsh economic realities put an end to this Edenic idyll. Ivan is forced to earn his livelihood as a shepherd in "the uplands," far from his beloved Marichka. He promises to return with enough money to make her his bride. During his absence, however, Marichka accidentally drowns while fording a swift mountain current. The drowned and abandoned maiden is another Kobylianskian hallmark, but in Kotsiubynskyi's hands this tragic demise does not signal the story's end, so much as it heralds a new beginning.

Ivan mourns the death of Marichka by "disappearing" for six years. When he returns from his hermit-like wanderings in the mountains

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he is a changed man. Resigned now to the loss of his lover and muse, he embraces the standards of the Hutsul community. He marries a more ordinary and socially acceptable woman, and together they become prosperous and respectable farmers.

Kotsiubynskyi describes Ivan's return to society as a kind of purgatory bursting with *poshlost'*. Ivan knows that he is floundering in his attempt to stifle himself with material comfort and social approval, yet he numbly continues to drift. Indeed, he never quite "recovers" despite all outward appearances of wealth and "success" to the contrary.

This is where Kotsiubynskyi definitively leaves Kobylianska territory behind him: by insisting on the fact that "the world [i]s like a fairy tale, miraculous, intriguing, and yet frightening." The world, in other words, is a place fundamentally haunted by man's own angels and demons, be they real (ancestors) or imagined (spirits). As Ivan sinks into the coarseness of his new wife's fears and superstitions, he loses his sensitivity to this world of wonders which once inspired him to sing. Instead, he learns to mistrust and blame these same magical forces for every undesirable fluctuation in crop yield. The whole song of existence thus shrinks into an eat-or-be-eaten doggerel; Ivan confines himself to the single major chord of productivity in place of "the faint and elusive melodies that [once] dwelled within him."

Niavkas (wood nymphs) have already mimicked Marichka's voice more than once, luring Ivan with their siren song to follow his lost love into the abyss. By the time that he receives a third visitation from such a spirit, Ivan is ready. He obeys the unearthly call, plays his last wild dancing song in the forest and consciously plunges off a cliff.

Kotsiubynskyi's *Shadows* is an exquisite meditation on the nature of myth, death, and disillusionment, reflecting on the fragility and evanescence of all human



life and creativity. A great deal of the drama is internal and invisible; the joys and sufferings of the characters are expressed through appeals to the ear, not the eye. In fact, the narrative of *Shadows* is carefully framed and structured entirely in terms of sound – right from the opening and closing notes of the *trembitas* (Hutsul horns), through the many repeated admonitions to "listen" to the signs of supernatural life abounding insistently all around.

Small wonder, then, that the subtle spell of enchantment which Kotsiubynskyi casts from the quiet of the book loses so much in its translation to the splashy silver screen. Fortunately, English readers can turn to an excellent translation for a clearer understanding of this complex work, since it also includes a thorough commentary explaining several obscurities in Hutsul customs (see Mykhailo Kotsiubynsky, *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors*, trans. Marco Carynnyk and ed. Bohdan Rubchak [Littleton: Ukrainian Academic Press/Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies, 1981]).

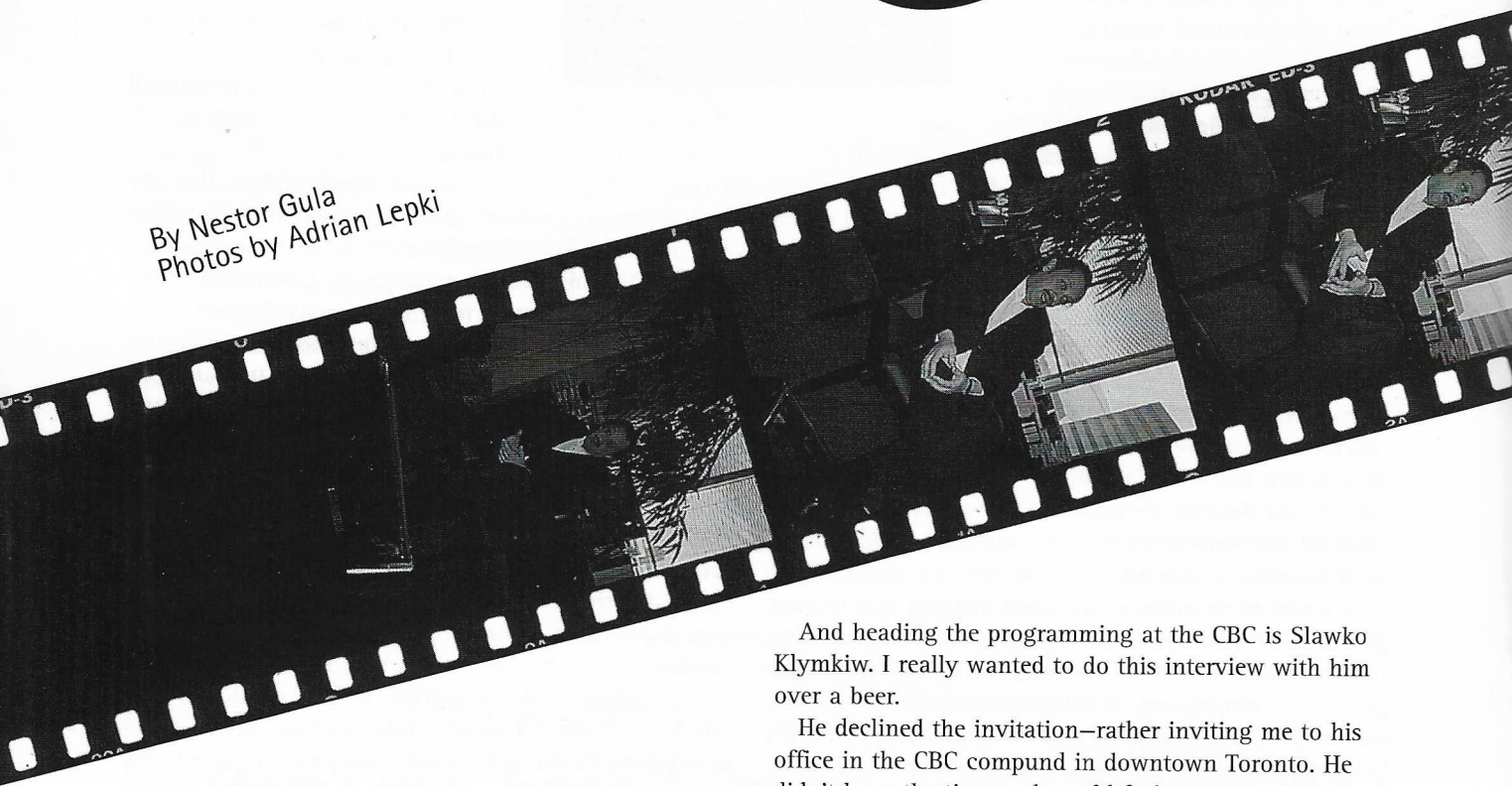
And for those who still prefer to get their literature by going to the movies, there are two other films besides Paradzhanov's adaptation which truly succeed in conveying Kotsiubynskyi's specific sense of sobriety and grandeur. *Padre, Padrone* (My Father, My Master) (directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, 1977) tells the story of shepherd life on the remote island of Sardinia, but the heart of its subject (and soundtrack) is pure Kotsiubynskyi. Similarly, *Princess Mononoke* (directed by Hayao Miyazaki, 1999) creates fantastic vistas of frolicking and ferocious forest spirits in an utterly Kotsiubynskian vein. Perhaps what we really need is an animated remake of *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors*, just to supersede the limitations of both prose and live-action film ...

Maya Zorya Johnson is a freelance writer and independent scholar who recently completed her doctorate in comparative literature at the University of Toronto.

NEXT ISSUE: An introduction to the tempestuous poetics of Mykola Khvylovyi

Slawko's CBC

By Nestor Gula
Photos by Adrian Lepki



Ah, the CBC...

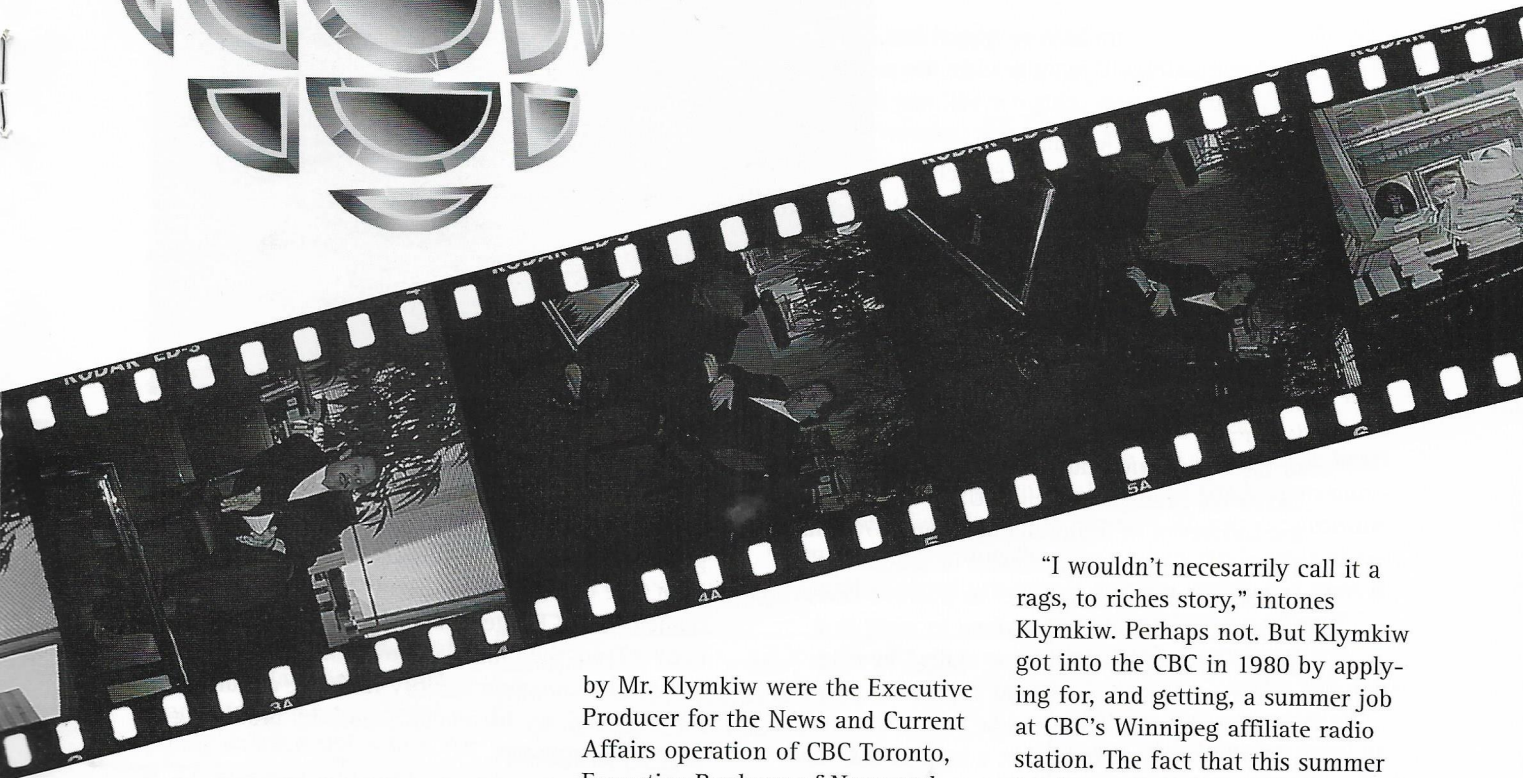
Not a week goes by without some kind of controversy/crisis to swirl around the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Despite the nearly two decades of budget cuts which have been crippling this publicly funded network, the CBC still manages to pull off some of the most innovative programming in Canada. Witness recent shows like *Made in Canada* or *Drop the Beat*, co-produced by Adrienne Mitchell (see *Zdorov!* Winter 1998 pg 22). There are very popular long running shows like *This Hour has 22 Minutes*, *The Nature of Things* plus *Hockey Night in Canada*. This is definitely a great network.

And heading the programming at the CBC is Slawko Klymkiw. I really wanted to do this interview with him over a beer.

He declined the invitation—rather inviting me to his office in the CBC compound in downtown Toronto. He didn't have the time and would feel more comfortable in his office. I'd feel more comfortable in mine.

Slawko Klymkiw is probably the most important human of Ukrainian origin in Canada. This seemingly easy going guy controls all the programming for the English language CBC. His official title is executive director network programming. He decides what we see on the CBC.

In this post he's responsible for everything that is shown on this network. From news and documentaries to sports and entertainment. He is also responsible for bringing new Canadian shows to the air. He waves his hand at a massive pile of paper overburdening several



wall units, "Yeah, we get show proposals." he sighs. "There is an approval process before the shows get to me," he smiles. I read—don't send me your story ideas.

According to the CBC press office, Mr. Klymkiw is the architect of the CBC television schedule and is responsible for the "cultivation" of new programming and its positioning on it. As Klymkiw puts it, "I'm the keeper of the schedule."

He got this gig after being the head of CBC Newsworld, where he oversaw the day-to-day operations of Canada's 24-hour cable news network. Before joining Newsworld in 1992, he served as Executive Producer of the CBC News Special Program Unit, where he developed the Gemini Award-nominated "CBC National Town Halls." (The Gemini Awards are Canada's television awards.)

Among other CBC positions held

by Mr. Klymkiw were the Executive Producer for the News and Current Affairs operation of CBC Toronto, Executive Producer of News and Current Affairs at CBWT Winnipeg, Field Producer in CBC Current Affairs and Producer of Sports Programming and Documentaries.

I'm the keeper of the schedule...

Before entering the CBC Slawko was contemplating travelling the world with his wife Christina. They were married in 1976 before they left Winnipeg to pursue masters degrees at the State University of New York's Binghamton campus. They graduated in 1980, he in History and Sociology, she in English, and came back to Winnipeg for the summer. It is here that Klymkiw's story becomes a Canadian rags to riches story.

"I wouldn't necessarily call it a rags, to riches story," intones Klymkiw. Perhaps not. But Klymkiw got into the CBC in 1980 by applying for, and getting, a summer job at CBC's Winnipeg affiliate radio station. The fact that this summer job has been going for 20 years must be some kind of record. The job he got was with the morning show of this Winnipeg station. "I was booking guests and doing a lot

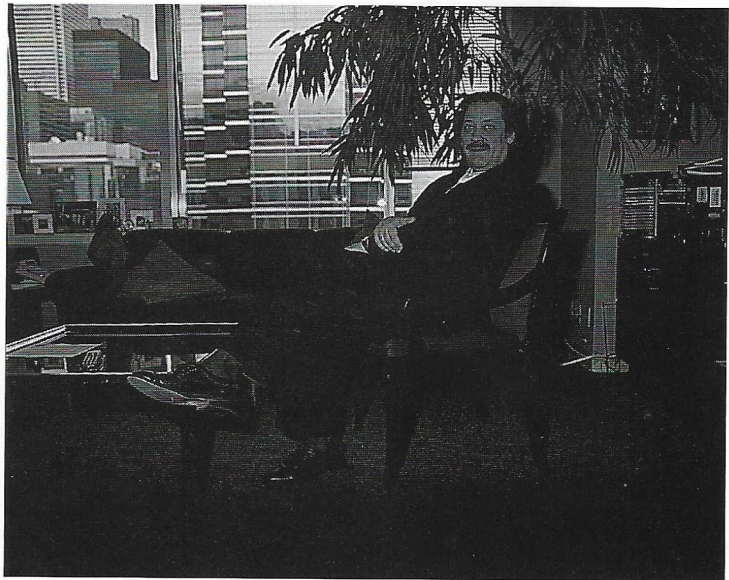
of the background research and other programming stuff," he reminisces. "I liked it and was able to stay on there." 20 years on and Klymkiw is as high as mortals get at the CBC. Not bad for a kid from St. Boniface in the Peg.

Did a Ukrainian upbringing help in his rise to glory? "The upbringing I had was probably just as typical as for any Ukrainian youth growing up in Canada," he smiles. "I was in Ukrainian school,

Plast, took music lessons, took Ukrainian dancing under a church, belonged to choirs. I did all the regular things." He admits that there was probably more pressure put on him because he was the son of Walter Klymkiw who was the conductor of the Okosich choir in Winnipeg. "I was fairly active during my years in Winnipeg," he says. "I was a member of the Ukrainian Students' Club (USK) and of the Ukrainian Students' Union (SUSK) while attending the University of Manitoba between 1970 and 1976. I was even the president of the local club." He values all these activities as positive character building experiences. "I learned to work in a group, learned team building skills," he says. "Like most everybody I liked some aspects of growing up as a Ukrainian and didn't like others."

Sitting in his office I take a look at this man. He looks like he hasn't had a decent night's sleep in several weeks. There's a newly appointed president of the CBC, Robert Rabinovitch. Layoffs were announced, several shows were just cancelled and certain sectors of the Canadian public are in mourning—calling for the immediate reversal of these and any other decision.

"It's like this with all public broadcasters," sighs Klymkiw. "Do you think it is any different with the



BBC or the Australian broadcaster? We, public broadcasters, are always living under a microscope. All our decisions are debated, second guessed and criticized by the public." He holds no grudges and shrugs it all away. "They have the right," he explains. "It's their network. It's their money." The CBC gets about half of its operating budget from the Canadian government and has to defend the Canadian identity from the cultural onslaught of our friends due south by producing Canadian programs.

Constantly in meetings, Klymkiw says that the CBC is undergoing a new round of restructuring. Instead of being downcast about this new reshuffling, it happens in the CBC every few years, Klymkiw is upbeat. He sees great potential for the future. "I see the Internet as a great opportunity for the CBC," says Klymkiw. "We have radio, we have television and now the Internet will be another broadcast medium." **Z!**

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Blood Pressure on the Boil

By: Aleksandra Basarab, RN

High blood pressure (hypertension) is not a phenomenon that only occurs when discussing the activities of the Verkhovna Rada with your political friends, or debating something about religion or heavens forbid talking about CYM/Plast issues. At that point, you may develop a red face, your eyes start to bulge, and you slam your fists on the table in disagreement. These events are usually followed by someone raising their voice a little bit too much. In reality, the condition known as hypertension has no signs or symptoms. The only way to find out if you have high blood pressure is to have it checked regularly.

Different actions make your blood pressure (BP) go up or down. For example, if you are running or dancing your BP will go up. If you are sleeping, your BP will go down. These types of pressure are normal. Blood pressure becomes a concern when it remains elevated all or most of the time. If untreated, this can lead to a whole bunch of unpleasant events such as: hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis), heart attack, enlarged heart, kidney damage and stroke. We at *Zdorov!* would like to ensure that our readers remain

healthy and happy so read on

So you are visiting your Ukrainian family doctor. He or she is just like a regular doctor except with several key differences: this person probably knows three generations of your family, went to medical school with your aunt, is sensitive to your cultural quirks, and has been told, by your grandmother, that butter is the “wonder cure” for skin ailments. This kind of stuff they just don’t teach at the Faculty of Medicine! You have your blood pressure checked and you are told it is “normal”—around 120/80. But what does that mean exactly? Here’s what the numbers indicate: the top number indicates the systolic pressure, which is noted as being the maximum pressure produced in the artery as the heart contracts and is pumping the blood. The bottom number is the diastolic blood pressure. This is the pressure that remains within the artery when the heart is at rest. Checking blood pressure is painless, quick and easy. It

is checked with a BP cuff (sphygmomanometer) and stethoscope. Systolic and diastolic pressure are measurements of millimeters (mm) of mercury (Hg) on the BP cuff instrument.

Categories for blood pressure levels in adults:
Normal: less than 130/85 mm Hg
High normal: 130-139/85-89 mm Hg
High blood pressure:
Stage 1: 140-159/90-99 mm Hg
Stage 2: 160-179/100-109 mm Hg
Stage 3: more than 180/ more than 110 mm Hg

Source: National High Blood Pressure Education Program, 2000

After reading all this information you are motivated to lower your risk of developing high blood pressure. These are the things you should try doing:

- Do your best to maintain a healthy weight, and if you are overweight try to lose the excess kilograms. This doesn’t mean you must starve yourself. Eat a well balanced diet, limit the size of your portions and increase your level of physical activity. Sorry folks, but eating “shkvarky,” and “salo” must stop for reasons too numerous to mention! To get more exercise, consider going to a zabava more often.
- Choose foods lower in salt and sodium: North Americans eat more salt and sodium than they need and, as a result, have higher rates of hypertension than people in other countries.
- If you drink alcoholic beverages, limit your intake: yes, that means cutting back on vodka. And even though smoking is not seen to cause high blood pressure, it does increase your risk of heart attack and stroke. If you are a smoker, make this the year to kick a highly nasty habit.

Remember to have your blood pressure checked regularly. Even if your blood pressure is within normal range, you have just learned steps to prevent it from becoming too high. Prevention is the key to health. Take good care of yourself!

Ladies and Gentlemen.....

GOGOL



BORDELLO

By Jake Bandy
Photos courtesy Eugene Hutz

Friday February 11. Half an hour to show time and 300 people are already crammed into Joe's Pub, a tony new music club at Manhattan's Public Theater. All seats are long taken and it is standing room only with people staking out sightlines or trying to fight their way to the bar for a drink. Snatches of conversation in English, Italian, Russian, German, Japanese, and of course Ukrainian, fill the air as the crowd waits for the appearance of immigrant Ukrainian-artist Eugene Hutz and his band Gogol Bordello.

As the band members - guitarist Vlad, squeezebox player Sasha and drummer Eliot Ferguson - go through the sound check a glance at the stage decor gives early warning that, as one commentator has put it, "this ain't your mother's polka band." For this concert, marking the release of Gogol Bordello's first CD, the band's set designer Rachel Comey has gone all out to give the set a twisted rustic look, decorating the walls with what Eugene calls "cannibalistic rural taxidermy Transylvanian style." An albino deer head with glowing red eyes is the centerpiece, surrounded by an array of mounted human and animal parts: a dancers leg in a mesh stocking, a severed hand.

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you, love you,
like somebody's wife.

Hello Hamerica
Now clear out the road,
Here come entertainers from abroad.

From their opening song, Gogol Bordello is a band with a platform: bringing a dark contemporary East European sensibility into the New York scene. "Ukrainian bands, Russian bands come over and play here, and outside of their own communities no one even knows they are here. We're going to break out of that box." says Hutz. "America can't just wait for another British Invasion every 10 years. America influences the Brits and they regurgitate it right back to them. We're very excited to attack America with our own Slavic-rooted music, and to show the real raw side of it. So nobody ever thinks again the only thing happening there is polka."

Twenty minutes into the show no one at Joe's Pub would be inclined to make that association. Gogol Bordello has just been joined by the first of the evenings many guest artists, Paula Henderson on sax and Jennifer Carey on tuba (both play with the NY underground band Moisturizer) As the brass section keeps thing going on stage, Hutz clambers onto a six inch wide railing that separates dance floor from balcony bar. From this precarious perch he launches into Unvisible Zedd - a black humor erotic tale of kidnapping. He is joined by two drop-dead gorgeous female dancers for a decidedly un-polka dance that involves highly disturbing rope games, Eugene losing his shirt,

and a number of near disastrous slips and falls.

Eugene Hutz has attacked the New York downtown scene with this same reckless abandon since arriving in the city a little over two years ago. Teaming up with Sasha and Vlad as Gogol Bordello, he has since cut a wide swath through town, leaving behind wrecked stages and pissed off sound men at venues like The Cooler and CBGB, and gathering a snowballing and increasingly international following for his brand of Ukrainian Punk Cabaret. He has also integrated himself into the existing Ukrainian alternative arts scene in the city. He was a founding member, along with Virlana Tkacz and Julian Kytasty, of Nova Nomada, which has produced a series of events ranging from evenings of New Music and Poetry at the Ukrainian Sports Club to an unforgettable mixed media Kupalo festival at an East Village community garden.

Hutz was also getting noticed: *Alternative Press* called him "an unparalleled late night DJ, events promoter, and emissary crossing immigrant cultures with the New York Underground scene." A chance encounter at a Gogol Bordello gig with Japanese fashion designer Yoshi Yamamoto led to a quickly developing modeling career that has already landed Hutz on the runways of major shows in New York and Paris. (And on the cover of the *Wall Street Journal*, illustrating an article head



lined "The Mustache is Back." Hutz refused to be interviewed for the story. "I'm an immigrant from Ukraine and haven't had a bank account in my life," he says "what do I have to talk to them about?"

Eugene's road to the US from his native Kyiv was a long and adventurous trek through Italy, Austria, Hungary, and Poland—an immigrant experience that informs a lot of his material. Prior to that were teen age years in Kyiv, where he played with the punk band Uksusnik, and

post-Chornobyl summers in the Carpathians, where he was evacuated like many Kyiv youth. "I was deeply impacted by the life, the music that I found there. It was a first discovery of my own culture and remains the strongest single influence on my life and my work." It is no coincidence that a strong Carpathian flavor dominates in his music and that the CD booklet features a map of the mythical Carpathian region of Hutzovina, where Ukrainian, Gypsy, Romanian, Hungarian and God knows what other musics run together into Hutz's unique Transylvanian Rural Avant-Hard.

The show is well into its second mesmerizing hour. There has been a lyrical interlude—two intimate duets with underground chanteuse Sally Norvell—and it's time to jack up the energy again. The red eyes of the albino deer head glow fiercely. Hutz has long since torn off the last tatters of shirt and now reaches into

the prop bag for a grotesque animal mask. The chords and words of the songs hardly matter—we have moved into the territory of performance as ritual. Masked and naked to the waist Hutz raises his arms high in the lurid light, a shaman rallying his urban tribe.

And an interesting tribe it is. The obligatory black leather of the Brighton Beach crowd is very much in evidence, as is a small group of 2nd Ave. Ukes, but they are far outnumbered by downtown Manhattan blend—vintage 2000. "I



dance party, and it stays that way through three encores. “Oh yah! Oh yah! Oh yah. paranoia!” the audience chants along with the refrain.

The lights come back on and the eyes of the great white deer head flicker off for the final time. The audience heads slowly for the exits, the tribe dispersing to its separate camps. A few dazed reactions: “I’ve been to his every show since I heard him DJ once—this was one of the best ever,” this from our Italian model friend. And from producer David Gross of Blis Records: “I was pissing myself! It’s the

think he’s a genius!” an Italian fashion model shouts over the din. Hutz’s tribe is very much a gathering of newly empowered immigrants, who resonate with his message of ripping out a place of their own in America’s hitherto closed dominant culture.

“I got a passport, officer!” Eugene wails, tapping into the frustration of anyone who has ever had to deal with any immigration

bureaucracy, anywhere.

On cue, the evening’s last surprise guest puts in an appearance. He is Gypsy fiddler Sergei Riabtsev, making his first appearance with Gogol Bordello, and he is superb. By the time the band launches into its finale “Green Card Husband,” the room has turned into a footstomping Ukrainian Gypsy

most fun I’ve ever had without taking off my clothes ... maybe even with.”

Hutz is slowly picking through the wreckage of the stage: broken shards of dishes (they made wonderful castanets while they lasted), discarded clothing, knocked over microphones, tangled rope, spilled beer. He looks up. “You seen my other shoe?” **Z!**



the TEENAGE Saga

by Larissa Momryk



You probably know her. A teenaged girl who goes to high school and worries about clothes and boys and watches MuchMusic—but there is something more underneath the surface. It's in her blood, in the spelling of her name, in her religion. And though she might seem like everyone else on the outside, on the inside she's different. She's Ukrainian.

The life of a teenage Ukrainian-Canadian girl is double-sided. She has two sets of friends; the English ones she sees five days a week and the Ukrainian ones—who she has probably known from birth but sees only once or twice a week. She has two names; the one her parents gave her and the English translation, often mispronounced by her teachers. She has two schools; English day school and Ukrainian school on the weekends.

"In one way it's not that great," explains Oleksandra, a bright 16-year-old with dark curly hair. "There are so many more commitments. But in another way it's amazing. I know people from all across Canada because I'm Ukrainian and I went to Ukrainian camps."

Taossa, a blonde 18-year-old with a round, friendly face, also has a positive view. "I think [being Ukrainian] is really great, cause it's this cultural thing. You know all this other stuff that everyone else doesn't really know, so you feel special."

"Some people think it's weird," adds Sophika, a thin 16-year-old with a sarcastic sense of humour. Or they think it's cool when you have different rituals and traditions—like for Christmas." "Yeah," pipes in Oleksandra. "You get to stay home from school an extra day and everybody's jealous."

Marika, an energetic 14-year-old, raises an important issue.

"Sometimes, I feel uncomfortable around my English friends because if I say, 'I'm in Scouts' they think I'm really nerdy. But Ukrainian Scouts are different and they don't understand that."

Friends are probably the most important aspect of a teenaged girl's life. No one's opinion matters more, and no one wields a greater influence than the circle of friends she spends her days with. But between Ukrainian girls and their English friends there exists a barrier. It is usually a language barrier, but can also include things such as different religions, and different after-school activities.

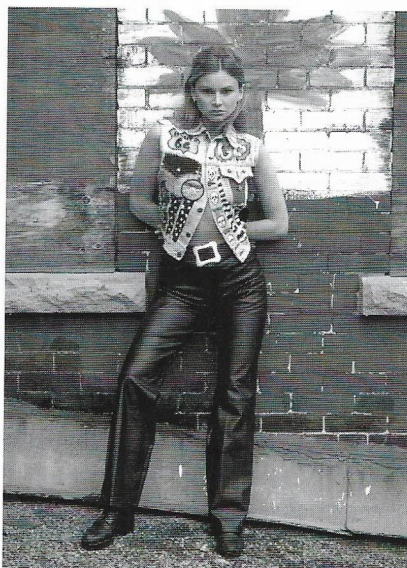
"It's weird," remarks Sophika. "My friends say I don't really do anything after school but I, on the other hand, say I go to Ukrainian school, Ukrainian Scouts and all these things. I always have something to do." "My friends think I'm trying to avoid them or something," says Taossa, "when I'm like, no really, I'm going to Ukrainian school! And sometimes it's kind of hard to explain Ukrainian things, because you don't know the right words."

"I was telling my friends about camp," adds Marika, "and I kept on saying all these things and then trying to explain them—it's like ... that's like ... but [the words] don't sound as good in English. So it's annoying."

Oleksandra tells a similar story. "You come back from something like camp and it's so amazing, you could babble on for hours but people are like, yeah, yeah, whatever. They don't really care, and it really bothers me."

The need to share the Ukrainian

aspects of their lives is what brings Ukrainian girls so close together. Though they usually only see each other a few times a week, their shared backgrounds make for really close friendships. "You feel closer to those people who are Ukrainian," explains Sophika, "because you have something in common with them. You go to Ukrainian school [and] Ukrainian Scouts. You may not feel as close to the people in English school." Taossa is more



optimistic. "I'm close with my Ukrainian friends and with my English friends, just in different ways. Ukrainian friends you don't necessarily see as often. At school you see your English friends every day so you talk with them about different things than you would with your Ukrainian friends."

Friends at school accept their different ethnicity—in fact, the girls say that by now their English friends have learned to disregard it. However, that doesn't mean a Ukrainian teenaged girl is comfortable in her identity, though mistakes and misunderstandings provoke

more anger than they do shame. Sophika knows how confusion can cause problems. "In the Ukrainian culture priests are allowed to get married and my father's a priest. Sometimes people are mean to me and they call me priest girl and church girl and mock me. Then I try to explain it to them, but they don't really understand." "It really bothers me," says Oleksandra, "because often teachers don't believe my name is Oleksandra, not Alexandra. They go, Alexandra? No, it's Oleksandra, sir. Alexandra? Every day for almost a week after school starts. It's as if they can't accept it." "I get that all the time, adds Taossa. "[Teachers] just don't get it. People often make mistakes with Marika's name as well." "Once I was in a skiing class and the teacher was like, Marika—that's a beautiful Dutch name... Or people ask, is that [the name of] some kind of tropical island? And I'm like, no-o..."

When asked if they feel pressure from their parents to maintain the Ukrainian language and culture, the girls all respond with a resounding YES! "My parents pressure me to maintain an image within the Ukrainian community," explains Taossa. "Like, you have to do well in school or else you'll *zasoromysh rodynu* (bring shame to the family)." "For me," says Oleksandra, "it's—you have to be in the church choir. Why do I have to be in the church choir? Cause you're Ukrainian! Also, when I complain because I have Ukrainian school homework, my friends are like, 'Well, if you're complaining so much, why don't you just quit?' And I'm like, 'I can't just quit! My parents make me go! That's when you start not wanting to be Ukrainian.'"

Do the girls wish they weren't Ukrainian at other times? "Just Saturday mornings before Ukrainian school," laughs Taossa. But the girls admit that being Ukrainian is not something they want to give up. "I don't understand," says Oleksandra. "It seems that the Ukrainians that were born in Canada try to be more Ukrainian [than] the Ukrainians that come from Ukraine [who] try to be English. They try to blend in more, while we try to be different." "I guess they're ashamed," ventures Marika, "because Ukraine isn't a very rich country and they don't get to have a lot of things. So when they say I'm Ukrainian they think that they're going to be called poor. But here, if you're Ukrainian you're not poor, you're normal, so you're proud to be Ukrainian." Taossa agrees. "You've got such a big history behind you," she says. "If you think of your grandparents being in concentration camps because they believed in something, then you feel proud." "It makes you really, really proud," adds Oleksandra. "All the stuff that our history has been through and we've still been able to survive since the beginning... And we have kozaky!"

It is true that in Canada, the girls can allow themselves to feel proud of their ethnic heritage. According to the Department of Canadian Heritage, our society is even more culturally diverse now than when the federal government formally recognized the multicultural nature of Canada in 1971. And the department remains committed to the Multiculturalism Policy and the Canadian Multiculturalism Act, which aim to foster an inclusive society in which people of all backgrounds,

whose identities are respected and recognized as vital to an evolving Canadian identity, feel a sense of belonging and attachment to this country.

Despite this positive reinforcement from the government, Ukrainians, and many other ethnic groups, are finding their heritage, and especially their language, beginning to assimilate into the English majority. The 1996 census results show that 162,695 Canadians, out of a total population of a little over 28 million, had Ukrainian as their mother tongue (language spoken from birth). However, the same census showed that only 32,015 of those people still spoke Ukrainian at home.

"It's important that the Ukrainian language stays," explains Sophika. When I grow up I want to live somewhere where there's a Ukrainian community so that my children will be able to speak [the language]. Even though my Ukrainian isn't that good, I still want them to learn." "I went to Miami to visit my cousins," adds Marika, "and no one speaks Ukrainian there. No one really does anything—there's no Plast. And it's weird because it seems like in twenty years there's going to be no more Ukrainian things here."

For the time being, however, the girls are helping to keep their language and their culture alive. "From the time I get home from school," says Oleksandra, "I speak Ukrainian to my family, so [being Ukrainian] is not something I can ignore. I'm immersed in it." She doesn't seem to mind the responsibility, though. "I love being Ukrainian!" she exclaims, and Taossa agrees, "It's awesome!" **Z!**

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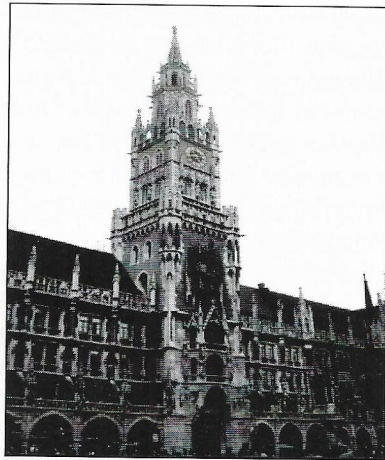
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Many Munich memories

by Aleksandra Basarab,

On a recent trip to Europe I visited Munich, Bavaria. Here's a quick geography review for those of you who may have slept through the *Subotnia Shkola* geography lesson on Ukraine and its European neighbours or maybe snoozed through the class on Ukrainians in diaspora. Bavaria is an independent state attached to



Germany.

Its people are fiercely independent—kind of like Ukes. At the heart of the Bavarian state you will find Munich: also known as the land of beer halls, oom-pah bands, and *sharavary*—oops, I meant lederhosen. Being the ever-perceptive *Zdorov!* reader you probably figured out by now that Munich is a hotbed of Ukrainian culture.

After the Second World War, Munich attracted a lot of immigration due to the post-war boom and a lot of these folks ended up staying permanently just like our grandparents/parents rooted themselves into Canadian culture. I think there is an unwritten rule that says “if three or more Ukes get together somewhere in the world then they must build a Church.” This is probably followed by a school, *domivka* cultural centre and so on ... I stumbled upon just

such an area: the “Ukrainische Zentrum.” Although not well advertised, the aforementioned is located on 55 Schonstrasse just in case you were wondering.

I had an opportunity to hang out with some German Ukes, and it was really cool that the primary language of communication was Ukrainian con-

sidering that none of us was born in Ukraine.

Through the course of my travels, I have truly discovered that Ukrainians are the same the world over. There is a string of common traits in all our people. For example, the time management thing! I expected German accuracy and precision to rub off on our fellow Ukes in Munich. When you establish a meeting time with Germans, they tend to be 10 minutes early. Ukrainians there also follow the “keep them waiting for 30 minutes or longer” theory. If it is fashionable to be late then Ukrainians are downright stylish.

If attending Church, make sure you are at least 45 minutes late as this is the time when all the “cool” people show up. Show up earlier and you will turn into a popsicle as the premises are not heated well (or

at all) in the winter. I guess the parish is striving to duplicate the authentic village experience. Oh yeah, their priest also gives long-winded irrelevant sermons. (There is so much to be said for preparing a speech ahead of time.)

Just next door to the Cathedral you will find a school, which is also home to Plast and all kinds of Uke get-togethers.

Since there are so many Ukes in Munich, I think that Fodors' travel guides should publish a “Ukrainian guide to Munich.” Possible chapters could include such topics as:

- How to effectively pretend that you are the long lost cousin/niece/nephew of any family so that you could scam free accommodation as Munich tends to be expensive.
- Where to purchase emergency varennyky around the clock.
- Weiss beer and vodka: where to find the best.
- Proper etiquette of doing the kolomyika in a beer hall.
- Useful phrases (Uke English to Uke German) such as: Where is your *avto*? *Na Korneri*? *Wo ist sie avto*? *Na ecke?*•

Munich is definitely worth a trip over. Not only is this city rich in Ukrainian history and culture, it is generally an interesting place to visit. I recommend checking out the numerous museums and galleries. Also worth strolling through Marienplatz, which is the “downtown.” Filled with cafes, shops and street performers it is sure to entertain any traveler. Munich is a vibrant city, especially during the summer months, and it gets quite rowdy during Oktoberfest. Pack your suitcase and happy travels!

P.S. If you are a German Ukrainian, we would like to hear from you.

Making the Easter Classics

Easter is my favourite Ukrainian holiday. The meal is light, the menu simple and the traditions rich and colourful. As much a celebration of spring as it is of the Resurrection, our ancestors clearly made the right decision in marking the event with a refreshingly simple brunch-like meal.

Traditionally, Easter signals the end of a draining 40-day fast, one that prohibited all meat and dairy products and left its adherents weak and hungry. To celebrate the end of this trying fast, some of the forbidden foods—sausage, eggs, cheese—were decoratively placed in wicker baskets, carried to church to be blessed and then happily consumed. This quaint tradition continues to this day, albeit sometimes in a bastardized form. At an Easter celebration I recently attended in Kyiv, people boldly tucked bottles of vodka into their baskets.

Although rich in content, the modern Easter celebratory meal remains light in fact: usually a cold buffet, with cheese, cold-cuts, boiled eggs, horseradish relish and the decorative breads paska and babka*. If there is an area where Easter falls short, it is in selection. There is clearly a dearth of original and uniquely Ukrainian dishes on the table. All the more reason why I find it disappointing that the festive Easter dish *syrna paska* rarely sees the light of day.

Syrna paska is a sweet cheese mold, enriched with butter, eggs and cream and flavoured with candied fruit. Indigenous to the country's central and eastern regions, western Ukrainians are unfamiliar with it. Yet many non-Ukrainians know the dish: it regularly crops up in cookbooks as Russian *pashka* (yes, we share the dish with our Russian neighbours) and is highly lauded for its sublime creaminess, gentle flavouring and unique presentation. Today, there are even plenty of adulterated versions floating around, featuring chic new ingredients like candied pineapple, pistachios and rosewater.

In Ukraine, *syrna paska* was traditionally made in special flat-topped, four-sided pyramidal wooden molds that left an XB (*Khrystos Voskres*) imprint on the cheese. These old-fashioned molds are quite beautiful on their own and can be found displayed in cultural museums. For the modern cook, clay or plastic flowerpots do the job. They form a nice shape and, most importantly, their drainage holes allow for excess whey to seep out. The traditional XB is decorated on the mold afterwards with candied fruit or raisins.

This rich cheese dessert has always been a once-a-year dish, intended to be eaten only at Easter with its equally eggy partner, the *velykodnia* babka. A tall slender golden loaf, *velykodnia* babka is easily recognized by the

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colourful candy sprinkles that often adorn its domed top. Historically, it was known to reach ridiculously lofty proportions. In old cookbooks, I've come across illustrations of waist-high babkas, as well as recipes calling for 60 egg yolks. My old Ukrainian Saturday schoolteacher described the babka as an ancient pagan symbol of fertility, drawing a sketch to show how it was traditionally served upright with eggs resting at its bottom.

The Easter babka has always been a capricious creature, prone to falling both during and after baking, and demanding to be eaten within the day for optimum freshness. Women regularly offered up special prayers before baking this delicate Easter bread, and coddled the tender loaf like a baby afterwards. They would lay it gently on its side on their softest pillow, rotating it every few minutes to ensure no flattening of its rounded edges.

Syrna Paska

3 1/2 pounds farmer's cheese
1/2 cup (1/4 pound) butter, softened
4 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup sour cream
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup candied orange peel
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup candied fruit, nuts and/or raisins to decorate
Flower pot, approximately 6" in diameter and 6" high
Cheesecloth

Puree the cheese in a food processor until smooth. Cream the butter, egg yolks, sugar and salt together. Beat in the sour cream and cheese. Add the lemon rind, raisins, 1/2 cup of candied orange peel and vanilla.

Line a flowerpot with two layers of wet cheesecloth. Pack in the cheese mixture, cover with more cloth, and place a small plate on top that fits within the rim. Sit a weight on the plate, such as a jar of water and set the pot on a wire rack over a tray. Leave in a cool place for 24 hours. Turn the pot upside down and remove the cloth. Decorate with candied fruits, nuts and/or raisins. Cut into wedges and serve with sliced babka.

*Ukrainian culinary terminology can often be confusing, with one word referring to one dish in one part of the country and an altogether different one in another. Paska is a clear case in point. I defer to Ukrainian cooking doyen Savella Stechishin, who explains in her book that Easter paska is the bread decorated with swirly doughy designs on top, while babka is the slender sweet golden loaf, its domed top covered in glaze and sometimes candy sprinkles. The dessert-like paska is referred to as syrna paska.

Sadly, today's store-bought babkas rarely have the requisite number of egg yolks to produce such delicate texture or rich yellow hue.

With a food processor at hand, both the babka and syrna paska are surprisingly easy to make. They require little energy and, in the case of babkas, far less coddling than days of yore. A bit of planning is all that's needed to indulge yourself and family with this tasty Easter two-some.

Velykodnia Babka

1 envelope dry yeast
1/2 cup warm milk
3 cups flour
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup butter
1 whole egg
6 egg yolks
1 1/2 teaspoons rum
Grated zest of 1 lemon
Dash of salt
1 cup confectioners' sugar
1 egg white
1 teaspoon water
Candy sprinkles

One (or two depending on size) empty juice or coffee tin(s), with lids removed

Preheat the oven to 350F. Grease the tin(s), line the bottom and sides with waxed paper and grease again. Set aside.

Mix the yeast with the warm milk and 1 teaspoon sugar. Set aside until it froths up. In a mixing bowl, beat the sugar with the butter until pale and fluffy. Add the eggs and egg yolks, beating well after each addition. Add the rum, lemon zest, salt and yeast mixture. Sift the flour and gradually add to the batter. When it becomes too thick for the mixer, knead with the special dough hook on your processor, or with your hands. Knead until the dough is firm and glossy, and does not stick to your hands, about 10 to 20 minutes. Place the dough into a greased bowl and leave in a warm spot until it doubles in bulk. Pound down and knead another 2 minutes. Put dough into each tin so it is 1/3 filled. Place in a warm spot again until they double in bulk. Bake one hour. Note: the time may vary according to the size of tin used. If the top is browning too quickly, cover with foil.

Tilt the tin at an angle to remove the bread. Gently place the hot loaf on its side on a pillow covered with clean napkin. Rotate it every ten minutes until it cools. Mix the confectioners' sugar with the egg white and water, adding more water if necessary. Pour the glaze on top of the loaves. Sprinkle with candies. Cut into round horizontal slices and serve with syrna paska.

Who Wants to Marry A Ukrainian?

All of us have looked, or are looking, for that perfect mate. One to share the rest of our lives with (for some the beginning of the morning is just fine). The search for that perfect mate involves a series of rituals and portals one must cross. Being Ukrainian these portals force us to carry quite a bit of baggage. Do you really want to marry a Ukrainian?

1. When looking for a mate do you rely on,
 - a. your parents to set you up with unmarried friends of family.
 - b. your friends to set you up.
 - c. divine inspiration to guide you to that special someone.

2. The place you search for a mate is equally important. You usually look,
 - a. in Ukrainian churches—Catholic or Orthodox, you don't discriminate.
 - b. at zabavas. You're a traditionalist—you think you are more attractive with a line of drunken drool connecting your lip to your hip.
 - c. by placing a personal ad in the local newspaper—available Ukrainian looking for similar.

- 3a. Men—how long does it take for you to screw up the courage to ask for a date?
 - a. You still haven't.
 - b. Until your friends agree to fund the first date.
 - c. Right away—you are used to rejection.

- 3b. Women—how long do you wait until he asks?
 - a. Wait! If I'm interested I'll call and if I'm not I'll call to tell him so.
 - b. One week max then its get out the trolling nets—there are more fish in that sea.
 - c. Forever—if something is meant to be than it is worth waiting for.

4. First impressions are crucial. When getting ready for that first date, you,
 - a. get out your best embroidered shirt and polish those boots until they are candyapple red.
 - b. dress casual—you play it cool.
 - c. dust off the lumberjack jacket and you are ready to roll.

5. For that important first date do you both go to,
 - a. the nearest place which serves varenyky—you just can't get enough of those can you?
 - b. a mid-priced restaurant—nice but not pretentious.
 - c. a sports bar to check out the hockey game—if she tolerates you after tonight then the rest is easy sailing.

6. You are eating your meal and in between bites you,
 - a. exchange pleasantries about general topics of mutual interest.
 - b. fidget wildly and cough nervously.
 - c. engage your date in a deep and divisive argument about the state of Ukrainian politics/church/etc.

- 7a. Men—You feel it is time to become biblicly intimate
- You have know her for at least three hours—if something doesn't happen soon then you are out of there
 - You try to encourage the intimacy by making suggestive remarks.
 - You can wait for as long as it takes—you are not going to blow this chance at bliss.

- 7b. Women—You feel it is time to become biblicly intimate
- Never with this geek.
 - Put it off until you are married—you are a good Ukrainian girl.
 - At least after the third date—like how bad can he be?

9. After dinner you want to,
- go home by yourself and watch television until the sun comes up.
 - check out some more exciting nightlife.
 - Go to your date's place and really get to know him/her.

- 8a. Men—Who pays for the first date?
- Your gallantry insists that you pay—besides your unemployment insurance has not run out yet.
 - You make an offer to pay the whole thing but accept if she insists to pay for half.
 - Get her to fund the whole thing—your unemployment cheques have stopped arriving.

- 8b. Women—Who pays for the first date?
- He invited—he pays!
 - Offer to pay half and get upset if he accepts.
 - You pay it off—It'll show him who wears the pants.

What it all means?

give yourself 3 points for every a,
2 points for every b, and 1 point for every c.

below 9

You did not answer all the questions. You obviously are just either reading this to kill some time or don't quite grasp the concept of a quiz.

9 to 14

With this score your rating falls somewhere below that of average. Below average isn't good. Keep your chin up, don't fool about and study harder!

15 to 21

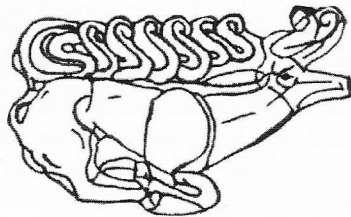
A wonderfully poetic average score. Yes, you probably do want to marry a Ukrainian but which one? There are a few out there. Good luck!

22 to 27

Congratulations on scoring so high. With enthusiasm like this you will go very far in life. So far in fact there won't be anybody around you.

over 27

Perchance are you a hermaphrodite? You must be because you answered the questions for both genders. See you can find some things out with these quizzes.

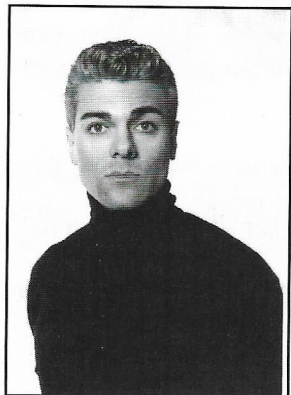


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by Douglas Horiajka Rice



Five years ago I moved to Toronto to continue my career as a Canadian Tenor. Having lived in numerous cities in different countries I was pleased to find such a plethora of distinct cultural organizations. I was born and raised in Alberta where my Ukrainian heritage was fostered and nurtured through customs and holidays. My recollection of attending family weddings and other celebrations also instilled a strong sense of my cultural identity. In the past 10 years my attention has been on a growing career as a professional singer and voice teacher, which has left very little time for exploring cultural activities. However, with a sigh of relief this has changed in the last few months. And so I began my quest to meet new people who might share common interests and diverse experiences that would mutually enrich my personal and social life.

To my delight it wasn't long before I read an advertisement in Toronto's *XTRA* magazine while sitting in a cafe during a rare afternoon of free time.

In the classified section I discovered a

new social group in Toronto founded by William Woloschuk, an industrious man who is dedicated to enhancing and furthering the social network of the Ukrainian community at large. Specifically I found a constellation of people who are of some Ukrainian origin and who also happen to be gay or lesbian. Once again I am proud to share in the traditions, festivities and fraternity of my heritage with an enthusiastic and engaging group of people from all walks of life. The warmth, generosity of spirit and buoyancy of this Canadian Ukrainian Gay and Lesbian

Like
being
gay,
I didn't
decide
to be
Ukrainian

Alliance has brought me closer to the value and importance of keeping my cultural roots present and alive. Like being gay, I didn't decide to be Ukrainian—it's simply who I am. I was not surprised by the overwhelming welcome and hospitality of the members who I met at one of the initial meetings. I'm proud to be part of this assembly of new friends and anticipate many years of great memories to unfold in future.

I'm looking forward to our next social meeting which is a Ukrainian Easter brunch. If you're interested in joining the group for this or future events please contact William at (905) 703-0152.

Come and enjoy an inviting social group and bring a friend.

Douglas Horiajka Rice is a young Canadian tenor whose first solo CD recording The Prince Of Song, will be featured in stores in the autumn of 2000.

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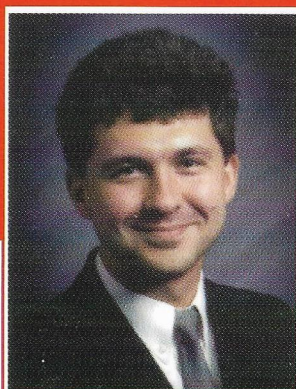
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