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The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Summer 1997

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by Myrna Kostash



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The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Summer 1997





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by Christine Kurys

Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Volume 1, Number 3

June 13, 1997

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Editorial Note

As the world evolves, so does Zdorov! You will have noticed the new look logo on the cover and the new design inside. These are all thanks to our wonderful graphic designer Christine Kurys.

The new look, however, does not meant to distract the reader from the content. We also will not say that it is to "enhance readability", whatever that means. We, at Zdorov! want to bring to you, our readers a top notch magazine – one that combines excellent features and columns with great photos and artwork in a well designed package. The design changes were already visible in the previous issue of Zdorov! The bulk of the re-design work has been accomplished for this issue. Future issues will have slight design updates as it is warranted.

For this, our Summer 1997 issue we have endeavored to bring you a good mix of thoughtful and fun reading material – exactly right for the beach, cottage or wherever else the wind may take you for the summer. In addition to the regular features in the Starter and Review sections, Roma Ihnatowycz writes about the problems encountered with mixed marriages, Oksana Buhel writes about the struggles Raïna Stebelsky faced on her road to artistic expression, our Graphic Designer takes a crack at the Ukrainian Rules, Maria Koropecky explores new interest in hemp while we have an exerpt from Christopher Griffin's diary written during his bike tour in Ukraine.

We are introducing a new element in the Starter section – Tycoons, which will highlight Ukrainian business people with new and interesting business ventures.

People told us that they liked the story on New York in the last issue so we will be profiling travel destinations around the world and the Ukrainian communities the reader can find there in this and future issues.

So enjoy this issue, enjoy the summer.

Yuriy Diakunchak Nestor Gula

WE GET LETTERS

Re: Status Quo or Bust

It seems as if this type of mindless babble is a prerequisite for every new issue of a 'younguns' publication. When will this madness end? These so-called tips, that is, advice to the 'old boys' in order for youths to clam up is ad nauseam. I am sure our generation is beyond (or so I believed before I read this article) this endless sea of grievance. If it was meant as humour — well, I certainly didn't get a chuckle, let alone the punchline, of this boring joke.

Why perpetuate this issue? Stop beating a dead cat! These ten foolproof steps are really directed at fools. As for Heather, here's a tip for you: there are more ways to skin a cat than you can shake a stick at! (sorry cat lovers) My point is, you can alleviate the pain (of banging your head) by applying your knowledge or experience. If you cannot get anywhere with present organizations, initiate something like ZDOROV! did.

I am not saying that my experience with Uke organizations is oozing out of my every pore, yet what I did learn is that if you keep going down the same path you're less likely to see new and interesting things. Wake up and smell the *kava*, Heather, the same people you criticize are the people that have brought you here. I hope this type of journalism ceases to continue – it would be a shame that such a progressive publication would dwell on these dull issues.

Endlessly hoping...

A. N. D. Toronto, Ontario

Zdorov sullies Ukrainians

The idea of publishing a magazine in English is, in itself, great. Unfortunately, I did not like a lot of things. For instance, I did not like the platform of your magazine: — to shock, to amuse (why should anyone try to shock me?). The true "agenda" of ZDOROV! is to

mock and sully), its tone: campy. I did not like the choice of authors recommended by you (Botsiurkiw, Kostash) nor the people who are writing for you (O. Hankiwska). Take Heather Olivets, I suspect that her name is Heather Olivets like mine is Marigold Papiretz.

Public reaction will force your magazine to change....

Dr. S Kushnir Kingston, Ontario

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Holidays for the taking - if you are a Uke

Summer is just around the corner – and we deserve it, considering the spring we've had. The best things about summer are the long weekends – alas there are but three of them. The following list should give you at least a few more long weekends to work on your skin cancer or indulge in a favorite summer pastime – sulking in an air-conditioned house.

If the dates do not fall on a Monday or Friday, adjust them to what suits you best. Just tell your boss you are using the new, or old calendar. Confuse him/her – make sure they are on the defensive when you claim what is rightfully yours.

June 18	1569 Union of Lublic TL C. LD La Syrt
Jane 10	1569 Union of Lublin – The Grand Duchy of Lithuanians ceded all Ukrainian lands to Poland. Barbecue some Polish
	sausages and wash them down with short of W.L
I 21	sausages and wash them down with shots of Wyborowa or Zytnia vodka and drink some Okocim beer.

June 21	On this day in 1062 at 111 .	1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1, 1	and cirring be	THE OROCHH DECI.
June 21	On this day in 1863 the Okraini	an language was banned by our Russian	"hig brother	"Take the day off
	2L - 1.1 1 .	8 8 car reasona	big biother.	take the day off to struggle through
	the alphabet.			

July 7	V
July /	You are out on manoeuvres today to commemorate the great battle of Poltava (1709) where Ukrainian Hetman Mazepa
	to commemorate the great battle of Poltava (1/09) where Ukrainian Hetman Mazena
	and his ally Charles XII of Sweden faced Peter I of Russia. Follow the manoeuvres with mourning Mazera got dusted
	and his any charles All of Sweden faced Peter I of Russia. Follow the manner with mourning Manner 1

July 11	On this day a long time VID
July 11	On this day a long time ago, Yul Brynner was born. He played Taras Bulba in the movie of the same name, so he must have
	payed ratas banda in the movie of the same name, so he must have
	been Ukrainian – or at least felt like one. Take this Friday off and watch the movie
	of the reast left like one. Take this friday off and watch the movie

July 16	In 1990 the Ukrainian SSR parliament asserted its right to declare independence. Take the res	C . L 1 . CC
August 1	Complete the less than the les	t of the week off.

A 1	C III	8 The macpendence: Take the lest of the
August 1	Spend the day catching up on the literary we	orks of Lesia Ukrainka who died today in 1913.
	i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i	orks of Lesia Okrainka who died today in 1913.

August 6	More mourning. Today in 1657 Bohdan Khmelnytsky breathed his	last breath. Take the rect of the week - CCC . I
	tomary three (3) days of mourning. We sure do seem to mourn a lot	take the lest of the week off for the cus-

August 14	You are in church all day today. This is the day that Volodymyr is said to have baptised Ukraine's precursor – Kievan Ru	,
	Take the Eridan of the Priday	S'.
	Take the Friday off as well, I'm sure the whole ceremony took more than one day	

August 24	Veal I Hering's malian and I had been seen and the trial one day.
ragast 21	Yeah! Ukraine's parliament declared independence. This time in 1991, and from the good ole' USSR. Ukraine is still independent so take the arms like the properties.
	pendent so take the preceding Friday and following Monday off. A four day weekend.
September 7	The first Ukrainians set foot on Canadian soil in 1891 in Manual (S. II) (S. II)

per 7	The first Ukrainians set foot on Canadian soil in 1891 in Montreal. (Still in Canada, eh? – ed.) Throw a ritualistic bash
	celebrating Vasyl Eleniak's and Ivan Pylypiw's arrival in Canada and our 100+ years in Canada
	o / that I ylypiws allival ill Callada alld Olly 1101+ Vears in Canada

-compiled by Nestor Gula

So you want a good deal on a car, eh?

by Nestor Gula

Going to a dealership to buy a car can be quite a harrowing experience. Can you really trust the salesperson? After all, he/she is working to get the most money out of you?

But now you can have that sales know-how working for you. Roman (Ray) Tysiak, a former Toronto car salesman who has entered the relatively new field of vehicle acquisition consultancy, is offering his clients deep savings on cars.

Ray Tysiak, 58 used to sell cars the traditional way at a number of dealerships for 40 years.

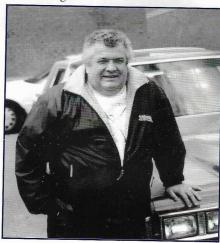
Many a money-wise Ukrainian has gone to him for good deals on a variety of vehicles.

As a vehicle acquisition consul-

tant Tysiak works for the client, not the dealership. Technically, he does not sell the car to the client but makes a deal between the dealership and the customer. By tapping into fleet car sales – a route which is virtually shut to the majority of people – Tysiak is able to save his clients between \$500 and \$1,000 per vehicle. This, he claims, will always be better than what his clients could get on their own.

Tysiak says this new way of acquiring vehicles started in the United States and has now moved to Canada. Functioning much like a real estate agent for cars he says, "it is my business to get you the best price on a car. As a salesman at a dealership you always have to make money for the company."

"In my business now I'm not trying to sell you a car," claims Tysiak, "I'm helping you buy one. I have 40 years of experience in the car industry and contacts with most car dealerships." Tysiak says that he can get clients cars from any manufacturer. For his services he charges a 1% fee of the car price, with a minimum charge of \$200 dollars.



Sketching Thoughts

by Allen W. Wright

Imagine a sepia-toned painting of an old fort that is built not so much out of stone as the moody sky that forms the background. Then, imagine blurring the photograph so that the form becomes less distinct – where shape gives way to mood – until finally you're left with a swirling dark mass that bears little resemblance to the original structure.

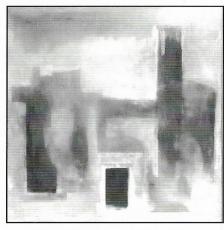
If you can't picture that in your mind, then you can always head down to the Rhino Bar in Toronto's Parkdale district and look at the walls. That's where Mark Koropecky's collection of paintings will be on display this summer, until late July.

Koropecky is just finishing his internship as a landscape architect. In fact, these paintings helped him sketch out ideas when he designed his parents' house on Vancouver Island.

This series of paintings was partly inspired by the two months he spent in Ukraine doing site work to modernize an ancient brickyard in the town of Zolochiv near Lviv.

The work involved shaping the land as well as the structures. And it's that blurred distinction between the earth and man-made forms that is reflected in his paintings. You're not sure "whether or not the steps are made out of a built form or carved out of earth," he says.

The haunting moodiness of the paintings is compelling. Particularly noteworthy is the sky which Koropecky says was modelled on a "romantic idea," a greyish sky that's not quite stormy, not quite foggy. It's fascinating to watch that kind of sky, and to breathe the fresh



Haunting moodiness dominates Koropecky's works

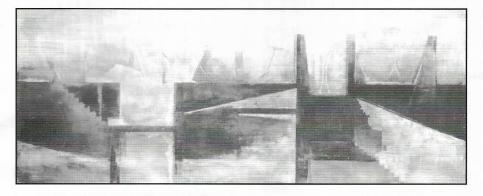
crisp airon such days. Koropecky's paintings capture that feeling perfectly.

He uses the paintings to sketch out his thoughts, to strip away some of his preconceptions, "working it down till you can start fresh and clean and maybe more honestly."

The series was painted with acrylic paints using a metal scraper and a broad paintbrush. The earlier works have a great texture to them, as Koropecky pushed and pulled paint to form his skyinspired buildings.

The Rhino is located at 1249 Queen St. W. west of Dufferin St..

Allen is slaving away as a proofreader, waiting for his big break in writing.



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Shevchenko Fund Exits The Closet

by Nestor Gula

The Ukrainian Canadian Foundation of Taras Shevchenko wants to come out of its closet.

Long a virtual secret in the Ukrainian community, the Shevchenko Foundation, as it is commonly known, is embarking on a quest to make itself more prominent in the Ukrainian community and to build up its funds.

In October 1996, the Shevchenko Foundation hired Al Kachkowski as a development coordinator to oversee the modernization of this Canadian-Ukrainian institution. He is conducting jaunts across Canada to raise awareness of the Foundation and to initiate new fundraising techniques.

One of Mr Kachkowski's fundraising ideas is already being implemented. Ukrainian credit unions in Canada will collect funds donated by the community. Each credit union branch will be authorised to issue receipts for the donations. "We are working on other fundraising ideas," continues Mr. Kachkowski, "but it is impossible for every event to be coordinated from a single centre."

In the early 1960's, the Ukrainian community in Canada conducted a fundraising drive to erect a monument to the poet Taras Shevchenko. The monument was placed in front of the Manitoba Legislature in Winnipeg to commemorate the sesquicentennial of the Great Bard's birth. The community had raised a total of \$175,000, of which \$30,000 were left

over. The Shevvchenko Foundation was established in 1963 using the \$30,000 as its first endowment. According to Mr. Kachkowski, the

Shevchenko Foundation currently has well over \$5 million in assets, which are professionally managed by National Trust.

The Shevchenko Foundation's purpose, as outlined in its mission statement, is to distribute grants to organizations or individuals for projects that "foster the development of Ukrainian Canadian culture." Without funds granted by the Shevchenko society, many worthwhile projects in the Ukrainian community would not exist. "Freedom Had a Price: Canada's First Internment Operations 1914-1920" received a \$20,000 grant from the society. Other recordings, research, publications and events also benefit.

Incidentally, ZDOROV! received a grant to help defray startup costs.

The Shevchenko Foundation distributes over \$200,000 in grants every year for a variety of projects such as recordings, publications, films and videos, research projects, bursaries, exhibits and cultural displays among others. There are two grant periods: one in the fall, deadline October 31, and one in the spring, deadline April 30.

To find out more about the Ukrainian Canadian Foundation of Taras Shevchenko, contact your local branch of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee.

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Obolon going flat

by Nestor Gula

Introduced to the Ontario market with little fanfare in August of 1996, the Ukrainian beer Obolon will most likely disappear from store shelves.

Imported by the Bruce Ashley Group, Obolon never really took off according to company president Bruce Charkow. "We really thought the Ukrainian community OBOLOI would buy Obolon. It's a good beer. Sales just never materialized."

According to Charkow, the company needed to sell between 300 and 400

cases (20 half-litre bottles per case) per month to keep its listing at the Liquor Control Board of Ontario (LCBO) and to make importing Obolon financially viable.

The sales of Obolon peaked in the first month of its release with 270 cases sold in August 1996. The latest figures available are for April 1997, when only 112 cases were sold. "That's about half of what we need," says Charkow. He points to other successful Eastern European beers. "The Croatian beer, Karlovacko, sold 206 cases in its debut in February, then

> 660 cases in March and all indicators are that sales are climbing. The Polish beer Okocim, on average, sells an average of 1,700 cases per month, while Zyviec sells 1,400." He reiterates that knowing, how large the Ukrainian community is in Toronto

and Ontario, it is strange that sales of a Ukrainian beer should be so low.

Obolon is not carried by any bar in the Toronto region. Even the Ukrainian bakery/cafe chain Future Bakery has stopped selling it.

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reviews

Kapusta or Cabbage by Jennie Choban and April-Ria Qureshi

There is a saying in Ukrainian — "Namishala horokh z kapustoyu" — she mixed peas with the cabbage. Essentially it means that one is telling a story that has no head or tail. In *Kapusta or Cabbage, a Historical and Culinary Journey* by mother and daughter team Jennie Choban and April-Ria Qureshi, it is hard to see the cabbage for the peas.

What is it? — a glorified family album complete with bad photographs, solid flight-from-the-homeland stories, cute pet stories and even cuter children's poems with some recipes thrown in for good measure? I'm sorry, but spending two pages showing off Trudeau's autograph, or ruminating over a broken marriage to a *frunsooze*(sic. — frenchman) and a subsequent relationship does not make for interesting reading, especially among the recipes for delicacies such as

Kukurudza Kurka (cornmeal chicken) and Studenetz (head cheese). Even when I put on my "reader of fluff" hat, I was left wanting. The mix just does not work.

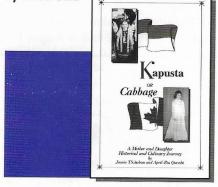
Fortunately, April-Ria keeps her anecdotal section to five pages.
Unfortunately, mom takes over. Then April-Ria's recipes – totally pointless. I don't think the authors had any clue who they were writing for. Why else would they include recipes for things like chicken stock and greek salad? Come on! And eight measly pages of tips on storing herbs and vegetables? It was enough to drive this reader to distraction. Out of 121 pages of text, only 21 are dedicated to the straightforward recipes for Ukie staples that the title hints at.

One of the few kapusta moments

for me was the description of Jennie's born-again fervor for *mamalega* (corn meal) as a symbol of her new-found respect for her Ukie roots.

This book seems to be a part of Jennie's personal journey. She is earnest, unabashedly honest all the way through, and funny at times, but these are not enough to salvage this book.

by Taras Gula





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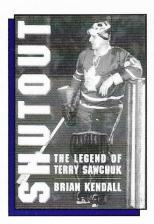


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reviews

SHUTOUT The Legend of Terry Sawchuk by Brian Kendall



Terry Sawchuk is usually considered to have been the greatest goaltender in hockey history. His NHL record of most games and shutouts is unlikely to be broken due to the changed nature of the sport. And author Brian Kendall has written the first biography of the man

who may be hockey's greatest cult figure – a genuine self-destructive anti-hero. Loner amongst loners, heavy drinker, lover of wild women – Uke, the Manitoba Iron Man – had many flaws.

But in the time he played, hockey goaltending was the most hazardous position available in the most dangerous and violent sport in the world. Facing a slapshot was not unlike taking a rifle blast at point-blank range, and trying to smother a loose puck in a pileup was akin to a prairie boy getting caught in a combine harvester.

He knew it too. "There are more gang attacks today," he once said, "they throw the puck in and the defencemen move up to the blue line. When they get a crossfire going...it really is murderous."

On his eighteenth birthday, he was taken out of a game with an eye injury.

Doctors removed his right eyeball from his head, stitched it up, and then put it back again. Sawchuk got to watch the entire episode with his left one. And you think Chuck Norris is tough.

The book's title *Shutout* is appropriate in more ways than one. It seems Sawchuk employed such psychological dedication to his profession that he was incapable of enjoying the many trite things we take for granted. To win like he did required shutting everything else out. Sometimes being the best comes at a terrible cost: he paid it in full. After a fluke injury, caused in a drunken scuffle with several buddies, put him on his deathbed he said: "Look at me. I can never come back from this."

by Dwight Hamilton





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reviews

Kazky a CD by SvitCOM

Can't get enough of Ukrainian folk tales? Well, a newly released CD should slake your thirst, at least temporarily. Toronto-based SvitCOM Inc. has just released a collection of 31 folk tales, stories and rhymes on CD. *Kazky* (stories – folk tales) features 71-minutes of readings by professional actors from Ukraine. Their Ukrainian is impeccable, however not intimidating to the North American Ukrainian ear. *Kazky* is geared to children up to the age of eight, but will be enjoyed by adults as well.

The selections include such timeless classics as *Koza-Dereza* (about the escaped goat who lies and gets pinched by a crayfish) and *Ivasyk Telesyk* (standard kid-hero fare).

Each track is accompanied by Ukrainian folk music recorded in Ukraine. While some tracks feature authentic instruments – others have that Casio synthesiser (most likely sent by an aunt in Canada) sound. The music is okay and doesn't get in the way of the words.

Kazky is another production by SvitCOM, which has previously released the Kozatska Abetka CD-ROM and MultiTYPE!, an application that helps create multilingual documents in Windows 3.1. Kazky was recorded in Ukraine, but produced and manufactured in Canada.

Great for kids of all ages, *Kazky* has a good mix of long and short selections that will keep the listener's attention no matter how many chocolate bars they've just eaten.

Unfortunately, the review copy did not include texts of the folk tales and poems, which, for me, limits the usefulness of the CD. However, the new rage in rock music (or alternative as it is now known) is not to have lyrics included with

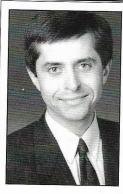
the CD, forcing the listener to really concentrate on what is being said (screamed). So.....despite the excercise in concentration, the lack of words, I suspect, will hamper parents' ability to interact with their children while listening to the CD.

Kazky is a good buy at \$19.95 Canadian or \$15.95 U.S., plus shipping and handling. At press time, the CD was only available by mail order.

To contact SvitCOM, write to; 70 Cloverhill Rd. Suite 4, Toronto, Ontario, M8Y 1T6,

Canada or call: 416-252-9828, fax: 416-259-0669. To send an e-mail: alepki@interlog.com or visit the Web site at http://www.interlog.com/~alepki/kids.htm.

by Nestor Gula



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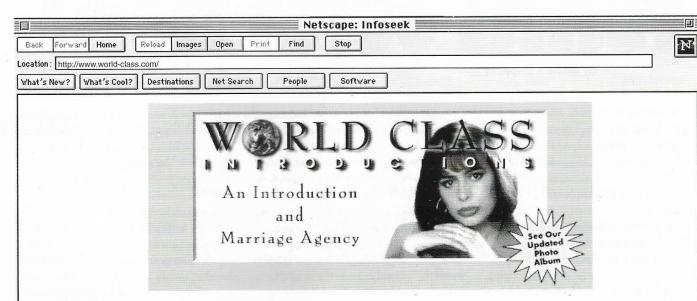
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www.world-class.com

When I heard about this site from a friend, I felt I just had to include it in the round up. The lead in to this site reads "World Class is the best introduction and marriage agency for single, white collar, professional and technical men of discerning taste, with a sincere desire to find a beautiful, well educated, loving and faithful mate for life."

This is not strictly a Ukrainian site, but the Yulias, Lyudmilas, Natalias and other young ladies from Ukraine make up about half of all the hopeful bridesin-waiting. There's even one, Oksana, pictured with a vyshyvana sorochka on. Better yet, Inna describes herself as a citizen of Ukraine currently living in Canada. Who knows, she may be living around the corner from you!

You can click on the thumbnail pictures to go to a page titled, "Ordering Information" Ugh! "I'd like two from Kazakhstan with a side order of three from Ukraine please." This page shows you a larger picture of your chosen mate and vital info like "I'm looking for a man who is educated, cheerful, kind and has a sense of humor. Age to 40's." The bottom of the page advises you to contact a large number of women in order to ensure success. The catch is that the addresses are \$15 a piece (each 5th is free). You can order all 390 addresses on the site for \$375.00 (great deal eh? If it sounds to good to be true, it probably is)

I'm really skeptical about the mail order bride business. However, it must be said, this site is the most wholesome of the ones that offer Ukrainian



Oksana discovers the Net in her quest for marrital bliss

ladies up to North American husbands. There are no 900 numbers in evidence here, as far as I can tell. If anyone of our readers does try this site out, ZDOROV! would love to hear from you. Did it work out? Was it a scam?

If you're hopeless with the ladies, the site even provides a helpful page which gives you tips on what to write in your letters, i.e. "Ask her what makes her happy and sad," or "Tell her how you feel about love, marriage, the world getting smaller and everything else you think about." There's even a sample letter included, which I bet has been copied verbatim by more than one of World Class' customers.

I haven't been able to find a site that advertises Ukrainian males looking for everlasting love so far. However, I will attempt to address that gender imbalance in the future.

- compiled by Yuriy Diakunchak

Save a free: PERIOSONE HEMP

By Maria Koropecky

Guilty by association. The plight of hemp. In the olden days, hemp enjoyed a happy, productive existence all over the world. Then one day, hemp fell into disfavour in industrialized countries because of its tenuous relationship with it's cousin, marijuana.

After years of leading the life of an outlaw, hunted by officials, reviled by the misinformed, and shunned by the business community because of its association with the "Demon Weed", hemp is making a come back of sorts in Canada. On July 20th, 1996, the Canadian federal government passed Bill C-8 making the commercial production of hemp legal. Once again farmers are starting to grow the plant that served many of the needs of early Ukrainian settlers in Canada.

The industrial hemp that is harvested today should not be directly associated with marijuana because the seeds grown have been developed to contain extremely low levels of THC (delta-9-tetrahydro-cannabinol). THC is the active ingredient in those funny cigarettes that Bill Clinton had trouble inhaling. You can smoke hemp till the cows come home and you won't feel any narcotic effects.

The modern world is finally clueing into what the old world knew for thousands of years.

Juliana Shostak emigrated to Canada before the start of World War II, but remembers her family growing hemp sixty years ago on their farm in the province of Volyn in Ukraine.

It was an ideal plant to grow for her family because it served many purposes. "Everything was made from hemp. Everything."

"We made cloth, ropes and food," she said from her home in British Columbia. "The seeds were edible. My grandmother used to fry the seeds, churn them and make a powder. Then we would pour boiling water over the powder, cook it and maybe put in some macaroni. I didn't like it. It tasted a little like peas. Cooked, dried peas."

The family didn't have to devote much of their land to hemp. The plant matures quite fast and chokes out other weeds. It "grows better in the shade. In the sun, they don't grow as tall," she says.

Harvesting the hemp and preparing it for use wasn't easy in those days. "There are two parts to the plant," says Shostak, "the part with the seeds and the part without. The seeds you pick one by one and the stocks you harvest all at once," she said.

"First we would take the leaves and place them into a dugout full of water. We had to cover them with soil because they float. After three weeks we had to rinse them and really clean them but we couldn't wash them where there were fish because the fish would die."

Once the stocks and leaves were dry, "we beat them to take the skin off. It is going to be like hair. It turns into something like a horse's tail – its the best way I can describe it."

"You make a very course string (like twine) first and then you use a machine to weave it into cloth." The cloth wasn't dyed. "We bleached it in the sun."

After all the prepping, the hemp was ready to be made into a host of useful household items. "We made cloth, (table cloths and towels) sacs, bed covers, and very heavy horses' blankets. We made things in the winter time. My mother used to wake up early in the morning and stay up well into the night to work with the hemp."

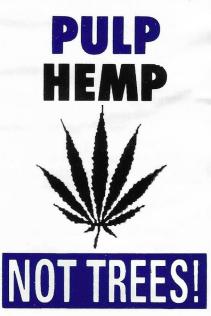
Shostak encourages the farming of industrial hemp. "I don't see why not, unless the kids try to smoke the leaves. But its not like marijuana. I never smoked it."

The geese on the other hand were much more interested in the poppy seeds than the hemp. "If the geese ate them, they were going to sit in the field for the whole afternoon. They loved it. They just loved it."

If in the good old days hemp came in handy around the farmstead, today its applications have taken on a much more industrial aspect.

David Betke, founder of the Alternative Fibres Industry Association, promotes hemp as an alternative, environmental product and informs Alberta farmers on the industrial uses of hemp.

"(There are) fifty thousand uses," for the plant and its seed, says an enthusiastic Betke. "A Korean company is making a patented leather substitute. Its like vinyl.



It also has been substituted for asbestos in Eastern Europe. It is extremely fire retardant." Even some plastics are now reinforced using hemp fibres. Betke is optimistic that hemp will once again become a popular agricultural and commercial industry.

"You can make almost a tofu out of it. Also diesel fuel," Betke adds. I imagine they probably taste the same.

Hemp is perhaps best known as a fibre that replaces trees in the manufacturing of paper. It has been used as a source for making paper for hundreds of years and "there are still sources of 1000 year old hemp paper," he said.

According to Betke, there are several advantages to using hemp over trees. "An old growth tree takes 1,000 years to grow, while hemp grows a 16 foot fibre in 120 days." He also says that, "one acre of hemp can produce as much as 4 acres of trees growing for 20 years. Hemp produces twelve times the amount of fibre that trees do."

Additionally, hemp is a more efficient source of pulp since hemp paper can be recycled "up to seven times" while paper made from tree pulp "can only be recycled three times," Betke said.

Although hemp answers many environmental questions, it still has not won universal respect. Hemp is having trouble in the mainstream because "there's a huge flake factor," trying to legalize recreational marijuana on the same ticket. Betke's association is avoiding that path by refusing memberships to people who "promote hemp's bad cousin."

Diesel fuel and fire retardants may be noble applications of hemp, but most of

us are more likely to run into it at the retail level for the time being. Stores hawking all manner of hemp products have begun to spring up across North America.

Anatol Naymchuk has gotten in to the game early, selling cosmetics, hats, t-shirts and food all made out of hemp. As the owner of the Global Hemp Company, he sells his products at a flea market booth near Airport and Steeles Rds. outside of Toronto. His goal to open a retail store in Toronto's Bloor West Village or in nearby Brampton, Ontario. Prices range from \$2.00 to \$200 depending on what you want and business is good. "A lot of people are interested in hemp products."

Interest has been "growing" since he started up late last year he says.

Customers range from 19 to 70 years old. "But people don't go too public" about being interested in hemp. The customers seem curious but leery. "They really want to know about it and once you have a good conversation with someone, they come around."

The cops don't interfere. "They pass by. They look in sometimes. They don't mind," he said.

Naymchuk imports hemp from Europe. "Ukraine is a big exporter. I'm trying to set up an import-export deal with Ukraine. I'm going to Ukraine in a couple of months to check out the possibilities." However, he says that most hemp now comes through California.

Hemp treats are a popular product at Naymchuk's booth. "They taste almost like Rice Krispy squares but they're made out of hemp seeds. They're really good for you. I like making things out of the seeds

like organic beef patties. They give you a lot of energy. They're also a detoxifier."

All kinds of people are wearing clothing made out of hemp. "We're working on making jeans out of hemp but they're expensive to make – about \$100 a pair. Hemp clothing is ten times stronger than cotton. It's the strongest natural soft fibre on the earth." In fact it is so strong that according to Naymchuk, Levi's stopped making their jeans out of hemp because they weren't wearing out fast enough.

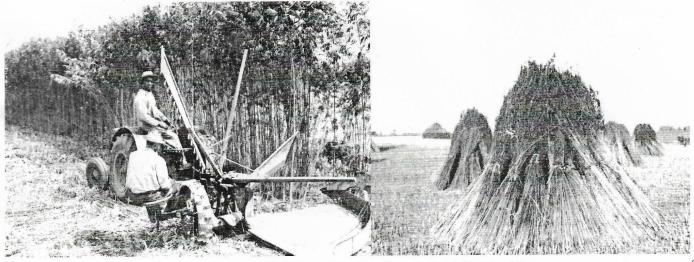
Naymchuk also mentioned another interesting fact in hemp's colourful history. "Everything before 1883 was written on hemp paper – even the American Declaration of Independence."

To him, hemp has proven itself as a valuable plant. "There's an environmental advantage. You can replicate petroleum products, save trees. The government could make lots of money. There's an answer out there."

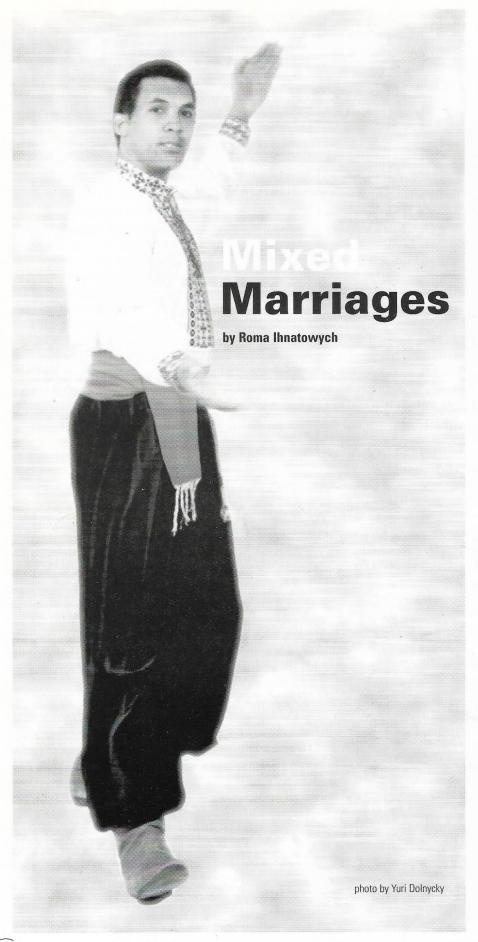
He feels so strongly that he challenges the world to present him a logical case against harvesting hemp. "They have no proof to make it illegal. I would really like to hear a good argument to convince me hemp is a bad thing. I have never heard one."

Although Naymchuk is twenty-one and got his "foot in the door through his uncle that does exporting to Ukraine," he certainly has some solid ideas and great sense of entrepreneurship. Currently, he puts in about 16 hours a week into his hemp business. He also keeps another job so he has more money to invest in his company.

"I would really like to go all out in it as much as I can," he said.



Reprinted from the Farmer's Bulletin No. 1935, U.S. Department of Agriculture, courtesy of the Alternative Fibres Industry Association



My mother always said she would accept it, but she also said she would be unhappy at the wedding if I married a non-Ukrainian. I didn't want her to be unhappy," explains Tania Dickson, revealing why she and her Scottish husband-to-be surreptitiously slipped off to Reno for a secret ceremony more than ten years ago.

Tania's story is not unique. Like so many Ukrainian-Canadians before her — and so many after — the 37-year-old schoolteacher dreaded the consequences of following her heart. Be it fierce parental outcry, restrained disappointment, or simply gossipy babas prattling on about *chuzhyntsi* and *nenashiy* (foreigners) — Ukrainians marrying out of the notoriously tight-knit emigré community face their fair share of hurdles.

Ironically, Tania met John while teaching in Vegreville, Alberta, an old Ukrainian outpost famed for both its huge pysanka monument and the prodigious number of Ukrainians per square foot. Yet in the middle of this Slav haven, Tania fell in love with a true-blue Scot, complete with thick Gælic accent, jovial nature, and a persnickety passion for tea that knows no bounds.

"The water has to be cold first, and the tea bag has to be put in a certain way," complains Tania, laughing.

In return, John teases his slim blond wife about her family's predilection for garlic. "I like garlic," says John, a telecommunications engineer, "But there are limits..."

Barring the infrequent clashes between Gælic and Slav tastebuds, their marriage is a happy one, solidly balancing both ethnic backgrounds. Tania teaches at a Ukrainian school, and the couple regularly travels to Scotland. This summer they are taking along Tania's mother — a vivid testament to the tight bond John has developed with his wife's family.

So, what was the big deal?
"It's the shock," explains Edward
Herberg, a sociology professor at the
University of Toronto; "The immigrant
parents never, ever, figured on their
child marrying outside their ethnic
group. Nor, in many cases, did the
child."

"All that was on the parents' mind was what they were escaping from, and the fact they were now free. But they never thought of the consequences of that freedom," he adds.

According to Herberg, parents often remain oblivious to the possibility of a mixed marriage until they find themselves introduced to a Hy Ginsberg instead of the expected Ivan Stetsenko. A typical chain reaction follows. Initial shock and anger turn to fear and guilt (where did I go wrong?!), and finally into acceptance and understanding — especially if the partner embraces the Ukrainian culture.

Marta Proctor, a 35year-old mother of three, recalls her parents' reaction when she left her Ukrainian boyfriend to date Mike, a Canadian of English descent. "Couldn't you find someone nicer?" they asked.

After Mike learned some Ukrainian, and even joined a Ukrainian choir, the parents quickly revised their rigid stance toward their daughter's boyfriend. Nine years later and still not married, they cornered Mike. "Either shit or get off the pot my father told him, literally," chuckles the 35-year-old Marta today. Shortly after, the couple married with her parents' full blessing.

Por some North American ethnically-mixed couples, a negative family reaction is the biggest challenge they ever face. Unlike couples coming from two ethnically diverse countries, these people are usually born, raised and educated in the same society. They reflect its social mores as much as those of any ethnic micro-community within it. As a result, day-to-day differences generally lean toward the idiosyncratic, if that. The Ukrainian spouse may have closer ties to thier families than a WASP partner, for example: or he may top his gro-

cery list with beets and sour cream a tad more often than the average national norm.

Larger challenges typically revolve around more controllable factors, namely religion, festive traditions and language. And not all are given equal priority.

"It is quite variable. If religion is most important, you can have a Greek Orthodox married to a Ukrainian



Orthodox and very few problems," explains Prof. Herberg. On the other hand, added the professor, a marriage between a devout Ukrainian Orthodox and a devout Polish Roman Catholic may hit some stumbling blocks.

Mike and Marta Proctor, the couple urged into marriage by her once-reluctant parents, chose to follow and bring up their children in the Ukrainian tradition. For the easy going Mike, a self-employed electrician, it was an effortless decision. "Mike just absorbed (Ukrainian customs) like a sponge," says Marta. "He picked up the language, he does the *hopak* at weddings. He just loves it."

The couple readily admits that Mike's upbringing — mainstream Canadian, English-speaking and short on religion — made it easier for them to add a strong Ukrainian dimension to their lives. But what of marriages where both partners identify with their ethnic background and are fiercely determined to pass it on to their children?

"It took a while to figure out," admits 37-year-old Orysia Sozanski, a Remax real estate agent married to Silvio Marsili, a corporate lender of Italian background.

Orysia and Silvio celebrate both Italian and Ukrainian holidays, following the Julian calendar for Ukrainian ones. They are also raising their four-year-old twin boys trilingually, in Italian, Ukrainian and English. "They have a

Ukrainian nanny, and go to both Italian pre-school and Ukrainian *sadochok*. And they get English from television," says Orysia.

While Orysia readily admits to some "juggling," she considers it worthwhile: "They will have a rich heritage."

Tim Torpornicki, the 40-year-old president of Topper Linen Supply, has no desire to do any juggling. When he married Shelley, a Jew, he knew he wanted his future children

to go to a Ukrainian Catholic church or to a Jewish synagogue — but not both. "It was important for me (to choose) from a child's point of view. I didn't believe in mixing and having the child torn," he explains.

The couple decided to bring up their young toddler daughter as a Ukrainian Catholic, mainly because Shelley has long distanced herself from her religion, and her parents are deceased. Had she wanted to raise their children as Jews, Tim stresses he would have readily agreed, "Absolutely. I'm not Runnymede and Bloor (an ethnically Ukrainian neighbourhood). What's important for me is to have a good heartfelt relationship without letting religion get in the way."

Tim and Shelley are close with relatives on both sides, and they, as well as their respective families, have more in common than most people expect.

"I'm more Ukrainian than any of (Tim's family). I grew up on vareniki and blintzes," jokes Shelley, whose parents, born in Eastern Europe, raised her in a more traditionally Old European sort of home than Tim's.

Adds Tim: "I married the closest thing to an ethnic there is in our family."

Times have certainly changed, and inter-ethnic and inter-religious marriages are occuring with increasing frequency and ease in the Ukrainian community. But inter-racial marriages remain relatively rare, and offer their own bag of bumps and hurdles.

"My sister married a non-Ukrainian, but he's white, so nobody knows. With me, everybody knows," says *Lesia Drell, a 40-ish Torontonian.

Lesia married *Steve, a African-Canadian of Jamaican descent, more than ten years ago. Both are working professionals. While Steve's parents readily accepted Lesia into their family, it took longer for Lesia's parents to warm up to Steve. "They were not racist, but they were afraid — afraid things would be worse for me because of this; afraid of what people would say. It was never a question of 'we're better,'" explains Lesia from her jazzy, renovated house.

Lesia said the turning point came with the birth of their first child. "My father babysat, and as a result he had a close relationship with my daughter. Her first language was Ukrainian and (my parents) loved that," says Lesia. "Everything came to a relaxed state after that."

Both of Lesia's children still speak Ukrainian, but she and her husband chose not to send them to the rigamarole of the Ukrainian institutions Lesia herself once belonged to. "I had done it all, and I was tired of it. The 'black' issue had nothing to do with it," she says.

On the touchy subject of racism in the Ukrainian community, Lesia puts it simply: "Sometimes people stare — old people more so than younger ones."

Petro Mocharenko, a 70-year-old retired commercial artist, and his African-Canadian wife Maeola know these stares well. In the more conservative Ukrainian community of the 1960's, they had a worse experienced. Petro vividly remembers his Ukrainian neighbour complaining of *chorni* (blacks) when they first moved next door.

Today, the jolly non-stop joker laughs about the incident: "That same man's daughter has been married about six times. Compare them to my children."

Petro's son and daughter, both adults, are his obvious pride and joy. They speak fluent Ukrainian, and have always been highly involved in the Ukrainian community — dancing in folk troupes, singing in choirs, and taking part in other activities. "We broke the ice, that's for sure," says Petro, standing in his living room cluttered with Ukrainian vases, paintings and souvenirs.

But Taras, his handsome 33-year-old son, feels there is still a long way to go before young African-Ukrainians like himself will be fully accepted into the Ukrainian fold. His efforts to meet and marry a Ukrainian woman are often marred by his skin color. "Going out is okay, but marriage..." says Taras, letting the sentence drift off with a sad shake of his head.

Children of emigré Ukrainians are slowly waking up to the inevitability of mixed marriages in their midst. Parental reaction to such news today is much tamer than it was just ten or fifteen years ago. And the general response of the community is far less hostile than that which confronted the Mocharenkos three decades ago.

But young couples still have ethnicoriented hurdles to jump. Some happily glide into mainstream Canadian culture; others pick one ethnicity over another; and others balance and nurture both. Yet as the couples in this article prove, mixed marriages can work, and work well.

*Pseudonym

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Raina Stebelsky

the courage to dream

By Oksana Buhel

Ourage, I've discovered, is not the absence of fear, but the ability to act despite it. To pursue a dream, to persevere despite obstacles — that is courage. To disregard a father's counsel, to abandon a destructive marriage, to overlook indifference from one's own community, and to do so while single-handedly raising two children — that is courage.

Raïna Stebelsky has such courage.

"I feel like I'm finally doing what I was set out in this world to do, and it feels good!" she admits. At an age where most people are halfway through an established career, Stebelsky, 43, is wrenching herself from familiar and dependable employment to embrace the precarious dream of being an artist.

A child of artists, Stebelsky was raised in an environment of cultural appreciation. In-depth discussions of Ukrainian and other painters, and their impact on one another, peppered morning conversations between Stebelsky and her parents — artists Bohdan Stebelsky and Ariadna Shoom. Artistic development was encouraged — "at least when I was growing up."

But as time passed, the encouragement waned. Stebelsky's father dissuaded her from pursuing a career in art—pushing instead for a more stable vocation. Stebelsky yielded, if only temporarily, and majored in anthropology at the University of Toronto. Perhaps as a show

of independence, or maybe a foreshadowing of what was to come, she minored in fine art.

In hindsight, Stebelsky understands her father's reservations. "He had to put up with a lot of disappointments when he was pursuing art professionally," she justifies. "There was such discrimination in Canada against foreigners. He felt that the barriers were insurmountable, even for me, as the child of an immigrant." At the time, however, Stebelsky's reasoning was more basic — "I didn't want to rock the boat."

In 1973, Stebelsky married James Calder — an air force supply technician. Two years later, when Stebelsky graduated from university, they relocated to Lahr, Germany, where Calder accepted a posting at the Canadian air force base. Stebelsky shelved her plans to pursue a PhD in anthropology. Shortly thereafter, she shelved her artistic plans as well.

Stebelsky falters when she talks about her marriage. "To be kind, I would describe it as life in hell," she says. A heavy drinker, Calder often abandoned Stebelsky for his air force buddies at the local bar. During the infrequent periods they spent together, Calder either criticized, or ignored, his new wife. "It's hard to talk about – it was a very unhappy time for me. I was away from my family — alone a lot. I had no support or encouragement."

To cope, Stebelsky tried to immerse

herself in her art. It was a futile effort. "In our first year of marriage, I did a painting which was quite abstract," she recalls. "He (Calder) ridiculed it. He said he wouldn't know which way to hang it, didn't know why I had to paint 'that way,' why couldn't I paint more realistically." Stebelsky eventually gave the painting — "Autumn Leaves" — to her mother. "He wouldn't have it in the house," she explains. Stebelsky continued to sketch occasionally - "but nothing big." Did she show these to Calder? "No!" Stebelsky insists. "I didn't show anybody." In fact, Stebelsky was so scarred by Calder's criticism that she packed away her paintbrushes and didn't pull them out for 15 years.

In 1980, Calder was posted to a radar base in Kamloops, British Columbia. For four years Stebelsky was anchored to their trailer park home off the Trans-Canada Highway. Stebelsky's only diversion in an otherwise desolate life came from raising her two children, James and Larissa, and teaching Ukrainian once a week in town. Periodically, Stebelsky illustrated children's books — once even a story her father had written, but she still felt artistically stifled.

"It was really hard for me," she remembers. "My parents had always encouraged us to achieve our utmost. There was no small thing in this family — everything had a purpose. That's why

art meant so much to me — I was trying to save the world, to make it a better place. I still feel I can do that."

The turning point came around the time Stebelsky painted "Red Sun in Harbor." Stebelsky doesn't know what inspired her, but she knew it was something significant. Around the same time, that "something" re-emerged in a dream. "I saw these strange and beautiful mountains with vibrant colors flashing behind them," she explains. "When I awoke, I knew that I had to find these mountains, but a decade would pass before I was able to do so."

During that time, Stebelsky prepared herself for whatever epiphany she felt certain awaited her.

In the spring of 1987, at the age of 32, Stebelsky got her driver's licence. Then she started working full time. After that, she began taking art courses. "It was the start of my independence."

In 1992, Stebelsky left Calder.

The following year, some mysterious force drew her to the northern islands of Norway, where Stebelsky found her "something."

"It was an unbelievable experience for me when I finally got there — there were my mountains! The midnight sun was setting behind them and they, not only had the same strange shape as in my dream, but were also flashing in those vivid colors! They held some mysterious spiritual quality for me. I felt like I was getting closer to home."

Over the next four years, Stebelsky journeyed three times to Norway. She explored, painted, and made fast friends. Those of them to whom Stebelsky showed "Red Sun in Harbor" have marvelled at it's reminiscence to the northern Norwegian islands. "I felt a real mystical connection, like I had lived there before. I became so inspired by the beauty and spirit of the surroundings that I made a vow to return to art."

And she has returned with a vengeance. Since the initial journey, Stebelsky has painted unceasingly and been involved in several art exhibitions. The "Family Trees" showing held last year at the Ukrainian-Canadian Art Foundation in Toronto, included Stebelsky's works as well as those of her mother and now-deceased father. Although the response from the Ukrainian community was lukewarm at best, Stebelsky was now secure enough to give the response its due worth. "Maybe it's because the exposure there was mostly within the older faction. They don't understand my work," she speculates. Other exhibits at Environment Canada, where Stebelsky

works, and at the Scandinavian Club of Toronto, were more successful. ("Red Sun in Harbor" was one of the first paintings to sell at the Environment Canada showing.)

At present, Stebelsky and fellow students at the Ontario College of Art, where Stebelsky began taking courses four years ago, are organizing an exhibition of their paintings. Entitled "Exposure," the exhibition is set to open some time this fall.

Sure, it's challenging to paint, form an art group, arrange exhibitions, work full time — all while raising two teenagers single-handedly, Stebelsky admits. But the gains have been worthwhile. "It has also shown my children that it's important to find yourself in life, to realize your goals and strive to be the best you can be."

Both James and Larissa are now following in their mother's artistic path. Twenty-one-year-old James is studying graphic design at George Brown College and Larissa, 19, plans to pursue a career in architecture. "Since they are both artistic, they understand me and support me in every way. I hope I am setting a good example for them for what they can achieve if they work hard."

In August, Stebelsky and a friend from Norway will visit Ukraine. If all

goes well, they intend to travel around the world for six months. This March, Stebelsky will pack her paint brushes away again, but only temporarily. She has decided to return "home" to Norway to pursue her art.

It has been a difficult battle. Stebelsky has exposed her true colors — those of a fighter. And, in the end, Stebelsky has regained her courage, her independence and, most importantly, her dream.

Oksana Buhel is a Toronto-based writer who is dreaming of freelancing full time.



Raïna Stebelsky enjoying the view and freedom in Norway



The Queen, the pub, the Ukie club.

by Roman Revkniv

any North Americans, Ukrainian or otherwise, have thought about travelling to the United Kingdom. Whether it is because you like the British intellect and charm or because you are attracted to a potentially wonderful sightseeing holiday be forewarned: the British can be downright rude. And if your desire to see the sights is based upon what you had rammed down your throat in some history class just remember, what you teachers did not tell you was that the things most worth ramming down your throat include the real ale and greasy fish and chips which do not taste the same anywhere else on the planet.

In preparing for a visit, you would doubtlessly have a few questions. How much money do I need? How much time should I spend in London? Where is the best relaxing countryside? Do I need an umbrella – because I've heard it always rains in England? And are there any Ukrainians there?

In answer to the last question. Yes there are Ukrainians there and if you find

one you will not have to pack a brolly (umbrella) as you can use theirs! But be warned! If you find a really good Ukrainian, maybe a relative, you won't need much money. The only thing you'll see is their TV set, which you won't be able to watch anyway because they are telling stories of home and firing questions at you such as, "Do you know old Pan Kowal who emmigrated to Canada from England in 1953?" There are only 16,000 Ukrainians in England out of a total population of 60 million - they all know each other. You will have to explain to them there are millions of Ukrainians in North America. Kind of hard to keep track of them all. More on the Ukrainian issue later.

Coming in from North America there are two main arrival points in England. London in the south and Manchester in the north. You can travel on your own, or you can purchase an all-inclusive package holiday. These package tours are good for getting alot done in a short space of time but not particularly relaxing. Many tour operators would

whisk you around all the historical towns, but the irony is that you may spend more time travelling from town to town than actually in them, meeting the people and doing the things you really want to do. For example: if it has been an ambition of yours to go to Stratford-Upon-Avon and enjoy a Shakesperean performance you may find yourself passing through the town with only the time to buy an ice-cream and souvenir, thinking, "I knew it would be like this: Alas poor Yuriy, I knew it so well."

My recommendation would be to purchase a flight ticket only, no package tour, and travel with a partner. It reduces costs for accomodation and hiring a car. If you have limited funds, travel by National Express buses. They are cheap, regular and reliable and also offer discount travel if you have an International Student Identity card. Trains are more expensive.

London, I must warn you, is one of the most expensive capital city in the world. Accommodation is cheaper on the outskirts, and access to the centre is very easy. For sightseeing, get on an open-top double-decker bus which will allow you to stop at all the sights and take photos. I recommend doing this at the start of your vacation; you get a feel for the city, an idea of its vastness and character, and you will get it out of the way with, leaving you time to start relaxing! Remember, there will be more to do in London than you will have time or money for Theatres, cinemas, nightclubs, 5 symphony orchestras, operas, Rock and Roll every night, museums, castles, and more.

Regarding the Ukrainian scene in London, here are some guidelines. There might be a dance Saturday night at the Ukrainian club at Holland Park; phone to comfirm. In any event Friday or Saturday night is a good time to meet there between 8 p.m. and midnight. Regardless of where you are from, be ready to be asked "are you from America?"

The surprising fact that you will discover in the typical London bar is that most of the wonderful people that welcome you there have themselves arrived to London from other places to study, work or visit. You should have no problem making friends if you say you know Pan Kowal and his friend who followed over to Canada in 1954. Tell them you have a rich brother or sister who is not married and would love to meet them and you will make friends even more quickly. If you travel to Manchester similar rules apply. Phone the Ukrainian club to find out what is happening (see side bar for phone, or pick up Zdorov! UK which is available in most British Ukrainian clubs). Remember that Manchester is a maximum 4 hours drive from most destinations in England.

Some interesting points to remember: Most things in England cost the same as in Canada – with the exception of London, where every thing may be at least twice the price. One British Pound is worth approximatley \$2.20 Canadian and about \$1.50 US. Historical towns such as Bath, York, Chester, Colchester do not have a Ukrainian community. Neither does Stratford-Upon-Avon, Cambridge, Oxford or for that matter Birmingham – Britain's second largest city. For much the same reasons Ukrainians settled in the Canadian

Prairies and the mining towns of Pennsylvania, British Ukrainians went where the work was. Have you heard of Doncaster, Bradford, or Carlisle? They may not have classy soccer teams, international recognition or notoriety but they do have a Ukrainian community who would warmly recognise your presence and would assist you in many ways (rich brother or sister aside) and much of that stems from the fact that the surrounding English community is in itself very warm and welcoming, unlike the historic and cosmopolitan tourist traps.

A good time to meet people is in the last week of July and the first week of August when Plast (Llysfaen, North Wales) and SUM (Weston-on-Trenton) summer camps are on.

If you like watching sports, tickets for Wimbledon are exceedingly difficult to acquire, the soccer season has finished for the summer, but you can watch cricket... a bat and ball game that does not last four hours like baseball, but for up to four days... honestly. Go to the Yorkshire Dales, the Lake District or Scotland instead. Otherwise head to some of the cleanest beaches in Western Europe in Cornwall. And if you are out walking remember that there is no monster in Loch Ness, no beast on Bodmin Moor, though *An American Werewolf in London* may still be running.

When writing to your friends don't forget to send a postcard to Her Majesty The Queen, Buckingham Palace, London, and remind her that you are in the town with a rightful claim to Ukrainian Hetman Polubotok's gold. You may not get an invitation to tea, but if you keep the letter civil, you'll avoid an invitation to Scotland Yard.

Sche ne vmerla Koroleva!

Formerly a member of The Ukrainians, Roman presently resides in Toronto.

Useful adresses

- Association of Ukrainians of Great Britain.
 Holland Park Av. (0171) 603-9482
- 2. Manchester Uke Club 31 Smedley Lane Cheetham Hill, Manchester (0161) 205-6692 205-1444
- 3. Carlisle Uke Club 2 Siloth St. Carlisle (01228) 20121
- 4. Bradford 169 Legrams Lane (01274) 572026
- **5. Derby (SUM)** (01332) 700215

A Healthy Shot:

The sun's not always fun

by: Aleksandra Basarab, RN

illustration by Danylo Glynchak

ibernation season is finally over! Summer is here and that means Lit's time to get outdoors. Those of you lucky Ukes living in California or some other hospitable climate are fortunate because you get sunshine all the time. We up here in the Great White North try to cram a year's worth of being outdoors into three months. (Running from your car in the driveway in the winter to the front door does not qualify as an outdoor activity!) At any rate, no matter where you live you must take care to protect yourself from the sun's harmful rays. Let's face it - getting sunburned and looking like your baba's borscht is not very attractive and can be very painful. Furthermore, overexposure to the sun leads to premature skin aging, permanent freckling and increases the risk of developing skin cancer. Sunburns heal quickly and that's why it is difficult for most people to realise the long-term harm they cause.

Not everything about the sun is bad. I thoroughly enjoy the rare opportunity to soak up the warmth but, I do so carefully. Most of the body's vitamin D supply is generated by the skin's exposure to the sun. Vitamin D is necessary for strong bones and teeth, and may

help prevent breast and colon cancer. Regular and moderate unprotected sun exposure (unless you have super-sensitive skin) in the morning or afternoon will help you to maintain a protective tan and keep vitamin D supply at optimum levels. The sun also helps to put us in a good mood. This is because the effect of more light triggers certain hormones to be released which act on various body rhythms. At any rate, I have never seen an unhappy Ukrainian playing beach volleyball at Wildwood or Ellenville (two Uke summer partying hot spots)

So how do you stay healthy in the sun? First of all, if you're going to be outside you should wear sunscreen. SPF (sun-protection factor) is the standard measure of sunscreen efficacy. SPF's range from a value of 2 to 50. A SPF 30 is not necessarily twice as powerful as a SPF 15—these numbers primarily refer to lab test values obtained using artificial UV light in very controlled situations. A sunscreen with SPF 15 filters out about 94 percent of UVB rays and one with a SPF 30 filters out about 97 percent.

When outside, make sure to drink plenty of fluids—by that I don't mean beer. Any alcoholic beverage will make you more dehydrated. It is best to stick to drinking water so you can replace fluids lost through perspiration and to keep your internal thermostat working properly. Also, try to cut down on the fat in your diet. Research shows that there is a link between dietary fat intake and the increased risk of developing skin cancer.

Ok, so you blew it and burned yourself—now what do you do? Prevent further damage with appropriate sunscreen and clothing. Cool soaks, applying aloe vera gel, and applying a mixture of water and baking soda to the affected area (2:1 proportion) may help.

Remember certain medications may cause increased sensitivity to sunlight and cause you to burn more quickly: consult your pharmacist. Also products like deodorants, perfumes, colognes and soaps can make us react to the sun more. This does not mean that you should give up on personal hygiene, it is just something to keep in mind. Most importantly, if you should ever notice an unusual growth, mole or spot on your skin make sure to see your healthcare provider—most skin disorders can be cured if caught early.

Go out and enjoy the warmth!

Summer is the best time of the year.

Don't forget to take your sunscreen!

Foolproof Guide+

by Christine Kurys

may very well be the most qualified person to write this article. Those of you who know me, know that I'm a veritable beacon for psychopaths and degenerates. However, to my credit, I have had at least one fabulous relationship let's call him Yuri for lack of a better Ukrainian name. Yuri and I dated for a couple of years - neither of us were badly scarred from the experience and, in fact, we lead relatively normal, productive lives. We both have had other relationships and we not only still talk to each other, we've remained pretty good friends. So, Yuri is my accreditation for giving advice on dating and male-female relations.

We've all heard of the book The Rules that was sold out of major bookstores across the continent. If you haven't heard of this book, (where the hell have you been?! - it's even been a topic on Oprah) the book is a set of rules for women on how to get a man that will not only love and marry you, but absolutely adore and worship you for the rest of your life.

I can't give you any such guarantees here, but I think you'll find my rules (more like tips and guidelines) helpful.

Rules for Men

Eat all of Baba's cooking. Or Mama's. Mamas are more North Americanized with the "bery, bery, ne vstydaysia" (take, take, don't be shy) attitude, whereas Babas will get right in your face with the, "yizh, zarazo!" (eat, damn you!) attitude. The more you eat, the better it is. Eat your girlfriend's cooking, too, for that matter. It's hard for the guys that I date, because I'm a kitchen fire starter, but however inedible the food may seem - eat it, damn it!

Learn to polka. It's not hard. And guess what? It's dead sexy. If you don't want to go full-fledged polka, learn how to waltz with that smooth Ukie flair. It's even sexier. If you're totally inept, and have not a hope in hell, then be creative. No - don't be an obnoxious idiot - I said creative. Hold her hand close to your heart and flirt like crazy. Practice in a mirror beforehand if you have to.

Don't stare at a woman at a zabava without following through with an introduction. If you're gonna stare at her, go up and talk to her! If you just stare at her all night, she'll think



youre a psycho (although with my luck, it's a good possibility...)

If a woman has something stuck in her teeth, like poppy seeds from a makivnyk, TELL HER!!! This also goes for things like lipstick on teeth, running makeup, clothes tag sticking out. If she's been talking to you for half an hour, goes to the bathroom and sees something in disarray one of two things will happen. If she knows you, she'll flip out on you. If she just met you, she will NEVER talk to you again. It's an unwritten law.

Be aggressive! Let that Kozak in you come out and go after what you want. There's nothing more attractive than a guy who's confident (not arrogant). Every woman wants to feel like the guy wants her to be his more than anything else. And if you have to sing a few lines from Hey tam na horij to boost your confidence, so be it. We also like to be serenaded - so you'll be killing two birds with one stone. Just don't forget to switch to something more romantic when you get closer to your sweetheart.

Learn how to court a woman.

Courting is a long lost art. It means to pursue a woman. This definition does not in any way include stalking. It means to show interest, give flowers, respect, etc. A guy can get any girl he wants by courting her. You just have to know how.

Take her to Future Bakery for coffee, not dinner! Future's is a great place to hang out, and, yes, eat. But not on a first date.

Rules for Women

Eat all of Baba's cooking. Same as the guys, although you don't have to pig out as much – just try a little of everything. You may run the risk of some insensitive relative, maybe even Baba herself saying "Dyvysia, vona zdorova, vona dobre yis't!" (Wow, look how well she is eating!), but know this: the absolute mortification you experience is temporary. Better to feel embarrassed in the beginning than suffer the wrath of Baba for all eternity.

Always wear - and I cannot stress this enough – always wear underwear if you plan to participate in a kolomiyka. I can't believe that I actually have to point this out - it's like seeing a sign in the bathroom of a restaurant: Employees, wash your hands. It is totally unattractive when, during the kolomiyka, a skirt twirls up and no underwear. If you have been guilty of this, then yes, we were all laughing at you. I'm not saying don't ever go commando-style. By all means, go to a zabava without panties. And yes, half way through the night, tell your lover. Believe me, he won't leave your side for the rest of the night! Just don't do the kolomiyka. Please!

Don't stand around at *zabavas* and check out what everyone else is wearing. If you're so insecure that you have to make sure you're the best

and most expensively dressed, stay home. Everyone else will have a much better time.

Eat anything he's cooked for you. Yuri, the true romantic that he was, once made me a beautiful pasta and shrimp dinner, complete with roses and candlelight. I'm allergic to seafood. But, I ate the whole thing. I also threw up all night, but you know what? He spent so much time and effort on that dinner, and I was so enchanted that I know I'd do it all over again. By the way, we continued dating for another year and a half or so, so I figure it was a pretty good investment.

Unisex

Don't pass around partners within your group of friends. That's just not cool. You will eventually have dated every one of your friends and people will talk about what an incestuous group you are. You will realize that no one else will date you, so you'll have to end up marrying one of these people. So will all your friends. See where I'm going with this? Get some fresh blood into the circle.

Don't get pissed drunk. We all know you think you can hold you're vodka – we don't want to be proving you wrong every time. Besides, North American Ukes drink rye.

If he/she is not a Uke exactly, but some other Slavic nationality, give it a try! It's all Ukapolaranian and they will understand your customs and religion. And neuroses. Just because they're not Uke, doesn't mean they're not compatible. Conversely, just because they're Uke, doesn't mean they are compatible.

Singles over 35: living with your parents is not attractive, and a bore, never mind the pressure of Mama and Tato constantly asking: "koly ty vzhenysia?" (When are you getting married?) Move out! You probably won't be single for long.

The Ukrainian Inflation Factor (UIF). Do not incorporate the UIF into your introduction. Don't embellish it with lies and half truths. With maturity comes humility. And someday, the truth will come out that you're a cashier, not a CEO.

Myths

Don't date an Orthodox if you're a Catholic or vice versa. Wrong! Nobody cares. Mama and Tato will be happy if he/she has a grandfather who's Uke. *To Nash!*

Garlic is an alternative to perfume/cologne. It isn't. Enough said. (Note: The editors disagree.)

Age matters. WRONG! It seems that over the past few years, a lot of Uke women have been dating men a few years their junior. Maybe it's a fad — who cares. If it works, go for it! Conversely, there's also nothing wrong if the man is much older. I, myself, am attracted to men a lot older. This may also be a fad; only time will tell. So, no matter if they're much younger or older — just as long as they're legal!

No matter what your old Ukie dentist says, gold teeth are unattractive and, my guess is, not worth much either.





Delectable Fruit Desserts

by Roma Ihnatowycz

ummer is here, and with it long, hot, muggy days; relaxing weekends at the cottage; and farmers' markets brimming with ripe, dewy fruit. In Ukraine, summer signals the appearance of refreshing fruity desserts bursting with the tantalizing flavours of the all-too-short season. Few of these puddings, jellies and compotes survived the trek across the ocean into the North American emigre community, where Ukrainians rely more on cakes and tarts to cap their meals. But there's something about summer that screams out for lighter, airier dishes. What follows is just a sampling of a few Ukrainian classics. Enjoy!

BILBERRY OR BLUEBERRY KYSIL

Kysil z Chornyts

A velvety, delectable dessert, kysil is a jelly-like dish made of pureed fruit thickened with potato starch. It remains one of the oldest known slav specialties, but few emigré Ukrainians have even heard of it. This recipe is made from the small, tart bilberry, called *chornitsia* in Ukrainian. Blueberries can easily be substituted, as can strawberries, raspberries, or blackberries.

- 4 cups blueberries
- 4 cups water
- 5 tablespoons potato starch
- 1 cup sugar

Puree the berries in a blender or food processor. Push them through a metal sieve into a bowl, reserving both the juice and pulp. Place the pulp in a saucepan. Stir in the water and sugar. Meanwhile mix together the potato starch and some of the berry juice in a cup until blended and then stir it into the rest of the berry juice.

Bring the pulp mixture to a boil and quickly blend in the juice mixture. Return to a boil and remove from heat. Pour the kysil into dessert bowls, sprinkle with sugar to cover and refrigerate 1 hour. Serve with whipped cream.



SOUR CHERRY SOUP

Kholodets z Vyshen

An old-fashioned treat for muggy summer days, chilled fruit soups are all the rage across Eastern Europe. Sour cherry, everyone's favorite, is full of rich cherry flavor — a perfect blend for the heavy dose of red wine in the soup.

- 3 cups sour cherries, stoned
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp lemon juice
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 2 cloves
- 2 cups light dry red wine
- 1 1/2 cups water

Reserve one cup of cherries, and puree the rest in a blender or food processor. Add all the remaining ingredients except the reserved cherries and mix well over a low heat until the sugar is dissolved. Remove the two cloves. Add the reserved cherries and chill. Serve in dessert bowls, with a dollop of freshly whipped cream.

RASPBERRY JELLY

Drahli z Malyny

We Westerners have inured ourselves to the idea of jelly as a childrens' dessert—thanks to all the instant, artificial, chemical-ridden mixes on the market. Not so in Europe, where delicious homemade fruit jelly, molded into elegant shapes, is a eye-popping finale to an elegant summer meal.

4 cups raspberries
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 cups white wine
Juice from 1 lemon
2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin

Mix the gelatine with 4 tablespoons of the sugar in a bowl. Bring 1 cup of the white wine to the boil and immediately add it to the gelatin, stirring constantly until the gelatin has dissolved.

Puree the berries in a blender or food processor. Press through a sieve, or allow to hang in a cheesecloth until the juice drains out. You need two cups of juice for the recipe. Put this, the sugar, wine and lemon juice in a pot and bring to a boil. Meanwhile Add the gelatin dissolved in white wine and mix well. Pour into dessert bowls, or a decorative mold and refrigerate until firm. To remove the jelly from the mold, dip the mold in hot water for a few seconds, then invert its contents onto a plate.

APRICOT MOUSSE

Mus Abrykosove

This pudding-like, ethereal dessert goes by many names – zhele, krem, mus – to mention a few. It comes in a variety of flavors but the key ingredients are always whipped cream and gelatin.

10 ripe apricots, stoned 3/4 cup sugar 1 cup water 1 tablespoon gelatin 1/2 cup whipping cream

Mix the gelatin with two tablespoons of sugar and set aside. Put the apricots, water and sugar in a pot and bring to a boil. Lower the heat and simmer until the apricots are soft, around 30 minutes. Remove 1/2 cup of liquid from this and in a small saucepan bring to a boil. Immediately pour this over the gelatin, stirring constantly until the gelatin dissolves.

Puree the rest of the apricot mixture in a blender or food processor until smooth. Mix in the dissolved gelatin. In a separate bowl beat the cream until thick. Add it gradually to the apricot mixture. Pour into dessert bowls and chill until set.

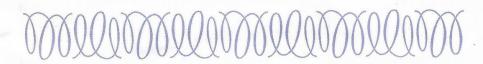
BERRY PINNYK

Pinnyk Yahidny

This light and airy dessert gets its name from *pinna*, or meringue. Popular throughout Ukraine, it is quick and easy to make, with the only concern being timing. If it's not served hot and straight out of the oven, it starts to sink.

- 1 cup strawberries or raspberries
- 1 cup sugar
- 6 egg whites

Ruree the berries in a blender or food processor. Press through a sieve. Add 1/2 cup of sugar and two egg whites and mix. In a separate bowl, beat the other 4 egg whites until frothy. Gradually add the sugar and continue beating until stiff peaks form. Gently fold this into the berry mixture and spoon onto a lightly buttered baking sheet, forming nice decorative peaks. Bake at 350F for 30 minutes. Serve immediately.





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Tripping Ukraine

SELO by Christopher Griffin

Christopher Griffin, a Canadian artist, cycled through Ukraine's back roads last fall, while on a visit to his father-in-law's homeland. The following is an excerpt from his diary:

Day 44: After a filling breakfast of mashed potatoes, I cycle towards Kosiv. Although still cool, it's sunny for a change and I'm in good spirits. I pass by my friend *Pan* Stefan standing outside the church exchanging blessings for coins. I leave him some of my large lunch which my *Teta* Dotsia has lovingly prepared in fear that I will go hungry. I stop to draw two young men plowing in the fields. Since my only schedule is to return back to Kolomya by sunset, I am free to travel in whichever direction I wish: *livo* then *pravo* then *livo* again. (*livo* – left, *pravo* – right) Cycling along a deserted road, I reach the crest of a hill to encounter a scene of bustling activity. The field is filled with 30 or more women trimming turnips. Behind them is a large hay mound which is being piled onto horse-drawn carts creating moving pillows.

The people that I encounter in the villages make wonderful studies: they possess a visual character which only hard living can endow. Unfortunately for me, most are unwilling to pose, and are puzzled with my requests "I'm too old, I'm too dirty, go draw the young people." I understand their protests but am still frustrated.

I stop at an old log farmhouse to chat with a charming elderly woman. She agrees to pose for me! As I sketch, her daughter and granddaughter approach me and proceed to invite me to something that is going to take place this Saturday with music, food, *moloda* and *molodiy* – a *Wasilia*. I think that I understand them but am perplexed as to how they know my Uncle Wasyl or any of my numerous cousins named Wasyl. She gives up and hands me a card for my family to translate.

With 9 drawings, I cycle back to Kolomya satisfied with my day's efforts. I show the card to my family and it soon becomes clear that I have been invited to a *Vesilia* (a wedding) which has nothing to do with my uncle or my cousins.

Day 47: A sunny and dry day – perfect *Vesilia* weather. I borrow back some of the gifts that I had brought for the family: a sports coat, tie and shirt. With ample warning not to drink too much and promising not to be home too late, I set off on the 10 km cycle to the *Vesilia* in Meshyn.

As I approach the town, reality sets in: I am entering a social situation alone with only rudimentary Ukrainian and a brief acquaintance with the elderly woman and her daughter.



illustration by Christopher Griffin

Momentarily, as I walk towards the house, panic seizes me. It never has a chance to pass. The next thing I know, I am being pushed by a woman through the crowded doorway into a small living room overflowing with people dressed in traditional costume. I find myself surrounded by old women wailing. Three musicians are in one corner and a pine tree decorated with white ribbons is in another. The wedding party is in the centre of the room holding hands and circling the emotional icon-bearing parents. I catch the eye and welcoming smile of the woman who had invited me here and quickly realize that she is the mother of the groom.

We follow the musicians on a mile long procession to the old wooden village church. During the ceremony, the bride and groom hold candles while the maid of honour and best man hold the customary loaf of bread and salt. After a brief ceremony, everyone files outside and is served pastries and shots of samohon. We return to the house and I sit outside and chat with several young people while the musicians welcome guests into the yard.

Every man brings a bottle of *samohon*, and every woman brings a box of chocolates. The guests enter the house to present the gifts to the couple before proceeding outside to the two large army tents which are simply decorated with pine boughs and ribbons. As I converse with my new friends, I am oblivious to the actual number of people entering the yard. When it is my turn to approach the bride and groom for presentation, I am astounded at the two large tables full of chocolates and samohon!

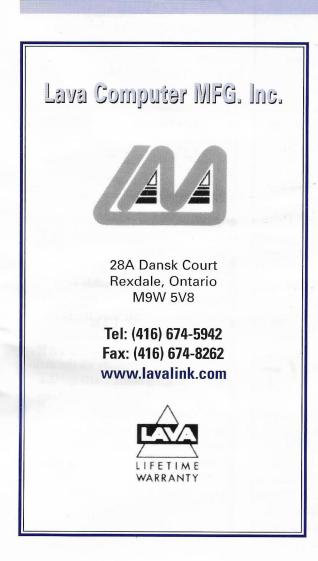
The maid of honour, Halya leads me to the tent. It is full of people! I was later told that the guests numbered 750. The long tables and benches are set up Oktoberfest style. I am aware that all eyes are on me – the visitor from Canada. As Halya leads me to the head table, I protest that I would prefer sitting in the back. However, it is easier to acquiesce and I am squeezed in between Vasyl and Mykhaijlo directly across from the bride and groom! The tables are full with plates of homemade food and drink which we enjoy with many toasts to good health and happiness! I am amazed that a meal of this size is the result of one family's hard work. Recalling my uncle's warnings, I attempt to limit my toasting.

At the end of the meal, all 750 people rise and sing in unison. As the powerful voices reverberate throughout the tent, I am deeply moved. I am an outsider who is being welcomed by a family and a community to share in their celebration. A celebration of marriage which while not attempting to be 'authentic' is indeed a traditional Ukrainian village wedding.

We move all the tables and benches to make room for the dancing. Everyone joins in. The women form a circle moving in one direction while the men form a circle around the women moving in the opposite direction. On cue, the circles stop and pairs are formed. Each couple proceeds to join in a set of steps, which I gamely attempt to follow. The music and dancing continue until the next day!

I, however must leave early and cycle back to Kolomya. As I cycle in the dark, I feel exhilarated. I am fortunate to have met such wonderful, hospitable people. This evening has truly been the highlight of my trip to the Ukraine.

Christopher exhibited the works from his trip at the Ukrainian Canadian Art Foundation in Toronto June 1-15, 1997.







Does your home have the Ukrainian touch?

There are two places people spend most of their lives – at work and at home. We usually do not have any control over how our workplace looks – unless we da boss. It is in our homes that we instill our personal touches. By doing this quiz you will see how Ukrainian your touch really is...

The main room in your house is the kitchen. Here you have, a) a modern and efficient workspace with everything within easy reach and a cozy little breakfast nook just to one side.

b) a comfortable kitchen bursting at the seams with food and appliances. c) cloves of garlic positioned within easy reach for whatever you are cooking. d) every junky "can't live without it" gadget you could find at the dollar store.

In your dining room you have, a) a stylish solid wood table surrounded by comfortable, matching chairs. The wine glasses and bar are within easy reach.

b) a nice table and chair set crammed between two wall units and a stereo. c) an old table – people won't see the pitted surface because of all the magazines, newspapers and books on it d) a tenant who pays \$400 a month.

Your living room is the centrepiece of your interior decorating achievements. Here you have,



a) euro-style couches and chairs with the coffee table and arranged just like in Better Homes and Gardens.

b) a comfortable couch with one or two stuffed chairs arranged around the coffee table like a board room. c) a couple of lime green couches with the plastic protective wrapping not yet removed and embroidered pillows carefully positioned.
d) an empty room – you have just evicted the previous tenant.

The bedroom should be for privacy, relaxation and sleep. Here you have,

 a) a walnut bed with matching dressers and remote control window blinds.

b) a futon with a simple pine frame, the dressers were found at an antique market in cottage country.

c) a mattress and frame combo with pillows galore and the most itchiest, scratchiest wool blanket you could find on your last tour of Ukraine.

d) a computer workstation by the old mattress on the floor – hey this is your home office.

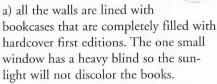
Ah the bathroom, where one makes oneself clean and hygienic, where one can contemplate and catch up on some reading. Here you have,

a) Anna Karenina – hey another year or two and you'll be finished it.

b) several magazines - like ZDOROV!

- c) Taras Shevchenko's Kobzar.
- d) self help books.

The one room you have just for fun and relaxation is your den. Here,



b) you have your standard entertainment centre with a few bookshelves containing an equal mix of books, CDs and videos.

c) you have the old television in a sturdy

teak cabinet. The new colour TV sits on top of it, on an embroidered towel of course, and you complain that it is not as good as the black and white one which sits unused below it.

d) is the common room for your tenants. The furniture was stolen from a

university dorm and the TV is an old

U.S.-made color box with a wire remote.

The first impression guests have of your home is the front door. Yours is a,

a) solid oak door with polished brass everything and a custom designed knocker.

b) heavy door with a peephole and a standard electronic buzzer.

c) plain and simple door with a doorbell that chimes the start of the Ukrainian national anthem.

d) metal door with no knocker or bell. If someone wants in they can knock long and loudly.

Every Ukrainian household has had at one point the painting of Bohdan Khmelnytsky entering Kyiv. You,

a) had it but lost it – possibly even recycled it.

b) have it – you don't have the heart to throw it out so it is hanging in the laundry room.

c) have it hanging proudly on the main wall in the living room.

d) have several of them – people keep giving `em – so you keep taking `em. One more and you will have one in every room in the house – including the bathrooms and corridors.

3

d) stolen.

Your windows are your house's eyes to the world around it.
Yours are.

- a) beautiful walnut frames that you yourself had just refinished the previous spring. You have added elegant curtains to complement the wood's grain.
- b) new aluminium casement windows the kind that have the handles on the bottom. You got a great deal and put vertical blinds on all the windows as well.
- c) standard aluminium sliders with embroidered curtains all around.
- d) windows that don't open with bars à la the South Bronx.

The furniture you chose expresses your style. Yours, a) is all coordinated, with some pieces custom made, so that the house works as a totality. b) is a bit of a collection – each room has its own distinctive flavor. c) is a jumble – pieces bought individually for their own merit.



is looking for writers, artists, photographers from all across North America. If you feel you have something to contribute, drop us a line.

What It All Means

Scoring

Give yourself 4 points for each a, 3 points for each b, 2 points for each c and 1 point for each d.

10 points or less:

Not only are you not Ukrainian, we are not sure if you are human. Please look around your home and take the test again.

11- 24 points:

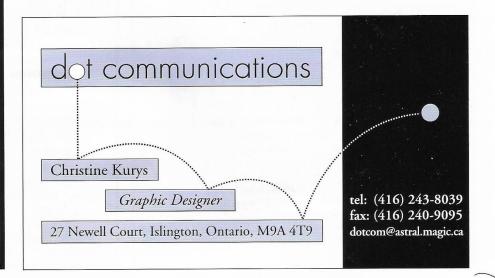
Fee, Fi, Fo Fum. I smell the blood of a real Ukrainiun. There is nothing to be ashamed of here. You are just really proud of your roots. You spend your money, time and effort on better things. Like going out to *zabavas* and other Ukrainian social events. It's a free country and you made your choice.

25- 36 points:

Not a bad mix here. You try your best – you really do. You balance your Ukrainianess with the real life around you. You like your home and are proud of it without being too fanatical. Just like you are about that place on the north shore of the Black Sea. Sure it could be better – but who has the time, money and effort?

37-40 points:

Amazing. All that work to give yourself some pleasure. Spend all that extra effort and energy on something better – like relaxing. Besides, people's first impression will usually be made by your clothes or your car – maybe even your personality. If you are this anal about your dwelling, no one will ever see it.





CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Harvard Ukrainian Summer Institute

June 23 - Aug. 15 1583 Massachussetts Av. Cambridge, Mass (617) 495-7833 huri@fas.harvard.edu http://www.sabre.or/huri/summer.html

CALGARY, ALBERTA

Ukrainian Canadian Professional & Business Federation National Convention

Aug. 1 - 3
National Convention "Stampede West
- Blazing New Trails"
Calgary Best Western Hospitality Inn
135 Southland Dr. SE
Calgary, Alberta
Oksana Hnatiuk
(403) 271-3176
ohnatiuk@agt.net
Raya Shadursky
(416) 253-7434
RShadursky@aol.com
(403) 278-5050 (hotel)

DAUPHIN, MANITOBA

Dauphin Ukrainian Festival

Aug. 1 - 3
Selo Ukraina
12 miles south of Dauphin, Manitoba
5 Grand stands, featuring bands and
dance groups from across Canada
Roberta or Joycelyn (204) 638-5645

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

Ukrainian Cultural Heritage Village

8820-112 St. Edmonton, Alberta (403) 662-3640

June 22 Carnival of Cultures
July 12 - 13 Pioneer Days and Kalyna
Country Music Festival
Aug. 10 Ukrainian Day

Aug. 31 Firends of Ukrainian Music Jamboree Sept. 21 Harvest of the Past

EMLENTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Kobzarska Sich Bandura Camp

Aug. 3 - 17
All Saints Ukrainian Orthodox Church
Camp
Emlenton, PA
Anatoli Murha
(313) 953-0305
anatoluke@aol.com

GLEN SPEY, NEW YORK

Ukrainian Youth Festival

July 18 - 20 Verkhovyna Resort Glen Spey, NY (914) 856-1323

HALTON HILLS, ONTARIO

Sumfest

Sept. 7 Camp Weselka Halton Hills, Ontario Bands, Beer tents, etc. Contact: (416) 537-2007

LONDON, ONTARIO

Bandura Camp

July 20 - Aug. 2
"Camp Ukraina"
London, Ontario
Contact: Nick Schidowka
(519) 652-3043
odum@wexeculink.com

KERHONKSON, NEW YORK

Soyuzivka

Foordmore Dr. Kerhonkson, N.Y. (914) 626-5641

July 4 - 6 Independence Day Season Opener Aug. 9 - 16
Club Suzy-Q
Aug. 10 - 24
Ukrainian Folk Dance Workshop
Aug. 16 - 17
Miss Soyuzivka Weekend
Aug. 16 - 23
Canadian Discount Week
Aug. 23 - 24
Ukrainian Independence Day
Aug. 29 - Sept. 1
Labor Day Weekend – season finale

LEHIGHTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Ukrainian Folk Festival

Aug. 17 - 18 Ukrainian Homestead Route 209 Lehighton, PA

OAKVILLE, ONTARIO

Independence Day

Aug. 24
St. Andrew's Ukrainian Cultural
Centre
Highway #5
Oakville, Ontario
(416) 762-9427
\$5/car, \$5/person

PERKINSFIELD, ONTARIO

Cawaja Beach Church Festival

Aug. 3 Sts. Volodymyr and Olha UCC Perkinsfield, Ontario (905) 624-4411

SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

Ukrainian Total Immersion Program

Five week course beginning July 2 Mohyla Institute 1240 Temperance St. Saskatoon, Sask (306) 653-1944

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Caravan

June 13 - 21 Kviv Pavillion 297 College St. Toronto, Ontario (416) 921-0231

Spadina Sich

Children's Summer Day Camp Aug. 11-15 & Aug. 18-22 St. Vladimir Institute 620 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ontario (416) 923-3318

Sumfest Zabava

Sept. 6 Ukrainian Cultural Centre 83 Christie St. Toronto, Ontario (416) 537-2007

Ukrainian Canadian Professional and Business Club

June 23 Annual General Meeting St. Vladimir Institute 620 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ontario (416) 925-1256

VEGREVILLE, ALBERTA

Pvsanka Festival

July 4-6 (403) 632-2777

WARREN, MICHIGAN

Ukrainian Sunflower Festival

Aug. 1 - 3 St. Josephat Church Rvan Rd. Warren, Michigan

WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Ukrainian Professional & Business Association Dinner Meeting

June 25, 6:30 pm Topic: Student Mentorship Program Contact: Eva Perdiuk (519) 979-3575

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Folklorama

Aug. 10 - 16 Kyiv Pavillion Garden City Collegiate Winnipeg, Manitoba For info call Lesia (204) 942-4627



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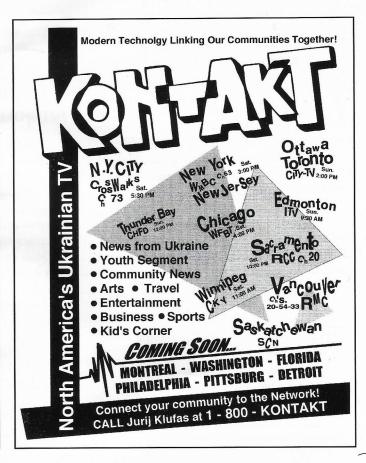
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Final Phrases

by Myrna Kostash

Multicultural Solidarity

'm just back from Kingston, Ontario, and the Annual General Meeting of the Writers' Union of Canada, where we continued our on-going debates on diversity and difference.

I did my bit by chairing a workshop on "identity politics and social justice," which is my way of raising the question: Is there enough solidarity across our race/gender/ethnic differences to build mutual reliance in this nasty age of deconstruction of the multicultural ideal?

There better be. It's scary out there.

Of course there are very real differences among us. The supposedly bygone liberal humanistic ideals of "transcending" class and ethnic difference have obviously not dissolved social and economic distinctions, as any look at the basic data shows us.

Obviously, it isn't identity politics which are divisive and ghettoize us: it's racism and discrimination.

But multiculturalism's critics from the left go much farther. They seem to be saying that solidarity among minorities is no longer the point. White-skin power and privilege are. As for interests of the majority and minorities, these are seen as incompatible, even among people who, in fact, want the same thing: social justice.

As for multiculturalism's enemies on the right — for example, the people interviewed for a Globe and Mail feature in March — journalist Julie Rekai thinks the Canadian government doesn't "allow" her to be "Canadian."

University of Toronto political scientist Gad Horowitz is on record equating multiculturalism with a "masochistic celebration of Canadian nothingness."

So, we have obviously come a long way down from the heady days of the 1970s, when it was understood that multiculturalism (as a public policy) has its roots in the desire to legitimize cultural diversity as an "everyday part of public discourse and

consideration," according to Dr. Manoly Lupul, founding director of the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies at the University of Alberta in Edmonton.

To label and dismiss this policy commitment by the Canadian state as caving in to "special interests" is deeply offensive: who could be more desirous of communal goals than minorities who wish to be enabled, empowered, respected, visible? To belong, in a word.

No doubt about it, though. Those of us who are white-skinned and solidly installed in the middle class do have to go through a lot of soul searching about the way in which people of colour disappear inside concepts like "community" and "solidarity."

No matter how strange it may seem to us, we have to face the fear, expressed by the "Anglos," that, in the pursuit of ethno-cultural politics, we ethnics have abandoned a cultural coherence called "Canada."

But it isn't multiculturalism that has brought that dream crashing to earth. It's the sickening degree to which our elites have arranged the redistribution of wealth from the poor to the rich. It's the despair of the young jobless. And the stupefying reach of the culture of McWorld.

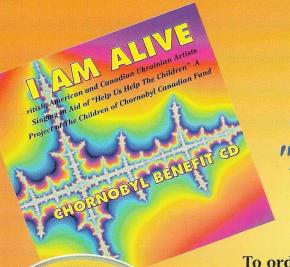
Todd Gitlin, in The Twilight of Common Dreams, showed that as identity politicians punched each other out on the margins, global capitalism was going from strength to strength thanks to trade agreements (NAFTA, GATT) and mega-mergers.

Gitlin says we need a "culture of commonality" within which aggrieved minorities find the speech of human and civil rights and the possibility of developing a political majority. In democracies, that's the way to taking power.

Multiculturalism is not just about retention of an identity, but its development within a larger social context.

Multiculturalism doesn't ask that we chose between our ethnicity or race and a national identity, but that one is a "key content" of the other.

Worried about the "shredding of the social fabric"? Check out multiculturalism.



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