

# Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things<sup>9</sup>

**7** things you don't think about

**From Paris  
to Kyiv  
to Alexis Kochan**

**Kupalo in  
New York**

**Ukrainian  
orphan  
camp**

**G/Hogol festival**

Literature, reviews, recipes and more

Summer 1999 \$3.99



7 72006 86333 9

We wanted to name  
our pharmacy  
"Best Patient Counselling,  
Best Staff,  
Best Vitamins,  
Best Homeopathic Remedies,  
Best Soaps,  
Best Card Selection,  
Best Coffee,  
Hippest Locale  
and Sweetest Service  
This Side of the Mississippi."

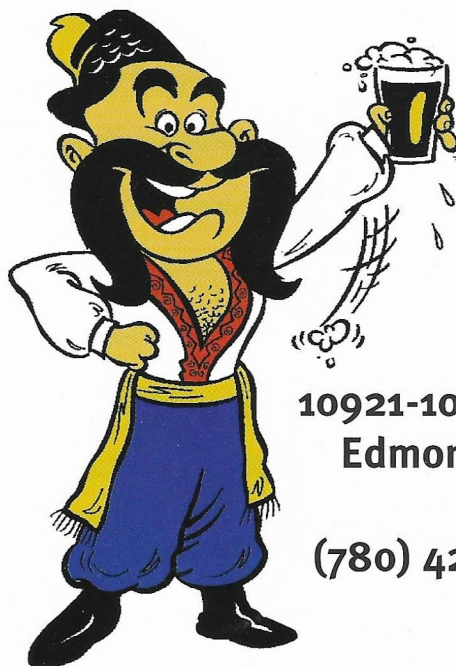
We decided to get to the point.

Best  
**DRUG  
MART**

2150 Bloor St. W.  
Toronto, Ontario  
Tel: 416.769.6946  
Free same day delivery.

# na zdorovya

UKRAINIAN PUB



10921-101 Street  
Edmonton, AB

(780) 421-8928

[www.nazdorovya.com](http://www.nazdorovya.com)

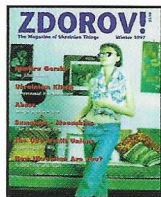
## Back issues of Zdorov! are available!

\$5 per issue  
\$4 per issue when ordering 4 or more.

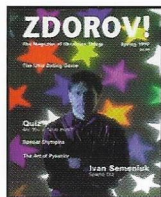
ONLY

Send cheque or money order  
specifying issue and amount to:

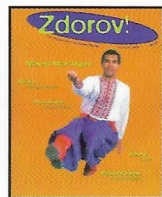
Zdorov!  
12 Lorahill Rd.  
Toronto, Ont.  
M8Z 3M6 CANADA



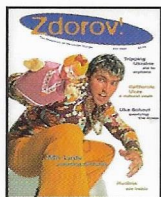
Winter 1997  
v1#1



Spring 1997  
v1#2



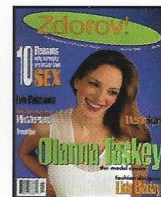
Summer 1997  
v1#3



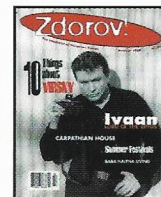
Fall 1997  
v1#4



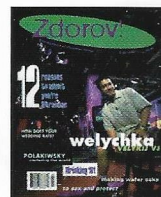
Winter 1998  
v2#5



Spring 1998  
v2#6



Summer 1998  
v2#7



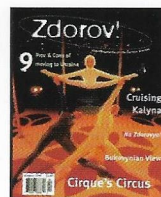
Fall 1998  
v2#8



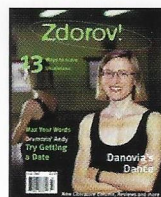
Winter 1999  
v3#9



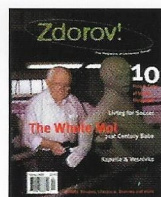
Spring 1999  
v3#10



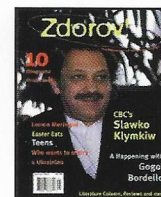
Summer 1999  
v3#11



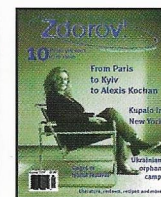
Fall 1999  
v3#12



Winter 2000  
v4#13



Spring 2000  
v4#14



Summer 2000  
v4#15

Prices include all taxes and postage

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

# Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

## ALEXIS KOCHAN

From Kyiv to Paris and back

by Orysia Tracz

16

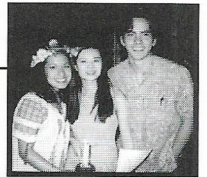


## IVANA KUPALA

Doing old traditions in New York

by Kristia Lucenko

24



## SUMMER CAMP

A camp with a difference

by Luba Petrusha

28



- 
- |    |  |    |  |
|----|--|----|--|
| 2  | <b>Editorial</b>   | 14 | <b>A Lit Corner</b> Khylovy                  |
| 3  | <b>Letters</b>   | 21 | <b>A Healthy Shot</b> Aromatherapy           |
| 4  | <b>Starters</b><br>Valentyna Hotz, 7 things Ukrainians<br>don't think about, G/Hohol in New York | 22 | <b>In the Pot</b> Vyshnia (sour cherry)      |
| 8  | <b>Heather Olivetz</b> Birthday blues  | 27 | <b>WiredUkes</b> Uke MP3                     |
| 10 | <b>Reviews</b>   | 31 | <b>Quiz</b> Are you a Ukrainian professional |
|    |  | 32 | <b>Final Phrases</b> by Nestor Gula          |

# Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Volume 4, Number 15

July 1, 2000

**editor**

Nestor Gula

**associate editors**

Taras Gula, Andrij Kudla Wynnyckyj

**art director**

Christine Kurys, RGD

**circulation manager**

Agata Koloda

**technical guru**

Orest Dorosh

**contributors**

Mark Andryczyk, Aleksandra Basarab,  
Roman Hurko, Roma Ihnatowycz,  
Maya Zorya Johnson, Martyn Lotowsky,  
Kristina Lucenko, Heather Olivetz,  
Sophia Peniak, Luba Petrusha,  
Ron Sawchuk, Orysia Paszczak Tracz, Tom Venetis

**special thanks to...**

Roman Wynnyckyj at Lava Computer MFG. Inc.  
Myros Et Luba Trutiak at MST Bronze,  
Peter Carter

**Zdorov!:** The Magazine of Ukrainian Things is published 4 times a year by Ripple Press Inc. in Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Contents copyright 2000 by Ripple Press Inc. Reproduction in any form is forbidden without written consent of the owner of the copyright.

**Zdorov!:** The Magazine of Ukrainian Things is published quarterly for \$14.99 U.S. or \$14.99 Canadian per year by Ripple Press Inc. Price does not include GST for Canadian orders. Price outside North America is \$20.00 U.S. Single copy price in Canada is \$3.99 Canadian not including applicable taxes. Single copy price outside Canada is \$3.99 U.S., not including applicable taxes.

Advertising inquiries, subscriptions, address changes, undelivered copies, and other communication should be sent to address below.

**Editorial Contributions:** We welcome material from writers and photographers new or established but can assume no responsibility for unsolicited material. Writers and photographers are asked to submit query letters.

**Zdorov!:** The Magazine of Ukrainian Things,  
12 Lorahill Rd. Toronto, Ontario, M8Z 3M6 CANADA  
phone:(416) 236-2346  
email: editor@izdorov.com  
www.izdorov.com

ISSN 1206-3673  
Canadian Publications Mail Product Sales Agreement #1598112  
Printed in CANADA

## Editorial

Welcome to the summer of 2000. For those who might be wondering about the longevity of *Zdorov!*, rest assured that we will be around for a long while. You can't keep a good idea down. There might be a change here, a nip-and-tuck there, but *Zdorov!* will be around. We will continue to inform and entertain our readers with stories about things Ukrainian.

For this, our 15th issue, we have a great selection of stories. Our cover feature is on Alexis Kochan the energy behind the wonderful ensemble Paris to Kyiv. Her music keeps on getting more intricate and engrossing and we are eagerly awaiting her new recording. It is slated for a summer release.

The big Ukrainian celebration in July is Ivana Kupala and we have a superb story about this pagan celebration as it occurred in New York City. The Lower East Side of Manhattan to be specific. The event was organized by Nova Nomada and the Yara Arts Group, highlighting the fact that New York is the happening place for hip Ukrainians. We also have a story about the Hohol, or Gogol, festival they threw a while back. Who knew New York was such an interesting place?

What's a summer issue without a story about a summer staple. No, not BBQs—summer camp. This one is different. It is organized by Help us Help the Children for Ukrainian orphans, staffed by North American volunteers and takes place in Ukraine.

There's lots of reading in this issue and not many pictures. All our regular features are here as well. Our Internet column, *CyberUkes*, has been renamed to *WiredUkes* because a site bearing that name in its URL will be going up very soon and we wanted to avoid any confusion.

Speaking of the Internet, like most sites, ours got off to a slow start, but now we've registered [www.izdorov.com](http://www.izdorov.com) and created a new look. Come check it out. Unlike the previous site which was updated with every issue, this one will be updated more frequently with news, views and features.

As always you can contact us at:

*Zdorov!*  
12 Lorahill Rd.  
Toronto, Ontario  
M8Z 3M6 Canada  
(416) 236-2346  
editor@izdorov.com

Cover photograph of Alexis Kochan by Ron Sawchuk



Dear Zdorov,

Excuse me if I was a bit confused by your Spring 2000 issue. In one article there was a report about *Zdorov!* UK ceasing publication. This in itself is a sad fact. I believed they started publishing quite a while before you started your *Zdorov!* in Canada. In your editorial you gave the impression that you are also in some difficulty. You mentioned that the same factors that sunk the UK-based *Zdorov!* are present in the North American version.

So are you going to be around? You did not concretely say whether you will still be around in the near future or not.

I hope your next editorial will clear up this confusion.

Thank you,

Josef Fahovnyk  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Zdorov,

In your last editorial you complained about times being "tough all over in this boom economy." Times have always been tough for those who have no concept of what "time" it is. Operating a business in 2000 cannot be done on the same business model developed in 1900. Likewise, if you have no clue as to how to operate a business – yeah, times are going to be tough.

It is unfortunate that you are experiencing difficulties but that's business. Many companies go under, like your insolvent advertiser. Welcome to the real world.

The one redeeming feature of your editorial is that you seem to realize what your problems are. That's the first step. The next is doing something about it.

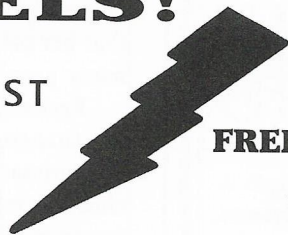
Good luck,

Paul Lewitsky  
Pickering, Ont.

**REBELS!**

**BUDUCHNIST**

offers more  
for less...



**FREE Chequing**

**FREE ATM/Interac transactions**

**FREE Interac direct payment purchases**

**Why PAY when there's BUDUCHNIST**

If you're between the ages of 14 and 19 call your branch for details  
or visit our web site at [www.buduchnist.com](http://www.buduchnist.com)



**BUDUCHNIST**  
Credit Union

2280 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ontario M6S 1N9  
1891 Rathburn Rd. E., Mississauga, Ontario L4W 3Z3  
221 Milner Ave., Scarborough, Ontario M1S 4P4  
913 Carling Ave., Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 4E3  
239 Kenilworth Ave. N., Hamilton, Ontario L8H 4S4

(416) 763-6883  
(905) 238-1273  
(416) 299-7291  
(613) 722-7075  
(905) 545-5645

# Artist of emotions and colour

by Tom Venetis

Valentina Hotz cannot say what attracts people to her paintings. Many seem drawn to the play of emotions that come through the stunning images.

At a recent solo exhibition of her work at the Women's Art Association of Canada in Toronto, people both old and young became entranced by her paintings. Her works often feature nearly surreal realms populated by enigmatic yet beautiful women, animals, flowers and objects. While she does not like to classify her paintings or to fit them into a neat category or artistic movement, she has been willing to use the term Magic Realism to describe her work.

In her artists' statement, distributed at the show, Hotz wrote: "Magic Realism offers an alternate conception of reality. Drawing together explicable and inexplicable, the expected and the unexpected, Magic Realism invites us to render up the world in all its complexity."

Art is beyond interpretation, she later told *Zdorov!* shortly after her exhibition at the Women's Art Association in Toronto.

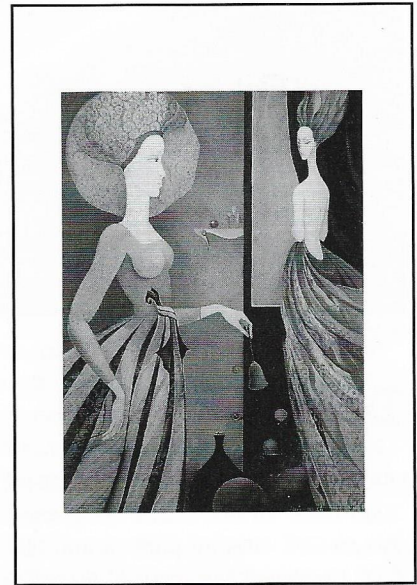
For those who may wonder where she finds the inspiration for her paintings, Hotz said that often it is

something as subtle as an emotion she is feeling when working, a dream or colour, or sometimes a reaction to a piece of music. Hotz is particularly fond of the music of jazz composer and pianist Keith Jarrett, and the late composer and saxophonist Gerry Muligan. What attracts her to these musicians is not just their artistry but also the complex emotions they convey in their music and playing.

According to Hotz, people responded quite openly to her works, attracted by their emotional range. "I was quite surprised by the younger generation's response," she added.

Hotz studied painting at the Lviv College of Arts and later at the Lviv Polytechnic University, graduating with a Degree of Excellence in Fine Arts and Architecture. Shortly afterwards, she began painting large murals for a kindergarten and Youth Club in Lviv and later for a Blood Transfusion Centre and the Red Cross Regional Committee. In 1990, she and her husband moved to Johannesburg, South Africa where she worked in interior design, painted murals and worked on stained glass windows.

"There was no political reason



[why we left]," Hotz said, "We moved in order to have a chance to see the world and we wanted some adventure and to see how we could live and meet new people."

In 1995, she and her husband moved to Canada. She has begun exhibiting regularly in Toronto, and had a show at the Montserrat Gallery in New York City, where she is planning a return engagement. Hotz said she has noticed that her paintings have changed as she has moved, not so much in terms of content, but more in the colours she uses and the emotions she tries to express in them. She is also finding that her paintings allow her to meet many people.

Recently, she met Gwen MacGrenere, an author who writes on spiritual issues. MacGrenere chose several of Hotz's paintings to illustrate a new book that will be released this summer.

But Hotz said she derives the most satisfaction from the reactions of children who see her paintings.

"Children are so perceptive," she enthused, "At my last exhibition, two Japanese girls aged eight and ten, described what they liked about my paintings and it was very special."

## Paul Kolodij

Insurance Broker

### LEDOUX, LEW & PATTERSON

INSURANCE BROKERS LIMITED

[kolpol@idirect.com](mailto:kolpol@idirect.com)

5805 Whittle Road, Suite 205

Mississauga, Ontario

L4Z 2J1

Tel.: (905) 890-1877 Fax: (905) 890-4543

(416) 239-7392 (416) 239-9508

## Mitchell, Bardyn & Zalucky

Barristers & Solicitors

Business Law,  
Real Estate,  
Wills and Estates,  
Mental Incompetency,  
Immigration,  
Personal Injury,  
Family Law,  
Civil Litigation

3029 Bloor Street West Suite 200

(at Royal York Road)

Toronto, Ontario

M8X 1C2

Tel.: (416) 234-9111 Tel.: (416) 234-9114

Associated offices in Kyiv and Lviv, Ukraine

# 7 Things that Ukrainians Don't think about


1. *How to avoid garlic*
2. *Québec—Ukraine, (now that Trudeau doesn't remind them anymore)*
3. *First people who lived in Ukraine were probably not Ukrainian*
4. *How mama and tato... you know...*
5. *That goes quintuple (or more) for baba and dido*
6. *Is sarcasm a good thing or bad thing*
7. *How many Ukrainians are too many*

DR.  
**ANNA  
TUCKA**  
DENTIST

2186 Bloor Street West  
Suite 212  
Tel.: (416) 767-1260

SUSTAINABLE  
GROWTH


A disciplined, time-proven focus  
on value investing backed by scientific  
and technological expertise.



**Clean Environment**  
MUTUAL FUNDS LTD.  
*Financially strong. Environmentally sound.*

PLEASE CALL YOUR FINANCIAL ADVISOR  
OR CALL 1-800-461-4570

ROYAL LEPAGE



**Theodore  
Babiak**  
Associate Broker

Top 1%  
in Canada

**Bus: (416) 762-8255**  
Toll Free: 1-888-tbabiak  
[www.babiak.com](http://www.babiak.com)

2320 Bloor Street West  
Toronto, Ontario  
M6S 1P2

Royal LePage Real Estate Services Ltd., Realtor

# A New York festival for G/Hohol

by Roman Hurko

The Ukrainian Institute of America is housed in a mansion overlooking Central Park in New York City, just a few steps from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

A most interesting festival, put on by the Yara Arts Group, took place at the Institute this past February. The festival's theme was the Russian writer of Ukrainian descent Mykola Hohol, or as he is better known at your local library and bookstore, Nikolai Gogol.

The ambiguity about his nationality irks many Ukrainians. Although he was born and raised in Ukraine, and although many of his stories are based on Ukrainian subjects, all of his major works are written in Russian. Gogol is not the only writer to have made his reputation writing in an adopted language. Joseph Conrad and Samuel Beckett are two others that come to mind. Is Conrad/Korzeniowski an English or Polish author? Is Beckett French, English, or Irish? Perhaps, at a certain point, art transcends ethnicity and the medium of language...

I encountered three main components at the festival. First was a video installation, located in a room on the ground level: films based on Gogol stories were played on a large screen. Most of them were Soviet productions, and as the quality of many of these were variable (to put it diplomatically), I didn't linger there long. Still, it was interesting to learn that Gogol's works had inspired at least nine film adaptations. On the second and third floor of the mansion, various visual and conceptual artists had created installations based on themes in Gogol's works. As a person who has read most of them, I have to admit that I was hard



pressed to find the connection between many of the installations and the stories that inspired them. I say this as a positive statement, as obvious allusion would have been an easy and uninteresting choice.

The most interesting part of this festival was a performance of folk songs given by Marjana Sadowska, Tristra Newyear, and Julian Kytasty. The connection to Gogol here was that he wrote somewhere that Ukrainian culture is told and infused with songs and singing. Good enough.

**CHOLKAN**



STEP CZUK  
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Gene Cholkán  
Roman Stepczuk

DELIVERING  
WHAT COUNTS  
FOR BUSINESS  
OWNERS

1 Eva Road  
Suite 324  
Toronto, Canada  
M9C 4Z5  
www.cholkán.com  
Tel 1.416.695.9500  
Fax 1.416.695.3837

**Lava Computer  
MFG. Inc.**



28A Dansk Court  
Rexdale, Ontario M9W 5V8

**Tel: (416) 674-5942**

Fax: (416) 674-8262

www.lavalink.com

**Don Kwasnycia**

*Sales Representative*

Get the  
personalized  
service you  
deserve!



**635-1232**

24 Hour Pager

**HomeLife/ROMANO Realty Ltd.**

3500 Dufferin St. STE 101  
Toronto, Ontario  
M3K 1N2



All three artists were fantastic. Kytasty is a familiar name to many who have heard his collaboration with Alexis Kochan in the group Paris to Kyiv. His soulful interpretations of dumy are always a moving experience. In this concert, he also teamed up with the women for a few hilarious folk tunes. Newyear is an American woman from Mississippi, trained in South Indian, Bosnian, and Russian traditional song. She sings in a rough, ornamental style familiar to most through the Bulgarian Women's Chorus. Sadowska is a young woman from Lviv, currently working in Poland with the Gardzienice Experimental Theatre as an actor and musical director. In the summer, she travels through the Ukrainian countryside collecting songs and stories. She too sings in an open-throated style (although she can also produce a soft velvety sound), and uses ornaments that I had never heard before in Ukrainian folk songs. In fact, her singing was a revelation to me.

I always thought that Ukrainian folk songs were beautiful, but a bit "straight" rhythmically and har-



Marjana Sadowska and Julian Kytasty perform at the G/Hohol festival

monically. And yet, there is a whole tradition of singing, still alive in Ukrainian villages, which sounds like nothing you've ever heard around the campfire. Unresolved 2nds ringing with overtones, and rhythms liberated from the ubiquitous 4/4 time signatures beguile one's ears. Especially in the laments, this music tears one's soul to shreds. In Sadowska's wonderful and authentically researched interpretations, I felt as if I were glimpsing pre-Christian Rus' for

the first time. Something here goes right back to the source; right to the bottom of the well. She has successfully tapped into this ancient, refreshing power.

Sadowska's latest recording is entitled: *Shchob pisnia ne zanykla* (So That the Song Will Never Die). If you don't have it, get it! You'll be amazed by its depth and beauty.

Overall, the festival was quite enjoyable. What did it reveal about G/Hohol? Perhaps its success was in asking questions rather than in giving answers. It was nice to see various artists trying to connect to this great writer and interpret his themes in their medium.

Cardinal



FUNERAL HOMES

**Two Toronto Locations:**

366 Bathurst Street at Dundas  
416-603-1444

92 Annette Street at Keele  
416-762-8141

One family dedicated  
to serving the  
community since 1925

*James Cardinal, President*

Bereavement counselling, burials, cremation,  
pre-arrangement plans, world-wide shipping  
and children's activity room available.



Open  
DIALOGUE

# Birthday Blues (with a tasteful smattering of gold)

by Heather Olivetz

I had just returned from grocery shopping for Adrianna's first birthday party when *Zdorov!*'s editor called about my (as yet unwritten) article. "When can you have it done?" he asked. "Egads, Nestor," I replied in exasperation. "The kid's birthday party is on Sunday." "Great," he quipped. "You have all of Saturday, then." Oh, those care-free childless folk. They have such a sense of humour.

Upon reflection, however, I should probably thank Nestor for springing a completely unreasonable deadline on me on the Friday afternoon before a long weekend (not that I'm bitter). In fact, he did me a favour. Adia's party was beginning to spiral out of control. And it was all my own doing. When my husband and I first began talking about our child's

birthday party, I believe I was the one who said, "Let's keep it simple. There's no need to make a big deal about it. After all, she's only one. It's not like she knows what a birth-

day is, or will remember it, or anything." It sounded so easy and straightforward at the time. We'd have our immediate family over for an informal get-together. We'd



After working with Ruslana and Natalka, what words come to mind?

**PEACE OF MIND**

**confidence**

"Ruslana and Natalka cleared a path that led directly to the front door of our new home."

*Donna Smith, Jan./98*

KNOWLEDGE  
EXPERIENCE  
INTEGRITY  
RESULTS

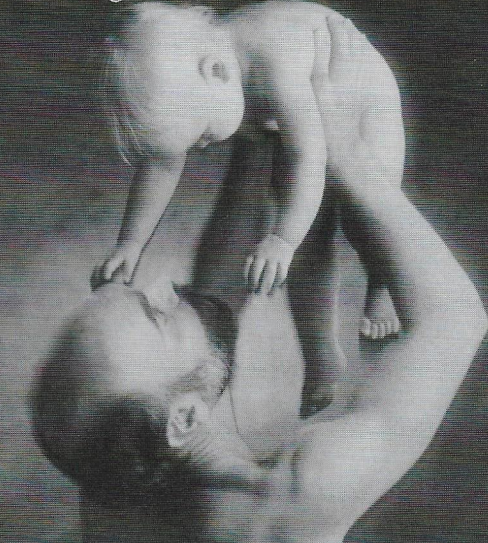
To find *your* dream home, call Ruslana and Natalka at **(416) 236-1241**

Ruslana Wrzesnewskyj and Natalka Tanchak Sales Representatives



**RE/MAX** Professionals Inc., REALTOR®  
Not intended to solicit listings or purchaser representatives.

*Harvest your dreams*



*Plan for the future*  
*Prime based loans to suit your financial needs.*



**UKRAINIAN** Credit Union  
Українська Кредитова Співка

Call Centre: 416.922.4407 1.800.461.0777 Web Site: [www.ukrainiancu.com](http://www.ukrainiancu.com)

throw some burgers on the grill. If I felt like getting fancy, I could bake a cake. It would be a pleasant, laid back, stress-free kind of day. When you first dip your big toe into the waters of insanity, you rarely notice the sharks circling. I think the invitations sent me off the deep end. I designed a card on my computer inviting all to come and celebrate the first birthday of "the centre of the universe," as my sister had dubbed Adrianna. Suddenly, it just seemed natural to give the party an intergalactic theme.

I should have recognized the warning signs right there. When a word like "theme" comes up, phrases like "colour scheme," and "musical atmosphere," can't be far behind. Soon I was stocking up on napkins in celestial navy and gold (I bought enough to do a "Come as your favourite Ukrainian poet" party for Adrianna's second birthday). I dust-

ed off an old Carpenters' CD, and set the ghetto blaster on repeat mode; I had chosen "Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft" as the Official Anthem of the Centre of the Universe. I spent an evening modifying Adia's stuffed animals into a menagerie of aliens, complete with extraterrestrial antennae. Maybe the real reason I threw

never sleep again, and I vaguely remember thinking, "Yeah, well, this one's not growing up fast enough for me." One year later, I look at the early photographs, and I can barely recall her being so small and so helpless. Maybe a child's first birthday should be more a celebration for the bewildered mom and dad: hooray, we survived infancy! As

**When you first dip your big toe into the waters of insanity, you rarely notice the sharks circling.**

myself into this little shindig is to come to terms with the fact that twelve months have just disappeared on me. In those first foggy days of parenthood, everyone who visited said the same thing: "Enjoy her now, because babies grow up really fast." At the time, I was exhausted, my hormones were completely out of whack, I thought I'd

toddlerhood looms before us, I am happy to report that Adia is as advanced as ever. Well ahead of schedule, she threw her first temper tantrum just hours before party guests were due to arrive. She trashed the *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* cake I had spent all morning decorating. I can't wait for the terrible twos.

*Because she had to write this article, Heather never did finish carving the life-sized ice sculpture of her daughter descending from the lunar landing module. She blames Nestor.*

**УКРАЇНСЬКА  
КНИГАРНЯ**



Найбільший і найкращий вибір українських книжок, касеток, полотна до костюми і кераміка.

For the best selection of Ukrainian books, cassettes & CD's. Easter egg supplies, costume needs and gifts.

MAIL ORDERS WELCOME

UKRAINIAN BOOK STORE  
10215-97 ST. PO BOX 1640  
EDMONTON AB T5J 2N9  
PHONE (780) 422-4255  
FAX (780) 425-1439  
EMAIL [ukrbkst@planet.eon.net](mailto:ukrbkst@planet.eon.net)

or visit us on our Web site at  
[www.ukrainianbookstore.com](http://www.ukrainianbookstore.com)

**Real Property Appraisers Inc.**

Real Estate Appraisers and Consultants

**MYRON DMYTRYSHYN**

BSc, AACI\*, P. App  
\*Accredited Appraiser Canadian Institute

Industrial • Commercial • Investment  
Residential • Estate • V-Day

42 EVANS AVENUE  
TORONTO, ONTARIO  
M6S 3V6

TEL (416) 761-0033  
FAX (416) 761-1712

ACCREDITED MEMBER APPRAISAL INSTITUTE OF CANADA (AIC)

**Nestor I.L. Woychyshyn M.A., LL.B.**

**REAL ESTATE  
CORPORATE LAW  
WILLS & ESTATES  
FULL IMMIGRATION  
SERVICES**

2259 Bloor Street West  
Suite 301  
Toronto, Ontario  
M6S 1N8

Tel.: (416) 604-2091  
Fax: (416) 604-1102

E-mail: [nestorw@interlog.com](mailto:nestorw@interlog.com)

# Reviews

## Liturgy 2000

composed by Roman Hurko  
 Schola Cantorum of St. Peter The Apostle  
 directed by J. Michael Thompson  
 independent release

I must confess that at first I was not comfortable with the idea of a Ukrainian liturgy being composed for the year 2000. After some thought, I realized that this sentiment came from a part of me that sees Ukrainian culture as defined and static. The image of swarthy villagers in embroidered shirts all traipsing off to a beautiful unheated candle-lit wooden church amid rolling hills of wheat and forests is hard to shake. Luckily, there are those that see other possibilities – they wake the rest of us from our idyllic, calcified slumber.

The composer of *Liturgy 2000*, Roman Hurko, describes the impulse for his work as much more than a new liturgy. He sees it as part of the need of every epoch to redefine its relationship to the divine. No wonder he has been working on it for 17 years.

Hurko's 'redefinition' or re-creation is much more organic than revolutionary. It is soundly rooted in the musical tradition of Eastern Rite Slavic church music – calling us to contemplation and a mystical spirituality. This ancient tradition is quite different from the exuberant bombasticism we love to hear and sing in liturgical compositions by composers like Bortniansky and Vedel. Hurko sees this exuberance as one of the threads in the Slavic church music canon. In the other, a more peaceful and meditative approach to the divine is stressed. He has also drawn inspiration from contemporary classical composers like Arvo Pärt and Henry Gorecki, both of



whom have also explored spirituality through what can best be described as slowness.

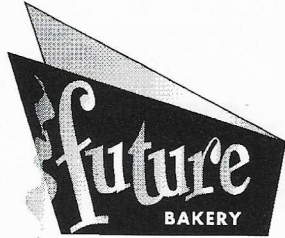
Herein is the strength of *Liturgy 2000*. It creates a space in which the listener has the time to slow down, to breathe and to pray. Hurko compares Ukrainian liturgical music to iconography. Icons are not simply story-telling devices, they are windows into the divine. Hurko is aiming to open the window for listeners/participants, to bring them in touch with the untouchable.

The singing (and breathing) of *Liturgy 2000* by Chicago's Schola Cantorum of St. Peter the Apostle under the direction of J. Michael Thompson, is beautiful and seamless. The choir is able to get across the contemplative nature of the music, and their pronunciation of Ukrainian text is quite impressive. However, they are deficient in two respects. The most glaring is the weakness of the bass voice, which is usually one of the cornerstones of Slavic choral music. It is there in the score, but the basses are either not strong enough or have been restrained by some other force. The other weakness is in the choir's style—at times one can hear 'Mozartian' phrasing rather than that of Eastern liturgy. The singing is beautiful, but it just sometimes doesn't feel *nash*.


Roman Hurko is planning to have a choir from Ukraine record the liturgy in the future. It will be fascinating to compare the two at that time.

Is this one a must for your CD collection? In short, yes—whether you are interested in beautiful music, or if you simply need an antidote to the insane world around us, but especially if you are a lover of Slavic and/or Ukrainian liturgical music.

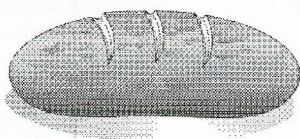
reviewed by Taras Gula



- 483 BLOOR ST. W.  
(W. of Spadina)
- ST. LAWRENCE MARKET  
(Front St. E.)
- 106 NORTH QUEEN ST.  
(E. of 427)
- 2199 BLOOR ST. WEST  
(E. of Runnymede)



**Voted**  
**"Best Bakery"**  
 &  
**"A Favourite Dessert"**



## Treba Vstaty i Vyity

Victor Morozov  
10 tracks  
Independent release

www.mo-productions.com or call toll free 1-800-563-7234

Victor Morozov is a Ukrainian singer/songwriter who has participated in many of the major cultural happenings that have recently transpired in Ukraine, and this summer marks the appearance of his latest release, *Treba Vstaty i Vyity*. Although he has worked in several different styles of music, Morozov is primarily a bard—he interprets poems, writes songs around them, and then performs them. His sung-poetry has been a major influence on the rock bands in Ukraine today, such as Plach Yermiyi and Mertvyi Piven, and he continues to act as a “godfather” for these Lviv bands.

A significant presence in the Ukrainian music scene for over twenty years, Morozov is perhaps best known in North America for his work in the Ne Zhurys! cabaret ensemble and for his album *Chetvertyi Kut*, recorded with the Fourth Corner musical trio. Morozov's latest *Treba Vstaty I Vyity (Stand Up and Leave)* is listed as an album by both Viktor Morozov and *Chetvertyi Kut*. It retains acoustic guitarist Oleh Yarema and adds bassist Oleh “John” Suk, and Andriy Piatakov on drums and percussion. This rhythm section, on loan from Mertvyi Piven, is one of Ukraine's best. Morozov handles all the vocal duties and also plays acoustic guitar.

In what is an extended example of the art of sung-poetry, *Treba* is a collection of ten songs written by Kost Moskalets. In addition to being one of the best poets in Ukraine today, Moskalets is also a musician, having composed and performed many songs during his tenure in Ne Zhurys!. His song, “Vona,” was first covered by Morozov on *Chetvertyi Kut* and then by Plach Yermiyi on their second album (the latter's recording became a huge hit in Ukraine in the late 1990s). All the music and texts on *Treba* were written by Moskalets;

**A. W. Lebed, B. Sc., D. D. S.**

*Fine Cosmetic and General Dentistry*



3101 Bloor St. W.  
Suite 308  
Toronto, ON M8X 2W2  
TELEPHONE: (416) 237-1273

## ВІКТОР МОРОЗОВ ТРЕБА ВСТАТИ І ВІЙТИ



Morozov and Yarema did the musical arrangements.

The album's songs alternate between acoustic, two-guitar ballads, and Latin-tinged numbers. They are united by Moskalets's poems, which are somber reflections on a damaged world, interlaced with sporadic glimmers of hope. The album's title track opens with an anthem-like call to arms. The second song, “Stare Kino,” (The Old Movie House) begins with chords that recall Aerosmith's “Dream On,” but instead of Steven Tyler's annoying wail, Yarema's guitar emerges to introduce Morozov's chilling delivery of a tale of fleeting happiness. Then the band switches gears and offers “Alina,” the album's catchy pop tune. Among the CD's other highlights are “Kolyshnii Idol” (Former Idol, in which Suk and Piatakov emerge from the uncharacteristic restraint they demonstrate on the album) and “Svitlyi Nektar,” (Brilliant Nectar) a farewell letter to Lviv. “Ostannia Zyma” (The Last Winter) closes the album by cracking open a window of optimism. A raspy, Tom Waits-style delivery and a great slide-guitar break make this the album's best song.

Victor Morozov's mastery in singing poetry is unlike that of other musicians in this genre—he respects the text and presents it on an even level with the music. His ability to change his voice, sometimes within a song, injects the tunes with a dynamic quality, which keeps them from monotonously running into one another. *Treba* is an excellent album created by a veteran of the Ukrainian music scene. Carefully crafted, it is a long overdue gift to music fans from one of Ukraine's most professional and talented artists.

reviewed by Mark Andryczyk

# Reviews

## **Borderland** – A journey through the history of Ukraine

Anna Reid

258 pages

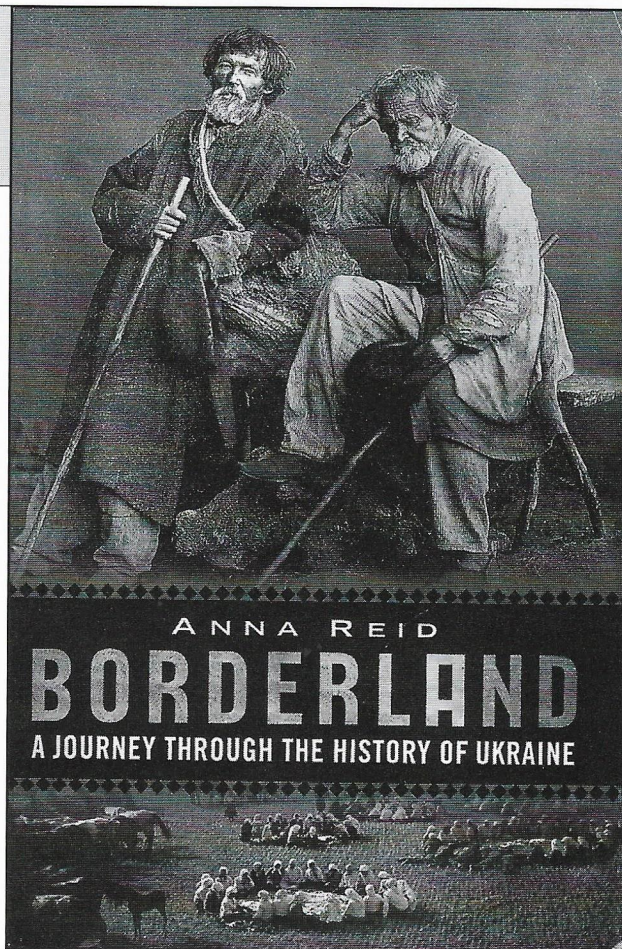
Orion Books Ltd.

ISBN: 0 75380 160 4

Part travelogue, part historical chronicle, *Borderland—A journey through the history of Ukraine* follows a trajectory that simultaneously cuts across time and space. British historian/journalist Anna Reid deftly plunges the reader into a multi-leveled narrative as she begins her trek in Kyiv. Her moving and visually forceful descriptions make history come alive. The eloquence used to depict the Saint Sofia Cathedral revives a glorious past when Kyiv pulsed with activity as the centre of the largest kingdom in 10th century Europe: "...inside it breathes the splendid austerity of Byzantium. Etiolated saints, draped in ochre and pink, march in shadowy fresco round the walls; above them a massive Virgin hangs in vivid glass mosaic, alone on a deep gold ground." Reid nimbly shifts from a journalistic presentation of fact and description to a historian's voice that discusses the princes who once ruled Kyivan-Rus.

Throughout the book, this technique of meshing journalism with history adds drama, colour and life to text that would otherwise turn to sluggish historical detail. Aside from the thorough research of diverse historical resources (the annotated bibliography at the end of the book is very insightful) Reid has a singular ability to find quirky and interesting facts. When writing about the revered Ukrainian bard Taras Shevchenko, Reid highlights his 10-year exile in the Ural mountains. Shevchenko was sent on a two year military expedition to chart the harsh lands surrounding the Aral Sea as an official artist, despite Tsar Nikolai's forbidding the prisoner to paint.

While tripping through Ukraine trying to find out what the country is all about, Reid avoids being a beligerent and obnoxious tourist. Driven by the pulse of a journalistic sleuth, she encounters people from all walks of Ukrainian society and discovers the neatest little places. For example, in the chapter exploring the regions of the Cossack rebellions, the author comes across the birthplace of the famous British writer of Polish descent, Joseph Conrad, 80 miles south of Kyiv in a village called Terehovye.



"The vanished nation: Ivano-Frankivsk," by far the most controversial chapter, broaches the delicate question of Jewish-Ukrainian relations in Western Ukraine. The highly charged relationship, often mired in hostility, is captured with subtlety as Reid describes two *babushky* flipping over stones at the back of the train station that turn out to be Jewish tombstones. The reader immediately wants to know the how, when and why of such a scandalous situation. The ensuing historical discussion prudently guides the reader through very explosive terrain. As in this chapter and all others, Reid writes with the goal of informing readers and initiating them into the nature of the debates surrounding Ukrainian history.

Whether excited tourist, confused history student or thirty-something Canadian searching for his or her roots, *Borderland*, beautifully and intelligently written, offers a quick panoramic portrait of Ukraine.

reviewed by Sophia Peniak

## Spring Nights

Olesia and Andriana Chuchman  
independent release  
14 tracks  
Time: 40:03



I was looking forward to reviewing this CD once it landed in my paws. The cover has two fine looking young women—I was thinking Jewel. The title of Olesia and Andriana Chuchman's debut CD is *Spring Nights* and the packaging design led me to believe that I was going to hear a modern adaptation of Ukrainian folk ballads and the like.

The first song burst the bubble. As Andriana and Olesia went through "Dream-Grass," it became obvious this was going to be a traditional recording. *Spring Nights* has all the staples of Ukrainian folk music: "Ivanku, Ivanku", Volodymyr Ivasiuk's "Vodohraj"(The Fountain), the ubiquitous "Lebedi materynstva" (Swans of Motherhood) and others. The inclusion of these songs does not bother me as much as the fact that very little interesting has been done to these songs.

Don't get me wrong. Both

Andriana and Olesia have gorgeous voices and sing in harmony wonderfully—as only sisters do, I guess. The recording quality is crisp and clean while still delivering the warmth of the sisters' voices. If you are looking for a traditional Ukrainian folk recording to add to your collection this is one of the better examples that can be found on store shelves.

Where the album suffers is in the arrangements. This album could have been recorded 20 years ago. A trio called Lileya did very similar music in the early 1980s, Ukraine's Trio Marenychi in the 1970s. Stylistically, *Spring Nights* is stuck in a bygone era. It is unfortunate that there is such a demand for such fossilized cultural trappings as well as, young people who insist on wasting their obvious talents filling this gap.

The singing and arrangements are sweet, syrupy and pleasant. Where's the angst? Where's the passion? Where's the soul? I like music that challenges the listener—music that is unpredictable, and removes the listener from their surrounding.

*Spring Nights* is an OK debut for Olesia and Andriana Chuchman. On this recording they prove they have the technical faculties to create great-sounding music. For their next CD, they should get some soul and work on more interesting arrangements.

reviewed by Martyn Lotowski

# KONTAKT

## North America's Ukrainian TV

- News from Ukraine
- Youth Segment
- Community News
- Arts
- Travel
- Entertainment
- Business
- Sports
- Kid's Corner

**Philadelphia**  
WYBE Ch 35  
Sun. 2:00 PM

**Chicago**  
WFMT  
Sat. 4:00 PM

**Alberta**  
Access TV  
Sat. 2:00 PM

**Val D'Or, Québec**  
TVC-9  
Sun. 2:00 PM

**Toronto/Ottawa**  
CFMT  
Sat. 1:00 PM

**Manitoba**  
CKY  
Sat. 11:00 AM

**Thunder Bay**  
CHFD  
Sun. 12:00 PM

**Sacramento**  
RCC Ch 20  
Sat. 10:00 PM

**Vancouver**  
RMC Ch 4  
Sunday 8 PM

**Coming Soon...**

Montreal - Washington - Florida - Pittsburg - Detroit

**Connect your community to the Network!**  
Call Jurij Klufas at 1-416-410-1155

# A Lit Corner

## Blasts From the Literary Past

by Maya Zorya Johnson

A “blast from the past” is usually understood figuratively, in terms of a sudden or unexpected return of some quaint cultural relic from a bygone decade that, for whatever mysterious reasons, becomes current or fashionable again (such as the resurrected craze for ABBA which appears to be sweeping our planet).

But in the context of this column, especially in this particular issue, the phrase “blast from the past” may also be taken literally – the “blast” is decidedly violent, in keeping with the convulsions of war and revolution that shook our world to its very foundations between 1914 and 1918, with several aftershocks beyond.

Many artists and literary movements were forged from these tumultuous events, rapidly transforming and succeeding each other in an effort to make sense of the loss of so many lives and institutions in the course of military and social conflict. Cubism, Dadaism, and futurism were just some of the creative responses that people made to address and encompass the chaos of those times, when the old tried-

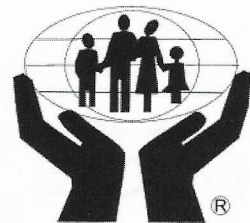
and-true values of church and state seemed either terrifyingly absent, or terribly betrayed. Indeed, Canada’s own painter and writer Wyndham Lewis jumped into the cultural fray by founding a publication titled (appropriately and succinctly enough) *BLAST*.

In Ukraine, one of the most articulate witnesses to this period of revolution and civil war was the prose writer and essayist Mykola Khvylovy (1893-1933). He was born Mykola Fitylov, but he chose Khvylovy as his nom de plume (and guerre) because it caught the temper of the times: it literally means “stormy, tempestuous.” His pen name also ended up reflecting his writing style, which was impetuous, headlong, and passionate. Like another famous literary Mykola, the Ukrainian-born but Russified writer Nikolai Gogol, Khvylovy touched his often bleak subjects with the saving grace of sentiment or humour, relieving situations of unthinkable horror with a dash of dry wit or compassion. Khvylovy continually sought to bear witness to the climate of cataclysm

in which he lived, documenting the radical split that he observed growing between a sense of the stable past and the bold but uncertain future. He personalized the effects of this duality, and highlighted the dangerous schism he found it had produced deep within the human heart. Thus, Khvylovy’s heroes are often forced to choose between two impossible (because they are heartless or heartbreaking) alternatives. Well before William Styron (*Sophie’s Choice*) and Arthur Koestler (*Darkness at Noon*), Khvylovy developed a complete vision of the “enchanted circle of savagery” that pitted mothers against sons, and fathers against daughters, in an increasingly nightmarish vortex of paranoiac frenzy.

Probably the best example of Khvylovy’s capacity to plummet the revolutionary “heart of darkness” can be found in a short story from 1924 titled “Ia (Romantyka)” (I [Romantica]). Here, a nameless narrator struggles to honour two incompatible affiliations: one to the brutally progressive Party (which demands

*Bank charges:  
Don't you have better things  
to do with your money?*



**United Ukrainian Credit Union**  
Proudly Serving the Community since 1943

(905) 545-1910 or toll-free 1-877-NEW-UUCU



his absolute obedience), and the other to his gently "reactionary" mother (who asks only for his love). The story is carefully pitched between these two extremes, leaving the protagonist to oscillate wildly: he must choose to either kill his mother and save himself, or spare his mother and thus condemn him-



self to death alongside her. There is never a third option available. And when his mother is finally brought before him at the tribunal, Khvylovy's narrator realizes that he can no longer "hid[e] one part of [his] soul from the guillotine;" henceforth he has only "one right: never to mention to anyone that [his] heart is broken in two." Thus the plot turns in waves of disbelief towards its inexorable conclusion:

It flashes through my mind: 'Am I really leading her to execution?' Which is it: reality or hallucination? But it is reality: a veritable, vital reality savage and cruel, like a pack of hungry wolves. It is a reality as irrevocable, as imminent, as death itself. ... A mist forms before my eyes, and I am in a state which may be described as an extraordinary ecstasy. I imagine that in such a state the fanatics went to the Holy Wars. ... And then I burn in the fire of fanaticism, and my steps sound clearly on the northern road. ... In my hand I hold the pistol, but my hand is weakening, and I am on the point of bursting into thick-falling tears, as in my childhood days, upon a warm breast. I make an attempt to cry out: 'Mother! Come to me, I tell you; for I must kill you!' ... What is it? Is it really a hallucination? I throw my head back. Yes, it was a hallucination: I stood long on the deserted edge of the forest, facing my mother and looking at her. She was silent. ... Then, in a daze, enveloped with the flames of an intolerable joy, I put my arm around my mother's neck and pressed her head to my breast. Then I raised my pistol and pressed the barrel to her temple. Like a mown sheaf of wheat, she fell on me.

The sudden switch from present to past tense affirms the unreality of the murder, distancing the son from his own deed. The continuing impact of this story can be seen in Janice Kulyk Keefer's 1996 novel *The Green Library*, which dramatizes an almost identical instance of Ukrainian-specific matricide within its closing pages. Khvylovy was not quite forty when he chose to take his own life with a bullet. The Famine was raging and full-throttle purges were on the horizon. His contemporary in style and sensibility, the Russian poet Vladimir Maiakovsky, also chose suicide as the hallucinogenic

horror of the Gulag was becoming a reality. The storm of revolution which had given Khvylovy his fierce free voice was now a swamp of suspicion and murder, stamping out all dissent. Another Dark Age was about to begin: the stage of Ukrainian and Russian literature alike was emptied and set for a long, forced intermission.

---

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

(Excerpts from: Mykola Khvylovy, *Stories from the Ukraine*, transl. C.H. Andrusyshen & ed. G.S.N. Luckyj [New York: Philosophical Library Inc., 1960]; pp. 39; 46; 52-3; 44; 54.)

NEXT ISSUE: The compromising case of Pavlo Tychyna



# Alexis Kochan

## Paris to Kyiv's warm embrace

by Orysia Paszczak Tracz  
photo by Ron Sawchuk

Forget the rules. Abandon all preconceptions. This is familiar music, and yet something you have never heard before. It is as comforting and beautiful as your mama's or baba's soft, all-encompassing embrace when you were three, and yet it is also jazzy, innovative, and not at all traditional.

This is the music of Paris to Kyiv, the ensemble led by singer Alexis Kochan, with musicians Julian Kytasty, Richard Moody, Martin Colledge, and Nenad Zdjelar. It

is classified as "world music" in the stores, but that is an inadequate description. This is the group that has ignited interest in Ukrainian music in the mainstream and has excited young Ukrainians who are hearing it not in church halls, but "out there" on the radio and at commercial concert venues.

To boot, it has also attracted a substantial core of listeners in Québec, where the openness to international music is particularly strong, and among other French Canadians.



from left to right: Richard Moody, Alexis Kochan Julian Kytasty, Martin Colledge and Nenad Zdjelar

The ensemble's music has a strong effect on audiences. Last December, I attended their concert, held as part of the Mondetta World Music Series at the University of Winnipeg's Eckhardt-Gramatte Hall. At the conclusion of each song, there was a lingering silence, then a collective sigh of pleasure, followed by a shower of applause.

Over the last few years, Paris to Kyiv has performed at the Embassy of France in Washington, D.C., at the Showcase of Culturally Diverse and First Nations Artists at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre, at the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull, Québec, at the World Music Institute in New York, and at the Carpenter Center in California.

In May, the ensemble took part in a repeat performance of "Night Songs from a Neighboring Village: Traditional and New Jewish & Ukrainian Music," along with Brave New World. (The cycle premiered at the inaugural Ashkenaz Festival of Yiddish music in Toronto in 1996.)

This summer the third Paris to Kyiv album, *Prairie Nights and Peacock Feathers*, will be launched. It was fashioned during the course of the ensemble's residency at the St. Norbert Arts and Cultural Centre last summer.

It continues the tradition of the successful and critically-acclaimed earlier albums, *Paris to Kiev* (1994), *Paris to Kyiv Variances* (1996), and Kochan's first solo album, *Czarivna* (1982).

So what kind of music is this? In addition to folk songs, Kochan searches out the ritual songs: pre-Christian *koliadky* and *shchedrivky* (winter cycle), *hahilky* and *vesnianky* (spring cycle), Kupalo songs (Midsummer's Night), *obzhynky* songs (harvest), wedding songs, lullabies, and laments. Some early religious chants are included for good measure.

Kochan selects the songs, mulls over the arrangements, presents the songs to her musicians, and then collectively they work on each song's instrumentation. Kochan and Kytasty are the two ensemble members

who know Ukrainian, so the lyrics and background have to be explained to the others. The songs are performed in Ukrainian but, in the new album, Richard Moody sings responses in English to two of the songs, responses that he wrote and composed.

This music is very attractive to the ear, but it definitely is not easy-listening or sing-along. Whether listening to the album, or attending a concert, you feel the ease, the gentleness of the presentation, with no hype. And yet there is intensity in the beauty of the melodies, the virtuosity of the singing and the playing, and in the simple-yet-intricate arrangements. If you pay attention to the details, their works are richly rewarding, and each time you hear a song, you find another facet to delight in and admire.

In performance, Paris to Kyiv never play a song the same way twice, because these virtuosos perform without sheet music—the arrangements memorized, then improvised upon.

Each musician is an accomplished master in his/her own right, bringing talent and passion to the ensemble. In Paris to Kyiv, their individual excellence creates something greater than the whole. These guys just ooze talent. Their creative interaction, mutual respect and admiration for one another are remarkable. Danny Schur, the sound engineer and “technical whiz-kid” (as Kochan calls him), said they are “excellent musicians who play off each other, as if they had been playing together for centuries.”

At the centre of this mass of talent is Alexis Kochan, with a lush, honeyed voice, and the love, knowledge, passion, and drive to get this music across to the whole world. She is the founder, producer, and force of Olesia Productions, which produces Paris to Kyiv. This is her life and her career. There is no distinction for her between work and rest—this music surrounds her all the time. She plans, researches, pays the bills, promotes, sells, and pursues grants and backers. Through Olesia Productions, she is able to further her passion of promoting Ukrainian music.

This self-described “North-End Winnipeg kid” chose to give up her career in psychology, just before finishing her Ph.D., to pursue her calling of singing and promoting old Ukrainian music.

Kochan says she was surrounded by Ukrainian folk songs in her childhood. And yet, she avers, she “did not have a sense of being Ukrainian, did not know songs that she was singing were a thousand years old.” However, she does remember weeping along with the rest of the audience at a Nina Matviyenko (Ukraine’s premier folk singer, who emerged in the 1960s) concert, listening to an ancient lament.

In 1978, she travelled to Ukraine with the Winnipeg-based Oleksander Koshets Choir. During this tour, she had an epiphany: that Ukrainian folk and ritual music

was to be her life. She was so moved by the experience that she vowed to return to her ancestral homeland to study music. In 1978-79, she spent a year in Kyiv with her husband, Nestor Budyk, studying with the Veryovka company. Soon after returning to Winnipeg, she collaborated with Arthur Polson on her first album *Czarivna* (1982). Polson arranged the music and composed interludes to this album of wedding, Kupalo, harvest, and winter-cycle songs. *Czarivna* had a big impact on the Ukrainian music scene and was used in various film and dance productions.

During her first trip to Kyiv, Kochan thought how the Ukrainian capital could have been the Paris of the East, were it not for history. “I realized how powerless we have been for centuries.” A decade or so later, the thought resurfaced as the name of her ensemble. Now, she says: “I like to think I’m helping people to come alive again.”

The ensemble’s first album, *Paris to Kiev* (then still using the Russian-based orthography) was released in 1994, with Budyk on accordion, Alexander (Sashko) Boytchuk, an internationally-renowned jazz saxophonist and clarinetist, and Petro Yourashchuk, fiddler and wind instrumentalist extraordinaire. This album was a wonderful fusion of Ukrainian and Ukrainian Canadian music and musicians. The line-up performed to packed tents at the Winnipeg Folk Festival in 1993 along with Peter Ostrouzhko, the prominent American musician with Ukrainian roots.

*Paris to Kyiv Variances* (1996) expanded the horizons of this new yet ancient Ukrainian music, with Julian Kytasty, Martin Colledge, Richard Moody, Henry Zacharias (udu drum) and Evans Coffee (congas and djembe). This album expanded the group’s audience, and was featured often on various CBC-Radio programs, and in film soundtracks.

Julian Kytasty, the latest member of long line of bandura players, sings, plays the sopilka, kobza, and bandura. He brings to the ensemble his enormous wealth of knowledge of Ukrainian music and his creativity. Like Kochan, he is rooted in tradition, but has also put down roots in the contemporary and improvisational. Kytasty gives Kochan credit for finding and selecting the beautiful material, for inviting exceptional musicians, and for letting them shape the music in their own way.

Kytasty says he also serves as Paris to Kyiv’s “band leader” of sorts. “It is a joy working with these guys, to work with players that are that good and that creative, who are able to take one sentence direction,” he enthuses. Kytasty says all three musicians have very high standards for themselves, and push themselves to make every note the best it can be. The problem in recording the *Prairie Nights* was not in getting them to play something again, but in getting them to stop, because they wanted perfection. He found it remarkable that there was not a single botched tape.

The bandurist also says Kochan's consistent vocal excellence "took pressure off the musicians, and we could repeat takes, taking a chance and looking for another instrumental spark, knowing that her next vocal would be just as good."



Kytasty and Kochan have known each other for some time. They've become good friends and musical soul-mates. They share an understanding, respect for, and love of Ukrainian music. This mutual benevolent obsession is obvious in the studio and on stage.

Kochan and Kytasty have also collaborated in print. They are proud that they expanded the listing on Ukrainian music in the second edition of the *Rough Guide to World Music* from two paragraphs to a few pages.

They hooked up when Kytasty was teaching liturgical music at the University of Manitoba's St. Andrew's College, and Kochan was beginning work on *Paris to Kyiv Variances*.

Kytasty says work on *Variances* and *Prairie Nights* went similarly—they both searched for material, and fleshed out a core repertoire. They discussed their ideas and prepared multiple arrangements, both duet and ensemble, for each number.

"You bring the arrangements to the musicians, find a spot for them in the music, and then they start to think

and develop their own parts, their own voices," Kochan says. For the end product, however, she asserts, "there is no democracy." She has the final word.

Richard Moody, a classically-trained Canadian son of English Australians, joined Paris to Kyiv at Kochan's invitation. He is also member of the Acoustically Inclined and of the Trivocals Jazz Ensemble, and serves as The Wyrd Sisters's accompanist. He plays viola, violin, guitar, sings, composes and arranges.

Moody recalls that at first, Paris to Kyiv's music was foreign to him, and just a gig, but he developed an affinity, a familiarity with it. He adds that since music is a common language, he has no problems in not understanding the lyrics. He says that the most important consideration is: "We have an interest in a certain sophisticated international world music."

For *Prairie Nights*, Moody composed and sings "replies" to two songs performed by Kochan. "The Well" is a traditional jilted woman's plaint. Moody's song is the man's reply, a fascinating expression of fear, of running away from commitment. "Plach" is Kochan's rendition of the *holosinnia* of a mother weeping for her dead child. Moody's response is written in the voice of the child. Both are heart-wrenching.

Martin Colledge, originally from England, has specialized in Celtic music, playing Irish and Scottish melodies on the cittern, mandolin, and the Northumbrian small pipes. He enjoys Paris to Kyiv's blend of the Celtic and Ukrainian sounds in some tracks. "It's pretty noticeable, and it works," Colledge says.

The musician adds: "Each of us knows when to back off, and we work very democratically. With the wealth of good creativity, everyone's ideas are taken into consideration, and for a band, that is very important."

Nenad Zdjelar is the newest member of Paris to Kyiv. The classical musician and his physicist wife arrived in Canada from Yugoslavia in 1998. He was a bass player in the Yugoslavian National Theatre and Opera Orchestra, and played in jazz and blues clubs. He continues to do in Winnipeg what he did in Belgrade.

Zdjelar opines: "Paris to Kyiv is something new for me, but it is close to what I used to play, and I like it. You do not have to be Ukrainian to love this music, but you benefit by understanding [the Slavic soul]. This music is close to my heart."

Kytasty notes that "Nenad is marvelous to work with. He is the perfect bass player for this project; he is able to play all styles, from jazz to classic, and all arrangements. Other musicians [out there] may get the music over the years, but he got it instantly."

Danny Schur excels at discovering, producing, and promoting musical talent. In his cap and jeans, he looks like a kid, instead of the multi-talented 32-year-old father of a young daughter. In Canada, he is known for

having launched the career of Chantal Kreviazuk (he is her co-manager), as well as a raft of other pop and country artists. He has completed work on his own Ukrainian-flavoured rock opera, and is searching for more backers for the production.

Schur cannot praise Kochan enough: "Alexis has one of the clearest visions of the scope of Ukrainian music, not just historically, but also as it relates to contemporary society. She is singlehandedly attempting to de-ghettoize Ukrainian musical traditions into a true world music context. Her execution of the vision is first-rate in everything: from the passion of her singing, choice of world-class musicians, right down to the last details of the individual pieces on the CD. She really is a musical visionary and, like most visionaries, feels she struggles alone. But the continuing growth of her audience, especially among the younger demographic, is proof that her struggles are not in vain."

The admiration is mutual, because Kochan says "Danny is a very good set of ears, and he's brilliant technically... He is a feedback system for me." Paris to Kyiv has a Web site ([www.paristokyiv.com](http://www.paristokyiv.com)) designed by Ron Sawchuk, a descendant of Canada's first Ukrainian pioneers. Sawchuk has been the designer of all of Olesia Productions's projects. He is also an accomplished painter. An adaptation of his commissioned painting, inspired by the music, is the album cover for *Prairie Nights*.

The title of the album, *Prairie Nights and Peacock Feathers*, is a statement about the music, which, emanating from the heartland of Canada settled by Ukrainians, has become Canadian.

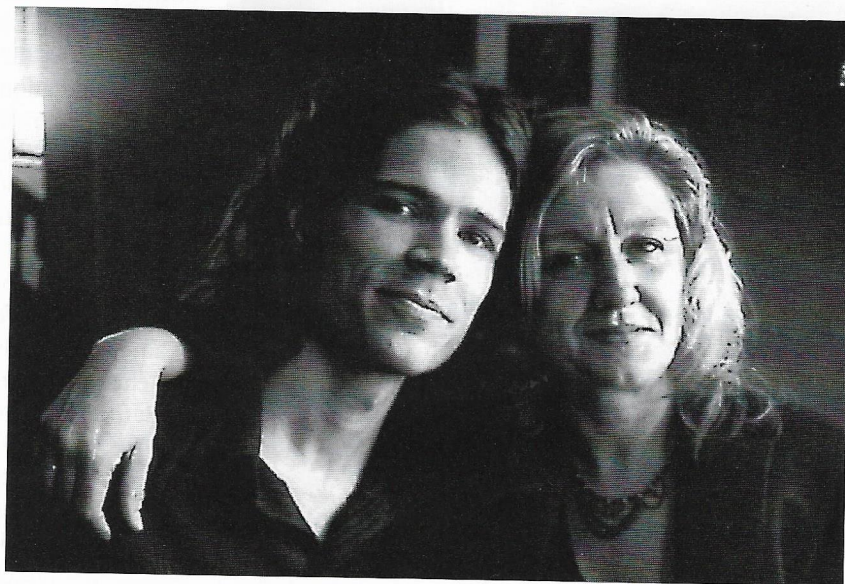
Kochan relates that Sam "Sam the Record Man" Sniderman, called after the first Paris to Kyiv album was released, and told her: "Alexis, we're dancing to your 'Kolomyika' here... I told my wife 'that is the definitive example of Western Canadian music.'"

Kochan also feels that this album provides a connection between the Canadian Prairies and the Ukrainian Steppes.

As the Olesia behind Olesia Productions, Kochan would like to have a major distributor for her albums, but prefers the present extent of her control over quality. She has often been compared to Loreena McKennitt, another Manitoban, in her

approach to music is absolutely unique. I am very impressed with the juxtaposition of talent and the different culture. Alexis has a superb voice and a great presence," Guerin says.

I sat in on a few recording sessions of the new album, at the Sunshine Studios on Selkirk Avenue in Winnipeg, and it was a special experience. Danny Schur sat at the console, watching the vertical green



Violist and guitarist Richard Moody and Alexis Kochan strike a pose

musical style and independent approach to production and marketing. To this writer, however, Kochan's music is much more vibrant and varied.

Kochan says she hopes to continue recording and performing. One dream is to perform in Ukraine, tying in venues like Lviv and Chernivtsi into a tour of the major cities of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, including Prague, Krakow, Budapest, and Vienna.

Paris to Kyiv is set to perform at the world-famous Winnipeg Folk Festival in July, at Bird's Hill Park. Pierre Guerin, the Director of the Festival, himself a musician who had a hand in jump-starting the Celtic revival in Canada a few decades ago, said he loves Paris to Kyiv.

"I had the privilege of hearing the new CD in the studio, and it is just a magnificent piece of work. Their

line slowly moved across the screen. At one point, Kytasty played two-three notes on the sopilka, then tried to "fix" them. I began to see how important individual notes could be for a musician at this level.

In other songs, his mellow tenor was so easy, and yet carried such deep, ancient emotion. I had to remind myself that I was on Selkirk Avenue in Winnipeg, not in some village in Ukraine a few centuries ago.

As the members of the ensemble sat in the darkened studio, listening so critically to each sound, I wondered where those wrong notes were that they kept complaining about.

But I also thought of something Kochan told me: "This is soul music at its most basic, this is our soul music which we must proudly share with the rest of the world." Kochan and Paris to Kyiv are doing it. **21**

# Aromatherapy

by Aleksandra Basarab, RN

Ahhhh... summer! The sun is shining and the sweet smell of roses fills the air. Right away, you feel better. Aromatherapy: the art and science of smell is considered by skeptics to be some wacky part of alternative medicine. Mainstream professional healers continue to doubt aromatherapy's effect on the nervous system and its ability to improve mood. Read on to kick some "scents" into your life!

The ability to smell is, of course, one of the five fundamental senses of animal organisms. The human organ of smell is located in the top of the nose. This organ connects through the first cranial nerve directly into some of the most powerful and primitive parts of the brain. These neural centers are responsible for controlling mood, appetite, balance and memory. A long-forgotten odour can bring up memories very strongly. We remember smells the longest compared to other sensory experiences. Picture this: The smell of coffee on the Champs Elysées, sunscreen on the Monaco Riviera, mosquito repellent in Dauphin, Manitoba... but I digress. Those smells immediately

transport me to those places.

Hippocrates, the father of medicine, used aromatic baths for medical therapy way back in the fifth century B.C. More recent research suggests positive effects of aromatherapy on headache, blood pressure, anxiety, skin conditions, pain, smoking cessation. Scents such as lavender, eucalyptus, and chamomile are thought to be relaxing, while rosemary and vanilla are thought to be generally stimulating. The smell from tangerine peels is thought to have an energizing effect. Go ahead and inhale this scent before the next zabava, you'll dance the night away. Of course, it's important to keep in mind that reactions to aromatherapy are quite individual, and that aromatherapy does not replace appropriate medical care. But, if you find that having pleasant smells around you helps to relieve your stress, insomnia, nausea or headache, then why not give it a try?

There are many smells that are highly irritating as well, and instead of soothing us they make us downright miserable. Imagine being stuck in a non-air conditioned, smoke-filled hall during a Uke wedding in

July. Ughh! You definitely don't want to get too close to anybody who is sweating through their suit. Noxious smells can be insufferable, producing terrible headaches, nausea, and even vomiting. Anyone overdosed with cologne or perfume can also create such unpleasant effects in others. Let's be considerate.

The most common place you will find aromatherapy will be in a spa or massage therapist's office. Pure extracts from plants called essential oils are often mixed with massage lotion to add to the soothing qualities of your treatment. Baba's kitchen is another wonderful source for aromatherapy (at least I think so). The sharp smell of garlic will surely energize you and put you on your feet. On the other hand, the smell of fresh baked *makivnyk* might relax you, but not only because babas tends to be generous with the poppy seeds. If spending time in the kitchen is not your thing, then put some fresh cut flowers in your dining room or office. These flowers are sure to cheer you up, and the sweet smell is sure to put you in an even better mood!

Ease into a new dwelling

Contact **Tatjana Lepki**



Office (416) 762-4200

Pager (416) 426-9557

tlepki@trebnet.com



## Savouring sour cherries

In the orchard, under the sour cherry,  
Stood a young man with his loved one,  
Pretty as a summer berry.

Ukrainian folk song

If Ukraine were to have a national fruit, the honour would undoubtedly go to the great and glorious *vyshnia*. In English, it goes by the somewhat less inspiring name of sour cherry. Ukrainians adore their *vyshnia* and the fruit has an iconic status back in the old country. Folk songs and tales, poems and plays, stories and novels, even films – all convey the rapture of lush cherry orchards dotting the countryside. Didn't you too grow up singing about the little nightingale *tikh-tikh-tikhing* and *tiokh, tiokh, tiokhing* in the cherry orchard?

Of course, other traditional foods are at a disadvantage. Cabbages on muddy fields, are hard to get excited about, although the end product certainly turns up on the Ukrainian dinner table often enough. If you're like me, the earliest image of Ukraine embedded in your mind – long before Chernobyl, crumbling buildings, and smelly state food stores – was one of storybook perfection: quaint hamlets, white-washed cottages, and the ubiquitous orchards teeming with ripe red cherries. The trees acted as a stage prop for endless emotion-packed scenes – from young lovers sneaking a clandestine kiss, to brawny Cossacks bidding their teary wives farewell as they went off to war. All our grandmothers, I imagined, once slept under puffy down quilts by open windows with cherry-bearing branches reaching inside. With little effort, I thought, they could reach over and pick a cherry straight from the branch before they even got out of bed. Like so many Canadian children of my generation, for the longest time I had never really tried a sour cherry, or even realized what it was. A cherry, I thought, was a cherry, regardless whether sweet or sour.

When adults corrected my mistaken use of the word *vyshnia* (sour cherry) for *chereshnia* (sweet cherry), I wrote it off as yet one more pedantic Ukrainian language demand by people who had too much time on their hands. Sour cherry, sweet cherry—did it really make a difference?? Well yes, it did, and it still does.

As an avid food fan, I've finally come to realize that calling a *chereshnia* a *vyshnia* is like calling a champignon a truffle, or even worse, a Snickers bar a Godiva praline: it's just not done. One is quite ordinary, the other... too good for words. True, sweet cherries are a wonderful and delightful summer treat, eaten straight from the bowl. But forget about them when baked or cooked – they lose their edge. In reverse, sour cherries are uneventful when raw – their bitter juices mask their great culinary potential. But baked in cakes, cooked in dumplings, or turned into preserves, sour cherries metamorphose into one of the world's great culinary experiences. They explode with an out-of-this-world flavour that puts their sweet cousins to shame. Ukrainians wouldn't dream of filling their *varenyky* with sweet cherries. This I know. I tried it once in Kyiv and was practically clobbered by my guests. It was a serious Ukrainian faux pas. In North America, the sour cherry is hard to find outside of farmers' markets and pick-your-own farms, even though it is the traditional cherry for American-style pies. In fact, it was often sold as "pie cherry." I can only assume that sales went down when women stopped making their own pies, much like they did for sour cooking apples. With the upsurge of interest in food and cooking, we may possibly see a



revival. Recent Ukrainian and Russian émigrés will likely contribute to this trend, demanding their regular summer *vyshnia* kick. One such friend regularly treks to an expensive trendy bakery on the other side of town just to buy its sour cherry pie. "You love it too, don't you?" she asked. "You must.

You're Ukrainian."

Sour cherry trees still fill village orchards in Ukraine. They grow well in the temperate climate, shunning warm-weather regions that are home to sweet cherries. Morellos are a particular sour favorite, and they are luckily also grown in Canada and the northern United States. But

sour cherries can be a pain to find, a pain to pit, and stain your fingers bright red to boot. Is it still worth it? Yes, yes, and yes again. So check out the farmers markets, or call around to some local farms. I recently found one that sells picked and pitted morellos. I've become their best customer ever since.

Sour Cherry Babka  
*Babka z Vyshniamy*

This is a simple summer sponge cake, studded with cherries that form a wonderful contrast to the mellow flavour and texture of the sponge. It may be baked in a traditional Ukrainian babka pan, which is almost identical to a large brioche tin. Or it can also be baked in a bundt-style pan, the kind with a hole in the middle.

6 eggs, separated  
1 cup granulated sugar  
1 cup + 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour  
1 tablespoon potato starch or corn starch  
1 pound sour cherries, pitted and drained  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Glaze:

1/2 cup confectioners' sugar  
2 tablespoons leftover cherry juice

Preheat the oven to 350F. Butter and flour a bundt pan or large brioche pan.

Beat the egg yolks with half the sugar and the vanilla until thick and pale yellow. In a separate bowl, beat the egg whites until frothy, then gradually mix in the rest of the sugar until they hold stiff peaks. Sift the flour and potato or corn-starch into a bowl. Take 1/2 cup and mix it with the cherries to coat. Fold the egg whites into the egg yolk mixture alternately with the flour-and-starch mixture. Gently fold in the cherries, mixing till just combined. Pour into the prepared pan and bake 35 to 45 minutes, or until golden on top and a cake tester comes out clean. After removing the cake from the oven, leave it in the pan five minutes, then remove and cool on a rack.

Mix the confectioners' sugar with the cherry juice, adding more if necessary to make a smooth glaze. Drizzle on top of the cake. Hint: Cherries and other heavy additions to sponge cake have a tendency of sinking to the bottom. Coating them with flour is a must to avoid this. You can also set aside some of them (about 1/4 to 1/3) to spoon on top of the batter once it's in the pan. They will sink in nicely.

## The Largest Ukrainian Web Site on the Internet

InfoUkes is an Internet based information resource about Ukraine and Ukrainians. The Web server provides information through the World Wide Web and a List Server. If you or your organization would like to sponsor dissemination of information about Ukraine or promote your business, organization or product we invite you to advertise on InfoUkes.

**Contact us at: [webmaster@InfoUkes.com](mailto:webmaster@InfoUkes.com)**

**InfoUkes Offers:** • Web Hosting • Web Page Creation • Mailing Lists • Web Sales

**Tel: 416•236•4865 Fax: 416•766•5704 [www.infoukes.com](http://www.infoukes.com)**



# Ivana Kupala, Then and Now

"All morning we clean, because Midsummer is a day to get rid of the old useless clutter. We throw it into the fire that night and the fire relieves us of owning it, and helps make room in our lives for the new."

by Kristina Lucenko  
photos courtesy Yara Arts Group

"The girls race at dawn to be the first to wash in the river. Some roll in the dew that morning. They say that if you have wounds, or grief, or misfortune, you should take a bath on Midsummer Day because then they will come off you into the water."

- from Yara Arts Group's theatre production, "Waterfall/Reflections"

## Gods, Goddesses, and how caterpillars make me feel Ordinary

It begins when the sky turns gray. It is only 8 or 9PM, but the trees block most of the remaining light, which makes it seem much later, and we are disoriented because we don't know where we're going. Holding hands, we warn each other about roots along the path. We whisper too loudly, eager for our voices to join the chorus of night sounds that includes low rumbling frogs, hiccuping crickets, and our small feet crunching pine needles. We whisper too loudly, giggling, asking each other how much further, what that light up ahead is, who just touched my behind. Our guides, the teenage girls who watch us that summer, take turns lagging behind to smoke, and sing in a harmony that floats over us like breeze: "*Yak sertse tvoie rozbyvalosia, aby sertse Ivana tak za mene rozbyvalosia*" (As

your heart beats, may Ivan's heart beat for me.)

We are led to a small pond deep in a dark wood. The water, black as the sky, wears a thin layer of shimmering colourlessness. The girls hold flashlights under their chins, while they take turns narrating the legend of our festival of fire and water already underway, the light hollowing out their shiny eyes. I know most of the stories already, but listen for any new details. I want them to linger on the part about Marena, the goddess of spring and water, and Kupalo, the god of love and fertility. I want to know why we build them out of straw. I want to know why we hold her underwater to drown her and why we set him on fire and push him out into the pond on a raft built of sticks. A series of questions scampers through my brain: Does this make us devil worshippers? Hippie freaks? If my non-

Ukrainian friends saw me here, drowning a straw lady, would it enhance or wreck my reputation at school? If we light the forest on fire, how do we explain it to the fire-fighters?

From their backpacks the older girls pull out bunches of wildflowers we picked earlier that day. Grabbing handfuls of purple asters, black-eyed-Susans, and daisies, we sit together in loose circles and begin stripping leaves from stems, then weave them together into tight wreaths. I feel a tickle on my forearm and notice that a small caterpillar is slinking up my limb. It is tiny and swollen at the same time, an orange body streaked with black and white. Its spiny horns pretend to be fierce. I watch the caterpillar with jealousy and sadness as it stretches out and contracts. Jealously, because it is *going* somewhere (I am already eager for my own transformation).

Sadly, because I muse: how does it manage to keep creeping so sluggishly against the vast backdrop of the world? More importantly, how will I? Then I turn hopeful: Is it an ancestor trying to tell me where the *kvit paporoti* grows, the magical fern blossom, the secret to happiness, is hidden? After all, this is the one night of the year when the earth and her treasures speak. It is a night of magic, mystery, and recollections of the far-away land that our grandparents still call home. But the caterpillar just stretches and straightens, stretches and straightens up my arm, making me feel ordinary and American, and in my crankiness I fling it at the base of a tree. Sullen, I place a wreath on my head and help gather more sticks for the fire, which is already burning out of control.

### Ritual moments

Virlana Tkacz of Yara Arts Group believes that the magic of Ivana Kupala, the pagan Slavic midsummer night festival observed in Europe for centuries, can be celebrated even in a city where concrete and glass dramatically outnumber trees and ponds. When the Ukrainian Sports Bar on 2nd Avenue in New York offered their big back room to Virlana to host the festival last summer, she decided to give the standard rituals of wreath-making and a cappella singing a modern spin. Held on June 24, 1999, in accordance with the “new” Gregorian calendar, the evening was called “Nova Nomada Kupalo Freakout,” and Virlana promised those who showed up an evening of “ritual moments.”

Etymology: “Nova” means new and “nomada,” which rhymes with “hromada,” which means tribe, signifies that Ukrainians in the U.S. are a nomadic bunch. Our connection to Ukraine is so strong (I was taught to call it my homeland without ever having stepped on its soil) that, living in the diaspora, we feel like nomads roaming unfamiliar territories. And that’s exactly what Virlana wants younger, American-born Ukrainians to explore—the complex notions of identity, home, ancestry, and what part ritual plays in our culture’s history.

“I’ve always loved the mystery of Kupalo,” Virlana said. “These rituals connect us to a past that is almost forgotten. But what a visceral connection—what drama!—fire and water. And for an instant an ancient ritual is alive in us.” For me, “ritual” has

meant no more than buying coffee at the same deli each morning. Listless and uninspired at work, tired of the smelly subway, and fed up with my own whining, I viewed the night as a much-needed hike through the dark enchanted forests of childhood, when drowning straw-stuffed maidens was summer fun. Virlana began the event with a brief incantation (*zamovliannia*) while pouring water into a glass, symbolizing the ancient rituals of purification that were performed during the festival. She then shared details of the Ivan Kupalo’s Eve celebrated centuries ago, including men and women dancing around bonfires and swimming naked in nearby lakes and rivers. My own experiences of Kupalo at camp did not include naked romps, but I like to imagine that somewhere in Ukraine people still celebrate in the buff.

Films added a new twist to our pagan merrymaking: we saw a screening of Andrea Odezynska’s short film *Dora Was Dysfunctional*, a story of a modern Ukrainian-American girl who reluctantly performs Kupalo rituals, which her grandmother has taught her, to snag an inattentive boyfriend. Andrea’s film, which won awards at film festivals in New York’s Hamptons and in Rotterdam, was an Academy Awards Short Subject Finalist. Parts of other films shown included Andrei Tarkovsky’s *Andrei Rublev*, Emir Kusturica’s *Time of the Gypsies*, and Serhiy Paradzhanov’s *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors*, each depicting an aspect of Kupalo, which,



Virlana told us, was a legally sanctioned “free love” festival in medieval Europe until the 16th century. Also performing that evening were Natalia Honcharenko singing traditional Kupalo songs and Julian Kytasty on the bandura.

Two weeks later, Virlana, who had such a good time hosting the first Kupalo freakout, held another one—this time in accordance with the old Julian calendar and in a more traditional outdoor setting. The community garden on 6th Street and Avenue B was the perfect environment, with its crowded, lush plots of flowers and vegetables spilling over onto narrow, crooked paths.

Members of Yara, the arts ensemble Virlana leads, were tucked into the garden’s many hidden corners: Tom Lee and Taras Los read from Hohol’s (Gogol) short stories while Eugene Hutz read his own work; Julian Kytasty, Eleanor Lipat, Tristra Newyear, and Meredith Wright sang traditional Kupalo melodies; Katie Takahashi did water incantations; and Wanda Phipps taught dance. We sang along, assembling flower wreaths with daisies Virlana bought at the corner deli. I sang along, clumsily twisting the stiff stems together, remembering how much faster I once did this, wondering if my ancestors held it against me.

#### Fire and Water From Unexpected Sources

All this reminiscing about Kupalo inspired me to reexamine the place fire and water hold in my life.

Since the festival, I have tried to become more intimate with these elements, and I hope they will forgive my past negligence. Here are some recent encounters with fire and water:

•For the past year, I have tried to drink at least eight glasses of water every day. I believe it’s good for the skin and helps filter out various impurities. I think it’s working.

•On a recent trip to Tokyo, I discovered that most Japanese public bathroom stalls contain a device which plays sounds mimicking a gentle rainfall or a babbling brook. This device exists because Japanese women are very modest and the sound of peeing or worse embarrasses them.

•A friend of mine believes she has “too much fire,” which is why her basement apartment is always flooding.

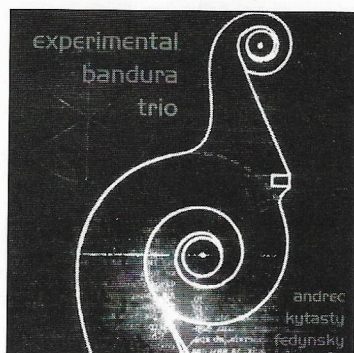
•Lighting a barbecue grill, I once burned off all my eyelashes and singed my eyebrows.

•In my last apartment I started a fire in the oven by turning on the broiler when there was a giant Tupperware container stored inside. Obviously, the plastic caught on fire. In a panic, I threw flour in the oven, and the flour caught on fire. I called 911, but got a busy signal. I screamed for help out the window and my boyfriend heard me, ran upstairs, and doused it with a bucket of water. I felt pathetic long after he stopped trying to cheer me up.

•Since Kupalo, I am up to drinking almost a gallon of water a day, and am holding up well in the summer heat. My new outlook has inspired me to create myths about why it pours on the days I don’t bring an umbrella to work, and I now read the cigarette burn holes on my clothes like tea leaves. When the urban blahs bog me down, I need a dose of pagan ritual. **ZI**



#### New Release!



## experimental bandura trio

Michael Andrec  
Julian Kytasty  
Jurij Fedynsky

#### Available from

**ZEN**  
RECORDS  
Limited

41 Oakwood Ave. South  
Port Credit, Ontario  
L5G 3L4  
Canada  
(905) 271-8865  
zenw@interlog.com

# Surfing the Waves of Contemporary Ukrainian Music with UMKA

By Marko Andryczyk

It has been almost ten years since Ukraine became independent, but the distribution of contemporary Ukrainian music has remained rather limited in North America. Some progress has been made; Ukrainian stores have diversified their inventories and, in many cases, have upgraded from cassette tapes to CDs. However, North American sources for contemporary Ukrainian music are still sparse and are monopolized by a dominating few. That is why the recent appearance of UMKA in the World Wide Web is, at least at first glance, a welcome development. UMKA is at [www.umka.com.ua/eng](http://www.umka.com.ua/eng). It is a company based in Ukraine that provides you with the opportunity to purchase recordings of Ukrainian music through the Web and have them delivered to your home. A quick glance at the home page of this site hints at the impressive ambitions of this Ukrainian enterprise, but also reveals that it is in its infancy. It provides English, Ukrainian and Russian versions of the site and a few major headings including News, Catalogue and Project. Within the catalogue, recording artists are subdivided according to styles such as Pop, Rock, Ukrainian Rockabilly(!), and Folk. Upon double-clicking on the artist of your choice, you will be offered a 40 second sample of this artist's music, a listing of their recordings that are available for purchase through this site, and, if you're lucky, an often comical (in the English language version), short description of the artists (Note to the UMKA people: Describing a band's vocals as "pathetic" is not going to sell a lot of records).

Most of the "big names" in contemporary Ukrainian music are on this site, including: Iryna Bilyk, Okean Elzy, Green Grey, Skriabin, Mertvyi Piven, and Braty Hadiukyny. Kudos to the UMKA people for also including such lesser known artists such as the awesome

Dyvni and for cross-referencing creative side projects, such as Sigal Spozhyv Spilka (featuring Mertvyi Piven guitarist Roman Chaika) with their root bands. This site also provides links to the artist's home pages, which is helpful in finding out more about artists whose recordings you may be interested in buying. The act of actually purchasing a recording through this web site is where things get a bit cloudy. Recordings are listed with a price in US dollars (often one mysteriously arrived at, such as \$5.28) and payments are to be made "to the personal account of UMKA owner" (there is no indication anywhere on the site who this might be). UMKA charges a flat, international, air mail, shipping rate of \$8, whether you are ordering 1 disc or 100, and designates two to two-and-a-half weeks as the estimated shipping period.

I have contacted artists whose music is being sold through UMKA, and they have never heard of this site. In other words, they don't receive a penny for sales generated through this site. Although the site refers to copyright laws on its home page, there is no mention of the labels who produced these recordings (and who, conceivably, own the rights to them). Alas, ripping off the contemporary Ukrainian musician is nothings new, even in North America—a good deal of today's Ukrainian recordings available in North America are by-products of Ukraine's pirate-infested music industry. UMKA's site aims to address the need for better, worldwide distribution of contemporary Ukrainian music. It can be very useful as a stepping stone towards information about that country's recording artists.

Unfortunately, it retains the stale smell of that stubborn and all-powerful figure in the Ukrainian music industry—the pirate.

**Zdorov!** is looking for writers from all across North America. If you want to write, drop us a line.

**Zdorov!**  
12 Lorahill Rd.  
Toronto, Ontario  
M8Z 3M6 CANADA  
(416) 236-2346  
[editor@izorov.com](mailto:editor@izorov.com)

# A Camp like no Other



Written by Luba Petrusha  
photographs courtesy: Help us Help the Children.  
taken by Lu Taskey and Assoc. and Markian Radomsky

This is no ordinary summer camp—it is a camp for the children of the *internaty*, the orphanages of Ukraine.

Since 1994, Help Us Help the Children (HUHC), a volunteer organization has been collecting and distributing aid for Ukrainian orphanages. One of its programs is a summer camp for these children. There are more than 185 orphanages that participate in the HUHC program in Ukraine, and thousands of children live in them. Some are actually orphaned, but many more have ended up there either abandoned or taken away from their abusive or dysfunctional parents, often alcoholics or drug addicts. This was the fourth year HUHC held its camp. Five hundred participants—365 kids between the ages of 12 and 17, 31 North American volunteers, and numerous Ukrainian directors, teachers, caregivers and guests.

The camp was held in the town of

Vorokhta, in the Carpathian Mountains, some 240 kilometres from Lviv. Once the children arrived, mass confusion arose as we dispatched everybody to their respective places. We all walked to our camps, two kilometers in darkness, along a rutted road, doing our best to avoid drunken Hutzul drivers. We got the kids settled into rooms, and discovered that, as always, there were more kids than expected. Some *internaty* just ignore the guidelines, and send along a few extra children.

On our first day, the other doctors and I did physicals on all the kids. They were remarkably healthy, although we did find that certain *internaty* had specific problems. We found some lice, a lot of skin infections and bad feet, and ear-aches and stuffy noses.

The first week of camp was designated to teaching kids life skills, social skills, problem-solving and some Ukrainian traditions. The *pysanky* making workshop revealed an



interesting fact: Very few of them had ever made them before, whereas almost all Ukrainian kids in North America have.

To make *pysanky* we needed lots of white eggs and this proved to be a big problem. There were virtually no white eggs in Vorohtha. All the chickens there seemed to lay only very dark brown eggs. Ruslana Wrzesnewsky, head of the camp and of HUHC spent a good part of the first week going door-to-door looking for white eggs. One of the kitchen ladies, Katia, collected them from her neighbors for us. By the end of the week, word had gotten out that we were offering premium prices for white eggs and we had them coming out of our ears. A second problem was candles—the ones sent from Canada quickly got used up and a scramble was on to find more. In the end, Ruslana simply bought out the supply at all the local churches.

I was amazed at how much the kids enjoyed making the eggs. I've taught groups of kids in the U.S., but none seemed as enthralled as these kids. Even the ones who didn't participate in much of anything else, and the worst of the Attention Deficit Disorder kids, really got into it. One guy, who

seemed to have little interest in anything but the band Prodigy, came several times after-hours (skipping other scheduled activities) to make *pysanky* (including, I must add, a Prodigy egg). Others would come when they were free and help me out, teaching other kids, minding the dyes, even sharpening pencils.

Each year's camp had a religious festival as a central theme, and this year it was Easter. Last year it was Christmas, a big hit, as most of the kids had never experienced a traditional Ukrainian Christmas. This year, the kids spent all week preparing for this "Easter." They learned how to weave baskets (a few even completed them, although many were left with what can charitably only be referred to as coasters), sing *Haivky* (spring/Easter songs), and baked Easter breads. We had an outdoor Good Friday evening service (involving lots of candles), and then the kids took turns in shifts guarding the *plashchanytsia* (shroud of Christ). On Saturday, we fasted all day, and on Sunday, we had a full church service and blessing of the baskets.

We all walked some three kilometers to the church, where the village priest and two of our camp's priests held a proper Easter service. The church canceled its usual Sunday service, and even got all the parishioners involved in our special out-of-season "Easter" service. They sang the Easter liturgy, then marched around the church singing as the priests blessed the baskets. It was an odd sight to see Easter in August.

The second week featured a wedding. The kids learned how to sing all sorts of Ukrainian wedding songs for this staged event. Teaching the various songs was quite pleasant. We would take the kids up the mountains in groups and then settle in a shady spot to sing. After a week of preparation and planning, the party began, with lots of food, drink, and music. In groups the kids prepared canapes, devilled eggs and salads, while our cooks provided the hot dishes, including eleven roasted pigs (the twelfth one had escaped from the car coming back from the market; I like to think of it still wandering, free, up in the mountains).

And then it was over. We spent the rest of the evening packing and saying our goodbyes. The kids were all saying they didn't want to leave, they wanted to stay another month or even longer. For many of



them, this camp was the best thing that had ever happened to them, something they would look back upon for years to come. Some might return the following year, but most wouldn't. The trains took them all away later that night. I didn't want to leave either. I loved

those kids.

The next morning, in the quiet halls and the empty building, I really missed them. I still dream about them. ☐

*Luba Petrusba is a doctor from Detroit and a Help Us Help the Children volunteer.*



## HELP US HELP THE CHILDREN HELP US SEND AN ORPHAN TO CAMP



This is no ordinary summer camp! It is a camp for the children of the internat or orphanage schools of Ukraine. There are over 185 schools and thousands of children that participate in the HUHTC program. HUHTC, a project of Children Of Chernobyl Canadian Fund, holds a camp annually; last year was our fourth and the largest camp ever - 500 participants - 365 children (12-17 years old), 31 Canadian and American volunteers as well as Ukrainian directors, teachers, caregivers and guests. The camp is in the town of Vorokhta, in the beautiful Carpathian Mountains (240 km from Lviv), Hoverla and the resort town of Yaremche is nearby. This year we have once again accepted 420 orphans to participate in Summer Camp 2000 - "New Generation". We will continue to teach the children an understanding of Ukraine's history and culture and to develop a sense of belonging and pride in their country.

Please assist Help Us Help the Children and sponsor an orphan to Camp'2000 in Ukraine's Carpathian Mountains. It costs \$150.00 for one child to attend camp. This includes their transportation to camp, accommodation, three meals a day, new shoes, socks, a hat, T-shirts, pants, towels, hygiene items such as toothpaste and shampoo, as well as other items for each child. With a minimum donation of \$50.00 you will receive: a certificate of your sponsorship, a picture of the child you helped sponsor, a thank-you letter from the child as well as a tax receipt.

2118-A BLOOR ST. W., SUITE 200, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA M6S 1M8  
TEL. (416) 604-4611 FAX (416) 604-1688 E-mail: [director@chornobyl.ca](mailto:director@chornobyl.ca) or [cccf@idirect.com](mailto:cccf@idirect.com)



# Are you a Ukrainian professional?

by Nestor Gula

There are workers.

There are professionals.

And then there are Ukrainian professionals.

The difference between a professional and a Ukrainian professional is that the latter hails from an ancestral background that is Ukrainian. Now that we've gotten that out of the way, do the quiz to see what kind of professional you are.

(This quiz works on non-Ukrainians as well.)

**1. At important meetings do you:**

- a. argue each and every point?
- b. make a scene about how the company is crashing?
- c. hope it ends soon?
- d. doodle on a pad and daydream?
- e. sleep?

**2. For relaxation do you:**

- a. irritate people?
- b. eat?
- c. play golf?
- d. rummage through your neighbours' garbage?
- e. do more work?

**3. During an obvious crisis situation do you:**

- a. work hard to increase the tension in the workplace?
- b. panic openly?
- c. panic in secret?
- d. go for lunch/dinner/drinks?
- e. not realise anything is wrong?

**4. When using the Internet at work do you:**

- a. try to sabotage the system so nobody can do any work?
- b. send nasty e-mails via Hotmail?
- c. download MP3s?
- d. surf aimlessly?
- e. ignore this silly fad?

## What it all means!

Give yourself 5 points for every a, 4 points for every b, 3 points for every c, 2 points for every d, 1 points for every e.

**Above 20**

You can't count. You can't read instructions. You deserve a raise and a promotion from your respective company/organization.

**15 to 20**

You are either unemployed, soon to be unemployed or right near the top of your company/organization. You are in an great position because everybody envies this position. You will soon lose this position. You will either get a job, lose your job, or get promoted to the top and then lose your job. Have fun.

**10 to 14**

You have a job. You are a professional. Congratulations.

**4 to 9**

You are either unemployed, soon to be unemployed or right near the top of your company/organization. You are in an great position because everybody envies this position. You will soon lose this position. You will either get a job, lose your job, or get promoted to the top and then lose your job. Have fun.

**below 4**

You can't count. You can't read instructions. You deserve a raise and a promotion from your respective company/organization.

by Nestor Gula

Well, first of all,  
I couldn't even see his face.  
I couldn't see his face.  
He was holding a gun in his hand.  
Umm... I was thinking...  
This is a dangerous place..  
This is a dangerous place..

Noted songwriter from Lviv, Ihor Bilozir, is dead. He was bludgeoned to death for his music. This was not a politically motivated assassination like Volodymyr Ivasiuk's death at the hands of the KGB, but rather a result of the decrepit state of the Ukrainian moral fiber.

Mr. Bilozir was not an obscure musician. He was recognized with the official title People's Artist of Ukraine. His name was synonymous, as was his ex-wife's Oksana Bilozir, with modern Ukrainian pop/rock. In the 1980s he was the leader of the rock group Vatra, one of the most influential in Ukraine.

He died on the night of May 27 in the emergency ward of a Lviv hospital as a result of injuries sustained

in an assault. The incident occurred outside Lviv's Tsisarska Kava Cafe, where Bilozir and some friends were singing the composer's songs. A group of people sitting nearby objected to their Ukrainian content. Unpleasant words were exchanged. Later that evening, Bilozir and his friends were set on in a small park across the street from the regional prosecutor's office. The composer was badly beaten and was brought to the hospital unconscious, where he later succumbed to his injuries.

Beyond the loss to Ukrainian culture that his untimely death brings, it is the manner of his death that has raised questions and created a great deal of tension in Lviv and in Ukraine.

I thought those guys were going to kill me for sure.  
They ganged up on me like that.  
I couldn't believe it.  
Look, I'm still shakin'.  
Weird.  
There out in the streets like that.  
It's a dangerous place.  
It's a dangerous place.

Adding to the tension of this tragic story is the fact that one of the alleged attackers is the son of a senior police official. Crowds gathered in Lviv to mourn the loss of this talented musician, but soon the mourning turned to rage. Several cafes, including Tsisarska Kava Cafe, were vandalized. Mourners demanded action from the prosecutor—they claim the relationship between the alleged assailant and the police is the reason the procurator's office has not pursued this case with much enthusiasm.

Unfortunately, this is not an isolated incident in Ukraine. Two years ago noted singer/songwriter Taras Chubai and a friend were severely beaten by a group of assailants. Not only were no charges laid, there was no police investigation. Beatings happen everyday. Others have also been beaten and killed.

There are many reports from Ukraine saying things are better, things are improving. There are more Western stores, more goods, brighter lights. Bilozir's death proves that not much has changed.

Finally, they just kinda let me go, I don't know why.  
So I walk around the corner,  
and I'm like shakin' like a leaf,  
and I thought, "This is a dangerous place"

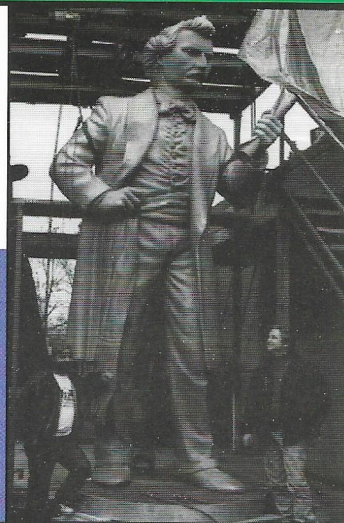
Who should appear, but two policemen.

The title of this piece and the excerpts in this article are taken from the song "Thekla Hun Ginjeet" which appears on King Crimson's *Discipline* album ©1981



## MST Bronze Limited Art Foundry

345 Munster Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario  
M8Z 3C6  
Canada



## The Wine Gallery at Swansea Brew Club

REMEMBER THE LUCY EPISODE WHERE SHE'S MAKING WINE?

(we promise just as much fun, but without the feet part)

### THE PLACE TO BREW

22 Ripley Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario M6S 3N9  
767-BREW (767-2739)

## DON'T MISS OUT - SUBSCRIBE TO Zdorov!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/Prov. (State): \_\_\_\_\_

Postal/Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

YES! Sign me up for a gift subscription for a friend.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/Prov. (State): \_\_\_\_\_

Postal/Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Cheque/money order enclosed

Bill me

YES! Send me a one-year subscription (4 issues)  
for only \$14.99 plus \$1.05 GST = \$16.04

YES! Send me a two-year subscription (8  
issues) for only \$24.99 plus \$1.75 GST = \$26.74

YES! One year

YES! Two years

Mail subscriptions to:

**Zdorov!**  
12 Lorahill Rd.  
Toronto, Ontario  
M8Z 3M6

Please make cheques  
payable to **Zdorov!**

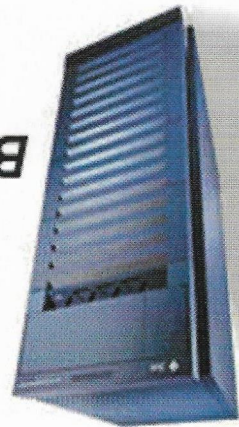
For a one year subscription please enclose \$14.99 plus 7% GST = \$16.04  
For a two year subscription please enclose \$24.99 plus 7% GST = \$26.74  
For US orders please enclose \$14.99 for a one-year subscription and \$24.99 for a two year subscription in U.S. dollars.  
For orders outside North America please enclose \$20 U.S. or the equivalent for a one year subscription



## Professional

Web Hosting Services

- Personal Web sites
- E-commerce



Business ← From **\$9.99** /month

Register your .COM for **\$25**

Call us for a free consultation

Toll Free 1-888-626-0079  
Toronto 416-458-0878

or visit us on the web

**WWW.FASTWEBSITES.COM**

