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The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Winter 1998

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The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

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Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Volume 2, Number 5 December 12, 1997

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Editorial

The winter 1998 issue marks not only a full year of our publishing endeavours but also a turning point for us at *Zdorov!* You will have noticed that most of this issue is printed in black-and-white – we regularly print in two colors. There is a good reason for this, and it is not because we are dropping the quality of the magazine.

This is the first issue that we have printed ourselves. Well, all but the cover and inside spread. Roman Wynnyckyj of Lava Computers has lent us his old Hamada 880 offset press and has taken great strides to teach us the art and science of printing. With great patience on his part and a great deal time we are finally getting the hang of it.

Although the issue is in black-and-white we are sure the quality has not suffered. Especially in the editorial department. In this issue we have an interview with Ukrainian figure skater Oksana Baiul, who is piecing her career back together, a story on the internment operations in Canada during World War One, in which over 5,000 Ukrainians were interned in prison camps, and a profile of Toronto-based filmmaker Adrienne Mitchell.

In the past month, the Ukrainian community in North America lost two important figures. Maestro Wolodymyr Kolesnyk and Justice John Sopinka both passed away in November and we have short tributes to them in this issue.

Our sports column gives readers a look at Ukraine's failed drive for a berth in soccer's (football – in most of the world) World Cup, which will take place in France this year. What's Up is also back with a few listings of some interesting things that are happening in North America. Unfortunately it's quite a meagre selection, but that's what was sent to us. Hey, these listings are free. Send us information about your events and we will list them.

Yuriy Diakunchak

Nestor Gula

Cover photograph by Yuri Dolnycky.

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We Get LETTERS

Readers of Zdorov! and indeed all right-thinking members of the Ukrainian community, owe a profound debt of gratitude to Fathers Evtimiy Wolinski and Damien Weleschuk and to their consentaneous circle for their fearless stand on the issue of the rushnyk (Fall 1997 issue).

The rushnyk is such a pivotal element in our cultural and spiritual identity that guidelines on how it should properly be used are desperately needed. I am distressed, for example, when I see a rushnyk used to decorate the portrait of Lesia Ukrainka, who helped translate the Communist "Manifesto" into our beautiful language; or, Ivan Franko, the anti-clerical socialist. And who has not been shocked on seeing a rushnyk flaunted by a half-drunk starosta bawling out suggestive songs at a wedding?

There is work here for Father Wolinski, Father Weleschuk, and the others. May they

undertake it with courage and determination!

For myself, I thank them for pointing out that the lady on the Winter, 1997, cover of Zdorov! is topless. That had escaped my notice. Now every time I look at it (and I do so frequently), it serves to remind me of the wickedness and depravity which surrounds us in this sinful world.

M. J. Diakowsky

PS. Love your mag. Keep up the good work!

Dear editors,

While I found the "Final Phrases" in the Fall 1997 issue quite interesting, I have a few things to point out.

The writer takes exception to my calling the notion of distinct society for Quebec a fuzzy idea that doesn't mean anything. Well that's exactly what it is – where is the legislation that describes it, what does it guarantee, what does it actually mean? To draw a parallel between the bandied about phrase "distinct society" and a policy of multiculturalism, which has a whole body of legislation to it, is totally incorrect. To me, distinct society is typical of the tokenistick thing govern-

ments hand out occasionally to placate the public – a meaningless concept with no substance.

The second point that bothered me is his comparison of the battle on the Plains of Abraham (1759) to the Battle at Poltava (1709). The writer takes exception to the fact that I stated that the battle at the Plains of Abraham was a "defeat of a small army of France by a small army of Britain."

Well that's exactly what it was. That battle was a small affair in the struggle of two colonial powers half a world away in the wilderness of the New World. The Battle at Poltava was a struggle of an indigenous people to re-establish an independent state, the Ukrainians, against a neighbouring colonial power, Russia. To draw a parallel between these two battles distorts history.

As to the columnist's comment pertaining to myself "that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," perhaps he should brush up a little on his Ukrainian and Canadian history, because a little knowledge in the hands of a journalist can be a dangerous thing.

Thanks a lot. Stop by for a bun.

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Letters

Dear editors,

I have just read your fall 1997 issue and in particular the article dealing with the 25th anniversary graduation reunion at St. Joseph's College held in August of 1997. It is indeed sad to see the list of institutions that have had to close their doors because of the various reasons listed by Myroslaw. As a graduate of St. Basil's College in Weston, Ontario, it was a sad day when the college had to close its doors to students at the institution. But not to end on a sad note, I wish to bring to your readers' attention and to Mr. Trutiak's attention that St. Vladimir's College in Roblin, Manitoba, has not closed its doors. In fact it is experiencing a revival. This year there were sixteen new students enrolled at the college which is the most that the school has had in quite some time. As a graduate of a boarding school the experience is unique and if your readers (yuppies) wish to send their students to a private boarding school, please have them contact St. Vladimir's College as follows:

St. Vladimir's College Att: Director of Admissions

P.O. Box 789

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It is not as far out of the way as it seems.

The ratio of students to teachers is 16-1 which is totally different than the experience in Ontario which averages 30-1. Furthermore, the school emphasizes its sports program and Ukrainian culture by way of having a choir and dance troupe tour the West during the spring of each year. On weekends, the choir visits local parishes to sing at Sunday Mass. Afterwards, the students are hosted by the local community. Indeed a very unique program.

Way to go St. Vlad's! Keep up the good work!

Yours Very Truly,

Taras Hrycyna

(The editors wish to note that the error concerning St. Vladimir's in Roblin was not the writer's, Mr. Trutiak's, but our own.)



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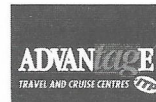
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5 ways

to add

excitement to

Sviata Vechera

by Nestor Gula

1

Put hot sauce in everything – it fits the meatless bill...

2

Throw *Kutia* on the ceiling – if it falls you will be cursed throughout the year and you will have to clean the carpet. If it sticks to the ceiling you will have good fortune and have to paint the ceiling.

3

Put pine needles and pine cones under the tablecloth – this is traditional, will give a great texture to your table and really test your vacuum cleaner.

5

Have the dinner outside in the backyard. This goes good with the hot sauce idea.

4

Put out some *pysanky* and start a betting pool with a few “insiders” to see which of your guests will comment first.



TYCOONS

From the outside it looks like any other used record store. A cornucopia of posters announcing concerts record releases and whatnot are plastered about in a haphazard manner. The bottom level of a modern strip mall thingy a five minute walk from Massachusetts Ave. in Cambridge is the home of Second Coming Records.

This is one of two Second Coming Records stores owned by Andrij Hrabowycz – the other one, the original, is in New York City’s Greenwich Village.

Andrij had a job as a buyer for a used record store and in 1978, he took over the business, and thus Second Coming Records was born.

With two stores to run he has a hectic schedule. “The New York store is managed on hope. I have people there who manage it and I trust them,” he states. He manages the store in Cambridge with the aid of a few workers.

He says that the used record business is a very tough one. “The key is having a sixth sense of what’s hot and what is the correct price. If the price is too high it rots in your store. Too low, you’re out of business in a week.” To stay on top of the business Andrij watches the music channels on television, reads the paper and does whatever else it takes to know what is happening in the music industry. “I’m lucky because I am able to do something that I have a passion for,” he adds.

Most records come from people who bring them into the store. He carries a lot

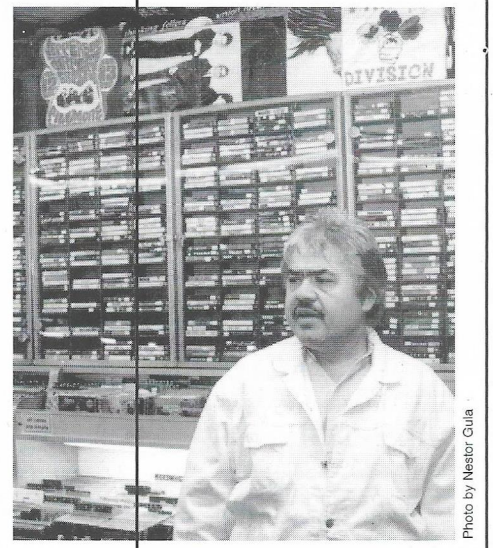


Photo by Nestor Gula

of collector CDs and video footage of concerts. “These things are really big sellers because if you are a fan of a band you will want to have everything you can of that band. That fuels this grey market for CD’s and videos.”

by Nestor Gula

Untimely End to Eminent Jurist

by a blood disorder.

A Saskatchewan native raised in Ontario, he was often seen as a conservative influence on the Supreme Court, Justice Sopinka's judgments reflected his high regard for social values. In one recent Supreme Court ruling, which held that a pregnant woman could not be forced to stop behaviour that threatens her fetus, he was one of only two judges dissenting. On issues of morality, Sopinka's rulings took into consideration the harm that could be caused to the community by the actions of individuals.

However, he was also a staunch supporter of the individual's right to free speech and held that bigotry, as propounded in Canada by the likes of Jim Keegstra and Ernst Zundel, was the price society had to pay for its freedoms. Justice Sopinka did not confine his opinions to the court room. He spoke publicly on many issues, sometimes engendering controversy, but always sticking to his

belief that a judge carries the obligation to let his or her views be known to the public he serves.

Although Justice Sopinka's appointment to the Supreme Court straight out of private practice was unusual, he was highly regarded by his colleagues as one of Canada's best lawyers. He also played football professionally for the Toronto Argonauts and Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League.

While in private practice, Sopinka successfully represented Susan Nelles, who had been falsely accused of murdering four babies at a Toronto hospital, in a civil action against the provincial government. He also represented the Ukrainian Canadian Congress before the Deschenes war crimes inquiry in 1986-1988.

by Yuriy Diakunchak

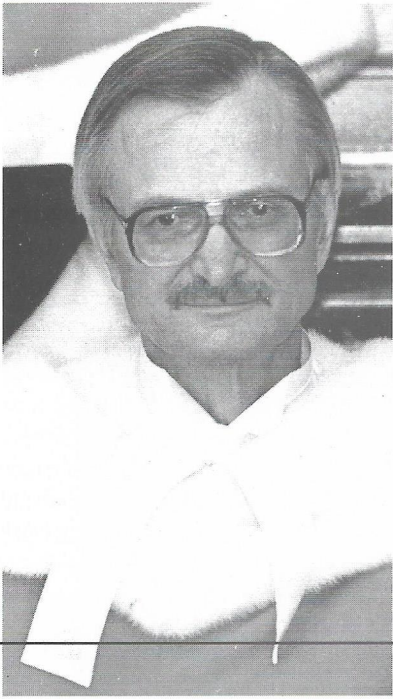


Photo courtesy of C.P.

The death last month of John Sopinka, the only Ukrainian Canadian to be named a Supreme Court judge, came as a shock to many. Justice Sopinka, 64, died peacefully after a brief illness caused

Maestro Mourned

by Orest Dorosh

Maestro Wolodymyr Kolesnyk, the former director of one of the world's great opera theatres, the State Opera and Ballet Theatre in Kyiv, Ukraine, and a leading figure in the Ukrainian musical scene in the diaspora since he arrived in the early 1970s, died on November 8, 1997. He was 69 years old. In the course of his distinguished career he has worked with such leading singers as Jan Peerce, Jerome Hines and Teresa Stratas, as well as composer Dmitri Shostakovich and cellist Mstislav Rostropovich.

Born in Dnipropetrovsk, Ukraine, Kolesnyk's successful career began at an early age. In 1949, at the age of 21, he was appointed Head Choirmaster of Kyiv's Shevchenko State Opera and Ballet Theatre. In 1952 he graduated with distinction from Tchaikovsky Conservatory in Kyiv, where he then worked as a research fellow, and completed his graduate studies in Conducting and Music Theory in 1954.

Maestro Kolesnyk received many hon-

ors and awards, including the highly regarded "Distinguished Artist of the State" in 1960. By 1969 he had risen to the highest post of General Director, Artistic Director, Conductor and Head Choirmaster of the Kyiv Opera, a position he held until he left the Soviet Union in 1972. After immigrating to North America, Kolesnyk settled in Toronto and devoted himself to teaching, and staging Ukrainian operas and symphonic concerts. Kolesnyk's list of accomplishments includes a season with the Australian Opera Company and directorship of the Canadian Opera Company in Toronto.

In 1985-88 Kolesnyk saw the fulfillment of a long standing ambition: world premiere performances of the 35 sacred choral a capella concertos by Ukrainian composer Dmytro Bortniansky. Under Kolesnyk, two remarkable concerts and complete recordings of the Bortniansky concertos were issued by the Millennium Choir. From 1985 to 1995 he was the musical director and conductor of the



Kolesnyk Family Archives

Ukrainian Bandura Chorus. His demanding professionalism and musical elegance had an immediate and notable impact on the ensemble.

Kolesnyk's last project was the publication of the works of Artem Vedel. Vedel was one of the greatest Ukrainian composers of 18th century classical spiritual music. Until recently, his prodigious legacy of original manuscripts remained buried in vaults, hidden and inaccessible for performance. For the last three years, Maestro Kolesnyk worked tirelessly to research and edit the original compositions. They are now ready for publication.

ALL SHEVCHENKO ALL THE TIME

by Heather Olivets

At a recent convention, one of the luncheon speakers lamented the fact that Ukrainians have no media power. If we did, he contended, we would see Taras Shevchenko concerts and Ukrainian independence celebrations on primetime television.

It's not media power we lack, it's media savvy.

Your event isn't getting any play on the local television station or in the newspapers? Show me your well-written, concise news release (faxing a hastily printed poster to someone named "To whom it may concern" two hours before the event does not count). Explain to me what makes your particular event newsworthy (to the entire television-viewing or newspaper-reading audience, not just to the Ukrainian community). Tell me about the media contacts your organization has cultivated over the years.

Now gripe that Ukrainians don't have any media power.

Newsflash: the media owes the Ukrainian community nothing. We, along with every other group out there, have to work to get our message across. I know it's a four-letter word, but it gets the job done. Howling that the media's failure to cover your annual *varenyky* sale is proof-positive of an anti-Ukrainian conspiracy will not.

Yes, in a perfect world, they would come to us. In a perfect world, they would be knocking down our doors for a story. In a perfect world, we couldn't open the newspaper, turn on the television, or listen to the radio without finding something Ukrainian. In a perfect world: zzzzzzzzzz...

Somewhere in suburban Melonville: "Slavko! Will you get out there and tell those newspaper people how you feel about the upcoming elections in Ukraine already? They're trampling my prizewinning dahlias."

"Just a minute, Ma! I'm on the phone with CNN!"

On a street corner in a bustling urban centre: "Paper! Get your paper here! Read all about it: Ukrainian kid does good and becomes doctor! Parents thrilled! Paper! Get your paper here!"

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As you're settling down to watch your favourite sitcom: "We interrupt our regularly scheduled programming to bring you this live broadcast of the Sixth Annual Ukrainian Independence Commemoration Ceremonies across the continent. With reports from Detroit,

Pittsburgh, New York, Rochester, Toronto, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Winnipeg. We go first to Detroit, where Joyce Fairweather is standing by. Joyce..."

"Thanks, Roger. Behind me, members of the Motor City's Ukrainian community are about to raise the Ukrainian flag here at city hall. According to organizers, the singing of the Ukrainian national anthem and a few political speeches will follow. Back to you, Roger."

"Thanks, Joyce. We'll get back to you later in the evening. Now, let's check in with Edmonton, and our sister station's Harvey Briton."

"Good evening, Roger. Here in front of Edmonton's city hall, the flag-raising portion of the ceremonies has just concluded, and as you can hear, they are singing the Ukrainian national anthem. I understand they'll be commencing the speeches in just a moment. And that's where the ceremonies stand here, Roger."

"That was Harvey Briton live from Edmonton. For those of you just joining us, this is Roger Nemeth from our command central here in Washington, D.C., where we're covering the Sixth Annual Ukrainian Independence Commemoration Ceremonies. We've just checked in with Detroit and Edmonton and will now move on to Pittsburgh and Darlene Simons. Darlene, what's the mood there?"

In the words of that famous Ukrainian band, Aerosmith, Dream On.

Heather Olivets has struggled to stay awake through her share of Shevchenko concerts.

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

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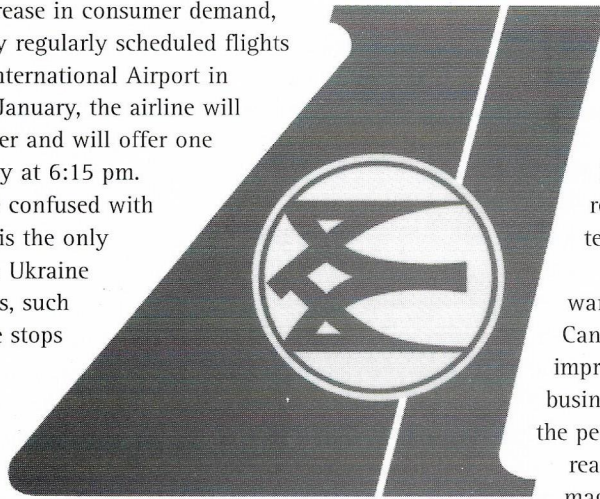
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Sun.		1-5

AIRUKRAINE EXPANDING

by Yuriy Diakunchak

Responding to an increase in consumer demand, Air Ukraine will start to fly regularly scheduled flights to Ukraine from Pearson International Airport in Toronto. Starting in early January, the airline will cease to operate as a charter and will offer one flight a week each Saturday at 6:15 pm.

Air Ukraine, not to be confused with Air Ukraine International, is the only airline that flies directly to Ukraine from Canada. Other airlines, such as Lufthansa and Lot make stops at their hubs in major European cities, often adding a few hours to the trip. According to Vyacheslav Ilyin, the new Air Ukraine representative in Toronto, ticket prices have not yet been finalized, but will be competitive with other carriers.



The licensing agreement worked out with Canada gives Air Ukraine rights to fly out of other cities, but so far the company is content to see how things go in the Toronto market.

The company's Il-62 is to be replaced by a Boeing 767 in the summer which should be reassuring to those who are skeptical of Soviet technology.

Don't ask for *holubtsi* in-flight, unless you want to insult Mr. Ilyin. All catering will be done by a Canadian company. The airline also has a rather impressive glossy in-flight magazine available for its business class flyers (in a typically Ukrainian fashion, the peons in cattle class will have to be content with reading the safety manual). The only problem with the magazine is the translations. Some of the English language articles are rather poor, to put it mildly.



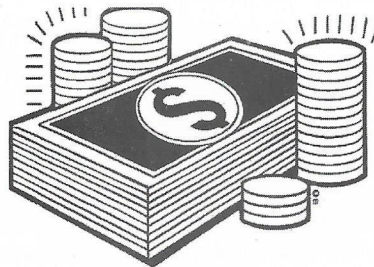
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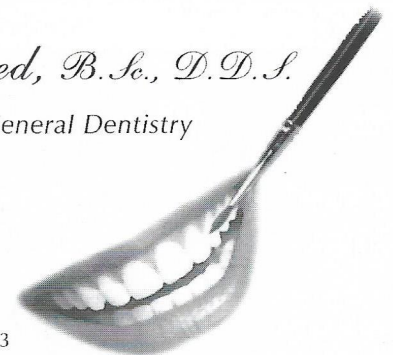
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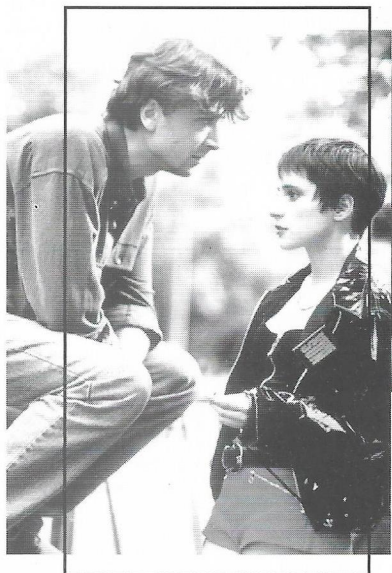
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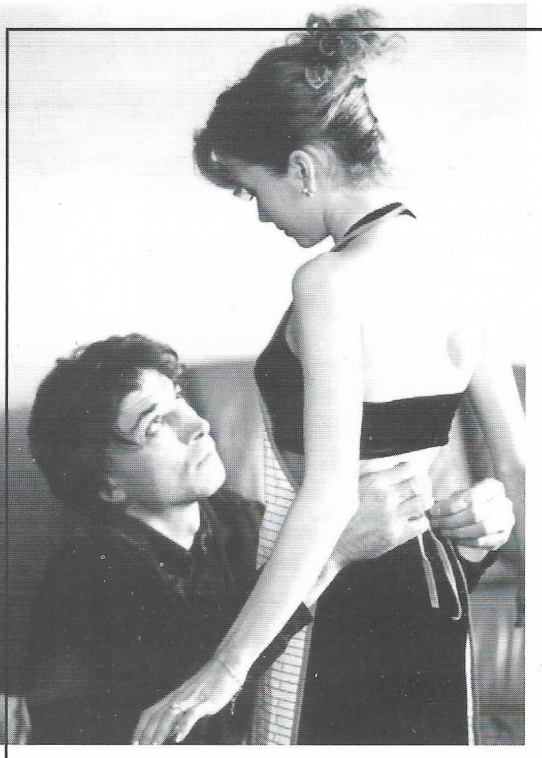


FRIEND OF THE DECEASED

Ukrainian cinema buffs have a special treat in store for the new year. *A Friend of the Deceased*, director Vyacheslav Krishtofovich's latest film, will be hitting the screens at selected cinemas across North America. Kyiv-based Krishtofovich is best known for directing *Adam's Rib* in 1991 which was selected by the



Photos by V. Krichtofovich



Director's Fortnight at Cannes and won a prize at the Montréal Film Festival.

A Friend of the Deceased is an impressive effort. Krishtofovich really knows how to pull together an entertaining movie.

The plot centers on Anatoli (Tolik) an intellectual who can't find employment in the "capitalist jungle" of newly indepen-

dent Ukraine. His wife leaves him for a more successful chap, and life suddenly doesn't seem to be worth living any more.

Tolik decides to hire a contact killer to put himself out of misery. But then he meets a new woman, gets a bit of cash, and guess what, he's not as keen on dying anymore. The rest of the movie revolves around the hero figuring out how to elude the killer.

The film makes great use of the historic centre of Kyiv for most of its scenes. People familiar with the city will recognise many of its landmarks such as

the Andriyivskiy Uzviz. As Tolik gets further embroiled in the fast life of the nouveau riche, he discovers the nightclubs and restaurants of the new Kyiv. In the course of the movie Tolik bridges the gap between the old, familiar life of Soviet Kyiv and the heady, fast-paced, sometimes dangerous new world of free-wheeling capitalism. Some scenes feel a bit anachronistic, the action is supposed to be taking place circa 1991, but the nightclubs and shops portrayed in the film did not exist back then.

The plot isn't very complex, but the movie has a strong moral theme running through it. Good people have been bludgeoned by the changes since independence, the crooked and corrupt have flourished, but in the end, the central character refuses to be sucked into the easy money of crime and stays on the high road. Against all odds things work out well for him. Despite the straightforward plot, the movie manages to throw a curve or two at the viewer, particularly when it comes to the hired killer.

According to Malofilm Distribution, the folks who brought *A Friend of the Deceased* to the Toronto Film Festival, the movie should be in North American theatres sometime in early 1998.

by Yuriy Diakunchak

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KEYSTONE IN THE ARCH:

Ukraine in the Emerging Security Environment of Central and Eastern Europe

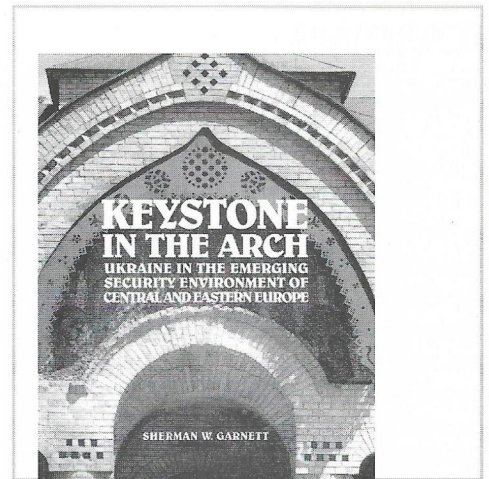
The emergence of Ukraine as an independent nation signals a major change in the geopolitical make-up of Eastern Europe. Author Sherman Garnett argues that the United States should recognise Ukraine's role as a potential "keystone" in a European security arrangement and build a more comprehensive bi-lateral relationship with Ukraine. He sees Ukraine as so important to stability on the continent that its failure to assume an important role in the region's security "could mean a collapse of peace for Europe as a whole."

Keystone is divided into six sections. The first deals with Ukraine's internal sources of instability. The next three look into Ukraine's often troubled relationship with Russia and its other Eastern European neighbours. The last two sections deal with nuclear disarmament and post-nuclear western policy respectively.

Garnett's analysis of Ukraine's internal contradictions in the first chapter is insightful. He is positive Ukraine will overcome its difficulties if that the political leadership keeps economic hardships at a tolerable level. Surprisingly, he argues the "great divide" along language lines in Ukraine is a source of stability.

A significant factor in Ukraine's apparent stability is the inability of Russia to focus resources on sustained intervention in Ukraine's affairs. Garnett feels time is on Ukraine's side, but that the country is still far from assured that future interference from neighbours won't upset its delicate internal balance.

Garnett's point, in detailing Ukraine's internal and external pressures, is to convince American policy makers that Ukraine has a greater control over its territory, policy and future than is widely believed. He argues about the need to



build upon the base created by negotiations for the removal of nuclear weapons from Ukrainian soil. Towards that end he suggests a six-pointed strategy aimed at strengthening and deepening U.S.-Ukrainian relations.

Keystone is a good introduction to the security issues involving Ukraine's role in Europe. It's easy to understand and you don't need a degree in international relations to enjoy it.

by Yuri Diakunchak

FROM THREE WORLDS:

New writings from Ukraine

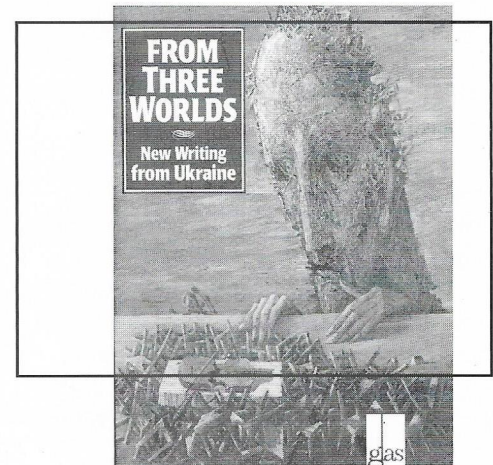
From Three Worlds is a special issue of *Glas*, a periodical which normally publishes English translations of modern Russian authors. This particular issue contains translated short stories and poems by contemporary Ukrainian authors such as Yury Andrukhovych, Viktor Neborak, Oksana Zabuzhko and Natalka Bilotserkivets. There are also some photos by Lviv-born American Tanya D'Avignon.

On the whole, the book is a good introduction to modern Ukrainian writers, though some of the best stories are left for last, forcing the reader to suffer through some mediocre stuff like Volodymyr Dibrova's "Beatles Songs" and Kostiantyn Moskalets' "A Crowning Experience." The latter is a tale of war in the not too distant future. It starts out strongly, but fizzles in a weird cacophony of disjointed

syllables. It probably plays better in the original.

My personal favourite was Bohdan Zholdak's "The Seven Temptations," a wry tale of an ascetic who's self-denial leads him to no good. The bizarre and murderous family in Yuri Vynnychuk's "Max and Me" struck a chord with this reviewer. It sounds like something Hitchcock may have done if he decided to create a character based on both Ma Barker and Jeffery Dahmer.

Worth mentioning are Andrukhovych's piece about the alienation of an Afghanistan war veteran and Valery Shevchuk's "The Moon's Cuckoo from the Swallow's Nest." The Shevchuk story concerns a sly woman who uses sex to con a couple of chumps into renovating her house.



There's also a lot of poetry in this book for those who groove with verse. Kyiv-based writer Solomea Pavlychko's intro to the book provides a bit of background on the literary scene in Ukraine, and short bios on the contributors and translators give the reader an idea of what the individual authors have done in the past.

by Yuri Diakunchak

PLACH JEREMIJI Chubaj soars on Khata Moja

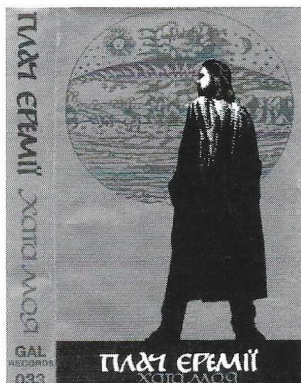
Khata Moja (My House) is the latest album by Plach Jeremiji (Jeremiaiah's Cry), the band Taras Chubaj formed in 1991. The title track stands as proof that Mr. Chubaj is capable of writing a beautiful rock and roll song. The lyrics to most of his previous hits were either written by his father (the late dissident poet Hryhorij Chubaj) or by a man responsible for a good deal of the scene in Lviv, the erudite surrealist yeller Viktor Neborak.

This album includes a rousing version of Neborak's "Litajucha Holova" (The Flying Head), a relatively polished rendition of Mister Viktor's "Koroleva Debiliv" (Queen of Morons) and Chubaj Senior's "Zhinka" (Sad Woman).

"Litajucha" features the best use a national anthem has been put to since Jimi

Hendrix good naturedly asked people "Don't get mad, no don't get mad..." at the Monterey Festival, and then demolished the Star Spangled Banner.

But to get back to "Khata Moja," I can say in well-considered superlatives that it's



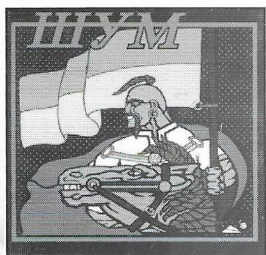
the most hook-laden song I've heard come out of Ukraine in the past couple of years ("Bella Ukraina" by Mertvyj Piven comes close). Chubaj's voice soars, his guitar follows and Yurko Duda's trumpet sounds like it belongs on the world's highest mountain, greeting only the holiest climbers.

When Chubaj sings "Tak dobre samo-mu/vysoko pid nebom" (How good it is to be alone/high near the sky), you know he's been there, and wonder if anyone should ever be asked to come down. Everybody should have a house that inspires such music.

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by Chi Chi Modal

SHOOMCD



Shoom is a musical group based out of Winnipeg. Besides just being a Ukrainian function-oriented band, they also play at non-Ukrainian events.

Shoom is not quite your typical polka-band. Their self-titled CD sure has a lot of nice surprises. One track, titled "Sluchaj/Listen," is a remake of a classic Beatles tune translated into Ukrainian.

Shoom has a unique mix of traditional and non-traditional Ukrainian tunes. A song named "Horilka" is basically a version of the old standard "Tequila." This CD will sure get your feet stomping. The music will bring back memories of *zabavas* and festive parties past. My two favourite tracks are "Besame Mucho," the classic Spanish love song, and a very nice version of "Halychanochka."

Shoom cites some influence from Rushnychok, D-Drifters and Burya. They have done a great job at updating traditional classics, added some originality

and kept the music upbeat.

If this is not your preferred musical genre — then nothing may convince you to listen to this CD but, lets always have an open mind! I must admit that Shoom is more pleasant to listen to than some of the stuff coming out of Ukraine these days. Have a listen, because this "folksy" music is sure going to put you in a good mood.

by Aleksandra Basarab

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CANADIAN CONCENTRATION CAMPS for Ukrainians

By Stefan Lemieszewski

Though by now many people know of the internment of Ukrainian Canadians during WWI, this fact is not taught in any history class at school.

From 1914 to 1920, more than 5,000 Ukrainians were locked up in concentration camps in Canada. Concentration camps aren't my words, this is the phrase used in government and military records and newspaper articles of the time.

Concentration camps were first organized by the British in South Africa during the Boer War of 1899-1902 to deal with the subjugation of the native people. In Canada, Prime Minister Robert Borden appointed Major-General Sir W. D. Otter, a Canadian officer who served in South Africa, to organize the 24 camps comprising the internment (the more politically correct term) operation across the country.

In an interview with the *Calgary Herald* in 1915, Major-General Otter suggested that internment for these enemy aliens was "a treat to them" since the men were unemployed and starving.

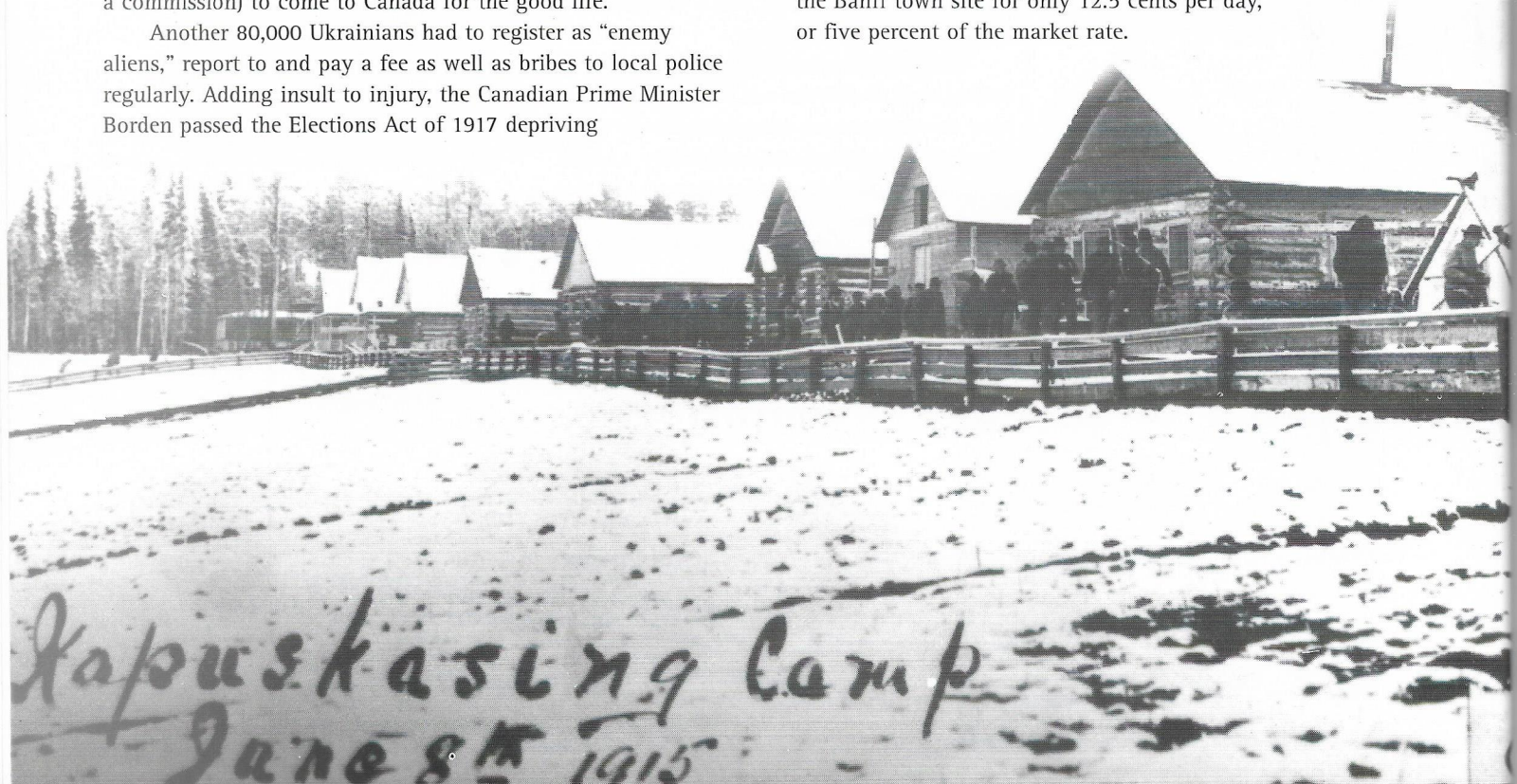
Surprisingly, these innocent Ukrainian internees were not even real prisoners of war but civilians. Their only crime was being born in Austro-Hungary and accepting the offer of Immigration Minister Lord Sifton's secret agents (who were paid a commission) to come to Canada for the good life.

Another 80,000 Ukrainians had to register as "enemy aliens," report to and pay a fee as well as bribes to local police regularly. Adding insult to injury, the Canadian Prime Minister Borden passed the Elections Act of 1917 depriving

all Ukrainian Canadians of the right to vote for the simple reason that he was afraid they would not vote for his party.

The internment camp system reaped very profitable rewards for some. Upon arrest, internees had all their assets confiscated. This confiscated hard cash remains in the Canadian government vaults to this day. Whatever happened to the internees' other physical assets is less clear.

The forced labour racket generated nice profits for various well-known Canadian companies. Since there was a labour shortage because of men being sent to war, internees were used as forced labourers. According to Prof. Paul F. Thomas of the University of Victoria, Canada broke international law in doing so, by contravening the terms and conditions of the Hague Convention of 1907. But protests from the former Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier and the British Foreign Office did not stop the Canadian government. Internees were worked as slave labourers in mines and steel mills in Sydney, Nova Scotia, and in building roads, tennis courts and golf courses, as well as clearing the Banff town site for only 12.5 cents per day, or five percent of the market rate.



Kapuskasing Camp
June 8th 1915

The present-day value of this slave labour has been estimated at \$30 million.

Conditions in the concentration camps and nearby work camps were atrocious. 80-hour work weeks were not uncommon. Working in minus 60 degree weather was harsh, as was sleeping with just one blanket to keep warm. Those who complained had their food rations reduced by 50 percent. To make matters worse, some internees at Kapuskasing in northern Ontario were tortured for sport by drunken guards. Internees had frozen limbs amputated, suffered from depression, held hunger strikes to protest, committed suicide, and were shot to death trying to escape the horror. In the Vernon camp in British Columbia, 12 actually did escape by digging a 100 foot tunnel to freedom.

Profits from the concentration camp system and slave labour must have been too good to give up easily. So when the War ended in 1913, the same internees who as "Austrian" citizens were supposedly enemies of Russia and her Allies, were now arbitrarily declared friends of

Russia and the Bolsheviks, and kept in the camps as slave labourers for another two years. There is a report how one internee who was an Englishwoman sent a secret letter hidden inside a tennis ball which she threw over the barbed wire fence surrounding the Vernon Concentration Camp. The letter eventually made its way to the House of Lords in England, and may have contributed to her earlier release in 1920.

Yes, there were also women and children in these camps – a fact which was still being denied by some government officials, as recently as February, 1997. They would have been really surprised to meet a survivor, Mr. Fred Kohse, at the commemorative internment plaque unveiling in Vernon on June 7, 1997. The Englishwoman referred to above was Fred's mother, and Fred himself was only one year old when he was taken to camp. Together with his mother they spent 6 years there.

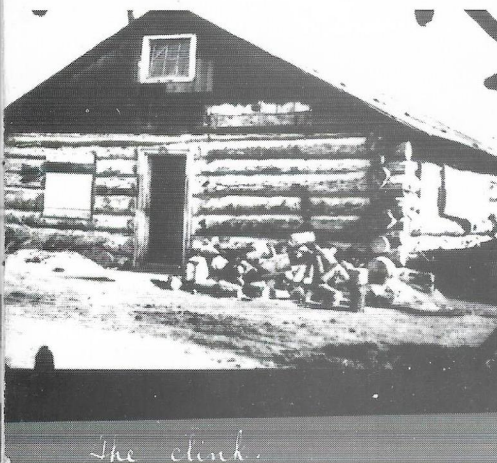
The dark and sordid history of concentration camps is not the sort of thing you would expect the Canadian government to boast about. However, it may be surprising that the Canadian government has engaged in a cover-up and suppression of information. It must feel guilty and embarrassed and perhaps worried about its financial liability. It destroyed the archival government records in the 1950s. It still does not teach this history in schools. The tax-payer funded CBC eventually aired Yuri Luhovy's documentary *Freedom Had A Price* after a year of intense lobbying.

Government ministers such as Gerry Weiner initially denied that these concentration camps existed and that the internment ever happened. Like her predecessors, Dr. Hedy Fry, Secretary of State for Multiculturalism and the Status of Women, has effectively ignored the Ukrainian community and the Ukrainian Canadian Civil Liberties Commission's plea for acknowledgment and restitution. Though Prime Minister Jean Chretien personally promised to address the issue in 1993, requests for action are passed from department to department with no results.

All of this is very insulting to Ukrainians, all Canadians in general, and the House of Commons itself, which voted unanimously in 1991 to have the



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government put up historical plaques at the camps and negotiate the redress issue with the Ukrainian community.

Canada has given the Japanese Canadians over \$700 million in compensation for their internment in WWII – an internment the government tried to justify based on the War Measures Act passed in WWI to intern Ukrainians and others. Italian Canadians have been given an official apology for also having been interned, but no compensation. Ukrainians have neither been given an apology nor compensation. Ukrainians have only been given promises and a runaround. It smacks of discrimination against Ukrainians.

Despite all the government stonewalling, plenty of information about the internments is available. There are many books and articles written on the subject. Comprehensive information is readily available on the Internet at (<http://www.infoukes/history/internment>). The site has hundreds of pages of information, including camp photos, documents, and newspaper articles. In July 1997, the site earned the distinction of "Recommended Site" by the History Channel, which recommends it to its 200,000 monthly website viewers.

The Ukrainian Canadian Civil Liberties Association with the help of the Ukrainian community and almost no help from the government, has already placed seven commemorative plaques at various camp sites. The eighth plaque was unveiled in Brandon, Manitoba on November 27, 1997. There are plans for a plaque at each of the 24 sites.

Prime Minister Chretien and Parliament were reminded to address the internment issue on October 10, 1997 when Mr. Inky Mark, MP for Dauphin-Swan River stated in Parliament that: "When war broke out these hard working men, women and children were categorized as enemy aliens, imprisoned, their property confiscated, and their basic rights and freedoms removed. Five thousand Ukrainians were interned in 24 concentration camps across Canada. From the 1980s Ukrainian Canadians sought acknowledgement from the Government of Canada of a wrong and restitution of the wealth confiscated from internees that still remains in federal coffers."

Inky Mark also displayed a hand-written registry from the Spirit Lake Internment Camp at Spirit Lake, Québec which contains the names of 257 interned Ukrainians. The registry includes the names of two survivors, Mary Hasket (nee Manko) and Stefania Mielniczuk, who were born in Montréal. Nearly all evidence of the internment camps, including all registries except



this one, was intentionally destroyed by the Canadian government.

Only with constant pressure on the Prime Minister will one day Canadian and Ukrainian children be taught their history in their schools. ²¹

Stefan Lemieszewski is a member of UCCLA in their Vancouver Office.

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BOSTON

by Nestor Gula

Boston is known as the city that housed the bar “where everybody knows your name.” Hell, they couldn’t even *pronounce* my name. The show was filmed in L.A. and only the facade was used in the show. T.V. – what a medium.

Besides coming to Boston for the weekend to interview Oksana Baiul, I decided to see if there was a Ukrainian community in Boston and encompassing area – which includes Cambridge, the home of a whole whack of universities. At one of these places, Harvard University, houses the Harvard Ukrainian Research Institute. There are no obvious signs that this is a bastion of Ukrainian studies – no flags, statues of historic Ukrainian figures or whatever. There is not much listed under

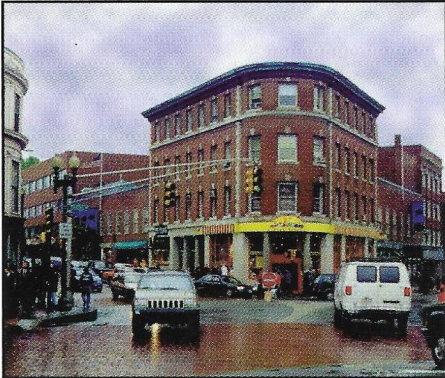


Photo by Nestor Gula

Ukrainian in the Boston phone book either. All I found was the listing for two Ukrainian churches, one Catholic and the other Orthodox, and a Ukrainian Credit Union in some place called Jamaica. Someone also had the last name “Ukraine” but I successfully resisted calling them.

Out of desperation I called my friend who is studying at Harvard for some pointers about where the Ukrainian hangout is. “The community in Boston suffers the classic problem of most commu-

nities in the States that it is so spread out there is no real centre,” says Lidka. Where does she go for fun and to hang out? “Manhattan!” That was not in the cards so I went to Boston’s Little Italy instead.

Didn’t make it to church on Sunday but drove past both of them as we were leaving Boston. The Catholic church is this modern looking thing set on a beautiful spread of land. The Orthodox church I spied as we were going over a bridge. It looked really great, an old style church with tall spires.

There is a Ukrainian community in Boston – but I’ll be damned if I could find it. Spread thinly over quite a sizable area with no core to speak of, it is amazing that it still exists. In the summer, the Ukrainian Centre at Harvard University offers special courses with all the students living in the residences. I guess that’s when there is a bit more of a “Ukrainian” feel to this city. **ZI**

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Oksana Baiul



She's back to prove herself
all over again

by Nestor Gula
photos by Yuri Dolnycky

Oksana Baiul captured the world's heart in 1993 when she, as a 16-year-old, captured the World Championship in Women's Figure Skating. For Ukrainians, the feeling of admiration and pride in Oksana rose to even greater heights when she took the gold medal for Ukraine in the 1994 Olympic games. Her classic "rags-to-riches story" - she was an orphan who overcame great hardships to attain her early success - was irresistible.

Then Oksana seemed dizzied by success. She moved to the U.S., began running with a fast crowd, drifted away from her coach and benefactor, Halyna Zmiyevska and slipped out from under the protection of fellow Ukrainian gold medalist Viktor Petrenko. She dropped out of the amateur ranks, thus abandoning any chance of repeating as World Champion or as Olympic gold medalist.

As fame is fleeting, so are the warm sentiments of humans, particularly when the object of adulation meets adversity. In January 13, 1997 came the notorious car accident on a Bloomfield, Connecticut road resulting in a drunk driving conviction that netted her a \$90 fine and a ticket to an alcohol-education program for first-time offenders.

Then came the nadir for many in the Ukrainian community. In a post-accident interview on the Oprah Winfrey show, Ms. Baiul said: "I am a Russian." Extremist Ukrainians still consider her somewhat of a traitor for this remark, and still more feel let down by the fact that after turning professional she will no longer compete for Team Ukraine at the Olympics in Nagano in 1998.

"Been there and done that," Oksana now says of the Olympic medal chase. She contends that the joy of skating that many amateurs feel is dampened by the oppressive atmosphere of the competitions. "When you are an amateur all you try to do is to get ahead. That is all you think about. To land that triple axel or whatever. Be better than the next guy. It is horrible. When you look at an exhibition where amateurs skate side by side with professionals you can

immediately see who is who due to the lack of artistry shown by the amateurs."

Professional competitions are held amid a feeling of camaraderie, while amateur competition is too intense. "I don't need that stress," the former world champion notes.

She adds that she really has no desire to return to amateur competition because of rules that, to her mind, stifle creativity. Ms. Baiul contends that these rules are also, to put it kindly, inconsistently applied. "Now you are not allowed to wear hats for example. I wore a tiara once when it was still allowed - there was no rule against it. It was part of the costume. Other skaters started wearing headgear, but then the governing body said we were not allowed to wear anything on our heads. Why?"

I met Oksana Baiul in Boston - not too far from where she now lives. The former champion spent about four hours with me and the *Zdorov!* crew from Toronto. Standing still Oksana has this nervous energy about her. Although she is soft spoken, that energy does burst out frequently in squeals of delight or bouts of uninhibited laughter. She readily admits that she is most comfortable on the ice.

When Oksana skates
she is in seventh heaven.

We saw her skate in October, at An Evening with Champions, a benefit exhibition for the Jimmy Fund against childhood cancer, at the Harvard Arena in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The show will be broadcast sometime this

winter on PBS if the rumours we heard at the arena are true. Certainly there were television cameras taping everything. And, in another advantage over the amateur circuit – every time a skater fell, which was quite often, they were allowed to redo their moves.

While skating and performing her routines Oksana's face beams just like it did when the world first met her as a 16-year-old. It is evident that on the ice she is at home. Her somewhat shy public demeanour melts on the rink. She plays with the audience and seems to have as much fun skating as the audience has seeing her skate. "I skate for the pure enjoyment of it all," Oksana emphasizes.

"I have enough money saved that I can do nothing for the rest of my life," she adds, "I don't need to skate. I want to skate. I love to see the crowd enjoying itself. I like to make the crowd happy. This is the only good reason to skate. But to skate just for medals?..." Oksana has won one ice-meet since she has turned professional the Fox Rock 'n Roll competition.

She confirmed to *Zdorov!* that her less than spectacular showing in recent years was caused by nagging injuries sustained at the Lillehammer Olympics.

During warmups on the day of the final event in

women's figure skating in 1994, Oksana collided with Tanja Szewczenko of Germany while both were skating backwards. The collision caused deep bone bruises, strained ligaments and muscles in her lower back and left a three-stitch gash in her leg.

Some people were amazed that Oksana continued to compete. Others deemed the injuries to be insignificant – after all, they reasoned, the injuries didn't stop her from winning the gold medal. But the injuries were severe enough to keep her out of the World Championship competition later that year. Two years later, the damage to her back, which had not had time to heal properly, still caused Oksana crippling pain. Then, still a teenager, she had to undergo surgery on her knee.

"I could barely walk," says Oksana. "I could not skate or train. After my operation I had to do exercises in the pool because of the pain of doing them on the ground." She insists that she is back in top form now. "I have the odd problems here and there – everybody does."

As mentioned above, she has parted ways with her original coach, Halyna Zmiyevska, the iron-willed woman who more or less adopted Oksana when she was orphaned in Ukraine. Oksana calls her "Galina." It would seem strange, if not ungrateful, for Oksana to fire the coach who made her what she is today. Oksana is not too concerned about such appearances. "We're still good friends – we talk quite often. Galina and I have moved in different directions. I had to move on," she intones.

A new coach, Eduoard Pliner, and a new choreographer, Sarah Kawahara, are not everything that Oksana has changed around herself. She has moved from Connecticut to the Boston area, not only to be nearer her coach but to also take control of her life.

And do physical training of course. But outside of my

"My life is boring now," says Oksana with a laugh. "I eat, sleep and skate."

life as a skater I have no life." She says that she has no boyfriend now and is really too busy to even look for one.

This new lifestyle is in sharp contrast to the wild and crazy life she led when based in Simsbury, Connecticut, with frequent trips to New York City.

Press reports were often full of stories about the young hell raiser from Ukraine.

However all that came to a halt in the early morning of January 13, 1997, when Oksana, and a friend, Ararat Zakarian, 30, were returning home from a bar and she drove her green Mercedes off the road near Bloomsbury, Conn., and into some bushes.



She realises that she made a great mistake that night. "When I came home and looked at myself – I had 14 stitches in my head. When I saw my car, the damage made me think 'Thank God I'm alive.' The car was totally wrecked." She was given a suspended sentence and told to attend alcohol rehabilitation.

"I made a mistake - I admit it," says Oksana but then adds, "do you remember what you were doing when you were my age?"

She says that she has simplified her life – first by reducing the entourage that used to follow her around. Ms. Baiul sings a familiarly sad song about the pitfalls of life in the spotlight, "I had trouble at first because I had many people around me and I did not know if they were real friends or were they just using me. Now I have just a few close friends and I'm trying to concentrate on myself and find out who I am."

The skater has also gotten rid of some commercial endeavours that took up her time. Her line of jewellery and skating outfits were ditched. She said they were doing reasonably well – the decision to drop them was not a business decision. "I just didn't feel like doing that anymore," Ms. Baiul added. Her great passion outside of skating is makeup. Her face lights up, "I just love makeup. If I wasn't a skater that is what I would want to do –

a makeup artist."

The criticism that followed her Oprah show "Russian" remark disturbs her, perhaps because her sense of individuality is stronger than her national identity. "When I was brought up I was taught that I was Russian and living in Russia. Then Ukrainian independence came and I was re-taught to be Ukrainian. Now I'm living in America. Am I then Russian, Ukrainian, or American? I know I'm Oksana Baiul, a skater," she said firmly.

The former world champion says she still feels a strong sense of gratitude to the Ukrainian community in the diaspora. She says that Ukrainians in the United States and in other parts of the world helped her out greatly. "Before the Olympic games they raised money and bought a Zamboni for the rink where I trained in Odessa. When it arrived, we were told to pay taxes on that machine. The community in the U.S. paid for that as well. I am very grateful for this and all the other help."


Ms. Baiul explains that her move to the U.S. was motivated by a search for opportunities to skate creatively. She points out that most skaters from the former Soviet Union now live and work in the U.S.

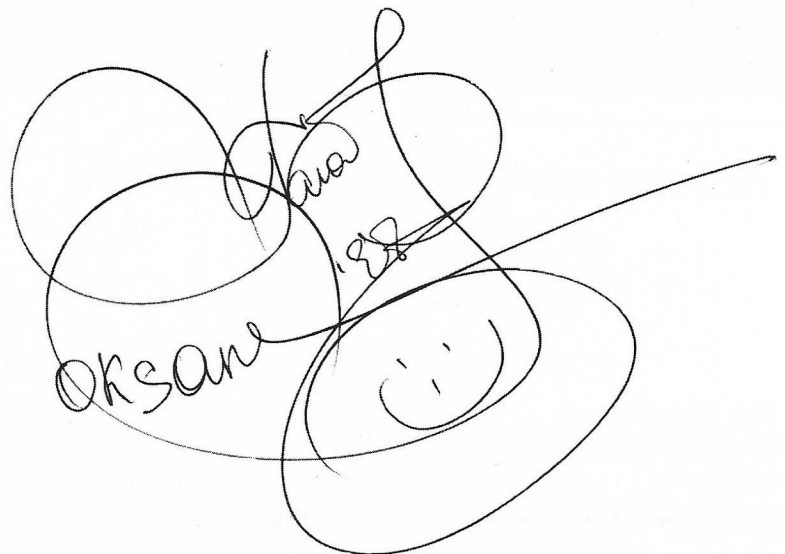
"I skate here in America because back home there are too many problems to contend with," she says. "A friend of mine came to visit me and told me that the electricity to the rink where she practices was turned off and all the ice melted. It took over a whole month to get the

rink back in operation."

For the Dnipropetrovsk native, the subject of Ukraine is a difficult one. She misses her home and friends and cherishes the warm memories of Odessa. "I love Ukraine, I wish I could be there right now – but the work is here and I have to be here." Ukraine's first winter Olympic gold medalist said she does not rule out eventually returning to her native land. "Today I live in America, tomorrow I may be living in France, Canada, who knows. If I was to return to Ukraine I would do so gladly."

Her more immediate plans are to continue skating professional competitions, with both the Tom Collins Tour of Stars and the Campbell's soups 1998 Champions On Ice Winter Tour. Both circuits include only U.S. venues, but Ms. Baiul said she would like to skate in exhibitions in other countries. Her gloss-paged book, *Secrets of Skating* was just published, in time for the Christmas season, and she has made appearances on the "Today Show" and the "Regis and Kathy Lee" show to promote it.

Oksana says that she would like to be able to skate forever, but realises that this might not be possible. "I don't know how long I will be skating. I'd like to think that I was born on the ice and I'd like to die on the ice. But who knows what will happen tomorrow. Perhaps I will get married and get other interests in my life. I enjoy skating now. It is my life. But in a few years..." 



Oksana
1998
☺

KEEPING FIT AND HEALTHY

At this time of year, with the weather being lousy, all we really feel like doing is parking ourselves in front of the television set with our favourite comfort food.

Besides, who wants to go outside when it's minus 1,000,000. Exercise?...forget it...you're probably too tired to move from your exhausting day! But honestly, there is never any valid excuse for not taking better care of our ourselves.

With the Holiday season upon us, there is an increased risk for over-indulging on *varenyky*, *holubtsi*, and *horilka*. You need to make a commitment to fitness now: before the urge to overeat hits or before your next Baywatch audition. Eating sensibly is only one half of the fitness equation; physical activity is the other. Exercise improves mood, boosts energy, burns calories, relieves stress, prevents bone loss, lowers risk of heart disease, hypertension and diabetes – the benefits are numerous. Even being minimally fit significantly lowers your chances of illness.

Start thinking about movement! Yes, that means getting away from our beloved computers and cutting down on the amount of Internet surfing. Start off slowly, and don't overexert yourself in the beginning because this might discourage

you from attaining your fitness goals. You need to establish some kind of goal to keep you on track, whether it be to fit into size "X" pants or a size 4 malanka dress.

You need not adhere to a rigid schedule or train for a marathon to increase your fitness level. All you have to do is include a minimal amount of exercise into your daily routine. This means walking down the street to the corner instead of driving. You might even consider taking the stairs instead of the elevator or (here's a scary concept) getting up to change the channel on your TV manually.

Walking is safe and affordable, so just get your body moving! If the weather outside scares you, then go walking through a shopping mall, but leave the credit cards at home. After a while, because of these simple modifications to lifestyle, you should notice improved flexibility and balance.

Skiing in the wintertime is an excellent way to keep in shape. It's a wonderful form of aerobic exercise but, if you don't have all the equipment it can get very costly. Be wary of Ukrainian organized ski trips. I know people who never made it up the hill even once because they were too busy absorbing various beverages. Alcohol adds lots of calories, but no nutrients.

For those of you who have already found a comfortable level of activity and are ready to progress from "couch-barabolya" level, do so gradually. A steady progression will give you the benefit of increased work without overstress and discouragement. The best schedule is to do your fitness program every other day. There is no incremental benefit from exercising 7 days a week, and you might injure yourself from repetitive stress on certain muscle groups. As for intensity of a workout, start off at 50 percent of your maximum capacity and progress to about 80 percent. The belief of "the more you do the better" is only true to a certain point. Exercising for one hour is not twice as beneficial as exercising for 30 minutes. Twenty to thirty minutes per session is the best way to start.

If you are going to go to a fitness club, plan to go when it is easy and enjoyable for you. If you are not a morning person, exercising at this time is self-defeating. To assure success, the regular routine of exercise must become second nature – like brushing your teeth!

Good luck and have fun! **Z!**

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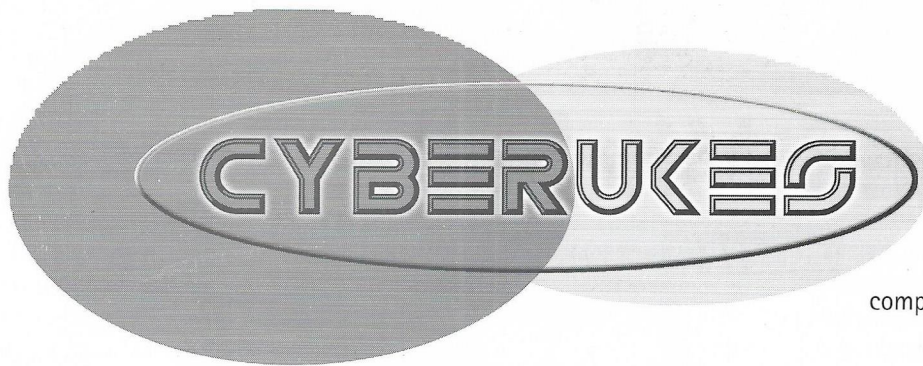
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compiled by Yuriy Diakunchak

St. Vlad's Goes High Tech

<http://www.stvladimir.on.ca/~svi>

St. Vladimir's Institute, a student residence on the border of the University of Toronto campus, has developed a pleasing, informative site detailing the programs and services it provides. Students interested in living at St. Vlad's can link to this site to find out about the Institute's residence, library, events and cultural programs etc. There's even a handy map showing St. Vlad's location vis-à-vis Toronto's universities and colleges. More information is available if you order St. Vlad's CD-ROM (it's free).

Some of the information is a bit dated, the site was last updated on August 29th and the events listings only go up to October. Well, at least you can see what things you missed. Once you know that the Institute's library has 15,000 books and what kind of facilities are available to residents, there's really no reason to return unless the events listings are kept up to date. Anyway, complaints aside, this site is a lot nicer than many that I've been to.

Philatelists Rejoice!

<http://wvnm.vvnet.edu/~roman/stamps.html>

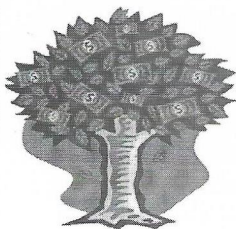
This site is a handy place to take a look at what kind of stamps have been released in Ukraine over the last few years. There's a list of all the stamps that have been printed from 1991 to 1996. Release dates and catalogue numbers are provided. Face value is also listed for many of the entries. About half of the listings are linked to jpgs of the stamp.

Serious stamp collectors are going to find this site a bit sketchy, but it is a great place for beginners or people who just have a passing interest in Ukrainian stamps. This site would be a lot more interesting if values for the stamps (for singles, panes, sheets, etc.) were included. A brief history of some of the stamps would also be desirable. The site is maintained by Roman Olynyk.



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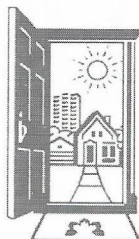


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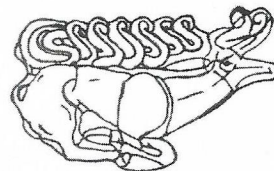
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Adrienne Mitchell

At ease with **contradiction**

by Taras Gula

I first met Adrienne Mitchell years ago in the bowels of the Ukrainian Cultural Centre, also known as Trembita, in Toronto. It was a live music and spoken word event put on by the now defunct Ukrainian radio show, *Radiomanitnist*, for which I was one of the producers and on-air hosts. The place was packed and Adrienne was impressed.

"I was shocked by these cool Ukrainian bands," Adrienne told me. "It was all about rebellion, and challenging authority – and they had long hair."

This reaction says a lot about Adrienne, and perhaps a lot about the Toronto Ukrainian scene. "I associated the Ukrainian culture with," her voice takes on a measured tone, she is choosing her words carefully, "incredible, restrictive conformity, and I rebelled against that. I did the whole Ukrainian school and choir thing, the Ukrainian National Federation, but I couldn't relate to anyone there. They were like carbon copies of my parents. It was frightening, because it didn't seem like anyone was an independent thinker."

Looking around her home, you would not think that it was the home of some wild rebel rejecting her heritage. There are the requisite *pysanky*, a huge doll in full *vyshyvka*, and a few more kitschy pieces. "But I love my culture. It's all wonderful and contradictory," she laughs.

At ease with contradiction and rebellion. "Maybe that is how the Ukrainian culture has affected me, in a sort of weird warped way," she muses. This approach has given her and her film partner, Janis Lundman, the energy and drive to portray the lives of teenagers in two documentary films, *Talk 16* and *Talk 19*, and a television series called *Straight Up*. Adrienne is clear that by focusing on teens she is,

"reliving her own turbulence – trying to figure out what happened to me back then." She also sees teens facing a more complex world today. "There is just so much information being thrown at them, just too much choice on some level. How do they find their own voice in the barrage?"

Adrienne and Janis have found their voice in a part through the voice of those local teens. The themes are universal, but the flavour and mood are ah.... um... Canadian.

Adrienne makes no bones about the fact that *Straight Up* is a television series and not a film in part as an attempt to reach a larger audience. She playfully calls it dabbling in television. "Canadian features films are shown for one week and then they're gone, only to reappear in the

video stores, if you're lucky. And they'll be in the foreign section!!"

She is also firmly in the camp of those artists who

believe government funding of the arts is essential. The two filmmakers have been supported by private organizations such as Alliance, and received government funding from Telefilm and the CBC (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation). "We're lucky to have the CBC, not because they're more likely to go with a show that's risk taking and challenging, but because they are more likely to hang in there even when you don't pull in the numbers right away." The first six episodes of *Straight Up* received great critical acclaim, including a Gemini (the Canadian television award) for best directors in a television series, though the ratings were not what they had hoped.

They're getting a second chance with



Straight Up this winter. The second coming of the series will air on CBC TV starting sometime after the Winter Olympics in February.

I ask her if she thinks that the show would have been different had she been based in Saskatoon or St. John's, or some other urban centre in Canada. "It's a show that reflects the feelings of urban youth, so that it would reflect the lives of youth in any city," she replies with conviction.

(Will t.v.-watching, urban youth and former youth, who are not Torontonians, respond to the series as she expects? Write in to tell us if she's right or not, and why!)

"So what's next?" I ask - expecting more teenage stuff, or maybe a Ukrainian story? Their next project is a



feature film titled *Arousal*, based on a short story by writer Barbara Gowdy called *Ninety-Three Million Miles Away*. According to Mitchell, "It deals with a woman's fear that she is becoming sexually deviant. At the same time she is driven by her incredible desire to conform and fit into suburban middle class values."

Contradiction and conformity; and a suburban middle class woman to boot. Well, well! Perhaps it is a Ukrainian story after all.

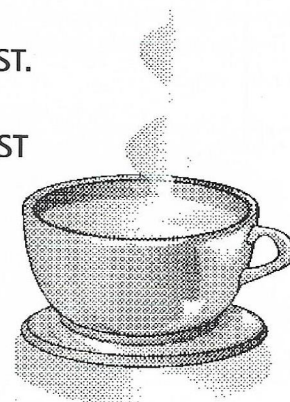
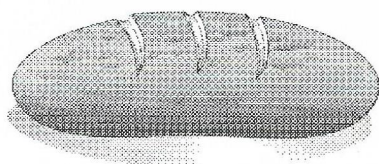
"That's it," I say and she pats me on the back by saying that it was a good interview. Her partner, Ian, comes down asking if it is safe. We chat and I go home forgetting to take her picture, the picture you see.

On the way home I'm thinking about the suburban woman, and about conformity. And I'm thinking about how to edit the interview, what music I could use, and then I realize I'm in the wrong medium. **Z!**

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In the POT

by Roma Ihnatowycz

“Put your fingers behind the breast meat, and gently pull the meat away,”

explained Stefan, a tall, stocky American who had kindly volunteered to teach me how to make classic Chicken Kiev*, complete with fancy tassels and the traditional drumstick shape.

“Just make sure you don’t tear the breast meat, and whatever you do, don’t disengage the wing bone from the breast. You need that to make it look like a drumstick,” said Stefan, as we worked away in his tiny kitchen in the dish’s namesake city.

“Disengage?” I thought as my fingers slipped around the shiny, wet meat.

Stefan was a former American Army Officer. He was also a self-professed Chicken Kiev expert.

“Careful, careful. If you tear the breast, the battle’s over. And you only get two breasts, so two chances, per chicken.”

Even for the odd world of post-Soviet Ukraine, Stefan was an anomaly. Among his many professions, he was once the owner of a Mexican restaurant in Odessa which catered Ukrainian weddings on the side. Tacos and fahitas didn’t go down well in the local wedding scene, so Stefan called in a local expert to teach him the ropes. Anya, a WWII veteran, did the job.

According to Stefan, Anya “had made thousands of Chicken Kievs in her lifetime. You could hand her a raw chicken and in 57 seconds flat you would have two perfectly shaped cutlets frying in lard.”

I was having less luck.

“Anya would not have approved of that,” said Stefan as I grabbed a knife to help cut away the breast meat, “She used only her fingers.”

Maybe there had been a knife shortage, I thought. Chicken Kiev has obscure origins. Some say it’s a Soviet culinary creation. Others attribute it to the great French chef Careme. It is basically a pat of butter encased in a breaded chicken breast made to look like a drumstick.

Though not traditionally Ukrainian, it is such a standard at every state-owned restaurant in Ukraine that I thought it warranted some attention.

Three hours later, with only four cutlets, a lot of chicken carcass and one messy kitchen, Stefan and I sat down to our meal.

“It’s a success if you get that buttery squirt when you first plunge in the knife,” said Stefan.

It was a success.

Yet I couldn’t help but mention, that for all the time, effort and money involved, I would never make “classic” Chicken Kiev again.

“You’re right,” said Stefan.

Anya, I thought, would not have approved. ^{Z!}

* Kyiv vs. Kiev: The accepted spelling for the city is now Kyiv, But Chicken Kiev is such an internationally renown dish, that to change it to Chicken Kyiv seemed somewhat wrong and/or weird.

MODERN CHICKEN KIEV

For those who don't have three hours to spare, try the following modern version of Chicken Kiev. It tastes just as good!

6 chicken breasts
6 tablespoons chilled butter
Salt and pepper
1 lemon
4 tablespoons flour
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup breadcrumbs
Vegetable oil for frying

Place the chicken breasts between two sheets of wax paper and flatten gently with cleaver until 1/8 inch thick. Sprinkle each with salt and pepper, place the butter in the middle, squirt 1 or 2 drops of lemon juice on top, and roll the ends and sides over to completely encase the butter. Coat each cutlet in flour, then dip into the eggs and roll in the breadcrumbs. Refrigerate 1 hour. Deep fry in 360F oil until golden brown.

Peter Shostak



I will learn to dance like that

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WORLD CUP DREAMS

by Danylo Darewych

The long awaited day had arrived. November 15. Ukraine vs. Croatia. Ukraine's last chance to reach the 1998 World Cup of soccer in France. Millions of Ukrainians were watching, a lucky 70,000 in a steady drizzle at Kyiv's Olympic stadium, the rest around TV sets in homes and bars.

I'm in the clubhouse of the Sporting Association "Ukraina" in Toronto. The house is packed with a wide assortment of Ukrainian soccer fanatics. Ukrainian and English are being spoken with a colorful array of accents: Polish, *baniak*, British, Ukrainian, German, Serbo-Croatian, *surzhyk*, and good ol' Galician.

We all stare in hopeful anticipation at TVs scattered about the building. Two weeks previously, in the first game against Croatia in Zagreb, the Ukrainian national side produced a lacklustre performance, losing 2-0. The Ukrainian team would have to win the second game 3-0 to advance, or at least 2-0 to force the series into a deciding penalty shoot-out.

•••••

The performance of the Ukrainian League champions, Dynamo Kyiv, has given everybody new hope. It has been wreaking havoc in the European Champions' League. With Dynamo Kyiv players forming the backbone of the national team, their energy would propel their side to victory.

The curious dichotomy at the top of Ukrainian soccer between the weak international play and the strong league play is a puzzling phenomenon to Ukrainian soccer fans. After all, the best soccer team in the Soviet Union had been Dynamo Kyiv winning a league-leading 13 times, most recently in 1990. Dynamo had also been USSR Cup winners 9 times and had won the European Cup Winners Cup in 1975 and 1986. The Soviet team in the 1986 World Cup in Mexico included 9 Dynamo Kyiv players.

Unfortunately, independent Ukraine's soccer aspirations went the way of the Ukrainian economy - down the tubes. Disappointment, defeats, disaster and disgrace became bywords of the Ukrainian soccer scene. From 1992-1994 Ukraine lost

games not only against stronger teams but also struggled against weaker teams such as Lithuania, Belarus, Israel, and the USA.

But the truly major shock to the system came with the '94/'95 European Championship. Ukraine was placed in a qualifying group with Lithuania, Slovenia, Estonia, Croatia and Italy. Italy was the obvious frontrunner in the group, but with the exception of Croatia, none of the others were a match for Ukraine.

Instead, the national team suffered a succession of setbacks. They proved unable to overcome not only the powerful Italians (to whom they lost 2-0; 3-1), but the weaker teams as well. The only team the Ukrainians beat twice was Estonia.

It seemed as if the malaise on the international level would infect Dynamo Kyiv. In the first game of the 1995 Champions' League against the Greek team Panathinaikos, two Dynamo officials attempted to bribe the referee. UEFA, the governing body of soccer in Europe, threw Dynamo out of the competition. Ukrainian soccer had sunk to new lows.

When the national team drew into a World Cup qualifying group that included Germany, Portugal, Northern Ireland, Armenia and Albania, most soccer pundits wrote off their chances of making it to France in '98. Germany would obviously win the group and qualify, while Portugal would probably come in second.

Ukraine got off to a good start by defeating Northern Ireland 1-0. The

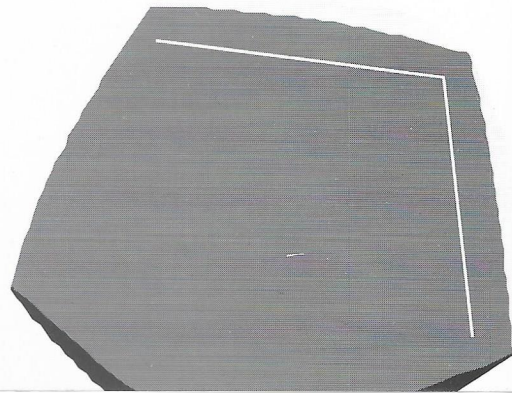
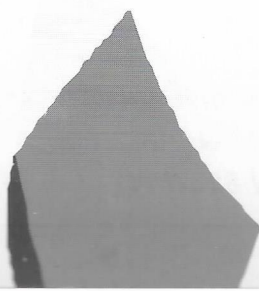
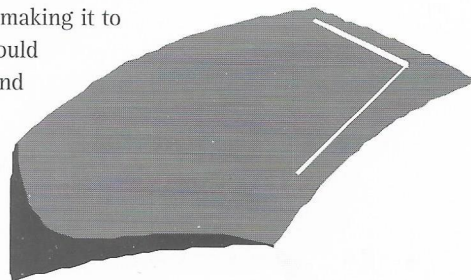
two most crucial games in the qualifying round were against the heavily favored Germans. If Ukraine could win at least one of those, then they had a chance of finishing atop their group. In the first half of the game in Bremen, the Ukrainians held their own against the vaunted Germans. The German juggernaut finally got rolling in the second half. The result was a 2-0 German victory.

Then Ukraine squandered a series of chances against Armenia in Kyiv, playing them to a draw.

The second game against Germany had now become critical. A loss would let the Portuguese grab the all-important second spot in the group. The Ukrainians dominated the first half, but both teams ran out of steam in the second half ending the game in a 0-0 draw.

In the second-to-last game, against Albania in Kyiv, the Ukrainians looked tired and made many mistakes. They couldn't get the ball past the Albanian defense until attacker Rebrov unexpectedly barged past two defenders and scored with three minutes remaining.

The last game of the qualifying round was against Armenia.



Thankfully it was not a repetition of the first. The Ukrainians were in control from the beginning and won handily, 2-0.

•••••

... The Ukrainian team charges to the attack, a veritable dynamo of energy! Just four minutes into the game Vitalij Kosovskij fires a shot at the Croatian net that the Croatian keeper bobbles right into the path of the onrushing Andrij Shevchenko who promptly kicks it in the net. GOOOOOOOOOOAL!

The "Ukraina" clubhouse erupts! Everybody is jumping up and down and yelling. Magnificent! The Ukrainian team continues to pile on the pressure, giving the Croatians no respite. The Ukrainians' speed and drive pays off. In a mirror image of the previous goal, Shevchenko blasts the ball at the net, it rebounds off the goalkeeper to the waiting Kosovskij and he swiftly knocks it in.

The clubhouse goes berserk! The stadium goes berserk! We've done it!! We've tied the series with only 10 minutes gone. The World Cup dream is becoming reality.

But what's this? It can't be! We gaze in silence at the replay. The referee has called it offside. Thief!

The disappointment seems to set the Ukrainians back. They still attack, still press, still search for the equalizer, but they don't appear to be as supercharged as before. They don't charge forward as fast, lest they get called offside again. A slight hesitation has crept into their play.

Ukraine is in control of the game. Croatia has only got into the Ukrainian half for the first time. The lone Croatian striker takes a hopeful shot at net, the goalie Shovkovsky is already diving to his left to stop it ... and it deflects off the defender Popov's left heel to the right corner of the net and in. *Shliak!!!*

Shocked silence. Disaster! Ukraine would now have to score 3 more goals to advance. The spark goes out.

Three goals had seemed distinctly probable a mere 27 minutes ago - they now become an impossibility. The Ukrainian team is knocking the ball about dispiritedly, no longer driving forward. I continue to watch for some spark of energy in the second half. But the team has nothing left to give. That's it - game over. Ukraine's World Cup dream has come to a rude awakening. I leave well before the end of the game, dejected. Here come another four years of waiting and hoping. **Z!**

(with reports from the "Ukrainian Soccer Page", and "The Daily Soccer" on the Web)

PS. For the record, the final score was 1-1.

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Yes, it's that time of year. Put on your dancing shoes and get your best shmaty ready — you're going to party on this Ukrainian New Years. But as always there are a million of things to think about. Will you be the royal couple at the malanka you attend or will you stick out for other reasons.

1. As with any big shindig, clothes are of the utmost importance at any self-respecting malanka. For your choice of *shmaty*, do you:

- a) fly to Paris/London/New York/Los Angeles and find that right designer who is on the cusp of stardom to fashion you a one-off creation that will dazzle all
- b) go to that special boutique in the trendy part of town and hope no one who is going to attend the same malanka as you shops there
- c) wear your favourite outfit of many years back — the style has come back and that you can fit into it will make all your friends green with envy
- d) wear the same rack of clothing you wore the previous five malanky — it got complements then and “like I'm sure people will remember what I wore last year”
- e) shop at the neighbourhood used clothing store only when they have a 50% deal happening.

2. There are many malankas to choose from in your neck-of-the-woods. What you are looking for is:

- a) one that has all the right people. No way are you going to be in a place with nobodies. You'll even travel a great distance if there is nothing just right nearby
- b) one where you will meet all your business contacts and have a chance to network for more

- c) one where all your friends are going to be
- d) something cheap with an all-you-can-eat and drink option.
- e) you go to a different one each year because of what happened at last year's and you really need to meet someone.

3. On the day of the malanka:

- a) you have appointments with the best beauticians in the land so everything is perfect
- b) you pamper yourself by taking an extra long time to get ready.
- c) You relax and enjoy the day — nothing stressful but nothing out of the ordinary
- d) your shift ends at six. A quick shower, slip into the outfit and you should make it by the dinner bell.
- e) you wash...maybe.

4. To make the trip to the hall you decide to:

- a) rent a chauffeur driven limousine and have it idle all night long at the entrance way
- b) borrow a non-Ukrainian friend's Cadillac and park it in a prominent place
- c) wash your car
- d) remove all the crap from the front seat of your car and toss it into the back.
- e) take a bus. You figure somebody will

take pity on you and drive you home at the end of the evening.

5. The malanka is costing you quite a bit, you:

- a) go for it — making a proper impression should cost a small fortune
- b) don't go for the extravagant luxuries like chauffeur driven limousine
- c) bought the ticket, dry cleaned the tux/favourite “killer” dress — that's as much as you'll spend
- d) old suit/dress — nothing fancy tonight
- e) sneak in by pretending you are kitchen staff.

6. Your preferred drink for the evening will:

- a) come from the mickey of cognac you have snuck in
- b) come from the mickey of brandy you have snuck in
- c) come from the mickey of scotch you have snuck in
- d) come from the mickey of vodka you have snuck in
- e) come from the 40 pounder of rye you have snuck in

7. When the countdown to the new year reaches zero, you:

- a) diplomatically exchange warm greetings with the close friends you have assembled around you
- b) you exchange greetings with all those immediately around you, grab your date and get on the dance floor

c) you make the rounds of friends and associates until you feel that you have more or less greeted everyone that you know

d) you run around the hall like a dervish kissing and hugging any and all

e) you thank God you've made it so far into the evening without blacking out, passing out or getting beaten up.

8. At the malanka you see an acquaintance you haven't seen for a few years, you:

a) greet them warmly, ask what they have up to and say "I'll catch you in a bit. I'm just going to the other side of the hall where I'm supposed to meet someone else." You'll never see that person again

b) you talk with them for about five minutes until the awkward silence signifies that you can both break off from each other

c) invite them to come to come to your table for a drink and a talk

d) greet them and try to get them to buy you a drink

e) try to borrow some money off them

9. For the breakfast party, you:

a) invite all your close friends and business associates to the royal suite you rented for the occasion

b) and your friends all chip in and rent a small suite to have a bash in

c) forego getting a room at the hotel – you figure you'll get invited to some post-malanka bash

d) plan on crashing a party so you scour the hotel, listening for the sounds of a party going on

e) are long gone.

10. The Sunday afternoon post-malanka, you:

a) phone all your close friends and exchange all the gossip you collected

b) phone all your close friends and exchange all the gossip you collected

c) phone all your close friends and exchange all the gossip you collected

d) phone all your close friends and exchange all the gossip you collected

e) are still sleeping it off.

Scoring

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

38 - 50 points: Self Absorbed Royalty:

Get off that high horse. This is supposed to be a happy occasion – not an extension of your business life. Even though you think you are better than most remember – you might meet the person who finished last in this quiz in the washroom, and then you shall be cut down to size.

26 - 37 points: The Cool Customer:

You know how to handle this gig. You've been here before and now how to get the maximum bang for the littlest buck. You have it all figured out – except how to get down with the Royalty of the ball – where you really want to be. Oh well, you'll have a good time this year and try to crack the upper echelons of society the next year.

16 - 25 points: Kicking Back:

You're out to have a good time – nothing special, just hang with a bunch of friends and enjoy the "second" new year. You are not going to spend tons of money on this event 'cause all your money is tied up in credit card payments, mortgages and car loans and deferred taxes. All this still won't stop you from having a good time.

15 or less points: The Avoided:

You go to this event just to lift peoples' spirits. When they look at you they think "Hmmm. My life is not that bad after all." Now grant it that the malanka is the the pivotal part of your life or year but that's just no excuse for this kind of behaviour.

FORGET THE LIPTON—IT'S ALREADY THERE

by Roma Ihnatowycz

"Shall we meet at McDonalds, or are you in the mood for something fancier this evening? Maybe we should try out that new Thai restaurant, or do you feel like Lebanese?"

These relatively innocuous questions were recently put to me by a friend as the two of us figured out what to do on a Friday night in Kyiv.

Yes, Kyiv.

Whether your food tastes run to Thai, Lebanese or Italian; your clothes to Benetton, Wrangler or even Versace, chances are you'll have a relatively easy time satisfying your consumerist needs in contemporary Kyiv.

In other words, the days of packing along Lipton Cup-a-Soup and soft Cottonelle toilet paper for journeys to the "batskiivshchyna" are long over.

Having lived in Ukraine for the first four years of the country's independence, I rarely, if ever, noticed the commercial changes. Thanks to an ineffective and snail's-pace reform program, they were few and far between.

On the few occasions I did notice, it was a grand event. The first hard-currency grocery store selling Western goods was a hot piece of gossip around the ex-pat scene for weeks. "They have corn flakes and peanut butter," people would whisper, awestruck. The first Western restaurant, a

tacky place full of plush red velvet curtains and exorbitant prices – became a regular hangout, tawdry atmosphere notwithstanding.

But nothing could have prepared me for the onslaught that occurred this past year, which I spent working in Canada. Upon my return, I was met with a Kyiv flooded with the kind of urban trappings that make diehard communists wince. Drive-thru McDonalds, swanky Italian furniture stores, and snazzy Euro-style cafes outfitted with sleek chrome tables and display cases full of croissant sandwiches and chocolate mousse cake.

Yes, Virginia, there is a side to Kyiv that goes beyond the horror stories of days gone by. Shopping for an aerobics outfit last Saturday, I had my choice of stores from which to select: Reebok, Puma, Nike or Adidas. And even more to the point: I had reason to buy an aerobics outfit – gyms and health centres now offer classes.

This is not to say you should jump out of your chair in outrage if you've sacrificed aerobics classes in order to send hefty care packages to poverty-stricken Ukrainian relatives. I can assure you your Teta Liuba

from the village is not sweating away her excess pounds to the tunes of Tina Turner. The sweet trappings of capitalism are affordable only for a minuscule elite, and almost exclusively limited to the cosmopolitan capital.

Even for ex-pats living in Kyiv, many of the offerings are way beyond their means. DKNY suits will never hang in my closet, though they certainly hang in a number of Kyivan stores.

But ex-pat life is certainly easier, both for people living here and those travelling here. When I hear well-paid Westerners complaining how tough it is to live in Kyiv, I wince. If you get sick there's an American clinic, if you dribble red wine on your blouse you can take it to a number of Western dry-cleaners, and if you get the munchies late at night you can order in a pizza with extra cheese. Future travellers to Ukraine may take note: it's time to leave the Lipton Cup-a-Soup at home. **Z!**

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WHAT'S IN A PSEUDONYM?

by Andrij Kudla Wynnyckyj

In the autumn just past, a freelance writer currently named David Nodwell wrote a forthright and touching exploration of the age old question “What’s in a Name?”

In the October 20th issue of the *Globe and Mail*, the writer described the strange collision of emotions both he and certain members of his family (particularly his father) felt after he decided to change his surname, in favour of his mother’s maiden name, from Brown to Nodwell.

As it happens, the day the article appeared Pierre Berton, the greyest of Canada’s inminent windbags, was on CBC Radio 1 (as it’s now more Britishly known), flogging his recently published fatuous musings about how much worse Canada has become since 1967, (Title – *1967: The Last Good Year*).

Prompted by Mr. Bertons’ on-air kvetching and by Mr. Nodwell’s article, I recalled that once upon a time in this now vastly more tolerant dominion, name changing among the “ethnic” segment of the population was endemic. (Starevych became Starr, Mychailovsky became Mitchell)

Why was it endemic? Because of the assimilatory pressures exercised by those who refused to recognize that anyone was “distinct” or “unique,” i.e. not of Anglo-Celtic background. Those who were of French parentage fared reasonably enough if they were blue bloods, but not so well if their social class was low, even though their laine was pure.

Fortunately, since 1967 similarly

motivated name-changing is far less prevalent, thanks in large part to the multiculturalism movement and policy.

Unfortunately, since 1967 separatist Québécois have essentially abandoned the French Fact outside their province to its fate, while federalist Canadians in the West and Ontario are beset by gaggles of Reformers and other Yahoos. Obviously, Canadians are still reaping what was sown back then – some of the harvest is good, and some of it not so.

Since such considerations were doubtless far down on Mr. Nodwell’s list as he wrote his thoughtful article, I wrote to the *Globe*, suffused with hopes that his clarity of thinking might prompt us all further along in a positive direction and, possibly, towards national reconciliation. Now, for Mr. Berton, the very thing that made many of us feel comfortable in a Canadian skin has apparently been the cause of a thirty-year case of acute dyspepsia.

On a crisp and sunny day, I picked up a copy of the *Canuck Harrumphers* 1967, and consulted the index to see how many times he’d belabour the ills of “multiculturalism.” He did so once. I turned to page 354 as instructed by the index.

I found: “[Bilingualism and Biculturalism Commissioner André] Laurendeau was disturbed that the [sic] ethnic groups ‘seem to believe that to grant something to the French is to take something away from them... for if they accept to a great extent the necessity of losing their languages [DO WE? DID

WE?], why shouldn’t everyone in Canada have to do so.’”

If the late journalist and commissioner’s cogitations were not sufficiently acrid, Ole Pierre delivers the kicker, now in his own words: “[Laurendeau] found this especially true of the Ukrainian Canadians, perhaps because, being accustomed to a constant struggle in the old country, they tended to perpetuate it in the new land.”

On the strength of this “perhaps,” perhaps Stalin could have garnered a sympathetic tear from Mr. Berton as the bloody tyrant faced the logistical impossibility of deporting every blessed one of us troublemakers.

With terrible clarity I realized that Mr. Berton will never like me and can never have liked me, because I come from a gene pool “what causes unrest.”

To be frank, since growing up on his yarns in *Klondike* and *The Last Spike*, I’ve encountered a growing number of reasons to work up a powerful dislike for that sorry old shit (his idiotic dismissal of Leonard Cohen and “beatniks;” his cloying nostalgia and inability to get his brain past the first “world” war; and his obscurantist refusal to accept that Canada is no longer “a Dominion of the British Empire”), so it’s mutual.

Oddly, according to the list of “books by Pierre Berton” inserted into the 1967 book, it appears that he once wrote a work of fiction under the pseudonym “Lisa Kroniuk.”

How’s that for a howling name-changing irony! **Z!**

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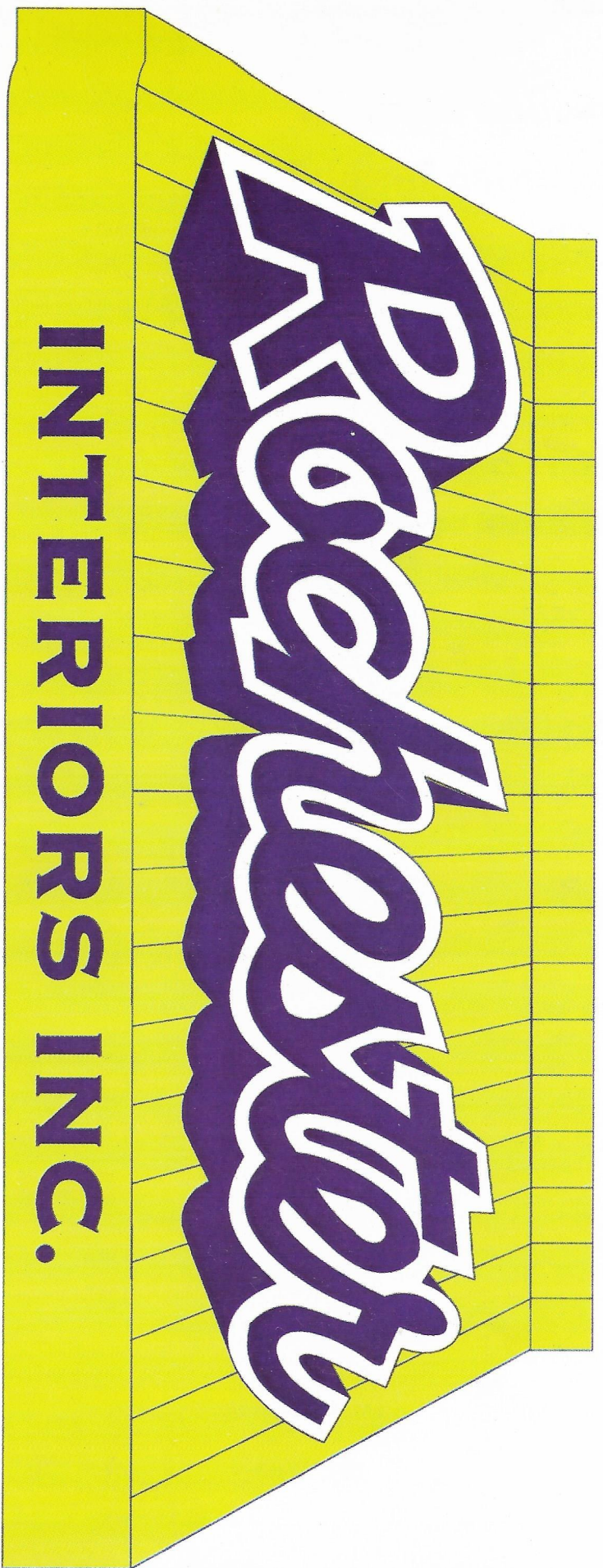
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