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Winter 1999

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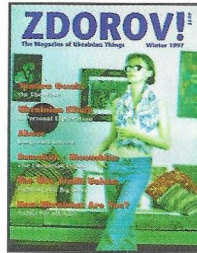
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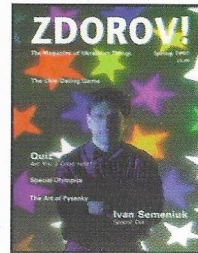
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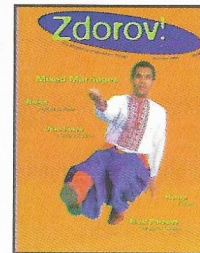
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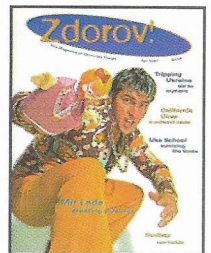
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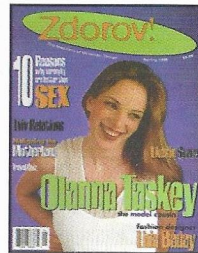
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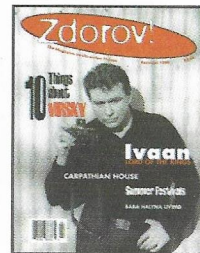
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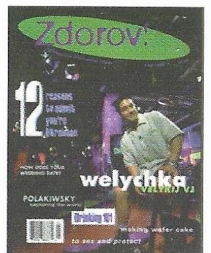
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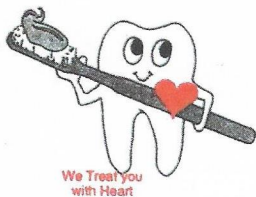


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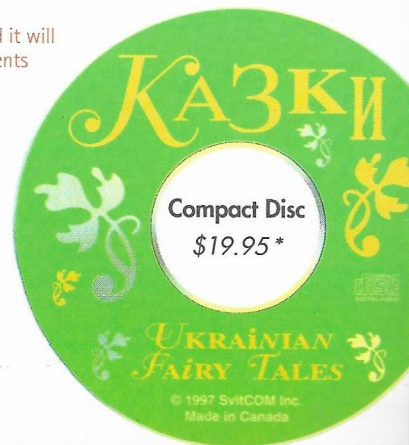
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what's inside...  
what's inside...

# Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

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She's got great legs

by Peter Carter

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Celebrate the new year with Ukrainians and elk

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# Zdorov!

The Magazine of Ukrainian Things

Volume 3 Number 9

Dec. 4, 1998

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## Editorial

*Zdorov!* is entering its third year of publication and starting the precipitous slide into the year 2000. (1999 is just a prelude to the calamity that is forecast for the annum of three zeroes.)

Recently an unprecedented occurrence hit the Ukrainian community in Canada. Just in time for *Mykolayko* and the Christmas season came the release of four (4) English language books written and/or edited by Ukrainian-Canadian authors.

Janice Kulyk Keefer checked in with one novel, *Honey and Ashes*, and a co-edited a collection of short stories, *Two Lands, New Visions* (the other editor was the Kyiv-based Solomea Pavlychko). Myrna Kostash, who contributed this issue's 'Final Phrases,' has *The Doomed Bridegroom* out and Larry Warwaruk got his novel, *The Ukrainian Wedding*, published. We review all four of them in these pages, and they should all provide excellent reading for this holiday season and beyond.

Our job here is to inform and entertain, so this issue includes a feature about children's entertainer Sonja Dunn. The article's author, *Chatelaine* senior editor Peter Carter, writes that Ms. Dunn is tall – and so she is. Sonja MC'd a spelling bee during Toronto's Word on the Street Festival and literally towered over the children.

To put our readers in a festive mood we also have a story about a California couple going to Jasper in the Canadian Rockies to celebrate Malanka with a whole host of fellow Ukrainians.

In keeping with the global slide into millennarian greed (the North American yuppie variety metastasized in the late 1980s), in this issue we present a new column which will give financial advice to our readers. If any of our readers have any questions they can direct them to our editorial office and we will try to include them in upcoming issues of *Zdorov!*

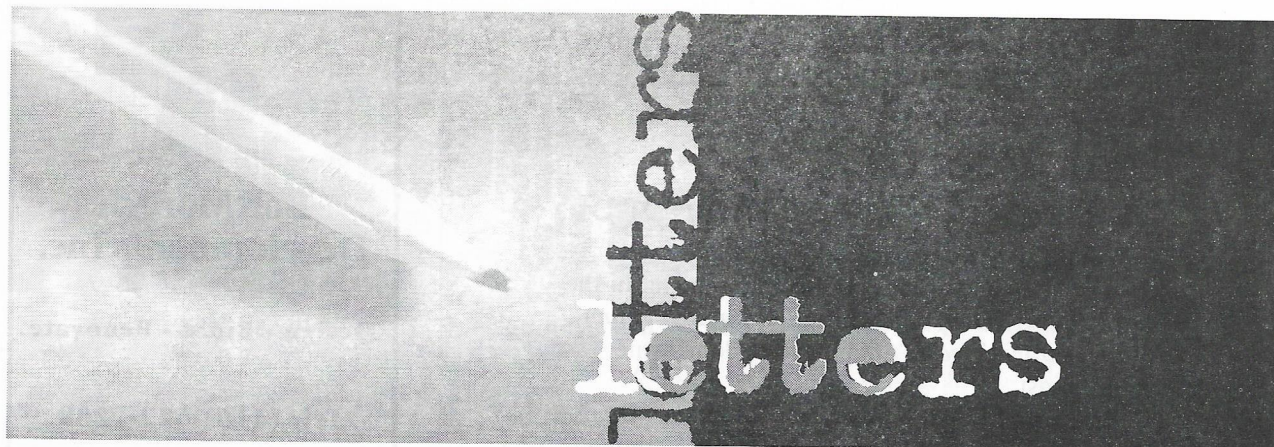
We are pleased that some writers are coming forward with ideas and offers to write for *Zdorov!* We appreciate this greatly. If you or anyone you know has an idea that you think should be covered in *Zdorov!* or would like to write for us, please drop us a line at:

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Cover photograph of Sonja Dunn by Nestor Gula



## Dear Zdorov!,

A hundred *diakujuz* (thank yous) can't express my gratitude for your interest in having me in your magazine.

But I feel it necessary to clarify a couple of points...

Firstly, my X-Files collection is kept in my solarium, not my bedroom. That would be creepy!

Secondly, although I am not a big fan of dance music, I do not hate the Backstreet Boys. I have the utmost respect for their obvious talent and solid work ethic, and after five or six interviews with the band, I have always found them extremely courteous and professional. They do deserve every bit of success they're enjoying.

Again, thanks for the article.

Yours truly,  
Bill Welychka  
Toronto, Ontario

## Dear Zdorov!,

Re: Your fascination with Laser Eye Surgery.

Sorry to beat a dead horse but what's all the fascination with Laser Eye Surgery?

From all the reports I've heard, read and watched, it's still an experimental procedure. And bloody expensive too. Why all this interest in a surgical procedure that is used mostly for cosmetic purposes? Will *Zdorov!* be writing articles on breast enhancement, penile elongation, tummy tucks and liposuction?

I sure hope not.

You have a great magazine by the way.

Andrew Fedchuk  
Mississauga, Ontario

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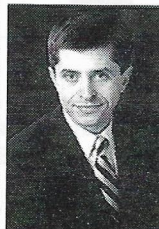


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*Stephanie Paluch* *Oct 9-98*  
*Magazine of Ukr. Things*  
**Dear Zdorov,  
Magazine of Ukrainian Things**

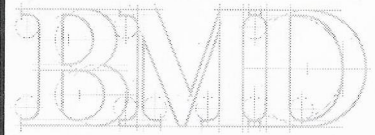
What things?

It reminds me of my small children being in the Plast summer camp, and writing post card, "Mamo my robymo mali rechi," (Mommy we done some small things).

Please don't mail me any of your magazines. A lot of comment could be made about these "things", but I am going to limit myself to only one.

It's waste of good paper, and if you promote such a *shmira* of Andrukhovych's *Recreations* then God help us. You mean there at this time isn't anything from Ukrainian "things" to translate for American market? Who is it behind of such low crap. It's sad that any Ukrainian human being try to make writer of him, and it's supposed to be the 'intalagansia' (sic)

*Stephanie Paluch*  
Mississauga, Ontario



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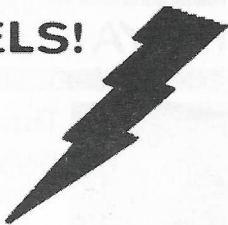
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# 7 Reasons to use the old Julian Calendar

compiled by Nestor Gula

1. You get extra vacation time;
2. It is Y2K-proof;
3. You get an extra 11 minutes and ten seconds a year to do cool stuff;
4. It was adopted by Julius Caesar in 54 B.C., so it's now the year 2052;
5. Few people use it, so it gives you a chance to be original, start a trend and capitalize on it;
6. You can mess with the heads of excessively organized people;
7. You will finally understand why the October Revolution was celebrated in November (and still is by some).

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# HAPPY VALENTYNA'S DAY

by Heather Olivetz

Contrary to popular belief, Valentine's Day has little to do with some dead martyr (as opposed to those rare living martyrs), and everything to do with a young Ukrainian woman named Valentyna who was hounded to death by her relatives because she was still unmarried at (gasp!) age 25. To this day, single Ukrainian women everywhere remember her on February 15th by binging on discounted cinnamon candy hearts and canceling that oh-so-thoughtful gift subscription to *Modern Bride* magazine.

It starts out innocently enough for the wee Ukie maiden: relatives coo over you and say things like, "I just hope I live long enough to dance at your wedding." Suddenly, every unattached male under 30 is a prospective husband. Never mind that you're only six-and-a-half: this is your future, and not just anyone will do. No male is immune to the scrutiny of well-meaning relatives. At church, you can just hear the wheels a-turning as they cast an appraising eye over the altar boys. "Hmmm, Ivan slouches terribly. He'll look awful in the wedding photos. And what if the kids inherit that overbite? But that Marko, now there's a fine catch. What a fine pair they'll make,

with her dark hair and his golden curls." Of course, twenty years later, Ivan is a successful orthodontist with a reconstructed jaw and Marko has shaved his head, works the night shift at a video store, and still lives with his mother.

By the time you hit your 20s, those same (and still well-meaning) relatives order their gravestones and ask which wording you'd prefer to see under their names and dates of birth and death: "Still waiting for that wedding invitation," or "Died without dancing. Her mother's not too happy about it either." You start hearing ominous pronouncements like, "You won't want to wait much longer, because soon you'll be killed by terrorists with ticking zoological clocks." Every time you leave for yet another bridal shower, you hear them say (with hope in their voices), "Don't forget to see how it's done, so you'll know what you want when it's your turn." No worries. You already have your wish list completed: A rainbow selection of Jell-O salads to co-ordinate with your wedding colour scheme. Hours of fascinating shower games. And the complete bridal shower ensemble: bow hat and bow bra.

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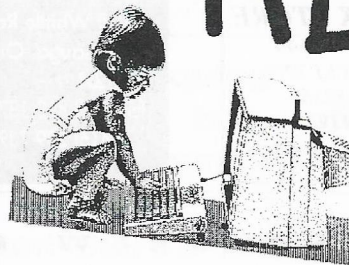
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No one asks about your single friends anymore; only your married friends count. Your parents exchange your hope chest for the larger hope armoire. You get a blender, two goose down pillows, and an apron for Christmas. Your mother pulls out your old Ukrainian school graduation class photo and starts drawing x's through the faces of the boys who are either married or have come out of the closet.

Your Baba buys her own copy of the movie *Crossing Delancey*, and watches it while taking copious notes. She tries to set you up with the herring man (pickle men being in short supply this side of New York City). Your great aunt corners a young man you've dated once and asks him when he's planning to marry you; he sets a world record in the 100-metre dash. An older cousin sends you her collection of invitations and matchbooks from her friends' weddings, for your files, "So you can see what's out there, dear."

Then, when you least expect it, you meet this wonderful man (all by yourself, without any family member's help, even). You date. You become inseparable. Your siblings make gagging noises when you hold hands at dinner. You get engaged. You pick out china. You torment your closest friends with shiny bridesmaids' dresses and matching pointy satin shoes. You survive the big day. You settle into the routine of married life.

One day, you find yourself checking out the altar boy at church for your five-year-old cousin.

*Heather Olivetz married a nice Ukrainian boy. He's great. She's happy. Go figure.*

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# UKRAINIANS WORMING IN

by Nestor Gula

The hard-working ethos of the Ukrainian male was recently exposed in an article titled "Subterranean Harvest" in *Canadian Geographic* (September/October 1998).

The article, by American-born Toronto-based author, journalist and broadcaster Allen Abel, is an examination of the worm picking industry in Southern Ontario. What does an article about worm picking have to do with Ukrainians? Not much really, but just like worms, Ukrainians tend to surface just about anywhere.

Among the many things Mr. Abel uncovers about worm picking is that a worm picker receives between \$15 and \$30 per thousand, and that an experienced picker will get about 6,000 worms per eight-hour night shift. Incidentally, the unofficial record haul of worms in one night is 22,500. Mr. Abel includes many anecdotes from Nick Alafogiannis, who drives the pickers for his father's

worm picking company OK Bait. Among these is the one about the day a Ukrainian showed up for his first day of work...

in Ontario  
field work goes on.  
"One time, this big Ukrainian guy comes to me," Nick says. "He says, 'I am strong worker. I want to pick worms.' I take him out. I go away and check some other fields. When I come back, he's sitting in Coffee Time, eating a donut, with his cans still on his legs. He picked 20 worms and quit."  
Not everyone who masters the craft is interested in bragging about it, says Nick. "A lot of people have got to know. They become doctors. Some people


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# BAIULAGAIN

by Nestor Gula

One year ago *Zdorov!* had a feature interview with Ukrainian figure skater Oksana Baiul. She was on the road to recovery after a bout of drinking made her smash her Mercedes-Benz into a tree in Connecticut.

She swore that she hadn't touched a drop since. "I'm in training," she intoned. "I can't drink and skate at the same time."

By now, I'm sure that everybody knows by now that she did skate and drink. In May 1998, she had a nervous breakdown and checked herself into a rehab clinic, Silver Hills in Connecticut. And in mid-November she did the ultimate American repentance act — she appeared on *Oprah*. Again.

She first appeared on *Oprah*

on February 7, 1997 to confess her sins about drinking and driving. This time she admitted that she was still drinking. Although she did not mention it I guess she was still boozing when I interviewed her for *Zdorov!*

Now Oksana says she wants to skate in the 2002 Olympics. I assume it will be for Ukraine, although it was unclear from her *Oprah* interview. Once again she called herself a Russian, which will send most of the Ukrainian Diaspora into a tizzy. I was told by a friend that no one in Ukraine cares what she calls herself — it's not a big deal. It's the Diaspora which gets all bent out of shape about it.

What is noticeably different about Oksana this time around is that she is dressed much better. And much like people who collect University degrees, she had a new title to her name. Oprah had her listed as — Oksana Baiul, Olympic Gold Medalist, Recovering Alcoholic.

She mentioned that she was in denial about her drinking and that



photo by Yuri Dolnycky

"It was in her genes." Her father was an alcoholic. Her time off in rehab gave her an opportunity to become

well-versed in the way to handling the *Oprah* show. Her speechifying was a collection of clichés ("I felt a great pain inside me") and shocking self revelations ("I was trying to kill myself").

This may all be true — it just sounded a little too well-rehearsed. The public politely applauded her revelations. The Ukrainian Diaspora will privately applaud her too while publicly tut-tutting her inability to say, "I'm Ukrainian!" on the *Oprah* show. But should Oksana reach her goal of skating in the 2002 Olympics and does so under a Ukrainian flag, and should she even, dare we hope, win a medal, she will be crowned Queen of Ukraine with no further ado.

Whether she says she is Ukrainian, or not.

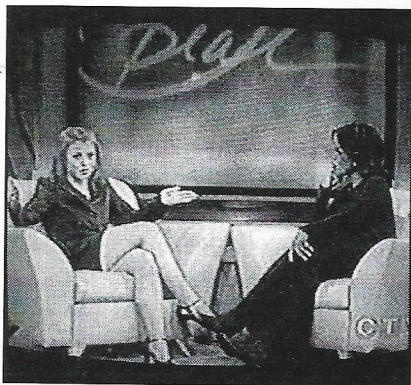
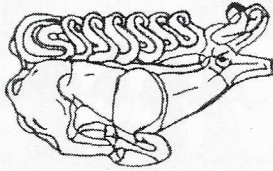


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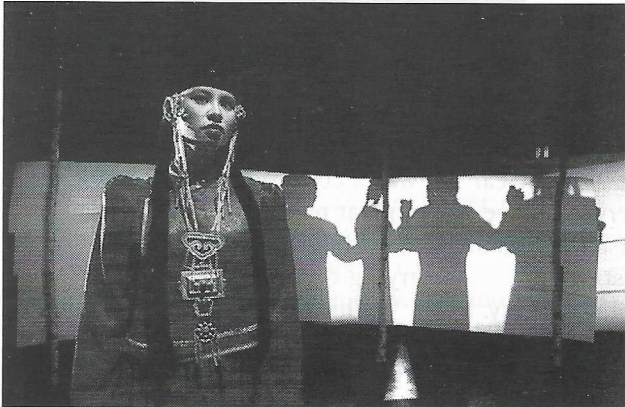
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# YARA IN SIBERIA

by Nestor Gula

Most Ukrainians know the Yara Arts Group as an experimental theatre troupe that performs works based on Ukrainian material. Since its inception in 1990, all five major pieces have been Ukrainian in theme. Lately, however, Yara has been working with artists from the Buryat Republic in Siberia.



Buryatia is located where the borders of Siberia, Mongolia and China meet. Part of its border is on Lake Baikal.

Yara's most recent foray to Buryatia this past July marked their third visit in three years. The resulting work is part of Yara's most ambitious project to date. It started in the summer of 1997 when six members from Yara travelled to the remote Buryat region. There they collected folk music, ancient songs and legends in an area where traditional forms of life still exist. They were also able to take part in a number of traditional ceremonies, including a 36-hour long shaman ritual. The materials they collected, combined with their experiences, formed the basis of a new collaborative piece they created with their Buryat colleagues.

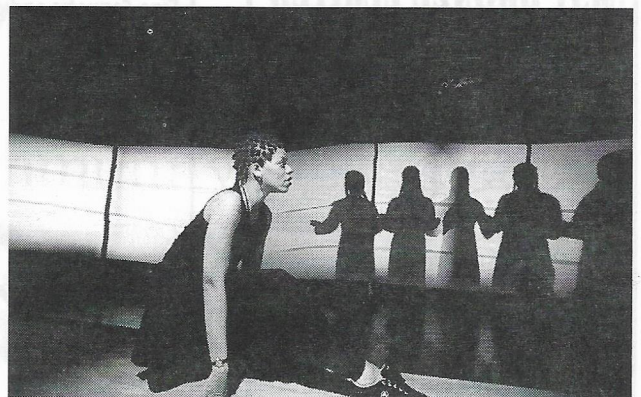
The director of the Yara Arts Group, Virlana Tkacz, says that it was fascinating to work with the Buryat people. "I recently found out that they were linked to several North American native tribes including the Athabaska." She mentions that she came across the Buryat people inadvertently while searching on the Internet. "There is this beautiful poem by the Kyiv writer Oleh Lysheha called Swans. I was looking for swan legends and discovered that the Buryats have wonderful legends about swans. They call themselves the swan people," she says. She loved the contradictions that emerged from working with people from this ancient culture. "One of the

best Buryat folkloric singers happens to be 17 years old. So this young woman is there working with us. She is chewing gum and fiddling with her makeup. When it comes time for her to sing she takes out the gum and this beautiful music comes out," recounts Virlana.

Yara's work with the Buryats fits nicely into its goal of bringing together drama, poetry, song, history, science and movement to create original theatre pieces that explore timely issues rooted in the East. Travelling to the Buryat Republic this past July were six members of Yara and Ellen Stewart, artistic director of La MaMa. The group included three members of Ukrainian heritage: Virlana Tkacz, stage manager and vocal coach, Natalia Honcharenko, and costume designer Lubomira Kierkosz.

For three weeks they worked with artists from the Buryat National Theatre on the collaborative theatre piece *Tsagaan Shubuunay Duun* (Song of the White Bird). The first section of this piece entitled "Flight" was performed at La Mama in New York City from April 24 to May 3, 1998. The second section, entitled "Song of the White Bird," premiered on August 6 at the Buryat National Theatre, where it was critically acclaimed and played to sold-out houses. The company then travelled to the Aginsk-Buryat Autonomous Region and performed the show in the villages where the folk material that inspired the production was originally collected.

The American premiere of the complete piece, "The Flight of the White Bird," is scheduled for March 6 to 21, 1999 at La MaMa Experimental Theatre in New York. For more information call Yara at (212) 475-6474, e-mail at [yara@prodigy.net](mailto:yara@prodigy.net), or visit Yara's website at <http://www.brama.com/yara/>



# PARISTOKYIVINTORONTO

by Diane Slawycz

With the explosion of interest in world music over the last few years, Ukraine is one country that has received scant attention. But Ukrainian-Canadian singer Alexis Kochan is setting out to change that.

Most recently, the Manitoba native performed in Toronto as part of the Canada Council for the Arts' "Showcase of Culturally Diverse and First Nations Artists." Getting there wasn't easy. Kochan, along with her "Paris to Kyiv" ensemble of performers on bandura, viola, cittern and pipes, were one of only 48 groups selected from 250 applicants. "I know how incredibly talented Canadian musicians are," said Kochan, "so the fact that they would pick me and my project over so many other fine musicians is an honour."

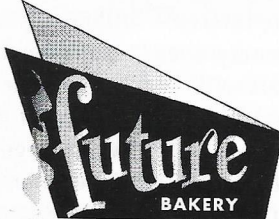
The event was designed to expose selected musicians to dozens of presenters who book acts for music festivals throughout Canada. The ensemble received an enthusiastic reception from the audience – quite a feat considering they were 14th in a line of 16 musical performances during the day-long event.

Kochan, who has three CDs to her credit, performed songs connected to ancient seasonal rituals of agricultural life. Other pieces featured fragments of medieval chant and polytonal singing. One selection, a Ukrainian lullaby, sounded remarkably similar to the Gershwin classic "Summertime." A coincidence? Hardly. Kochan told the audience a young Gershwin first heard the lullaby at a Carnegie Hall performance in 1923 and was reportedly moved by it.


Another place to look for the influence of Ukrainian music is in the soon-to-be-released second edition of the "Rough Guide to World Music." Kochan and bandura player Julian Kytasty helped expand the Ukrainian music section of the weighty book from two paragraphs to several pages!



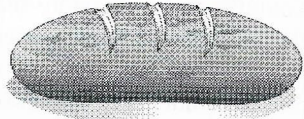
Alexis Kochan and Julian Kytasty



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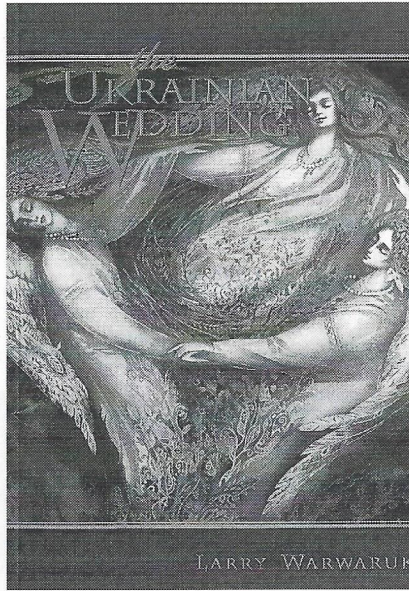
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## Reviews

*The Ukrainian Wedding* is filled with characters that enchant you, make you laugh and make you think, "Hey, I know someone just like that." Author Larry Warwaruk does a wonderful job of taking you back to Manitoba in the 1940s, where being Ukrainian was a struggle: a struggle working the land and a struggle for the young to break away from the land and live the English-Canadian way.

The book begins by introducing the characters getting ready for a wedding. Lena Melnyk goes to town to buy a new outfit and shoes for her brother's wedding. As Lena longs to finish school and move to the city, she listens quietly to all the old stories of *Rusalky* (fairies) luring men, the old traditions and ways of the people. Then there's Nellie, the bride to be. She wants to be a modern bride (ordering black lingerie from a catalogue for her wedding night), but holds on to all the old customs of the wedding (wearing the *babushka* kerchief after the ceremony and everyday afterwards). There's her father Panko. A truly lively character who loves life, has an answer for everything and enjoys his home-brew. But he too



realizes change is occurring. As he says of the younger generation, "they will go into the English world and be boiled out like a pea in a pot of borscht."

Panko's son Nick, who had joined the Canadian army, returned home for the wedding, stayed on for harvest time, and now dodges the police because, afraid of being sent to Dieppe, he does not want to return to his unit.

And then there's Marusia. Married at 13 to a man twice her age who is scorned by the other

men. Marusia has a "personality" desired by all the men (even the priest), and all the women believe her to be a witch.

Through these and other characters, Larry Warwaruk creates a perfect setting for the reader to truly understand what it was like to be a Ukrainian in 1940s Manitoba.

As the novel continues with the traditional wedding playing itself out, the author throws in a twist to the plot – a murder and, of course, the requisite murderer. He introduces this plot twist in a very straightforward way, managing all along to hold onto the main theme – struggling with change.

The novel ends the way it begins, with Lena's thoughts as she struggles with imminent change. She thinks of what Panko says – like all Ukrainian patriarchs, Panko has a saying for everything – "What sense is there to change if it gives you no time to sit on a bench after summer and play the *sopilka* (flute)? What good to change if you lose what you are?"

– reviewed by Ulana Shihura

## THE MITTEN

The Mitten (*Rukavychka*) is the first release by Iliad Productions. Creator Daniel Arsenault combined his computer animation training with his wife's and his mother-in-law's knowledge of Ukrainian to create this interactive version of a Ukrainian folk tale.

The CD-ROM offers an illustrated rendering of the tale of the mitten into which an array of animals squeeze themselves, as well as several recordings of songs, and some interactive games in two languages, Ukrainian and English. In one game, children help old man Constantin fill his sled with firewood. In the process they learn how to count. In the other games, children learn to identify colours and animals in Ukrainian.

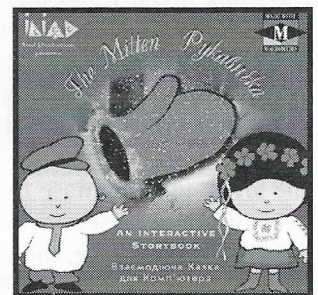
After each part of the story is read, children can

click on various parts of an image to make it move. For instance they can make a wolf howl or cause a frog to eat a fly.

The CD is recommended for ages 3-10 and requires Windows 95 with a Pentium chip and a 4x CD drive. There is a short wait of a few seconds between each scene, so older children may get a bit impatient.

For more information contact Iliad by telephone at (905) 524-5178 or by e-mail at [iliadgraphics@hotmail.com](mailto:iliadgraphics@hotmail.com)

– reviewed by Yuriy Diakunchak



Where does one country end and another begin? Where is the border between the past and the present?... family and self?... desire and need? Janice Kulyk Keefer tackles all of these questions in her new and beautiful work *Honey and Ashes*.

Why would anybody ask themselves these questions in a little village by the river Zbruch?

Fatefully, perhaps, Kulyk Keefer's 'old place' – the place her mother's family hails from – is on this river, a river that, for Ukrainians, has been part of the border cutting their people, their nation in two from 1772 until the Second World War. Kulyk Keefer seems obsessed with the part of her that is from the 'old place.' It is this obsession, her love and respect for the 'old place,' her relentless poking around those sore spots that lie just beneath the surface of our present, that allow her to tell an honest and compelling story about her family, and ultimately, about all of us who in some way are connected to an 'over there.'

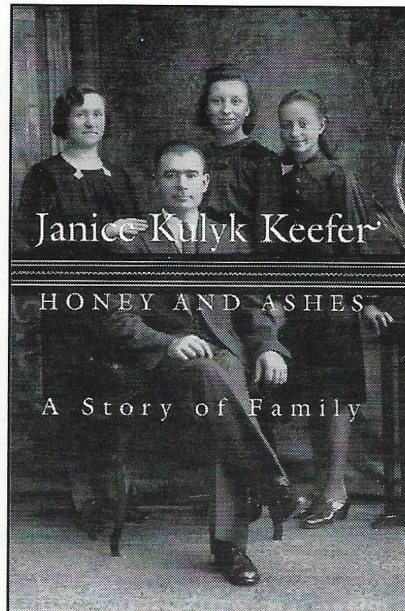
The journey takes place in two parts. In the first part we re-live the 'old place' through the stories of her mother and aunt, and accompany the sisters on their migration to Canada and their settlement in depression-era Toronto.

Kulyk Keefer paints a detailed, though dark, picture of the 'old place', characterized by the kind of cruelty that denies a child "a bread crust scribbled with honey, [and] fills the mouth with ashes." It is a picture of cruelty only slightly brightened by community and religious festivals.

In the second part we follow Kulyk Keefer as she journeys to the 'old place' to see *moye pole* (my field) with her own eyes. At times the author takes on the persona of the fretting tourist worried about things like the availability of toilet paper. She recovers, however, and is at her best poking around those sore spots of memory, finding the ghosts of Voytek and Helka in the 'old place', asking questions about them and about the silence – questions that are only partially answered, at best.

Ultimately, the questions are powerful because, by asking them, Kulyk Keefer attempts to erase the borders most of us have grown up accepting as real and unassailable. They are made more powerful by being wrapped in a story – a story as lush as the 'old place' seems barren.

– reviewed by Taras Gula



## WHAT'S YOUR FUTURE WORTH?

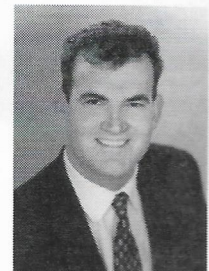
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God will get me  
for this, but it's  
got to be said.

Sonja  
Dunn  
has great  
legs.

But I don't mean leg legs; I mean artistic legs. When an idea has legs, it leaves a mark. It will travel across media and be remembered. Star Wars has legs. As so do many of the creative seeds that this incredible entertainer Sonja Dunn planted decades ago. They're still growing. They've got legs.

Also, the first thing that strikes you when you meet Sonja Dunn is that her God-given legs go way up.

Sonja Dunn is a six-foot tall, 60-something musician, songwriter, poet, kids' performer, teacher, mom and grandmom. For as long as she can remember, she has travelled near and far to wow audiences with her distinct breathy and funky musical, poetic and dramatic performances. She's been to China, Ukraine, Malaysia, South America, the States and across this country, taking mostly young audiences by storm in her multi-coloured "story dress" and guitar, belting out nursery rhyme raps and helping kids develop an appreciation for music, poetry and, above all, reading. She has written 10 children's books, holds a BA from Laurentian University in Sudbury, an M Ed from the University of Toronto and for 35 years, she has been on the air and behind the scenes developing television programs for the CBC, PBS, CTV, YTV and Rogers Cablesystems. Talking to her, you get the feeling that this dynamo's just getting going.

Her background? You could make a movie about it. She was born Sonja Serotiuk in Toronto. A mere five years after Sonja came into the world, her mother gave birth to a little boy, but then died shortly afterwards. The Catholic Childrens' Aid society swept in and took the boy from Sonja's Dad, a Ukrainian immigrant intellectual and musician. "You're not," he said in response, "gonna get my daughter."

He scooped her up and took his darling Sonja north. For almost a decade, they toured northern Ontario, as he ferried Ukrainian popular scholarship, music and culture to end-of-the-road outposts with names like Coniston and Kenora. Sonja's earliest memories have her laying in bed at night with one ear cocked toward her father's salons — musical evenings with people coming from all over for a rare taste of great live entertainment.

"I remember lying awake, trying to recognize the voices, even though I didn't know anybody. I guess it was my hopeful imagination at work, even back then," she recalls. The image of the odd couple — the violin-wielding teacher and his tall skinny daughter travelling around the sparsely populated towns of northern Ontario is reminiscent of the father and daughter team in *Paper Moon* played by Ryan and Tatum O'Neal. Except

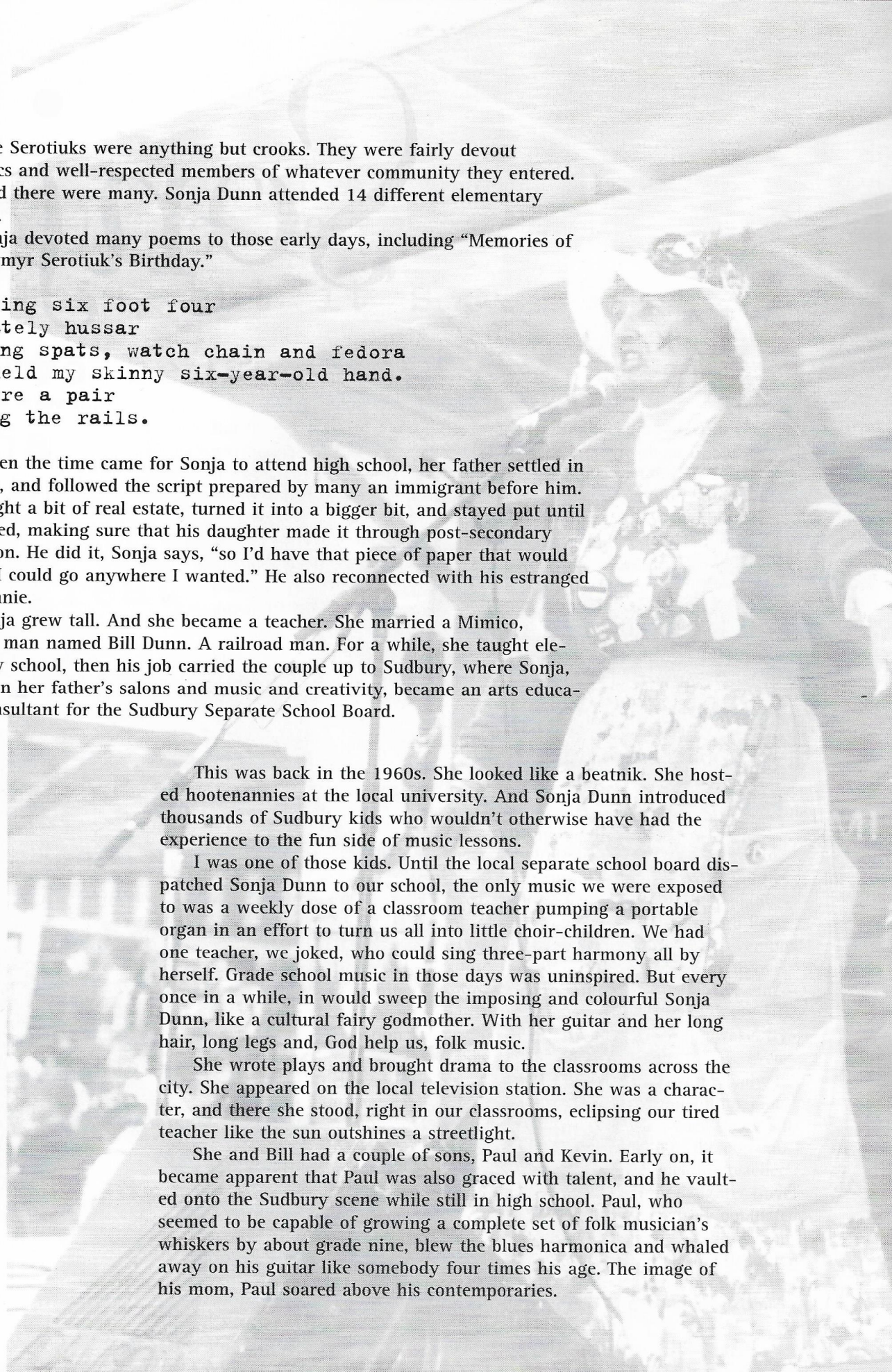


# Sonja

by Peter Carter

photos by Nestor Gula





that the Serotiuks were anything but crooks. They were fairly devout Catholics and well-respected members of whatever community they entered.

And there were many. Sonja Dunn attended 14 different elementary schools.

Sonja devoted many poems to those early days, including "Memories of Wolodymyr Serotiuk's Birthday."

Standing six foot four  
a stately hussar  
wearing spats, watch chain and fedora  
you held my skinny six-year-old hand.  
We were a pair  
riding the rails.

When the time came for Sonja to attend high school, her father settled in Toronto, and followed the script prepared by many an immigrant before him. He bought a bit of real estate, turned it into a bigger bit, and stayed put until he retired, making sure that his daughter made it through post-secondary education. He did it, Sonja says, "so I'd have that piece of paper that would ensure I could go anywhere I wanted." He also reconnected with his estranged son Ronnie.

Sonja grew tall. And she became a teacher. She married a Mimico, Ontario man named Bill Dunn. A railroad man. For a while, she taught elementary school, then his job carried the couple up to Sudbury, where Sonja, raised on her father's salons and music and creativity, became an arts education consultant for the Sudbury Separate School Board.

This was back in the 1960s. She looked like a beatnik. She hosted hootenannies at the local university. And Sonja Dunn introduced thousands of Sudbury kids who wouldn't otherwise have had the experience to the fun side of music lessons.

I was one of those kids. Until the local separate school board dispatched Sonja Dunn to our school, the only music we were exposed to was a weekly dose of a classroom teacher pumping a portable organ in an effort to turn us all into little choir-children. We had one teacher, we joked, who could sing three-part harmony all by herself. Grade school music in those days was uninspired. But every once in a while, in would sweep the imposing and colourful Sonja Dunn, like a cultural fairy godmother. With her guitar and her long hair, long legs and, God help us, folk music.

She wrote plays and brought drama to the classrooms across the city. She appeared on the local television station. She was a character, and there she stood, right in our classrooms, eclipsing our tired teacher like the sun outshines a streetlight.

She and Bill had a couple of sons, Paul and Kevin. Early on, it became apparent that Paul was also graced with talent, and he vaulted onto the Sudbury scene while still in high school. Paul, who seemed to be capable of growing a complete set of folk musician's whiskers by about grade nine, blew the blues harmonica and whaled away on his guitar like somebody four times his age. The image of his mom, Paul soared above his contemporaries.

I met Paul at a friend's wedding this past summer. I asked about his mom and told him about my strong and warm memories of her contributions to our classrooms away back when in Sudbury.

Of course she's still going strong, he replied, but living in Etobicoke now. A person like Sonja Dunn doesn't slow down till she drops. Furthermore, Paul told me, his mom has shown a newfound interest in her Ukrainian roots.

So I made an appointment to visit her at her condo in Etobicoke. When I arrived, she buzzed me in, I elevatored up to her floor, and there to greet me was the same tall, husky-voiced performer that I hadn't seen for decades. She hadn't changed a bit. Her husband Bill, now retired, was in another room watching golf. I don't have to tell you he's the quieter of the two. She never stopped moving for the duration of my visit.

Her office/studio is a museum of Dunn-Serotiuk history. While the tables were strewn with lyric sheets, reams of poetry and papers, papers, papers, the walls fairly groaned with plaques and citations, tributes to Dunn's unflagging contributions to schooling throughout the years.

At some point, between anecdotes about growing up on the road and breathlessly described memories of playing around Sudbury, Sonja tells me about her growing fascination with her Ukrainian past. "As I get older, I seem to be growing closer to that part of the world," she says.

In 1995, Dunn, along with five other Canadian writers, jetted to Kyiv to represent this country's literati at the opening of a grand exhibit of Canadian books at the Vernadsky Central Scientific Library of the Academy of Sciences of Ukraine. Although Ukrainian was her first language and she was raised on her father's folklore and music, she had never been to Ukraine before. She recaptured her impressions with "In Ukraine," a poem published in the 1997 poetry collection called *Uncivilizing*.

In Ukraine's Vorzel Forest,  
the dampness of my dacha

seeps into my bones  
through the slick slab  
of a too short mattress  
which assaults my pampered body.

How many tee-shirts  
does it take  
to keep warm?

That ancient Ukrainian moon  
transparent like vodka  
forces her way  
through bars  
of unscreened windows  
and lays her head  
on my pillow.

She tells me,  
"Nothing is easy in Ukraine."

A lot of people look up to Sonja Dunn. But I have a feeling that there's one – the late Wolodymyr Serotiuk – who's looking down at her. And smiling.

## GRANOLA MUNCHING TREE HUGGING chic

### Kutia

Today, savvy gourmands would consider *kutia* standard granola fare, chalking it right up with bulgur pilaffs and tofu tahini spreads. With its crunchy wheatberries, wholesome nuts and zesty poppy seeds, *kutia* would fit smoothly onto the pages of *The Moosewood Cookbook*, or any other bible of vegetarian fare. One hip New Yorker friend put on a posh Ukrainian Christmas brunch for his high-brow non-Ukrainian friends. “They LOVED the *kutia*,” he said, somewhat puzzled. “They were so intrigued.”

For most of us Diaspora Ukrainians *kutia* was, well, *kutia*. No one ever questioned why an evening meal began with a sweet dish; nor did many of us even know exactly what we were eating. But we were never intrigued enough to ask.

Personally, I spent my childhood avoiding eating the gooey dish, tactfully placing little more than a tiny teaspoon onto my plate. Children often have an instinctive aversion to the culinary unknown. In my book, wheatberries fit the bill.

One avid *kutia* fan explained to me how she grew to love the dish. Her father used to hold contests – the child with the most poppy seeds stuck in his or her teeth after eating *kutia* won a prize. She’s been eating it ever since.

For myself, the turning point was more dramatic. Carolling one year, my friends and I greeted our listeners with a kitschy rhyme about how much better our Christmas blessings (*vinchuvanya*) bestowed on the household would be if we tasted the *kutia*. One household took us up on the offer and as their handsome son spooned *kutia* into my mouth, something clicked.

As children, we all learned that *kutia*, an ancient pre-Christian dish, symbolized the staff of life, the straw in the manger where Jesus was born. We also learned that farmers fed *kutia* to their barn animals before the meal. And we loved hearing how the head of the household would throw *kutia* up onto the ceiling. If it stuck, it signalled a good harvest.

Eager as we were to see this old tradition played out on the chandeliered ceilings of our suburban homes, few parents complied. Except for one less-than-tidy Toronto household whose home has become renowned as the one with dried *kutia* permanently glued to its ceiling.

Wheatberries, in case you still don’t know, are whole wheat kernels, and very in vogue among the granola crowd. So try viewing *kutia* in a new light. It’s healthy, it’s easy, and it’s even chic.

# The Recipe

2 cups wheatberries (available in health food or bulk stores)  
1 cup poppy seeds, ground  
2/3 cup granulated sugar  
1/3 cup buckwheat honey  
3/4 cup chopped walnuts

Wash the wheatberries in a sieve under running water, then leave them to soak overnight with just enough water to cover them.

Place both the wheatberries and water into a pot, adding more water if necessary so that it covers the wheat. Bring to a boil, lower the heat and simmer for two hours, or until the wheat is tender. Exact simmering time varies with the quality of the wheat – when done, it will be soft like rice. Add more water throughout the cooking period if the pudding dries out. It should always remain moist and liquidy.

Once the wheatberries are ready, add the honey, sugar, poppy seeds and walnuts. Mix and chill.

**Free**

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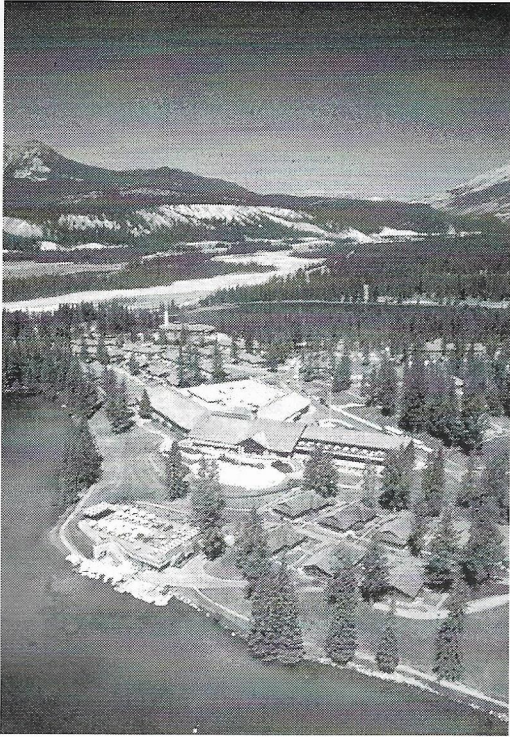
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photos courtesy of CP Hotels

We live in Los Angeles, but when my Ukrainian husband, Miron, read about the Malanka Dinner and Dance to be held in January, 1998 at the Jasper Park Lodge, nestled deep in the Canadian Rockies, he decided this was an experience his family could not do without. We took advantage of a special package that included room, dinner, dance, buffet breakfast and a variety of Ukrainian entertainment. By the time we had decided to make our reservations, our dear friends, Victoria and Bob, decided to join us. I warned them that it was a very Ukrainian thing to do, and asked whether they were certain they wanted to spend several days surrounded by mysterious kozaks and *holubtsi*? Yes, they were prepared.

I had long ago adopted the Ukrainian culture myself, so I was basically a “passer.” Most importantly, I know my way around a Ukrainian buffet and can mumble “*Smachnoho*” with the best of ‘em. So, as the months passed, we became more and more excited about our trip to the snow.

Living in warmer climes, we had to put woolly mittens, long underwear, hats, socks, boots and coats on our Christmas lists in order to prepare for our trip. When the day arrived for us to make our trek up north, we had packed every fuzzy thing we owned into our various suitcases and we were ready to beat the Canadian cold.

The four of us, including my daughter and son were up at 4 a.m. to leave for the airport – a feat that at least two of us (the girls) were not too cheerful about. We caught a flight to Seattle, then changed planes to hop up to Edmonton. Because we had so much luggage, we had to hire a van to take us to our hotel in Edmonton – it wouldn’t fit into a regular taxi! Little did we realize that those many pieces of luggage would come back to haunt us many times before the trip was over!

We spent an uneventful night in Edmonton, resting up for more luggage-moving exercises. The next morning, we were off (in another van) to the train station. When the boarding call came, we had no idea that we were about to experience one of the most beautiful trips we had ever taken. To see the Canadian Rockies tumbling by our windows was just breathtaking.

I didn’t think it could get any better than that, but, when we pulled into the little town of Jasper, there were elk along-side the train who almost looked as though they were the greeting committee! The hotel sent a van to pick us up, and the ride through the National Park to the lodge was as beautiful, if not more, than the train ride.

by Janet L. Chomyn

# MALANKA JASPER PARK, ALBERTA 1998

## The Hotel

Jasper Park Lodge is part of the Canadian Pacific hotel chain, a five-star accommodation that did not fail to meet its reputation. It was nestled amid Jasper's towering mountains, the frozen Lac Beauvert to one side, and stately snow-covered trees hugging the perimeter. Our cabin-like rooms were probably about fifty yards from the lodge itself. (This was a measurement that became more important as it got colder. That being said, we ended up looking like neon Michelin people most of the time, and I am sure we were pegged as foreigners from the outset.)

The hotel's welcome could not have been warmer, and we settled into our comfortable rooms in no time. We arrived a day earlier than most of the other guests so, for a while, we simply enjoyed the ambience of being there. Plus, it took us that long to hang up our clothes and figure out how many layers of long underwear to put on in order to actually walk to the lodge!

The next day, on Friday, we began to see the other visitors arriving by the busload. There was a lovely Welcome Reception at 8 p.m., followed by an evening of music provided by the Hoosli Folk Ensemble of Winnipeg and Trembita and dancing by the Vohon Ukrainian Dance Ensemble.

On Saturday, the entire hotel seemed to be dedicated to entertaining its Ukrainian guests. There was a mock-up of a Ukrainian village, sponsored by the Ukrainian Cultural Heritage Village of Edmonton; a visit from St. Nicholas in the Great Hall of the lodge; and all sorts of other activities for adults and children. The hotel provided embroidered blouses for their female employees to wear, and the waiters all wore embroidered cummerbunds. *Rushnyky* (coverlets) were draped strategically on furniture in the lobby.

Everywhere we looked, small touches showed that the hotel was indeed giving all these Ukrainian visitors a wonderful memory to take home. *Didukhy* (sheaves of wheat) were individually delivered to each guest's room, and carollers could be requested to sing *koliadky* and *shchedrivky* outside one's room.

That evening, everyone dressed up and the group kicked off the evening with a Manager's Reception in the Great Hall. The hotel's Christmas decorations were still up – there were entire trees made of poinsettia plants, tiny white lights in evergreen trees and wreaths. All this against the backdrop of a hotel that was already beautiful made the evening promise to be magical.

Once seated at our tables for the Malanka Dinner and Dance, we made the usual introductions among ourselves. One of the people from Edmonton sitting next to us said, "Oh! You're the people from California!" I guess our reputation preceded us. We made fast friends and chatted up a storm through most of the evening.

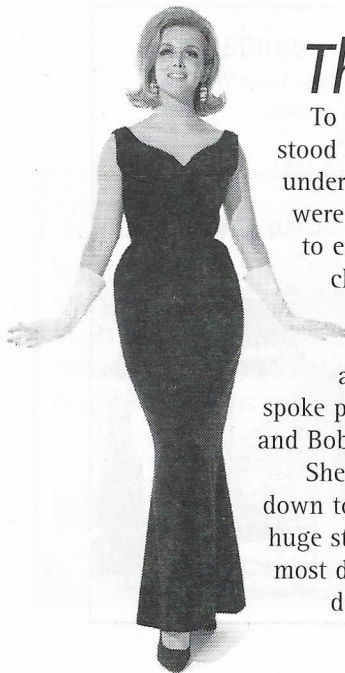


## The Malanka

To try to capture the experience of the evening is a near-impossible feat. An empty table stood as a symbol of respect for those not with us to celebrate the new year. There was hay under the tablecloth to show the spiritual significance of the evening's celebration. First, we were served *kutia* and *borscht*. This tradition is lost on my husband, Miron. He always refused to eat *kutia* as a boy, when his father forced him to eat a spoonful each year. Things have not changed all that much, except that I'm the one forcing him to eat it now. There was a beautiful braided *babka* with a lighted white candle placed at the centre of each table.

Anyone could have felt the warm glow of centuries of Ukrainian traditions wafting around the impressive room. The master of ceremony made the usual announcements. She spoke professional and explained the traditions thoroughly that I didn't worry about Victoria and Bob floundering.

She concluded her speech by invoking the tradition of sighting the first star before sitting down to eat. The Jasper Park Lodge provided us with that "first star" that night. Exactly on cue, a huge starburst of fireworks was set off directly outside the windows. That had to be the single most dazzling and touching thing I think I've ever seen, and I still feel tears well up at that demonstration of hospitality.



The dinner was an array of *so many* Ukrainian dishes. It was immense. Tables and tables of food prepared by the hotel's chef, who had gone to Edmonton to study traditional Ukrainian cooking with someones *baba*. She had obviously taught him well.

The band Trubka provided music throughout the meal followed by the Vohon Dance Ensemble performing some fabulous dances and even a Malanka skit. There was music and dancing well into the night. At midnight we toasted in the Ukrainian New Year, then beelined for our rooms, exhausted, full, and pleasantly regaled by the festivities.

## Sunday: Church & Brunch

On Sunday morning we celebrated the Divine Liturgy at the hotel but the Feast of the Epiphany service on Lac Beauvert was cut short because of the extreme cold. Even the locals were complaining a bit about the freezing temperatures. The sleigh rides we had planned to take had been cancelled because the hotel management felt it was too cold for the horses!

But when it came to food, all was well. The staff put on yet another fabulous buffet for brunch and we were seated once again in the huge ballroom where the Malanka was held. People were talking, eating and saying their goodbyes. All too soon, people started boarding the buses to go back home.

By afternoon, we were practically alone in the huge lodge. It was over all too soon. We had

made some good Ukrainian friends, eaten too much good Ukrainian food and had been treated like royalty by the hotel. From the few hundred people who showed up last year at the first annual Jasper *Malanka*, the 1998 group has apparently soared to nearly 800 people.

Although we travelled pretty far to enjoy those few days in the Canadian Rockies, we Californians soaked in every precious moment through every layer of long underwear we had! As the hours grew short, we packed our fuzzies and woollies and gloves and boots and went back the same way we had come. And all the way home, visions of *holubtsi* and *borscht* and St. Nicholas danced in our heads, along with hopes of coming back next year.



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### Ukrainian Football (Soccer)

Soccer fans in North America sometimes have little to cheer about locally, especially in Canada. The Americans at least make it to the World Cup; Canada's national team is a perennial also-ran and the professional scene is invisible. Some Ukrainians satisfy their soccer urges by using Ukraine's teams as proxies. Though they aren't always shining examples of world class competition themselves — Ukraine has yet to make it to the World Cup, for instance — but they have had enough success in the international field over the last few years to generate some interest. This football (soccer) web site is packed with news, reports, rumours, information on various Ukrainian clubs, competitions in Europe and the world, and the history of Ukrainian football. Even Dynamo Kyiv's fight songs are included. One song, which is sung to the tune of "We are the Champions," has lines like "Nothing better in this world than to travel the world with fanatics," — I'm assuming they mean soccer fanatics and not religious sects. You can also read Taras Ciuriak's travel diaries. Taras, currently of Toronto, makes a point of going to as many of Ukraine's soccer games as he can.

According to friends who use the site, it is kept well up-to-date with people posting ongoing game reports as quickly as they can get them.

# CyberUkes

<http://webdelsol.com/AGNI>

AGNI is a magazine that publishes poetry, short fiction, essays and reviews. Edited by Askold Melnyczuk, who founded the magazine some 26 years ago, AGNI offers all manner of writing often by well known writers such as Noam Chomsky and John Updike.

The site provides a large selection of writings from the magazine's web issues. So far six web issues have been published. This stuff is all free. Subscriptions to the paper version run \$18/year (\$4 extra for Canada and other international addresses.) Single issues sell for \$9 a pop.

AGNI magazine is partly supported by Boston University where it was founded many years ago. The university has helped out with office space, administrative staff and grant assistance. This site is a must for avid readers. If you consider yourself something of a writer, you might want to consider sending them some work. A word of warning though: it doesn't look like they publish every high school poetry class assignment that comes their way. Quality work only.

## 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.

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# SVITLYCHKA FOR KIDS

by Irene Mazurenko Pavliuc  
photos courtesy of Svitlychka

It's a preschooler's dream come true: having *Mama* or *Tato* drop you off and stay.

That's what happens sometimes at Svitlychka, where parents take a hands-on approach to their child's early education.

At Svitlychka, also known as the Ukrainian Co-Operative Nursery School of Toronto, the parents have a big impact on their child's program, says Anna Pastuszok. Her fourth child is currently attending the preschool.

That's because parents signing up their children also sign themselves up for a job.

Gail Wagner, president of this

year's board of directors, says it's the participation of the parents that keeps Svitlychka's standards high.

"To get the high quality program we need parents' co-operation. People who send their children to Svitlychka expect these high standards without an exorbitant cost. That's why we all roll up our sleeves and work," Wagner says.

The members of the board of directors, elected annually, are parents of the children at the school. They hire the teachers, set the direction of the program and deal with all administration.

"We wouldn't have the special events, such as St. Nicholas Day or the traditional Cats' Wedding zabava without the parental involvement," adds Wagner, whose third child is attending the preschool at 293 South Kingsway, just south Bloor Street West.

She adds that as a non-Ukrainian she has a unique view of the preschool. "I can't understand the language and the culture as well as other people can, but I can see the value of the co-operative program, in which the input of the parents is so vital to preserving the Ukrainian language, religion and culture."

"There are plenty of day-cares, but we're looking at educating our kids, not just babysitting them," Wagner adds.

Jobs for parents also include helping to select reading books for the classroom, buying school supplies, general maintenance, coordinating crafts and directing programs.

That's the job Pastuszok held last year. As program director, she was responsible for all the extra events held throughout the year. "We, the parents, enrich what the teachers do by creating an event



Mykolaj visits Svitlychka

A number of Svitlychka's students were asked, "Why do you like Svitlychka?" Here is their side of the story.

"I like Pani Nadia and Pani Marika." — Natalie, 4

"Because we sing, we read, and because we get to be dyzhurni." — Adriana, 4

"Because of the two friends I made." — Victoria, 4

"I like what we make there and I like the songs." — Christine, 4

"I like to play with the books, paint and make pumpkins and leaves." — Kateryna, 3

"Because I have a lot of friends there and because I'm there, too." — Oriyana, 3

"I like to paint and to play with the other children." — Cassandra, 3

"Because I love Pani Marika." — Katryna, 3

"I like to play and I like to paint." — Matthew, 3

"I like to play with the trucks and with my friends." — Adam, 3



Svitlychka day care students performing in the Vertep

around it, such as the St. Nicholas concert and the Easter luncheon with the blessing of the children's baskets."

Marika Kchik also feels the co-operative aspect of the preschool is a bonus. She's been teaching at Svitlychka for five years, and has been a teacher in the public school system for 20 years. Kchik adds, "It does make a big difference when the parents make the decisions about what's important."

Nadia Ljachovic has been teaching there for one-and-a-half years. "The co-operative gives parents the last word in the way their children are educated," she says.

Motria Ilnyckyj-Reive, whose first child is currently attending Svitlychka, also believes the preschool is unique in Toronto. "It offers an educational experience, not a day-care experience."

"Svitlychka's parents make that extra effort to send their children to our half-day programs, which sometimes necessitates enlisting the aid of grandparents or nannies. But that's the price you pay for an exceptional Ukrainian nursery school experience," says Ilnyckyj-Reive, who was last year's registrar.

Parents are also expected to take part in scheduled *dyzhur* (duty) days. That's when those nursery school dreams come true.

Maximum enrollment at Svitlychka is 48 students. There are three classes, each consisting of up to 16 students, and two teachers per class.

A limited number of spaces are still available. To register your child for the remainder of the school year, please call Gail Wagner at (416) 231-0799, or this year's registrar Anna Antonyshyn at (416) 237-9666.

## Top 14 reasons why you should send your child to Svitlychka:

1. The building looks like a castle.
2. You can walk to Bloor West Village and buy *kovbasa* at Durie Meats while your child is at preschool.
3. The pint-sized washroom.
4. Your child gets to go to a wedding at which cats tie the knot.
5. Your life is so busy already, so what if you have to do another job.
6. You get to help out at the first *sviachene* you've been to in 20 years.
7. You meet the nicest *Pani Marika* and *Pani Nadia*.
8. You get re-acquainted with people you haven't seen since your days at Humberside Collegiate. "Hey, don't I know you from Humberside?"
9. You get to bug the grandparents to help with the rides.
10. You can learn the secret recipe for making Play-Doh.
11. You start your child's networking early, so when she runs for political office some day, she'll get plenty of Ukrainians to help with the signs.
12. Your kid gets to meet people from such far-off places as Mississauga and Scarborough.
13. You can meet St. Nicholas in person.
14. You can collect amazing artwork from your 3-year-old and get it framed at Trypillia.

compiled by Lydia Lebed and Irene Mazurenko Pavliuc

# A Healthy Shot

## DEPRESSION IS DEPRESSING

by Aleksandra Basarab, RN PHN

At times we all feel down, indulge in a bout of self-pity and get discouraged by life. Being sad sometimes is a reality of dealing with life's pressures, disappointments and inconveniences. Take a look outside – summer is long gone, the days are short and the weather is a nuisance.

Depression, however, is more than just being annoyed that you overcooked the *borscht*, or that you were not invited to *vuyko* Andrij's

pre-Malanka gala. It is important to acknowledge that depression does exist within the Ukrainian community, and that we are not a perpetually-happy, *tsymbaly*-playing, and *kolomyjka*-dancing population. Typically, many Ukrainian families are ashamed to admit that a relative has a psychiatric disorder.

Depression is a mood that persists for several weeks, deepens and starts to interfere with everyday living. When things get this

serious, it is time to seek the help of a health professional. The onset of depression may be sudden, or it may develop gradually. An indicator of depression may be the loss of interest in activities that were formerly considered enjoyable.

Like other illnesses, the symptoms of depression may vary widely from person to person. The chief symptom of depression is a sad, despairing mood. Other symptoms may include:

- Feelings of irritability and anxiety that don't go away •
  - A change in appetite or weight •
- Sleep disturbances such as trouble falling asleep, waking up early, or over-sleeping •
  - Feelings of guilt, lack of self-worth, or helplessness •
    - Decreased ability to concentrate; agitation •
  - Slowed thinking, forgetfulness, difficulty making decisions •
    - Fatigue or loss of energy and weakness •
  - Restlessness or slowed activity noticed by other people •
- Thoughts of suicide, death or life not really being worthwhile •
- Excessive concern about physical complaints (e.g. upset stomach, back pain) •
  - Shutting down emotionally; feelings of emptiness •
    - Decreased sexual drive •
  - Withdrawing from relationships •

Depression does not reflect a personal weakness or an inability to cope with life's stresses. It is common and can affect people of all ages. The cause of depression is unknown. For some people exposure to severe and prolonged stress may increase vulnerability to depression (dinner with the in-laws does not count!) There is evidence to suggest that depression may be caused by an imbalance of chemicals in the brain, or that it may be genetically determined. Furthermore, certain medications can also cause depression by interfering with chemical messengers known as neurotransmitters.

If you feel you are suffering from depression or if you know somebody who may be depressed, consult a physician so that the condition can be evaluated and, if necessary, treatment can be started. Treatment may involve drug therapy and/or psychotherapy.

The co-operation of relatives and friends during treatment is important. Gossiping about peoples' misfortune over the *BBC* (*baba babi skazala*) network is highly discouraged. Relatives should look upon depression in the same-way that they look upon any physical illness. They should not feel guilty, ashamed or responsible for what is happening.

Family and friends should realize that their support and sympathetic understanding are greatly needed. Do not tell the depressed person to "snap out of it." Depression is not something he or she can control. Do not try to offer solutions. Just be supportive, patient and understanding of the person. The encouraging fact is that depression is a treatable illness. And remember that, in time, the depressed person will recover.

## INVESTING FOR THE FIRST TIME

by Gregory Evans

With RSP season fast approaching, what better time than now to launch a new financial advice column to serve the *Zdorov!* readership. I am honoured that the editors approached me with the idea to write this column. At the outset, I'd like to say that currently I am licensed only in Ontario, so my advice may not apply to every situation. Anyway, to the matter at hand.

With the recent volatility in the markets, a fair question for the average investor is "What should I be doing?" Although there's no one solution for everyone, investors should be asking themselves this key question: "Do I have a comprehensive strategy in place to achieve my financial objectives?" Whether your portfolio was down over the past few months is not the issue. If your investment advisor put a strategy together for you that is based on long-term objectives, then the decisions you made at that time still apply, unless your financial situation has changed. Long-term means a 10-, 20- or 30-year period, not the next two months.

Having said that, as an investor you have a right to expect that during a period of volatility your advisor will contact you to ensure you understand the effects of such a volatility on your personal holdings, as well as to confirm that your personal situation remains constant. If you are ever unsure, get a second opinion.

If you are a first-time investor without a long-term plan, you should at least be making contributions to your RSP (Retirement Savings Plan) to minimize tax, and to take advantage of the

benefits of tax-free compounding within an RSP.

An investor who is just starting out should consider something called a PAC plan or Pre-Authorized Chequing plan, which allows you to invest on a regular basis by having the funds automatically transferred monthly from your chequing account to an investment account or RSP. This is a painless way to begin saving for your retirement. Some PACs are available for as little as 50 to 100 dollars per month.

Most importantly, all investors should begin with a comprehensive plan. An investment advisor will generally help you develop a plan free of charge. The most important component of a plan is how you allocate your assets among the different asset classes available. In fact, the decision you make about asset allocation will

usually have a greater impact on your overall return than the specific investments you choose.

In the next issue I will address some of the steps you can take to provide for an early retirement. I will also be happy to answer any questions that readers may want to address to *Zdorov!* As for some parting advice, don't jump on the bandwagon with every new fad or penny stock you hear about at the water cooler. Successful long-term investors are those who have an investment strategy and stick to it.

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



# Can you behave?

Of course, all generalizations are tenuous at best. There is no behavioural stereotype for Ukrainians. Some are cool, calm, passionate insurgents and revolutionaries; others are loud, raucous hecklers at public events; some weep quietly because a concert hall usually filled with violins and pianos rings with the sounds of a bandura.

Yes, most generalizations are false and stereotypes are lies, but there are some inescapable ties that bind – common maladies and recurring social faux pas – Ukrainians frequently display their lapses in public. To paraphrase an old saying: “You can take Ukrainians out of Ukraine. Keep them out of Ukraine for several generations. Instill in them a different set of values. But you’ll never take Ukrainianess out of a Ukrainian.”

## How is your behaviour?

- 1** When showing up late for an important meeting, do you:

  - a. blow off the meeting entirely – if it wasn’t meant to happen then who are you to argue with fate, (score 1 point)
  - b. say you forgot and try winning favour with a sheepish smile, (score 2 points)
  - c. offer an incredibly lame excuse, (score 0 points)
  - d. launch right into the business discussion hoping that the person you’re meeting with won’t notice you’re late, (score 2 points)
  - e. throw yourself at the person’s mercy crying (and bubbling), spilling the truth about why you’re late – the incessant teasing you endured in junior kindergarten, (score 2 points)
  - f. come into the office smelling of booze and try to curry favour by attempting to bribe the person(s) you are meeting with vodka? (score 0 points)
  
- 2** When at a reception for some dignitary, do you:

  - a. slap him/her on the back and say, “How’s it hangin’?” (“How they hangin’?” if the dignitary is a female,) (score 0 points)
  - b. upstage the dignitary with accounts of your own exploits, (score 0 points)
  - c. nod your acknowledgment of his/her presence. Keep a safe distance of at least 20 paces between you and the dignitary. Make them come to you, (score 2 points)
  - d. be one of the first to give a personal greeting to the dignitary. After the greeting you can slip out and spend the rest of the evening doing what you want – watching TV, (score 6 points)
  - e. reception = free wine/beer/booze = one drunk you, (score 2 points)
  - f. hang in the back. If you personally meet the dignitary – fine. If not – it wasn’t meant to happen and who are you to argue with fate? (score 5 points)
  
- 3** At a literary reading held in a library, do you:

  - a. nod off, (score 1 points)
  - b. nod off and snore, (score 0 points)
  - c. start reading the Dr. Seuss books that are on the shelf right behind you, (score 2 points)
  - d. listen attentively and laugh during inappropriate moments, (score 2 points)
  - e. start to write poems on the back of a cash register receipt, (score 6 points)
  - f. fiddle and fidget? (score 4 points)
  
- 4** When attending services in the church of your choice, do you:

  - a. pray, (score 5 points)
  - b. pretend to pray, (score 5 points)
  - c. sing with the choir, (score 5 points)
  - d. sing in the choir, (score 6 points)
  - e. talk with the person next to you, (score 2 points)
  - f. sit in the basement and smoke? (score 4 points)

# Can you Behave?

Of course, all generalizations are tenuous at best. There is no behavioural stereotype for Ukrainians. Some are cool, calm, passionate insurgents and revolutionaries; others are loud, raucous hecklers at public events; some weep quietly because a concert hall usually filled with violins and pianos rings with the sounds of a bandura.

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  - e. talk with the person next to you, (score 2 points)
  - f. sit in the basement and smoke? (score 4 points)

When in a restaurant with friends and/or family, do you:

- a. ask for a complete description of every food item on the menu, (score 2 points)
- b. ask for your party to be moved from table to table until you are completely satisfied that the waiter knows he/she will get no tip, (score 1 points)
- c. not leave a tip, (score 0 points)
- d. look at the prices, then order an appetizer and a glass of water, (score 3 points)
- e. relax and enjoy, (score 6 points)
- f. order so much food that the "doggie bags" you're taking home will feed you for another two days? (score 4 points)

6

When at a classical concert, do you

- a. yell out "rock-n-roll," (score 0 points)
- b. sleep, (score 1 points)
- c. eat some candy one of those noisy wrappers that even the deaf and dead Beethoven could hear it rustling, (score 0 points)
- d. wish you had pursued a career in music, (score 4 points)
- e. pretend to be fascinated, (score 3 points)
- f. hum along with the music? (score 0 points)

What it all means:

0 to 9  
 You are a naughty person who should be sent to human obedience school. What can we say here? Try to be tolerant of the people around you. Yes, you are an important being in the whole scheme of the universe – but so what? The people around you might not be very tolerant and will cause grievous bodily harm to your person. Be nice. It works.

10 to 20

You fall into that lazy group. The middle. Too lazy to be either nice or naughty. Falling into either category requires more work than you are willing to do.

21 to 30

You are a nice person. No one will want to date you because you are such a nice person. Sure, everybody likes nice people, but where is the spice? It's like eating plain macaroni – get some flavour *finally*.

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by Myrna Kostash

The year's worth of research I've been doing for my next book, *The Next Canada*, has given me some perspective on the innermost beliefs of the generation hard on my heels. I was invited last October to participate in the rather high-profile conference, "The Trudeau Era: Media, Politics, Culture," held at York University. (Reviewing the list of speakers, among them Stephen Clarkson, Richard Gwynn, Marjorie Cohen, Mark Kingwell, Tom Axworthy, I see I was the sole Ukrainian-Canadian. Quelle surprise, ça!)

Cohen conceded that Trudeau's Liberals were committed to the idea of empowering the disadvantaged, but were unwilling to champion feminism as a significant political force, especially over the objections of men. Nevertheless, compared to what happened after Trudeau (Muldoon and Crouton, as *Frank* magazine refers to the subsequent long-term prime ministers), Trudeau really did "get it." At least he understood that the goals of feminism were not contradictory to his own vision of a more "inclusive" society. (And ditto for official multiculturalism, I was thinking.)

Broadcaster and activist Judy Rebick, another panelist, never met Trudeau in the flesh, but he had nevertheless an enormous personal impact on her. Back in 1969, she had grown disillusioned with radical politics and was thinking of spending more time on (oh, the slippery slope!) "cultural issues." Just in the nick of time, Trudeau declared the War Measures Act and saved Rebick for politics — abortion rights, as it turned out. (I have to admit to feeling considerable chagrin about this typical Leftist depoliticizing of cultural activism, much as I admire the redoubtable Rebick.)

Rebick believes that thanks to Trudeau's funding of women's groups (not to mention the amendments to the Criminal Code which made abortion legal in certain circumstances), Canadian feminists were able to hold back the New Right much longer than elsewhere: there was something, well, normal about hearing feminist "spokeswomen" as well as CEO "suits" on the CBC news. But Rebick is more ambivalent about the adoption of the new constitution in 1982, because in every constitutional fight since, "women and multicultural groups have been pitted against Québec nationalism... Women who were progressive on every other issue were suddenly [considered] Québécoisphobic."

This discussion led nicely into the main event of the last day, the panel on "Controversies: Nationalisms in the Trudeau Era." For a second, I thought the topic just might include some broad consideration of nationalism internationally. (Remember that old Prison-house of Nations that now seems to have slipped off the radar screen of intellectuals everywhere?) But no: we of course talked merely about nationalisms chez nous: Québécois and English-Canadian.

The discussion was lively. There was dramatic disagreement as to whether Trudeau, in rejecting the possibility of "dual nationalisms" within the Canadian bosom, per-

formed a service or a disservice for the idea of a federal Canada. "A great service!" declared journalist Ron Graham. After all, Trudeau understood that "ethnic nationalism is the root of all evil." (Let him say that in the main square of Lviv!) Against the spectre of ethnic territoriality, Trudeau posited multiculturalism — and Graham was vehement in his defense of Trudeau's cultivation of multiculturalism as a "value" at the heart of the project of civic nationalism. It was Québec nationalists who "broke the pact of 1867" with English-Canada by pursuing policies of unilingualism.

Political science Prof. Ken McRoberts concurred largely with this view — describing Trudeauvian "nationalism," constructed of bilingualism, the Charter of Rights, equality of the provinces and multiculturalism, as "deeply successful" outside Québec. But Trudeau, he argued, utterly failed to convert fellow Québécois to a primary identification with Canada. In fact, political success in English-Canada, as with multiculturalism for example, is considered a provocation in Québec! And so Canada is more profoundly divided than ever, at an impasse with tragic overtones: on the one hand, a post-modern "English" Canada; on the other, a Québec still attached to the old Canada that was a compact between two distinct societies.

On the panel that discussed Trudeau's legacy, I was joined by fearsome economics journalist Linda McQuaig, cuddly historian Michael Bliss, the perennial Liberal Iona Campognolo and the junior conservative law professor Patrick Monahan.

It was a bit of this, a bit of that. McQuaig dismissed claims that the so-called debt crisis of the last ten years can be laid at the Trudeauvian door of "big spending," contending that a decline in total tax revenue is to blame. Monahan thought that Trudeau's opposition to the Meech Lake constitutional amendment marked a downturn in his legacy: its defeat directly encouraged the sovereignist ambitions of Lucien Bouchard. Bliss, fantasizing about the next 40 years in Canada, imagined a "cosmopolitan, pluralist, non-exclusive" identity right across Canada.

As for me, looking over the interviews I've done with the "next Canadians," I argued that we pre-post-Canadians don't have to throw in the towel yet: there is a generation coming along that continues to be true-believers in Canada — on their own terms. If by the legacy of Trudeau we mean that political culture in which the public interest dominated over the private, then it lives in the young people who want to be citizens and not just consumers, who unionize Starbucks cafes, join APEC-Alert, theorize the Canadianness of Blackness, retell the story of the Winnipeg General Strike from a gay point of view, believe they can build "community" on the Net and define themselves as Canadians because "we have public health care."

From where I sit, that looks a lot like the Canada handed on by Trudeau and his era before the hard right got its hands on it. We may yet get it back.

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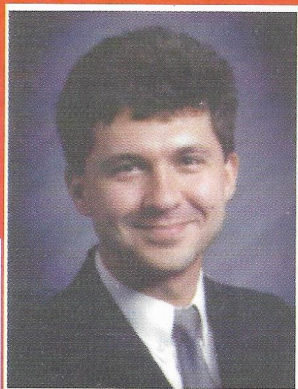
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