

СТУДЕНТ

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ГАЗЕТА УКРАЇНСЬКОГО СТУДЕНТСТВА КАНАДИ

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CANADA'S NEWSPAPER FOR UKRAINIAN STUDENTS



"I SHOULD TAKE LESSONS
FROM RAY SERWYLO!"

STUDENT

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Successful SUSK campaign

Roman Waschuk and Nestor Mykytyn

Students home free!

Carnations, kisses and chocolates greeted the first group of young Ukrainian refugees from Poland upon their arrival at Toronto International Airport on 14 January — New Year's Day according to the Julian calendar. On hand to meet the fourteen immigrants were representatives of the Canadian Ukrainian Immigrant Aid Society (CUIAS), PLAST and SUM (two sponsoring organizations). Ukrainians, who are providing accommodation, as well as reporters from the TV and print media.

Many of the new arrivals were part of a group of students and young workers who decided to remain in the West while on a pilgrimage to Rome, seeking political asylum enroute in Austria in August, 1981. After being processed at the main refugee camp at Traiskirchen, they were sent to the village of St. Georgen, near Salzburg, where they were eventually joined by fifty-nine other Ukrainians who had decided to flee Poland.

Although relieved to have finally reached Canada after months of waiting, it became evident during an interview with a reporter from the *Toronto Star* that all of the new immigrants were very concerned about the fate of their families living under martial law. They were reluctant to discuss their situation for fear of jeopardizing loved ones back home.

This group is only the first of several which the CUIAS expects to arrive in Canada over the next few months. Some 150 Ukrainians from Poland are currently in Western Europe awaiting permission to emigrate to Canada. A large-scale community effort was and is still required to resettle them in Canada.

Credit for being the first organization to respond to the plight of the refugees goes to SUSK, which was quick to act on information provided by CUIAS president Bohdan Mykytiuk. At the 22nd SUSK Congress held at York University in the fall of 1981, a resolution was passed calling for the SUSK National Executive to undertake "as an immediate priority, to assist the Ukrainian student refugees from Poland by

launching an emergency campaign to: i) raise funds to assist the Canadian Ukrainian Immigrant Aid Society in its endeavours to bring these refugees to Canada; and ii) publicize the refugees' plight."

Accordingly, SUSK Human Rights VP Nestor Mykytyn formed a committee consisting of members of the three Toronto area clubs at the U of T, York and Ryerson. At its first meeting in early September, the committee decided to conduct a nation-wide fund-raising campaign for the CUIAS involving the collection of donations at churches and student-organized social events, and a mass mailing of an appeal

for assistance. To sensitize community opinion to the plight of the refugees, the committee produced 20,000 pamphlets entitled *Ukrainian Refugees: How you can help*. 9,000 copies were mailed out to Ukrainian households across Canada, while the remainder was distributed by local USC's. The staging area for the operation, St. Vladimir Institute, filled first with enthusiastic envelope-toting volunteers, and later with the debris of the mass mail-out — mangled address sheets, decapitated stamps and scattered coffee cups.

Most Toronto-area churches were targeted for collections

between 18-25 October. On the first Sunday, pamphlets were distributed wherever organizational inexperience and clerical reluctance didn't intervene. The following Sunday, donations were accepted. A number of parish priests wholeheartedly supported the SUSK initiative and together with their parishioners contributed for a total of \$3,872.00 during the first week of the campaign. During the weeks that followed, contributions from the remaining churches and private individuals began coming in at an increasing rate. Three smaller church communities that responded to the appeal for help were St. Anne's

Ukrainian Orthodox Church, Scarborough, St. Basil's Ukrainian Catholic Church and the Ukrainian Baptist Church, York and Waterloo. Ukrainian Student Clubs organized benefit nights for the young immigrants, and the U of T Students came forward with a financial contribution to the campaign. Even Valentyn Moroz donated the proceeds of one of his lectures to the SUSK drive.

Thanks to a quick and generous response on the part of the community, SUSK had, by 16 December, managed to raise \$23,288.17, all of which was directed to the CUIAS. Another \$5-10,000 of donations were received in this period, and have been to the success of SUSK publicity campaign — bringing the total sum to over \$30,000!

A second, indirect result of SUSK's effort to raise the profile of the refugee issue within the hromada has been the increased willingness of other community organizations to come to the aid of Ukrainians from Eastern Europe. By the end of 1981, 135 of the 150 Ukrainian self-exiles had found sponsors in Canada, among them: Plast, SUM, Ukrainian Canadian Social Services, the Ukrainian Self-Reliance League, the Ukrainian Catholic Women's League, and the Ukrainian Free Cossacks. It is noteworthy that the relatively small Ukrainian community of Kitchener, Ontario, is sponsoring sixteen immigrants. The remainder are being sponsored directly by the CUIAS and its branches throughout Canada.

With the success of this campaign, SUSK has shown that it is capable of reaching out to the community and working with it to achieve concrete goals. Other goal-oriented projects of this nature will be given serious consideration in the future. But for now, much still remains to be done for the refugees still living in Austria. Money, organizational support, and sponsors are needed, and people are urged to come forward with their assistance by contacting the Canadian Ukrainian Immigrant Aid Society at Suite 209, 2323 Bloor St. West, Toronto, Ontario M6W 4W1. Or phone (416) 767-4595.



A weary student gets a welcome kiss.

The student press on Poland

Lubomyr Szuch

Annual winter CUP conference

If you are into platitudes, positivist abstractions, insignificancies, tautologies and truisms, you would not have had that much fun at the last Canadian University Press (CUP) National Conference held outside of Bolton, Ontario during the winter solstice holiday season. The delegates, over 120 of the top Canadian university newspaper editors, managers, reporters, and other media specialists and culture vultures, spent nine grueling days and as many nights in workshops, plenary sessions, under-the-table discussions, committee work, and under-the-covers communication sessions in an attempt to feel out the achievements of the past year

and to lay the foundations for the 1982-83 production year.

"Take off, eh?" is not something you would have been told by the outgoing president John Parsons although Peter Hammond, the CUP mole working in *Student* couldn't resist trying out the original phrase from which this million-dollar saying first emerged — "Zabyraisia, ei?"

Cooperation — the watchword of CUP's program and of its member newspapers, received its greatest expression in this year's conference theme — active journalism to encourage the agents of progressive social change. The general sessions of the CUP conference repeatedly

became the scenes of intense but frank discussions on major social issues of our time. The struggles to eliminate the barriers separating men and women, East and West, rich and poor, left and extreme left, sober and nut-sober, etc., were all played out on the conference floor of the rented United Church Camp dining room, about twenty kilometers outside of Toronto.

At times, the congress session resembled a raucous meeting of Parliament — though without the hypocritical rhetoric and the vacuous declarations, etc. The maturity and intellectual honesty shown by many speakers at the conference is CUP's most valuable asset, and,

because it is combined with commitment, ensures the continued growth of CUP and its success in tackling major social issues of concern not only to students but to many segments of society as well. The problem of developing a professional (not bureaucratic) approach to organizing and running CUP and its agencies received strong endorsement from many delegates. As one delegate put it, we must be able to introduce and maintain a form of labour relations, and an organizational structure significantly different from the average male-dominated, hierarchical and undemocratic corporate structure. "Don't ask for or expect utopian

self-management, but on the other hand, CUP members should not settle for the alienating and destructive practices of modern labour relations... it is only by constantly re-evaluating and questioning that we can become both professional and truly relevant..." It was on this note that the only *Student* delegate (Lubomyr Sz.) appealed to the congress delegates to pass resolutions supporting the right of "Solidarity" — the free trade union in Poland — to defend basic freedoms (such as the right to strike, to publish, distribute information, organize, and to

(Continued on page 11)

Inside: 4 pounds of tartar, a 3 day novel, 2 album reviews, and 1 Bande des Rats ...



The year 1982 brings us ever closer to the twenty-first century. Yet, in many aspects, the Ukrainian-Canadian community has not progressed significantly beyond the nineteenth-century village. In fact, we have still not developed a Ukrainian-Canadian community which is conscious of its national dimensions. Instead, we have a series of villages scattered like so much *kutia* across the Canadian ceiling.

We exist largely in smug isolation from one another. Very few Ukrainian Canadians are aware of the activities, achievements, values and aspirations of their compatriots in other parts of Canada. As a result, we tend to be very defensive about our own "village" and skeptical of the merits and capabilities of others. Reversing the old proverb, we imagine the grass to be greener on our side of the fence. We construct dragons which we periodically slay to vindicate our own village and to assure ourselves that it is indeed the "best."

Nowhere is this caricature more evident than in the familiar "rivalry" among Ukrainians from Eastern and Western Canada. The stereotypes which emerge in this modern-day Cossack warfare are pathetically comic in their simpleness. The Easterner is portrayed as a snob, with nose raised skywards and the most refined Ukrainian prose rolling effortlessly from a prim and proper tongue. The male is arrogant and bound for three-piece professional success. The female is acquiescent, pretentious, prissy and prone to saying "vklaniausia" as she greets her embroidery circle. The Westerner, on the other hand, is a hayseed whose legendary down-home hospitality comes complete with an uncultured Ukrainian-Canadian dialect and a strong back. The male is able to consume three times his weight in "lite" beer, while the female can dance circles around even the most frenetic of prairie whirlwinds.

Unfortunately the effects of this narrow perspective often extend beyond merely friendly chiding, with profoundly negative repercussions on the "community" as we know it. Even the highly-educated academic and professional elite are not immune from it. Witness the recent tension between the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies (CIUS), located in Edmonton, and the Toronto chair of Ukrainian Studies. Although the CIUS is an institution of importance to all Ukrainian Canadians, strong regional interests in Ontario have tried to relegate it to provincial significance and have set about in isolation to build their own empire in the Chair of Ukrainian Studies at the University of Toronto. The resultant regional hostility still bristles today. As a result, fundraising efforts for the Canadian Foundation for Ukrainian Studies (closely affiliated with the CIUS) have had limited success in Eastern Canada.

One need not look far for other examples of East-West bickering which emasculate the development of a Ukrainian-Canadian community. Too often it is much simpler to ride the back of the general Canadian East-West power struggle than to identify and work together on issues concerning Ukrainian Canadians from both Western and Eastern Canada. Too often regional pride blinds us to the importance of meeting mutual concerns together.

(Editorial Continued on Page 10)

STUDENT

Student
#435, 10766 — 97 St.,
Edmonton, Alberta,
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STUDENT is a national monthly newspaper for Ukrainian-Canadian students, published by SUSK (Ukrainian Canadian Students' Union).

STUDENT is an open forum for fact and opinion, reflecting the interests of Ukrainian-Canadian students on various topics: social, cultural, political and religious. The opinions and thoughts expressed in individual signed articles are the responsibility of their authors and not necessarily those of the STUDENT staff. STUDENT's role is to serve as a medium through which discussion can be conducted on given issues from any point of view. Letters to the editor are welcome. We reserve the right to edit materials for publication.

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All signed letters of reasonable length which comply with Canadian libel and slander laws will be printed unedited (save for purposes of clarity) in this column. We will not print anonymous letters, but if for personal reasons contributors wish to withhold their names or use a pseudonym, this can be arranged. In all cases, however, we require both a genuine signature and a return address.

Ottawa Radio Program

On behalf of the staff of Nash Holos and Radio Station CKCU-FM, I would like to thank you for publishing the story on our program ("Ottawa Radio: Finding its Feet on the Airwaves"). We hope that the article inspires other communities to make use of available broadcasting facilities in their cities. I personally believe that our experience illustrates the opportunities available in campus radio, and that stations such as ours have the potential of providing communities with an alternative source of radio programming.

Last month, we participated in CKCU's annual funding drive — a two week on-the-air campaign where Radio Carleton solicits financial support from its listeners. During the height of the funding drive, Nash Holos went live for the very first time; throughout the program we asked the Ottawa Ukrainian community to dial and donate money in support of Nash Holos and alternative radio in this city. Thirty minutes later, we signed off the air, and thanked Ottawa's Ukrainian community for

donating over \$300 in pledges — the highest amount solicited in thirty minutes of all CKCU public affairs shows. We congratulated our listeners for coming through, and we renewed our promise of providing the community with programming which is unavailable elsewhere on the AM and FM bands.

Although it's been over a month since we went live, we like to look back and reflect upon those precious thirty minutes when the community gave us the mandate to continue our program. We look forward to the New Year, when we'll be broadcasting our first full hour production during Ukrainian Christmas Eve (which will be produced during the SUSK Eastern Conference on media, Dec. 28 - Jan. 1). We expect the New Year to bring weekly broadcasts of Nash Holos, and we are already working towards meeting with other Ukrainian radio producers in Canada, so that a proposed network of Ukrainian radio programs can be established. During the past few months, we've recorded several interviews

with interesting Ukrainian personalities (among others, Myrna Kostash, Halya Kuchmij, Mytko Cisyk, Lubomyra Kowalchuk, members of the Student Collective, Slava Stetsko), and we've taped performances of a number of artists from Ukraine who happened to drop in to Ottawa (including the Verivka Chorus and Orchestra). And finally, this season, for the very first time, we'll be working with a staff of over ten dedicated individuals who are committed to keeping alternative radio and "the voice of the Ottawa Ukrainian community" alive and well at 93.1 on the FM band.

I just thought you'd like to know how we are "finding our feet on the airwaves." On behalf of the Nash Holos staff and myself, I wish the Student Collective every success in the New Year. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely Yours,
Mykhailo Bociurkiw
Nash Holos producer
Ottawa, Ontario

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Are the liberal arts in jeopardy?

"What kind of a job are you going to get with an arts degree, anyway?" A common and slightly anger-inducing question coming from sometimes surprisingly bright people who have never thought about the difference between being educated and being trained for a job. An especially pertinent question, however, in the land of rigs and tar sands, where Ayatollah Loughheed proclaims that he wants to make the local ivory tower the "brain centre of North America" as the president of that tower wonders when the funding will begin to match the jaw-flapping underneath the orange dome of the legislature.

But I have introduced two different topics here: the philosophy of education, and the Alberta Government's philosophy of education. Are they different topics, though? It seems that neither the general public, nor the Punch and Judy Show over at the 109 Street bunker, seem to know or care that education, in its most complete sense, involves much more than training lemmings to jump off the nine-to-five capitalist cliff.

As my opening statement suggests, many (most) people would never consider getting a liberal arts degree (B.A., B.Sc.) because there is no demand for those types of graduates. "What can you do with an arts degree, weave baskets?" How do you explain to some such Neanderthal type that even if you get that all-important degree — which indicates that you got enough of those useless little rouges called "marks" to pass your courses — and you then went out to shovel horse manure, that you would still have benefited by simply having learned things? How do you explain to someone whose perception of the world ceases at the circle drawn about two metres from their bodies, that there is something good and worthwhile about simply knowing things for their own sake? "Knowledge" is not only knowing some of the answers, but more importantly, it is knowing how to ask the right questions. Too many people stop asking

questions too early in their lives, because most were either never taught how to, or never encouraged to. They were never allowed to choose between questions of Right and Wrong for themselves. William Aberhart, for instance, was so insistent on getting his students to memorize facts, that all they were ever taught was *The Truth*, as authored by Bible Bill, and not the option to choose between his truth and someone else's. This "education" breeds the worst kind of complacency among people: they begin to think they have the right answers to everything with their narrow and one-sided educational resources.

I will never forget writing career direction tests in grade eight, which were designed to measure powers of reasoning and logic. I snuck a look at the test results of the girl in our

class who was consistently getting the highest marks. Noticing that she did quite poorly, I realized that her marks came strictly from memorizing facts. Our education system is lacking something very fundamental when it emphasizes and rewards in the worst way, memorization rather than thinking. And if the system teaches that one set of facts is right without giving students all the options and letting them decide for themselves, then we not only encourage making everyone the same, but we breed the tribalism McLuhan spoke of as well as nourishing the growth of totalitarianism (which most of those who fall into this maddening trap profess to hate). Diversity among human beings is nipped in the bud. Everyone is like everyone else, because no one knows how to think for him or herself. We all watch and

listen to the same media, we all have the same type of non-liberal, dead-end education, and worst of all, we chastise those who dare to be different. Rousseau smiles in his grave, while John Stuart Mill weeps uncontrollably.

We have obviously digressed a bit from discussing the value of an arts degree. The point is that people who fail to see the value of a diverse and thorough education will scoff at education for its own sake and consequently scoff at a liberal arts degree — where the results are not simply measured in dollars and cents.

Whis is as good a place as any to drag in the Alberta Government into this ugly mess.

That charismatic Yves St. Laurent of the Alberta Legislature, Rollie Cook, once made the revealing mistake of

telling people exactly what the ruling oligarchy actually had in mind for us when he told some U of A students that the government was trying to starve the University of funding so it would do things the way the government wanted it to. So much for autonomy. Next, they'll be teaching classes on how to be a good Progressive Conservative. (Moreover, far too many students will unfortunately attain first-class standing in the course without even attending any lectures.) But even the most casual observer doesn't need some twelfth-rate backbencher to tell him or her that the government needs more cogs for its quasi-fascist industrial wheel — i.e., more trained clones who can't think for themselves. The "brain centre of North America" should obviously not produce brains that think, ponder, question and philosophize, but brains that fit, obey, and produce, produce, produce. Who cares about people when money and power are involved?

So democracy is working in Alberta. The ruling elite are reflecting what most people seem to believe anyway: that an education which does not lead to the ever-important job five minutes after the last exam is over, is certainly not a worthwhile one. I'm sure that Albertans are not the only ones guilty of this poor, misguided line of thinking. It's just that the very people who seem to most abhor the totalitarianism of 1984 are laying the groundwork for it more quickly than anyone else. Alberta election results from 1935 onward will back that up more than adequately.

Education is much more than training round clone-pegs to fit round holes. Turning education into the learning experience it's supposed to be would involve tremendous changes throughout the entire school and university system. When will it happen? When it's not in the ruling class's interest to keep the masses ignorant, that's when. More precisely, when hell freezes over.



What kind of a B.A. will students receive in 1990.

SUSK President's message

Annual December reflection

As the close of 1981 fast approaches, tradition calls for the annual December reflection on the achievements and failures of the past twelve months. Although this year's SUSK executive is barely three-and-one-half months old (at the time when this article was written), it is perhaps useful to make some observations about it.

To begin, it should be pointed out since it may not be readily apparent that the character of this year's National Executive is quite different from those in the past few years. With six executive members located in

Toronto, one in Ottawa, three in Winnipeg, and five in Edmonton, SUSK no longer has the luxury of being conveniently centered in one primary city. This situation creates some interesting situations that either can benefit SUSK or at times work to its detriment.

For instance, when activities such as a national fundraising campaign are undertaken, the regional dispersion comes in quite handy. On the other hand, the problems of communication and the exchange of ideas and information are heightened by the long-distances between people.

Another related area of concern that has arisen in the past few months is one that sees a National Campaign achieving unqualified success in one region and meeting with somewhat less than favourable results in another region. Of course, what works in one city won't always be accepted in others, thus creating the need for special adjustments to take into account regional differences.

SUSK (if you will pardon the comparison), like the Federal Government of Canada, is up against considerable problems, as I am sure

all would agree. Only when the final executive reports are given near the close of business at the 23rd SUSK Congress in Winnipeg this coming August, will we really be able to gauge our success in meeting these challenges. Until that time we will press forward and continue to uphold the fine tradition of SUSK.

On behalf of all the SUSK Executive across Canada, I wish you all a very Merry Christmas and the best of health and success in the new year.

George Samoil
SUSK President 1981/82

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BLOG NOTES



Harvest Subpar

* The plenary meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union held last November focused on the grave economic situation faced within the U.S.S.R., particularly with respect to food distribution. In certain cities, the authorities have already been forced to institute food rationing. The 1981 harvest fell far short of the projected target of 236 million tons of cereal grains; estimates reveal that the actual harvest is not likely to exceed 170 million tons. In October, prices for fruit, tea and alcoholic beverages were raised by 20 to 30%. (*Liberation*, Paris, 16 November 1981).

Churches Destroyed

An article protesting the destruction of Ukrainian-rite wooden churches in Poland appeared in the prestigious Polish Catholic weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny* ("Panachyda Bieszczadzka," 23 August 1981). The article was written by Włodzimierz Mokry, a Ukrainian philologist at the Jagellonian University in Cracow.

The Polish historian Władysław Serczyk, who specializes in Ukrainian themes, has published a very revealing article in the weekly newspaper of the United Peasant Party ("Ukraincy," *Wiesci*, 27 September 1981, p. 5). Among the facts he reveals is that a group of professors from Jagellonian University sent an open letter to the Communist weekly *Polityka* protesting that Poland does not publish statistics on its national minorities. The open letter was not published. Serczyk also reported on a segment that appeared on Poland's television news program in March 1981. A work from the "Warszawa" foundry accused the trade union solidarity, in a televised interview, of wanting to rehabilitate the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists (OUN) and the Ukrainian Insurgent Army (UPA).

* Two automobiles belonging to the Soviet embassy in Paris were destroyed by fire, apparently set by a Molotov cocktail during the early morning hours of 24 November 1981. An anonymous telephone caller to the French news agency was reported to have claimed responsibility for the action in the name of "la Bande des rats." The caller added that the firebombing was done "to commemorate the rebirth of Ukraine." After some confusion in the French press as to the nature of "la Bande des rats," (during which time the action was jokingly attributed to "un groupe de petits rongeurs" — "a group of little rodents"), the highly respected *Le Monde* was the first to note that "la Bande des rats" closely approximates the French pronunciation of the former Ukrainian nationalist leader by the name of Bandera. (*Le Quotidien* and *Le Monde*, 25 November 1981).

* To protest against steep price hikes, a call for a general strike was recently made by a clandestine organization in Estonia. The group — which calls itself the National Democratic Front of Estonia — appealed to all workers in the Estonian capital of Tallinn to observe a half-hour work stoppage on 1 December 1981. These reports, which emanated from Estonian emigre circles in Stockholm, were later confirmed by several Swedish journalists working in the Soviet Union.

A Manifesto was distributed clandestinely, calling upon the population to strike in support of the withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan, the liberation of political prisoners and a reduction of the compulsory two-year military service by six months. According to these same sources, the same manifesto was also distributed in the Latvian capital of Riga as well as in the Lithuanian cities of Vilna and Kaunas.

But according to a correspondent of the Associated Press, there was no evidence of any strikes or social tension in Tallinn on 1 December. One explanation for the lack of visible protests in the Estonian capital is that the population of the city is to a large extent Russian rather than Estonian in national origin. Russians, who dominate the urban centres in the Baltic republics as they do in Ukraine, made up nearly 25% of the population of Estonia according to the 1970 census. (*Liberation*, Paris, 16 November 1981, 2 December 1981).

Office Poster

* "We are in solidarity with all your enemies" was the message on a poster which was found affixed to the office of the Communist Party in Dnipropetrovsk, Ukraine on the morning of 29 November 1981. The poster was accompanied by the blue and yellow flag of the Ukrainian People's Republic of 1918-1920. Both the poster and flag were apparently put up by individuals who remain anonymous, during the middle of the night. (*Liberation*, Paris, 9 December 1981)



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The winter cycle

In the winter cycle of the Ukrainian ritual calendar, Ryzdvo is just one of several interconnected rites which revolve around the winter solstice, or the turning of the sun resulting in the lengthening of daylight. The solstice was looked upon as having mystic qualities, the rebirth of the Sun symbolizing the rebirth of life and the movement toward Spring.

The origins of these rites stem from observations of natural phenomena and our pagan forbears' belief that they could influence nature through the use of rituals, and symbols. By reenacting myths they hoped to gain power over Fate, the Gods, and both good and evil spirits. The good spirits, the protectors, were the souls of our ancestors; the evil spirits were those that caused sickness and bad luck (in people and animals), and the extremes of natural phenomena (hail, drought, floods, etc.).

In the Ukrainian winter cycle there are three major interconnected rites:

Sviata Vechera — Ryzdvo, Malanka — Vasyl, and Holodna Kutia — Vodokhrestynia.

Sviata Vechera — Ryzdvo is the biggest and most important community and religious rite in the life of the Ukrainian family. It began in the distant past with the festival of Korochun, a name which has been explained in a number of different ways: the day upon which the night begins to grow shorter (*nich skorochuetsia*), or as the name of the sun's rays which at the solstice enter and warm the earth's crust.

The rite-festival of Korochun is permeated with



the cosmogonic view that everything is Nature, animate and inanimate, has a soul that people can influence and thereby direct natural forces. The good, they beseech and nurture, and the evil, they shun and avoid. Since winter is a period when the gods and spirits are absent from the earth in preparation for rebirth, the festival of Korochun conjures up those powers that give strength to people, plants, animals, waters and the earth. This festival in the agricultural cycle inspired the people, and gave them hope for a good year of growth, a bountiful harvest, flourishing livestock and fertility. Essentially, it encouraged health, wealth and happiness.

Many transformations have taken place in this rite since its tribal beginnings and its development from early agricultural society through Kievan Rus to the present. The church condemned and battled against these traditions, especially the use of Koliady, but had to finally accept them after they were slightly modified with Christian symbolism. The church simply could not stamp out or effectively suppress these ancient practices, which came out of the depths of the people's collective wisdom and were refined over thousands of years. Indeed, many of the rites, symbols and myths of Korochun still remain with us in today's Sviata Vechera — Ryzdvo.

Old style Sviata Vechera — Ryzdvo

The preparations for Sviata Vechera began in the fall cycle during Obzhynky (harvest) when the gospodar would pick the best stalks of the grains that he grew (i.e., rye, wheat, buckwheat, etc.) for the *Dudukh*, at the same time setting aside the most fragrant of the hay crop. Logs cut from a live tree were also set aside to dry for the cooking fire used in preparing Sviata Vechera, and the gospodar went about pressing fresh oil (vegetable oil), preparing the honey, and completely cleaning up and repairing everything on the *hospodarstvo* (homestead). At the same time, the *hospodynja* would buy new pots, bowls, spoons, etc., since only new items could be used in the preparation of Sviata Vechera. The inside of the house would be washed, repacked, and whitewashed twice, and then *rushnyky* (decorative towels) would be hung and symbols painted on the walls and *pich* (oven). Two to three days before Sviat Vechir the gospodar and *hospodynja* would make candles of beeswax from their own hives, which would be only used during the holidays. These candles symbolized the life-giving force of the sun.

The final preparation for Sviat Vecher would begin as the sun set on Villia, the evening before Sviata Vechera. The *hospodynja* would begin by baking the *palynytis*, *knyshy*, *knyshyky*, *kolachi* and

pyrizhky. Next, at about one o'clock in the morning the *kutia* and *kompot* were placed in the *pich*, so that they would be fully cooked by the crack of dawn. These dishes had the special significance of being the food and drink of the gods and spirits though they were prepared for all — including humans — to enjoy. The remainder of the dishes prepared for Sviata Vechera were cooked during the day.

Sviata Vechera in more modern times

Twelve dishes are traditionally prepared for Sviata Vechera. Why twelve? Because each dish is dedicated to a full moon in the year's cycle, though now the popular belief is that the dishes represent the twelve apostles. Also, the meal must represent everything that is grown on the *hospodarstvo* so that the gods and spirits can taste each dish and give the family a better harvest the following year. The food served on this night must be lean, since the meal is an offering to the Sun God; but as the God of Domestic Animals is also honoured at the ritual feast, nothing containing animal blood is used, lest he be offended. The *Didukh* is carried into the house by the gospodar and his son during the late afternoon. At the door, they are met by the *hospodynja*, who is carrying a *knysh*, she bows and greets their guests, the spirits of their ancestors, inviting them into the house. The *Didukh* is set down in a place of honour, usually under the icons in the corner of the house. The *Didukh* is the home of the spirits of our ancestors, who are the protectors of the crops and livestock, turning away all evil that may befall the family. They also serve as mediators between the Sun God and humans. The *Didukh*

further symbolizes the fertility, well-being, wealth and fate of people, and for this reason it is honoured with *kutia* and *kompot*, from whence Sviata Vechera derives its second name, Bahata Kutia. With the entrance of the *Didukh*, the table is set for *vechera*. First, it is covered with a thin layer of hay, which is in turn covered with a clean white tablecloth. On the four corners are placed herbs with magical properties, though in recent times the herbs have increasingly been replaced with garlic. Over this is placed a second tablecloth. Whereas the first tablecloth is for the spirits to eat on, the second is for humans. In the middle of the table is placed a *knysh*, and beside the *knysh*, a *palynytis*. At the end of the table a bowl of *perizhky* are set down. In the centre of the *palynytis* a beeswax candle is placed, symbolizing *zhytia* — the cycle of life. Once lit this candle is to burn until it burns itself out; should it go out before burning itself out, it is a sign that a death will occur in the family within a year.

As dusk approaches the gospodar and *hospodynja* purify the house by burning herbs that are gathered at Kupala to chase away all evil that is hiding within the house. With the appearance of the first star the family gathers around the *Didukh*, the gospodar holding the *kutia*, and the *hospodynja* holding the candle. The family then intones, "Holy Sun, Benevolent Moon, Abundant Rain, come to us for Sviata Vechera to eat *kutia*," and "Our Holy Ancestors, mothers and fathers, brothers, sisters, children, all Spirits, come eat with us." At this point the gospodar goes outside and invites evil to supper. But as evil fails to appear he condemns and rejects it, telling it not to come for the rest of the year. As the gospodar re-enters the house, everyone is ready to sit down to supper.

To begin Sviata Vechera the gospodar takes a spoonful of *kutia*, which he throws to the ceiling; each member of the family then eats a spoonful of the dish, takes a drink of mead and starts *vechera*. Two bowls on the table are left empty, one for the spirits, the second for the family dead. At the end of Sviata Vechera all the food and utensils are left on the table for the spirits to eat through the night. No one is allowed to sleep on this night or allowed to go beyond the perimeter of the *hospodarstvo* until the third crowing of the rooster, as evil is afoot and may enter a sleeping or unprotected person. This belief has changed with Christianity however, and the introduction of a Divine Liturgy beginning at midnight. But originally Sviata Vechera was strictly a family ritual.

(Continued on Page 11)



• You could say that Soviet officials have never really dug rock and roll music, but they have been bitterly off key about it in recent weeks. Some rock musicians in the USSR are worried that a crackdown is coming against the "Western" sound. The ideological watchdogs have been barking up a storm on how soft and self-centred Soviet youth have become, and they are laying the blame on the growing popularity of Rock music. The most menacing note has been sounded by the number two man in the Secret Police, who is arguing that the passion for Rock music and the Western way of life threatens to alienate Soviet youth from the communist ethos. He is further gloating that the KGB has done away with the dissident movement, but has also warned against what he described as "new sophisticated tools of subversion," including Western music broadcast by foreign radio stations.

Meanwhile, a recent article in *Izvestia*, the government daily newspaper, has described rock music as bourgeois propaganda imposed on what the paper calls "volatile Soviet youth." The article goes on to say that rock is aiming at "the spiritual devastation of our youth and the assertion of an alien ideology." The paper also attacked *Time Machine*, the most popular rock group in the Soviet Union, charging that the music of the band has nothing in common with the national traditions of Soviet music culture. More ominously yet, *Time Machine* has already missed at least one scheduled appearance in recent weeks. Rock musicians in the Soviet Union say the group has been temporarily banned from performing in public, as the authorities suspect there is political criticism lurking in the lyrics of the group's latest songs — perhaps even endorsement of Poland's Solidarity Union.

So it can be said that Rock music in the USSR is increasingly on shaky grounds, and that the tremors have more to do with political lines than bass lines.

• In view of the recent "difficulties" with which our Polish comrades have had to deal, one of our intelligence experts on the only true Marxist-Leninist, non-revisionist state in the world — Albania — revealed that Comrade Enver Hoxha, president for life of the Albanian Peoples' Republic, has had his own means of dealing with "difficulties" caused by troublemakers boring from within. Recently one of these troublemakers, the former prime minister of Albania — was reported to have realized his ideological errors and did his part for the victory of communism by committing suicide. Comrade Hoxha, never one to miss a bourgeois-capitalist or revisionist-hegemonist trick, has offered from the fount of his wisdom the following piece of advice as to the proper method of dealing with a Soviet invasion: "Give them a sock in the head, a spit in the face and, if necessary, a bullet in the head." (From the *Collected Works of Enver Hoxha*, Vol. 68, p. 1392). Take note, comrades! The Albanians are ready with their fists and their spit.

• At the recent SUSK Eastern Conference in Ottawa (Dec. 28 - Jan. 1) one of our agents picked up some interesting information regarding Eastern Canadian SUSKite views of Western Canadians. Apparently all the men from the west are extremely athletic, six-foot tall, but not particularly bright, said one woman from Canada's Parisian double Montreal (minus a tower or two). But the National SUSK President and his Executive V.P. may have to swallow a few of their words when March rolls around. Apparently, the dynamic duo made more out of their Alberta heritage than they might have wanted to. When SUSK delegates come out to Alberta in March for the Western SUSK conference, its going to be a bit tough for Samoil and Ferbey to show some of their Eastern friends the oil wells and quarter horses in their backyards. "I thought your Dad was an oil magnate?"

• Ukrainian students in America sent fifty-six delegates to the SUSTA Congress at Soyuzivka on the weekend of 21-22 November. Although there have recently been positive bursts of student activity in the South, like the appearance of the *Phoenix* magazine in the United States, there were few signs of this sort of positive action at the SUSTA Congress. The same old clique of "student" Banderites (Lozynsky, Zwarycz, Stojko, Pysnada, Priatka...) that have stagnated the Ukrainian student movement in America with their narrow-minded pursuit of politics, once again dominated the Congress and thereby ensured another two years of the same inertia. As a result, SUSK can no doubt expect a number of inquiries regarding "associate membership" from individual Ukrainian Student Clubs in Detroit, Buffalo, and other areas.

• Guess everyone is wondering where the hell their *STUDENT*'s are! Have they folded or what? Is this another technique *STUDENT* financiers are using to save money by not distributing the issues? Or is the post office reading the issues before delivering them? Well, none of the above. One of our agents has been prowling around the inner-circles of the *STUDENT* collective and low and behold has found a team of typists eagerly inputting names, addresses, and postal codes into a computer. Yes! Apparently *STUDENT* has decided to take a dive into the electronic age by computerizing their mailing lists. In tune with the efficiency promised by the new Canada Post Corporation, *STUDENT* has temporarily broken their tradition of the fastest distribution among the ethnic press (hah! hah!) to computerize, so in the future those spanking-clean issues of the paper can arrive at your doorstep within a few days of the publishing date. After consulting with their two resident computer experts, Val Markewych and Pavlo Vorskly, the collective initiated computerization in the interest of humanizing the process of distribution, which in the past has been a physically brutal and timely task. Now distribution is really where it's at! Hopefully you'll get your *STUDENT* faster than your weather-wrinkled issue of *Maclean's*. Thanks for the typing Bev and Anhalena.

RAY SERWYLO'S ACCORDIAN LESSONS

I was not you then. I did not know you. Now I have a beard to scratch, and it is dirty today. I have to scratch it often and on the tips of my fingers I can feel something warm and moist. It feels red. I can tell that I have scratched between the hairs. It is much too dry amongst all the thick curls. There is no light, no air, and perhaps that is why my young niece is intuitively afraid of my beard. You were never like that, but then there were no weekend parties that different parents would host. Then men were on the shaven, with slick dark hairs on the tops of their cheeks and absolutely none on their heads, and absolutely single hair growing from a mole on the side of her face, and you would like to pull it out as she kissed you and put a wet quarter in your silent hand, hanging by your thigh, still. The men had left thick greying beards, and I did not notice that until a year ago. They did not show the photos to you, and you did not care to ask. You did not know then.

There was a man who used to play the accordion at the parties, and you were amazed how such thick fingers could find their way among the sleek keys. They were ivory then, already turning yellow with age when he played. Everyone would have a drink the golden whiskey, and he would play his wide face blushed with the liquor. His fingers could still dance over the keys, even though he was missing part of his thumb. There were many men like that, you always noticed them, from the farms and the CP shop, from never called him that, and it is only now that I really know that his name — was from the shop, and he was building his own mortar and same hands that spread mortar on the accordion that you had not yet been taught to do.

It was your accordion, you were the second son. It was your inheritance. Had you been born earlier the violin would be possessed by you. I have picked up your accordion again, after you had forsaken it. You could have played like Pavlo, Mr. Kovalchuk, but you rebelled when your father died, and it lay silent for too many years. I have claimed it now but there is still the anger. You have only left me bellows and yellow keys, one hundred and twenty basses to again start and try to figure out. (The C and E are scooped out, I know that.) I have dug out the old Palmer-Hughes course books, and because of you I have the indignity of having to start with Book One, forcing myself to play "Skating" until I get MacDonald Had a Farm. There are times when I can play then both through a single mistake. There are times when my fingers stumble from A to B Flat and the song is ruined. Those are the times I hate you the most.

Your mother would be slightly drunk, and that is when her pride would exhale like the smell of whiskey, followed by a kiss. Stefan would have to get his violin too, and set up the music stand in the corner of the living room. He had learned to play a few Ukrainian songs already, from Mr. Nalivayko, and had taught you one. "Shumyt, I Hudy" was a favourite, and it seemed all the people knew the words. Your mother singing the loudest as she pressed around the table, leaning over and shoulders to refill half full glasses and encourage the chorus. You stumbled a few times on the keys, ashamed of your small fingers that could not always reach up onto the black keys. You did not know your brother would repeat the song one more time, and so you had gotten up again he was a bar or two ahead. I feel sorry for you now. I know that he had been studying his instrument and the song longer than you had. No, I agree, it was not fair.

That is when your mother shouted at you, slapping into your father's tenor voice. He did not mind, and was happy singing, but she shouted "PYRYSTAN!" The people did not care, but she coerced Pavlo into taking the accordion from you, your hands and arms were too weak, you were shaking. It was like the heavy weight that it was, shedding a skin, a cancerous growth. He was small on Pavlo, even the keys. He played "Ja siohodni vid vas vidizhdaiu" and you noticed that your father's voice was the loveliest, and that he was crying the most.

I make a few dollars with that accordion now. I don't have to, because the university pays well, but I enjoy it. I feel sorry for you because you gave up too early, even after all the admonishment. Your father owned that hotel, peripheral skid row, where accordion music is always in demand. The people probably sympathize with the instrument, for they are all out-cast, fallen. Replaced by pseudo-elliptical and grandeur. They have all Alexandra, their reign, and the accordion's, has disintegrated. I like to play found homes in the pawn shop windows and theseedy hotels. I told you there now, not for the money. I told you that I don't need it. I just like to play. No rock band would take me. There was a time when you thought they were on the Ed Sullivan Show, and you were rolling on the floor, encompassing the foot stool with your tail in your mouth. It was not at your house, but at your godmother's. You used to like it there, with her husband's dog. They did not have any children but you did not mind. None of your parents' other friends had stamp collections or a dog. You did not have to play the accordion when you went over there, they never asked you to. They had the round foot stool that let you encase it like a rubber tire and try and roll around the room. You stopped doing it when The Ed Sullivan Show came on, even though it was only in black and white. (I'm sorry. You never dreamed of colour then, did you?)

There was an accordionist with that band, and his bellows would have back and forth as they all sang "This diamond ring doesn't mean anything to me ...". It seemed as if their voices were in black and white too, and you found it easy to sing along. You stopped rolling and thought how wonderful it would be, playing accordion in a rock and roll band, and that gave you a reason for living. The next day you took your allowance money and bought a music book that said Dave Clark Five on it, but after a week it lay underneath all your other accordion books. None of the songs you played sounded like the hits you heard, like the songs that were then on the CKRC Young At Heart Charts. You collected, and so you still sit on the bottom of the pile. Sure, I still don't play those songs. They do the people I play for want to hear them. We are happy we can touch each other with them.

The hotel was on Main Street, and that already was derogatory. Even being kitty-corner from the Royal Alec did not save it. You were too young to be in a hotel, in a bar, but your father owned it, and your mother washed floors in it, so no one stopped you. Besides, it was only on Sundays, when the beverage room was hollow and silent, except for the odour of Saturday night, that you were allowed accordion-tance.

Your father came there on most Sundays, there was work to be done. He told you to keep away from the stage, a small elevated area, with a sprinkling of tinny drums and two narrow speakers. By the end of the afternoon he would relent and turn on the amplifier for you and let you speak into the mike. Your mother would say that if you practice you can make a hell of a lot of money. Just playing weekends, a night or two. There would always be work for musicians in their hotel. She would ensure it. She forbade topless waitresses, or dancers, even though a few of the hotels down the street were trying them out. Business had slowed down a little, but she was confident of her position.

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Mr. White is dead, and Lissa is with child. The two have nothing to do with each other and there is no reason for me to have and put it that way except, perhaps, that I am glad for both. For Lissa has been apprehended and he is just for the pregnancy. A Samuel Craik has been apprehended and he has confessed to killing White. There is no drama or principle involved. I merely misquote. I have forgiven Lissa for her accusations and she is trying desperately to forgive me for seedling her. Squeezabok her hand and had planned a Western Canada tour in the fall, and now it, of the pregnancy, would have to be called off.

Student takes great pleasure in printing this exclusive excerpt from Ray Serwylo's award-winning three-day novel, **Accordion Lessons**, which is to be published by Vancouver's Pulp Press in February 1982. Ray is a graduate of the University of Manitoba, where he was the Vice-President of the local Ukrainian Students' Club in 1974. Born (1953) and currently residing in Winnipeg, he is married and works as a researcher for the Manitoba Association of School Trustees. He also is a co-ordinator of the Writing Program at the Banff School of Fine Arts.

From Across The Dinner Table

While attending the "Visible Symbols" conference at the University of Manitoba in November, I was appalled by the attitudes expressed towards Ukrainian cuisine. It would appear that most people's idea of Ukrainian cuisine centers around *Pyrohy*, *Holubtsi* and *Kovbassa*. What many fail to realize, however, is that there is another side to Ukrainian food and it is time we become aware of it.

The Hospitality Industry in Canada is growing at a phenomenal rate. Toronto has more restaurants per capita than any other city in Canada and is second in North America only to San Francisco. Despite this profusion of dining establishments in Toronto, there are only three that serve Ukrainian food as a central part of their menus. Considering the size of Toronto's Ukrainian population, three restaurants seems dismal, to say the least. Moreover, although these establishments are highly-acclaimed within our *hromada*, they are not especially highly regarded within culinary circles. Yet, several other Toronto minorities, most notably the Greeks, have been able to contribute substantially to this city's vast spectrum of eateries.

It is time that the Ukrainian Community wake up! We have a cuisine that goes far beyond the limits of *Pyrohy*, *Holubtsi* and *Kovbassa*. With this cuisine we can play a major part in the development of the Hospitality Industry in this country. Ukrainian cuisine is in every way as respectable a form of cooking as French or Italian cuisine, and there is no reason why it cannot be just as popular.

Steak Tatar Taras Bulba (the recipe for which follows) is an example of the type of Ukrainian cuisine of which I speak. Not surprisingly, it originated in the Tatar region. As the Cossacks were riding their horses on their periodic raids, they would naturally have to carry their own food with them. What they would do is sit on the meat to break up its tough fibres, and to prevent it from becoming tainted, the meat was heavily spiced and liquor was added. From this evolved the recipe as we know it today.

Steak Tatar Taras Bulba

8 ounces round steak (fat removed) ground twice
1 raw egg
1 ounce of finely chopped onion
2 Tbsp chopped fresh dill
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 clove of garlic (mashed)
½ ounce of Brandy or Whiskey

In a bowl combine all ingredients except for the alcohol. Let mixture stand for 5 minutes. If you cannot grind the steak, use a food processor or chop the meat finely. Add in the alcohol. Garnish with sliced onion, parsley and paprika, and serve with toasted brown or rye bread.

Take some time to discover Ukrainian cooking. It can be fun and rewarding. *Smachnoho!*

Peter Ochirwa

Reagan eats steak Tartar!



Kontsent Meister



flee into Ukraine under the cover of night. Meanwhile, Odarka is having no easy time with Ivan. Although he is a good husband and Cossack, he also has a (stereo) typically Cossack predilection for alcohol. Rumour has it that the Sultan himself is going to come to these parts to celebrate the great Bayram. The Sultan does indeed come, but incognito, because he wants to see first-hand how his new subjects are living. He encounters Ivan (who is nursing a hangover), and the latter expresses an interest in meeting the Sultan (he is unaware to whom he is speaking) to tell him what the Cossacks are really thinking.

To facilitate this encounter Ivan is given Turkish clothing and a new name — Urkhan. Offstage (and between acts) he meets the Sultan, although he does not recognise him because of his disguise. He tells him to let the Cossacks go home lest there be trouble.

The next morning seems to bode no good. It starts out humorously enough when Ivan tells Odarka that since he now is a Turk and a Muslim, he will be setting up a harem. (After all, he certainly is dressed for the part.) But then the Imam comes and orders all Cossacks to assemble. To their horror, Ivan and Odarka see Oksana and Andrii in chains — their attempt at escape was unsuccessful. Everyone fears the worst. But instead the Imam

part of both works, they seem to be cast in that mold. Towards the end, however, when the fate of the poor Christian heroes seems to be sealed, the great Turk turns out to be magnanimous in granting his prisoners freedom.

There are, of course, great differences between these two operas. The time and place of Mozart's work is rather vague, while Hulak-Artemovs'ky's is based on an actual historical event. The last Zaporozhian Sich was destroyed at the orders of Catherine II in 1775, and many of the Cossacks were faced with the terrible prospect of serfdom if they stayed in the Russian Empire. A group of them moved to the territory of their former enemy, the Ottoman Empire, in an area of Dobruja just beyond the delta of the Danube. There, they established the *Zadunaiska Sich*. But life under the Turks was not too comfortable for some, and led by A. Holovaty they returned in 1791-2 to the Russian Empire to settle in the Kuban' area as free Cossacks. Some of the others remained in Dobruja and their descendants live in that area to this day.

The opera is set in Dobruja before the resettlement to the Kuban'. Ivan Karas and his wife Odarka have adopted Oksana, the orphaned child of one of Ivan's old friends. The young girl has fallen in love with Andrii, and both are making plans to

S. Hulak-Artemovs'ky, Zaporozhets za Dunaem, Opera in 3 acts, soloists, chorus and orchestra of the T. Shevchenko State Opera and Ballet Theatre (Kiev) conducted by V. Tolba. Melodiya D-06781-86.

It seems that modern Ukrainian opera rests on two pillars. The first is truly a first — *Nataika Poltavka* by Ivan Kotliarevsky, the father of modern Ukrainian literature. To a modern spectator the story might appear to lack sophistication. Although it may be accused of a variety of other "sins," it remains ever-popular in the Ukrainian community, and, in the hands of skillful singers/actors, it may be a moving experience indeed.

The other pillar is also a 19th century "war horse." It is Semen Hulak-Artemovs'ky's (1813-1873) *Zaporozhets za Dunaem* (The Zaporozhian Cossack beyond the Danube). Thematically, there is a similarity with W.A. Mozart's *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (The abduction from the seraglio), as both operas are set in Turkish-held territory. By tradition Turks were the "bad guys" to Christian Europeans, and certainly for a

KOLUMN-EYKA



New Wave Dance Critique

Well here I am, writing an article for *Student*, something I never thought I could do. But like every living person I have opinions and ideas, and fortunately here in Canada there exists the opportunity to express them. I do not profess to have seen it all, nor have I travelled far and wide, but I have formulated some thoughts concerning the Ukrainian-Canadian dance scene. Some of my observations are positive, but many are negative, and I would like to share these feelings with fellow Ukrainian dancers, and Ukrainians in general, in making a plea for a more promising and challenging future for Ukrainian dance in Canada.

The first, most upsetting problem with Ukrainian dance that I would like to discuss is the conflict between the 'hotdogs' and the 'frustrated artists.' It seems such an insult to an artist's own intelligence to see a dancer (the artist) become visibly frustrated and threatened by a younger or more capable dancer than him or herself. In many groups in Canada today, if it wasn't for the 'hotdogs' saving the show with their incredible feats of strength, ability, and skill, many performances would be unexciting and 'moldy.' Instead of trying to help the more capable dancers so that they can become what the artists always dreamt for themselves but never accomplished, many artists would rather remain frustrated by not allowing others to achieve their goals. This seems like a huge case of selfishness, ignorance and certainly not maturity, even though some of these members are thirty-five years and older.

Related to this problem and possibly stemming from it is the unwillingness and stubbornness of all dancers to work and grow together. It's amazing how many people get other people to do their dirty work for them; as in giving supposedly constructive comments or presenting data at administrative meetings. My faith in human beings is constantly being shattered by the cowardliness of people who say mean and cruel things behind people's backs, instead of approaching them directly with their criticisms or complaints. Moreover, instead of disappearing with age, petty problems of this nature appear to be especially common among "adults"; indeed, it often seems that the older and more experienced the dancer is, the more serious the problem.

Another problem concerning morale arises directly out of the dancing itself. It seems many groups have chosen one base or style to follow — i.e., Virsky, Avramenko, or Soviet — and refuse to incorporate each other's ideas, and more importantly refuse to create any new ideas. Many feel they are creating new dances, but are they really when the dances are composed totally of previously done dance steps and formations? Every show begins to look the same, a "cute-ethnic hopak," a display of different costumes (mumbled and jumbled together to create a two-hour show), a love affair (boy loves girl, who loves another boy) verging on soap opera, and a mistake and tension-filled production because of lack of preparation and poor planning. Ballet and character steps are discouraged in choreography, yet it's allowable to do a *Poltavskiy drugyshechka* in a *Holylitskiy* number, and to use Russian and Byelorussian music to Ukrainian dance steps. It's heard in many dance classes and rehearsals, dance with some emotion, smile, but it's hard to smile when one's thinking of the more important things left unfinished at home or at work.

Many dancers, young and old, have turned mechanical, either through too much training, or not enough. Only two emotions are shown, happiness and sadness, and even these are not portrayed well. What about the many other common feelings, such as frustration, loneliness, anger, love, etc., etc. These emotions are sometimes used, but are they really there? There's a definite difference between dancing and going through the motions.

Still pertaining to over- and under-training, it seems there are two opposite extremes. We have the groups that would rather do a thirty-minute, 1920 football warm-up, versus, the elaborate character and ballet one and a half hour warm-up where only about thirty percent of the people are capable of technically performing the exercises correctly. So in either case we end up with displaced hips, sagging stomachs, and flexed feet — and that's dancing, eh?

The last topic I would like to discuss, is the incredible lack of knowledge of Ukrainian dance in general. There are many other dance forms that we can learn from, such as ballet, modern, jazz, and Spanish, but first we must learn, and know, our own style and feeling if we want to accurately portray the spirit of traditional Ukrainian dance. It's incredible to think that each village in Ukraine had its own style and variety of dances within its particular regional norm. Many groups have simplified the choreography to such a point that the whole purpose of portraying the ethnic folk culture is defeated. Did our ancestors really lack that much imagination? Then why do we have so many original songs and stories and poems still capable of moving us today? It is through these essential ingredients of folk culture that dancing in Canada can become alive and allow the imagination to flow.

Throughout this article I have sounded quite negative, but I feel these are serious problems that must be confronted by today's Ukrainian-Canadian Dance Groups. I do not want to leave the reader with the impression that all is bad within the various groups, for Ukrainian dancing is truly beautiful and rewarding. By working together with each other and by bringing in artists for workshops — as well as utilizing the knowledge and experience of those that have had to quit performing because of entirely natural human growth or body injuries — the younger, more capable dancers of today can have the chance to really do Ukrainian dancing. Petty jealousies, administrative hassles and personal insecurities must be thrown aside to make room for the 'new wave.' Like teachers in grade school, each person has the opportunity to mold the future of Ukrainian dance in Canada. Go for it! For once, why don't we, as Ukrainian dancers, work together, for the betterment of the art. After all, we are fighting for a common cause — the proud and strong Ukrainian culture.

Shanija Hohol

(Continued Page 10)

by Bohdan Zajcew



Two For One Christmas Special ...

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|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Shchedry | 1. Khrystos Rodysyia |
| 2. selykh S2. V poli, poli | 2. Nebo i zemlia |
| 3. Viazanka | 3. Vo vyflejemi zoria sijaje |
| 4. Na jordaniskij rihtsi | 4. Viazanka |
| 5. Oi v Jerusalyimi rano zadzvonyli | 5. Oi Lelije, lelije |
| | 6. Spy, Isuse, spy |

Nadine Zwetkow — soprano
Claudia Melnyk — first alto
Lydia Ruditsch — second alto
Anne-Marie Kryschuk — soprano
Roman Kostyk — tenor
Yourko Kulycky — piano, flute
Mark Bednarczyk — 6 and 12-string acoustic guitars, electric guitar
back-up vocals
Bob McKinnon — 6 and 12-string acoustic guitars, electric guitar
back-up vocals
Wasył Wołoszczuk — bandura
Roman Bociurkiw — bandura
Roxolana Sawka — violin
James Slominski — double bass
Paul Fortin — percussion
Bohdan Tymyc — production and direction

KOLIADA
KAMENIARI
Kamenari Ensemble
KE 001

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Syple, syple syple snih | 1. Boh Predvichnyj |
| 2. Oi, ty jasna zirko | 2. Oi, syvaja ta i zozulen'ka |
| 3. Na nebi zirka | 3. Ne plach Rakhyle |
| 4. Vo Vyflejemi | 4. Shchedryk |
| 5. Nova radist' stala | 5. Svatochne pobazhan'ia |
| 6. Khrystos Rodysyia | 6. Spy, Isuse, spy |

Roman A. Skrypakewych — violin, guitars, mandolin, bandura, viola
Andri Stasiw — piano, synthesizer, Arp Omni II
Yuri Stasiw — guitars, piano, organ, synthesizer, Arp Omni II
Myron Skorupa Jr. — bass, guitar
Taras Skorupa — percussion, guitars, glockenspiel

Well, friends, that time of year once again ... And as is befitting of the Christmas season, something special from **RET SENDS YA** — a look at two new albums hitting the market in the last eight weeks; contemporary Ukrainian Christmas albums, no less. Juxtaposed, they present a lesson in how to approach a realm of music whose stylizing would be considered sacrilege by many, and succeed (or fail miserably, for that matter).

Let's start with the latest from Yevshan Communications Incorporated (a.k.a. the inimitable Bohdan Tymyc) — **Sviato Rizdva**. Whatever else has been said about Tymyc's past productions, they always had class. In this, his sixteenth foray into the recording studio, there's finally something more — a certain shine and substance. Tymyc waded into the labyrinth of folk and religious Ukrainian Christmas music, selected a group of better and lesser known *koliady* and *shchedrivky*, turned his choices over to a pool of vocal and instrumental talent available to him in Montreal and beyond, and came up with what is probably his best effort to date.

SVIATIO RIZDVA handles the stylistic transitions between folk and contemporary gracefully: the essence of the *koliada* and *shchedrivka* remains intact, despite the liberties taken with vocal arrangements and the application of what some might term unusual instrumental accompaniment. Yet it's in these two areas, particularly the latter, where **SVIATIO RIZDVA** really makes its mark. The delectable overboard must have been tempting, but the accompaniment is kept deceptively simple and predominantly acoustic throughout, and therein lies its beauty. **YOURKO KULYCKY**'s jazz-tinged flute and piano work are outstanding, as we've come to expect from his previous appearances on other **TYMYC** products, while the string combination of **ROXOLANA SAWKA** and **JAMES SLOMINSKY** on violin and double bass respectively leave a rich, full texture to the final sound. The team of **WASYL WOLOSZCZUK** and **ROMAN BOCIURKIW** on bandura tit well together, providing some nice licks. And speaking of combinations, how about the guitar tandem of **MARK BEDNARCZYK** and **BOB MACKINNON** who supply some of the best 6 and 12-string acoustic accompaniment ever to be recorded on a Ukrainian album? Top it off with **PAUL FORTIN**'s tasteful percussion, and you wind up with a superb instrumental end.

Vocally, a classy effort on the part of all concerned. The

(Continued on Page 10)

ted



Toronto Comedian Ted Woloshyn.

Toronto comedian Ted Woloshyn's album, *It's Not The Heat ... It's The Humility*, features his first performance as a stand-up comic to be recorded for a North American audience. Woloshyn is best known as host of the nationally-syndicated F.M. radio programme, *Comedy Bowl*, as well as for his Toronto television talk show, *Off The Wol*. Having survived the Yonge Street circuit of strip joints and comedy clubs, Woloshyn is currently trying to broaden his comic appeal to a wider audience. Unfortunately, some of the material on this album slips back into the genre of Yonge Street populism, distinguishable mainly by its low-brow humour and bad taste. On the other hand, Woloshyn attains top form on the second side of the album. The tracks "Police Stop" and "Ukrainians" are both extremely funny and well-crafted to Woloshyn's style, which comes to the fore in his anti-authoritarian jabs and in his ethnic humour. On other parts of the album, however, his relaxed and humorous personality gives way to an uncomfortable and unenthusiastic style, in which he uses cliché humour in an attempt to appeal to the lowest common denominator.

Side one of this album was recorded live at Convocation Hall on the University of Toronto campus, as the opening act for S.C.T.V.'s John Candy. It appears to be directed toward an audience which has little capacity other than to digest Woloshyn's topical and, at times, vacuous humour. "Nixon's Last Stand" has Woloshyn playing the pathetic role of the ex-President of the United States confronting GOD at heaven's gate. Their conversation is dry and boringly reminiscent of George Carlin's talks with GOD. The punch-line leaves the listener wondering whether Woloshyn has ever run through this joke before: "You won't have Dick Nixon to kick around any more" has lost much of its sting in the years since Nixon's ignoble exit. After a few scattered laughs on the sound

track it is obvious that Woloshyn has left his audience waiting for some type of conclusion. Woloshyn's principal accomplishment here is to bore his audience with three minutes and fifty-three seconds of wasted breath.

Woloshyn's Don Rickles-like "quick come-back" jokes are not enough to rehabilitate his piece, "Skin Books." This focus on condom -lore is made up mainly of crude and unhumorous remarks about sexual paraphernalia. If I may be permitted a suggestion, this material should be returned to where it belongs — on Yonge Street. Woloshyn stoops over lower with "Duke the Dog." This joke reveals a disturbing tendency on his part to employ bathroom humour as a means of whipping up enthusiasm in his audience.

The best material on side one are the jokes "Pope Rock" and "Chuck and Di." Woloshyn parodies the personalities who currently fill the sacred, but increasingly irrelevant institutions of the papacy and the British Monarchy. Both the Vatican and Buckingham Palace will no doubt be scandalized.

"Pope Rock" has Pope John-Paul II publicizing his "Fall 80 Tour" with a rock concert-styled radio advertisement. (Sample: "Experience four Cardinals never before seen on stage!") Woloshyn has the pope even parodying the American Express commercials "We accept Mastercard, Charge, and Vatican Express. Vatican Express, don't leave Rome without it." In debunking the pope's sacred image, Woloshyn's skit reveals the extent to which John Paul II's tours have made him into a popular media star far more charismatic than most rock stars. First rate material.

On "Chuck and Di," Woloshyn has Prince Charles phoning a dating service. The manager of the dating service repeats incredulously the qualifications that "Chuck" suggests are necessary for a potential Queen: "A virgin that rides horseback?" asks the

manager, in disbelief. "Good luck." This joke is a lot of fun, Woloshyn has a knack for portraying well-known authority figures in everyday situations and exaggerating these to hilarious limits. Woloshyn ends with a bitchy portrayal of Lady "Di" making Charles dress-up as a horse when they retire to their bedroom for the evening. Her best line: "Come on, ride Queeny around the room."

The second side of the album opens with "Police Stop," one of Woloshyn's flawless anti-authority cracks. He comments on one of the signs that the police use to stop drivers: "Police! Stop!" Woloshyn says he would like to make his own sign, which would read: "Citizen! Up Yours!" The next cut on the second side is "Ukrainians." Stories of Ukrainian summer camp, Saturday Ukrainian school, and Ukrainian weddings are mixed together into an exceedingly funny and perceptive analysis of Ukrainian-Canadian social life. In debunking the emigre fear of Communism, Woloshyn asks, in a sarcastic vein, "if the Communists are responsible for comic books, sex, rock and roll, and drugs ... how bad can these people really be?" "Ukrainians" will appeal not only to Ukrainians. Woloshyn shows he is sensitive to the fact that he is recording for an English-speaking audience by translating some of the punch-lines. His brand of ethnic humour is universal enough to be understood by individuals of similar ethnic backgrounds.

Woloshyn's strength is two-fold. He makes great mileage out of his anti-authority humour. His insights into the psyche of the Ukrainian community in which he grew up in Toronto reveals a great deal about its quirks and its emigre hangups. If Ted Woloshyn is to become a master of the stand-up comedy medium, he will ultimately have to develop these strengths, rather than rely on his jaded please-all, "make everybody grooved-out and laugh" material. Will the real Ted Woloshyn please stand up?

Meister

(Cont'd From Page 9)



reads a *firman* by which the Sultan grants freedom to all, the right to repatriate, and even some money for Ivan and Odarka. It is only at this point that Ivan learns with whom he had been talking. As befits a 19th century Ukrainian light opera, all ends happily with a dance.

The album under review is not new, it may have been around for almost twenty years. So why review it now? At present, it is not possible to obtain the latest Soviet classical imports in Edmonton as they arrive, and consequently discs are reviewed as the author's fancy strikes him. This column makes no claim for up-to-dateness, so why not examine an old recording, especially since it is very good indeed. The voices are the best that Ukraine could offer at that time: Ivan Karas — Ivan Patrizhynsky (bass), Odarka — Mariia Lytvynenko-Wohlgemut (soprano), Oksana — Zola Haidai (soprano), Andrii — Ivan Kozlovsky (tenor); the Sultan — Mykhailo Hryshko (baritone), and the Imam — V. Babenko (bass). The chorus and orchestra of the Kiev State Opera are conducted by Veniamin Tolba.

The cast, then, is one of the best and this recording will be a benchmark. Zaporozhets for a long time. Incidentally, some of the same singers also made a film of this opera. Contrary to western operatic patterns, they proved to be excellent actors. Thus, not only an aural but also visual record is available for comparison of all other productions.

True, some political modifications have been made in the spoken dialogue of the opera, but these are virtually insignificant. One more serious change, however, was made in the third act. In the original Andrii sings a prayer of thanksgiving for deliverance "Vladyko neba i zemli" (Ruler of heaven and earth). Such expressions of religiosity are unacceptable to the powers that be, and Maksym Rylsky had to write new lyrics for this aria beginning with the words "Blazhennyi den, blazhennyi chas" (O blessed day, O blessed time). Not surprisingly, it is this version that is sung on the present recording. The original aria has been recorded by others, but not, unfortunately by I. Kozlovsky.

The singing (and acting, because that does come through on the discs) is of the highest calibre. At one point of the love duet in the second act I. Kozlovsky allows himself some vocal acrobatics: At the end of his solo part, rather than take the rest that is in the score while the orchestra plays the introduction to the duet, he simply holds the high note on which his part has ended, and, without pausing for breath, goes right into the duet (Eat your heart out, Luciano). So the recording is in mono, the vinyl may not be state of the art, but the music — ah, that's a pure delight. But if you see the plain brown wrapper (that's right, that's how they were originally packed) in the back of the record bin at your favourite Ukrainian music store and the label says Zaporozhets za Dunaem, but it, even if you are not an opera fan now, after hearing this performer, you may be.

Ret Sends Ya

(Continued From Page 8)

CHEREMSHYNA VOCAL ENSEMBLE gives a good demonstration of its *zispiavnist*, while the additional vocal back-up doesn't sound out of place at all. ROMAN KOSTYK's mellow tenor is a particularly nice touch. The vocal arrangements smack strongly of a TRIO MARENYCH influence, but they work well with the material at hand. Whether a capella or weaving in and out of the instrumentation, a strong technical showing.

Which brings us around to what is probably SVIATO RIZDVA's only major drawback — a certain lack of spiritual intensity which creeps up on you after repeated listenings to the album. Scratch through the thick veneer of polish and sophistication, and there's a discomforting sense of superficiality. As an acquaintance remarked, it's almost as if those involved in the project became preoccupied with hearing themselves, with sounding good at the expense of sounding sincere. Maybe it has something to do with recording the album in August, it's hard to focus on *Rizdvo* walking around in cut-offs and T-shirts. Whatever the cause, there's a somewhat disturbing emptiness here.

Nonetheless, a solid end-product from TMYC and company in SVIATO RIZDVA. Studio production deserves a special mention: it's clean, crisp and tight — a pleasure to listen to. The album's refined packaging (except for the back-cover photo) and trilingual liner notes on the inner sleeve, together with the contents, likely influenced R'C'I to pick up the international distribution rights to the album — something of an accomplishment in itself. And on the RET SENDS YA FOUR STAR RATING SCALE: SIVATO RIZDVA scores ***.

Now, the flip-side of the coin: how to take an innovative approach to traditional Ukrainian Christmas music and fall flat on your face. That lesson comes courtesy of KAMENIARI, a Detroit-based quintet whose debut offering is an album of instrumental *koliada* and *shchedrivky* entitled KOLIADA. The group claims "inventive direction" as its motto, and the latter certainly seems to be the intended *raison d'être* of KOLIADA. However, innovation should always be tempered with an understanding and appreciation of the music at hand. There are limits to any form of stylizing, especially where the folk idiom is concerned. And it's precisely this reality which escapes KAMENIARI. With the variety of instrumen-

tation at its disposal, KAMENIARI had the potential of turning out something unique. Instead, the ensemble comes up with a product lacking both direction and comprehension.

Being something of a keyboard and synthesizer buff myself, let's start with that aspect of KAMENIARI. The musical avenues opened by synthesizers are endless and their application knows no bounds, providing they're used effectively. They can certainly add a new dimension to Ukrainian Christmas carols, but not in the manner displayed by KAMENIARI. The mood setting required by this genre of music ranges from sombre to joyous, always smooth and fairly laid-back, but not without power in itself. Synthesizers are capable of setting that mood. In the hands of ANDRIJ and YURIJ STASIW, however, the synthesizers become jarring intrusions, their harsh and choppy mode of employ definitely out of place. The Arp Omni is particularly annoying. Whether poor studio recording, faulty circuitry or simply bad technique are responsible, the sound generated by the instrument in question is uneven and abrasive, not really belittling of any *koliada* or *shchedrivka*.

It's the type of error KAMENIARI repeat through KOLIADA, mistaking volume and high profile for power. The group's rendition of LEONTOVYCH's classic "Shchedryk" is another case in point. A triple electric guitar fuzzed lead is great, but not applied to this tune. In this instance, the notion has all the subtlety of a baseball bat in the solar plexus; not, I imagine, that LEONTOVYCH had in mind when he composed "Shchedryk."

KAMENIARI's musical arrangements are wanting as well. They lean towards the simplistic, structured in such a way so as to telegraph what's coming up next. In this case, sticking to formulaic patterns eliminates any element of spontaneity and subtlety. And let's not even talk about wrong or missed notes. To let that go on the finished product? C'mon, guys

All this aside, KOLIADA makes for an interesting listen or two. Credit KAMENIARI with taking a stab at something new, even though the group pulls short. Providing it finds the "direction" to steer its "inventiveness," both inside and outside the recording studio KAMENIARI might surprise some people yet. On the RET SENDS FOUR STAR RATING SCALE: KOLIADA scores **½.

NEXT ISSUE: The latest from New York's ISKRA.

Editorial

(Continued From Page 2)

One of the major causes of the Ukrainian-Canadian village mentality is a lack of communication among Ukrainian Canadians. We simply do not know enough about each other and this ignorance breeds stereotypes and reinforces the isolation of one village.

In theory, it is the role of the press to provide this information, to fill this communicative vacuum and to link the villages into an interacting community. Regrettably, the Ukrainian-Canadian press has failed to do so. It lacks an independent liberal-democratic tradition and has largely remained an organizational press, more interested in molding the reader into the form its parent political or religious grouping desires than in developing a strong and healthy community base. Too often the result is needless internecine strife which destroys the basis for cooperation among Ukrainian Canadians and saps the initiative of those perennial optimists who see the need for more than just a single prosperous village.

The long-term viability of a Ukrainian-Canadian "community" is integrally linked to its ability to take a broad perspective of its needs and expectations. We must see beyond the boundaries of our own little villages. To do so, we need a viable and effective national press which could link the Ukrainian Canadian villages into a vibrant entity in much the same way as the railway linked the isolated settlements of what was once British North America and forged them into the Canadian nation.

After ninety years in Canada, we must strive for a greater legacy than a few isolated remnants of Ukrainian culture in Canada. We must work toward the building of a national Ukrainian-Canadian community.

N.M. and S.M.

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— Winter — (Continued From Page 5)

Summary and conclusion

This night is a holy night of the Sun God and God of Domestic Animals. The Sun comes to earth at dawn when it enters people's homes, and is represented in the symbol of the candle at Bahata Kutia-Sviat Veher. In the symbol of the *Oidukh*, the Ancestral Spirits who are the protectors of the fields and home-fires, come into the home and stay until Vasyi as guests of the family. On this night the gods look over the *hospodarsivo* and ask the animals how they have been treated by the *hospodar*; if the animals have been treated well, and the *hospodarsivo* is well-kept, they will grant a good harvest and prosperity. This is a night when the family ritual honours the Gods and the Spirits of our Ancestors.

Whereas Sviata Vehera is a family affair, Rizdvo is a social celebration. Everyone visits family and friends, and go *kolladuvaty* (carolling). The young men would traditionally mask themselves and perform the ritual of *Koza*. Rizdvo is a joyous celebration with much singing and humour. In this brief article I hopefully have given you some insights, in a very general way, into how and why Sviat Veher-Rizdvo was and is celebrated.

Veselykh Sviat i Shchaskyoho Novoho Roky!

CUP

(Cont'd
From
Page 1)

discuss social issues). Because Solidarnosz and the Polish Independent Students' Union have served as examples for student and worker self-organization and creative activity throughout the world, that *Student* introduced resolutions (seconded by the McGill Daily) which condemned repression and oppression wherever it occurred (whether in Latin America or in the Eastern Bloc countries.)

CUP delegates revealed themselves as responsible yet sensitive people by their concern for people around them. Thus, the catering company which serviced the dinners for the conference delegates, was attacked for its poor food as well as for paying such low wages and demanding great sacrifices from its wage-labourers. (Next year, cooperative cooking?)

Like *Student*, CUP has also experienced severe economic hardships during this past year. Being ineligible for money from the government (CUP is com-

mitted officially to social change and is therefore classified as being political and therefore is disqualified from governmental assistance), CUP has had to take other measures to survive. It was necessary to cut National office staff last year to free up money to help launch the new advertising cooperative — the National Advertising Cooperative Commission (Campus Plus). Fortunately, the fledgling agency is doing well and has even returned CUP's original investment of \$27,000.00. Although Campus Plus has to do battle with large corporations (such as Imperial Oil Ltd.) which evade higher national advertising rates by placing space directly with small newspapers, Campus Plus is well on the road to solving these problems and thus better serving student newspapers. *Student* itself has been able to survive partly thanks to the many services provided by Campus Plus (finders fee and the New Business development program

and partly due to the financial, technical and other assistance from CUP staffers and member newspapers. Members of the new executive (eg Julie Wheelwright - president elect) and CUP reps have shown a welcome desire to continue assisting *Student* to get on its feet by considering cutting our membership fees and allowing us to defer payment for a few months. Considering the financial situation of CUP, these sacrifices are really touching and certainly greatly appreciated. Here's to hoping that the spirit continues to flow and more newspapers come around to joining this newspaper cooperative.

The annual conference — the 44th in CUP's history — was a smashing success, as many of the smashed delegates could testify to. The combination of serious committed discussion with sincere light-hearted frolicking produces the best elixir for powering the representatives of agents of social change.

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