

БЕЗТАКТНІСТЬ

Special Issue

February-March 1989

МК-Р1

40!



Here stands the future of the Ukrainian
Language Education Centre

A special issue for Marusia Petryshyn.....

A DAY WITH MARU AT THE HROMADA--ENTERING A FIFTH DECADE

The sun is shining. God is in His heaven and all is well with the world. Marusia is in the garden digging away. There is a basket chair beside the plot of soil. In the chair sits Roman Petryshyn. He is watching Marusia.

"Hi Marusia," says Lan, who is about to mow the lawn, "Hi Roman. Do you normally work this hard?"

"Yes," says Marusia.

"I was talking to Roman."

"Well we're talking," says Roman, "I have to sit here so that she can hear what I'm saying."

A thunderbolt proceeds from the house, circumnavigates the tree six times and disappears in a cloud of smoke.

"Luka!!" shouts Marusia, "Luka, have you eaten your breakfast?"

"Ni."

High above a tree rocks gently. But there is no wind. The group looks up. On the top branch, 30 feet up is a distant figure.

"Demjan, get down!" says Roman.

A parachute with a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle at the end of it floats gently downward.

"Look," says Roman, "People going to the Fringe. Fringeites. They are all wearing hats. If you go to the Fringe, you have to wear a hat."

"Are you going," asks Lan.

"We can't," says Maru, "because we don't have hats."

A car pulls up outside. Krawchenko gets out and scurries off somewhere, wisps of hair in his wake. He is busy.

"Who is that man?" asks Roman.

"What man?" asks Maru.

"That guy with the bald head. He's always parking here. I think we should have his car towed."

"By the way Maru," says Lan, "That hobo has been here again, he's left all his garbage right outside the gate."

"Oh dear. He's such a nice man, but a bit frightening too."

"We could move it."

"No no, you mustn't do that Lan. You see, this is his home. We have no right to move his things around."

"But they smell so bad."

"Well....perhaps we'll give him a few days and then maybe ask him to do something. One has to be careful with these people."

There is a thud in the background. Demjan is now atop the garage. Leon Hunter arrives, fills the sandpit with a bucket of water, and dives headfirst into it. Luka is caught in mid-dive by Marusia.

"Good catch," says Roman.

Luka sprints off. Robin Hunter arrives with a copy of Winnie-the-Pooh. He sits under the tree and starts to read.

"Hi Robin," says Marusia.

"Oh hi," says Robin, "I didn't see you." He lights his pipe. He is wearing a straw hat. In the distance, Jars Balan's apartment building is on fire, Myrna and Jars are watching the blaze, while J-P is walking his daughter in her stroller. Suddenly there is a tremendous explosion. Everyone jumps three feet in the air. Demjan falls off the

garage roof. Roger Deegan across the road, who has been playing his tin whistle while watching the fire, stops blowing. Next door, Andriy Hornjatkevyč sits up in bed. But the cause of the explosion is soon discovered. Lida has just started up her car. Eclectic, but not yet fine tuned, like an ethereal red-green dragon it charges down the road terrifying all before it. Marusia has stopped digging and is now lying in the hammock reading a book. It is called No Kidding. She is reviewing it for the Edmonton Journal. In the sandpit, Leon is now covered in mud. Robin looks up from his reading pensively. Oddly enough, Pooh Bear in the story has just covered himself in mud to fool the bees in the honey tree. He ponders over this Hardy-esque coincidence and asks himself whether it could be meaningful. David May is bringing Ilarion down the path.

"I hope I'm not intruding," he says.

"Of course not," says Maru.

"Well ah can't stay long. But he was so restless. Good God, what's that?"

"It's Leon."

In a flash, Luka dashes in and out of the mud, up the steps and back into the house.

"Luka! I just cleaned that floor. Come on out at once."

The afternoon draws on. Across the road, the fire is out. A familiar looking man is hammering orange billboards into the soft turf.

Heather Redfern is passing, carrying a toilet. Although she is not wearing a hat she quite clearly is making for the Fringe.

Amid the tranquillity, a chilling thought emerges. That the generation of the sixties is passing into middle age. Gone are the placards and the demonstrations, but here are the gardens and afternoon hammocks. Robin's pipe has gone out. This former revolutionary is asleep under the tree. A revolutionary marxist is returning from walking his daughter down Whyte Avenue. Anna Radyo has metamorphosized from her trendy twenties to thoroughbred thirties. Myrna is looking at teenaged women to find out what they are like. The situation gives our Maru pause for thought. The big four zero is approaching. Her over four zero spouse is drinking a Wild Cougar beer. Too old to party? Too old, perhaps, even to Fringe? But as Maru turns her page, she sees the bald head whizzing back from wherever it has been, whomever it has been addressing on the world's future. Life is not over. In fact, when she called Halyna Freeland that morning, the message on the answering machine (for no one has ever actually spoken to Halyna over the phone, it is something akin to Godot actually arriving in Becket's play) announced that "The struggle continues."

"But it can wait for another day," thinks Maru.

David is shouting from next door.

"Luka wants to know if he can watch a movie."

"But he's at home."

"No he isn't, he's here. Has been all afternoon."

Maru jumps up and goes into her house. Luka is not there. Never has been. He is elsewhere. A slate tumbles down from the roof.

"My house is falling down," she says. But it is not. Demjan is on the roof, clinging to the chimney.

Then Marusia gets up, goes into the house and emerges with towel under arm.

"Where are you off to?" asks Roman, in the basket chair.

"The world has stopped," replies Maru, "so I'm off for a swim."

COMMUNITY NEWS

JARS BALAN has been barred entry into Australia and blacklisted by the Sydney and Melbourne Ukrainian communities for his statement that "The majority of Ukrainians were chasing Jews around L'viv on June 30, 1941." Mr. Balan has said that his statement was taken out of context and that he was actually referring to an obscure event called the L'viv Marathon, run regularly on this date for a number of years. However, he was recently overheard lambasting Galicians in the corridors of Athabasca Hall: "I'm sick of Galicians," the big letter Ya moaned, "They should have had the famine there instead of Eastern Ukraine." An attempted arson on Mr. Balan's apartment last month narrowly failed.

PAUL R. MAGOCSI has been contracted by CIUS to write a biography of Ayatollah Khomeini. When the book is ready, CIUS will sell publication rights to the University of Toronto Press for a large sum. No insurance policies for author and future publisher are being accepted.

LUBOMYR LUCIUK addressed a gathering of UPA veterans, informing them that "our generation will carry on your struggle." He then attacked CIUS research associate Orest Martynowych for succumbing to the weaknesses of historical objectivity for his appraisal of the Luciuk/Kordan pamphlet on the internment of Ukrainians in World War I.

BOHDAN KRAWCHENKO had a quiet January. He only visited 42 cities in one week and his accumulated miles on Air Canada's Aeroplan is a paltry 1.5 million. Next month, he is having a vacation in a city that he has seen rarely in the past three years. It is called Edmonton.

GEORGE GRABOWICZ is clearly courting popularity as director-elect of the Harvard Ukrainian Research Institute, noted publisher of classy looking doorstops and flower vase bases. The next Harvard publication is to be a diary that is illegible in keeping with official policy that "only the elect read our books." Accordingly, after accepting it eight years ago, Myron Kuropas's book on Ukrainians in America has been thrown into the garbage bin by Grits. Kuropas's feelings were not assuaged by GG's speech at the York University conference, part of which was spent attacking the Ukrainian National Association--never bite the hand that feeds you.

OMELJAN PRITSAK has not said anything for a long time and therefore no one is angry with him.

SERHII CIPKO is forming the Edmonton branch of the NESTOR MAKHNO FAN CLUB and is in touch with similar fanatics in Kiev and L'viv, with the assistance of former CIUSite OSTAP SKRYPNYK. If their longterm goals are fulfilled, it will mean that the Ukrainians do not have an independent state and live in chaos--clearly the Club is already making substantial progress.

KHRYSTIA KOHUT lamented out loud her frustrations with fellow staff recently with the comment: "Where is Peter? I'm going to cut his balls off." A yelp was heard from the neighboring office and there is now a Finnish soprano in the trade union choir.

SOFIA LAZAR is demanding the right to work unpaid overtime for CIUS, without breaks during the day. It is rumored that a sweeping raid for her services by DANYLO STRUK is in the offing. At the ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UKRAINE, Sofia's activity would be legal.

Beztaktnist', taking its cue from a lesser publication, is offering a new feature--the TOP SIX. We begin with the list of the top six Ukrainians in Canada in terms of the following qualities:

- a) acrimoniousness
 - b) general irritability
 - c) rubbing people the wrong way regularly
- It is felt that this top six may have to be regulated on a monthly basis to take into account prevailing trends. It can also be criticized on the grounds that it does not take radical feminist characteristics into consideration.

1. MARCO CARYNNYK
2. MRS SHOOLACABBAGE
3. PROFESSOR FISHBAIT
4. YURII BOSHYK (but we like him)
5. DR. LUBOMYR Y. LUCIUK, Ph.D.
6. MANOLY REX

Here are the six most talkative Canadian Ukrainians--guaranteed for a 30-minute telephone call and red ears.

1. OLENKA BILASH
2. KHRYSTIA KOHUT
3. MARCO CARYNNYK
4. BOB MAGOCSI
5. LIDA SOMCHYNSKY
6. FRANCES SWYRIPA--tied with PENNY RUDNYTSKA

Next, the six most left-wing radical sixties hippie-dippie type Edmonton Ukrainians.

1. MYRNA KOSTASH
2. HALYNA FREELAND
3. JOHN-PAUL HIMKA (an honorary Canadian)
4. PETER MATILAINEN (an honorary Finnish Ukrainian Canadian)
5. CHYRSTIA CHOMIAK
6. SUSAN BOYCHUK

Finally, the six most conservative or right wingers.

1. LUBOMYR LUCIUK ((ex-Edmonton, no list is complete without him)
2. PETER SAVARYN
3. MICHAEL SAVARYN
4. MYROSLAV YURKEVICH

- 5. JULIAN KOZIAK
- 6. OSTAP SKRYPNYK

WHERE IS UKRAINE GOING? AND WHO WITH AND WHY?

An Interview with Bohdan Krawchenko, a.k.a. Captain Ukraine

BT: Professor Krawchenko, outline for us briefly what is happening in Ukraine today.

BK: Jesus Christ, a revolution is taking place. The masses are rising up against the neo-fascist Shcherbytsky party apparatus.

BT: This sounds serious. What do you see as your role in this?

BK: I see myself as the general coordinator of the revolutionary forces in the shape of an intellectual upsurge and the implementation of the Ukrainian language in all spheres of society.

BT: This is ambitious...

BK: Well that's only the start. The Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies is announcing its candidacy for the Ukrainian Supreme Soviet in the next elections.

BT: But who will be standing?

BK: Me.

BT: Won't this affect your duties in Edmonton?

BK: I have decided that we need a shakeup here too. What will happen is that the Ukrainian Language Education Centre will actually be run by Zhulynsky, and when Shcherbak comes here, he will be asked to help out with publications.

BT: What about the Edmonton staff?

BK: We are all going to Kiev.

BT: All of you?

BK: Except Sofia, because she thinks it's all a great joke, and Peter, because he'll upset the workers.

BT: How about funding for all this?

BK: I have done my calculations. Almost 63.845 percent of Ukrainians in Manitoba are over the age of 55. In ten years, all being well, they will be looking for somewhere to invest their life savings. We are here. In addition, I am having someone attend every funeral of elderly Ukrainians with at least one family member in law or banking.

BT: Where will you begin in Ukraine?

BK: In Kiev, of course. First, Shcherbytsky has to go, then the entire Politburo. Then we install our people.

BT: Will the workers back you up?

BK: Shit, what kind of fool question is that? We are acting on the workers' behalf. Of course they will agree to anything we do.

BT: Can we turn more specifically to life in Ukraine itself, before you conduct your own revolution?

BK: It will be more boring, but ok, providing you do it in the next five minutes because I have to get to the airport.

BT: I understand that last time you went there you forgot your ticket.

BK: No, I knew where the ticket was, I just didn't have that jacket on.

BT: But you have been known to be absent-minded.

BK: Bullshit.

BT: I recall your throwing away your boarding pass in Boston and

retaining only your flight stub.

BK: A momentary lapse.

BT: Didn't you put it into the garbage bin?

BK: Let's get back to Ukraine. Where do you want me to start?

BT: With the party.

BK: They're all wankers, Brezhnevites, finished.

BT: Society then.

BK: Totally screwed up, all of it. The people want change. I know.

I have spoken to everybody.

BT: The economy?

BK: The Ukrainian economy is a joke. It took me 45 minutes to get a cup of coffee at the Institute of Literature in Kiev. Then I found a document I wanted to xerox. They took me to a man with a big pair of scissors. He was the xerox department.

BT: Yes, we have heard there are problems, but how do you solve them?

BK: The solution is straightforward. Total upheaval of the existing structure. A new structure. Severance of all ties with Moscow.

New appointments.

BT: Ukraine has some very old industries...

BK: Blow them up. Build new ones.

BT: What new ones?

BK: Fuck knows, I'm not doing the building, power plants, computers.

BT: The Ukrainians are protesting against nuclear power plants, and hydrostations for that matter.

BK: Ok, but who is doing the protesting?

BT: Mainly literati.

BK: There you are then. They will soon be in Edmonton. No more protests.

BT: But aren't you then allying yourself with the traditionalist forces?

BK: Even Lenin had to do that once in a while. Ask Himka.

BT: What are your longterm ambitions?

BK: A Ukrainian nation that stretches from sea to sea.

BT: And what will your role be in this nation?

BK: Who knows? I'm not ambitious. I don't want to be leader of my generation.

Beztaknist' is once again soliciting articles. There are no promises of a renewed monthly publication, but six issues per year should not be impossible. Please let me have articles and also any names for a mailing list.

NEWS FROM THE SOYUZ

Following the announcement that Soviet schools are now being permitted to set their own history exams, Beztaktnist' has succeeded in obtaining one such examination paper for Grade 10 students in Kiev. The contents are as follows:

Question One

Explain why the only sensible Soviet leaders have all been bald. Outline the relationship between exposure to thallium and high intelligence, with special reference to Bohdan Krawchenko's trip to Chernivtsi.

Question Two

Provide an analysis of the significance of glasnost and perestroika in the Great October Revolution.

Question Three

- a) Explain why Stalin was a bad man; or
- b) Estimate how many undiscovered mass graves of Stalin's victims there are in the Soviet Union: is it:
 - i) 248
 - ii) 2,248
 - iii) 20 million

Question Four

Name three good things about life in the Soviet Union, 1917-89. Pay special reference to the period October 1917 to February 1918.

Question Five

Discuss the role of the Khmelnytsky Revolution as a forerunner of the influence of Leninism in Soviet Ukraine.

Question Six

"A man must change with the times." Discuss this statement with regard to one of the following:

- a) Nestor Makhno
- b) Leon Trotsky
- c) Volodymyr Shcherbytsky

Question Seven

List three significant articles that have been published in Ukrains'kyi istorychnyi zhurnal since March 1985. Be serious.
