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BEZTAKTNIŠT'

БЕЗТАКТИЧІСТЬ

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**CAPTAIN UKRAINE PISSES OFF;
KRAVCHUK, LAZEBNYK IN OFFICIAL
WELCOMING PARTY AT BORYSPIL.**



**Inside: Has Kordan been outdressed?
Will Fedya join the Komuna?
Feminists reported enraged at Krawchenko's sexism
Why I am a Lemko, but not a Ukrainian, by Big Bob**

Taking Advantage of the Chambermaid

NO TRANSLATE. Notices posted in the public places of countries whose mother tongue is not English are often in varying coincidence with the language. What follows is a sampling of signs from foreign lands.

by Mike Kelly
Cox News Service

The Globe and Mail — Anyone who has tried to speak a foreign language without really understanding it knows what humiliation is. I once attempted, in my flawless German, to inquire of an innkeeper about accommodation.

"No," he said, "I do not have twin children. I do have a double room, if that is what you want."

In Japan, I once said "Don't worry about it," and after the hilarity had subsided learned that I had just told the object of my

attention that she was being addressed by a eunuch.

And anyone who has tried, on Christmas Eve, to follow the assembly instructions for toys manufactured in exotic lands, knows that this cuts both ways.

Stanley Stallcup has sent along a collection of public notices posted in various countries and in varying coincidence with English. These were first published in the Far Eastern Economic Review.

In a Bucharest, Romania hotel lobby: The lift is being fixed for the next day. During that time we regret that you will be unbearable.

In a Belgrade, Yugoslavia hotel elevator: To move the cabin, push button for washing floor. If the cabin should enter more persons, each one should press a number of washing floor. Driving is then going alphabetically by national order.

In a Japanese hotel: You are invited to take advantage of the chambermaid.

In the lobby of a Moscow hotel across from a Russian Orthodox monastery: You are welcome to visit the cemetery where famous Russian and Soviet composers, artists and writers are buried daily except Thursday.

On the menu of a Swiss restaurant: Our wines leave you nothing to hope for.

On the menu of a Polish hotel: Salad a firm's own make; limp red beet soup with cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger; roasted duck let loose; beef rashers beaten up in the country people's fashion.

In a Bangkok dry cleaners: Drop your trousers here for best results.

Outside a Hong Kong dress shop: Ladies have fits upstairs.

From the Soviet Weekly: There will be a Moscow Exhibition of Arts by 15,000 Soviet Republic painters and sculptors. These were executed over the past two years. Detour sign in Japan: Stop — Drive Sideways.

In a Vienna, Austria hotel: In case of fire, do your best to alarm the hotel porter.

In a Zurich, Switzerland hotel: Because of the impropriety of entertaining guests of the opposite sex in the bedroom, it is suggested that the lobby be used for this purpose.

In an advertisement for a Hong Kong dentist: Teeth extracted by the latest Methodists.

In the window of a Swedish furrier: Fur coats made for ladies from their own skin.

On the box of a clockwork toy made in Hong Kong: Guaranteed to work throughout its useful life.

In a Swiss mountain inn: Special today — No ice cream.

In a Copenhagen airline ticket office: We take your bags and send them in all directions.

On the door of a Moscow hotel room: If this is your first visit to the USSR, you are welcome to it.

In a Norwegian bar: Ladies are asked not to have children in bar.

At a Budapest zoo: Please do not feed the animals. If you have any suitable food, give it to the guard on duty.

In a Rome doctor's office: Specialist in women and other diseases.

And my personal favorite, from a brochure of a car rental firm in Tokyo: When passenger of foot heave in sight, tootle the horn.

Trumpet him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, then tootle him with vigor.

Special Convocation
for the Installation of
Paul Davenport
as President and Vice-Chancellor
of the University

Greetings were received from the following Presidents who are not in attendance:

- 1789 University of King's College, Halifax, Nova Scotia
- 1821 McGill University, Montreal, Quebec
- 1962 Trinity Western University, Langley, British Columbia
- 1963 Université de Moncton, Moncton, New Brunswick

Closing Remarks

Dr Paul Davenport, President and Vice-Chancellor

God Save the Queen

Members of the audience and the Platform Party are requested to join in the singing of the Royal Anthem.

Recessional

Members of the audience are requested to remain at their seats during the recession.

THE CHANGING WORLD OF CIUS

It is a late morning in Edmonton. The weather is mild and the temperature is only minus thirty. A lean figure in a black beret is to be observed scurrying toward the university, battered briefcase in hand. Closer to the campus, he meets with a small figure in a fur coat and dark glasses. Together, these two terrorist lookalikes enter the hallowed halls of the institute.

BK: I hate this fucking weather.

KK: Bohdane, language, language. I don't mind it as long as the sun doesn't shine, it gives me a headache.

BK: Well it's not for me. Another five years and that's it. I'll be sitting in London, researching at the British Library and earning £5,000 a year.

KK: That's not an awful lot, Bohdane.

BK: It's ok, Kim can get a job. Anton can go join a punk band and earn some money. Oh hallo, Fedya.

FS: It's Frank. You remember me don't you?

BK: Well I don't know. You spent so much time in Germany I forgot what your name was.

FS: I'm back now, for better or worse. You know you're in Canada when they put up a maple leaf flag with mud all over it. Now I'm trying to get into the komuna. How serious do you think they are about their requirements?

From the background comes the sound of a procession to taped music. Marching at the front is Halyna Freeland, together with Myrna Kostash and Olenka Melnyk. Nobody is dressed particularly well, and there is a sixties air about the music. Joe Cocker and the Four Skin Brothers are singing. It is the League of Militant Feminists on its daily march. But then again, this might have been simply an apparition.

BK: Does that answer your question, Frank?

FS: Good God!

BK: By the way, how was Magocsi?

FS: He's gotten worse. He's now offered a package for microfilming to the Pope, but he daren't mail it to Rome because he thinks you might undercut his price.

BK: Is the Pope going to invest a million dollars in the institute?

FS: Nope.

BK: Then he's got nothing to worry about. By the way, I've borrowed some money from the Jacyk Centre, I hope that's ok.

FS: Gulp. What sort of money are we talking about here?

BK: It's nothing. About \$240,000. But it's for an incredibly important project that's very very interesting. We are going to teach Ukrainian to students.

KK: What's so unusual about that?

BK: *(pauses for effect)* In Ukraine.

His audience issues an audible gasp. They all enter CIUS Library where the Council of Associates plus guests is meeting. Danylo Struk is holding forth. John-Paul Himka is holding up his end. Both are drinking red wine by the bottle.

JPH: It's not bad. Reminds me of Rome.

DS: What were you doing in Rome?

JPH: Research.

DS: You have to go to Rome for your research?

JPH: No. In fact all the books I need are in Edmonton. But I need to go somewhere where I can relax for a day or two. Anyway you must like your wine because it's half gone already.

DS: John-Paul, wine is not alcohol, don't you know that? I know you can get drunk on wine, but it takes a long time, and it's so pleasant getting there.

JPH: I wouldn't know. I always spill mine before the bottle's finished. How are your Soviet guests, Danylo.

DS: I would like to relate a remarkable experience. We have a fellow called Shymko who wanted to consult a doctoral thesis, but I didn't have a copy. Do you know what he did? He actually went to the library and copied it by himself. It was unbelievable.

BK: Let's get this meeting over with. I have to go to Ukraine.

MF: Dr. Krawchenko, there's a phone call for you.

BK: Tell them to piss off! Who is it by the way?

MF: A Mr. Jacyk.

BK: Tell him I'll be right there. *(Rushes from room. Remembers that forgot cigarettes. Rushes home. Comes back. Arrives two minutes before he left. Hair arrives two minutes later. Sits down. Lights cigarette.)* Where's the Wanker? Tell him to come down here.

MP: I hear that there might be some extra funds for Nova this year?

KK: No. We have no money whatsoever. Somebody phoned Calgary last week and I aim to find out who. I'll soon cut off their--

BK: Of course we have no money. There's about as much chance of our having extra money as of Yurkevich buying a round at the Faculty Club.

MY: But I don't drink beer, Bohdane.

DM: I hear the Wrist Flicker is looking for me.

BK: Don't forget I'm the Director. You can't go around calling me a Wrist Flicker.

DM: But you called me a Wanker.

BK: That's different. Anyway there's a really really important article that must go into the next JUS. I told the guy to write to you personally.

DM: What's the article on?

BK: Rock formations in the Carpathians.

DM: Shock formations?

FS: No, that's Magocsi's department.

BK: And when is the next newsletter coming out?

DM: March.

BK: Shit, that's no good. The problem is I have to write all the articles. No one else can do it. There are over a thousand endowments to include and they all have to have photographs. Otherwise the buggers will want their money back. But I'm coming back from Kiev, April 9-11. So schedule it for then. Oh balls, that's no good either. I have to write a book on those days.

FS: What's the book on?

BK: I haven't decided yet. I have a couple of incredibly important ideas that I want to follow through. And I want to sit in my office in Kiev and not be bothered by assholes. I will have set office hours, Tuesdays, 6-7am, otherwise I'm free. Can you imagine that? I'm going to sit there and work, all day, every day. Bliss.

KK: We were talking about the newsletter.

BK: It has to come out. And Myroslave, we must have six books out by April too. Fax me in Kiev. I'll have my own fax machine and answering service. The KGB will be catering to my every whim. Lazebnyk will bring my coffee every morning. Kravchuk will supply the vodka and caviar....

(Enter Orysia, carrying sixty-five cassettes)

Where have you been?

OY: I had an interview.

BK: Who with?

OY: The League of Militant Feminists.

FS: How did it go? Tell me, tell me!

OY: They ripped up the questionnaire and jumped up and down on the remains. Then they set fire to it. I don't know what Chuck is going to say. I think I'll go back to Brazil.

FS: You can't go to Brazil. You have to organize three conferences on for the centennial.

KK: I hope they are not on my wedding date.

FS: When is that?

KK: August 15.

FS: When?

KK: October 2.

FS, BK, DS: When? You have to let us know so that it can be written up in the minutes.

KK: December 15.

BK: As long as you're sure. I might be in Toronto that weekend.

KK: But Bohdane, I delayed it for you, and you'll be in Ukraine all year.

BK: I'll be back occasionally.

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FS: How occasionally? It would be good to know so that I don't waste my time sending letters on to you.

BK: Rarely. In April, July, September and possibly November. Otherwise I'll be in my room eating caviar and figuring out my three books.

NEWS FROM AROUND THE GLOBE

LUBOMYR LUCIUK, one time mainstay of this venerable journal has been rather quiet recently. Rumor has it that he has been practising his goosetep at the Royal Military College and is preparing Volume Two of Ukrainians: Their Kingston Story.

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV, fresh from dusting up Lithuanians and Latvians--albeit without his knowledge--is rumored to be in as depression. Friends keep mistaking him for Andrij Hornjatkevyč.

YURII LUTSENKO is learning cockney. He says that Ukrainian literature and language no longer satisfy him, and that he needs a fulfilling language. With the aid of a certain editor of an illustrious journal, he is learning to say: "Fack off mate"; "Want some facking bovyer?" "Who let this bleeder in ere?" When he has completed his studies, he intends to take an M.A. in cockney; he intends to do his doctorate in Australia, the home of all real cockneys.

JOHN-PAUL HIMKA and ALAN RUTKOWSKI have become jocks and spend their lunch hours in the Physical Education Building, where they discuss technical matters such as how much they can bench press. It is thought that this might be a temporary affliction, though M. Rutkowski has also been sighted chewing gum rather than inhaling tobacco.

OSTAP SKRYPNYK has demanded a crackdown on pagan rituals, such as the burning of the diduk at the Hromada Malanka. "Grandad would not approve of this," he was heard to mutter into the flames. Church choir singer Andrij Hornjatkevyč apparently had no such qualms and could reportedly be heard from the Coliseum, where a hockey game was stopped in mid-progress.

FRANK SYSYN has become an Albertan. Within seconds of his permanent arrival in Edmonton, he had purchased a furlined parka and woolly hat. He has not, however, attended a hockey game, nor has he learned to say "eh?"

BOHDAN KORDAN, habitually the smoothest person in these parts may have acquired a female rival. TATIANA YAKOVLEVA, affectionately known as

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Leningrad Lil, models outfits on a regular basis on the third floor of Athabasca Hall.

BOHDAN KRAWCHENKO has declared war on those profs on campus who seek free information from institute staff about current events in Ukraine. "These lazy good-for-nothing jerks need to be taught a lesson," he expostulated. "We get phone calls all the time from lazy slobes who are too bone idle to walk down to the library and open a newspaper." BK is also suffering from cold turkey because he hasn't been on a plane for two weeks.



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To CIUS Staff

From David

Subject: Budget

The current operating modes of behavior have been reviewed by David. CIUS is facing an impossible situation and there are certain measures that are henceforth imposed.

Staff are making far too many visits to the lavatory. This wastes water and must be stopped. In future, I shall review all visits to the lavatory, and if necessary curtail this function among CIUS staff.

Talking is to be done judiciously. There is only a certain amount of air in offices and it must be used sparingly. Measures are being taken to deal with those who speak too often and for no good reason. This also applies to singing and whistling.

It has also come to my attention that there is a certain amount of laughing and giggling taking place. We are all guilty of this on occasion. It has to stop and moreover, it will stop. This letter is a warning. I ask for your cooperation in order to render the institute a serious operation rather than the laughing stock of the Ukrainian community. Otherwise removal of privileges will clearly have to take place.

Finally, far too many people have been speaking Ukrainian in the corridors of Athabasca Hall. YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE!!!!