

ВЕЗТАКТИСТ

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CIUS PARTY CHUKLE



Stalinists take over СТЫАЕНТ - ^{see} page 2

TROUBLE AT THE MLYN ?

Reports are filtering in that all is not well with our friends down at Student. Members of the collective are being charged with tactics of Stalinism. By chance, Beztaktnist was lucky enough to obtain a copy of a letter from one columnist, portions of which are reproduced below. Beztaktnist would like readers to note that it is not taking sides in this issue, it is beneath such petty arguments.

A MODERN FABLE

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENT'COLLECTIVE' AND READERS

Once upon a time, there was a Ukrainian student newspaper; Student. It prided itself on being outspoken, free thinking, critical and even at times downright radical. It dared to poke fun and irreverence at all sorts of subjects. Almost all sorts of subjects. The paper was proud to be a member of Canadian University Press, that bastion of student radicalism and a free press. It thought itself pretty sharp criticizing reactionaries like Moroz, the Soviet Union, talking about politics and culture, music and culture, life and culture, art and culture, advertisements and culture. Let's just say they were really cultured. They criticized racism, fascism, capitalism, bureaucracy, sexism, etc, all those nasty little things that make life uncultured. And they even, heavens forbid, criticized their ancestors (within reason, of course); e.g. KYK, SUSK, the Greek Orthodox Crutch, Plast, Sum, CYMK, the Ukrainian Bookstore et al.

Once upon a time, one of Student's writers, known for his controversial style, impeccable wit, charming drinking habits and foul mouth, gave them an article full of wit, pointed criticism, and slashing irreverence toward the 'uncultured bourgeoisie' in the Ukrainian Community. Now this article had to do with a quarter million dollar 'cultural' fiasco called Kupalo. Ah, remember Kupalo ? We are all trying to forget. It was a volk-opera (melodrama) aimed at proving that we Ukes have 'high' culture (not just any old culture) just like them Anglos, eh. It was also surrounded by controversy from its inception, through its execution and its premature burial.

Now the said writer came forward with a review of Kupalo, or actually an opera review of the audience, a la Mr. G.B. Shaw; a man who knows all about culture, especially 'high' culture. This was all done with tongue in cheek. It even arrived in time for the issue of Student following the opera.

David Lupul loved it, he fell out of his chair laughing. Roman was laughing so hard Irka had to wipe the tears off his cheeks. Mroslav and Mark Ferbey cracked up. The whole collective thought it was the funniest thing they had read to date. But there was to be one exception; a dull gray humorless fellow known as malanki=stalin...

Now it is much later... the writer has not seen the collective members recently, usually eager to solicit his articles or hand him copies of the paper, they are nigh around. The writer now smells a danish-rat-in-the-cheese-factory for sure. Something is up. He meets Pan Lupul and Messr. M. Ferbey who inform him individually (suddenly the collective has atomized) that his article would need major surgery...drop certain references that were in bad taste. The writer is now getting justly upset, he was willing to bend over previously, but no way now. Just what the f... is going on ?...Later that week the writer hears that the 'collective' has decided never to run it, on the command of malanki-stalin. Said writer sees red, then black, said writer pulls a Makhno; he breaks up a secret cabal meeting of B. Chomiak, M. Ferbey and malanki-

OPEN LETTER (contd.)

stalin, as they plot reformism and radio in a subterranean vault.

"What gives with my article, is it running or isn't it ?" asks the writer.

"No, it won't run, it will never run if I have anything to say about it, but it is a collective decision," says a pink-faced malanki-stalin.

Suddenly the humorous laughing-in-the-aisles satire isn't funny anymore.

"Nope" says malanki-stalin, "the collective (heavy breathing here) has decided it was: agist, sexist, chauvinist, racist, nationalist, revolutionist, fascist, anarchist, etcist." A diatribe of isms that astounds even your writer who thought he was progressive, suddenly finding he may go to hell for being an 'ist.'...

Perhaps malanki-stalin needs a vacation, his ego has grown to become a 'collective' all by itself. Maybe it is time he hightailed it back to T.O. to write a coffee table book on William Kurelek, it's not as distasteful as editing satire.

Your readers [i.e. Student] and this writer deserve an explanation of just what the hell happened to the Kupalo review. Or else to use the same ideological invective as malanki-stalin, you and he in particular are disgusting opportunists, careerists and liberals," afraid to publish controversial articles because maybe Tato will kick you out of the law firm, or CIUS will cut off your easy research job. Tch. Tch.

The writer,

Eugene W. Plawiuk

BUREAUCRACY RULES HERE

Who's goin to eat all this pizza ? Come on John-Paul, you can manage some surely ? Well, somebody has to eat it, otherwise it'll get filed.

M.R. Lupul

EMPTY THREATS

I'll tell you this. If my picture ever appears in Beztaktnist, I'll wring your bloody neck !

Roman Onufrijchuk

(who bears no resemblance to the man on the cover)

Beztaktnist enters its second year, and will appear about the 10th of each month from now on. All contributions gratefully received and should be mailed to 352 Athabasca Hall.

The Russian Revolution (The Beztahtnist history continues)

It was a grey November morning in Petrograd. In the Winter Palace, the strains of Beethoven could be heard from the first floor. A bald head nodded in time with the music, its lower half expressing a quiet satisfaction with the sounds. In a corner sat Stalin, numerous bottles of vodka stacked up on his desk. He was compiling a list of those who were to be refused their ration of vodka that week. The peace was disturbed suddenly by a knock at the door. Lenin looked up impatiently. In walked a soldier.

"What do you want ?" asked Lenin.

"I represent a delegation from the front, and have come to request that--"

"Constituent Assembly !" snapped Lenin.

"I beg your pardon ?"

"All questions will be resolved by the Constituent Assembly. Now go away and leave me alone."

"Thank you, Comrade Lenin."

Moments later, there was another knock at the door. In walked a worker.

"Yes ?" bellowed Lenin.

"I come from Smolensk. I have orders from my Soviet to ask you--"

"Then ask at the Constituent Assembly, you buffoon ! Do you think I've got nothing better to do than sit around answering questions ?"

"Very well, Comrade Lenin." The abject worker left. But no sooner had Lenin sat down than there came a third knock.

"Nicholas Romanov," swore Lenin, "What now ?" A peasant stood in the doorway. Stalin jumped up like a shot.

"Clear off you reactionary swine," he yelled . The peasant fled.

"That was a bit strong," said Lenin.

"I know, Comrade Levin. It's just that I can't stand peasants. They make my flesh creep."

Later that day, the leaders of the Bolshevik party held a secret meeting. "I'm a bit worried, Lenny," said Trotsky, ignoring the face that Stalin was pulling at him from the other side of the room, "About this assembly. Suppose we are outvoted ?"

"Makes no difference," said Lenin, "Because we're going to dissolve the bloody thing as soon as it meets."

There was a shocked silence in the room. The only sound that could be heard was the snip, snip of Stalin's scissors as he cut his toenails.

"I object to that, Comrade Lenin," said Kamenev, "As the representatives of the working class of Soviet Russia--"

"Bullshit !" scoffed Lenin.

"What ?"

"You don't seriously believe that, Comrade Kamenev ?"

"Yes I do. I've been reading what Marx said and--"

"Well Marx isn't here, is he ? This isn't nineteenth-century England, you know. The only advanced thing about this country is the train to the West."

"It's late," said Stalin. Everyone turned to look in his direction.

"What's late ?" Lenin inquired acidly.

"The train to the West. I've been checking up and it's ten minutes late."

"Oh good grief," said Trotsky.

"Comrade Lenin, I must reiterate, the preconditions of socialism do not exist in Russia. Our revolution has come too early." Kamenev was insistent.

"Listen you quasi-democratic twit," said Lenin, "We have power, don't we ? If we wait for Russia to industrialize, we'll all be dead first."

"So how do you propose to deal with the opposition ? Martov and the Mensheviks are much closer to the Marxist path than we are."

"Kill them !" shouted Stalin, taking a swig of vodka.

Trotsky groaned. Zinoviev and Kamenev slapped their foreheads in agony. Only Lenin looked unperturbed. He nodded at Stalin, and for the first time, began to smile.