

The *BEST* of *ARTISTS*
1980-1983



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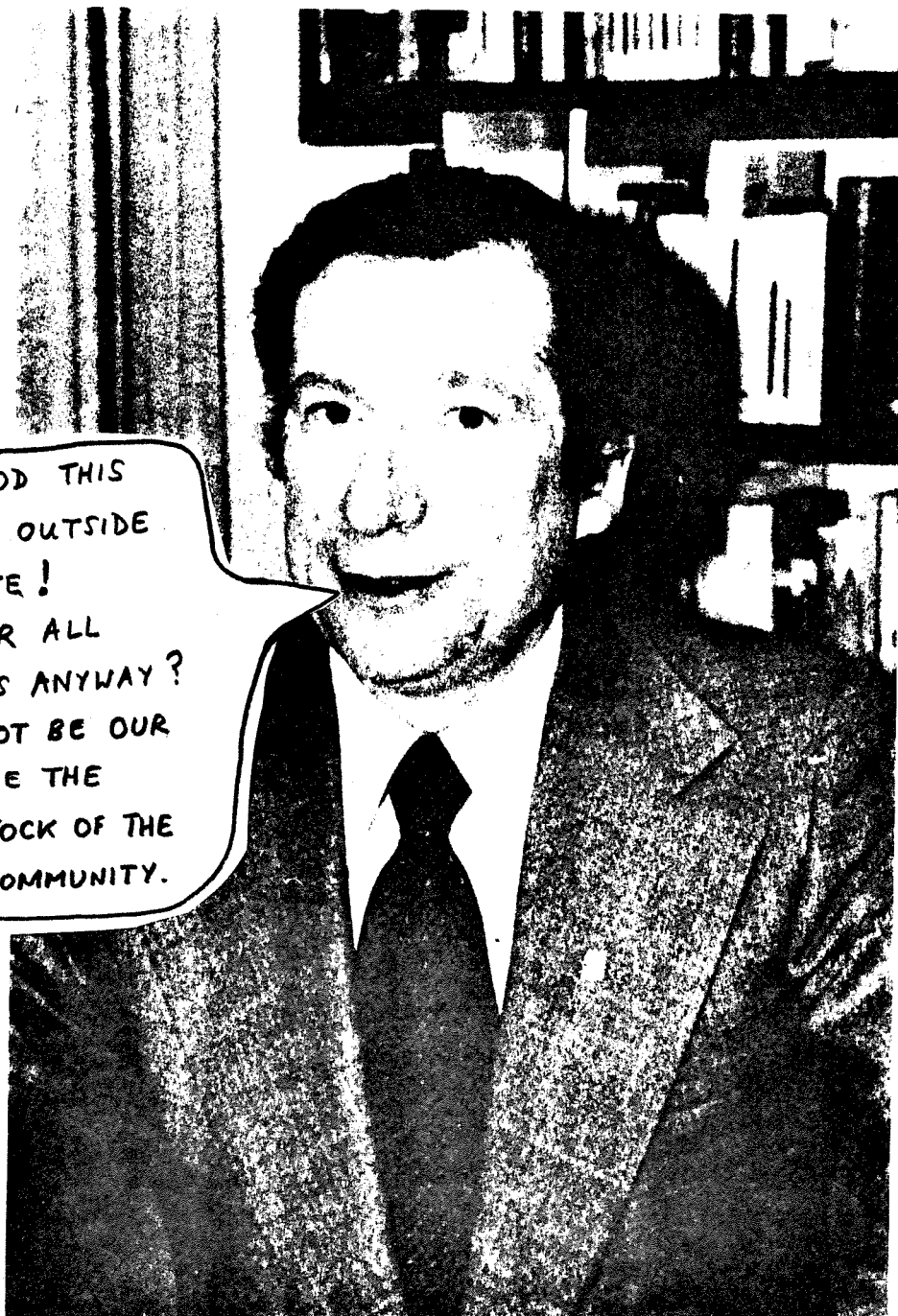
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FOREWORD (M.R. Lupul)

I HOPE TO GOD THIS
NEVER GETS OUTSIDE
THE INSTITUTE!
WHO PAYS FOR ALL
THESE COPIES ANYWAY?
IT BETTER NOT BE OUR
MONEY. I'D BE THE
LAUGHING STOCK OF THE
UKRAINIAN COMMUNITY.



CIUS Staff

LOST YOUTH

You know what we used to do at Bishop's when I was young and stupid ? When we got a lot of phone calls, we used to pick up the phone and say "Not here. ---- off !" Then one time the principal phoned up....

Bohdan Krawchenko

ETHEREAL SCENE

Bohdan Krawchenko dies and goes to heaven. St. Peter opens the gate to him, "God would like to see you, Dr. Krawchenko." In walks BK.

"Dr. Krawchenko," booms God, "For your services to the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies, you can sit on my left hand."

"Thank you God," bows BK.

Next up is Roman Senkus. St. Peter smiles sweetly and lets him in.

"Roman Senkus," yells God, "For your selfless devotion to the Toronto branch of the Institute, you can sit on my right hand."

"I thank you my Lord," said Roman.

Suddenly the gate swings open. In walks M. Lupul.

"Dr. Lupul," God begins.

"Never mind all that, I want to know what you're doing in my chair."

SELF-IMAGE OF PARTING SAINT

The Great One himself treated Edmonton to a sampling of his inexhaustible wisdom on 8 December 1981 (Feast of the Immaculate Conception, or Holy Fuck), when he enlightened the benighted as to "The Greek Catholic Church and Ukrainian Society in Galicia, 1772-1918." Rev. Himka explained how the far-reaching reforms of the Habsburg rulers Maria Theresa and Joseph II strengthened the Greek Catholic church in Galicia.

Submission to CIUS newsletter

THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE
OF UKRAINIAN STUDIES
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THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
EDMONTON, ALBERTA, CANADA
T6G 2E8

John-Pauk,

Since I have given up smoking (5:30,p.m.,
13 October), I ~~them~~ don't need these.

Bohdan

President,
Edmonton Anti-Smokers Chapter

Thanks.

I've just eaten that muffin you bought me. Don't bring me anymore will you ? We've just got our tickets for Europe. Boy will I be glad to get out of this place for a while, that is if Manoly stops writing letters, because even as I'm talking that blunt pencil will be scrawling away somewhere, anyway where's the tea, and didn't you buy any milk ? Honestly, David, how can we drink tea if you don't buy any milk ? Pa Assu ! By the way we had a nice meal last night. Not quite up to the standard of Pearl River, but then Myroslaw always phones David first, oh I can almost taste it now. Succulent duck. Last night I had veal. Myroslaw had chicken, but he thinks the waiter brought him a cat. Ours ran off again you know. Still as long as it keeps running off, I won't fall over it. And then I had strawberry gateau followed by Irish coffee. Now who can that be phoning ? Just a minute, I'll go and switch the phones off. What kind of place is this when one can't even have a civilized conversation without the phones ringing all the time. Listen, there's Yurkevich. I can tell by his walk. Bump ! Bump ! Bump ! Nice and slow. Not like Krawchenko. When Krawchenko comes down the corridor, it's like an express train followed by a cloud of smoke. Kordan's a problem though because he's started imitating Yurkevich's walk. I went to my first hockey game on Sunday. I stood up and yelled my head off. Until everyone started to turn round that is, then I started yelling in Ukrainian. When Chicago scored, some guy stood up and cheered so I shouted, "Oi you, sit down, you big idiot !" I think the fans wondered who had arrived. Myroslaw pretended he wasn't there, in fact he kept going to the bathroom everytime I shouted something. What do you want ?

GIRL: I'm looking for-

KK: He's not in. Well he isn't you know. Anyway I've left my bag in there. Can't have anyone snooping around. Everybody wanders round this institute. It's like an open house. By the way, who was using my typewriter yesterday, was it Luciuk ?

BT: No.

KK: Well somebody was. All the papers were moved round on my desk. The twits. I don't mind them using my stuff, but you'd think they would have the common decency to put things back where they found them. Did you say you wanted to interview me ?

BT: Yes.

KK: After all it's about time. Everybody else has been interviewed. I was beginning to wonder what I'd done wrong. Even that numbskull Mace got interviewed and he spent most of his time asleep in the library. Talking of missing planes, Myroslaw almost missed his to Saudi Arabia. He's back now. Or at least I think he is because somebody got into bed with me about midnight last night. When did you iron that shirt ?

BT: What shirt ?

KK: That one you're wearing.

BT: This morning.

KK: Well you didn't do too shit hot a job, did you ? You should be like Krawchenko. When he forgets to iron his shirt, he wears a sweater all day. You look at Krawchenko next time you see him and see if he's wearing a sweater. If he is you know why. Oops, there goes trouble.

BT: What ?

KK: Lupul. He just arrived. I'll be back in half an hour to get you to try and decipher his writing. It's getting smaller by the way. I've put an order into supplies for a giant magnifying glass so I can read it.

BT: But what about our interview ?

KK: You can interview me as soon as I'm through. Pa pa.

PARTING SHOT

M.L.: ...and Roman Petryshyn has been with the Institute since 1976... I don't know why I'm carrying this corkscrew in my hand-

Voice from crowd (with a faint Michigan accent ?) : Maybe it's because you screwed Roman like you screw everything else !

Presentation speech at CIUS Christmas party

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Isn't life just a bag of shit -- B. Krawchenko

CLOSE, BUT NO CIGAR

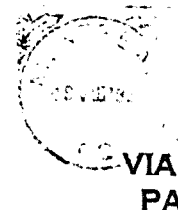
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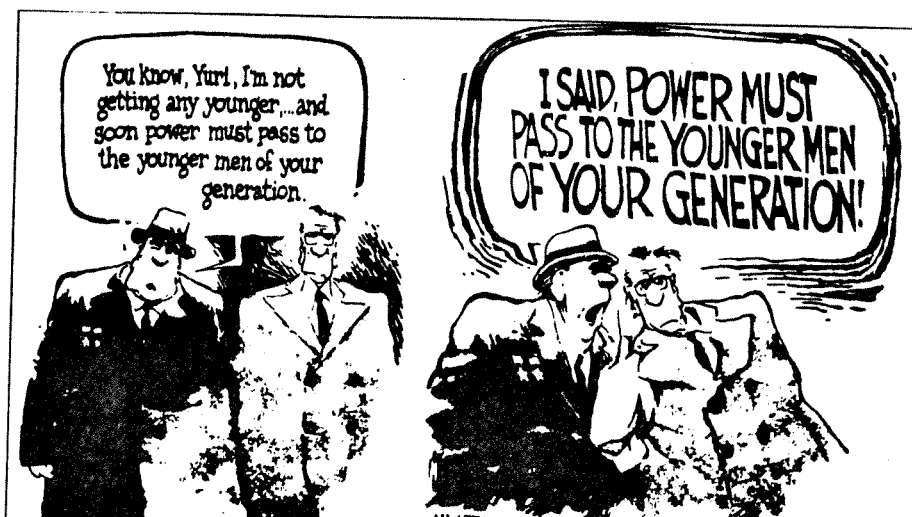
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THE BEZTAKTNIST INTERVIEW WITH CIUS STAFF: 3. JOHN-PAUL HIMKA

Our interviewee refused to be taped in the hallowed halls of CIUS. Instead, I discovered him expounding to all and sundry on the virtues of Das Kapital within the confines of the Power Plant bar.

BT: Dr. Himka, I presume ?

JPH: Reverend Himka.

BT: Sorry. I really had no idea.

JPH: Few people do. That side of me doesn't come out very often.

BT: Really, why is that ?

JPH: I've seen the dark. Have a beer.

BT: Thanks. Tell me, I've heard it said that you sometimes get a little rowdy ?

JPH: No shit.

BT: Well, er, is it true ?

JPH: Who knows ? You heard it, so you tell me.

BT: Ok, forget that one. Now your background is not totally Ukrainian, is it ?

JPH: I'm part Italian, part Czech, part Serbo-Croatian, part Irish, part Vietnamese, part Iranian, part Ukrainian, but mostly American.

BT: Ah, so you are proud of being American ?

JPH: Nope. It happens to be the greatest country in the world, but I'm not proud of it.

BT: I understand. In fact, you're so keen to get away from this continent that you're off to the Soviet Union, isn't that so ?

JPH: You must be joking. Me in the Soviet Union ?

BT: But I heard-

JPH: You heard wrong. I leave for the Soviet Union, regularly. But I never get there. They won't let me in. So I keep heading in that direction.

BT: Where do you end up ?

JPH: Oh Vienna, West Berlin, somewhere with a bit of nightlife and a good library.

BT: So why do you keep heading for the USSR ?

JPH: It's like a challenge. See how far you can get without actually getting there. If I actually got there it would spoil all the fun.

BT: I hear you know a lot about peasants.

JPH: Awakening peasants.

BT: I see.

JPH: Most peasants were asleep. Mine were awake. Especially at the time of Alexander III. Write that down.

BT: Write what down ?

JPH: Alexander III.

BT: Why ?

JPH: The names of tyrants should always be written down. It's just a thing I have. Alexander III was a criminal, an ignoramus. But the peasants were coming alive, like a subculture (raises voice), you know a flowering, a late-nineteenth century renaissance. But the goddamned rulers in goddamned Russia and Galicia for that matter, trod on them like ants and - o~~h~~ God, shit, I'm sorry. I seem to have knocked your beer over.

BT: Actually, you've knocked about five beers over.

JPH: Well, it's just as well. I like to knock a few drinks over every now and then. And the carpet looks like it needed it.

BT: Really ? Now Reverend Himka-

JPH: Comrade Himka.

BT: Sorry, I really had no idea.

JPH: Don't you research your subjects before interview ?

BT: I take it then you are of a leftist political persuasion.

HIMKA INTERVIEW (contd.)

JPH: Nope. I don't have no truck with no Stalinists, no Trots and no Leninists.

BT: That would seem to cater for quite a few leftists.

JPH: Gets rid of the riffraff.

BT: So who's left ?

JPH: I am.

BT: Literally ? Or are you just being facetious.

JPH: No, there are at least three of us. Me, Abdul over there at the bar and a chemistry professor, whose name I forget.

BT: Isn't that a little elitist. How can you build on that ?

JPH: Ask Lenin.

BT: But even Lenin had Krupskaya.

JPH: Now you know why I'm getting married next month.

DIRECTOR'S CORNER

ZAJDA (closing seminar) Well thank you gentlemen...and lady.

ML: That's no lady, that's Frances.

(submitted by the "lady" in question)

The United States is too big to talk about intelligently.

MRL

These communist countries give me a pain in the ass.

MRL discussing how to get a copy of

Radziejowski's book to him in Poland.

SYMPATHIES

John-Paul Himka (conversing on telephone with Dr. Rudnytsky, upon learning that Mrs. Rudnytsky has broken her wrist): Proshu peredaty Pani Rudnytskyi moi kondolentsii !

The Way of the World

Reagan looks like a winner in the States, and antisemitism is on the march in France. In Italy they've arrested an entire generation of autonomously-minded intellectuals, and in Ukraine repression has intensified on the eve of the Madrid conference with a massive crackdown on Helsinki group members. Meanwhile in Canada, Trudeau is truncheoning human rights into his constitution, and U of T students are playing with frisbees on the lawn.

Jars Balan in a Student editorial

CIUS Publications Programme

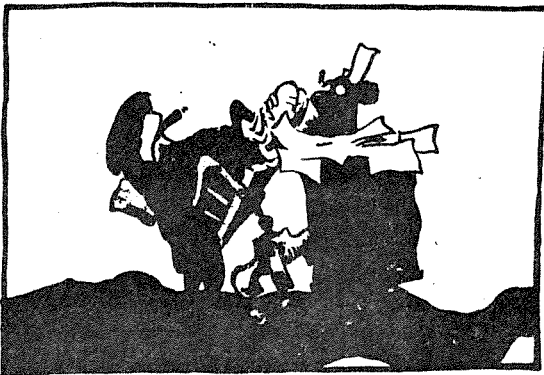
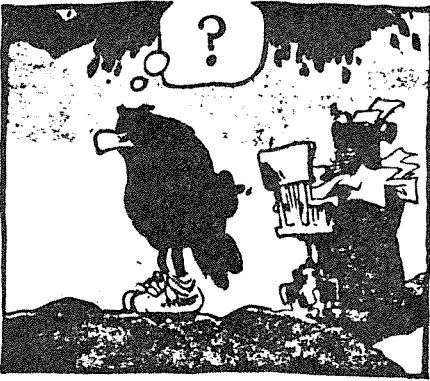
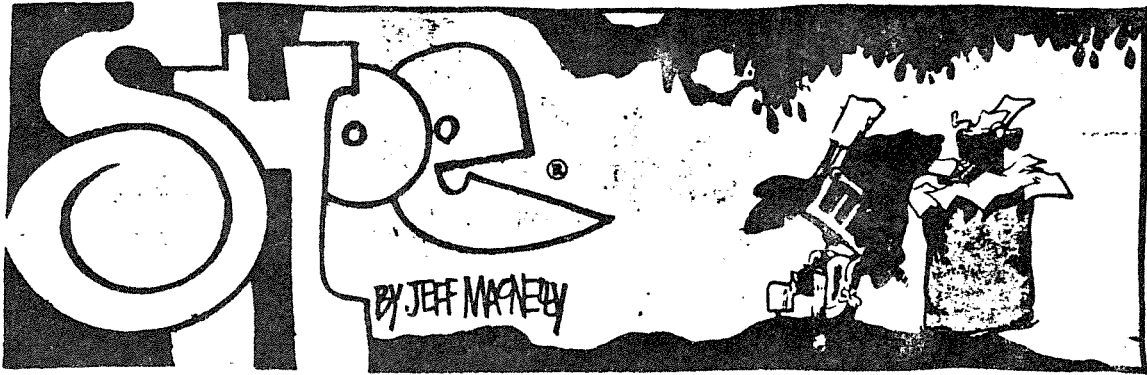
NEW CIUS PUBLICATIONS (An Ongoing List)

- Hot to Relax and Take Life Slowly, by Bohdan Krawchenko
- Baba Was A Romanian, by Manoly Lupul
- English Made Simple, by Bohdan Kordan
- Solidarity for Conservatives, by Peter Matilainen
- How To Give Up Smoking: A Manual For Procrastinators, edited by Bohdan Krawchenko and Assya Berezowsky. Introduction by Manoly Lupul.
- The Western Canadian Book of Insults, by Myroslav Yurkevich
- Basketball For Women, by Khrystia Kohut
- The New "I Love Edmonton" Book, by Roman Senkus
- How To Be Recognized In Your Job, by Sonia Maryn
- Let's Speak Mongolian: A Yakker's Guide, by Paul R. Magocsi. Sponsored by CIUS but published by CNIB, Toronto, 3pp., also presented (to great acclaim) as a lecture to Leeds Central Women's Guild, England.
- The Dictatorship of the Proletariat and the Renegade Lypynsky, by Ivan L. Rudnytsky
- Down-Home Country Music: Let's Stomp !, by M. Yurkevich and A. Hornjatkevyc
- How To Please Your Boss, by Frances Swyripa
- Great Associate Directors I Have Known: A Personal Perspective, by M.R. Lupul
- Why I Am A Dontsovian Socialist, by Yar Slavutych. Introduction by R. Orr.
- The Penguin Primer of British Bourgeois Cant, edited by David Marples
- Eros in Zwei Hugel: Das Geschlechtsleben des ukrainisch-kanadischen Bauernvolkes. Aus dem unbekannten Nachlass von Wolodymyr Kaye-Kysilewskys, neubearbeitet von Dr. Andreas Hornjatkewytsch
- The Great Originals: A Copyist's Chronicle, by Havrylo Kiusovych
- Short Course On Assertiveness Training, by Lubomyr Szuch
- How To Browbeat A Banderite: An Interviewer's Manual, by Zenowij Zwarycz
- The Art of Wine-Tasting Explained to Bukovinians, by John-Paul Himka
- Ukrainians in the NHL, vol. 1, A-F, edited by D. Struk and R. Senkus, (forthcoming, spring 1988-92), \$250.
- Fair Is Foul and Foul Is Fair: My Years in Ukrainian Soccer, by David Marples
- Paperchase, by Mark Kowaluk
- Kubik's Rubes: The Solution, by Sonia Maryn
-

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED BY CIUS: A FEW TIPS FOR BEGINNERS

1. What is your occupation ? If you are an MP or a Senator, then forget it, because you have no chance. It is preferable to change your job at once to a CIA agent or to become an obscure professor somewhere in New Jersey.
2. The topic. The importance of your topic cannot be overemphasized. Ethereal subjects such as Ukrainian history are not recommended. Choose something with backbone and substance, such as Ukrainian folklore in nineteenth-century New Brunswick, or the econometrics of psychoanalysis on the Right Bank of the Dnieper. There have been no books published so far on these topics.
3. Always ask for a substantial sum of money. This will enable you to survive for a number of months in your European cottage in the south of France. You should, of course, ask for money after writing your monograph, otherwise you will be obliged to spend great lengths of time in unpleasant, musty libraries.
4. Once you have sent a manuscript in to CIUS, it will come back with an OK sign on it. This means that we have spent too much money on it to be able to abandon it. The "OK" means that the title and length of monograph are satisfactory. An incidental point here: your book should be at least 1,000 pages long at this stage. This way it stands a reasonable chance of appearing as a 250-page issue. Anything less than 1,000 pages is likely to appear as a handout or a paragraph in the newsletter.
5. Revisions. Two years later you will receive back your monograph, with comments such as "requires some revisions in certain chapters." Roughly translated this means that you have sent us endless pages of unadulterated crap and we wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole. But don't be discouraged. You are only at the first stage. The only books that don't go through this stage are those that come out in Toronto, and God only knows what they do with them over there.
6. When your book has been completely rewritten by our editorial staff, you will receive a letter in the mail telling you that it will be out within 6 months.. Three months later, however, a second note will inform you that it will take longer than this, perhaps 6 years. At this point, you should at once make further inquiries as to the whereabouts of your manuscript within CIUS. The possibilities are as follows:
 - i) in the garbage bin - i.e. it will be out within a few months;
 - ii) at Printing Services - i.e. it has been lost in the bindery, or it will be out within a few years.
 - iii) on Dr. Lupul's desk - at this point a red warning light should be flashing. The best thing would be to purchase a bottle of 292s and hit the sack.
7. Publication. Finally your book is out and you should receive a complimentary copy if you are still living at the time. Interesting as your book may be, the only people who will see it are the warehousemen at U of T Press, who are now believed to be fluent in Ukrainian. Nevertheless, we are sure that it will have been a worthwhile exercise for you. If not, then we suggest you try Macmillans - we hear they're in financial straits.

The Workers



THE BEZTAKTNIIST INTERVIEW WITH CIUS STAFF: 2. BOHDAN KRAWCHENKO

It is a cold September morning as I sit in a deserted CIUS office waiting for the subject of the interview to appear. Then the secretaries arrive. The typewriters begin clicking methodically. Suddenly there is an explosion, the door bursts open, papers fly everywhere. Before I can turn round it is all over. Krawchenko has collected his mail. I pursue him determinedly to his office.

BT: I'm afraid I can't see you through the smokescreen.

BK: Gitanes, best in Europe. Listen you'll have to hurry it up, I have a meeting with the Sino-Polish Solidarity Committee to Purge Sovietophiles in ten minutes, three lectures to give before noon, I have to be at the EDSA office at one to get three players signed up, and Anton's got a soccer game at 4.30.

BT: This committee. I've never heard of it. Are there many members ?

BK: It's a major world concern. Over the past year our Paris branch has tripled its membership, our Bonn branch has doubled its numbers and in Toronto the membership figures have increased by FIVE times since this time last year.

BT: (impressed) I see. So how many members has your Toronto branch got now ?

BK: Five. And the campaign is continuing.

BT: What's that ?

BK: What ?

BT: That monstrous tome up there that looks like the Encyclopedia Britannica.

BK: That's my thesis.

BT: Is it finished ?

BK: It would be if it wasn't for that wanker Swoboda. He's just sent it back with a note that there's a major error in my figures for the population of Ukraine. Instead of 52,365,490, it should be 52,365,489. I'd like to roast him on a spit.

BT: So how do you like it here ?

BK: Where ?

BT: At CIUS.

BK: Oh I like CIUS. It's Edmonton that bugs me. It's an academic desert. The boonies. A town in the middle of nowhere with about as many intellectual stimulants as an Australian pub.

BT: So where would you like to be if you weren't here ?

BK: (sighs) A country cottage somewhere in the English downs, close to London, close to Paris, with a lectureship at Cambridge perhaps. (A violin is playing mournfully in the hallway.)

BT: But that's in the future. What are your plans for the present ?

BK: One, expand CIUS mailing list to 1,350,000. Two, overthrow the Soviet government. Three, Karpaty to win the soccer championship. Four to give up smoking.

BT: According to reports we've heard, you've already given up smoking six times.

BK: True. In fact the only reason I start again is to test my will-power at giving it up. But this time I'm stopping permanently, or at least more permanently than last time.

BT: How long did you stop for last time ?

BK: Twenty three minutes and fifteen seconds, a new record. SHIT !!!!

BT: What is it ?

BK: I should have been at a meeting with Lupul half an hour ago. Sorry I'll have to run.

A smell of burnt carpet filters into the room. I search through the smoke, but Krawchenko has gone. There is a figure sitting opposite me.

BT: Who are you ?

 KRAWCHENKO (contd.)

BC: Bohdan Chomiak. We're supposed to discuss my thesis.

BT: What time was your appointment ?

BC: 11.30.

BT: Oh then you have another 20 minutes to-

BC: Yesterday.

B.K.s UNDER THE BED

When I was in Vancouver, this guy came up to talk to me about a Bohdan Krawchenko from Winnipeg who was in the Marxist-Leninist Party. After he'd finished, I said to him, "I think you're talking about me."

B.K.

 [Participants at the recent Osvita conference were asked to list their alternatives to the term "mixed marriages." Here are some of the results.]

i) Linguistically different unions

-half na piv

-otheruk - if husband a non-Ukrainian

-Ukoother - if wife non-Ukrainian

ii) Dual culture marriage

-frukes - Franco-Ukrainian mix

-Ukranglish - Anglo-Ukrainian mix

-Allouke - Other-Ukrainian mix

-Pukes - Polish-Ukrainian mix

-Inuuk - Inuit-Ukrainian mix

PSYCHOLOGY OF CIUS OFFICE

KK: I know that chair is a status symbol but I shall always have this chair and this desk. I'm never moving. Never.

FAS: Don't you like the corner ?

KK: No, I hate to be cornered.

FAS: Oh I like corners. I like to watch people.

THE BEZTAKTNIST INTERVIEW No. 7: ROMAN SENKUS

BT: Well I'm pleased that you finally showed up. I've been waiting for 4 hours.

RS: Why, what time is it ?

BT: 11.30.

RS: You should worry. This is the earliest I've ever been in.

BT: Oh, are you a nocturnal worker ?

RS: Not really, it's just that this city has so much to offer. Last night for example, I attended a concert.

BT: Brahms, Beethoven perhaps ?

RS: Joey Shitter and the Clagnuts, actually. They're all the rage here, but I don't imagine you've heard of them in Edmonton. What's happening over there anyway ? Is old Krawchenko still pushing out all that social science stuff ?

BT: Well the odd one or two, you know.

RS: It's time we had some good literature produced.

BT: There's always the Journal. I understand you have quite an input into that.

RS: Quite an input ? There's only one name should be on that Journal editorial board. Mine. All Luckyj does is grunt once a month.

BT: How about the Encyclopedia ?

RS: Same thing, only worse. I have to keep fending off the wolves. Senkus, where is my article, Senkus, when will this be ready, Senkus, make the coffee. You realize that I'm the only one with the academic qualifications to make coffee around here ?

BT: So where do you think the trouble lies ?

RS: Z holovy ryba smerdyt !

BT: But we hear there have been some changes in that respect.

RS: Makes no difference. Replace one, you'll always get another.

BT: But all these requests. Are you a slow worker ?

RS: Certainly not. I just have a theory that things that could be done tomorrow needn't necessarily be done today.

BT: There's a word for that.

RS: Yes there is. It's called common sense.

BT: What's that pile of newspapers over there ?

RS: Where ?

BT: Over there, the big pile.

RS: That's my desk.

BT: How can you work in such a mess ?

RS: It's not the papers that bother me. It's the incessant visits, the phone calls. Sometimes I have to use a crowbar to prise Sonia off my phone.

BT: Would you like your own office ?

RS: I dream about my own office. I'd sooner have my own office than a Carribbean cruise. But this isn't Edmonton, you know. We don't have swing chairs and our own telephone here.

BT: Maybe you should put in for a transfer ?

RS:(alarmed) Why, has somebody said something about my moving ?

BT: Like who ?

RS: Like Lupul.

BT: I've not heard anything.

RS: Well nose around, see if anything is in the works. There's no way I'm moving to that outback.

BT: No. no, I don't really think that's a possibility.

RS: Thank God for that. I'm looking for another job anyway. Something more suited to my qualifications. Magocsi's job would be all right if someone

assassinated him.

BT: How many jobs have you applied for ?

RS: None so far. But I'm working on it. This time next year, I should have a c.v. made up, then things will get rolling.

BT: Changing the subject a bit, I hear you buy the occasional LP.

RS: Where did you hear that ?

BT: From Peter. Have you seen his record collection. Four shelves full of-

RS: I've seen it. I'm not very impressed. I have about five times as many.

BT: How many albums did you buy last month.

RS: I don't know. I bought 211 last week.

BT: But how do you find time to listen to them all ?

RS: I don't listen to any of them. I go to concerts instead. There's a good place I'll show you if you've got time. By the way, I was reading in the New Musical Express this week, Noddy and the Nodules have got back together. Noddy stabbed himself on stage you know, and.....

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

POWER TRIP ?

(Overhead in CIUS office) My name is John-Paul; spell it like the pope.

GOBBLEDYGOOK

Further delay in implementing the policy paper would be most unfortunate because Albertans would continue to be without that interdepartmental infrastructure needed to assist in building the kind of climate that would place the province's cultural diversity in the most favourable light.

M.R. Lupul in letter to Premier Lougheed

Мова про мову

або

Ідеологічна дискусія "на верхах"

KIUCівець ч. 1: Also, wenn man versucht, die Sache auf Deutsch zu erklären, dann...

KIUCівець ч. 2: Прошу в цьому бюрі не говорити фашистською мовою!

KIUCівець ч. 1: Стривай, товаришу! Це ж мова Маркса!

KIUCівець ч. 2: Ми переклали Марксові твори на загальнозрозумілу мову й нам тепер не потрібно користуватися фашистською!

The Opposition

CIUS Productions presents

EMPIRE INC.



some love him

others hate him

nobody ignores him !

EPISODE ONE : Sunday 9 p.m.

The Harvard Years

PAUL MAGOCSI AS JAMES MUNRO

ALSO STARRING

Frank Sysyn as The Rival

Nadia Diakun as his Errant Daughter

Peter Brock as the Godfather

Ihor Bardyn as his Lawyer

Christine Worobec as his Secretary

AND INTRODUCING BOHDAN BUDUROWYCZ AS THE WAYWARD SON

A ONE-ACT PLAY: THE TAKEOVER

KORDAN: My honoured Captain!
 YURKEVICH: My most honoured Captain!
 KRAWCHENKO: My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Kordan? Ah Yurkevich! Good lads, how do ye both?
 YURKEVICH: As the indifferent children of Ontario.
 KORDAN: Happy in that we are not over-happy. In Lupul's eyes, we are not the top buttons.
 KRAWCHENKO: And you don't clean his shoes?
 KORDAN: Neither, my Captain.
 KRAWCHENKO: What news?
 KORDAN: None, Captain, but that CIUS has grown honest.
 KRAWCHENKO: Then is doomsday near. But your news is not true. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune that she sends you to prison hither?
 YURKEVICH: Prison, my Captain?
 KRAWCHENKO: Edmonton's a prison.
 KORDAN: Then is the world one.
 KRAWCHENKO: A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Edmonton being one o' th' worst....But, whose powers are these?
 IHOR BARDYN: They are of Toronto, sir.
 KRAWCHENKO: How purposed, sir, I pray you?
 BARDYN: Against some part of CIUS.
 KRAWCHENKO: Who commands them, sir?
 BARDYN: The Chair Himself, Magocsi.
Enter Magocsi, with his Ambassadors.
 MAGOCSI: Where is this bloody place?
 HORNJATKEVYC: What is it you would see? If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
 WOROBEK: The sight is dismal. The ears are senseless that should give us hearing to tell him his commandment is fulfilled, That Lupul and Krawchenko have fled. Where should we have our thanks?
 HORNJATKEVYC: Not from his mouth, had it th' ability of life to thank you.
 MAGOCSI: I don't need your thanks. For me, I joyfully embrace my fortune. My empire is now complete. And CIUS to be its director now doth invite me. Let four lackeys (non-academic staff) clean out Lupul's office. But bear Galicia: A Bibliographical Guide like gold dust, for it is a worthy book.
 YURKEVICH: Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
 MAGOCSI: How now you rat? Dead for a ducat, dead! (Kills Yurkevich)
 KRAWCHENKO: Thou art a murderer and a villain. A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe of your precedent lord- (Collapses)
 KORDAN: Krawchenko, Krawchenko, thou art slain! No med'cine in the world can do thee good.
 ALL: Treason! treason!
 KRAWCHENKO: O, I die, Andrij! The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit. I cannot live to hear the news from Toronto. But I do prophesy th'election lights with Magocsi.

The Big Yin

THE BEZTAKNIST INTERVIEW: A SPECIAL EDITION: DR. MANOLY LUPUL

BT: Dr. Lupul, it is fitting to begin with-

ML: "It is fitting to begin with"? I hope you're not going to write that down. My God, we'll be the laughing stock of the Ukrainian community.

BT: Very well. I usually start with ethnic origins ?

ML: Good. Are you an ethnic ?

BT: I beg your pardon ?

ML: I asked you a simple question and I'd like a straightforward answer.

BT: I don't consider myself one, no.

ML: Ha. Exactly as I thought. But I am you see. Oh it's all very well for you Anglo-Celtic types. We have to live with it and we're the ones who got left out of that new constitution, not you. You're catered for.

BT: But you were born in Alberta, right ?

ML: What's that got to do with it ?

BT: So aren't you a Canadian ?

ML: I'm not happy with that question. I don't mind telling you I'm not happy with it at all. Now you tell me, what the hell is a Canadian ?

BT: Ok, perhaps we'll skip the ethnic bit.

ML: Yes, you can say that, can't you ? Some of us have to live with it, and it's not easy I can tell you. Why sometimes I get so loaded down with it I don't know what to do with myself until I've had a couple of martinis and a bottle of wine to calm myself down.

BT: So where do you see CIUS going ?

ML: I'd like to see it made into a government office.

BT: Like the Multiculturalism Directorate ?

ML: Like External Affairs.

BT: How about the publications side ?

ML: We're making progress, at least I like to think we are. It's those semi-literate individuals who are sending stuff in that I worry about. It's the old school you know, Kubijsky and his cronies. They mean well, but the poor buggers can barely string two sentences together. Anyway you don't have to ask that question. That's why I hired you, and Peter, and all those other leftists who roam around these corridors. What's that ?

BT: Oh, Khrystia brought us some tea.

ML: Well I don't appreciate that. I don't appreciate that at all. Oh hell, since it's here we might as well have some. You'll have to hurry this up because I have a pile of things to do. I'm supposed to be in Australia this evening.

BT: You get to travel quite a lot in your job don't you ?

ML: Yes, but I hate it. I hate flying.

BT: So why do you go ?

ML: Someone has to do it. By the way, where's the cover for the Swyripa book ?

BT: You're asking me now ? In the middle of an interview ?

ML: Oh hang the interview, I want to know what's happened to that cover.

BT: Well the designer can't provide one this month.

ML: Why the hell not ? Who does she think she is ? Does she think we have time to hang around waiting until she does feel like providing one ? We can do it ourselves anyway. We don't need a cover to sell the damn book. Nobody buys a book because of the cover. I never heard of anything so stupid.

BT: Is it just my imagination, or is CIUS starting to expand ? There seem to be a lot of new staff here.

ML: CIUS is a scholarly institution. I like to have scholars around.

BT: I've noticed that most of the staff here are relatively young. Is that a deliberate policy.

ML: I like to catch them young, that way you have something to work on, room for improvement. We have to instill a Ukrainianness into our staff. It must never die out you know ?

BT: What ?

ML: Our ethnic identity.

BT: How did we get back to that ?

ML: I'm conducting this interview, not you. You're not a renowned scholar yet you know. Have you got a Ph.D. ?

BT: No.

ML: Then why am I spending so much time talking to you ?

BT: Well, our readers laid bets that I wouldn't dare interview you.

ML: So what do I get out of this ?

BT: Publicity.

ML: That's one thing I don't need. Why I even made that miserable rag the Gateway last week, thanks to that racist Dean Baldwin. Anyway, as I was saying... what was I saying ?

BT: It must never die out.

ML: Right. I worry about my kids sometimes. I mean suppose they marry a Greek or a Romanian or something. It will be the end. The end of civilization as I know it.

BT: Isn't your name of Romanian origin ?

ML: It isn't the name. It's in the soul. Nash. It's something you feel innately, an ethereal Ukrainian being.

BT: One final thing before you go to Australia.

ML: It's Japan actually. They're opening an exchange programme with Japanese Ukrainians and I'm on the board of directors.

BT: More responsibility.

ML: Somebody has to do it. Tell Khrystia we want some more tea.

BT: Not for me. When I was in Toronto recently, someone asked me if I knew a Bob Lupul. Do you know anything about him ?

ML: Not a damn thing.

IT APPEARS that General Jaruzelski was getting nervous even before the arrival of the Pope, the British magazine *Private Eye* reports. At an exhibition commemorating the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, the general had occasion to sign the visitors' book. Beneath his signature he impulsively jotted down what was in his heart: "The courage and heroism of the Warsaw Uprising resulted in the creation of the Polish People's Republic. May such a tragedy never happen again."

Our Authors Speak

HIDDEN TALENT MANIFESTS ITSELF

On entry in the early part of the twentieth century, Ukrainians were predominantly rural, agrarian, illiterate, and they occupied a low social and economic status position. At the same time almost all were fluent in the Ukrainian language.

From a History 316 paper

"Maybe you can take this manuscript (Holubnychy) from the bottom of the pile and put on top, or in whatever way you make your editorial decisions." - I.S. Koropecykj.

A BEZTAKTNIST FEATURE !

RUDZIK-LOGY, AN ART FOR TODAY

On Canada:

One of the derivations proposed for the word Canada is a Portuguese phrase meaning "nobody here." The etymology of the word Utopia is very similar, and perhaps the real Canada is an ideal with nobody in it.

GAY TIMES

(The situation will be determined by) the sex of the husband if the marriage is mixed.

Prof. O. Wolowyna at Osvita conference,
6 November 1982

EXISTENTIALISM LIVES ON

Vasyl Ivanys, the last head of the Kuban government, asserted to me in a letter, dated May 27, 1970, from Toronto, Canada, that according to his recollections, nothing remarkable occurred in his territory in 1917. In 1918, however, things were different.

Selected Works of Vsevolod Holubnychy

SAGE ADVICE

Before I comment on the changes to my Foreword, let me tell you a story. Some time ago a group of players led by a man named Gimpel decided to do a production of Hamlet, in the Polish countryside. But not having a good knowledge of the play, they posted bills as follows: "Hamlet" von Shakespeare, verbessert von Gimpel. You have done a Gimpel on my Foreword.

I. L. Rudnytsky

LIFE IN BASARABIA

Hetman Khmelnytsky was a rich man who lived off the plunders of war, writes Karpov, although this is refuted by some scholars writing in the late eighteenth century, healthy and wise he lived a life of abject poverty. The tsar informed his envoy, Buturlin, that he must go and see Khmelnytsky, but Buturlin developed a throat infection on the morning he was due to leave. Thus Aleksei Mikhailovich called for his messenger Vatutin and gave him instructions to arrange a meeting with the envoy of Hetman Khmelnytsky, Iaroslav Baturenko, who was killed when he fell from his horse and hit his head against a tree on 3(23) March (29 April) 1654 O.S. On 1(18) March, however, the Russian envoy was received by the new metropolitan who refused to allow a Russian garrison in Kiev and sought an alliance with Sweden, then in the death throes of a Danish invasion. Rupert Androchowicz had fled there in 1652. Khmelnytsky pondered the offer and sent a reply to the tsar on 23(2) February 1653. Karpov denies this, but Hrushevsky, on vacation in Kharkiv, discovered a document purported to be the 1648 Peace Treaty of Westphalia, containing 301 points. Iakovliv in his book Iaroslav the Wise: God Scores in Muscovy (Peking, 1982) states that there were only two points and that both were illegible and that the document located by Hrushevsky was most probably, although not definitely, since it bore only one signature, the missing fragment of the Magna Carta, which reportedly disappeared in a gust of wind over the English Channel as King John was refilling his pen. The Russian and Ukrainian envoys met in October of this year and concluded an agreement resolving to decide on a temporary arrangement by which Kiev was to receive a Russian garrison each time the Tatars invaded without the permission of the Vatican. Khmelnytsky, who had recently died, refused to accept the agreement however. Yet Hrushevsky's conclusions are only tentative since he committed suicide in 1934 upon discovering that there is no such place as Pereiaslav.

(By D.M., with sincere apologies to J.B.)

And Our Friends

З огляду на численні критичні зауваги щодо цілковитої відсутності урочистого тону в "Безтактності", редакція постановила відкрити свої сторінки для відзначення маркантніших подій у нашої громаді. До таких подій, поза всяким сумнівом, належить обрання проф. д-ра Яра Славутича лавреатом Української Могілянсько-Мазепинської Академії Наук. Щиро гратулюючи д-рові Славутичу, містимо поетичний твір надісланий зичливим шанувальником лавреата, який бажає залишитися анонімним.

-- Редакція

Ода Яру Славному

Ярій, душе. Ярій, а не ридай!

-- Василь Стус

Не орден багряних людоловів,
Не ярлик стрибунів-спортенят,
А зелений вінець музолюбів
Явно свідчить--Ти Яр-лавреат!

Якнайкраща завжди була якість
Твоїх ямбів, сонетів, октав;
Тільки скромність Твоя і стидливість
Не пускала всіх перлів на яв.

Та недруги, забувши лояльність,
Скаженіли, мов Синедріон.
Якби не їх підривна діяльність
Ти яснів би, як Гіперіон!

Ярославе, наш якоре вірний,
Премогутня підпоро УММАН!
Спомагай нас у слабості нашій,
Не вводи нас ніколи в обман!

Як стріла з сагайдаків дружини
Ярослава-Ясновида мчи,
У ядро ялової комуни
Своїм словом гнівним попади!

Державний Центр

Української Народної Республіки

Д Е К Р Е Т

Беручи до уваги, що гучними парадами й бомбастичними промовами кремлівські можновладці святкують 60-річчя відбудування московської тюрми народів, -- тюрми, у якій десятиріччями карається душа української нації -- її культурно-наукова спадщина, і

Беручи до уваги, що в лабетах Чека-НКВД-МВД-КГБ уже більше як 60 років мучиться українська провідна верства -- найкращі сини і дочки нашого багатострадального, але нескореного народу -- а кровожерний кат тільки те й робить, що придумує все більш рафіновані методи, щоб відняти в них останні іскри національної та людської гідності, і

Беручи до уваги, що московсько-большевицьким нелюдам допомагають відступники-яничари, що за юдині срібняки спрямовують уярмлену українську науку на службу окупантові, і

Беручи до уваги, що добро українського народу вимагає негайної протидії цій політиці духовно-інтелектуального етноциду з боку українців, у вільному світі сущих, і

Беручи до уваги, що першою стадією цієї протидії було успішне відновлення Української Могилянсько-Мазепинської Академії Наук, -- факт, з яким рахується ворог, чого доказом є панічні намагання відвернути увагу світу від величавого цьогорічного відзначення 2000-річчя Києва та 1600-річчя Української Державности, і

Беручи до уваги, що багатотисячна українська молодь у вільному світі настійно домагається можливості черпати української правди з некаламутних джерел,

Отже тому окремим законом, схваленим більшістю членів Державного Центру Української Народної Республіки, відновлено в місцях постою всі університети нашої Батьківщини, які в умовах суцільного поневолення не мають змоги виконувати своєї місії на Рідних Землях, а саме:

Київський Вільний Університет ім. Крутянської Битви

Січеславський /дніпропетровський/ Вільний Університет
ім. 250-річчя Полтавської Битви

Львівський Вільний Університет ім. Відновлення
Української Державности

Одеський Вільний Університет ім. д-ра Дмитра Донцова

Ужгородський Вільний Університет ім. Карпатської Січі

Харківський Вільний Університет ім. Миколи Павлушкова

Чернівецький Вільний Університет ім. Буковинського Куреня.

Про обсадження університетських посад відповідними кадрами буде схвалений окремий закон.

УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ НАРОДЕ! Своїми щедрими пожертвами допоможи воздвигнути новітню твердиню української культури! Братів і сестер за залізною заслоною, які спроможатся матеріально підтримати цю ініціативу, просимо надсилати свої датки по змозі закордонною валютою.

УКРАЇНСЬКА ПРОФЕСУРО! Годі марнувати свій талант на неукраїнському ґрунті! Національно-виховна праця в Українських Вільних Університетах принесе Тобі моральне задоволення, якому не дорівнює жодна винагорода в чужинецькій установі!

УКРАЇНСЬКА АКАДЕМІЧНА МОЛОДЕ! Вступай масово в ряди лицарів української духовости -- пробоевих борців за нашу правду і наше майбутнє! Велика справа вимагає великих жертв! Не вагайся перед жертвою свого розуму!

Місце постю, 31 вересня 1982 р.

/_____
Президент ДЦ УНР

/_____
Керівник Ресорту Вищої Освіти

/_____
Президент УММАН

/_____
Ректор Магніфікус УВУ

Перший диплом мережі Українських Вільних Університетів вручено МОРОЗОВІ Валентину Яковичеві -- видатному суспільно-політичному мислителю, який втілює дух сучасного наступального українства. Зразок цього першого диплому зобов'язує всі Українські Вільні Університети.

Державний Центр
Української Народної Республіки
Ресорт Вищої Освіти

ДИПЛОМ

Цим стверджується, що МОРОЗ

Валентин Якович

в рр. 1981 - 1982 був/була ~~студентом/тної~~

аспірантом/~~тної~~ Львівського Вільного

Університету ім. Відновлення

Української Державності

і "14." листопада 1982 р., закінчивши ~~студії~~

аспірантуру в Львівському Вільному

Університеті ім. Відновлення

Української Державності,

успішно склав/~~ла~~ прикінцеві іспити перед державною

іспитовою комісією. На цій підставі МОРОЗОВІ

Валентину Яковичеві

вручено цей диплом і надано звання Доктора

філософії із спеціалізацією

"Історія Східної Європи"



Ректор магніфікус В. Якович

Голова державної
іспитової комісії М. Якович

Декан М. Якович

Секретар С. Смирнов

Місце постою на чужині

"14." листопада 1982 р. у 1

NEW JOURNAL OFF TO A FLYING START

The above information is printed for reason of informing. Views expressed do not necessarily reflect the management of any authority. Reviews can be cited at will. We uphold the First Amendment Right to the U.S. Constitution.

Tabloid on Soviet Affairs 1, no. 1, p.1.

To even entitle an article "Cowboy Attacks on Economic Relations," capitalizing on the word "Cowboy" as that of President Reagan, indicates the insolence that Soviet writer undertakes.

Ibid., p.5.

Soviet Perception of War and Peace, Edited by Graham D. Vernon.

A realistic and theoretically sound in its projections of Soviet intentions in light of their political and military imperatives. Highly recommended for those who want the real version of Soviet strategic planning. The book is a must for those who wear rosy glasses and are unable to identify the true meaning of Soviet prowessness.

Ibid., p.8.

MORE POLITICAL HUMOUR

Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev is out touring the state farms one afternoon, extolling the latest five-year-plan and gladhanding the workers.

Late in the day, he wanders off alone and finds a young child standing by a fence.

"Do you know who I am?" asks the Soviet chief.

The little kid shakes his head.

"I'm the man who gave you all these fields," says Brezhnev. "I gave you all these cows, this house, and every car."

"Wow !" says the little tyke.

Leonid beams.

"Now do you know who I am ?"

"Yes !" cries the boy, running the heck in the opposite direction toward the farmhouse.

"Dad ! Dad !" cries the kid. "Uncle Bob is here from Canada !"

Wayne Crouse

Polish Neighbours

Sickle Humour: Shots in the Dark

A Pole was asked if Poland were invaded by the East Germans and Russians, who would he fight first?

The Polish man replied, 'The Germans first, of course.'

When asked why the Germans first the Pole replied, 'Duty first, pleasure second.'

A Polish and a Russian soldier were walking along their shared border and came upon a gold nugget. The Russian soldier suggested they split it as brothers. The Polish soldier suggested they split it half and half.

A Polish school official is filling out a prospective student's application. He asks the student named Poniatowski: 'Who is your mother, Comrade?' Poniatowski: 'My mother is the Communist Party, Comrade Director.' Official: 'Good! And who is your father, Comrade?' Poniatowski: 'My father is in the presidium of the Supreme Soviet, Comrade Director!' Official: 'Hmmm! And what do you want to be in the future?' Poniatowski: 'Ah, Comrade Director, I have a great dream! I want to be ... an orphan!'

Two friends are talking. 'Did you know that the secret police identified an Egyptian mummy after English and American scientists had failed?' 'No, is that so?' 'Yes, it was Ramses the Fifth'. 'How did they find out?' 'He confessed, of course.'

Rabinovich telephones the secret police: 'I've lost my parrot and I just want you to know that I don't share his views.'

In a large western city terrorists are battling each other, shooting passersby, and blowing up buildings.

All of a sudden a Soviet tank drives up out of nowhere. A soldier comes out and asks: 'Did you call for fraternal aid?'

Two highly ranked Chinese party officials met in Peking. 'Have you heard? The Poles have all fled to China.'

'Who are these ... Poles?' 'They are a nation, comrade.'

'How many of them are there?'

'About 36-million, comrade.'

'That's good. What hotel are they staying at?'

A contest was announced for the best statue in honour of Lech Walesa. First prize was awarded for a statue of General Jaruzelski complaining about Walesa.

At a history exam in the year 2000 a student is asked: 'Who were Kania and Jaruzelski?'

He replies 'I think they were politicians during the time of Walesa.'

'Is it true that Polish patriots have appealed to Russia for help?'

'Yes. But they asked in 1939 and the help didn't arrive until 1981.'

'What is the most neutral country in the world?'

'Poland. It doesn't interfere even in its own internal affairs.'

'What is the largest country in the world?'

'Poland. Since 1945 the Russians have been withdrawing but they haven't reached the border yet.'

A party member was questioned by the secret police.

'Have you ever wavered from the party line?'

'No. I always wavered with the party line.'

Two Polish army officers meet in a bar.

'What do you think of our new regime?'

'The same as you.'

'In that case, it is my duty to arrest you.'

In order to rebuild the economy of Poland, Jaruzelski requested economic assistance from Brezhnev. He read a long list of goods needed to Brezhnev who replied to each one, 'request granted.' At the end of the list Jaruzelski looked in amazement. Brezhnev asked, 'What's the matter? Don't you believe me?' 'Of course I do. But will the Czechs and Hungarians be able to deliver the goods?'

The zloty was recently devalued by more than fifty per cent. In order to raise the value, one Polish economist proposed drilling four holes in the coins and selling them as buttons.

There are no beds in Poland. The dead sleep in cemeteries, the peasants sleep on straws, workers sleep at meetings, students sleep at lectures, soldiers rest on their laurels, the party is on constant guard, and the enemy never sleeps.

A Polish delegate to a trade conference was asked, 'How do you get along with the Russians?' He answered, 'Fine. We've had 500 years experience with the Mongols.'

A party official asked a Catholic friend: 'Why do people believe in your heaven but not in ours?'

'We have never shown the people our heaven.'

Why do we buy wheat from Canada?

Due to a shortcoming of capitalism called overproduction.

The Polish ambassador to the U.S. was asked by his wife to buy a pair of designer jeans while in America. He came back three months later empty-handed. 'I looked all over Washington for the line-up for jeans but I couldn't find it.'

General Jaruzelski lost his sunglasses one day and, after a futile search, decided someone had stolen them. He called the police. An hour later he found them and told the police to drop the matter.

'We can't,' said the police captain. 'We have arrested ten suspects.'

'Release them,' ordered General Jaruzelski.

'We can't,' the captain explained. 'They have all confessed.'

A new Solidarity member arrived at a prison camp and the inmates asked him how long his sentence was.

'Twenty-five years.'

'What for?'

'Nothing. I did nothing. I'm innocent.'

'Don't give us that story. The innocent get only ten years.'

In a line-up for meat in Warsaw one man asks another, 'Who is responsible for all this waiting in line?'

'Don't you know?' was the reply. 'General Jaruzelski.'

'I will go and punch him in the face for this,' the first man said, leaving. Some time later he returned. 'Well, did you give it to the general?'

'I never even got close. The line-up there is even longer than here.'

In the year 2000 a Polish teacher mentions the word 'Solidarity' in class. A student asks, 'What was Solidarity?' She replies 'That was when we had to line up for butter. The student asks again, 'What was butter?' A

P i e r w s z a M i ę d z y n a r o d o w a R a d a
P o r n o g r a f i c z n a

Rosja:	Tow. Gromkoperdejew Tow. Tichobzdejewa
Ukraina:	Tow. Tryperenko
Litwa:	Tow. Kurwiec Pojebajtis
Gruzja:	Tow. Jaksratochwili Tow. Gównowidzę Tow. Chujmanaszpili Tow. Kałmanawardze Tow. Wdupęnieradzę
China:	Tow. Wsuń Chuj Wczaj
Węgry:	Tow. Szankerhazi
Czechy:	Tow. Pojebál a Smutný
Rumunia:	Tow. Srawlasku Tow. Skurwyseanu
Grecja:	Amb. Onanizmos Poluciades
Francja:	Pierre d'Oliwesz
Anglia:	Lord Kondonpek Lord Srawtenton
Irlandia:	Amb. O'Besrany
Niemcy:	Baron von Unterhosenduft
Hiszpania:	Don Jebieraz Alerano
Portugalia:	Machuja Po Sampas
Japonia:	Amb. Jebiesukina Bosaka Baron Kiwajajami Baron Machuja Nimkiwa
Pakistan:	Jądramachore
India:	Mamachapatatazajaja
Egipt:	Al Syfilis ben Srali Nababę

A Leftward March

SUBVERSION RAMPANT !

Rumours have been circulating that some CIUS staff have been indulging in overt political activities. Before a CIA-RCMP investigative unit makes its way up here, Beztaktnist wishes to declare that it is fully aware of these activities and thus provides the following timetable of the dissidents' activities over the summer months. A copy of the list is being dispatched at once to the Ukrainian Echo.

6 May 1981: Peter Matilainen leaves for tour of socialist Europe.

24 May: Peter Matilainen returns from trip wearing a Solidarnosc badge.

5 June: Bohdan Krawchenko spotted in demonstration outside Legislature.

13 June: Bohdan Krawchenko gives lecture on "Bourgeois Collectivism in the Sub-Imperial State: A Walesian perspective," to the Committee for the Preservation of the Rights of Minority Workers in States just to the West of the Soviet Union and Not Very Far From Bulgaria at the Polytechnic of Port Hardy, B.C.

28 June: Demonstration outside the British Consulate. John-Paul Himka is not present.

5 July: Peter Matilainen enters CIUS on a bicycle wearing two Solidarnosc badges and a third sporting the slogan "England Get Out Of Ireland."

29 July: Evidence of anti-monarchism in CIUS. Only Assya Berezowsky watches Royal Wedding at 3am.

3 August: Furore over "political" banner at Polish tent during Heritage Days. Police searching for tall Ontarian of Finnish extraction believed to be co-habiting with a computer.

9 August: Andrij Hornjatkevych mingles with drug-abusing hippies at Edmonton Folk Festival.

19 August: Bohdan Krawchenko invents new Trotskyite theory of Ukrainian Revolution. Says that peasants were (quote) "pissed off with Central Rada and pissed off with the intelligentsia." More to follow.

And Right About Turn

THE BEZTAKNIST INTERVIEW: Mr. L.Y. Luciuk, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D.Cd.

LL: You can interview me, as long as you don't mention Yury Boshyk.

BT: Yury Boshyk ?

LL: Oh God, you did it already.

BT: But I had no intention of mentioning Yu-...the man in question.

LL: And you'll also have to hurry up a little. I have an appointment at the Faculty Club in half an hour. He sits in a pokey little office in Toronto hatching plots.

BT: (bewildered) Who does ?

LL: Yury Boshyk. Mind you, he's not the only one. Even in Edmonton, there are intrigues afoot to stamp out the influence of research assistants and to squeeze us out of existence. We the soul, the raison d'être of CIUS.

BT: Who is doing this intriguing ?

LL: I put it down to subversive influences in the corridors of Athabasca Hall. But ultimately it's being planned by the KGB, who now have moles in every area of CIUS: the Council of Associates, the Professional and Business Club, the Foundation.

BT: What do you propose to do about this ?

LL: I've submitted a memorandum to Lupul. All future CIUS appointees should be rigorously vetted by a committee (on which, I have tactfully requested I should be a voting member). Once cleared, we should petition the Foundation for funds so that each member of staff can purchase a sub-machine gun.

BT: A what ?

LL: Aha ! Thought that might surprise you. I never leave home without one. Seriously though, the struggle is continuing.

BT: It's rumoured that you have contacts with the Banderivtsi.

LL: Nonsense. They have contacts with me. Tears come to my eyes when I think of those poor maltreated men from the Diviziia.

BT: So you intend to fight for the cause.

LL: In addition to furthering my scholarly career, yes.

BT: But you can combine the two ?

LL: It's all one and the same thing. Reading the Panchuk archives one finds that subversion and plotting were as much in evidence then as they are today.

BT: I've often wondered, how does this fall into the category of a Geography degree?

LL: Ph.D.

BT: Sorry, Ph.D.

LL: Yes, Rudnytsky and others have racked their brains over that one. But basically, I'm a scholar. It doesn't really matter what little niche one falls into. After one has interviewed 65,437 DPs, one can more or less decide which field one falls into, can't one ?

BT: And which scholarly journals do you subscribe to ?

LL: Soldier of Fortune, Penthouse, the usual things, you know.

BT: I don't see those two in here.

LL: Well I don't keep them in here. Bloody broom closet of an office. It's about time they got me a decent office around here. Not thinking of moving are you ?

BT: No.

LL: Pity. I like an office with some sun. I do most of my work in the main office. That way I get to fool around with the secretaries after work.

BT: How about other scholars in your field ? Has there been much work done on DPs ?

LL: Oh yes. Still there are the oddballs. Look at Holowinsky. He's giving a paper at Toronto on "Psychological Effects of the DP Experience." Should be a scream. But not many of these are really relevant to my work. Petryshyn has a lot of gaps and there's no one in Toronto worth speaking of.

BT: I haven't seen your picture in the papers recently.

LL: No, you won't either. I gave up on the Echo after the last one they printed. I looked like a goldfish about to give birth.
 BT: So no more pictures ?
 LL: Give me time to recover my self-respect, please.
 BT: And the Ph.D.?
 LL: What about it ?
 BT: When will it be finished ?
 LL: Who knows ? I'm not overanxious to finish really. It means making out a new business card, you see, and I've barely finished distributing the last one.
 BT: And also-
 LL: Sorry, that's your lot ! Peter and Manoly are waiting.
 BT: Well thank you.
 LL: Anytime. Is my moustache on straight ?
 BT: Seems to be.
 LL: Good. Then I'm off.

TWO QUICKIES

What is the lowest rank in the Polish army ? Television announcer.

What would have happened if Khrushchev rather than Kennedy had been assassinated in 1963 ? Aristotle Onassis would not have married Mrs. Khrushchev.

THAT MICHIGAN ACCENT AGAIN

ML: Peter Savaryn is the institute's best friend, and as for me, I er, well what can I say, how can I describe our relationship ...?

VOICE: Partners in crime ?

Scene from the Lupuls' Christmas party.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Although it would be impossible to name everyone who has contributed to Beztaktnist over the past three years, some persons helped keep the monthly on its feet when items were less plentiful and my inspiration was lacking, most notably Andrij Hornjatkevyč, and over the past fifteen months since his arrival in Edmonton, Myroslav Yurkevich. Andrij Makuch supplied numerous cartoons; Roman Senkus sent us the best photograph of the year revealing the most attractive feature of the anatomies of our Toronto brethren. Beztaktnist will continue, at least until that time when we are so programmed that we never make gaffes, and authors write without a blemish - a long time methinks. Inevitably, we have offended some in the 30 plus issues distributed, but this has never been our intention. And unless we are able to laugh at ourselves, our pretensions and habits, then we will indeed be poor specimens. Don't you think?

David Marples

REWRITING HISTORY: LIFE REEKED WITH JOY

Anders Henriksson

The lack of basic skills and knowledge exhibited by many of the young men and women entering college has given rise to real concern among educators. Scores of learned treatises have appeared attempting to shed light on the sources of this malady. Some have denounced the school system for failing to stress fundamentals. Others have pointed an accusing finger at the decline of the North American family or at the baleful influence of television. Perhaps we would do better to listen to these students themselves. Many of them are not adept at verbal expression, but few of them are deficient in creativity. Ignorance should not be confused with foolishness. As an introduction to their thought there is no better guide than what they have written themselves. To wit, I submit a compendium of their wisdom in the form of a brief sketch of Western Civilization since the Middle Ages. I have taken the liberty of arranging their sentences into a coherent whole, but the words belong entirely to them. They have been culled from freshman history essays handed in to me and to my colleagues at the University of Alberta and at McMaster University. But I have spoken enough. Shall we listen to a rather different drummer?

History is always bias, because human beings have to be studied by other human beings, not by independent observers of another species.

During the Middle Ages everybody was middle aged. Church and state were co-operatic. Middle Evil society was made up of monks, lords and surfs. It is unfortunate that we do not have a medivel European laid out on a table before us, ready for dissection. After a revival of infantile commerce slowly creeped into Europe, merchants appeared. Some were sitters and some were drifters. They roamed from town to town exposing themselves and organized big fairies in the countryside. Medeval people were violent. Murder during this period was nothing. Everybody killed someone. England fought numerously for land in France and ended up wining and losing. The Crusades were a series of military expaditions made by Christians seeking to free the holy land (the "Home Town" of Christ) from the Islams.

In the 1400 hundreds most Englishmen were perpendicular. A class of yeowls arose. Finally, Europe caught the Black Death. The bubonic plague is a social disease in the sense that it can be transmitted by intercourse and other etceteras. It was spread from port to port by inflected rats. Victims of the black Death grew boobs on their necks. The plague also helped the emergence of the English language as the national language of England, France and Italy.

The Middle Ages slimpered to a halt. The renasence bolted in from the blue. Life reeked with joy. Italy became robust, and more individuals felt the value of their human being. Italy, of course, was much closer to the rest of the world, thanks to northern Europe. Man was determined to civilise himself and his brothers, even if heads had to roll! It became sheik to be educated. Art was on a more associated level. Europe was full of incredible churches with great art bulging out their doors. Renaissance merchants were beautiful and almost lifelike.

The Reformation happened when German nobles resented the idea that tithes were going to Papal France or the Pope thus enriching Catholic coiffures. Traditions had become oppressive so they too were crushed in the wake of man's quest for resurrection above the not-just-social beast he had become. An angry Martin Luther nailed 95 theocrats to a church door. Theologically, Luther was into reorientation mutation. Calvinism was the most convenient religion since the days of the ancients. Anabaptist services tended to be migratory. The Popes, of course, were usually Catholic. Monks went right on seeing themselves as worms. The last Jesuit priest died in the 19th century.

After the reformation were wars both foreign and infernal. If the Spanish could gain the Netherlands they would have a stronghold throughout northern Europe which would include their positions in Italy, Burgundy, central Europe and India thus surrounding France. The German Emperor's lower passage was blocked by the French for years and years.

Louis XIV became King of the Sun. He gave the people food and artillery. If he didn't like someone, he sent them to the gallows to row for the rest of their lives. Vauban was the royal minister of flirtation. In Russian the 17th century was known as the time of the bounding of the serfs. Russian nobles were clothes only to humour Peter the Great. Peter filled his government with accidental people and built a new capital near the European boarder. Orthodox priests became government antennae.

The enlightenment was a reasonable time. Voltare wrote a book called Candy that got him into trouble with Frederick the Great. Philosophers were unknown yet and the fundamental stake was one of religious toleration slightly confused with defeatism. France was in a very serious state. Taxation was a great drain on the state budget. The French revolution was accomplished before it happened. The revolution evolved through monarchial, republican and tolarian phases until it catapulted into Napoleon. Napoleon was ill with bladder problems and was very tense and unrestrained.

History, a record of things left behind by past generations, started in 1815. Throughout the comparatively radical years 1815-1870 the western European continent was undergoing a Rampant period of economic modification. Industrialization was precipitating in England. Problems were so complexicated that in Paris, out of a city population of 1 million people, 2 million able bodies were on the loose.

Great Brittain, the USA and other European countrys had demicratic leanings. The middle class was tired and needed a rest. The old order could see the lid holding down new ideas beginning to shake. Among the goals of the chartists were universal suferage and an anal parliament. Voting was to be done be ballad.

A new time zone of national unification roared over the horizon. Founder of the new Italy was Cavour, an intelligent Sardine from the north. Nationalism aided Itally because nationalism is the growth of an army. We can see that nationalism succeeded for Itally because of France's big army. Napoleon III-IV mounted the French thrown. One thinks of Napoleon III as a live extension of the late, but great, Napoleon. Here too was the new Germany: loud, bold, vulgar and full of reality.

Culture fomented from Europe's tip to its top. Richard Strauss, who was violent but methodical like his wife made him, plunged into vicious and perverse plays. Dramatized were adventures in seduction and abortion. Music reeked with reality. Wagner was master of music, and people did not forget his contribution. When he died they labeled his seat "historical." Other countries had their own artists. France had Chekhov.

World War I broke out around 1912-1914. Germany was on one side of France and Russia was on the other. At war people get killed, and then they aren't people any more, but friends. Peace was proclaimed at Versigh, which was attended by George Loid, Primal Minister of England. President Wilson arrived with 14 pointers. In 1937 Lenin revolted Russia. Communism raged among the peasants, and the civil war "team colours" were red and white.

Germany was displaced after WWI. This gave rise to Hitler. Germany was morbidly overexcited and unbalanced. Berlin became the decadent capital, where all forms of sexual deprivations were practised. A huge anti-semantic movement arose. Attractive slogans like "death to all Jews" were used by governmental groups. Hitler remilitarized the Rineland over a squirmish between Germany and France. The appeasers were blinded by the great red of the Soviets. Moosealini rested his foundations on 8 million bayonets and invaded Hi Lee Salasy. Germany invaded Poland, France invaded Belgium, and Russia invaded everybody. Was screeched to an end when a nukuleer explosion was dropped on Heroshima. A whole generation had been wipe out in two world wars, and their forlorne families were left to pick up the peaces.

According to Fromm, individuation began historically in medieval times. This was a period of small childhood. There is increasing experience as adolescence experiences its life development. The last stage is us.

