

BEZTAKTIST

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BT EDITOR JOINS CIA



He's going to Munich?
Thank God, I thought
he'd never leave!!

INSIDE: Krawchenko, Kordan slander
Ukrainian women!
"Nags tag unfair" says Kostash.

FIDDLING AROUND

I'm off to play with Peter's abacus -- KK

CORDON BLEU

I was at Halya's party once and had some brownies. I fell off the couch three times-and no one noticed! So I did it a fourth and fifth time. I carried out a controlled experiment; and everyone's head went up and down.

Bohdan Kordan

NO FINNS AND BIG TEETH

BSK: Someone might catch a shark.
Lida: A great big white Ukrainian-Canadian ethnic shark.

FINN-TIME

PM to KK: What is your relationship to a subway?
PM to DK: So what is your relationship with a rabbit?
and...

BSK: So do you know where rabbits come from?

KK: From the forest, of course.

(Most of the above was derived from Bohdan Kordan's monthly CIUS party. The editor bears no responsibility for the comments, nor does he pretend to know what they mean.)

OVERHEARD IN OFFICE

We are the "Visible Symbols," Khrystia -- Lida Somchynsky

THE CAPTAIN'S FAMILY

ANTON.

You were
late. I had
to leave.

Tita mo

OUR HROMADA: a play in 1 2 3 several acts

Act One: Halya Freeland's living room.

JPH: Let's call a meeting.
HF: Why?
JPH: To decide the date of the meeting after that.
CC: Oh, I see. Some new members?
JPH: Right.
CC: Anyone we know.
LS: Anyone I might know?
(JPH whispers into CC's ear. CC nods knowingly.)
CC: Shit.
JPH: Isn't it?
(Enter Bohdan Kordan, in black.)
BSK: So what's going on here? Is it a little secret? Does anyone feel like a brownie?
JPH: No time for brownies. We have to have a meeting at once.
BSK: Why are you wearing that woolly hat?
JPH: Because it's goddamned cold out there!

Act Two: Same Place. (A Hromada meeting is in session)

MP: The purpose of this meeting is to ratify the decisions of the last meeting concerning the acceptance of two new co-op members.
CC: Surely that's already been done?
LS: What new members? Why wasn't I informed of this?
CC: Well there's Peter, and --
LS: I resign! I resign!
(Cries of "No, Lubko! No!")
HF: Lubko, you're far too important to resign. You're the secretary.
LS: I resign. I wasn't informed. (Runs off.)
JPH: I told you, didn't I?
BK: Something has to be done. We cannot accept this. We must organize at once. Lubomyr Szuch must be persuaded to come back into the fold. Otherwise everyone will suffer. What do you say, Chairman?
MP: Chairperson, please!
BK: Whatever.
MP: This meeting is adjourned.
CC: But what about Peter? Is he in or not?
JPH: He was voted in at the last meeting. Therefore he's in.
BK: I have an idea. Let's ask him in, but not give him a room. Then there will be less friction.
NF: Surely if Lubko wants to resign, then that's his own decision?
BK: Who said that?
HF: My daughter.
BK: Well I've no time for that sort of comment. It's much too sensible.
MP: Yes, far too straightforward. There has to be a snag in it.
CC: Lubko himself is the snag. He cannot be permitted to resign.
MP: Is there a rule about this in the book?
BK: If not, I suggest an amendment that says something like "Lubomyr Szuch must never be allowed to submit his resignation." Not exactly that, but something like it.
NF: Unless he dies.
BK: Fine. If he dies, he can resign.
CC: But what about Peter?
BK: He's not dead, is he?

(continued on page 75)

THE INSTITUTE HIERARCHY

DIRECTOR

Leaps tall buildings at a single bound
Is more powerful than a locomotive
Is faster than a speeding bullet
Walks on water
Speaks with God

ENCYCLOPEDIA CO-ORDINATOR

Leaps short buildings at a single bound
Is more powerful than a switch engine
Is about as fast as a speeding bullet
Walks on water if it isn't too choppy
Gets inter-office memos from God

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Leaps short buildings with a running start
Is almost as powerful as a switch engine
Is faster than a speeding BB
Walks on water providing it is relatively frozen
Is put on hold by God

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE

Can barely clear a quonset hut
Is built like a locomotive
Can fire a speeding bullet
Swims well
Talks with the Chaplain

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT

Walks around buildings that get in the way
Smokes a pipe that smells like a locomotive
Can sometimes handle a gun without inflicting self-injury
Dog paddles
Talks back to his horoscope

PUBLICATIONS ASSISTANT

Trips over doorsteps when entering a building
Recognizes locomotive two out of three times
Is not issued ammunition
Can stay afloat with life jacket
Mumbles to himself

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Gets airsick in buildings with thick rugs
Says, "Look at the Choo-Choo!"
Wets himself with a water pistol
Plays in mud puddles
Talks in his sleep

SECRETARY

Lifts buildings and walks under them
Kicks locomotives off the track
Catches bullets in her teeth and eats them
Freezes water with a single glance
Tells God where to get off



**"THE NEXT LEADER WILL BE CHOSEN BY A SHOW OF HANDS —
THE ONE WHO CAN STILL RAISE HIS HAND WILL BE LEADER. . ."**

CIUS BUSINESS

7 September 1984

Dear

Thank you for the submission of your manuscript on
I have read this monograph carefully and am pleased to inform you that it examines a subject that has long needed close attention. The institute will accept this paper for publication and provide the necessary funds for the various stages of work.

I should, however, point out the following. Although the subject matter has been well researched, the monograph is jumbled and disorganized. Simply put, you have assembled a great number of facts in no apparent order. It is rather like reading David Copperfield backwards. The twelve chapters could quite easily be reduced to four without loss of content or thread (if, indeed, one can locate a thread). Further, the footnotes are a complete mess. I wonder if anyone ever taught you the rudiments of footnoting. If so, you have forgotten them completely. The Bibliography also falls well below the scholarly standards of the institute.

Another matter. No matter how you perceive yourself within the Ukrainian academic community, the fact is that you are no scholar. You are not even a quasi-scholar. At best, you are an enthusiastic amateur. You have less intellectual acumen than the average chimpanzee and a warthog is better organized. There are so many things wrong with your manuscript that it is barely salvagable. It is a sign of your inexperience, of course, but it is also a result of the possession of a second-class brain.

I understand that you are the only applicant for a CIUS scholarship this year, so that I shall feel obliged to award you with the same. Had there been another applicant, then of course, I would have recommended that you earn your own keep in some more befitting station (such as McDonald's). All the same, I have grave doubts as to whether you are capable of bringing your manuscript up to an acceptable standard. When it arrives here in its amended form, it will, inevitably, be decimated once again, in the interests of us all, you understand.

I would suggest that you think over these comments, jump off the High Level or whatever over the next few weeks. If you do decide to resubmit your manuscript, then it had better be perfect. Personally, I think it's a lost cause, but there are judges here other than myself.

Yours sincerely,

TWO BOHDANS ON SEX AND MARRIAGE

Sociological insight from Bohdan Kordan. Explaining why Ukrainians in Canada have exceptionally high divorce rates, he said:
"All Ukrainian women are nags."

Discussing divorce rates (or the politics of racial hegemony), Bohdan Krawchenko remarked:
"Intermarriage breeds dissatisfaction and intimacy breeds contempt."
Ergo - Ukrainians should stick to their own but not get to close to one another.

DOES THIS DESCRIBE YOU?

For the past ten years, you've been collecting information on socialist parties. Your publisher says that if you haven't delivered a manuscript to him within two months, the market for books on socialism will dry up and he won't publish your book. Your chairman tells you that if your book isn't published soon, the Tenure Committee will deny you tenure. Your spouse says that if you don't stop messing with the damn parties and spend some time at home, a divorce is imminent. You have six shoeboxes full of index cards, a file drawer of notes and photographs, and dreams of an endowed chair and maybe a Nobel prize. You also have an inkling that the computer can help you crank out the book. So you show up at my office one day and ask for help. I smile benignly, vow to do my best, and start thinking of friends who might be in line for your job.

(Gerard Grobgen. Revised from March 1983 issue of Computing News, Northern Illinois University)

Thanks to BSK, BAK and LS for contributions to this issue.

DM's JIG IS UP, FOLKS

Six years ago, an Englishman left his native land and went to the United States. Oddly enough he went to study Ukrainians, or at least Soviet Ukraine. There was a good reason for this: the Soviet Ministry of Education had refused to permit him entry into the USSR, where he had intended to fulfill the conditions of a 10-month exchange scholarship at the University of Kiev.

Naturally enough, this Englishman was a little apprehensive about Ukrainians. He expected to meet a lot of embittered people, forced out of their homeland and unlikely to return in their lifetimes. Fierce nationalists who were now becoming Americanized. Imagine his surprise then, in downtown Washington, D.C., when he entered a stately hall and found them dancing. What have they got to dance about, he thought? You see, in England, no one dances, unless perhaps they are on fire.

Later this Englishman came to Canada. This time he found the Ukrainian milieu so interesting that he decided he had to commit it to paper - well, after a fashion. But it had to be done tactlessly, which usually means naming names. Yet, he reflected, this is inevitable. Where else would one find such characters: a Paul Bob Magocsi pretending he's a Ukrainian while ascending his personal career ladder; a Lubomyr Luciuk who decided to leap a few rungs of that ladder a little early; and many many others?

Next he discovered that Ukrainians themselves loved this sort of thing. The Englishman was even informed that he hadn't gone far enough; be a little meaner, some said. He was, and they were delighted. Eventually, the Englishman stopped being an Englishman and became a Canadian. He is not sure even today when exactly this happened, but it did take place. But he is a Canadian who believes that Canada is what its cultures make it, not an Anglo-Celtic-French hierarchy lording it over the rest.

Who knows, maybe he became a little bit of a Ukrainian himself?

POSITIONS VACANT

Underground magazine requires an EDITOR. Qualifications: Must have perverted sense of humour; some knowledge of Ukrainian community; no tact whatsoever; wankers need not apply.

Hours: 7 per month maximum; any more than that proves you are a wanker.

Pay: Variety of abuse from a wide circle.

Benefits: You can insult anyone you want and still remain anonymous.

Starting date: Immediately.

Write c/o Andrij the Meticulous or Myroslav the Wise, Power Plant Bar, University of Alberta.

(At odd hours, either of the above may be contacted at the Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies.)