

Warning: General Surgeons should not make up slogans for cigarette packages while reading "Studenetz"

STUDENETZ

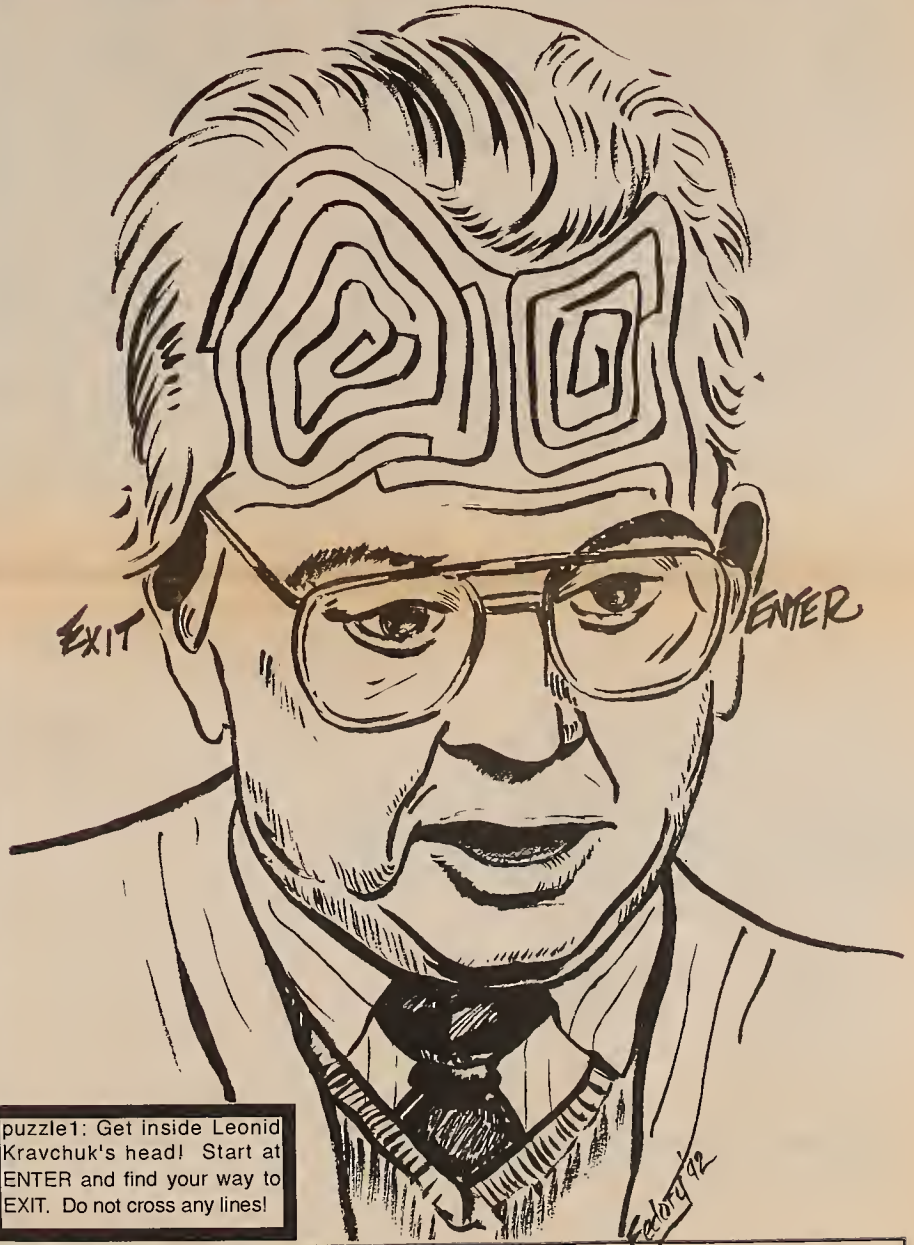
Vol. 1 No.5

• November 1992 •

The following is an English translation of the Preamble to the proposed Ukrainian Constitution. Parliamentary discussions have been postponed until some time in December. The government postponed the discussion last week, after months of heated debate and discussion.

THE PEOPLE OF UKRAINE,
 EXPRESSING its sovereign will,
 EXERCISING its inalienable right to self-determination,
 CONTINUING the thousand-year history of Ukrainian statehood going back to the Kievan State of Volodymyr the Great,
 REMEMBERING its countless victims and enormous sufferings of the time of loss of statehood and struggle for its restoration,
 RECOGNIZING freedom and the natural rights of Man as the supreme social value,
 STRIVING to create living conditions worthy of Man,
 SEEKING to preserve the social accord,
 ASPIRING to build and develop a civic society,
 DECLARING its firm desire to live freely in an independent democratic state,
 GUIDED BY the Act of the Declaration of Independence of Ukraine of the 24th of August, 1991, as confirmed on the 1st of December, 1991 by a nationwide referendum,
 REALIZING its responsibility to the present generations and those to come,
 ADOPTS this Constitution and proclaims it the FUNDAMENTAL LAW OF BLESSED UKRAINE.

(See Page 8 For more discussion of the proposed Constitution)



puzzle1: Get inside Leonid Kravchuk's head! Start at ENTER and find your way to EXIT. Do not cross any lines!

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Quote of the Month:
 "Once you have access to the system, you begin to clearly see the bars of the prison we live in."

-Michael Synergy,
 Cyberpunk icon -

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Editorial Page

Screaming blue messiahs.

There is a vacuum that has been created by the dwindling away into nothingness of the Ukrainian media establishment. What the hell is going on? We'll tell you. No one else is going to.

"What do those cerebral vagrants have in mind now?" you may ask. "Who are they going to slam, ridicule, offend, debase, or send into a state of uret higgedly-piggedly?" you moan as you crumple this issue up to throw it into your fireplace. Who? What? Everyone. No one. Ourselves.

What are we writing? It has yet to be determined, since we are making this up as we go along sailing in place. We are as lost as all of you. "Landru, guide us!" This is the problem, with us as much as with all of you who have all the answers to all of the problems, but do not see the problem in all of the answers. They simply don't work. We are all pulling at the same, stubborn root. However, we are scrambling all over each other to wrap our fingers most tightly around the meat and no one can get even a slippery grip.

What the Ukrainian media need (and we admit, there is still moisture behind our earlobes - but at least we admit it) is a focus. We are all looking at what is going on around us but we only see the hazy blur of our own myopia. Bob's not teal, man. Neither is this.

Things were simpler when the media were intolerably narrow in their structure of party ideology and pompous posturing. The proliferation of newspapers, magazines and Burger King franchises is usually a sign of a healthy democracy at work and at play. Yet, there is a troubling mess spilling out of our collective self-destruction and it must be dealt with, this lousy card. There is no explanation for the unacceptable, copulant plenitude of contradictory ideas that is floating around in the cesspool of our community. The average reader, who follows what is printed on our pages as religiously as the Pope eats kielbasa, is warching us all beat ourselves ovet the heads while his or her pension cheque is going into their grandchildren's pockets. The redium is the message. We have become the messengers. Banal habingers of redundant boredom.

What are naked women doing on magazine covers? A hell of a lot more than we are sitting here and there in our ivory etections playing mind games with the mindless.

What we need is a single, English-language daily newspaper that approaches issues from a Ukrainian perspective but is not limited to that perspective. We need a media empire that will make money, not piddle it away. Standard. Unified. Diverse. On the page and on the screen and in the car.

Let's take the example of Contad Black. Conrad Black doesn't need to know how to spell his name (although we are sure that he does). He has multitudes in his publishing multinational to do it for him. In the process, Conrad Black is thinking of how to add more blocks to his pyramid.

Why is he able to do this? Because Conrad Black does not waste his time throwing manure at people on the next fencepost, like we do. He spends his time getting the next fencepost.

Where is all of this leading? Certainly not where we thought it would at the outset. Getting it said is harder than getting it done, if you want to get it done well, let alone at all.

We want the world community to think of Ukrainians all over the world as people with brains in their heads, not in their holubisi. Hey Baba, Pur a little gray on that, will you?

Шановні пані і панове-працівники газети "Студинець"! Широчесрдечний Вам привіт із України!

До Вас пишуть члени краєзнавчо-пошукового гуртка Збарзького районного Будинку дитячої творчості Тернопільської області, яка знаходиться на Україні. Надіємось, якщо звичайно Ви відгукнетесь на наше прохання, через газету "Студинець" знайти друзів у Америці. Мета нашого гуртка дружити із Українською діаспорою.

Вік наших гуртківців 11-14 років. Тут збирались хлопці та дівчата, які захоплюються українською культурою, зокрема піснями, віршами, звичаями, прислів'ями, приказками та

іншим. А разом ми займаємось на гуртку народними ремеслами.

Свої роботи будемо висилати друзям за океаном. З різних інформаційних джерел ми дізнаємось про культуру і рівень розвитку дітей в капіталістичних країнах. Так би хотілось нам хоч на краплю запозичити їхні окремі якості.

Нам випадає будувати незалежну Україну. Щоб бути гідними господарями нам потрібна Ваша підтримка. На цьому закінчуємо, не забудьте про нас. Наша адреса: 283830 Україна, Тернопільська обл., м. Збарж, районний Будинок дитячої творчості, краєзнавчо-пошуковий гурток.



Листи з України

Добрий день ровесники за океаном!

"Молодь України для молоді діаспори" прочитав я заголовок в одній з львівських газет і подумав: невже молоді таких розвинутих країн як США і Канада потребує нашої допомоги. І зловив себе на думці, що я не можу нічим допомогти молоді діаспори лише б тому, що нічого не знаю про своїх тамтешніх ровесників. Тільки переконалий в тому, що Ваш спосіб життя-орієнтир для нас. Ми тільки запроваджуємо ринкову економіку. Вам мабуть важко зрозуміти яка в Україні була економіка, якщо ми впроваджуємо таку, яка на американському континенті існує і розвивається з часу його відкриття Колумбосом. Мусимо повертатися до приватизації, адже експеримент з соціалізмом дуже дорого нам обійшовся і потерпіа краій.

Якщо Ви думаєти, що приватизувати підприємства легка справа для молодого Української Держави - Ви помиляєтеся. У Вас це б зробили просто: продан б тому хто більше заплатить. У нас так не можна, адже великі гроші може мати лише той, хто нечесно жив. В цьому я переконався на прикладі моїх батьків, які все життя чесно працювали від зорі до зорі і ніякого капіталу не нажили. Соціалізм виключив право людини на підприємницьку діяльність. Це привело до того, що втратили господарські традиції наших діавів і прадіавів. Людя зверніались у своїх підприємницьких здібностях. Мій дід був засуджений на 8 років тюрми за те, що засіяв два гектари поля, яке було нічим і пропало без господаря після війни. А сьогодні, коли дівої 80

років, йому кажуть беріть землі скільки хочете. Хіба це не блюзнірство?

Зараз на Україні можна займатися підприємством; але справжніх підприємців-товаровиробників ще мало. Молодь, в основному, робить бізнес на спекуляції, перепродаючи дефіцитні товари, а дефіція у нас майже все. Відкрити якусь серйозну справу не просто, оскільки по-перше нема стартового капіталу, по-друге нема ніякого досвіду, по-третє закони в нас ще далеко не досконалі. Є й інші причини. У Вас зайнятися якимсь бізнесом мабуть теж не просто, через конкуренцію. Проте у Вас є величезний досвід і було б дуже добре якщо хтось розповідав нам про нього. Особито я буду дуже ввіачли тому, хто буде писати мені повчальні листи щодо бізнесу, вичти мене на конкретних прикладах з свого життя чи життя своїх знайомих. Звичайно не все, що робиться у Вас, можна запровадити в наших умовах, але тим не менше це дуже цікаво. Мене цьому ніхто не вчив, хоч закінчив педагогічне училище і Львівський університет. Зараз працюю в органах місцевої влади...

Хотів би мати друзів в Канаді, США чи інших країнах яким можна було листуватися про все. Я зовсім не знаю як Ви живете, як у Вас проблеми, як працюєте, як відпочиваєте. Та й у Вас мабуть неправдані увялення про наше життя. Буду чекати Ваших листів. Обіцяю відповісти всім, хто мені напише. Моя адреса: 29220, Львівська обл., м.Соснівка, вул. Галицька 2 кв. 13, Савчук Павло Олександрович.

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Bosnian Ukrainians in Vienna

by Stephen Bandera

On October 18, 1992 at 10:00 am, Kostyk Haiduk went to attend mass at Sr. Varvara Ukrainian Catholic Church in Vienna, Austria. Kostyk Haiduk is a 23-year old Ukrainian Canadian born in Lviv, Ukraine. He recently travelled to Vienna, Austria where he had the chance to meet with the Ukrainian community there. He found the community trying to help fellow Ukrainians from Bosnia-Herzegovina, refugees who fled the war currently raging in the former Yugoslavia.

The Church was a gift from the Austrian Empress Maria Theresa. She gave it to Ukrainian Catholics in the 18th century as a welcoming gesture to the immigrants. The elderly crowd of about a hundred people, was joined in mid-Mass by about 20 youths. They did not look happy, most of them wore frowns on their tired faces, and tears were visible on some of their faces. They stood in the back corner of the Church. They were praying to God, yet they seemed to be very uncomfortable.

Since Kostyk was a new face, after Mass the locals approached me and started asking who he was, where he was from. Dr. Serhiy Naklovych, who turns out to be one of the leading members of the Austrian Ukrainian community, invited Kostyk to come to their hall. Dr. Naklovych is the President of the Ukrainian Central Aid Union in Austria. Kostyk met with other Ukrainian Austrians in the one-room "hall". The room was filled with more of the same young people, and all were buzzing around Dr. Naklovych. They were either talking, or filling out some forms. It turned out that these were some of the 200 refugees from Bosnia-Herzegovina of Ukrainian origin.

A young man from among the refugees' number told me a little bit about the history of Ukrainians in Yugoslavia. The first Ukrainian immigrants came to Yugoslavia after the Turks had lost their control over the region, and Bosnia, Serbia, and Croatia came under Austrian control. Most of them were from Halychyna, a region in Western Ukraine, which was also under Austrian control. Most of them settled in the region known today as Bosnia-Herzegovina, which has always been considered as part of Croatia.

The first wave of immigration came in the third-quarter of the 18th century in circumstances similar to those that brought Ukrainians into Western Canada a century later. There was an abundance of unworked land which the Austrians wanted to convert into arable land.

The second wave occurred about the same time the first wave of Ukrainian immigration into North America, that is in the 1890's. The third and biggest wave came during the First World War, between the years of 1914-1917.

Today, almost 200,000 Ukrainians live in the former Yugoslavia, mostly in Bosnia-Herzegovina. They are primarily landworkers from Ivano-Frankivsk, Tetsopol, Lviv and Bukovyna. They have survived two world wars, and have managed to retain their Ukrainian identity over the generations. Most of them are of Ukrainian Catholic background, but there is also a significant Ukrainian Orthodox presence in the former Yugoslavia.

The refugees are males and females between the ages of 25 and 45. When they showed Kostyk their passports, they were designated as citizens of "B-H", that is Bosnia Herzegovina. Most of them were from the Ukrainian Catholic parish of Kozarets. They began telling about their lives before the outbreak of hostilities.

One 30 year old man, who preferred not to give his nameless lest any harm come to the remaining members of his family in Bosnia, recounted the first day and night of the war:

That first night, Serbian officers came around to the houses, looking for young men to take away to the army. They missed him that night, but his neighbour's sons were gone. The third day into hostilities, he found his home ruined by bullets and grenades. Fortunately his family had survived the shelling. He cried, for he had invested a lot of time and money into building a life for his wife

and two kids, who are both younger than 10. He had just managed to buy a car and build the home that was ruined that day. He took his family to their neighbour's house, where Serbian soldiers again stormed in in the middle of the night. He and his wife got the children out of bed, quickly grabbed some of their valuables and documents, and fled shoesless into a nearby field. It was then that he decided that he and his family had to escape into Austria. They bought off two Serbian border guards with the gold they had managed to take.

Another fellow interjected his story at this point, to tell me that the speaker was being too modest. "He helped forty of us to get out of that hellhole," he explained. (This second man also preferred to remain anonymous)

A third man, who told us he was from Priyavor, said that their Church was completely destroyed by Serbian artillery. He showed me pictures of the destroyed Church. He also listed the names of Ukrainians that he knows have died in the former Yugoslavia. Among them were the following whom the Serbs forced to fight:

Druchek, Petro
Komarycky, Yosyf
Tyzel, Yosyf
Lahlad, Petro
Ladvry, Mychay

They died while serving in punitive battalions. The Serbs took members of national minorities, and threw them into the front lines as cannon fodder. If they turned back from the front, they were shot by Serbian infantry.

"We lived in peace with the other peoples, but the Serbs came, and started setting us upon each other," he explained.

The first days of the war were mass confusion. No one knew exactly who was fighting and there was no clear indication of who the enemy was. When phrases like "ethnic cleansing" started kicking about, the politics motivating the war became clear. Some Ukrainians joined the struggle of the anti-Serbian ranks. Others fled their homes to escape into adjoining countries.

The term "ethnic cleansing" seem to be a very appropriate characterization of the war, according to these refugees. They think that the Serbian strategy is to neutralize the various national minorities by setting them against each other. The war also has a religious character because of this, for Muslims is set upon the Christian, and the Catholics fight the Orthodox.

"Do you know the price of a human life?" one of them asked Kostyk. He lit a cigarette and finished in 5 drags. He recounted how three drunk Serbian soldiers came to his friend's house and asked him for a smoke. When the friend told them that he doesn't smoke, they shot him.

Two civilian Ukrainian women are also among the victims. Nemynka Petiukh was shot in the head right in front of her house. Tonka Zenkiewicz was hiding a Muslim in her home, when a neighbour revealed that information to Serbian authorities. Within hours, she, her husband and the Muslim were executed, according to a refugee.

The refugees' lives have also been full of hardship. By the end of August, 60 refugees of Ukrainian origin had made their way to Vienna. On October 20th, that number grew to 130. They were all given shelter at the World Exhibition Hall in Vienna, along with the hundreds of other refugees. So many refugees of different national backgrounds have converged in Vienna, that the Austrian government, under pressure from the various community organizations, are now re-opening run-down schools and hostels to give them shelter. The typical shelter houses 10 to 16 people in one four hundred square foot room. People of all ages, from grandparents to little children, their ages ranging from 70 years of age to 5 months, are forced to live in these cramped living conditions.

The Austrian government provides the basic necessities of food and shelter for the refugees. In the Ukrainian refugees' case, the Ukrainian Austrian community held a clothes drive to help them out. They collected used winter clothing in (continued on page 6 - Bosnian Ukrainians)

ЧОМУ НЕ ІДЕМО В КОЛГОСП?

Оксана Юрків, м. Київ

Це питання стояло на устах кожного студента Київського Медичного Університету. Неже через те, що ми стали університетом і змінилася навчальна програма? Зовсім ні. Ще дітом А. М. Кравчук звернувся до всіх громадян про допомогу зібрати врожай. Студенти були вкленені, що і на цей раз замість сісти за підручки, будемо «випити» на полях. Розпочалося підготування до колгоспу: студенти діставали довідки про злий стан здоров'я, а викладачі брали відпустки на вересень.

Колгосп - це не є велика приємність. Там один закон - вижити і не захворіти. І на житло, сагітарні умови жахливі. Ще минулого року наші вищі учбові заклади мали домовленості з кримськими колгоспами і радгоспами. Цього року про Крим і мови не може бути. А нових контрактів з місцевими колгоспами не встановлено.

Як пізніше нам пояснили, колгоспам вже не вигідно брати студента на працю. Його утримання коштує приблизно 370 купонів на день, що економічно дуже не вигідно.

Студент стільки за день не зробить, і з пустими руками додому не поїде. Виникає цікаві питання: 1) Чому всі попередні роки ми були дуже вигідною раб-силою, а зараз ні? 2) Хто ж збирає врожай замість нас?

Думаю, що відповідь на ці питання дасть зима. А поки що, все на своїх місцях: студенти вчаться, колгоспники - працюють на полях.

News shorts

- Paul Robert Magosci may be stepping down from his position as Head of the Chair of Ukrainian Studies, a Chair member who preferred to remain anonymous told *Studentz*. His tenure is life-long and he may seek compensation from the community. Professor Orest Subtelny of York University in Toronto is rumored to be in line for the position.
- Heinrich Wagner of Australia has been ordered to stand trial for the killing of Jews in Nazi-occupied Ukraine during World War II. Wagner, 68, will take the stand next year. He is charged with killing 19 part-Jewish children, a railway construction worker, and with involvement in the deaths of 104 Ukrainian Jews in 1942 and 1943. Ivan Polyukhovich, 76, also faces charges for the murder of eight Jews, and for involvement in the deaths of another 850. Murder charges against another man, Mykola Berezwolsky, 78, were dismissed due to insufficient evidence.
- A helicopter smuggled 22 Indians and seven Pakistanis from Ukraine into Poland on Tuesday, November 17, 1992. The airlift passengers paid \$1,500 (US) each. Officials speculate that the operation has been going on for months. The 29 illegals were sent back to Ukraine. Five smugglers - Poles and Romanians - were arrested.
- The International Business Machines Corporation (IBM) said that its equipment is being used in Ukraine's first modern computer manufacturing center which opened in the Kyiv Polytechnical Institute. IBM has also opened a top office in Kyiv.
- The Canadian Friends of Rukh are considering changing their name to Canadian Friends of Ukraine. In a November 8 letter to the Canadian Friends of Rukh, Vyacheslav Chornovil expressed a desire to continue working with the Canadian friends of Rukh "irregardless of any tensions that have found their way into our relations."
- The Anti-Bolshevik Bloc of Nations has changed its name to the Allied Bloc of Nations at a small Conference held in Toronto November 20 - 21, 1992. The organization, headed by Madame Slava Stecko, will retain the initials ABN. The Conference was attended by representatives of various formerly subjugated peoples of the Soviet Union.
- Ed Marek, John Demjanjuk's public defender, produced documents he said showed Nazi-hunting lawyers in the US Justice Department withheld evidence that could show Demjanjuk's claim of innocence was true. The 6th Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, which approved Demjanjuk's extradition warrant, reopened the case in June after an Israeli prosecutor admitted doubts about Demjanjuk's conviction. Martin Mendelsohn, former head of the Office of Special Investigations, testified that pressure from Congress and Israel prompted creation of the OSI.

News and Info

В ПЕКАРНІ:

хліб
торти
калачі
сирники
маківники
медівники

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старими
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Vika Memorexing in T.O.

by Vitold Handiy

Before getting to the matter at hand, which is a review of a concert by Vika - Ukraine's current nightingale, I must mention that my keyboard is f---ed. And rightly so. It seems that the "uu" (the doubleu) and the "Return" keys do not respond. Hence I will try to avoid using them. (Nouu for the matter at hand) (Here it goes)

I uas surprised that so many people turned out to this extensively renovated ex-cloakroom, nouu bar. The crowd uas mainly neuuly arived Ukrainians. Not many natives ventured out this night I thought to myself. UUonder uuhy? Beer's cheap and the Entertainment is supposed to be first class. Their loss. And there as'n't even a hockey game on that night. Oh Canucks.

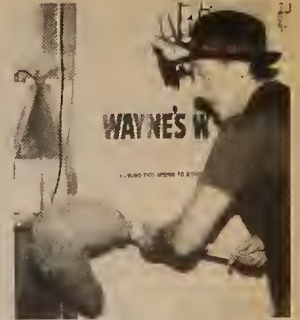
The first person on the stage was a guy - Levko Durko - uuhich roughly translates to "Leo

night's entertainment.

Levko Durko's set could best be described as satirical disco pop. Sort of. His songs satirize life in Ukraine in such a uay that neither Marilyn Quale or Tipper Gore uould get offended. Nor even Hetman Kravchuk uould feel slighted. Lame stuff yes, but one could get a chuckle out of it once in a uuhile. The crowd liked it, although they uere quite subdued in rthier response. No one as freaking ur ar Levko's contorted style of dancing to the raped music. Again a comparison to Milli Vanilli as made in my mind (for some odd reason). They, the douner soaked, audience clapped to the beat, guffauued ar the appropriate lines and kept calm. All in all Levko got about as much reaction as a regular uuum up act gets.

The main attraction uas greeted nearly the same uay - mitigated subduued hysteria. The crowd shouda' drunken more beer, I think. Houuever, Vika came onto the small stage and put on a very spirited and energetic show. Some people even got up to dance. I didn't. I found myself being haunted by the question "Is it live or is it Memorex?" I heard drums and guitar solos. I didn't see any drums, or a drummer, or guitars, or guitarists. On stage there uas Vika, a bassist (her husband incidentally and brother of Levko - real family entertainment here) and Levko on keyboards. Later on, talking uuih Vika, I learnt that most of her band stayed in the United States of America here she had a fe shouus this past summer. Not as tourists, they are helping build America as uue speak or read. They are uuorking on construction projects. I really hate it uuhm musicians turn bad! Vika said she doesn't like to sing uithout a band backing her but she has to accept reality. Instead of pounding out a rthym on instruments, her band is pounding out a rthym uuih hammers and assorted hand tools. Progress. Capitalism. Free Market. Freeeeeeedom.

During her shouu Vika seemed very spontaneous, dancing like the proverbial dervish. Unfortunately this reporter sau her Sunday as well as Saturday that the shouu uas the same - exactly the same - from the grimaes to the dance steps and even the same in-between-song comments: "I love you all, This next one is from



my heart to you." etc.. Her set uas marked by only one bizzare specter. An instrumental piece played by the tape machine and accompanied by the bass player. At least it gave people a chance to get more beer. But enough of asides and let's get back to Vika. Her voice uas strong as ever even though she had a bit of a cold. She did some neuu material as uell as the old favorites from her first cassette. The old and familiar garnered a more of a response than the neuu and unfamiliar. One thing uuih I did not enjoy as her rendition of fifties hits done in Ukrainian. The music uas familiar and the uoords uere occasionally clever, but the three or four songs that she performed in this genre uere not that inspiring, to me, at the very least.

Nouu the sum up. I enjoyed the shouu - even though there uere many specifics about the shouu that I did not enjoy. The taped, canned, music. The routiness of the performers. And that saturday's shouu finished very early and the crowd dispersed either to other bars or home. It finished at about 10:30pm. Not the fault of the organizets, uwho incidentally uere RADIOmanitnist, or the bar but because the tape deck did not knouu any more songs. Sunday's shouu uas much better because the crowd uas drunker and threatened the tape deck uuih bodily harm if it did not keep on playing - even if it uas the same songs. It did. And Vika and Levko sang on. But specifics aside it uas a good shouu. And the beer uas cheap.



My friend came up to me and said "Ya' gunna go to the Vika concert or uuhat?" "I dunno man. UUhy should I?" "It's gonna be good man. She's a pretty cool chick - besides the beer's cheap in the place uuhere she's playing."

No more needed to be said. I uas captured. Hook, line and sinkah'. I bundled myself up as much as as needed, bought a fresh pack of smokes and ambled off to Trembita for Saturday's main event in this town of no cheer.

Buffoon". It uas just him, a microphone, a stuffed pig and a stuffed horse head on a stick. The music came from a tape deck. Not exactly Milli Vanilli but dose - Levko sang but nobody played. Throughout the shouu I as thinking "Is it live or is it Memorex". This as not the last time I uould be thinking of this slogan. Bur the beer uas cheap and plentiful. As he started his second song I started my second beer uuih full intentions of keeping up uuih the pace of the

ACHTUNG! DAS IST DER VAPNIAKINDER!!

The Stalagmite Under a Naked Sky (Вапняки Під Голим Небом) is an idea, not reality. The band does not exist in a real sense but lingers as a metaphysical entity which refuses to go away or go forward. The band has non-existed since 1986. It has put out a 90 minute cassette, although the non-members of the band will deny this with very little determination or conviction. The band's shows tend to be loose events bordering on eclectic anarchy and misguided frenzy. What drives these people?

The members of the band, after being convinced that they are indeed members of the Stalagmites (Вапняки) (as they are known in short form), reply that they themselves have no idea of why they are doing what they so feebly deny that they are doing. They play music for the sake of playing music, and since they think that it is an interesting thing to do.

Their resume is actually quite extensive - a dozen or so dates in Toronto, and a concert in Waterloo and an infamous appearance in Lviv. Rumor has

ir that they will even appear in New York sometimes in the new year. Throughout their life the band has appeared in various guises, with an ever changing lineup and even different names. Four different members sing on their self-titled cassette. They seem to switch instruments after every song - probably just for the hell of it or for some deep seated intrinsic need. Their musical style also changes from song to song, as best exemplified on thier cassette. At first you get your basic rock and then at once, ska-reggae flavoring, then folky meanderings, quasi-blues and then punk, from danceable songs to Dylanesque and then, when you thought you had heard it all, you can flip the cassette and you will hear a whole 45 minutes of experimentalism, sometimes based on Ukrainian folk melodies - sometimes not. One song even tries to incorporate all these elements.

One could go on and on extolling the virtues and handicaps of this band and its music but its better to hear this one-of-a-kind cassette for yourself.

Ці бідолахи, яким мас-медія пришили до вух поспівні навушники — ВАПНЯКІВ не почують взагалі.

Ці бідолахи, яким естетичний смак є наче штирний, крохмалений комірець — легковажно, або з погордою ствердять: це не мистецтво, це еклектизм і аматорщина.

Бог з ними!

Справа в тому, що ця музика твориться без ніякого калькулювання, тобто, значить — вона некоммерційна. Не є препаративним товаром задля продажу його на конкретному ринку. ВАПНЯКІВ гравать нем при нагоді життя. Не програмно, але природньо реалізують важливу культурову чи інтелектуальную місію. Єдиною специфічно американськю (що неідробне!) пркметю — вилюзування, філінг, щирість переказу, естетичну свободу — з ноткою європейськю меланхолії і неврозу, а також (що найважливіше) зі свідомістю того, звідки виходять, того, що їх батьківщина Україна-яку-носьтьє-в-собі. Притому, виявляється, українська мова знаменито конвенційо з поезією рока.

Пісні ВАПНЯКІВ з Торонто подобаються мені — іційованому в музику через мрачну європейську психологію, а також моему другу — хіпні, вишвану на GREATFULL DEAD. Натомість українцям, як думаю, трапляють прямо „у душу“.

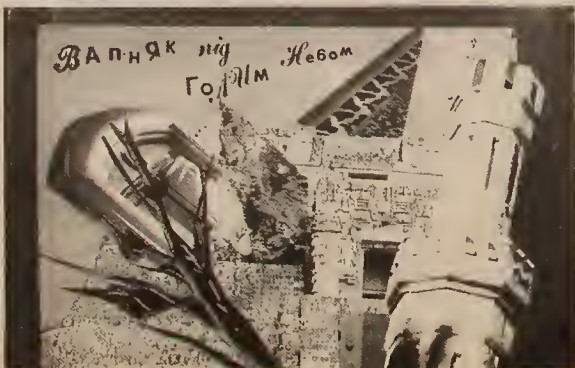
Якщо стверджую, що щось є добре, то раг excellance вважаю це вартисним. Значить, мова про цінності. ВАПНЯКІВ це капела краща за WEDDING PRESENT.

Ремек Гавай

(незалежний смаково й національно)

Передрук — Відріжка No.8

ЧОГО ВАМ ЩЕ...?



FEDORY... The Art of Zen

by Eugene Kachmarsky

THE

Arts

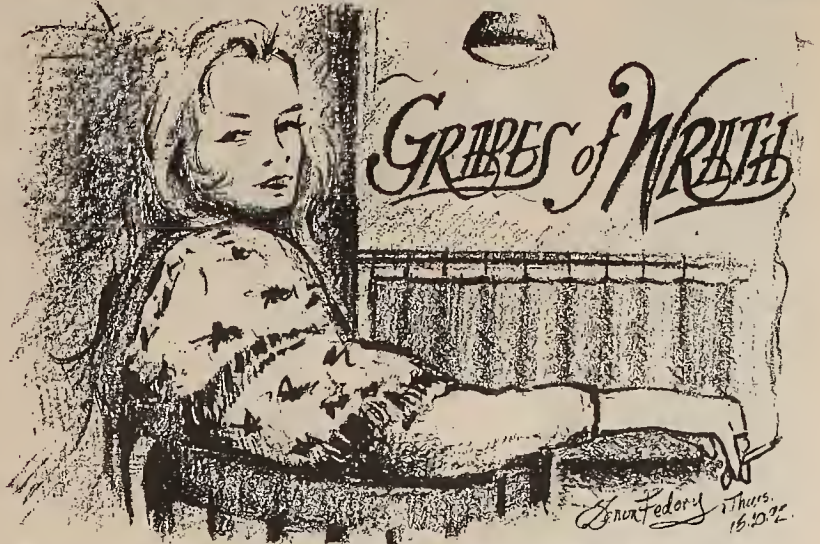
Zenon Fedory is an artist. He simply isn't an artist, though, with the trendy external accoutrements of the mindless, he *is* an artist. All you have to do is spend five minutes with the man - never mind five weeks in a cramped hotel room and watching him act out his dreams while sleeping - to know this to be true.

Coming from the breezy plateau that is Winnipeg Wonderland, Fedory's style is a reflection of a plethora of influences. There is no one style, in fact, that can wholly characterize the *man* as well as his work. He is Ukrainian, and that certainly is a profound manifestation in his work. However, he is more. Fedory has gone beyond the traditional confines of the mainstream and entered a world in which caution and preconceived notions are as anathema as gay bikers on acid.

”

...My backyard is a timeless space filled with all my dreams and desires...

”



Displayed are several of Fedory's sketches. The above was drawn in Winnipeg, at a bar called "Grapes". The subject will soon have a painting of herself, done by the artist, based on the sketch. The other two sketches (bottom) are part of a series based on the movie "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors." Colour is what makes Fedory's paintings come to life - a simple black and white representation of them would serve as an injustice to the artist. Fedory's home is also his studio and private gallery.

This has allowed him to break through constricting barriers that surround the camp in which 'Ukrainian' culture is churned out like sausages in a grinder. In a sense, he is one of the few pioneers that have left the traditional precepts behind for a free pursuit of art, and thereby in the end strengthening and enriching those precepts in a positive way.

He is not simply an instrument through which mechanics are transferred from organic to inanimate form. The depth of Fedory's work and of Fedory himself derives from a well-defined and at the same time chaotic understanding of life and existence. The inspiration comes from the barren soil, where distinction wrestles with abstraction.

It raps the spine, erecting Stonehenges and murderous orgies.

It all may sound crazy to you, but there *is* a sense to what Fedory thinks. There also is a sense to what he paints.

Fedory's themes range from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the *theme* to the *themness*. His works are both an exploration of process as well as an exercise in product. They are shockingly (to the prudish) sexual and yet tenderly gentle. They are both innocent and sinful. They represent a life that is both here and never will be. Colour replaces colourlessness, but when necessary, it doesn't. The dialectic of ideas is as strongly reflected in his images as it is in his mind.

He is optimistic, and this as well is reflected. Fedory believes in the comedic and romantic as opposed to the darker Iliad of tragedy and irony. His works, although it may take you a while to figure them out (not because they are disjointed but because they are complex) simply make you feel good, because once you figure it out, you come out feeling as if you were passenger with the artist on a journey to understanding. If Taras Shevchenko can contemplate breasts, so can we all. We can also walk through pastoral glades and recite philosophical mantras. This is the point. It doesn't all have to be the way it has to be.

There is no mistake to be made about it. To the untrained eye, and more importantly, to the untrained mind, Fedory may appear to be a schism in the fabric of reason. This, however, is an unfortunate assessment that is as undeserved as it is rudely judgemental. You don't have to sleep with the man, you just have to understand him.

Sleeping with him, though, does make that a whole lot easier.

There is a timeless (and it can be maintained, erroneous) idea that art imitates life. This is wrong, because art *is* life and life *is* art. There is a skill required of living and it is a skill which we must strive at which to excel. This is what Fedory, one can interpret, is trying to tell us in his own way. You don't have to be narrow, because there is so much out there to grasp. Why limit the richness of the life experience by confining yourself to a strictly-defined and predetermined pattern of existence and belief. Experience. Explore. If this is in any part anything close to what Fedory has tried to say, then you can make some sense of what this article is trying to say.



Wayne State Ukrainian Students Club & Studentetz present

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Голова Львівської Філії Студентського Братства (СБ)

Представник Союзу Українських Студентів (СУС)

Спів-голова підготовчого комітету Першого З'єднаного Всесвітнього Українського Конгресу Студентів (ЗВУК)

Theme: The Role of Students in Building an Independent Ukraine/ Роль Студентів в Розбудові Незалежної України

at the Ukrainian Cultural Centre, 26601 Ryan Road, Warren Michigan/Rooms 9 and 10

on December 1, 1992 at 7:00 p.m.

WIN A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO STUDENETZ!

The first reader who manages to find S.U.S.K., send in their current address, President, and agenda is eligible for the prize upon successful completion of the following skill testing question: Has there ever been a S.U.S.K. president from Dildo, Newfoundland?

something in stretch

By Stephen Bandera



John Stetch photo courtesy of Terra Nova Records

A Ukrainian from Edmonton has just ended a nine-city Canadian tour with a musical quartet that bears his name. This does not seem, initially, to be an unusual occurrence. The thing that makes the John Stetch Quartet's tour noteworthy is not only the fact that he is a Ukrainian Canadian, but he is a Ukrainian Canadian playing Jazz.

John Stetch was born John Stetchishin 26 years ago in Edmonton. His grandparents came over from Halychyna and Bukovyna, and his grandmother wrote the cookbook "Traditional Ukrainian Cookery" which "Studenten" teferuted out readers to in issue #1 to explain the culinary origin of the newspaper's name. John first listened to his dentist father's jazz collection, and has not looked back since.

John originally played the saxophone, but turned to the piano while studying at McGill University. He managed to get a Canada Council grant to finance his tour which began in Edmonton on October 23rd. John plays the piano, Juno-winner Mike Mutley (ex-Shuffle Demon) forces the sounds out of his tenor sax, Jim Vivian strums the stand-up bass, and Ted Warren keeps the beat on the drums.

The quartet released their first CD entitled "Rectangle Man" through Terra Nova, a small California label. "We sent demo tapes to everyone," Stetch explained, "and we really lucked out with a US label. The market there is huge." After the tour ends up here in Toronto, John moves on to New York to continue his musical studies.

John characterizes his jazz as "post-Be-bop", that is to say it finds its roots in the "Be-bop" jazz of Parker, Gillespie, and Davis who played in the late 50's and 60's. "Be-bop" was a departure from traditional jazz and big band. Stetch's brand of jazz should not be confused, however, with the sounds of another "post-Be-bop" brand of jazz, i.e. "hot tub jazz" which emerged in the 1980's.

In terms of the "Ukrainianeness" of Stetch's jazz, he did include a piece called "Carpathian Blues" in his Toronto sets. The band takes the basic melody of the hutzulian "arkan", and each instrument takes turns doing a variation on it, placing the familiar six notes into a whole new context.

"There are a few Ukrainians in the Canadian jazz scene," Stetch told *Studenten*, foremost of which are Ulana Petsecka, Toronto-based vocalist; Tetry Lukiwski, Trombone from Toronto; Cam Ryga, T.O. Saxophone; Wayne Feschuk, piano, Edmonton; and Trumpet Kevin Elaschuk from Vancouver.

Stetch travelled with fellow Edmonchuk Luba Bilash to Ukraine in 1990 for the first Chervona Ruta festival held in Chernivitsi. "Our music wasn't exactly jazz, but we tried to jazz up the traditional pieces we did." Ukraine is not exactly ready for jazz, according to Stetch, although the emergence of some folk-jazz bands like Chorniy Cheresnai from Volhynia, who won the Maria festival's highest award earlier this year, do bode well for the future.

Stetch was also exposed to Ukrainian Canadian bands in his youth, and he is amazed to this day by their creative genius.

Today, recording artists like Ron Cabute are the most popular in and around the Ukrainian Canadian community. Darka and Slawko did depart from the traditional polka sounds of the Shmenge Btorhets, but our community out here, never mind Ukraine, is not yet ready for a pure jazz artist whose main source of support would be the Ukrainian community.

• XI. 1992

The Big Lie ↓ The Steppes

(with acknowledgements to Rick Emmet and all of his fans)

I pick up my bandura and lay the message down
About the crazy kind of things that make Ukraine
go around

Like the money, the power, the glory on high
Everybody's living with The Big, Big Lie.

Profiteering ex-communist party line says

Tsur in us, people, everything will be fine, but
that's a

Big Lie, baby that's a Big Lie

The disappearing millions should be no cause for
alarm

The Chernobyl effect won't do you any harm, it's
all a

Big Lie, they're selling us a Big Lie

It's the age old game of supply and demand

We're rearing up the country just as fast as we can,
and it's a

Big Lie, getting bigger all the time, it's a

Big Lie, where the truth is hard to find in The
Big Lie.

Prices going up like a hot air balloon

Kravchuk keeps getting richer while babulia's
getting screwed

To feed the Big Lie, welcome to the Big Lie

The politics of power, out of reach and out of
touch

And all their fancy talkin' never did amount to
much in The

Big Lie, beware The Big Lie

The deficit grows like Gloria's nose

As we gaze in admiration at the Emperor's new
clothes, it's

The Big lie.

Old time religion on Khreshchatyk every day

Selling tickets for beadlines in the fundamental
way

The media tells it like it is without a doubt, but
for a hand job or two

They'll sell you short and sell you out

From Kiev to Ternopol it's on with the show, but
it's the

Burned out myth of economic birth control

The kobvasa's in the oven, the trains are on time
Don't worry, be happy live The Big Lie.

No matter how you slice it, it's always the same

The Big Lie seems to be the name of the game
And you can play it if you want, you'll probably
get what you deserve

I guess it all depends upon what Master you serve

Do these words ring true? You get to decide
Or it is just another chapter of The Big Lie.

She gave her beauty for us to keep.

A fertile soil upon which to reap.

She gave us identity, a life to lead,

A proud legacy for her children to read.

She gave us blue skies, cities of gold.

Hopes for the future that never grow old.

With all she provided, and all that she gave.

She could not stop those with chains to enslave.

The Steppes of Sorow lead down to disgrace.

Years of suppression relentlessly took place.

She was raped and beaten because of her fate.

Her sons would fight to defend her faith.

They stole her sole and replaced it with theirs;

They imprisoned her sons, and destroyed her
heirs.

She cried for justice that a world ignored.

She lay defenseless, her innocent veil was torn.

Some sons betrayed her, others have fled,

As her captives rejoiced and prepared her death
bed.

The Steppes of Justice are stained with blood.

What will be the faith of this woman we love?

by Joe Gulausk & Marko Suprun

BOSNIAN UKRAINIANS

(continued from page 3)

odet ro help the refugees survive the cold months
ahead. Other community organizations hold
similar aid campaigns.

The refugees' status forbids them to legally work,
and they are largely dependent on the goodwill of
the Austrians.

The Ukrainian refugees have many stories,
photos and videos of destroyed villages and
churches, but they are afraid to give it to the
media. Serbian intelligence is very efficient,
according to them, and they fear that Serbian
authorities may payback whatever family they left
in the former Yugoslavia.

The Kozarec parish, the largest concentration of
Ukrainians in Bosnia, has 850 members. 150 of
them have been forcibly enlisted by the Serbs; 60
were taken in the first days of the war alone.
There are 41 Ukrainian Catholic parishes in
Bosnia, 14 in Hercegovina and 8 in Macedonia.

The refugees have eyewitness accounts of mass
executions of Muslims, Croats and of other
national minorities. Their reports of mass graves,
full of tens of hundreds of bodies, and how
bulldozers were used to move the earth to cover
them up are often met with disbelief. The
documentation they have to back up their claims
some plan to use as a bargaining chip in their
search for countries who will adopt them.

Any support is welcome and, in the case of the
Ukrainian refugees, should be directed towards
the Ukrainian Central Aid Union in Austria.
Their address is Dresdner Strasse 124/3/19 and
their telephone number: 0222 - 35 - 85 - 363.

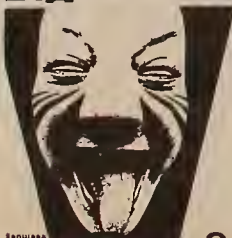
Люди Добрі - ВІДРИЖКА

БО КАЖУТЬ ДИТИНО ЩО МОВА НАША

СОЛОНІНА

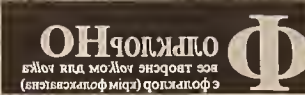
Відрижка, цей „бруківцеві чверть-інтелегенства," коротко кажучи, приставляє реальність українського суспільства в спосіб котрий більшість українського суспільства би не хотіла бачити. Хоча, мушу сказати, що це що я щойно написав - це неправда і перебільшення. Фактично, в Відрижці містяться то що більшість українського суспільства не хочить бачити і тобто не бачить. І фаніно їм всім. Фанініше для тих котрі бачуть що справа ідеться і читають Відрижку.

ВІДРИЖКА



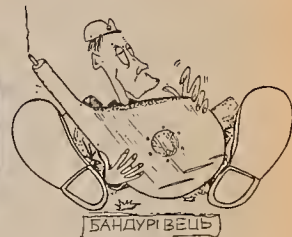
1992 №8

Цей часопис вже існує многа літа. Може існування він дістав в цюпі підчас польського воєнного стану. Може і ні. Так чи так існування часопису Відрижка почалося десь в глибокій, темній, дні Польщі, де до тепер вона чомусь існує, проживає і плодиться (без війніків). Чому ні? І добре цютак.



Але поза пропагандою нема нічого. А Відрижка це тільки Відрижка. Тут можна прочитати про найцікавіші українські рок групи (і також не українські, наприклад канадська група Тішурфтіш), поети, артисти, можна знайти маніфести великих артистичних і псевдо-політичних груп, життєрадісних і не радісних груп, фейлетове на всілякі теми, унікальне мистецтво, серйозно живий український фольклор і дебати на релеґійні теми. У часописі Відрижка містяться все - більше ніж продуктів у Центральному Універмазі в центрі Києва

Найкраще - можна знайти гумор у Відрижці майже на кожній сторінці. Хоча кожний номер не буде мати такі класичні каваки як „Із Щоденника Греко-католицького священника в Польщі", але все ж таке гумор є і буде на кожній сторінці Відрижки.



Числа цього безцінного часопису вже від давна можна було знаходити в кращих помешканнях Канади. Хоча рідко його можна було купити - треба було його пильно і довго шукати. Через неформальність видару журналу неформально він був розповсюджуваний по Канаді, нормально неформальними людьми.

Тепер щастя. Всі хто хуять можуть мать. Як хусти вишліть п'ять гаків любово валутою на адресу Vidryzhka - Studenten, PO Box 88526, Swansea Postal Outlet, 34 Southport Street, Toronto, ONT, M6S 4Z8. CANADA Eh!

САЛОСТІЙНІСТЬ!

The Humour Page

"I have yet to meet an interesting man who doesn't drink."

- Richard Burton

Who fools the foolish?

by N. W. Mann

A word or two on humour.

It is said that when you laugh, the world laughs with you. But when you cry, you cry alone. This is the power of humour. It gives individuals who may have very little else to do with each other a common denominator - a focal point around which their separate consciousness can merge into one. Humour is a unifying factor. It provides large numbers of people an opportunity to relieve the tension of our seemingly impossible lives by simply recognising the absurdity to which life in society can descend. Indeed, humour allows us to alleviate the horror in any difficult situation and replace it with a healthy attitude of acceptance of a given reality.

This acceptance does not, however, require tacit acquiescence. It merely represents an acknowledgement that things are the way they are, and that there is no advantage in idly and passively lamenting or in allowing the given circumstances to overwhelm one's individual ability to 'deal with it'.

Humour especially allows us an enjoyably poignant way to assess ourselves. Because the object of humour is to recognise ourselves for what we really are and not what we wish ourselves to be, there is no more sincere and beneficial way to improve. It is not making light of how stupid we can be. It is making light of how stupid we can be while admitting that we don't have to be that way - that we could be better. And it gives us the chance to laugh at our negative nature while admitting the inherently positive.

Humour, therefore, allows us to become better as individuals, as a group or as society, by giving us the material with which we progress into a higher level of self-understanding. And there certainly can't be anything hideously wrong with that. After all, isn't our goal to increase our potential rather than stagnate at a miserably intolerable standstill?

And besides, it's fun too.

Humour makes us feel good about ourselves because we come to realise that

not every fibre of our existence must be dedicated to apocalyptic seriousness. There is just far too much social pressure in today's world to get so caught up in it all that one fails to realise that reality is both sibilant and ridiculous. Failing to come to such a realisation results in a rudely inaccurate conception of all that surrounds us.

The whole point is that humour of a constructive sort is good. It is necessary. To coin yet another tired, old aphorism, if we can't laugh at ourselves, who can we (do we have a right to), laugh at?

Unfortunately, there are many living on this planet who fail to grasp the salience of this. They are so caught up in themselves and the melodramatic seriousness of their existence that they are blind to the demands that reality makes on them to adapt. And adaptation is the key to survival. It has worked in the physical world for millennia as well as in specific cases in the collective consciousness of our species. We must learn to adapt in order to deal with the changes that drive our environment and, therefore, us. But we cannot accomplish that if we do not know ourselves, if we replace who we are by who we would like ourselves to be. This is unreal.

Humour is one way of achieving that for which we all strive. It can be critical; in fact, it must be critical to be useful. And criticism - while it can be protestful and biting to the ego - is the dynamic by which we get better. We are none of us Supermen, gods or Captain Picard. We are human beings who mewl and puke in addition to smelling like roses.

We all have shortcomings. The whole point is not being too big to admire them and act accordingly to correct ourselves. Failing to accept and understand this is tantamount to sentencing oneself to perpetual insanity. This is also unreal.

The whole secret to staying sane in our collective and individual insanity is taking oneself less seriously than others take you. This not only helps you. It helps me. It helps us. It also prevents you from tearing your own brains out in the process of trying to deprive me of mine. It helps us deal with the gravity of our lives without letting our lives become too grave.

At any rate, you can do a lot of serious shir with a little bit of humour.

”
...acceptance
does not require
tacit
acquiescence...
”



A Distinct Ukrainian Society

by Ivan Francone

I know, I know, if you hear one more word about a 'distinct society', you're just gonna puke. I myself have embarrassingly done so several times. However, I feel it my duty as a proud, hockey-playin', beer-chuggin' Canadian to point out that while the French and English wrangle over whether or not Quebec should be constitutionally ensuted of the right to be unique, the farmers of the Charlotretown Accord have maliciously omitted another ethnic group in our country that is ever so worthy of formal distinct status. I speak, of course, of the Yukon Ahmish.

No, no, just kidding.

Why, naturally, I mean Ukrainian-Canadians.

But how, you may ask, are we Canuckies so different from out Western European, Indian-slaughtering brethren? Well, I wouldn't have started on this if I didn't have a list, right?

1. Cash bats are common at English weddings. If anyone pulled a stunt like that at a Ukrainian wedding, the consequences would make Sarajevo look like summer camp.

2. In the red corner - poutine. In the blue corner - Studenes. Which is more disgusting, you tell me.

3. Ukrainian priests are much snappier dressers than their bland Anglican counterparts.

4. Cultural hero of Ukraine: Taras Shevchenko, sublime poet and philosopher. Cultural hero of Quebec: Bonhomme, eight-foot snowman.

5. Where else but at Ukrainian cafes can you have your cappuccino topped with carbonated Javex mousse?

6. Where else but at Ukrainian cafes can you wait forty-five minutes to be served your cappuccino topped with carbonated Javex mousse?

7. The Cossacks had much more lustrous moustaches than the courtiers-du-bois.

8. Ray Hnatyshyn could drink Audrey McLaughlin under the table any day of the week.

9. How many English bars have customers who bring their own herring?

10. ...And actually eat it!

11. Sure, your backwoods Frenchy moonshine might get a nun to blink once or twice; but for a beverage that'll also run your lawnmower, check out my grandmother's basement.

12. In every other culture, avant-garde poets disappeared with the advent of disco; and yet, in Ukrainian warring holes, they thrive like zebra mussels.

13. 'Lafleur': comes from the French, meaning 'the flower'. 'Coffey': comes from the English, meaning 'coffee'. 'Hawerchuk': comes from the Ukrainian, meaning 'one who drinks twelve mugs of coffee before going out to stomp flowers.'

14. Ukrainians have yet to learn that 'So-Use' really doesn't mean anything in English.

15. The French can't paint Easter eggs worth a crap.

I could go on forever, but *Taras Bulba's* on the Family Channel in five minutes.

Ciao.

Top Ten Ways to identify a Ukrainian vampire

10. Is always drinking Bloody Marys but never seems to buy any tomato juice.
9. Glowing eyes are Chornobyl green instead of blood red.
8. At Future Bakery, orders a dozen cheese perogies and a goat to go.
7. Can transform self at will into undead pot of hapusia.
6. Refuses to turn over silver bullet stockpile to Russian Vampire Federation.
5. Gets nervous when patychiky are served at Easter dinner.
4. Only attends late night 'Free Demjanjuk' rallies.
3. Bumper sticker says 'Honk if you love Ukrainian vampiers'
2. Has entranced love-slave Luba trapped in his wine cellar.
- And the Number one way to identify a Ukrainian vampire (soundtrack: drum roll ref excruciating length of time...)
1. Likes garlic, and lots of it.

1492 - 1992: FOUNDING & REFOUNDING

by Marko Suprun

-The Studenetz Questionnaire -

For no special occasion at all, *Studenetz* would like to hear from you. We want to know what you think of the newspaper. Are the features lively and provocative? Is there too much of the good thing and not enough of the bad? Are you upset that we print on recycled paper? Do parodies stick to your ceiling when you throw them at your roommate? What questions and issues are primary to you? Do you care at all?

This questionnaire, designed in consultation with psychological operations experts of various global security services, along with randomly-selected grandmothers, is designed to give us an idea of how seditious the popular mind really can get. So if you fill this out and mail it in, do not be alarmed when burly young men in dark glasses and driving square, black cars, arrive at your doorstep with a few questions of their own.

I. Mora or Less?

	More	Less	Same	No More
hard news				
analysis				
commentary				
arts				
sports				
investigative				
student affairs				
fiction				
comics				
humour				
mind warping				

2. I frequently read the newspaper. Yes ___ No ___
3. I am a student. Yes ___ No ___ (Age: ___; Sex: ___)
4. I trust my own judgement. Yes ___ No ___
5. I am influenced by consumerism and print advertising. Yes ___ No ___
6. I eat pierogies and hotlubits. Yes ___ No ___
7. I eat Tai Dop Wal and whatever Vogue tells me to eat. Yes ___ No ___
8. I prefer radical ideas to stagnant dogma. Yes ___ No ___
9. I would like to see the paper *mora* often. Yes ___ No ___
10. I am or intend to be professionally well-established. Yes ___ No ___ Profession: _____
11. I dress warmly in cold weather. Yes ___ No ___
12. I believe I should have a serious volca. Yes ___ No ___
13. I believe that I have not found a serious madium for my voice. Yes ___ No ___
14. I believe I should have a constructiva say in the way my community develops. Yes ___ No ___
15. I am satisfied with what is provided me by those who claim to rapresent my interests. Yes ___ No ___
16. Comments: _____

17. Do you want to live someone elsa's life? Yes ___ No ___
18. Is anyone originally from Ternopil related to you? Yes ___ No ___

We are very interested in your comments and views, as you no doubt are curious about ours. Fill and send this survey in (see Page Two for the address) and we will send you a complimentary issue at next printing.

PERMISSION TO FREELY DISTRIBUTE THE IDEAS EMBODIED IN THIS PAPER MAY BE OBTAINED IN WRITING FROM THE EDITORIAL STAFF.

1992 marks the 500 year anniversary of the discovery of the New World. For most of us, it's difficult to sincerely comprehend the full meaning behind the concept of a "New World". Moreover, it's difficult to imagine the strength and courage necessary to challenge our most fundamental fears. Christopher Columbus, driven by a burning desire few men will ever feel, had the savvy to master his fears, and the charisma to show others how. If you stop and think for a moment, nothing since Columbus's voyage in 1492 has so dramatically changed the world. To many, especially Columbus, it was the re-discovery of Eden. It truly was the founding of a "New World."

The movie *1492* was released to celebrate the 500 year anniversary of Columbus's voyage. At one point in the movie, Queen Isabella despairingly remarks, "The New World...is a disaster". Columbus, having spent a year in prison, ponders a moment and replies, "And the Old One...an achievement?" It was then I realized that today, the West is faced with an opportunity of the same magnitude that faced Columbus and the world in 1492.

The discovery in 1492 was another chance for society to restructure its fabric; to pave a new road; to right the many, many wrongs. It brought new hopes for a better life. It gave many daring women and men an opportunity to free themselves from their pasts. Proverb XXIX, in *The Book of Proverbs* states: "Where there is no vision, the people perish". Indeed, the greatest vision of all is the ability to see beyond life's constraints and in so doing, free the human spirit. History has provided rare occurrences of visionary men like Columbus, who saw the potential treasures beyond society's self-imposed barriers and constraints. These men and women challenged the establishment and risked their lives to capture an opportunity to claim the wealth for society. Without these visionaries, society would have perished a long time ago. They understood that only through freedom could they secure the wealth of the future. Ultimately, the "New World" freed 15th century society from their own history and secured a future for a thousand unborn generations.

The Founding Fathers of the United States fully understood the measure of freedom. They understood that without the freedom to become master of one's destiny, man will forever be a servant to tyranny. To free society, and hence grasp the opportunity to secure their future potential, they elevated the individual spirit to new heights in order to achieve a new victory. To many of the Founding Fathers, government was an obstacle to individual freedom and should be severely limited. In this regard, they founded a 'New Republic' based upon the highest regard for the pursuit of individual freedom. What they perceived as a natural right to freedom is embodied in the Constitution of the United States of America. The constitution became an inviolate covenant that could only be enhanced as society progressed and changed.

Indeed, the world has once again been dramatically changed. Last year, the revolutions that freed Eastern Europe from Communist and Soviet domination was epitomized by the collapse of the U.S.S.R. During the last 74 years of Communism in the Soviet Union, a countless number of people who opposed the totalitarian system of subjugation found themselves serving life sentences in Siberian concentration camps. Many of these innocent individuals had their identities stolen and became what George Orwell referred to in *1984* as "non-persons". On December 25th, 1991, political poetic justice was served when the Soviet Union became a "non-country". The "New World" that Lenin founded on the ideals of socialism, was a disaster.

Prior to his death Lenin admitted that his attempt at founding the first socialist state was a failure. In his own words, Lenin said: "We must be clearly aware that the attempt has failed and that it is impossible suddenly to change people's outlook acquired over the ages. We can try to drive the population into the new system by force, but the question would still remain whether we would retain power in this all-Russian slaughter house." Ironically, Lenin implicitly conceded that the "Old World" was an achievement.

The collapse of the Soviet Union was for many of the republics a chance to become master's of their own destiny. In many ways, Ukraine's Independence is another chance for Ukrainian society to restructure its fabric; to pave a new road; to right the many, many wrongs. For many Ukrainians, independence brings new hopes for a better life. Ukrainian Independence has given many daring women and men an opportunity to free themselves from their Communist past. They are faced with an unprecedented opportunity to re-discover their "Old World".

The Ukrainian "Old World" has existed for centuries under the foot of the Russian Tzar, and has been imprisoned for the last 74 years by the Soviet Union. Leaders of Ukraine can secure the potential treasures of freedom for future generations by resurrecting the "Old World" traditions as they forge a 'New Ukraine'. The re-discovering of the "Old World" through

Ukrainian Independence is of the same magnitude that accompanied the discovery of the "New World" in 1492. In this regard, it is incumbent upon the Ukrainian Diaspora to become active participants in re-founding Ukraine.

As with other foundings and re-foundings, the wealth of freedom and independence is enshrined in a constitution. Following the Declaration of Independence, Ukrainian officials embarked upon the creation of a constitution. Ukrainians have been inundated for 74 years with a government that reached into every aspect of their individual lives. Indeed, it was the Communist Party that defined their lives and controlled their destinies. One would think that the Ukrainian Constitution would guarantee individual freedom for Ukrainians by limiting government control. Unfortunately, the Ukrainian Constitution is at best, a bureaucratic sterile document that can potentially turn their freedom into another form of tyranny and turn their "New World" into a disaster.

For example, Article 6 of Part One of *The Principles of the Constitutional System* maintains that "State bodies and officials exercise their powers in accordance with the principle 'only that is allowed which is defined by law'." This axiom allows state officials to define what is allowed, as they are the individuals that will define the law. Is this another attempt at controlling the fate of individual lives? Given the fact that the people who are framing the constitution are former Communists, an axiom that would empower the state and not individuals should not be surprising.

Article 6 continues to assert that "Citizens exercise their rights in accordance with the principle 'all is allowed that is not prohibited by law'." Rather than guarantee their citizens the right to pursue their individual interests without interference from the state, Ukrainians are once again confined by the government. Would it not be wiser to follow an axiom that would allow individual self-interest to develop without governmental interference, which in turn would develop Ukraine to its fullest potential? It is true that individualism should be pursued at the expense of other individuals. However, this is something that should be taught and not legislated. When governments begin legislating what the people can and cannot do, that government invariably becomes despotic.

The Ukrainian Constitution as it stands today, infringes on individual freedom which limits individual rights. Today, Ukraine is lacking people of vision that can secure a free and prosperous state. And "without vision, people perish". At the end of its first year of independence, Ukraine has reached a fork in the road. They can secure freedom for the individual by limiting the government or they can create a despotic overbearing government and limit individual capabilities. The first step to securing their freedom would be to frame a constitution independent of influence from old Communist nomenclatura and apparatchiks. Ukrainian Independence can develop to its fullest potential with help from the Ukrainian Diaspora who have enjoyed the individualism guaranteed by Western Constitutionalism. Without it, Ukrainian Independence and the re-founding of Ukraine is jeopardized.

THE "MARK OF THE BEAST"

ALL Christians are PROHIBITED by Revelation 14:9-11 from cooperating with the "MARK-OF-THE-BEAST" barcode, OCR-number, and magnetic-strip scanning systems, (as found in local libraries, supermarkets, retail establishments, etc.), which also THREATEN to SUBVERT individual Privacy and Freedom.

The scanners can serve THE SAME CRIMINAL PURPOSE as the TV cameras in the book "1984"!

The UPC bar-codes are probably the most blatant form of the "MARK OF THE BEAST" so far, with the "NUMBER OF THE BEAST", 666, ALREADY CODED INTO THEM. Each of the so-called "guard patterns", pairs of thin lines spaced close together at the beginning, middle, and end of each full-length UPC bar-code, is IDENTICAL to one of the two codes for a 6.

WARN YOUR FRIENDS! UN-altered REPRODUCTION and DISSEMINATION of this IMPORTANT Information is ENCOURAGED.

Robert E. McElwaine
University Library Planning Discussion

"So we are necessarily strangers to ourselves, we do not comprehend ourselves, we *have* to misunderstand ourselves, for us the law "Each is furthest from himself" applies to all eternity—we are not men of knowledge with respect to ourselves."

-Friedrich Nietzsche, *On the Genealogy of Morals*