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(Straw Incrustation)*

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ART and self expression

Some of us were in school. Some of us still are. But it was there perhaps that we began to notice that things people know and do can be placed into individual categories: Math, Science, Religion, Language, Literature, Philosophy, and so on. The "field" of knowledge known as Art can be included in this growing list.

There are theories as to how our primitive ancestors developed their different skills and stored up their facts in such a way that we now have various "subjects" in school, grade school and on up. These theories probably vary from one group of peoples, or nation, or civilization, to another. And yet, the basic element of *curiosity* has been there most likely in everyone of the primitive societies. The curiosity that a child has, for instance. In math, or simple arithmetic, early man devised means to keep track of his possessions: sheep, loaves of bread he baked, trees he cut down for building and firewood, and so on. When it came time for him to build a shelter for himself and his family, he had to figure on measuring land, leveling a foundation evenly, using the concepts of simple geometry, and so on.

The same step-by-step discoveries perhaps applied to his growing knowledge of science as well. Here, early man's sense of wonder took over. He noticed that the sun "ruled" by day, the moon and stars, by night. He saw that there were seasons that followed in a sequence, birds, that flew in the southern direction for the colder months, small acorns that grew into tall, towering oak trees, and so on. And even his regular, daily need for food and drink maybe gave him the notion that there is a certain order in things. From that thought, primitive man may have felt a need to devise certain rituals and ceremonies around a religion, a growing faith in a power greater than himself. A need to humble himself before the magnificence and grandeur of the Nature all around him. In this way, he felt comforted in troubled times, and at peace with man and beast when things were going right.

Then, when his basic needs were met (when he was fed, when his thirst

was quenched, when the fire crackled warm in his shelter, in the cave he and his clan had taken for a home) when he felt satisfied and comfortable, he could sit back and relax. And with his sense of wonder and curiosity acting up, he could let the shadows on the wall, the leaping and ever-changing shadows of the fire flames, take his mind away. Perhaps, then, after a countless number of nights like this, he stood up, walked slowly towards the wall of the cave, and, first touching the moving shadows carefully, tried to trace them, with dirt or wild berry juice or antelope blood still left on his fingertips from the evening's meal. And so on and on. It is known, for instance, that early man began drawing pictures of the animals he hunted. These pictures, called "cave drawings," can be seen still in many parts of Europe, even in our forefathers' Byelorussia. Pictures now preserved and protected by various historical societies. And perhaps, this is the way Art began.

The word "art" has come to mean many things, to a lot of different people. I used to think that art was basically paintings, "good" watercolor drawings, ink sketches, and prints and engravings. Then, as I grew a little older, when I reached senior high, I began hearing about artistic movies. I began noticing that a few well-known musical symphonies were called "works of art," that this or that distinguished author or poet had produced a "work of art." I heard the word used in many ways. By the way, what Shakespeare's Juliet asks her boyfriend, "Romeo, Romeo wherefore *art* thou Romeo?", I later learned, really was intended to mean: "Romeo, why are you called Romeo?"

But, then, also in high school, I began getting turned off by the ways various teachers were teaching about these great "works of art," as they were called. I took the good with the bad. Then, after thinking about what an English instructor had said, I soon realized that I would have to branch out on my own and, as he advised, work on expressing *myself*. And so, art, to me, came to mean ways of self-expression; that is, sharing my feelings, experiences, ideas and the way *I* saw life around me. And this meant, sharing these with others who might get something out of it. In my case, I used pen and paper. I began writing poetry, enjoying the sound of well-rhymed words, the sound of verses with a good "beat" or meter as it is called. In short, I thought I had found my calling in life because, by first imitating distinguished, first-rate writers, I could develop a style of my own and share with others, on paper, all that I thought my life was all about.

In an earlier editorial, the Creative Writing department of this magazine, encouraged you the readers to share a part of yourself, naturally, by contributing articles. We want to repeat this: you are encouraged to EXPRESS YOURSELF, by sitting down and writing down some ideas

you've had, feelings, things that have happened to you or that you wish would happen to you. (You can write these down in any way you wish: short poems, short stories with a beginning and an end, essays, and so on.) It's likely that most of you have had some sort of contact with what poetry and fiction is. No one has ever written the greatest this or the greatest that on the first try. You don't even have to have plans of making writing a serious hobby. If you do, however, so much the better. But we all have something to say about at least something in our lives. Getting it down on paper so that one could think twice about it and then sending it to the editors so that your fellow readers can share your thoughts and ideas with you, can be that little spark you needed to get you going in an artistic direction . . .

What's more, on behalf of this department and I'm sure the entire editorial board of *Byelorussian Youth* magazine, this editor would like to thank those who have already contributed or plan to do so, and to encourage those others of you who have not done so yet to send in a little something.

A good song or musical piece begins with a single note, a good story begins with a single word. Sometimes beginning in the middle and working towards the beginning isn't a bad idea either. The thing is, to begin somehow, somewhere. You have nothing to lose but a few cents for stamps and an envelope.

Looking forward to hearing from you,
Andrew Gosciejew
Creative Writing Editor.

НА ЧУЖЫНЕ

Вакол мяне кветкі прыгожа красуюць,
Маркотна між іх я хаджу адзінок,
Аж бачу — мне сінняй галоўкай ківае
Наш родны, забыты ў цяньку васілёк.

„Здароў будзь, зямляча!” чуць бачны ў даліне
Панура, нявесела шэпча ён мне:
— „Спамянем, мой дружа, у багатай чужыне
Аб беднай, далёкай сваёй старане”.

М. Багдановіч

MAKSIM BAHDANOVICH

Among the greatest Byelorussian poets, Yanka Kupala and Yakub Kolas, Maksim Bahdanovich has a very special place. His poetic activities were closely associated with Byelorussian literary life and the national awakening of the *Nasha Niva* period. *Nasha Niva* (Our Field) was the first legal Byelorussian newspaper printed in Vilna from 1906-1915. Many patriotic Byelorussian poets and writers rallied around *Nasha Niva* in order to publish their literary works. The contributors were: Yanka Kupala, Yakub Kolas, Cyotka, Zmitrok Byadula, Ales Harun, Kanstantsya Buyla and Maksim Bahdanovich.

Maksim Bahdanovich, was born on December 10, 1891, in Miensk. When he was six-months-old the family moved to Grodno. In 1896, the family moved to Russia. The Bahdanovich family lived a city life of a typical Byelorussian intelligentsia family of that period. Byelorussian folk customs and traditions were observed, along with Russian culture and the use of the Russian language, in the Bahdanovich household. Byelorussian folklore and traditions were preserved and handed down by Maksim's great-grandmother, Rosalia. She lived with the Bahdanovich family and was known for her story telling and folk singing abilities.

It was in 1911, at the age of twenty, that Maksim Bahdanovich spent some time in his native Byelorussia. At that time he visited Vilna, and also spent about a month in a Byelorussian village located between Vialeyka and Miensk. The second and last time that Bahdanovich spent in Byelorussia was in October of 1916. During that time he visited Miensk. However, because of the advanced condition of his illness, which was tuberculosis, he was forced to leave Byelorussia in February of 1917 and go to Yalta, on the Crimea, for treatment. There he died on May 25, 1917, at the age of 26.

Thus, up until 1911, Maksim Bahdanovich learned about Byelorussia from books, his family's observances of Byelorussian traditions, and his great-grandmother. His first printed work, a short prose story "The Musician", appeared in 1907 in *Nasha Niva*. In 1913, his only collection of selected poems, *Vyanok* (The Garland), appeared in Vilna. Maksim Bahdanovich's poems are very patriotic. He believed in the national longevity and perseverance of the Byelorussian people. The essence of this belief is plainly evidenced in the poem "Sonnet" (printed in *Byelorussian Youth*, Vol. 1, No. 1, p. 10). His experiences and philosophical thoughts are reflected in the poems. The descriptions of Byelorussian landscapes and nature are very lyric and original. On the basis of Byelorussian folk fantasies, Bahdanovich wrote many poems dealing with the grandeur of the Byelorussian historical past. On the other hand, he was also aware of the na-

tional and social conditions of the Byelorussian people at that time. Even though his knowledge of the Byelorussian language was poor, his poems however, are of exceptional lyrical beauty and depth. Many of his patriotic poems have been set to music, such as “The Weaving Women of Slucak”, “Pahonya”, and others. His poems also provided the lyrics for some of the most beautiful Byelorussian romantic songs, such as “Zorka Venera”.

The present day Soviet Byelorussian literary critic, Ryhor Byarozkin in his book, *Man At Dawn*, published in 1970 in Moscow, stated the following about Bahdanovich's poem “The Weaving Women of Slucak”: “If Bahdanovich was only the author of “The Weaving Women of Slucak”, his name would remain among the greatest Byelorussian poets in the Byelorussian literature.” Bahdanovich's poem “Pahonya” (The Pursuer) is one of the most patriotic poems found in Byelorussian literature, Pahonya, once the emblem of the Grand Duchy of Litva (Lithuania), once the name of Byelorussia.

The present day Soviet Byelorussian poet Michas Straltsou, in his essay, *The Puzzle of Bahdanovich*, published in 1968, contemplated the fact that Bahdanovich had all the qualifications to become one of the greatest Russian poets, and yet instead, he chose to enrich the Byelorussian literature. The puzzle is, what caused Bahdanovich to make this choice? As is stated in the essay, “He wrote in Russian and Ukrainian, but he was a creative artist only in his native Byelorussian language.” The essay concluded with the following words: “He is gone — but his Pahonya still pursues.”

To Maksim Bahdanovich, a literary work had to be a complete piece of art. In his work “The Apocrypha” (printed in *Byelorussian Youth*, Vol. 2, No. 4, p. 5) Maksim Bahdanovich expressed this concept. He wrote: “There is no beauty without nourishment, for the very beauty is itself a nourishment for the soul.”

At a time when his contemporaries did not venture into translations beyond the Russian, Polish, and Ukrainian literature, Bahdanovich translated, as well as imitated, various poetic rhymes from the ancient Roman, German, French, Finnish, Scandinavian, Spanish, Serbian, Persian and even Japanese poetry.

Thus, Maksim Bahdanovich left us a legacy of exceptional beauty. In addition, he became an example for us all. Maksim Bahdanovich lived in a foreign country, spoke a foreign language at home, and he was not exposed to the Byelorussian masses. Yet, he loved Byelorussia and its people, and thus he contributed not to the Russian literature, but enriched the Byelorussian literature with his exceptional talent.

Raisa Stankievic

МУЗЫКА

(Першы друкаваны твор паэты)

Жыў на сьвеце музыка. Многа хадзіў ён па зямлі ды ўсё граў на скрыпцы. І плакала ў яго руках скрыпка, і такая была ў яго граньні нуда, што аж за сэрца хапала...

Плача скрыпка, льюць людзі сьлёзы, а музыка стаіць і выводзіць яшчэ жаласьней, яшчэ нудней. І балела сэрца, і падступалі к вачом сьлёзы: так і ўдарыўся-б грудзьмі аб зямлю ды ўсё слухаў-бы музыку, усё плакаў-бы па сваёй долі...

А бывала яшчэ і так, што музыка быццам вырастаў у вачох людзей, і тады граў моцна, гучна: гудзяць струны, звоніць рымка, бас, як гром, гудзіць і грозна будзіць ад сну і завець ён народ. І людзі падыймалі апушчаныя галовы, і гневаам вялікім блішчэлі іх вочы.

Тады бляднелі й трасьліся, як у л'хаманцы, і хаваліся ад страху, як тыя гадзюкі, усе крыўдзіцелі народу. Многа іх хацела купіць у музыкі скрыпку яго, але ён не прадаў яе нікому. І хадзіў ён далей між бедным людзям іграньнем сваім будзіў ад цяжкага сну.

Але прыйшоў час, і музыкі ня стала: злыя й сільныя людзі кінулі яго у турму, і там скончылася жыцьцё яго... І тыя, што загубілі музыку, узялі яго скрыпку і пачалі самі граць на ёй народу.

Толькі іхняе граньне нічога людзям не сказала. — „Добра граеце”, гаварылі ім, — „ды ўсё ня тое”. І ніхто ня мог растлумачыць, чаму ад граньня музыкі так моцна білася сэрца бедакоў. Ніхто ня ведаў, што музыка ўсю душу сваю клаў у ігру. Душа яго знала ўсё тое гора, што бачыў ён па людзях; гэта гора грала на скрыпцы, гэта яно вадзіла смыкам па струнах; і ніводзін сыты ня мог граць, як грала народнае гора.

Прайшло шмат гадоў з таго часу. Скрыпка разьбілася. Але памяць аб музыку ня зьгінула зь ім разам. І спаміж таго народу, катораму ён калісь граў, выйдуць дзесяткі новых музыкаў і граньнем сваім будуць будзіць людзей к сьвятлу, праўдзе, брацтву й свабодзе.

Максім Багдановіч

C R E D O

Ёсьць адна толькі мудрасьць жыцьця, і яе я шаную.

Вось што кажа яна:

Калі хочаш праўдзіва ты жыць, дык ні чару люблю,

Але толькі да дна.

М. Багдановіч

THE LAND OF POLACAK

RULERS — Usiaslau the Great

In the year 1044, Usiaslau, the son of Polacak's Duke Brachyslau, ascended to the throne of the Polacak Dukedom. He was also known as Usiaslau Polacki, Usiaslau the Great and, by the people, Usiaslau the Wizard (Charadzey). Usiaslau ruled for 57 years. His reign produced political unity and stability throughout the land of Polacak. The Kievan Dukedom, on the other hand, disintegrated into smaller principalities, that waged war against each other and which eventually became independent. The reason being, that after the death of the Kievan ruler, Yaroslau, the Kievan Dukedom was divided among his many heirs. At that time Polacak became the major political enemy of Kiev.

Usiaslau the Great is described in chronicles as an exceptional politician and warrior. Detailed accounts of his numerous belligerent campaigns can be found in many chronicles. He is mentioned with awe and admiration. He is described as a super human, bestowed with supernatural powers. The chroniclers of Novgorod referred to him as a conqueror and destroyer, who many times brought fear to the people of Novgorod. The Kievan chroniclers, on the other hand, showed him as a human being who suffered defeat and betrayal. There are also references to his wisdom and unusual abilities, which the chroniclers explained as sorcery. It is also mentioned that, even at birth, Usiaslau exhibited super human powers. When Brachyslau died and Usiaslau was ascending to the throne, the chroniclers already wrote down the legends which described the supernatural events that supposedly had occurred at Usiaslau's birth. In addition, Usiaslau was born with a strange mark on his forehead. When he grew up, he covered the mark with a band. This made him even more mysterious. Therefore, it is not surprising that the people of the land of Polacak and the neighboring dukedoms called him the Wizard.

During the first twenty years of his reign, the young duke strengthened his rule over the territories of the land of Polacak. In 1060, together with the sons of the Kievan Duke Yaroslau, he is mentioned in the chronicles in connection with the defeat of the Turks. Usiaslau found the opportune moment to destroy Pskou in 1065, when the Kievan princes were busy fighting the Tmutarakan Dukedom on the Black Sea. In 1066, he attacked and destroyed Novgorod. In retaliation for that, Izyaslau and his sons attacked Miensk with their massive armies. Usiaslau, who at that time was waging war in the North, did not expect such quick action on the part of the Kievan princes. He was taken by surprise, and reached Miensk with his army too late to defend the city. However, Usiaslau caught up with them, and a battle took place near Miensk, at the River Nyamiha on March

3, 1067. This battle is described in detail by the unknown author of "The Tale of Ihor's Campaign", written some 120 years later. The Kievan princes were victorious, but did not pursue Usiaslau, who escaped to Polacak. Instead, the Kievan princes retreated from the Polacak territory with heavy losses. This action by the Kievan prince is significant, because it shows how strong Usiaslau and the Polacak Dukedom was at that time.

However, in order to destroy Usiaslau, the Kievan princes resorted to treachery and breach of trust. Thus, the sons of Izyaslau invited Usiaslau to a meeting near Orsha. Once before, in 1021, such a meeting took place between the Polacak ruler Brachyslau and the Kievan Duke Yaroslau the Wise. That meeting ended hostilities and produced positive results for both sides. After crossing the Dniapro River into the Kievan camp, Usiaslau, together with his guards and children, was seized and taken to Kiev. There, they were thrown into the dungeons. Usiaslau of Polacak spent thirteen and a half months in the Kievan dungeon.

On September 15, 1068 an uprising broke out in Kiev. The reason for the revolt was that the Kievan *viecha* decided to continue the war against the Polovtzes and they asked the Kievan duke for armor and horses, which he refused to grant. The Russian historians do not mention the involvement of the Polacak people in the uprising. But it is mentioned in the chronicles that the insurgents assembled near the Polacak trading center, The Court of Brachyslau, in Kiev and decided "to free their warriors from imprisonment." Therefore, it can be assumed that Polacak merchants and other foreigners were staying at The Court of Brachyslau. And it was there that plans were made first to liberate the Polacak duke and then continue the war against the Polovtzes. Thus Usiaslau was set free and asked by the insurgents to become the ruler in Kiev. He reigned in Kiev for seven months. The Kievan Duke Izyaslau escaped to Poland during the revolt. Even though this fact was not mentioned by subsequent Kievan historians in their writings, it is mentioned in "The Tale of Ihor's Campaign". It is stated that Usiaslau fulfilled all the obligations of the ruler.

In 1069, Izyaslau of Kiev, together with the Polish King Baleslau the Courageous returned to Kiev. Therefore, Usiaslau abandoned Kiev and returned to Polacak. There are references in legends about Usiaslau's longing for Polacak. It is said that, while imprisoned in the Kievan dungeon, he heard the bells from the Cathedral of St. Sophia in Polacak ring, and that did not let him rest. It was in 1044, that Usiaslau built the Cathedral in Polacak.

After his return to Polacak, Usiaslau began an intensive battle with the Kievan dukes. He attacked cities that had connections or depended on Kiev. Again he attacked Novgorod. This caused a battle between Usiaslau and Izyaslau's son, Yaropolk. Usiaslau was defeated. This time Yaroslau, another son of Izyaslau of Kiev, decided to establish good relations with

Usiaslau. Therefore, he betrothed his daughter at birth to Usiaslau's son, Hleb, the future ruler of the Miensk Dukedom.

Subsequent information about Usiaslau is found in the writings of the Kievan Duke, Uladzimer Manamach. These references are in connection with the numerous attacks on Polacak by the Kievan dukes and their allies. All these attacks were in retaliation to Usiaslau's annexation of various cities that belonged to the Kievan Dukedom. These attacks were unsuccessful, and not once did the Kievan princes take or destroy Polacak. Thus, the Kievan armies, together with their various allies tried to punish Usiaslau for his attacks on Novgorod in 1076, 1077 and in 1079. After Usiaslau's annexation of Smalensk in 1084, the Kievan princes and their allies plundered and completely destroyed Miensk.

For 37 years Usiaslau of Polacak waged wars that took him from the Gulf of Finland in the North East to the Tmutarakan Dukedom on the Black Sea in the South. During all this time the Polacak Dukedom had only one ruler, whereas the Kievan Dukedom was divided into many principalities and had several rulers that quarrelled among each other.

Usiaslau the Great has a very special place in Byelorussian folklore and literature. His life and actions are the basis for many legends, myths, poems and even some operas. They have kept alive to the present day the memory of one of the greatest rulers of the Byelorussian historical past.

Raisa Stankievic

ІЗ „СЛОВА АБ ПАЛКУ ІГАРАВЫМ” у перакладзе Янкі Купалы

... Усяслаў-князь людзям суд судзіў,
Гарадамі князёў надзяляў.
А сам поначы, сьвету на зьдзіў,
Ваўкалакам ці воўкам гуляў.

Ён бо зь Кіева да пятухоў
Горад Тмутаракань дасьцігаў
І вялікаму Хорсу бязь слоў
Воўкам шлях борзда перабягаў.

Таму ў Полацку рана званы
Пазванілі ў Сафії сьвятой
Да заўтрані, — ён-жа праз сны
Ужо ў Кіеве звон чуе той.

Хоць і вешчая, кажуць, душа
У дзёрзкім целе ягоным была,
Але часта бяды без нажа
Нацярпеўся, што доля дала.

КНЯЗЬ УСЯСЛАЎ ЧАРАДЗЕЙ

Серп-месяц на небе між хмараў брыдзе
срэдзь семені зор адзінокі;
вось, быццам гуляе шчупак па вадзе,
ныраючы ў хвалях глыбокіх.

Арол гэтак ўзьбіўшыся пад воблакаў сіль,
магутны сваёй адзінотай,
аб шэрай нізіне забудзе зусім,
паднебным уніўшыся лётам.

У кіеўскім замку Ўсяслаў Чарадзеі
змагаецца з духам бурлівым
і ўздох гладзінёю калыша грудзей,
бы вецер дасьпелаю нівай.

Ён думаў ня можа цяжкіх ўгаманіць,
тугі сваёй ўцешыць па краю;
і гордае князева сэрца баліць,
ды сон ад вачэй адлятае.

Вось зь вязьніцы сумнай на княжы пасады
яго ўвесь Кіеў паклікаў, —
а ён, ані ўладзе, ні волі ня рад —
ня хоча тэй чэсьці вялікай.

Мілейшыя сэрцу парогі свае,
пасады свой і тыя дружыны,
зь якімі хадзіў у цяжкія баі,
баронячы межы Айчыны.

Мілейшы той Полацкі край дарагі
і пушчы з пахучай жывіцай ...
Нядаўна Нямігі ціхой берагі
крывёю зьліліся крывіцкай.

Там мужных ваяраў ляжаць чалясы —
хто-ж гоіць крывіцкія раны,
тады, калі князь, першы Полацку сын,
чужацкія носіць кайданы?

І хоць над Нямігу склака груганоў
няраз ўжо зьляталася ў госьці —
ды князева сэрца на чамі дамоў
ўсё клічуць байцоў сваіх косьці.

Ужо цемень радзее, ўжо зоры ўцяклі
і зьнік бляды месяц за імі —
князь ўсё яшчэ чуе зямлі свае кліч,
ды з думамі б'ецца цяжкімі.

Ён чуе, як рвецца Дзьвіна ў берагох,
бароў сваіх гоман адвечны,
ён чуе, што ў полацкіх гордых мурах
шуміць ўсхваляванае веча.

Цьвіце ужо неба, як тыя ляны,
і дзень ўжо над Кіевам сіні —
князь слухае сэрцам — б'юць, звоняць званы
у полацкай роднай сьвятыні.

Нядарам казалі, што князь-чарадзеі . . .
Хто-ж, духам прабіўшы прасторы,
у Кіеве чуў-бы, як звон свой гудзе,
хто-б знаў, што ён сэрцу гавора?

Вялікае сэрца мець трэба ў грудзёх
і духа магутныя чары.
каб чуць, як у полацкіх гордых мурах
у звон сьвятой Зофіі ўдараць.

Агнём палымяным трэ' край свой кахаць,
трэ' вырасьці зь ніваў, загонаў,
Каб славу, багацьце — ўсё кінучь, аддаць,
за кліч свайго роднага звону.

Ларыса Геніюш

НАД НЁМАНАМ

Заціхае і грукат і гоман.
Месяц выплыў у небе і сьвеціць.
Як шырока ён кінучь на Нёман
Залацістыя яркія сеці.

Ў іх русалкі заблыталі косы, —
Рвуць бліскучыя, яркія ніці:
Ноч плыве над зямлёй, сее росы,
Ноч шапоча русалкам: „Засьніце”.

М. Багдановіч

MIXED MEMORIES: AUGUST 10, 1968

Following is an entry from a journal I kept a while back. I feel that it comes close to capturing my train of thought the first year of college. I am nostalgic & romantic by nature, in the literary sense. We all have our story of our arrival in America. As immigrants, or children of immigrants, we have a lot in common. History & the past is very important to our people. Let us never dismiss it altogether from our daily lives.

**

Two more weeks & I'll be back in Europe. Back to the womb &, maybe later tomb. I grow very excited in the mornings, after dreaming of my childhood in France. So excited that my mind races faster than I could unravel it. I look back at the last ten years or so & realize that, this November, my family & I will have been in the States exactly eleven years . . . Nothing around me matters anymore. I'm oblivious to my surroundings. I think only of the trip back, of the sunny rocky beaches of Brittany, the congested underground of Paris, the milling crowds at the markets in Lyons.

Even while riding in a car, the memories of France create a veil over my eyes, one that blocks out Cleveland skyscrapers & polluted waters. On one such ride, I glanced up through the rear window, &, as if by magic, saw New York, just as I had seen it for the first time more than a decade ago, when our tiny clan left the Dutchline ship in port, & Uncle Boris came from western Pennsylvania, to pick us up. Strange that I can recall lying in the back seat while we drove quietly from New York, in the night. Someone nudged me to wake up, I don't remember who. In the distance loomed the lady of Liberty, misty & green, amid the night air & crashing, sloshing waves. In the gloom of a fall waning evening, her face, huge & towering, looked the other way, out to the sea. (Years later, that brief memory became buried in afternoons of museums & parks where there were many statues with that classic grace.) But none other held that welcoming torch as the tall maiden had, at the gates of this great nation, in the night air. Our entry having been a stealthy plan that my father & the Flaming Lady had contrived for all of our future welfare. Today, a memory like that makes me think of just how long I've been alive. And, very much alive at that. Today, such a fleeting memory gives me the energy & ambition to revive my entire past. (In writing & other media.)

And so, in two weeks, I'll be bound for Europe. And a few months from now, I'll be in our native Le Creusot, visiting with my relatives, listening to stories about myself, & beginning to understand how I had been as a child. There will be cousins to laugh with & aunts to kiss & hug . . . I'll need a lot of film for my camera. Have to start shopping around for things

AN UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

The orchestra that I went to Italy with is "The Greater Bridgeport Youth Symphony". I am their manager and concertmistress. For those of you, who don't know, Bridgeport is located in Connecticut. Thus, the orchestra paid my way to Italy to go as their manager, concertmistress and, chaperon. We left on Saturday, February 15th, from Kennedy International Airport, and returned on Sunday, February 23rd. During this nine day trip we toured Rome, Florence, Naples, Sorrento and Capri, and concertized in Rome and in Gensano — a town 15 miles outside of Rome. I conducted the orchestra on Monday in Gensano, Italy for a very receptive audience, who at the end of the concert gave me 40 tulips! Dinner that evening was provided by the town where every imaginable Italian delicacy was provided for our taste.

The next day, Tuesday, after many hours of tours, we gave our second and last concert at the Roman Conservatory in Rome. The concert came off superbly. The ancient Roman architecture of the auditorium acoustically was a "musicians dream." The sound enveloped every nook and cranny, such perfection! Through Saturday, time was spent touring Florence, Naples, Sorrento and Capri.

Sunday before leaving for the U.S., I attended three church services in St. Peter's Basilica. Services in many different languages are offered there. I attended early services given in Italian and another in German. Later at 10 A.M., I attended the services performed by Pope Paul. These services are given every Sunday only during the holy year, which happens to be 1975. Monks sang the liturgical chants which echoed throughout the Basilica, along with a choir of nuns, the chorus was completed. The sound created by these human voices sounded so angelic, I couldn't help but cry.

Looking back on the trip from a musician and future educator's view, I can honestly say that no electrical amplifier's, acoustical guitars or moog synthesizer will ever match the beauty of "natural" stone building acoustics!

I just hope I was able to give you just a small taste of what I had seen and experienced. If any of you ever have the chance to go to Italy, do so — I think you'll never regret it!

Margaret Kazan

this week. There are already many photos in the attic, pictures of our family's youth & growth. Mike's ruddy, bloated cheeks, & Ann Marie's exotic features. And Stanley, the baby, nestled in his mother's arms. My eyes are blue, but their essence is lost in the black & whiteness of the snapshots. Yes, my eyes have the blueness of innocence. They have seen many harmless things & places. But, who knows? I may come back from Europe a year from now with a mind's eye of a different color.

Andrew Gosciejew
Cleveland, Ohio



A boy thinking about his girl
Drawing by Paulinka Survilla

In this issue of *Byelorussian Youth* we are featuring two drawings by eleven-year-old Paulinka Survilla. Paulinka is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Yanka Survilla, now living in Ottawa, Canada.

Paulinka is a budding artist, following into the footsteps of her mother Ivonka Symaniez-Survilla, who is an artist in her own right. Paulinka has been drawing pictures ever since she could hold a pencil.

Last year during the Caravan activities in Toronto, Canada her colorful drawings were exhibited in the Byelorussian Pavillion — Miensk. She was then ten-years-old. Even though the pictures lose a lot because we cannot reproduce them in color, as they really are, one can see the talent and Byelorussian character of the drawings.



*A boy playing on his pipe
Drawing by Paulinka Survilla*

THE UNSOLVABLE MYSTERY

*Is the world round
Or is the world flat?
Is it healthy to be
Skinny or fat?
Does the sun move
Or the world around it?
Does our life end
Or is it infinite?*

*Do peop'le eat
To be healthy and fit?
Or do people live
Just so that they can eat?
Life can't be told
Just what it's to do
Life is a mystery
For me and for you.*

Vera Zaprudnik

ЁН ПРЫІДЗЕ!

(Верш прысьвечаны 25-му Сакавіку)

*Ён прыйдзе, гэты дзень! Ён ня прыйсьці ня можа!
Ён прыйдзе й загудзе вясновы буралом,
Пакрышыць, разьмяце, раськідае, зьністожыць
Усё, што нам шляхі да хаты замяло!*

*Ці чуеце? Аб ім шасьціць былнэг аселиц,
Пяюць вятры ў лазе і звоніць крыгаў лёд.
Ахвяраю крыві, — а Слова стане Целам
І ўжо ніколі больш ня ўстане Чорны Год.*

*Няхай бярэмя він прыгнула нас і крылы
Апалі, й хлеб чужы нясмачны й важкі,
Няхай нас апавіў тугой агорклы вырай, —
Трывайма! Ён ідзе — Вялікі Сакавік!*

*Ідзе... й пад ногі рунь яму кладзецца, таюць
Сьнягі, на паплавах зялёнца трава...
Радзіма! Беларусь! Крывіччына Сьвятая!
Багаславі нас жыць, і веру захаваць!*

Наталья Арсеньнева

BYELORUSSIAN YOUTH ACTIVITY

On February 16, the New York BAYO folk dancing group Miaclelica performed two Byelorussian folk dances at the Nationalities Evening, which is sponsored every month by the Folk Festival Council of New York City.

**

On February 23, the BAYO Cleveland folk dancing group performed two dances Kryzachok and Lavonicha at the Cleveland Music Hall at the Annual Folk Festival.

**

Alice Kipel, vice president of the Byelorussian-American Youth Organization, N. Y. Branch and Girl Scouts Leader in the State of New Jersey participated, by invitation, in the Ethnic Youth Leadership Conference in Washington, D.C. on March 6, 1975.

The conference, sponsored by the Republican National Committee, included 12 nationalities from all over the United States and consisted of a series of workshops and lectures by prominent political and government leaders.

The highlights of this seminar were a lecture, reception and full course lunch in the White House.



Jadviga and Karnella Najdziuk reading the March 25th Proclamation at the Byelorussian Independence Day observance



Members of BAYO — New Jersey with New Jersey's Governor Brandon Byrne

On March ^{**}15, Byelorussians in Los Angeles and vicinity commemorated Byelorussian Independence with appropriate activities. As every year, the festive program was organized by BAYO's Los Angeles Branch together with other Byelorussian organizations. The text of the 25th of March 1918 Proclamation was read by Jadviga and Karnella Najdziuk in the Byelorussian and English languages respectively. Victor Najdziuk recited a Byelorussian poem, and Anthony Winicki and Jimmy Sisko sang a few songs from the repertoire of the California Boys Choir to which those two boys belong.

During the program Jadviga Najdziuk, who is the new president of the Los Angeles Branch, introduced her committee members. They are: Ann Winicki — Vice President; Karnella Najdziuk — Secretary; Liza Arciuch — Treasurer; and Lucy Winicki — Historian. Jadviga in her speech appealed to the Byelorussian community in Los Angeles to sup-

port the activities of the youth. Members of the BAYO also provided cakes and cookies which they baked and sold at the celebration. The proceeds of the sale were donated to *Byelorussian Youth* and for the printing of the Anniversary Book.

On March ^{**}16, the folk dancing group Miacielica entertained at the pre-Lent Banquet, Bliny, with two folk dances, Lavonicha and Bulba. The Banquet was organized by the church council of the Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church of St. Cyrila of Turau in Brooklyn, New York. Members of the BAYO in New York also held a raffle during the Banquet which turned out to be quite profitable.

On March ^{**}18, members of the BAYO New Jersey Branch, dressed in native dress, went as part of the Byelorussian delegation which was received by the governor of the State of New Jersey, Brendan Byrne. The delegation also included members of

other Byelorussian organizations in New Jersey. They presented the governor with a photo album, the cover of which was embroidered by Mrs. J. Andrusyshyn of New York City with a Byelorussian design. The governor signed and presented the Proclamation designating March 25th as Byelorussian Day in New Jersey.

On March ^{**}23, Byelorussians from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and vicinity gathered at the Biltmore Hotel in New York City to commemorate the 57th Anniversary of the Proclamation of Byelorussian Independence. Two Congressmen spoke at the observance, along with other dignitaries. The BAYO New York folk dancing group Miacielica performed two dances, Bulba and Vianochak. The New Jersey BAYO folk dancing group danced Polka Yanka and Polka Vasiliok. In ad-

dition Nina Zaprudnik played on the piano.

On March ^{**}23, the Byelorussian community in Bradford, England observed Byelorussian Independence Day. As every year, during the celebration "Miss Byelorussia" was selected. She will represent Byelorussia in the election of "Miss Captive Nations" later this year. Darya Lemashonak, who is a law student, was elected "Miss Byelorussia". The editorial board of *Byelorussian Youth* would like to wish Darya good luck in the upcoming elections of "Miss Captive Nations".

On March ^{**}30, the Byelorussian community in Melbourne, Australia observed Byelorussian Independence with a festive program. A speech commemorating this important historical event was prepared and read by Alla Korbut, who is one of the



The BAYO — New York folk dancing group after its performance at the Biltmore Hotel in New York City

most active young members of the Byelorussian community. Students of the Byelorussian school recited Byelorussian poems. They were: Eugene Hrusha, Vincent Hreskouski, Nina Hryzuk, and Tania Hrusha.

**

On April 6, the Byelorussian community in Richmond Hill, New York observed Byelorussian Independence with appropriate activities. The BAYO New York dancing group Miacielica performed two folk dances and students of the Byelorussian Saturday School recited Byelorussian poems. They were: Vincent Mierlak, Christina and Peter Zacharkiewicz.

**

On April 6, the Byelorussian community in New Jersey observed Byelorussian Independence Day at the church hall of St. Mary of Zyrovy Byelorussian Autocephalic Orthodox Church in Highland Park, New Jersey. The New Jersey BAYO folk

dancing group performed at the commemoration.

**

On April 6, the Byelorussian community in Cleveland, Ohio and vicinity commemorated the Proclamation of Byelorussian Independence with an appropriate program. The mayor of Cleveland, the honorable Ralph Perk attended and made a speech along with many other dignitaries. The Women's Choir with girls from BAYO sang Byelorussian songs. The folk dancing group of BAYO Cleveland Branch under the direction of Helen Kononczuk performed two folk dances. The young Byelorussian escapee, Yanka Chanenka, recited the poem „He Will Come” by Natalia Arsieneva. The poem is dedicated to the 25th of March 1918, when Byelorussia proclaimed its independence. The poetess believes that the day will come again.

**



Members of the BAYO — New Jersey folk dancing group in front of the Biltmore Hotel in New York City

On April 6, as every year, the Byelorussian Coordinating Committee of Toronto, Canada observed Byelorussian Independence Day with a festive program. In charge of the program was Jazep Pitushka, member of the Byelorussian Canadian Youth Association. The girls dancing group, Pierapiolachka, performed the dance Vianochak and the dancing group, Lavonicha danced the always popular folk dance Lavonicha. Both groups are under the direction of Eva Pashkievich. Byelorussian poems were recited by Marianna and Vera Nekrashevich, Halina Rymsha, and Anthony Vyaliki. Eva Pashkievich recited a poem by Uladzimer Dubouka.

**

On April 13, the Jersey City State College Slavic and East European Club held its Annual Festival of East European Music and Dance. Sophie Drazdouski, a member of BAYO New York is the Vice

President of the club and her brother George, also a member of BAYO New York, is the Secretary of the club. Besides the Byelorussian groups, Polish, Lithuanian, Russian, Ukrainian, and Slovak groups were on the program. Byelorussia was well represented by the Women's Choir Kalina, from South River, New Jersey. The choir is under the direction of composer, Xavery Borisovets, and it demonstrated its versatility and talents by singing five songs. Also, two BAYO folk dancing groups performed a total of five folk dances. The New York girls group Miacielica, under the direction of Nina Zaprudnik and Raisa Stankievich performed three dances — Vianochak, Bulba and their version of Lavonicha. The New Jersey BAYO folk dancing group under the direction of Alla Orsa-Romano, danced Polka Yanka and Lavonicha. All in all, the Byelorussians did a good job in acquainting the large

and enthusiastic audience with the beauty of Byelorussian folk songs and dances.

**

On April 26, BAYO Headquarters president Raisa Stankievic read a paper about Byelorussian Youth in North America at the Byelorussian Studies Weekend at the University of Ottawa in Ottawa, Canada. This lecture series was organized by the Byelorussian Institute of Arts and Sciences in Canada. Byelorussian, as well as Ukrainian scholars presented papers dealing with Byelorussian topics.

**

On May 16 and 17, BAYO Headquarters president, Raisa Stankievic served as hostess at the Fifth Annual Convention of the National Republican Heritage Groups Council at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington, D.C. As hostess she wore her native dress and assisted with other hostesses at the various official receptions for dignitaries who attended the convention. One of these dignitaries was Vice President Nelson D. Rockefeller. There also was a reception at the White House, where President Ford addressed the group. The event was shown on TV in Maryland and Virginia. In that news report, Byelorussians were mentioned as one of the participating ethnic groups in the convention.

**

On May 18, the New Jersey BAYO folk dancing group performed three folk dances during the Nationalities Evening, sponsored by the Folk Festival Council of New York City.

**

On May 25, the New Jersey BAYO folk dancing group entertained at the Banquet which took place after the dedication of the monument at the Byelorussian cemetery in East Brunswick, New Jersey. The group

danced three Byelorussian folk dances, Polka Yanka, Polka Vasi-liok and Lavonicha.

Earlier in the day, members of BAYO layed a wreath at the Memorial after it was dedicated to those who fought for a free Byelorussia.

**

During the Memorial Day Weekend, May 25 and 26, the BAYO Cleveland Branch sponsored a sports tournament and dance. Participating in volleyball was the Nioman team from South River, New Jersey and both of the Cleveland senior and junior teams. First place, Nioman; second place, Cleveland senior team. The Cleveland BAYO acknowledge the injury of Bob Haydn and wish him a speedy recovery — Sorry Bob!

In the evening everyone attended the BAYO dance which turned out to be a tremendous success and the BAYO members would like to thank everyone for attending and helping out. Special thanks for Mr. Streczyn for a twenty dollar donation during the dance. The BAYO in Cleveland hope that all their efforts will be as rewarding as this one.

**

On May 28, Byelorussians participated in a Program of Multi-Cultural Entertainment at the Little Theater of Douglass College in New Brunswick, New Jersey. The festival was organized by the Intercultural Communication Conference. The Women's Choir Kalina under the direction of Xavery Borisovets sang Byelorussian songs and the BAYO New Jersey folk dancing group performed three folk dances.

**

Paulinka Survilla is a sixth-grader at St. Basil's Elementary School in Ottawa, Canada. A few weeks ago she participated in a public speaking contest in her class. Paulinka on her own, prepared and delivered a five-minute speech and an exhibit about

Byelorussia. Out of forty students, she and another four, were chosen the best speakers. The five winners then presented their speeches to the entire faculty of the school. Paulinka was awarded first place and was praised for her speech, which the teachers found most interesting and educational.

**

On May 27, The New York Times reported that on May 26, two Soviet astronauts checked out systems to continue a research program aboard an orbiting Soviet space station, after docking with and boarding the craft in pitch darkness. One of the two astronauts is Byelorussian Pyotra Klimuk. As The New York

Times further stated, the rendezvous was handled automatically to within about 330 feet of the space station. The two-man crew then reduced their speed and, despite the lack of visibility, made the successful docking maneuver manually.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Eugene Kazan graduated in Fall 1974 from the University of Connecticut with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Electrical Engineering. Gene now is attending Graduate School at the University of Connecticut, where he is presently studying for a Master's Degree in Electrical Engineering (communications).

In the British journal, *Folklore* printed in 1914, an article appeared about Byelorussian folk songs. There are approximately forty songs printed along with the music and the lyrics translated into English. There is also an interesting statement printed: "The White Ruthenians... sometimes called Byelorusses or White Russians, but incorrectly, since no White Ruthenian would ever allow himself to be called by a name which would imply that he was Russian".

На часапіс „Беларуская Моладзь” у касу адміністрацыі на працягу трох месяцаў паступілі наступныя грашовыя ахвяры і падпіска: Ананімна — 50 дал., Адзел АБAM, Кліўленд — 40 дал., Ч. Найдзюк — 26 дал., У. Бакуновіч — 20 дал., А. Каранеўская — 20 дал., П. Кажура — 20 дал., М. Баяроўскі — 11.85 дал., Г. Архацкі — 10 дал., Адзел АБAM у Лёс Анджэлесе — 10 дал., С. Каранеўскі — 10 аўстралійскіх дал., Ю. Качан — 10 аўстрал. дал., В. Кіпель — 10 дал., др. Я. Малецкі — 10 аўстрал. дал., Т. Маркевіч — 10 дал., А. Міцкевіч — 10 дал., Ю. Нарушэвіч 10 аўстрал. дал., М. Васілеўская — 10 дал., Н. Жызьнеўскі — 10 дал., В. Мельяновіч — 8 дал., М. Бакуновіч — 5 аўстрал. дал., К. С'лікоўскі — 5 аўстрал. дал., Ю. Дубяга — 4 дал., А. Гурэцкас — 4 дал., М. Нэстар — 4 дал. Разам — 359.82 дал.

Усім ахвярадаўцам і нашым падпішчыкам шчырае беларускае дзякуй!

Рэдакцыйная Калегія

ДАРАГІЯ СУРОДЗІЧЫ — ПРЫЯЦЕЛІ МОЛАДЗІ

Мы — Галоўная Управа Арганізацыі Беларуска-Амэрыканскае Моладзі ў ЗША падрыхтоўваем матэрыялы да заплянаванай раней кнігі ў ангельскай мове ў сувязі з 25-годзьдзем нашае арганізацыі.

Так хочацца даць вартасны матэрыял інфармацыйны ня толькі пра дзейнасьць нашае Арганізацыі, але й пра нашу спадчыну, а таксама й прыгожа аформіць гэтае выданьне вонкава. Кніга будзе выдадзеная ў ангельскай мове й будзе багата ілюстраваная фотаздымкамі зь дзейнасьці моладзі. Мы хочам даць амэрыканскаму чытачу праўдзівае ўяўленьне пра Беларусь і ейны народ.

Калі-б Вы пажадалі нешта нам сказаць у сувязі з нашымі ўгодкамі ў гэтай кнізе ў беларускай ці ангельскай мове, нешта зафіксаваць з нашае багатае літаратурнае ці гістарычнае скарбніцы для нас і для новых сяброў, што прыоймуць ад нас працу, мы з ахвотаю дадзём Вам месца ў гэтай кнізе, але за аплату. Гэта дапаможа нам зрэалізаваць нашу задуму, бо нашыя матэрыяльныя магчымасьці вельмі сыціплыя.

Аплата за цэлую бачыну будзе выносіць 100 даляраў, за палавіну бачыны — 50 даляраў, за чверць — 25 даляраў. Таксама і беларускія арганізацыі могуць скарыстаць з гэтае нагоды й прылажыцца да выкананьня добрае справы.

Калі-б знайшліся паміж Вамі, што захацелі-б нешта ахвяраваць на гэтую мэту, паводля сваіх магчымасьцяў, мы з удзячнасьцяй прымем гэтую ахвяру, а імёны ахвярадаўцаў, калі ахвяра будзе ня меншай за 10 даляраў, будуць пададзеныя ў кнізе.

Дык, Дарагія Суродзічы, слова за Вамі, за працягнутую й гэтым разам нам руку з падтрымкай будзем шчыра ўдзячныя.

Грошы на гэтую мэту просім перасылаць на наступны адрас:

Raisa Stankievic

82 — 21 1644 Place, Jamaica, New York 11432

**За рэдакцыйную Калегію кнігі
Раіса Станкевіч**

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