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## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Byelorussians have long suffered from an identity crisis because nouns such as Belorussian, Bielarussian, Kryvichy, Litviny, White Russian, and Whiteruthenian have been used as names for a group of Slavs which presently inhabits the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic.

Byelorussian, Belorussian, and Bielarussian are basically the same since all three contain a prefix meaning white in the Byelorussian language and the word russian. Note that the third variation contains only one "s". The reason behind using one "s" instead of two is that some Byelorussians feel this altered spelling of russian will result in fewer people associating us with the Russians, which of course is a commonplace occurrence. Both Byelorussian and Belorussian are pronounced similarly; however, the third syllable in Bielarussian is pronounced rue. This further adds to the distinction between us and the Russians.

Some Byelorussians oppose the use of all three of the names mentioned because of their origin. It is believed that these names were given to our people at the end of the 18th century when our lands were under Russian domination and comprised what is frequently known as the Northwestern Territory in Russian history. The Russians referred to the inhabitants of this territory as Belorussians (Byelorussians) or White Russians.

Until the 13th century our people were frequently referred to as Kryvichy, the largest of the Slavic tribes which inhabited Byelorussia. In the 19th century, during the period of national rebirth, the majority of Byelorussian poets, writers, intellectuals and political leaders tried to establish the name Kryvichy as the true name of Byelorussia. During the late 1940's there was a drive by some Byelorussians to change the name of our people to Kryvichy; however, this effort failed to materialize.

White Russian is nothing more than the anglicized version of Byelorussian (or Belorussian), since "Byelo" means white in English. The distinct disadvantage of this term is that it is also used as a collective term for monarchist Russians, or those Russians which are not Red. These Russians however,

do not refer to themselves as White Russians in their native tongue. This term has found disfavor among the entire Byelorussian immigration because of its double meaning.

The name Ruthenian was used in some cases to identify our people after the acceptance of Christianity, and is the Latin version of the name of the ancient Rus. Whiteruthenian is primarily used by the Germans. During World War II this term was used extensively by the U. S. Army when reference was made to our people. It is still used today by some Byelorussians; however, its use is on the decline since Byelorussian is the favored choice.

Litviny is considered the correct name of our people by Byelorussian historians. This term was used from the 13th to 18th centuries as the name for Byelorussians who inhabited the territory of the Grand Duchy of Litva (erroneously known as the Grand Duchy of Lithuania), once the most powerful empire in Eastern Europe. Although Byelorussians formed the political and cultural backbone of this empire, the Grand Duchy of Litva was actually a heterogeneous state composed of Byelorussians, Samogitians and a small portion of Ukrainians.

At the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th centuries, outstanding Byelorussian poets such as Francishak Bahushevich, Janka Kupala and Jakub Kolas accepted the name Bielarusy (Bielarus) in their works. The English translation of this word as used at that time must be clarified.

In recent years, there has been a trend among some Byelorussians to use Bielarussian in place of Byelorussian. Byelorussian is the English translation of our name from the Russian, and was forced upon us by the Bolsheviks when the Byelorussian S. S. R. found itself on the international scene. Theoretically, from the Byelorussian point of view the name Bielarussian is absolutely correct. However, this trend only serves to further complicate our identity problem. The fact that the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic has a seat in the General Assembly of the United Nations is an indication that "Byelorussian" is an internationally known word, unlike "Bielarussian". The great majority of our organizations in this country are chartered as "Byelorussian". It would be unwise to change their names to "Bielarussian" after 25 years of existence in this country. Actually both of these names are historically foreign to us. Both were given to us by Russians in order to make Russification of our people easier, and both names will continue to identify us with the Russians. However, at least a fairly large portion of the American people have heard the word "Byelorussian", but how many people have heard of a "Bielarussian"? Therefore, for the present I am in favor of using the name Byelorussia in the English language, since this name is the official name of our people who are presently held captive in the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic.

*George Azarko*

On November 27, 1920 the Byelorussian patriots of Slucak and its surrounding villages began their unequal struggle against the Russian Communist invaders. This revolt was in defense of the Byelorussian National Republic.

Over 10,000 farmers and workers responded to the call to stand firmly for Byelorussia's independence. They took up arms to defend their homes on a front 100 kilometers wide. For five weeks the Slucak brigade resisted the overwhelming forces of the Red Army. The Russian government was faced with a mass revolt in Byelorussia. In order to crush the uprising, the Russian government dispatched its Siberian Divisions to Slucak. On December 28, 1920 the Slucak patriots were disarmed. However, isolated pockets of resistance by partisan detachments, operating from dense forests, kept up the struggle until 1924.

#### ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF SLUCAK

*What is there, then, of truth in that fire-sharp moment  
When a world of picture-book peasants and gay girdles,  
A folk-song land, hidden among the marshes,  
Erupts in a bursting flower of pain and glory?*

*Afterwards, let historians wrangle motives,  
Talk tactics, plot disastrous strategies —  
(Divided troops, or over-weak supply-lines).  
Afterwards, when new frontiers barb the land,  
And the tint new maps new colours, we forget.  
Afterwards, only a history date of disaster,  
A star half-lost in the victor's sunrise.*

*But then, when the salt of blood makes wine of the air,  
Aleap of the heart, and all that is fire in the soul  
Sings, shrill as a sword-flash in the frosty wind,  
And all life is etched on the sky in a moment of blood;  
Then, under the hem of death, life is a jewel,  
A drop of diamond, where all perception distils.*

*We cannot live so, already the rags of newsprint  
Drift down the dusty wind, the blood-stained leaves  
Wither beneath the snow, the frantic heart  
Ceases its bruised tattoo of aching grief  
And we breathe stunned peace, and the daily drone of living . . .  
We live . . . they live . . . the defeated sleep at peace . . .  
And the sedge-grass tangles across the lonely marshes . . .  
Until, shrill across the years, the echoes wake  
In the bitter cave behind the dark of the wind;  
And a spark of light, white from the graves of Sluck,  
Steel willow-fronds in the mist to glinting spears,  
Finds heroes' blood caught in the sunset river.*

Vera Rich

## THE LAND OF POLACAK

### PEOPLE

Thanks to archeological findings and maps it is possible to form a clear picture of how the Slavic tribes settled in the land of Polacak during the 5th century. At that time the land of Polacak was only sparsely populated. The Balts lived in fortified areas, primarily along rivers. With the arrival of the Slavs, the population of these territories rapidly increased. The Slavs first settled along the rivers south of Polacak and later moved to the open areas where they established villages.

Around them rustled dense forests of fir, birch, white alder and, on sandy terrain, spruce. These woods were full of wildlife, such as elk, badger, deer and the rare, small wild horse — the wood tarpan. This type of horse was only found in the excavations in Byelorussia and the territories along the Baltic Sea. The horse is a descendant of the European steppe tarpan from the ice age. Because of these forests, our ancestors first became hunters. They used the skins of the animals in their dwellings, and meat as a source of food. They hunted the elk, wild boar, beaver, auroch and deer. However, their favorite animal was the elk, due to its abundance of meat. The skin was used for making shoes, and the horns for various ornaments.

In order to survive, the Slavs turned to agriculture and began to convert some of the wooded areas into arable land. They gradually acquired special skills for cultivating the soil. During the summer the trees and bushes were cut and left over the winter. The following spring everything was covered with straw and burned to the ground. On these burnt fields the Slavs first sowed wheat, and later, rye and barley. Over the next six to eight years they obtained a large crop without the use of fertilizers. In the excavations of the grave mounds (kurhany), various kinds of seeds and farming utensils were found. In addition to the seeds mentioned above, oats, millets, buckwheat, flax, hemp and leguminous plants were found. At that time our ancestors already knew most of the cereal plants and how to use them.

The Slavs plowed their fields with a wooden plow having an iron tip, with two teeth adopted to a stony terrain, which was their own invention. This type of plow was found only in excavations in Polacak, Navahradak, Smalensk and Pskou. The farmer also used other tools made partly from wood and iron, such as harrows, shovels, sickles and scythes. Although farming became the Slavs' primary activity, they also domesticated animals and were active in husbandry. Bones of various animals including the steer, horse, sheep, pig, goat, elk, beaver, bear, dog, cat, and some birds were found in the grave mounds. Since the territory which the Slavs inhabited was well watered with rivers and lakes, our ancestors also had all the necessary equipment to catch fish.

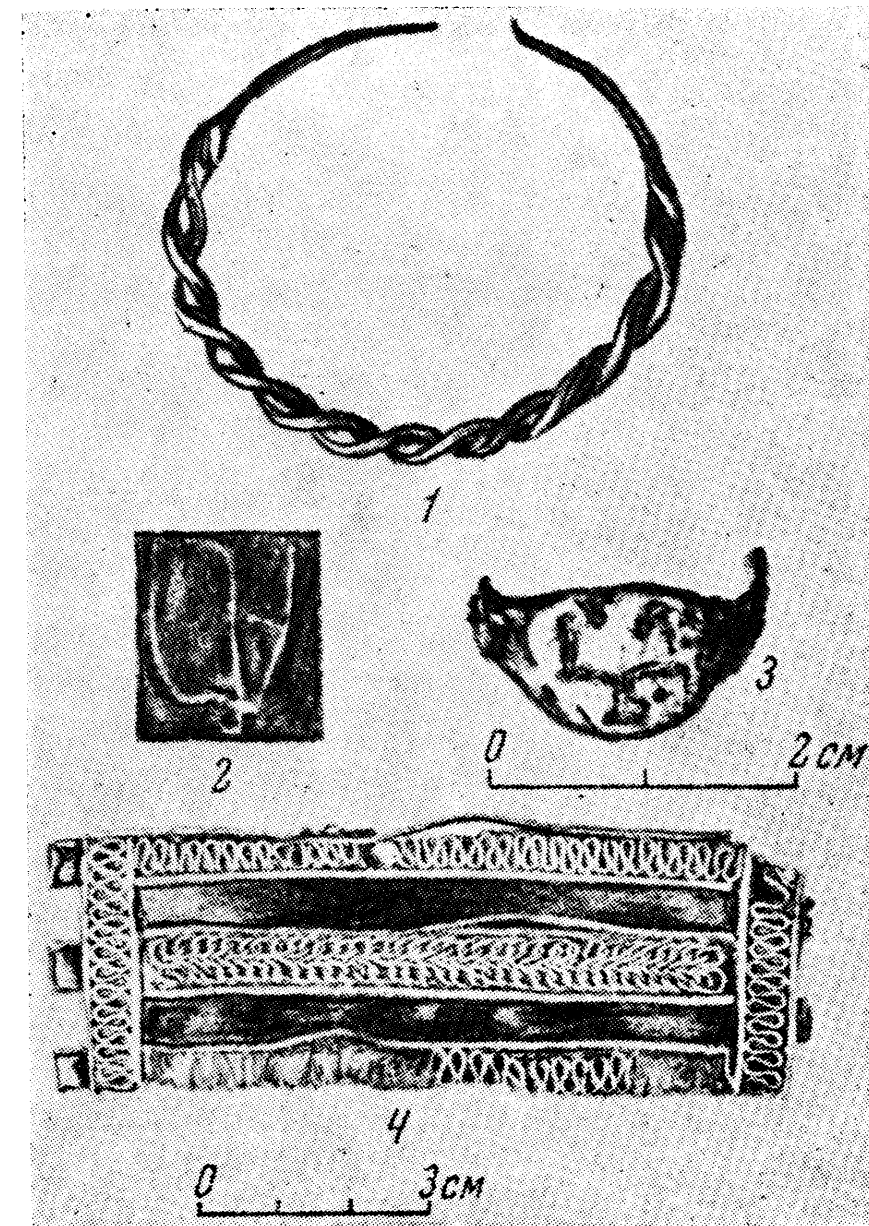
The Slavs were also pagans, bowing to nature and to their ancestors. They venerated the god of the sun, the almighty Yaryla. They prayed to him, sang songs to him, and burned bonfires. They were grateful to him for a good harvest. These pre-Christian rituals are very deep rooted in our people. Most of these pagan observances, songs, exorcisms and charms have been preserved by our people until the present day. Almost all of the rituals are dedicated to Yaryla, beginning with Kalady (Christmas), which to the pagan Slav was a feast of hope for a good harvest. The Kalady festivities began on the 24th of December. One of these rituals was called "The Wedding of Tiareshka", which has been observed for a very long time in the regions of Viciebsk, Miensk and Vilna. These festivities were described with astonishment by the chroniclers of the land of Polacak, in the 11th century. They described this festival, at which people would gather from various villages to sing and dance, as a wild orgy. Even later, the chroniclers could not forgive the people of Polacak their ability to bewitch and summon their ghosts and spirits. Very often one finds references in their writings to sorcerers, witches or warlocks. The adventures of Prince Usiaslau, the Wizard, are especially described in detail. The chroniclers bestowed magical powers upon him, enabling him to change from human to animal form, and perform other fantastic acts.

Many of the pagan rituals were connected with the raising of the crops, starting with the sowing of the seeds, then the cutting of the ripe crop (zazynki), and finally the collection of the harvest (dazynki). Before sowing his fields, the pagan farmer brought out bread and salt and offered it to Yaryla, asking him for protection of his crop. Very often a young girl on a white horse, symbolizing Yaryla, was used in the ritual. The people danced around her in a ring and sang songs to Yaryla. Field work was also praised in songs sung by a group of young wandering singers (walachobniki). After the acceptance of Christianity these songs and the tradition were adopted to Easter. In the Kupalle rituals which were also dedicated to Yaryla, the observances have been preserved until the 19th century with all of their pagan details.

Our ancestors also believed in and worshiped the cult of the deceased ancestors and their memory. Many rituals with specific rhymes and songs are dedicated to this ancestral worship.

Since the Slavs lived near forests, they came in contact with bees and began to cultivate them. They even used honey to pay taxes. This is mentioned in old documents. Bee wax was used on a large scale in trade. Excavations have also yielded candles.

When it became necessary, village craftsmen quickly learned how to obtain iron from the ore and sold the raw material in towns. The town craftsmen and blacksmiths then made all kinds of farming equipment and weapons out of it.



*Artifacts found in Druzsk:*  
1 — Bronze bracelet; 2 Spinning tool; 3 — Silver ring; 4 — Silver bracelet.

The pots were simple at first, but became fancier later on. As the art of pottery was developed, the Slavs produced beautiful ceramics which they used in trading.

Our ancestors especially liked to work with bone, carving ornamental combs, various handles and knives. In the excavations near Miensk, masterpieces of this art were found — exquisitely carved human figures, heads and faces plus artistically ornamented parts of quivers. The Slavs also worked with wood, carving plates, cups and other household items. They were expert craftsmen in the use of leather, and from glass they made beaded necklaces and bracelets.

Nobody would have believed the exceptional ability and perfection of the Polacak craftsmen, if not for the fact that the famous cross of St. Euphrasynia, princess of Polacak, has been preserved. This cross is an example of superior workmanship, and was made at the request of the princess

Jewelry and other beautiful objects were made by goldsmiths. Money (hryuni) in the form of golden sticks was also made in Polacak. This type of money is characteristic of Polacak and Smalensk.

Other craftsmen preferred to work with the potter's wheel, making all kinds of pottery. Household containers, as well as urns for the ashes of the cremated dead, were needed. Slavs introduced the ritual of cremation to all the territories in which they settled. The Balts, on the other hand, buried their dead in plain graves. After placing the ashes in the urns, the Slavs buried the urns in round mounds, which replaced the long ones.



by the Polacak craftsman Lazar Bohsha in 1161. What an artist Lazar must have been to make such a cross. With what precision he combined all the separate parts of the cross and chiseled the writings into the gold. The cross was predominately made from gold, decorated with embedded precious stones and colored ornaments made from enamel. In his work with metals, Lazar not only considered the coefficients of expansion but also the melting temperatures of the various metals. We can only assume that he was not a unique artisan, but that there were others like him in Polacak and other cities in the land of Polacak.

We must believe that someday these ancient treasures of our people will be found by those searching for them, and will be restored to their rightful owners, the Byelorussian people.

*Raisa Stankievic*

## Ж Н Я

Як сама царыца  
Ў залатой кароне,  
Йдзе яна ў вяночку  
Паміж сьпелых гоняў.

З каласкоў вяночак —  
Маладосці сьветка —  
На ёй зіхаціцца,  
Як у садзе кветка.

На грудзёх шчасьлівых  
Калтанок ружовы,  
У руцэ сярпчак  
Зублены, сталёвы.

Вецер абнімае  
Стан яе дзявочы,

Сонца ёй цалуе  
Шыю, твар і вочы.

Каласкі хінуцца  
Перад ёй паклонна,  
Дзівіцца ігруша  
На мяжы зялёнай.

А яна — царыца  
Весела, шчасьліва  
Карануе песьняй  
Залатое жніва.

Сьмела йдзе у сонцы,  
Ўся сама — як сонца,  
Гэта жнейка наша  
У нашай старонцы.

**Янка Купала**

## БЕЛАРУСКІЯ НАРОДНЫЯ ПРЫКАЗКІ

Гуляючы розуму ня прыдбаеш.  
Дурань з дурнем сварыцца, разумны з разумным цешыцца.  
З разумным на добрае навучышся,  
а з дурным — развучышся.  
За багацьце розуму ня купіш.  
Золата і ў краме дастанеш, а розуму ня прыставіш.  
Лепш разумным нагам пакланіцца, як дурной галаве.

## ДУДАР

Памёр стары Дудар, вясковы музыка, і душа яго, узяўшы дуду за пазуху, пайшла ў неба.

Падыйшоў ён да неба — глядзіць: зачынена.

— Ну, — думае, — сьпяць.

Сеў на калодачку каля брамы і чакае дня. Доўга сядзеў, стала яму маркотна. Дастаў з-за пазухі дуду, папрабаваў пішчык і давай памаленьку іграць. Пярвей ціха, пасьля ямчэй, а там і падпяваць пачаў.

Ажно чуе голас з-за брамы:

— Хто там?

— „Мабыць сьвяты Пётра”, — падумаў Дудар, але адказвае сьмела: — Я!

— Хто — „я”?

— Дудар!

— Чаго глотку дзярэш?

— Саўсім не дзяру, — пяю.

— Каб цябе . . . А чаму-ж гэтак позна прыйшоў?

— Ніяк нельга было раней: памёр пад самы вечар.

— Пад вечар? — здзівіўся за брамай. — Дык на добры лад табе трэба было-б яшчэ на палавіне дарогі быць.

— Ага, Сьвяты Пётра. Я дасужы — Беларусь, ведама.

— А адкуль ты? З-пад Барысава?

— З таго боку.

— А зь якой вёскі?

— Дык хоць і скажу табе, ты-ж усё роўна ня ведаеш.

— Кажы, кажы, я ўсё ведаю.

Сказаў Дудар і вёску.

— Як тваё імя? — дапытваў далей голас.

— Янка.

— А па прозьвішчы?

— Дудар.

— Ну, добра, Янка Дудар, пакуль разьвіднее, пасядзі каля брамы, ды глядзі не гамані тут.

Стаў Дудар дня чакаць. Сядзеў, сядзеў, ізноў маркотна зрабілася, да таго-ж перад раніцай холадам пацягнула, хоць гэта і летам было. Ізноў дастаў ён сваю дуду, чуць-чуць наігравае, каб за брамай не пачулі.

Зіркі — а на частаколе нейкія галоўкі паказаліся: адна, другая, трэцяя . . . Анёлчыкі.

— Слухайце, слухайце, — кажа адзін, — вось хораша іграе!

Тут ужо Дудар ня вытрымаў і пачаў іграць на ўвесь голас.



— Ах, як хораша! Вось хораша! І што гэта за музыка такая? — дзівуюцца анёлычкі.

— Гэта барысаўскал, — сказаў Дудар.

Раптам загрымелі ключы ў замку, і адчынілася брама. У браме стаяў нябесны ключар, Сьвяты Пётра.

— Дудар!

— Чаго?

— Пойдзем!

А па небе ўжо разыйшлася погалазка, што прыйшоў музыка зь Беларусі і дужа хораша іграе на дудзе. Дайшло гэта і да самсга Бога, каторы, выйшаўшы з пакояў, сеў на ганку прахаладзіцца: за работу ня браўся дзеля таго, што нядзеля была.

Не пасьпелі Дудару кватэры назначыць, як прыйшоў па яго анёл, толькі не такі, як папярэднія — маленькія, у белых кашульках, зь белымі крыльчэчкамі, а вялікі ў сярэбранай адзежы.

— Янка Дудар! — сказаў пасланец.

— Што, паночку? . . .

— Праўда, што ты ўмееш іграць?

— Праўда!

— А пайграў-бы?

— А чаму-ж не пайграць! Перад кім?

— Перад Богам Сьвятым!

Пачухаў Дудар патыліцу, ды нядоўга думаў. Барысавец быў, а ўсе барысаўцы — народ сьмелы.

— Пайграю, — кажа.

— Ну, дык пойдзем! — кажа анёл.

Пашлі. Анёл сьпераду, Янка ззаду. Глядзіць, дзівуюцца.

Абапал дарогі сярэбраныя хаты, а жывуць у іх сьвятыя. У канцы вуліцы пабачылі самога Бога, каторы сядзеў на ганку і чакаў.

Дудар далікатненька пакланіўся — быў ён чалавек бывалы і ведаў, як дзе трэба захавацца. Бог кіўнуў галавой.

А кругом ужо сабраліся анёлы — малыя і вялікія, арханёлы ў залатых і сярэбраных адзежах, сьвятыя і проста так справядлівыя душы — мужыкі і бабы. Народу цьма, яблыку недзе ўпасці, і ўсе хочуць паслухаць музыкі.

— Ну, Дудар, — сказаў Бог, — іграй!

А Дудар ізноў пакланіўся і кажа:

— Пакорна кланяюся Вяльможнаму Пану Богу і выбачайце, што я спытаю: ці няма тут на небе каго-небудзь з нашых, барысаўскіх, толькі, каб з маладых?

— А нашто табе?

— Пад танцы іграць лаўчэй.

Усьміхнуўся Бог і даў знак анёлам. Паляцела двое, але сора вярнуліся, кажуць:

— Знайшлі двух барысаўцаў, толькі дужа старых.

— Старыя няздатны, — сказаў Дудар, не патрапяць станцаваць. Выбачайце, што спытаю: куды-ж падзеліся маладыя? І маладыя — іншы раз паміраюць.

А сьвяты Юр'я на гэта кажа:

— Маладых трэба ў чысцы шукаць.

— А і праўда, — сказаў Дудар, — ня йначай, як у чысцы. Пэўна, што ў чысцы. На маея памяці сколькі таго народу перамерла: Мікіта Гарбуз — той, што ад гарэлкі задохся, Сьцяпан Крук з Докшыц, катораму ў карчме лоб пашчапалі, Арцём Лыка з-пад Зембіна і Антось Прыгчэпка з-пад Дзядзілавіч . . . Добрыя танцоры былі, прыбілі іх на ігрышчах.

— Дудар доўга-б яшчэ вылічваў памёршых маладымі барысаўцаў, але Бог кіўнуў рукой:

— Іграй!

— Якую?

— Якая лепшая. Вясёлую!

— Вясёлую, дык вясёлую . . .

Настроіў Дудар пішчыкі, надуў мех, зайграў.

Добра ці дрэнна іграў ён, не памятаў гэтага, гэтак захваціла ў яго дух ад радасьці, што годзен стаўся іграць перад самым Богам.

Толькі, калі кончыў, бачыць — Бог ківаець галавой: здаволен. А анёлы і сьвятыя, дык тыя не нахваляцца.

— Ах, як добра! Во, дык добра!

І калі Бог пайшоў у свае пакоі, яны пачалі прасіць Дудара, каб яшчэ пайграў. Пасьля папаяў. А музыка і рад гэтаму: іграе ды пятак, што па ўсім небе гул раздаецца. Слухалі, слухалі справядліўцы, а пасьля і самі пачалі падпяваць — сьпярыша ў паўголеса, а пасьля і ад Дудара не адстаюць:

Ох, ты дудка мая,

Ух-я!

Весялі ты мяне,  
Ух-я!  
На чужой старане.  
Ух-я!

Пяюць усім небам, падбіваючы ў далонькі.

Праходзіць міма сьвяты Язэп. Глядзіць, што за дзіва?! Заместа арханёла Гаўрылы, каторы навучаў справядлівыя душы нябесных сьпеваў, сядзіць на ўслоне Дудар з дудой, а каля яго душы — мужчынскія і жаночкія — хорам падхватваюць сьвецкія песьні.

Матухна Ты Сьвятая! — крыкнуў сьвяты Язэп, схаліўшыся за галаву, і пабег да сьвятога Пётры.

А туды якраз прыходзіць і сам Арханёл Гаўрыла, гэтак сама жаліцца.

— Так і так, — кажа. — Ніхто ня хоча вучыцца нябесных сьпеваў, усе пяюць беларускую „дудку”. Дудар вучыць. Што рабіць?

Выйшаў Пётра на вуліцу, прыслушаўся, — праўда: па ўсім небе лунаюць беларускія песьні.

— Гэтага нельга дазволіць, кажа тады сьвяты Пётра Арханёлу Гаўрыле. — Ці не паклікаць нам сюды Дудара?

— Можна.

Ідзе Дудар, дуда пад пахай; пакланіўся.

— Дудар, — кажа сьвяты Пётра, — а ці ня лепей было-б табе пайсьці адгэтуль куды-небудзь у другое месца?

— Зь неба?

— Ну, ведама.

— Хм, вось аб гэта-ж: куды? — Сьвяты Пётра задумаўся.

— Чаму-ж вы хочаце, каб я адгэтуль пайшоў? Я-ж нічога бласлава не зрабіў тут: ня ўкраў, ня скрыўдзіў...

— Ведаю, ведаю... Справа, братка, вось якая, на небе сьвецкія песьні пачалі пяць, — сам ты рассудзі — нягожа.

— Ну, што-ж, калі гэтак, то я пайду сабе.

— Толькі во' бяда — куды цябе адправіць?... А можа дуду кінеш?

— Не, лепей я ўжо пайду адгэтуль.

— Куды пойдзеш? Саўсім з раю?

— Э... што там рай? Наша Беларусь — гэта ня неба. У Беларусі бязь песьні нельга. Там людзі працуюць, а зь песняй чалавеку ўсякае гора ў палавіну. Буду хадзіць із сваёй дудой па лясох і палёх. Будзе сядзець каля скаціны пастушок з жалейкай, нячутна падыйду да яго і зайграю яму над вухам; пачне пяць дзяўчынкі, задумаўшыся над сьветлым ручком, навучу і яе — няхай не заміраюць на Беларусі песьні. Пойдуць мужы з тапарамі ў лес, я прытаюся за соннай і зайграю ім, каб спарней ішла ў іх работа. А не знайду людзей,

буду слухаць, як шуміць цёмны бор, як бульчыць вада, пераліваючыся ў ручку, і падыграю ім. Эх, цяжка ў нашай старонцы, ды і добра ў ёй... Я яшчэ, як жыў, дык прасіў Бога, каб дазволіў мне па сьмерці ў Барысаўшчыне застацца. На ніякі рай не прамяняю яе.

Ну, добра, калі так, ідзі сабе з Богам, — сказаў сьвяты Пётра. — А то ты ўсё неба нам папсуеш. Толькі глядзі-ж, ня крыўдуй!

— Якая тут крыўда? Я знайду сабе месца. Пайду туды, адкуль прыйшоў.

— У Барысаўшчыну?

— А то куды-ж?

— А я думаў на якою-колечы зорку цябе паслаць.

— На што на зорку? Пайду ў Барысаўшчыну.

Пакланіўся Дудар апосталу і выйшаў з раіскіх варот на вялікую нябесную дарогу. Была ноч.

Стаў Дудар спускацца па птушынай дарозе ўніз. А калі пачуўся на волі, крыкнуў:

— Гэй, гэй! — і пачаў дуць з усёй моцы ў дуду.

І гэтак ішоў ён, усё ніжэй і ніжэй, спускаючыся ў барысаўскі бок, пакуль не схаваўся ў пушчы...

**Власт — Вацлаў Ластоўскі**

## THOUGHTS

*I walked along the river bank  
My thoughts flowed with the tide  
My fortune looked dismal and blank  
My sorrow I couldn't hide.*

*I knew it had to be done  
There was no hope for me.  
If only my conscience hadn't won  
I'd have had a chance to be free.*

*Soon I reached the end  
And saw it cascade down  
I knew I had to follow  
My soul, its rest had found.*

*As the droplets fell  
They shattered on the rocks.  
My dreams had done the same  
My dreams completely stopped.*

Vera Zaprudnik  
Jamaica, New York

## S M I L E

*When you feel sad  
And things seem down for a while  
Take the frown off.  
Smile!*

*When you feel mad  
And things don't come in your style  
Think of good things.  
Smile!*

*When you reach out  
And your grasp misses by miles  
Try better next time, but right now.  
Smile!*

*When you feel good  
And your soul is reconciled  
Let the world see.  
Smile!*

Vera Zaprudnik  
Jamaica, New York

## ART REVIEW

Josef Kozlakowski exhibited his most recent paintings, "fugue on the theme of a square", at the Ukrainian Arts & Literary Club in New York. The opening on October 21, 1973 was with fine spirits, wine and champagne, and attended by many people of international background, who were enjoying a pleasant Sunday autumn afternoon contemplating the geometric form — the square.

Upon first entering the exhibit hall one is immediately confronted by Kozlakowski's bright, vivid, bold colors. There is no uncertainty or weakness in Kozlakowski's bright application of color. His paintings are definite and self-assured. Two composite paintings are particularly interesting. Both are composed of four equal sized square canvas panels upon which a design, one consisting of stripes of color, is superimposed on a solid colored background. This is a flexible art form, not fixed, for each individual square panel can be hung by the viewer in any arrangement to the other three components of the painting. As a result of this mobility, one painting can take a different direction, assume a totally new form, and evoke an entirely new image by the sheer mutation in the interaction of basic design elements.

Kozlakowski's other paintings, of lesser interest, were mainly preliminary studies of squares painted on a single canvas. Each painting consisted of a square confined within a square of various color. These are primarily studies of perception by the use of juxtaposing several colors within a geometric form, as the square, in order to achieve a 3-dimensional effect.

I must add that the theme of the square in art as Kozlakowski envisions it is not new. The artist, Josef Albers, has fully explored ideas on the relationships of color in squares confined within squares, as in his painting, "Homage to the Square" (Apparition 1959 oil). In fact, Albers predominantly worked only with squares between the years 1950 — 1960, studying 3-dimensionality as created on a 2-dimensional surface by the use of flat geometric forms and color.

All in all, this exhibit has been an intellectually inspiring and optically active fugal experience.

*Jaraslava Tumash*

---

### MY FRIEND NO-ONE

*What should I do today?*

*What should I do with my friend No-one?*

*My friend No-one I see him a lot.*

*Maybe too much.*

*What do you do with No-one?*

*It's hard to find a game he would like to play.*

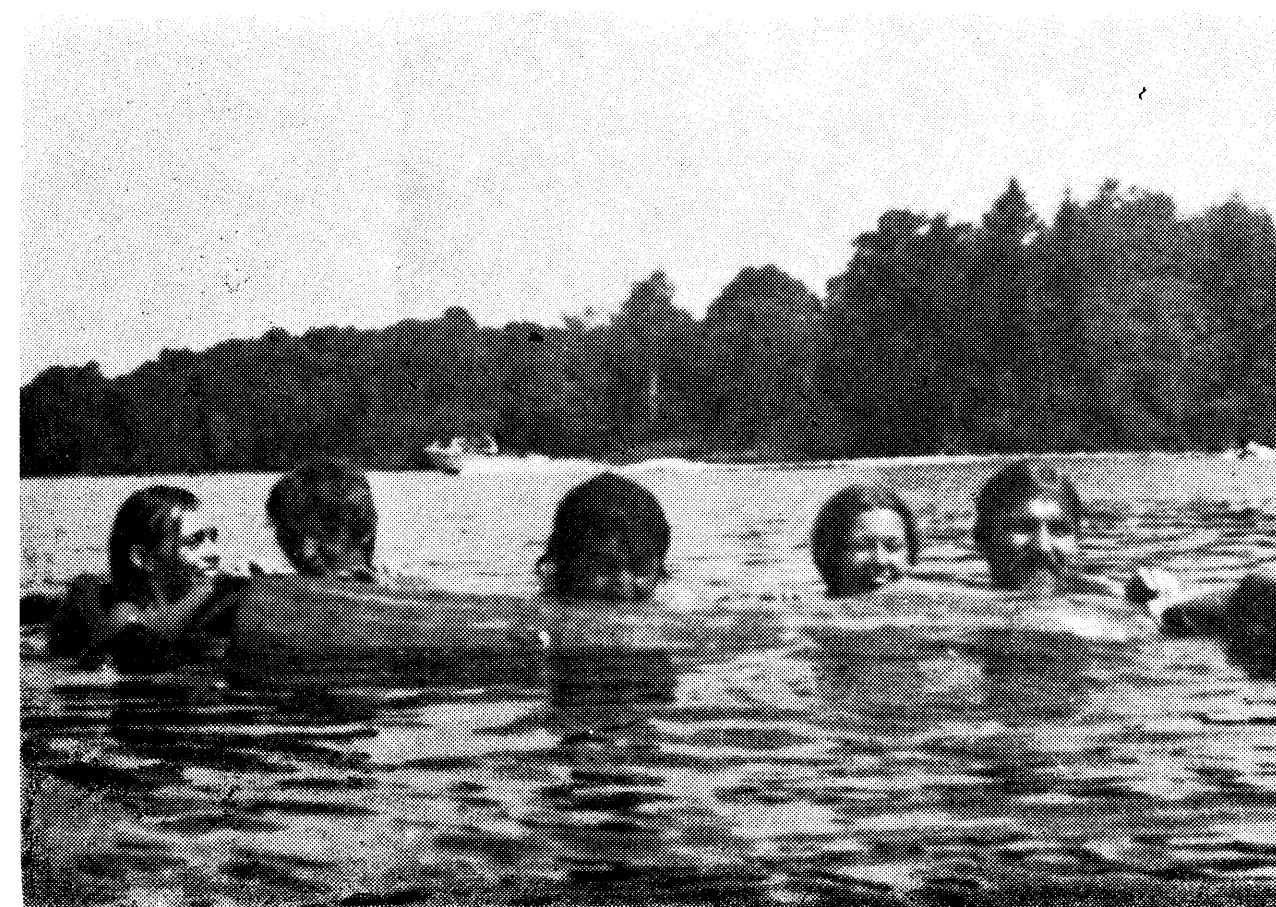
*It's hard to find a song he would like to sing.*

*What to do with a friend called No-one?*

Nata Rusak

Somerset, New Jersey

## A WEEKEND AT SLUTZAK



*Swimmers at Slutzak*

Labor Day Weekend a group of young people from New York, New Jersey, Michigan and Ontario spent three days in the beautiful, northern region of Ontario, Canada. Four hours outside of Toronto are over 200 acres of hilly, waterfront property owned by Byelorussian-Canadians. Slutzak, as it is called, was acquired in the late 1960's and since then it has been enjoyed by many, predominantly as a summer recreational area. Fishing, boating, swimming and picnicking are just some of the activities that go on here. The land contains only one small farmhouse, a barn about to be torn down, and one outhouse. There is no plumbing and one must fetch one's water from the well outside.

Saturday afternoon we all arrived and immediately took advantage of the gorgeous lake, for it was a very hot day. Later we got down to business, and divided the labor amongst ourselves. Some people pitched the tents, other gathered firewood or prepared the potatoes and corn for the fire, while our spirits specialist created a batch of fresh santgria. This last item kept us going through most of the evening. We found ourselves dancing Lavonicha around the campfire, telling jokes in Byelorussian, singing whatever Byelorussian songs we knew, and swimming in the moonlight. It was great to be among friends from hundreds of miles away.

The next day was highlighted by the international chicken-fighting  
(Continued page 16)



*the song of belair-miensk*

*I was fourteen one summer.  
friends & I drove day & night  
into the east. at port-jervis,  
the trees looked familiar,  
though I had seen them only in  
a dream. then there was the re-  
sort colony, where tongues  
babel-like were spoken, & some  
hearts sadly broken...*

*hannah was a lovely girl. older  
than I, though I was humbly wiser.  
she spoke of far away south river,  
& I of the ganges, the nile, the  
tiber, as I had read in many books.  
she wore my turtleneck sweater, &  
I sang her songs softly, as we  
trekked to the lake-like pond,  
where the water ebbed & flowed  
like a rising musical superstar.*

*in the evening, we danced around  
the swimming pool, while the wind-  
ow lights of the bungalows glowed  
in heated talk, in love & hate.*

championships which took place in the lake. The Canadians succeeded in knocking off their American opponents. For those of you who are not familiar with this event, chicken-fighting is where each team consists of a girl sitting on a guy's shoulders, and the girls try to push each other into the water while staying on top of the guys.

We all spent the two nights sleeping outdoors in the fresh air. One thing I didn't like was when a snake decided to crawl into my tent. I wouldn't set foot in it until someone had checked the place out.

On Monday we were all sad to leave. Vladyka from Toronto spoke to us for a while, saying that Slutzak was for the youth, and anything we want will be done for us there. Perhaps better facilities need to be built, with heating for the winter and also showers and toilets, for those who'd like to stay there for extended periods of time.

Having been there twice now, I would recommend this place for anyone not spoiled by the comforts of civilization.

Slutzak is yours, enjoy it!

*Halina Tumash*

*I went for the wine bottle, bought  
in innocent under-age, & stepped  
barefooted on shrieking broken glass.  
poor hannah's heart bled for me.*

*when we parted, for good, she cry-  
ing on my shoulder, I walked alone  
through the trees, hearing devilish  
bats squeaking overhead. that night,  
I dreamt I was King Kong, hannah's  
sweet love had made me feel super-  
human & all-powerful.*

*in the mor-  
ning, I went down to the car, seeing  
myself in the hall mirror, I beat  
my chest like a triumphant though  
melancoly ape & roared my way in-  
to a brand new day that would take  
me far away. a head full of memories.*

*andrei gosciejew  
cleveland, ohio*

*Excerpt from A. Gosciejew's Letter:*

Let this be a letter of congratulations on your recent Spring Quarter issue of "Byelorussian Youth". I enjoyed it from cover to cover. I especially was edified in reading Raisa Stankievic's article entitled, "We Are Not Russians". It brought me up to date on many historical facts about my father's fatherland that were unknown to me before...

#### **BUY OUR BAYO GREETING CARDS!**

*About the first week in December the BAYO in New York will have available for everyone a selection of 6 greeting cards. The attractive prints are the works of various Byelorussian artists. Each card presents a different, traditional Byelorussian motif. Unlike last year's cards, each of which was printed by hand (and foot) by New York BAYO members, this year's cards will be done by a professional printer. The results, a selection of cards appropriate for Christmas, Easter and various other occasions. We hope they will please you. The cost will be only \$ 2.50 for 12 cards. Profits will go into our BAYO treasury in New York to improve and extend our social affairs and cultural ventures. If you are interested in buying our cards, just send your money to: BAYO Greeting Cards, c/o V. G. Tumash, 3441 Tibbett Avenue, Bronx, New York 10463.*

## TROOP 225 — B.S.A.

This is one of several thousand troops belonging to the Boy Scouts of America. However, for the Byelorussian-American, this group is special; its sponsor happens to be St. Euphrosynia's Byelorussian Orthodox Church in South River, New Jersey.

Currently, this is the only Byelorussian institution in the United States which sponsors a boy scout troop. Although Troop 225 is rather new, one year old, a big accomplishment has been made. An adult advisory committee has been organized and the troop has been meeting weekly since November 1972. There have been hikes, and scouts have gone to camp, earned many skill awards, and progressed through the various ranks in scouting. During the summer, three boys from the troop — Nick Mancywoda, John Tolmacevich, and Jimmy Bychkouski — attended a junior leader training course.

Naturally, since the troop belongs to the Boy Scouts of America, anyone of any religious or ethnic background may join the troop. Presently, boys of Byelorussian descent form 85% of the total membership. Due to the fact that a Byelorussian institution sponsors the troop and because of the large Byelorussian membership, the scouting program, besides including material purely related to scouting, may and does include subjects dealing with Byelorussia.

It would be desirable to see more Byelorussian churches and organizations in the U.S. sponsoring boy scout troops. Sponsoring a troop is an honor for the institution and also for the Byelorussian-American community because it provides an opportunity to organize and work with youth of Byelorussian background. Belonging to the B.S.A. would not hinder a boy from joining other Byelorussian youth organizations. It should also give the scout a proud feeling to see that a Byelorussian organization is participating in this enormous American movement.

There are many Byelorussian parishes and organizations where youth is present. There appear to be many people who are willing to work — both youth and adults. It seems that there are no obstacles to Byelorussian groups chartering boy scout troops. There is not much "red tape" involved in doing this. The main requirement is to have youth and adult volunteers willing to be leaders.

Now back to B.S.A. Troop 225 of South River. Congratulations are in order to the parish of St. Euphrosynia's Orthodox Church for its help and willingness in sponsoring the troop, also to the parents of the boys, and to the Byelorussian community for its support of scouting. Also, much gratitude goes to the initiators and leaders — Serge Kosciuk, George and Stephen Naumchyk — for their help and enthusiasm, and to the committee and the Institutional Representative, Rev. A. Machniuk.

So, "Good Scouting" and "Be Prepared" Troop 225!!!

Authorized translation by *Alice Kipel*

## BYELORUSSIAN YOUTH ACTIVITY



*Performers of the skit „Як Жыць Каб Здаровым Быць”*

On August 11, 1973 the first meeting of the newly elected Executive Committee of B.A.Y.O. Headquarters was held. The offices were assigned as follows: Vice-President — George Azarko, Vice-President — Alex Stahanovich, Secretary — Irene Azarko, Treasurer — Alice Kipel, Public Relations — George Kuryllo. Future activities were also discussed.

\*\*

On August 18th, 1973 the Red Army Ensemble arrived in Toronto, Canada from Moscow in order to perform at the grandstand of The Canadian National Exhibition. At about 1:00 in the morning the troupe was met by demonstrators outside the Towne Inn Hotel where they were staying. (See: The Red Army

Ensemble Heard Something They Have Never Heard Before, *Biellarus*, № 197, September 1973).

George Akula, a member of the Byelorussian Canadian Youth Association took part in the demonstration. He described his impressions in a poem which was printed by the *Toronto Sun* on September 6, 1973.

\*\*

On September 16, 1973 two members of B. A. Y. O. Los Angeles Branch, Jadviga and Karnella Najdziuk were in the Byelorussian delegation which was received by Lt. Gov. Ed Reinecke of California. The reception was organized by the Republican Heritage Groups Council of California.

\*\*

The Annual Meeting of the New New York Branch was held on September 21 at the offices of the Kreuski Foundation in Jamaica, New York. The meeting was conducted informally by Halina Tumash, president for the past year. First the treasurer and president gave their reports. Next on the agenda was the election of new officers for 1973-1974. Vitaut Tumash was unanimously elected president. The other officers elected were: Alice Kipel — Vice President; Vera Zaprudnik — Secretary; Raisa Stankievic — Treasurer; and Josef Kozlakowski — Cultural Affairs Officer. Alex Zawoloka agreed to become our Sports Director, a position newly created due to our members' great interest in athletics.

The rest of the meeting was spent discussing plans for the year ahead. These included the formation of a men's volleyball team, a ski trip possibly with the New Jersey Branch, scheduled performances for Miaclelica, and ways of luring boys into the folk dance group. Fund raising activities will include a few dances, some sales, and a possible car-wash at Belair next summer. Our first youth dance will take place in early December at the church hall on Atlantic Avenue near 104 Street in Richmond Hill, New York.

This meeting marked a new beginning for the Byelorussian-American Youth Organization in New York, since we old timers had the pleasure of welcoming new members, including youth from the Byelorussian parish of Richmond Hill, New York.



*Margaret Kazan performing at the Talent Show*

On September 23, 1973 the Cleveland Branch of B.A.Y.O. sponsored a picnic at the Byelorussian Community Center — Polacak — near Cleveland. For that day members of the youth organization not only prepared and sold the food but also enjoyed themselves with sports and other games. It was an enjoyable and profitable day for the youth as well as for the older folks.

\*\*

During September 29-30, BAYO Headquarters President Raisa Stankievic visited Cleveland, Ohio. The reason for the trip was to plan a youth rally for Memorial Day Weekend 1974 in Cleveland. At a meeting with the President of the Cleveland Branch, Mary Kovalenko, and other members, the Talent Show

as well as other aspects of the rally were discussed.

Since the Talent Show has so far been held twice in New Jersey, it was decided by the Executive Committee of BAYO Headquarters at their first meeting on August 11, 1973 to have the next show in Cleveland. This will enable youth from Chicago, Detroit, Toronto, Rockford, and especially Cleveland to participate in the program. The Talent Show is set for Sunday, May 26, 1974. All Byelorussian youth are invited to participate in the show in order to make it the best ever.

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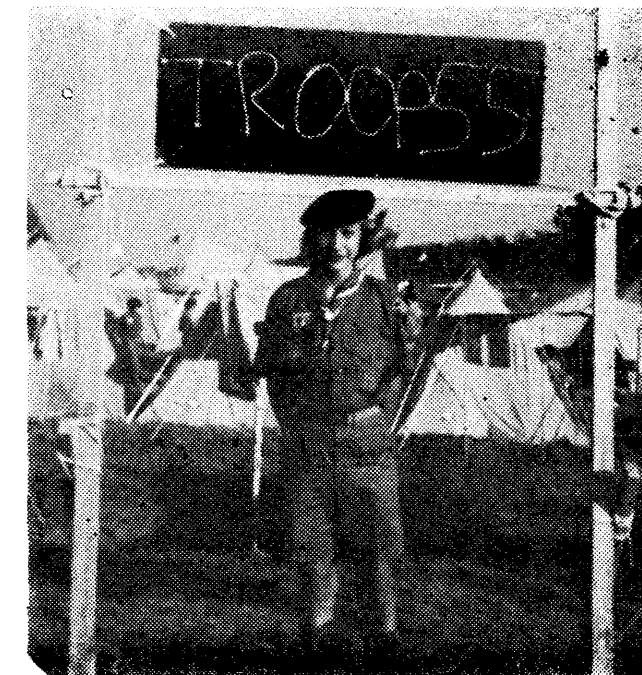
George Kipel, an active member of BAYO, participated at the Nationalities Rally for Sandman on October 6 in Kenilworth, New Jersey. Sandman is the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey. George, dressed in his Byelorussian costume, represented the Byelorussian nationality among 15 other ethnic groups.

\*\*

Starting October 14, Byelorussian youth in New York will be meeting every Sunday and Tuesday in a gym on Queens Boulevard to play volleyball. Bring your sneakers and one dollar for a year's membership. For more information contact Alex Zawoloka or Vitaut Tumash.

\*\*

On Sunday, October 21, the New York folk dancing group Miaclelica entertained those who had come to the church hall to take part in the traditional Dazyunki festivities sponsored by the BAZA in New York. The girls got a standing ovation as



*Alherd Kazura at his camp*

they completed each of their dances. They've come a long way since the group was first formed in September 1971. This was also the first time the girls had danced in their newly acquired charavichki, the footwear that was typical of Byelorussian women many years ago.

Alherd Kazura, an active member of the BAYO in New Jersey and a member of the folk dancing group, still finds time for scouting. In 1968, Alherd joined the Boy Scouts of America as a Cub Scout. Today he is a Life Scout and the Senior Patrol Leader of Troop 55 in Highland Park, New Jersey.

During these years, Alherd has participated in many activities of the Boy Scouts of America. In 1972, he took part in the council course, Oak Leaf. He also participated in the National Training Camp "Schiff" from July 15 to 22 this year, at which exceptional scouts were trained in junior leadership. Alherd also receiv-



ed the Star Scout Award. During the first week of August, he attended the National Boy Scout Jamboree East at Moraine State Park in Pennsylvania. Alherd is interested in sports and has won many awards. He has trophies from his school's basketball team and from the Highland Park football team. At the Sports Meet at Belair Miensk, Alherd won first place in high jump and second place in swimming, both in the boys under 15 category.

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IN RESPONSE TO AN IRRITATED READER

Dear Irritated Reader:

Your assertion that the bumpersticker of the Byelorussian National Emblem, Pahonia, currently being sold by the B. A. Y. O., will have little effect on the public, because it is widely accepted as the national emblem of Russia, is at best ludicrous. Anyone who would mistake the Pahonia for the double-headed eagle of Imperial Russia is either blind or naive.

Your suggestion that it would have been of greater value to make a bumpersticker with the expression, "We are Baltoslavs and not Byelorussians", is as facetious as Hitler's claim that Germans are Aryans and not Germans.

Your claim that such an expression would interest "teachers and other curious and intelligent people" to such an extent that they would pursue research regarding the matter is not very valid, considering that "Baltoslav" is not even listed under "B" in the Encyclopedia Britannica. So you see dear reader, no expression can say more than the Pahonia with BYELORUSSIA printed above it!

G. A.



## ДА НАС ПШУЦЬ:

У сваім лісьце да старшыні Галоўнай Управы Арганізацыі Беларускай Моладзі Нікадым Жызьнеўскі старшыня Арганізацыі Беларуска-Амэрыканскай Моладзі у Штаце Іліной паміж іншымі справамі піша: Жадаю Вам добрых посьпехаў з выдавецтвам часапісу „Беларуская Моладзь”. Часапіс ёсьць вельмі важным і патрэбным.

Спадарыня А. Каранеўская з <sup>\*\*</sup>Аўстраліі вельмі прыязна ставіцца да нашага часапісу, яна піша: „Шчыра дзякую за надасланыя нумары часапісу „Беларуская Моладзь” і прашу і ў далейшым перасылаць на мой адрас часапіс, які можна тут пашырыць.

Моладзі ў нас ня шмат, яна параськіданая і незарганізаваная. У гэтым годзе маем аднак Беларусаў — студэнтаў, нагаварваем, каб залажылі й тут сваю арганізацыю моладзі.

Жадаю Вашай арганізацыі як найбольшых посьпехаў і дасягненьняў у Вашай адданай й важнай працы сярод моладзі. Памажы Вам Божа!

Спадар Аркадзь Качан з <sup>\*\*</sup>Сьіднэю, Аўстралія, піша: „Атрымаў ужо 2-гі нумар „Беларашэн Ютс”. Аж прыемна ў рукі ўзяць, разумна і эстэтычна аформлена, ёсьць сапраўды чым пахваліцца перад чужынцамі. Чэсьць і слава Станкевічам. Прыкусілі носа нашым шавіністычным братам — Украінцам!

Спары Божа Вам!

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На часапіс „Беларуская Моладзь” у касу паступілі наступныя грашавыя ахвяры: Галоўная Управа Задзіночання Беларусаў Вяліка Брытаніі — 50 дал., М. Нікан — 50 дал., Др. Я. Малецкі — 35.35 дал., М. Гарошка — 25 дал., К. Калоша — 25 дал., Б. Кірка — 20 дал., М. Міцкевіч — 20 дал., М. Баяроўскі — 12 дал., П. Драздоўскі — 12 дал., М. Абрамчык — 10 дал., Н. Грэбень — 10 дал., С. Гутырчык — 10 дал., Б. Лішчонак — 10 дал., К. Мерляк — 10 дал., А. Міцкевіч — 10 дал., Я. Юхнавец — 10 дал., М. Рагуля — 10 дал., В. Станкевіч — 10 дал., З. Станкевіч — 10 дал., Н. Жызьнеўскі — 10 дал., В. Кажан — 8 дал., Ананімна — 5 дал., Г. Арцюшэнка — 5 дал., Н. Кушаль — 5 дал., Я. Муха — 5 дал., Б. Шчорс — 5 дал., К. Верабей — 5 дал., Сп-р Тарасевіч — 2 дал., К. Акула — 1 дал. Разам — 400.35 далараў.

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