

Л. Б. Кротенко

Time for ...

Ukraine

*Ukrainian National Symbols,
Life style, Personalities*

*Посібник для студентів мовних спеціальностей факультетів
іноземної філології,
школярів старших класів спеціалізованих шкіл з поглибленим
вивченням іноземної мови,
може слугувати освітньо-інформаційною добіркою для
іноземців та всіх, хто цікавиться культурою України*

не для комерційного використання

Київ
Вид-во НПУ імені М. П. Драгоманова
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Посібник призначено для студентів філолого-перекладацьких та культурологічних спеціальностей. Книга складається із текстів національно-патріотичної спрямованості, що можуть бути використані під час вдосконалення перекладацьких навичок усного та письмового характеру. Ілюстративний матеріал охоплює найрізноманітніші сторони життя українців, включаючи професійний переклад твору Лесі Українки «Лісова пісня». У створенні доробку прийняли участь студентки спеціальності «Переклад» факультету іноземної філології (НПУ ім. М. П. Драгоманова). Весь національний одяг, що був використаний для фото-ілюстрації, – особиста власність моделей. Даний навчальний посібник допоможе як в оволодінні навичок перекладача, так і в збагаченні культурного світогляду студента. Рекомендований до використання під час викладання наступних дисциплін: Етнолінгвістика, Письмовий курс перекладу з іноземної на українську, Практика усного та писемного мовлення.

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Вступ

Вдале вивчення іноземної мови неможливе без знання власних традицій та історії.

Занурення у вищезазначений інформаційний простір дозволяє суттєво зменшити психоемоційне навантаження під час навчання, адже у підсвідомості такий інформативний пласт асоціюється із сімейним та дружнім затишком, відпочинком та радістю. Етнокультурний код пращурів дозволяє згадати свою приналежність до певного етносу, нації, держави, відчути своє коріння. Адже в посібнику подана інформація про найзмістовніші елементи української культури, які спрацьовують як триггери підсвідомості та вивільняють генетичну пам'ять.

Міждисциплінарні зв'язки – мовознавство, перекладознавство, лінгвокультурологія, етніка, лінгвостилістика, наратологія, психолінгвістика.

Мета і завдання

Основними **завданнями** посібника є:

- ознайомлення із способами, якими мова втілюється в своїх одиницях, зберігає і виявляє культуру;
- ознайомлення із закономірностями письмового перекладу з іноземної мови на українську на прикладах базових аспектів обраної галузі знань, труднощами перекладу граматичних та лексичних явищ з метою уникнення граматичного та лексичного буквалізму, формування навичок адекватного письмового перекладу із урахуванням сучасних соціомовних вимог, а також підвищення

загальноосвітнього рівня студентів-перекладачів та якості їхньої філологічної підготовки, прищеплення навичок самостійної роботи з лінгвістичним матеріалом, що також готує студентів для написання дипломних, магістерських та інших наукових робіт.

Інформація, закладена, у даний навчальний посібник, має на меті:

- поглиблення іншомовної компетенції та культурно-освітнього рівня студентів;
- підвищення рівня національно-патріотичної гідності та свідомості.

Інформація для перекладу у посібнику подана таким чином, щоб збільшити здатність студента до перекладацької гнучкості, підвищити словниковий запас. Посібник вчить швидкій перекладацькій пристосованості до найрізноманітніших власних назв, національно-маркованої лексики та фразеологізмів.

Під час навчання студенти змушені будуть користуватися найрізноманітнішими словниками, у тому числі тлумачними. Що має на меті розвивати їхню обізнаність із різних сфер життєдіяльності, пам'ять, логічне мислення, здатність до аналізу та проведення логічних паралелей. Завдання посібника змушуватимуть до пошукової роботи з питань історії та культури, що в свою чергу має на меті підвищувати швидкість мислення, та закладе основу для можливої подальшої наукової роботи, а також зможе підвищити рівень контекстуальної здогадки, зважаючи на кількість засвоєння нової інформації.

Представлена в посібнику інформація сприяє інтелектуальному, ідейному та естетичному розвитку студентів, розширенню їх світогляду, зважаючи на залучення у якості практичного матеріалу текстів різних жанрів визнаних авторів.

Посібник побудований на основі принципів інформативності, доцільності, комплексності, системності, послідовності та інтеграції культурологічного матеріалу.

Рекомендується для студентів культуролого-філологічних спеціальностей, що вивчають англійську мову як першу іноземну.



The National Flag of Ukraine

The National flag of Ukraine consists two equal horizontal bands of azure (top) and golden yellow.

Ukraine Flag symbolism - meaning

Blue stands for sky, Ukraine's mountains and rivers and symbolizes unlimited opportunities.

Yellow represents Ukraine's wheat fields and symbolizes prosperity.

The history of the national flag of Ukraine

A golden lion on a blue background appeared on the emblem and flag of the Kingdom of Galicia-Volhynia, a medieval state located largely on the territory of western Ukraine, during the 12th to 14th centuries.

Later on, the colors blue and yellow became connected with the national liberation movement in Halychyna, the region in western Ukraine that was part of Austro-Hungarian Empire from 1772 to 1918.



On May 2, 1848, the General Ukrainian Rada, the first representative body of Ukrainians in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, approved the blue-and-yellow flag and the emblem of a golden lion on a blue background as symbols of Ukrainians residing in Halychyna.

At the beginning of the 20th century, the blue and yellow symbolism spread to territory that was then part of the Russian empire. "Although the Ukrainian national movements in the Russian empire were weak and harshly suppressed, there is evidence that, after the failed revolution in 1905, the blue-and-yellow flag was used by Ukrainians living in Kyiv and Poltava," says heraldic specialist Andriy Hrechyslo.

From 1917 to 1921, the blue-and-yellow flag was the state flag of the then independent Ukrainian state. But in January 1918, Ukraine's parliament approved the blue-and yellow version of the flag and no further discussion on the sequence of the colors arose," says Ivan Hrechyslo, one of the designers of the modern Ukrainian national emblem.

It was only after the break-up of the Soviet Union that the Ukrainian blue-and-yellow flag came back into use again as the state flag.



photo – Oksana Chernyak



Ukraine's parliament approved the blue-yellow flag as the national symbol of Ukraine on Jan. 28, 1992, almost six months after Ukraine declared independence.

Flag of the President of Ukraine

The Ukraine Presidential Flag features yellow tryzub in the center, within a yellow border made of leaves, on a blue field. The Flag of the President of Ukraine was confirmed by the Decree of the President of Ukraine as of November 29, 1999 and used during inaugural ceremony. It is the Chairman of the Constitutional Court of Ukraine that presents it to President. On delivering his inaugural address President takes a special seat at the session hall of the Verkhovna Rada next to which President's colour is placed. President's colour represents a blue square cloth bearing the golden trident in the center - the Sign of Prince Volodymyr the Great's State, edged with gold vegetative ornaments.



The State Anthem of Ukraine

The State Anthem of Ukraine, whose performance starts and ends the official ceremonies of the state importance, had been set to the music by Mykhailo Verbytsky and verse by Pavlo Chubynsky.

*Creation of the Ukrainian anthem harks back to the beginning of 1862 when Pavlo Chubynsky, the Ukrainian ethnographer, folklorist and poet, wrote a poem *Ukraine Has Not Died Yet* that spread instantly among the circles Ukrainophiles recently unified into the *Hromada*, which was a liberal organization of Ukrainian bourgeois intelligentsia of the period. The song was the national anthem of the Ukrainian People's Republic, West Ukrainian People's Republic, and Carpatho-Ukraine, and was once again adopted by independent Ukraine following its secession from the Soviet Union.*

This patriotic verse caught the attention of the religious figures and one of them was Father Mykhailo (Verbytsky), quite a famous composer of the time was fascinated by the poem and composed the music to it.

Published for the first time in 1865, it came to be used as the national anthem since 1917.

During 1917 to 1920, Ukraine's glory hasn't perished was not approved as the single state anthem: other hymns were also performed. Throughout the course of the Soviet period of the Ukrainian history this national anthem was officially forced into oblivion.

On March 6, 2003, that the Verkhovna Rada of Ukraine approved the Decree "On the State Anthem of Ukraine". In accordance with it, the music of Mykhailo Verbytsky with only the first couplet and refrain of the Pavlo Chubynsky song Ukraine's glory hasn't perished was confirmed to be the State Anthem of the country.

<http://www.ukraine-arabia.ae/ukraine/attributes/>



The State Anthem of Ukraine

Glorious spirit of Ukraine shines and lives forever.

*Blessed by Fortune brotherhood will stand up
together.*

Like the dew before the sun enemies will fade,

We will further rule and prosper in our promised land.

*We will lay our soul and body for the cherished
freedom.*

*Cossack blood will raise the nation of the joyous
people.*

*For the liberty the folk strives ardently from Dan to
Don,*

And will set no alien power in our common home.

Aged Dnieper and Black Sea arm in arm rejoice,

*And Ukraine will see daylight and live by Fortune's
choice.*

*We will lay our soul and body for the cherished
freedom.*

*Cossack blood will raise the nation of the joyous
people.*

*Passion and hard-working hands prove bright future
true.*

*Song of freedom, loud and clear, guides us all way
through.*

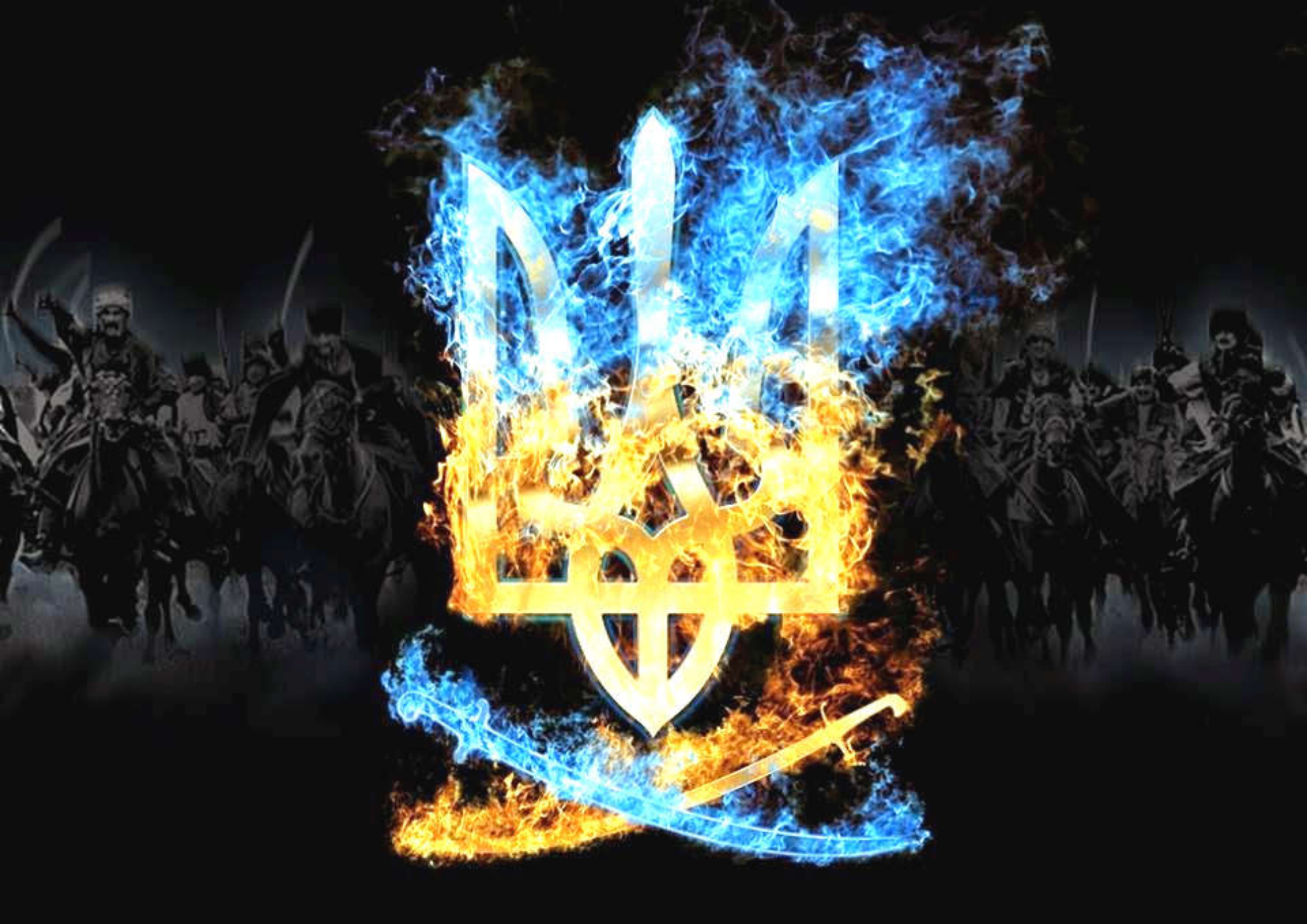
*Over mountains and steppes it flows, over ages told.
Valorous Ukraine stands strong in a thriving world.*

*We will lay our soul and body for the cherished
freedom.*

*Cossack blood will raise the nation of the joyous
people.*



photo – Oksana Chernyak



Trident

The Tryzub (pronounced "treh-zoob") is the ubiquitous symbol of Ukraine. The ancient symbol is believed to have originated as a tribal symbol; today it is emblazoned on the country's flag, on postage, money, business logos, even Easter eggs! The highly stylized version seen almost everywhere in Ukraine originated as the family crest of Volodymyr, a tenth century Ukrainian Prince. Today, the tryzub is worn as a symbol of national pride, as a symbol of the Christian trinity, or as a synthesis of the divine elements of fire and water in the manifest world.

Trident (tryzub). The official coat of arms of Ukraine is a gold trident on an azure background. As a state emblem the trident dates back to Kyivan Rus', when it was the coat of arms of the Riurykide dynasty. There are various theories about its origins and meaning. A trident was the symbol of Poseidon, the sea god of Greek mythology. It has been found in different societies, such as the Bosphoran Kingdom and the Pontic Kingdom, the Greek colonies on the Black Sea, Byzantium, Scandinavia, and Sarmatia, and has been used in various ways: as a religious and military emblem, a heraldic symbol, a state emblem, a monogram, and simply a decorative ornament.

The oldest examples of the trident discovered by archeologists on Ukrainian territory date back to the 1st century AD. At that time the trident probably served as a symbol of power in one of the tribes that later became part of the Ukrainian people. The trident was stamped on the gold and silver coins issued by Prince Volodymyr the Great (980-1015), who perhaps inherited the symbol from his ancestors (such as Sviatoslav I Ihorovych) as a dynastic coat of arms and passed it on to his sons, Sviatopolk I (1015-19) and Yaroslav the Wise (1019-54). Iziaslav Yaroslavych (1054-78), Sviatopolk II Iziaslavych (1093-1113), and Lev Danylovych (1264-1301) used the trident as their coat of arms. Although the trident continued to be used by some ruling families as a dynastic coat of arms until the 15th century, it was replaced as a state emblem in the 12th century with Saint Michael the Archangel. The trident was also used as a religious symbol in Ukrainian folklore and church heraldry.

The trident appeared not only on coins but also on the bricks of the Church of the Tithes in Kyiv (986-96), the tiles of the Dormition Cathedral in Volodymyr-Volynskyi (1160), and the stones of other churches, castles, and palaces.



It was also used as a decorative element on ceramics, weapons, rings, medallions, seals, and manuscripts. Because of its wide use in Kyivan Rus' the trident evolved in many directions without losing its basic structure.

Some of the variations include the bident, the trident with a cross on one of the arms or at the side, and the trident with a half-moon. Almost 200 medieval variations on the trident have been discovered. At Mykhailo Hrushevsky's recommendation the trident of Prince Volodymyr the Great was adopted by the Little Rada (12 February 1918) and the Central Rada (22





March 1918) as the coat of arms of the Ukrainian National Republic (UNR) (see Coat of arms of the UNR). By that act the UNR leaders linked the modern Ukrainian state with the medieval state of Kyivan Rus'. The Great and Minor state emblems of the UNR were designed by Vasyl H. Krychevsky. The trident also appeared on the UNR bank notes, which were designed by Heorhii Narbut, O. Krasovsky, Vadym Modzalevsky, Krychevsky, and others. It was retained

as the official coat of arms by the Hetman government and the Directory of the Ukrainian National Republic. The trident with a crossed middle arm was confirmed on 18 July 1918 as the emblem of the Black Sea Fleet. On 15 March 1939 the Diet of Carpatho-Ukraine adopted the trident with a cross as its official coat of arms. On 19 February 1992, after the restoration of Ukraine's independence in 1991, the Supreme Council accepted the trident as the chief element in the state coat of arms.

Various versions of the trident are used by Ukrainian organizations: supporters of the Hetmanite movement and certain affiliates of the Ukrainian Catholic church use a trident with a cross, nationalist organizations use a trident with a sword in the middle (designed by Robert Lisovsky), and the Ukrainian Native Faith church has incorporated the trident into its blazing sun emblem.

[This article originally appeared in the Encyclopedia of Ukraine, vol. 5 (1993).]

<http://www.encyclopediaofukraine.com>

<http://symboldictionary.net>





Ukrainian Pysanky (Easter Eggs)

Easter egg, pysanka, decorating is one of the most interesting expressions of Ukrainian folk art. This tradition is very old and its beginnings reach back to antiquity, when in attempting to understand creation, ancient people developed myths in which the egg was perceived as the source of life, the sun and the universe. Although such similar myths are found in many cultures of the world, Ukrainians today are one of the few groups of people who still strongly adhere to many of the ancient traditions associated with the egg.

The Ukrainian pysanka (from the word pysaty, to write) was believed to possess an enormous power not only in the egg itself, which harbored the nucleus of life, but also in the symbolic designs and colors which were drawn upon the egg in a specific manner, according to prescribed rituals. The intricately colored eggs were used for various social and religious occasions and were considered to be a talisman, a protector against evil, as well as harbingers of good.

The symbolic ornamentation of the pysanky consists of geometric motifs, with some animal and plant elements. The most important motif is the stylized symbol of the sun, which is seen as a broken cross, triangle, an eight point

rosette or a star. Other popular motifs are endless lines, stylized flowers, leaves, the tree of life and also some animal figures such as stags, horses or birds. The Christian influence brought elements such as the cross, the church and fish.

The most popular method of decorating pysanky is the use of the wax resist method or batik. A specialized instrument called the kistka or ryl'tse is used to write the design with hot wax. The dyes used in the process also had a symbolic meaning. Red symbolized the sun, life, joy; yellow stood for wealth and fertility; green was the symbol of spring and plant life. In the not too distant past artisans prepared their own dyes using natural products such as the bark of oak or ash trees, twigs of sour apple trees, saffron or willow tree leaves. Today, chemical dyes are used.

<http://www.ukrainianmuseum.org/pysanky.html>

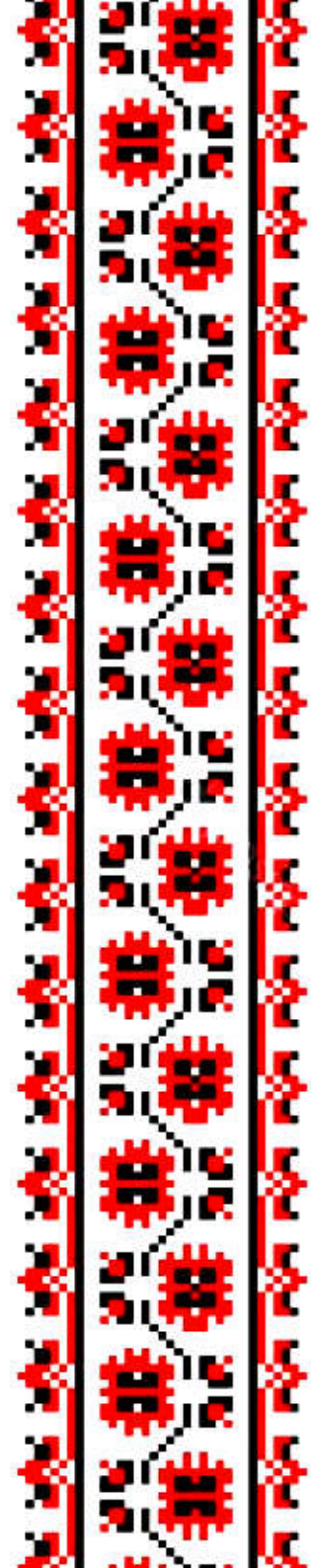
illustration – Lidiya Krotenko



Krotenko design

Along with embroidered towels and Vyshyvanka, Ukrainian Pysanka (Painted Easter egg) is one of the oldest branches of Ukrainian folk art. The first acquaintance with Ukrainian ornaments reveals common with ornaments of similar objects from a Tripoli culture. Ukrainian tradition of painting Easter eggs is rooted in ancient times, when people have not so much detached from nature. Why the egg? Perhaps that ancient people struck by the appearance of inanimate objects a new life. The symbolism of Easter eggs – a symbolism of joy, and so it has come since ancient pagan times to us.

Easter egg symbolized the rebirth of spring nature, warmth and victory of light over darkness, cold, winter and night. Our ancestors were wise, and thus able to combine Christianity with ancient beliefs, the idea of combining salvation from the darkness of the lightest ancient images of the past. That is the adoption of Christianity Easter eggs, gradually entered on Easter rites, are symbols of Christ's resurrection. Thus, dyed (dyed in the colors of the rainbow egg) and Ukrainian pysanky (eggs, painted and painted a variety of signs, that was the kind of ornamental symbols) are archetypal symbols of infinity in his eternal life peretvoryuvanosti, promynalnosti-vidrodzhuvanosti in Christianity – God's resurrection and rebirth nature. Today Easter egg appears as a work of folk art. Ukrainian pysanky



different ethnographic areas include technical and ornamental features, but have common genetic and functional principles.

In Ukraine there are several museums, which holds eggs and egg-painting technology. In Kiev, the National Museum of Ukrainian Decorative Folk Art department is eggs. The famous museum "Easter egg" in Coloma, in Ivano-Frankivsk. In Skhidnytsya, Lviv region, recently opened a monument to the egg. A large egg painted villagers and students of the local school. So they found respect for ancient traditions and indissoluble spiritual connection to the ancestors, to their roots.

Other nations of the world revered the egg and have their own attributes his praise. And apparently none of the people not told until today its autochthonous graphic picture of life so clearly, as Ukrainian.



How do the complex multicolored egg with patterns is born? Originally by pysachok (a special brush) applied to unpainted egg those strips, that elements of the ornament, which, by design, must be white. Then dip the egg in

most lighter paint, usually light yellow. Then on dry surface painted eggs put wax line, which should be light yellow color, and then dipped in egg dye, say, dark yellow, then write the elements of dark yellow and lowered egg to have darker colors - red, then under to dark cherry, brown or black. Finally the egg is heated in a furnace or hot water to come down the wax - and Ukrainian Pysanka is ready.

The fame of the beauty and originality of the Ukrainian Pysanka have long reached the farthest countries. Many foreign museums interested in them. The largest collection of Ukrainian Pysanky outside of Ukraine is in the Royal Museum in St. Petersburg, the former Museum of Ethnography of the Soviet peoples in Krakow and Prague museums.

History of Ukrainian Pysanka

History of Easter eggs as a symbol of spring nature awakening reaches deep in the past and is associated with the ritual of spring revival zemli. Peretvoryuvaty usual egg Easter Egg on magic in the old Slavic habits every woman. Keeper of the hearth was from year to year "update the world." For this sacred cause it except eggs needed: there's no water, there's no fire, new pots, new linen cloth, beeswax, candle, paint, broken in two-bone psug, taken with cock lumps. There's no fire procured host family, there's no water at midnight mistress took the seven

sources. Paints extracted from the petals of flowers, bark, roots and leaves. Pattern masters not invent and write off of last year's Easter eggs - from year to year, from grandmothers, great-grandmothers. And to the subjects involved in the preparation of Ukrainian pysanky, none other than the lady, not even dare to touch. So far our ancestors wrote Eggs. This tradition has for nearly 8000 years. Of course, eventually writing rules simplified. Water is simple, boiled, Easter eggs pysanky - specially made as a small metal funnel, and paint are taken as "from God and from the people." But tradition had passed all odds and managed to survive to this day.

<http://unknownukraine.com/ukrainian-pysanka/>

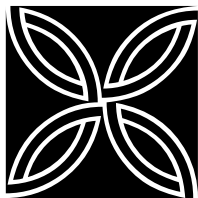
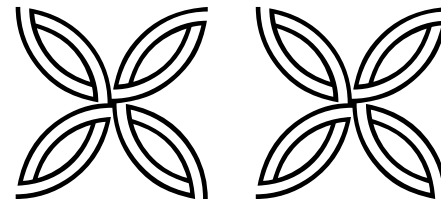
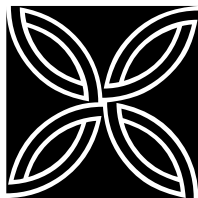
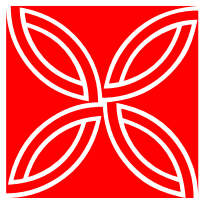






photo – Oksana Chernyak

Horse in Ukrainian Culture

Horse is Ukrainian animal symbol of energy and power, passion and instincts, dedication and work devotion. In ancient times the horse was always faithful heroes` and gods` assistant. During Cossack times horses gained special importance in Ukraine. It was a horse who always accompanied gallant soldiers, experienced in battles and useful in domestic life. That`s why Cossacks called them "inseparable friends", "devoted brothers", that never betrayed them.

In Ukrainian folklore a horse is not just an animal, but also an embodiment of liberty, an immortal symbol of disobedience of Ukrainian nation. There is no nation in the world except Ukrainians that has such a great amount of songs that glorified this truthful animal.

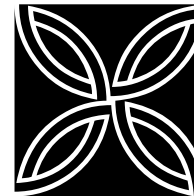
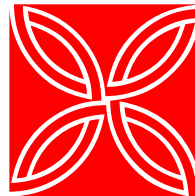


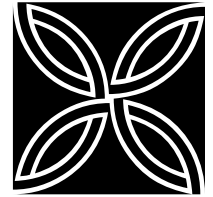
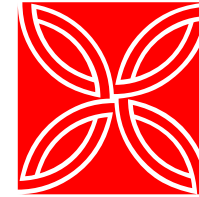
photo – Oksana Chernyak





Family Traditions in Ukraine

Ukrainian Women



Family traditions counter alienation and confusion. They help us define who we are; moreover, they provide something steady, reliable and safe in our confusing world. Traditions help to create memories, after all. They help people feel connected to their relatives and previous generations.

Speaking of Ukrainian family traditions, we have to tell you that their origin lies in the times when Cossacks lived here. It is known that these warriors were as one family and had special rules to follow:

- 1. Always respect the elders.*
- 2. Honor the guest of the house, respect him, make his stay in your house as good as possible and let him go with peace.*

A woman is the foundation of all the brightest on Earth. Love your mother, sister, wife, and daughter. Do not offend them, and give them joy. Nowadays people try to follow these rules too, which makes every family very strong and friendly.

Respect for the elders is something children are taught since childhood. It is considered polite to help granny about the house, listen to granddad's advice, and never argue back.

It is also one of family traditions to welcome guests as if they were the greatest VIPs of the country. Every guest is always welcome and even in the most difficult financial situation the host of the house will make sure that the visitor will be well fed, given the best drinks and warmed.

Although a man is considered to be the head of every family, since he usually works and provides for his wife and children, his wife is said to be the neck of the family organism. What does it mean? Being the neck means that the head will look the way the neck turns. That is the husband will follow his wife's orders.

Apart from following these main rules of family life, every Ukrainian family has other customs connected with different events in people's life like marriage, religious or calendar holidays and, of course, childbirth. The

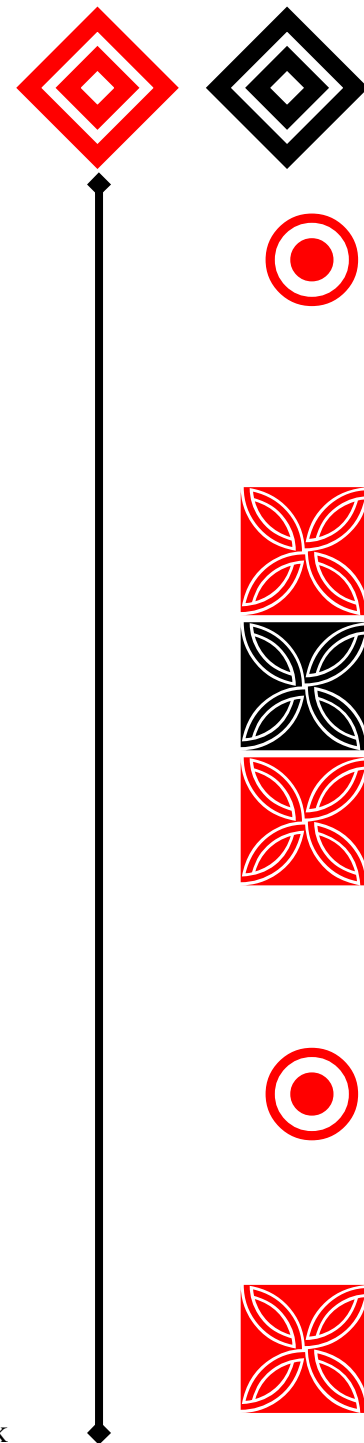
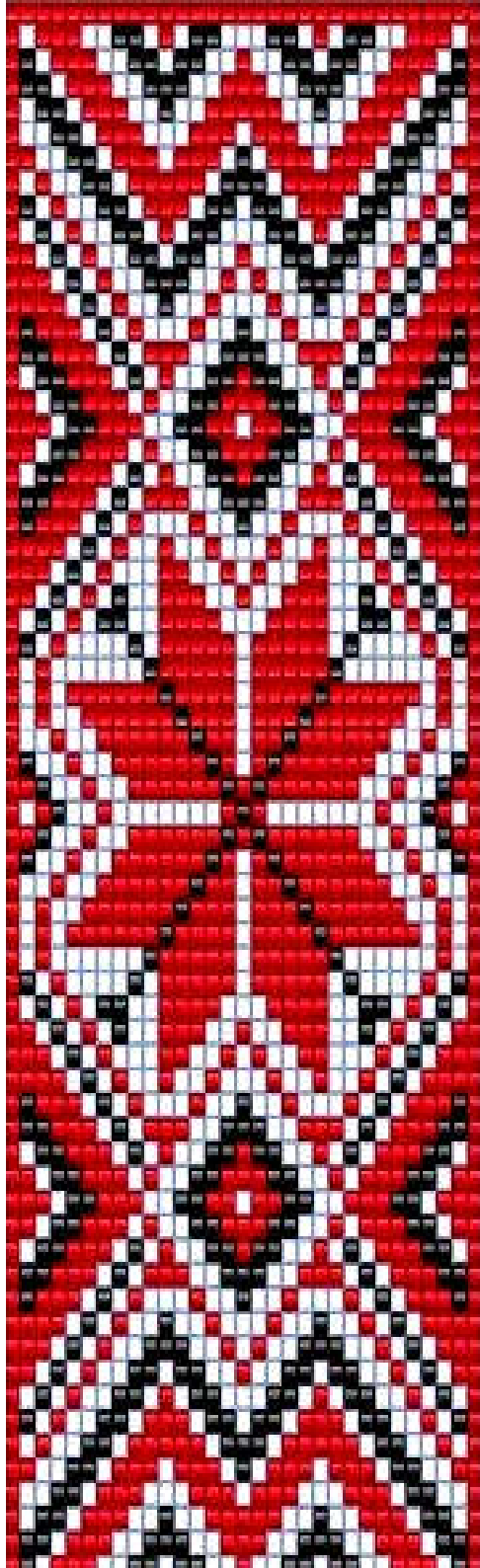


photo — Oksana Chernyak

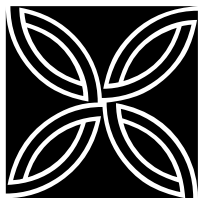
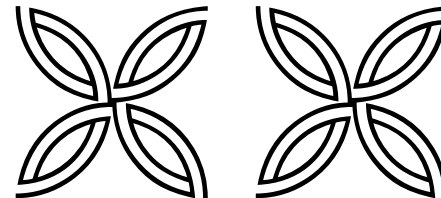
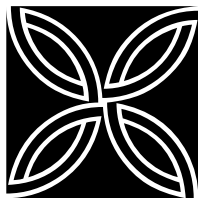
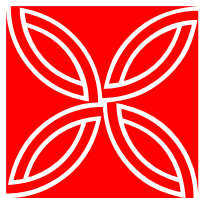
latter being one of the most important events cannot be left unattended and we will tell you about some of family traditions connected with children.

Everything starts with a woman getting pregnant. When she learns that she will have a baby, a Ukrainian woman will not tell about it to the whole world, only to her closest people. A pregnant woman is also not recommended to meet sick people, look at snakes, make a haircut or dye hair and buy anything for the future child. The less people know about it, the better. Some people do not even let anyone see the newborn baby for about forty days after the birth before the baptism rite. That is because the baby is considered to be unprotected and vulnerable without the God's defense. Therefore, if someone looks at the baby with evil eye it may fall ill and parents try not to let it happen.

The rite of baptism is probably one of the most beautiful family traditions in Ukraine. For this significant occasion, all the family and Godparents dress very smart, usually in white clothes. After the priest finishes the child-rites, the godfather cuts locks from four sides of the baby's head making a cross. After that, parents, other family members and friends have a festive dinner.

Another family tradition connected with children is celebrating the child's first birthday in a special way. Of course, all the family gather and hold one interesting ceremony, which is thought to show what the child's future will be like. The baby usually sits on the floor with different things around it. Usually these are keys, money, a book, etc. anything which can hint on the child's future occupation. Everybody is waiting to see what the baby will choose and find out what it will be. For example, if it chooses money, wealthy life is waiting for it; if it chooses a book, it will be very smart and somehow connected with science, etc. All in all, there are tons of fascinating family traditions in Ukraine, but the most important thing about them is that they remind us that we are not alone, our family has its own history and we should appreciate every moment spent with our dear ones.

<http://diolli.com/family-traditions-in-ukraine/>





Man is the decision maker in the house

Ukrainian women like when the man makes the rules. Do not get it wrong – there are thousands of households in Ukraine that are ruled by the Mom of the house. The man is the head, and the wife is the neck, as they say. And sometimes the wife is both the head and the neck. However, traditionally the man is considered to be in charge of the family. If you show the kind of leadership qualities, that makes a Ukrainian girl believe that you could be such a man, it really turns them on. They are taught that a man should be able to defend his family, but the reality is that many Ukrainian men are failing in this aspect. So if she sees a trustworthy and a strong man in you, then she is much more eager to share not only her bed, but her life with you.

<http://ukrainianbrides.info/ukrainian-family-traditions/>

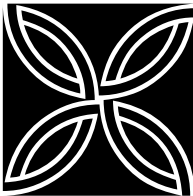
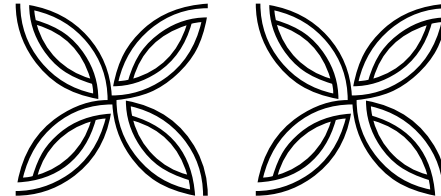
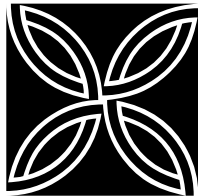
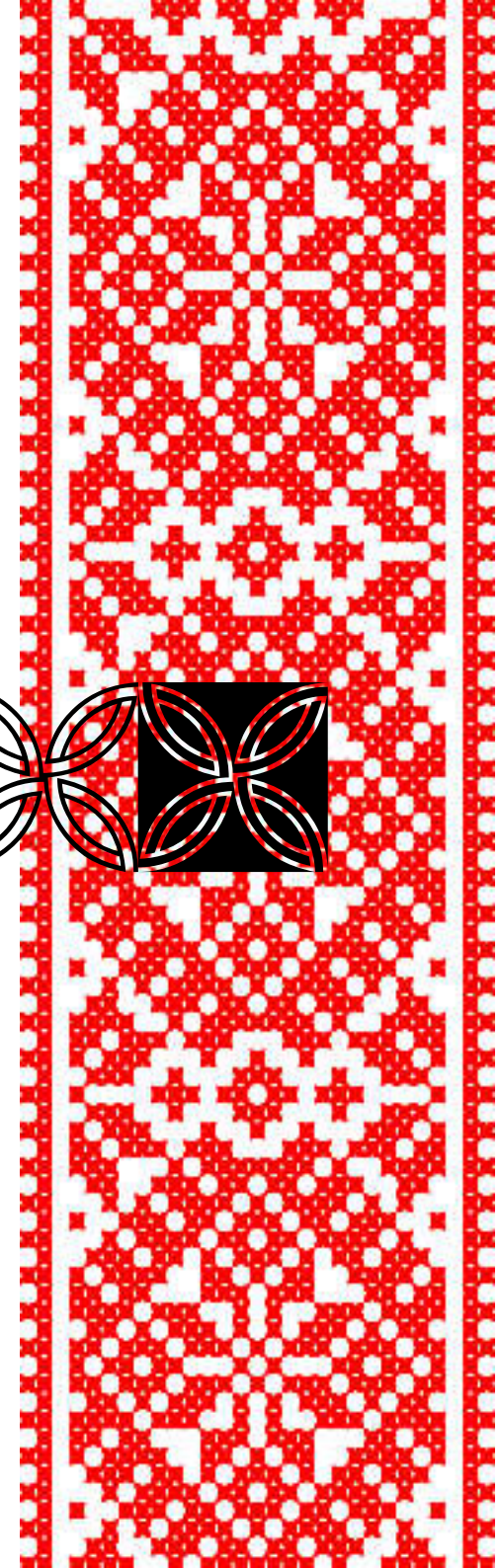
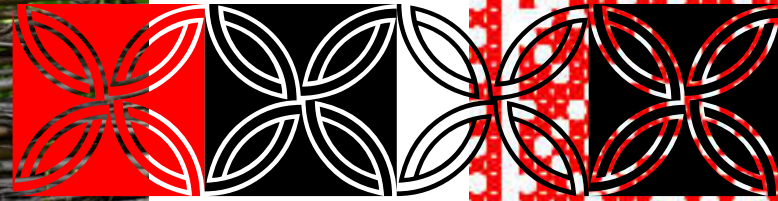


photo – Oksana Chernyak



Typical Ukrainian family

Family has always been the base of every society, which types and forms depend on national folk features, social and economic relationships. Ukrainian word for the family is "РОДИНА" (rodyna) that is the key for understanding word's origin - belonging to the genus ("РОД" in Ukrainian). On the territory of the Western Europe the structure of society is built around the family, but in Ukraine around the genus.

Ukraine family structure

Diverse historical and archaeological materials indicate the existence of monogamous families in Ukraine from times it was inhabited. Monogamous families in their turn can be divided into:

- nuclear (simple, elementary);*
- extended families.*

In the ancient times Ukrainian families had the form of large extended families. They consisted of several generations, lived together and had common ownership.

There was a head of the family who controlled the common law and order observance. Such type of families existed for a long period of time.

Simple family type dominated during Kievan Rus times. The major part of Ukrainian territory was inhabited by villagers, who worked as independent manufacturers and had their own household. Their families counted in average six or seven members.

Later, during the next centuries simple families gained their further popularity in Ukraine. By the end of 19th century according to the statistics they had 84 per cents and the extended families only 16 per cents.

Nowadays a typical Ukrainian family has a nuclear structure and consists of three or four people, including husband, wife and their only child or children. Usually family responsibilities are distributed among all members and the decisions are also taken by both spouses. The head of the family is considered to be a man, who is supported and respected by his wife and children. Contemporary Ukrainian families face different financial, housing and private problems. The instability of earnings and indefinite future has an essential influence on internal processes of family life in

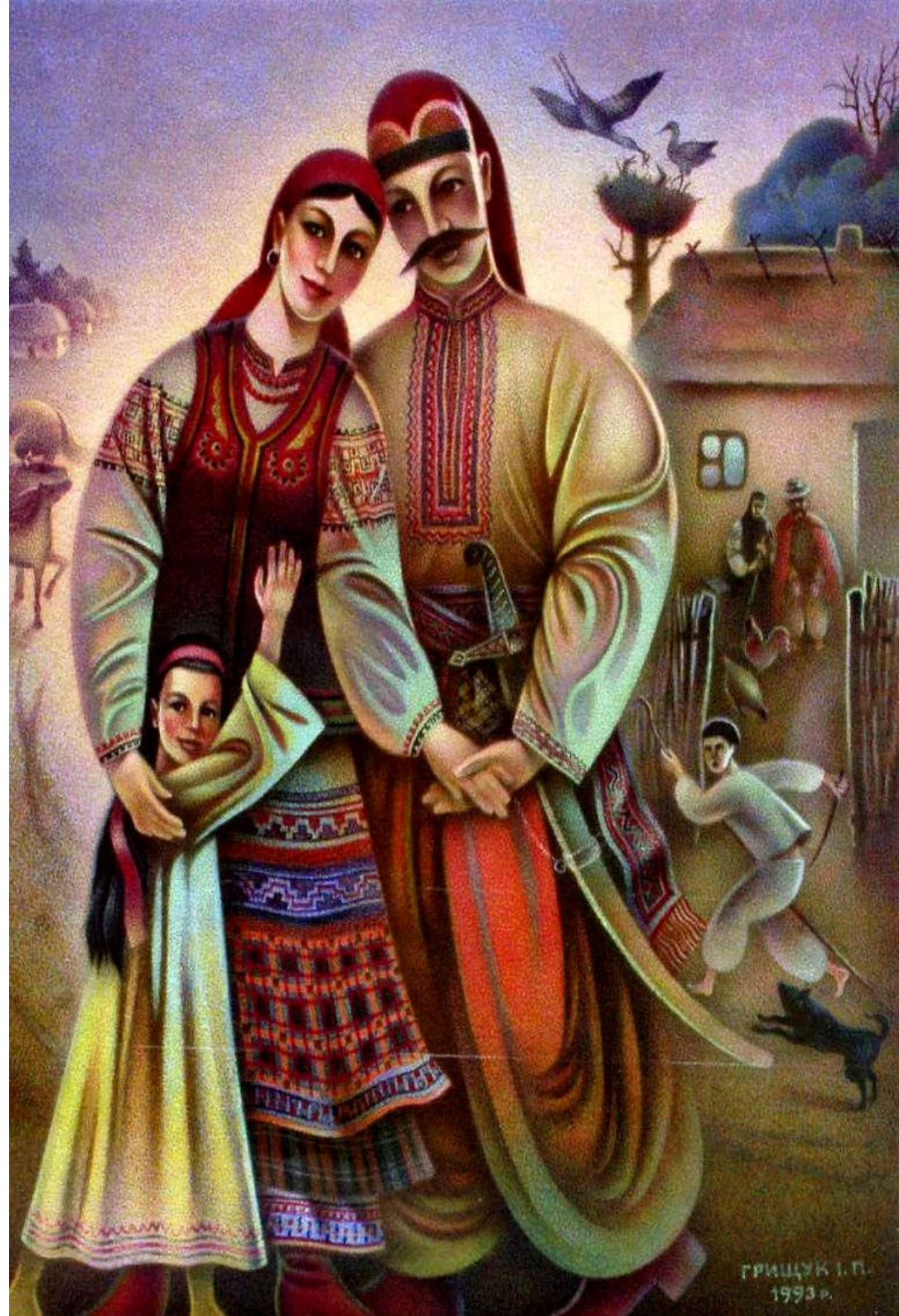


Ukraine.

Ukrainian family values

Ukrainians are very devoted to their families. They always keep in touch with their parents and grandparents; sometimes several generations may live together in the same house. One of the main aims of children` upbringing in Ukrainian families is forming the national consciousness, sense of patriotism and respectful attitude to Ukrainian traditions, rites and customs.

Family lineage memory is the unique phenomenon in Ukrainian family life. From the ancient times it was a duty for each member of the family to know the genealogy to the fifth or even seventh generation.



Children should realize their genealogical values in order to respect their ancestors and their genus. That`s why main family Ukrainian values are love, regard and patriotism.

Ukrainian family traditions

The most important stages of human life and family development are always accompanied by various rites and traditions, which determine Ukrainian way of life. Family traditions in Ukraine are connected with different periods of life (childbirth, marriage), religious or calendar holidays.

Childbirth traditions

Many years ago pregnant Ukrainian women were forbidden to cut their hair, to attend funeral and to meet with cripples or blind people. People believed it could bring troubles for the women or their unborn babies. Nowadays some omens are still believed in.

Infant baptism is a very ancient Orthodox rite in Ukraine. According to this tradition babies are baptized in the church during their first months after birth.

For this rite parents select godparents for their infant, who take part in christening ceremony and hold the baby. During this sacrament the priest puts on the cross on the child`s neck, as the



symbol of Christianity, immerses him or her three times to the baptismal font and then wraps in a special white cloth that is called "kryzhma".

As infant baptism is a significant and joyful event in every Orthodox family, it is celebrated by a great amount of people, including relatives and friends.

Marriage traditions

Family plays very important role in Ukrainians' life, so they pay special attention to its creation.

Ukrainian wedding process starts with matchmaking, when the groom and his friends (matchmakers) come to prospective bride`s parents and ask if he may marry their daughter. Two or three days before the wedding date happily married women bake the traditional Ukrainian bread "karavai". It is believed, they share their happiness and wisdom through this Ukrainian symbol with brides.

Another Ukrainian symbol for family is embroidered towel "rusnyk". It is a ritual cloth, symbol of Ukrainian nation, of the native land and parental house. From the ancient times rushnyk, embroidered with special patterns, was an integral part of all Ukrainian rites: it was used to honor the childbirth, to welcome the newlyweds, to decorate the icons and at the funeral.

Holiday traditions

Ukrainians have many great holidays, which they traditionally celebrate in a big family circle. Preparations to Easter, the main Christian holiday, begin a week before the holiday. Women clean their houses, decorate eggs with national Ukrainian patterns ("pysanki" and "krashanki") and bake traditional Easter bread Paska.

On Easter day early in the morning all members of Ukrainian families attend church service to bless Easter baskets. After that they come back home and have the traditional Easter feast including "egg battles" or "egg knocking".

New Year is one of the most favorite holidays for children and adults, which is associated with a lot of presents, snow and Christmas tree.

There are many traditions connected with this winter holiday in Ukraine. The main symbol of New Year is Ded Moroz, Ukrainian Santa Claus, and his granddaughter Snegurochka. On New Year`s eve they visit Ukrainian houses and leave their presents under the Christmas tree. As New Year is a



family holiday all relatives gather together to celebrate it, to see off an old year and to congratulate each other with the coming year.

Inheritance traditions in Ukraine

According to the local traditions in some regions of Ukraine the property that belonged to the head of the family is divided between all members of the family.

During the Grand Duchy of Lithuania times women inherited only fourth part if they had brothers. Distinctive feature of women`s inheritance of that period was "materyzna", personal women`s property (part of the land) that was inherited only through the female line and wasn`t distributed between all members.

Nowadays there are two types of inheritors in Ukraine: heir-at-law and heir-by-will. Inheritance procedure is regulated by the civil code of Ukraine.

Adoption in Ukraine

According to Ukrainian Ministry of Health statistics the level of infertility in Ukraine is 20%, that means every fifth couple can`t have children. Adoption is the best way to create the full family. There are seventy three thousands orphans, who are waiting for their new families and homes in Ukraine.

To adopt children potential parents must be:

- *capable individuals at least 21 years old;*
- *minimum 15 years older than the adoptive child;*
- *married, if the adoptive parents are foreigners.*

The procedure of adoption in Ukraine consists of several stages, which may have certain nuances and difficulties. Nevertheless such a long and extensive adoption process is aimed to protect children`s rights and interests.

<http://proudoofukraine.com/typical-ukrainian-family/>

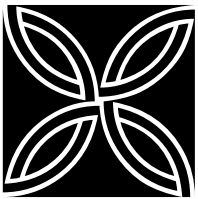
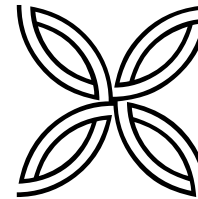
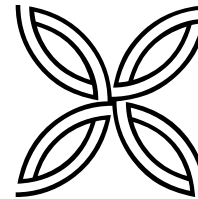
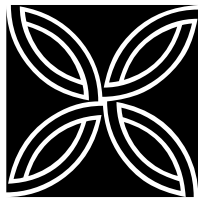


photo – Lidiya Krotenko ↓



Folk Beliefs about Trees and Herbs

The Green kingdom, be that in the orchard or in the garden, or in the adjacent meadow, features widely in folk beliefs.

In the backyard, there is commonly an orchard with fruit-bearing trees such as a guelder rose, a cherry tree, a plum tree, an apricot tree, an apple tree, and a pear tree.

Other trees are generally unwelcome in the backyard, partly for the reasons of a rational use of the garden space, and partly because of some irrational considerations of an equal significance.

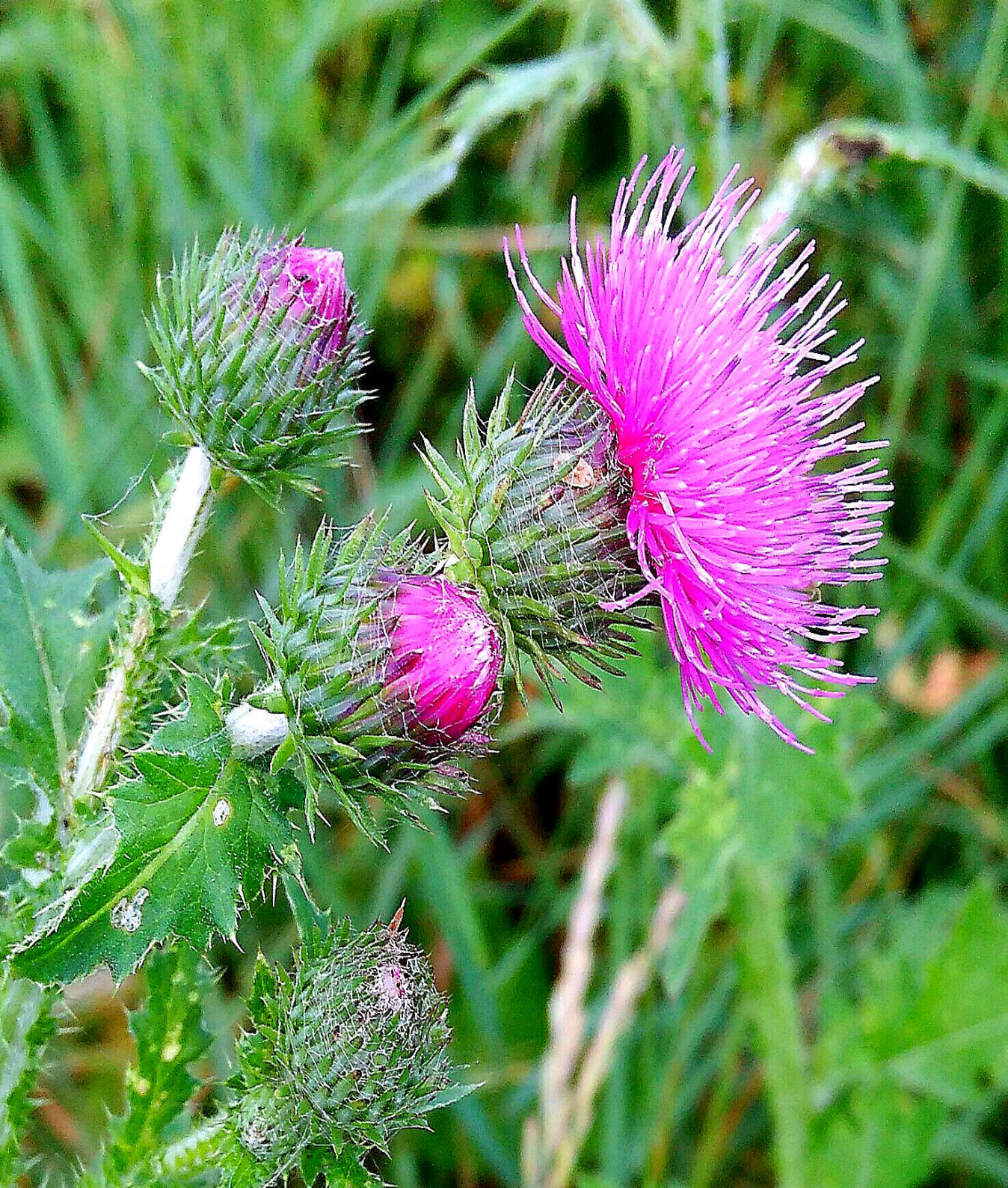
photo – Lidiya Krotenko ↓→





A record made in the village of Kosodyste (rn. Zvenyhorodka, obi. Cherkasy) in the early XX century says this, for example, of an oak tree. "There is no one in these parts who will plant an oak tree for there is a fear about it. Old people say that he who plants an oak tree must beware of it. For as soon as the tree grows as tall as the one who has planted it, that man is bound to die any day now" (v. Melykoseletske. rn. Orzhytzia. obi. Postava).

Aspen timber has never been used in constructing living quarters for fear of attracting witches. Aspen planks, however, were put to good use in erecting a fence or a garden shed. Such an ambivalent attitude to aspen may well ascend to biblical



legend, though. However much treasured was fertile land for agricultural crops, no housewife could fancy a garden without a flowerbed of her favourite flowers and/or fragrant herbs, such as periwinkle, scavage, mallow [malva], marigolds, and zinnia. Young girls were in the habit of wearing wreaths or entwining flowers into their hair, whereas wives maintained a tradition of decorating their ochipok (a traditional Ukrainian female headdress that covers the entire head with a slit in the back and laces that pull it tightly around the head).

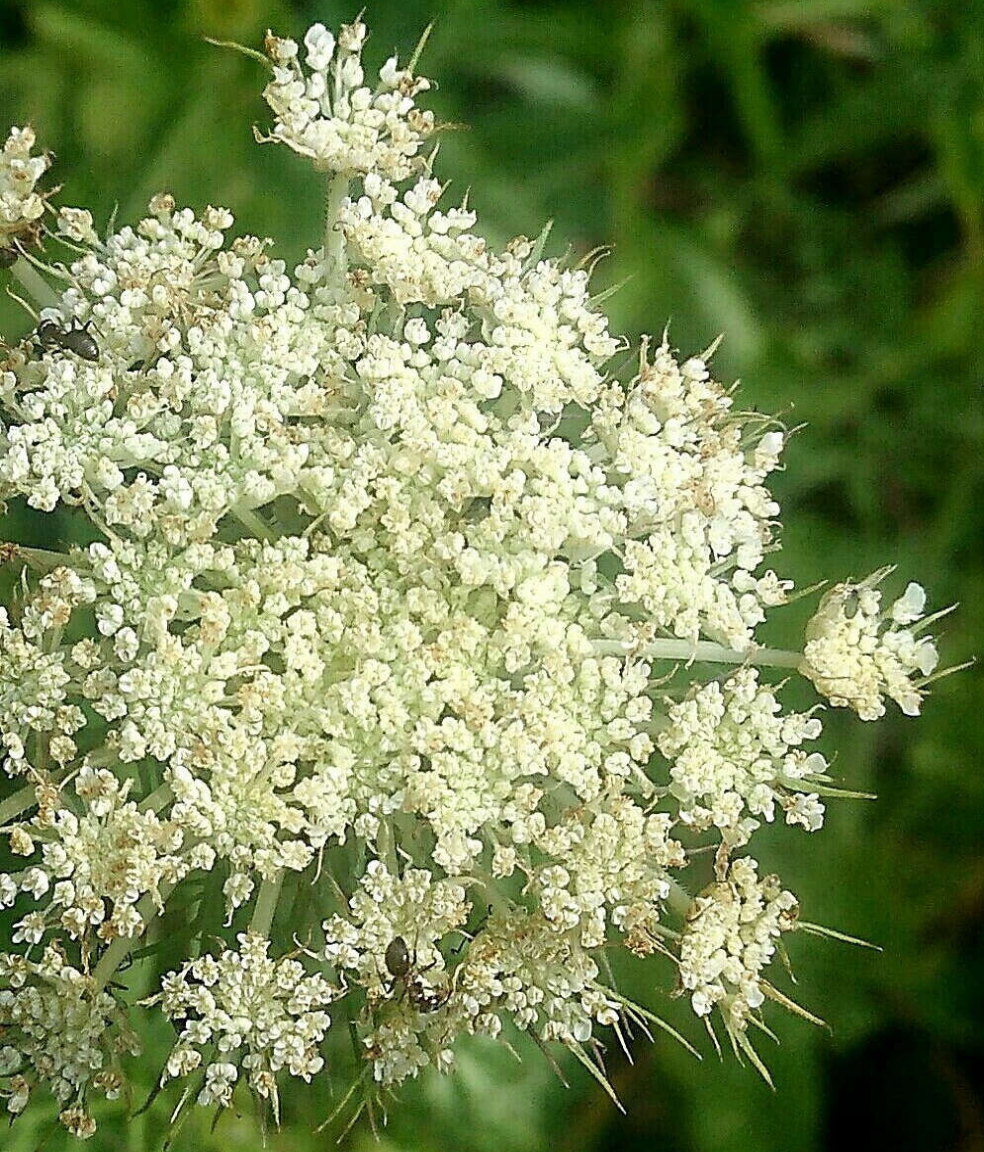
← ↓ photo – Lidiya Krotenko



Also it was their responsibility to decorate the iconostasis and icon corner as whole, as well as the house's ceiling bearing beam and the walls. The floors were normally strewn with fragrant accorus calamus or fresh straw or hay.

With riast (Gorydalis) coming in blossom there was and, at places, still is a tradition of barefoot walking upon it, often accompanied by a spell, "I tread, I tread upon the riast so that





God shall give me health to last for another year so that I may walk upon the riasť". This spell, though recorded in the vicinity of Kharĳiv, in slight variations was once widely spread throughout Ukraine. On Pentecost, often called Zeleni Sviaty (lit., Green Holidays) the custom of decorating one's place with verdure often transgresses the limits of the house itself to splash out onto the entire yard. The verdure used to decorate the yard is then called kleĳane zillia (lit., barn potion), as it is never thrown away, but fed to the cattle or burned to ashes, the latter believed to have curative or protective 'blessed' power.

Among the diverse medicinal herbs used in traditional medicine most popular with common people were bezsmertnyk (Helichrysum), valeryana (Valerian), zvimbiy (St. John's wort, Hypericum), podcrozhnyk (Plantago), sobacha kropyva (lit., canine nettles, Leonurus), sa-hon (Rhododendron luteum), chabrets (Thyme), maty-y-machuha (lit., mother-and-step-mother, Cost's foot, Tussilago), dereviy (yarrow, Achillea), myata (mint, Mentha), dereviy-kro-vavnyk (milfoil, Myriophyllum), romen or romashka (Chamomile), lypovy tsvit (Lime-tree blossom), malyunnyk (Raspberry bush), and





others. Most beneficial properties were ascribed to herbal remedies picked on Ivan Kupala (St. John's Eve). Interestingly, in some localities they still maintain a custom of 'burying' a lump of bread at the first pick as a payment for the zillya (v. Velyki Oзера, rn. Dubrovytsia, obi. Rivne, 2008). Also it is not uncommon to utter a spell, "God's Mother will walk around and plead with God [with her words] while Yuri or whoever he is who picks herbs will help people with his potions" (ibid).

No traditional household in Ukraine could do without tetterwort (*Thesidonium majus*), commonly known as chy'stotil (lit., clean body) or





*hšekopar (lit., steam for a pot), or hšadušnyk (lit., makes [skin] smooth), or mološnyk (lit., milkman), — all these being telling names giving clues to its uses at home. For example, a simmering *Thesidonium majus* brew was used to steam milk pots to prevent early souring. As a natural bactericide, it could also prevent infections, if the cow was unwell. Thabrets (thyme) was and still is a highly popular tea flavour, however, due to its sparing antiseptic effect, in the past it was mostly used to fumigate one's bedroom. Romen (Chamomile) and zvirchiv (St. John's wort) were reputed remedies for digestive disorders, and lovage — probably owing to its name — was believed to induce love, which accounts for its use as an additive to a baby bath or a hair rinse with young girls.*



Plakun (Lythrum), gathered at dawn on Ivan Kupala, roots dug out by hand, no hoe or spade used; alleged to drive away domovyks, witches, and earthen beings guarding buried treasures, alike.

Paprot' (fern), — collected on Kupala night. The legend has it that he who finds paprot' blossom will acquire power over the earthen beings and, through them, gain access to buried treasures.

Prykrit (Aconitum, a.k.a. aconite, or monkshood, or wolf's bane, or Queen of all Poisons), gathered between Persha Prechysta (the Dormition of the Mother of God) and Pokrova (the Intercession of the Theotokos),

used as an herb against vesisne namovssannia (lit. wedding evil spell).

Nechuiviter (Hieracium, or hawkweed) grows along riverbanks and it is the blind who ought to collect it in winter as it 'prickles the eyes'; helps in stream-crossing and fishing.

Don-trava (lit. dream-herb, Pulsatilla patens, or Eastern pasqueflower, or cutleaf anemone), collected in April; believed to induce dreams bound to come true. Tyriych (Gentidna), in witchcraft they use solely the herb that grows in Kyiv on Lysa hora (lit. bald hill) and is collected on the Kupala night. But as it is the venue of the witches' on the Sabbath night, one may walk there unnoticed only if he carries plakun-zillya picked in advance.

Rezryv-trava (fnpatiens, touch-me-not), can be used to concoct a potion capable of breaking all things metal to pieces, most importantly, locks guarded by evil spirits or carrying a magic spell. The 'right' herb, however, is exceptionally rare and is, therefore, held in high esteem with witch doctors. What can ease the search is plakun-zillya or paperet' blossom, so they say.

Наталка Лещенко, Руслан Павлюк. Українська культура (photo – Lidiya Krotenko)





photo – Lidiya Krotenko

ymbolism of lowers

Flowers have been always held in great admiration in Ukraine. You would hardly find a peasant house without flowers growing here and there around it. Flowers please the eye and sooth the soul. When you are away from home, seeing flowers that used to grow in the garden of the house you grew up in, causes the flood of reminiscences. Ukrainians of the old times sincerely believed that flowers were a special gift from God. If anything, the presence of flowers in the everyday life of Ukrainians has grown considerably — and seems to continue to grow. Hardly any occasion of some significance can do without flowers which are presented in bouquets of considerable sizes. Flowers have made their way onto embroidered decorative towels, tablecloths, shirts and dresses, and into paintings and murals not only on the walls of public houses but on the walls of private homes as well. Flowers feature in songs, poetry and in art. Stylized flowers that appear on dress usually carry some symbolic significance and meaning; they also protect against “evil spirits”, misfortune and diseases. Only a few of the ancient rituals and beliefs connected with flowers actually survive but they bear testimony to their popularity in the times of old. Folk songs, bits of which are provided after every entry dealing with a particular flower, are a

good evidence of how deeply flowers are embedded in the Ukrainian soul.

<http://www.wumag.kiev.ua> (illustration – Lidiya Krotenko)

Mallow (Malvy)

Mallow (mal'vy) symbolizes love for native land, for nation and people that represent it, for paternal home. The plant is a symbol of national and spiritual roots, reminder of ancestors.

Mallow is often mentioned in folk culture, one can find pictures of mallow on folk paintings, decorative embroideries, clothes. The flower is one of the main elements of Ukrainians' everyday life. It is considered to be a guardian of a house. According to the legend



souls of good-hearted ancestors settle in mallows and protect those who live in the house, that's why practically every Ukrainian family had mallows in their front yard. Folk medicine used herbal infusion made out of mallow petals to treat cough and chest infections.

<http://proudoofukraine.com>

In embroidery the mallow or eight-pointed star is formed by superimposing a straight cross (symbol of masculinity and the Sun) and an oblique cross (symbol of femininity and the Moon). The joining of these two entities naturally gives life. The full mallow is also known as the Mother's Star. This is the symbol we often see in icons of the Virgin Mary.

The octagonal star is one of the most popular geometric motifs in Ukrainian embroidery. 8 is not a haphazard number. Biophysicists say that such a star - octahedron - is the model of an energy field built around any living organism. The human zygote undergoes its first cell division, forming 8 cells, 8 energy flows, which then shape the physical and spiritual essence of the embryo.

<http://euromaidanpress.com>

Mallow symbolizes love for one's native land, for one's parents and for one's home. This plant reminds one of one's spiritual and national roots, and of one's ancestors. The mallow features prominently in folk culture; it is hard to imagine a traditional Ukrainian home without mallows in one form or another — both as living plants or plucked flowers, and as stylized representations in decorative embroideries or folk paintings.

The times when practically every Ukrainian peasant hut had mallows in the front yard are not too distant in the past. When you were leaving your home for a long journey, the mallows in your yard, as you were saying goodbye to them, reminded you that "it is the sweet memory of the land where you were born that you will always carry in your heart."

The mallows have fallen asleep in the garden,

The moon has climbed up high into the sky.

But the mother can't sleep —

She is still waiting for her son to come back...

<http://www.wumag.kiev.ua>

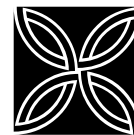
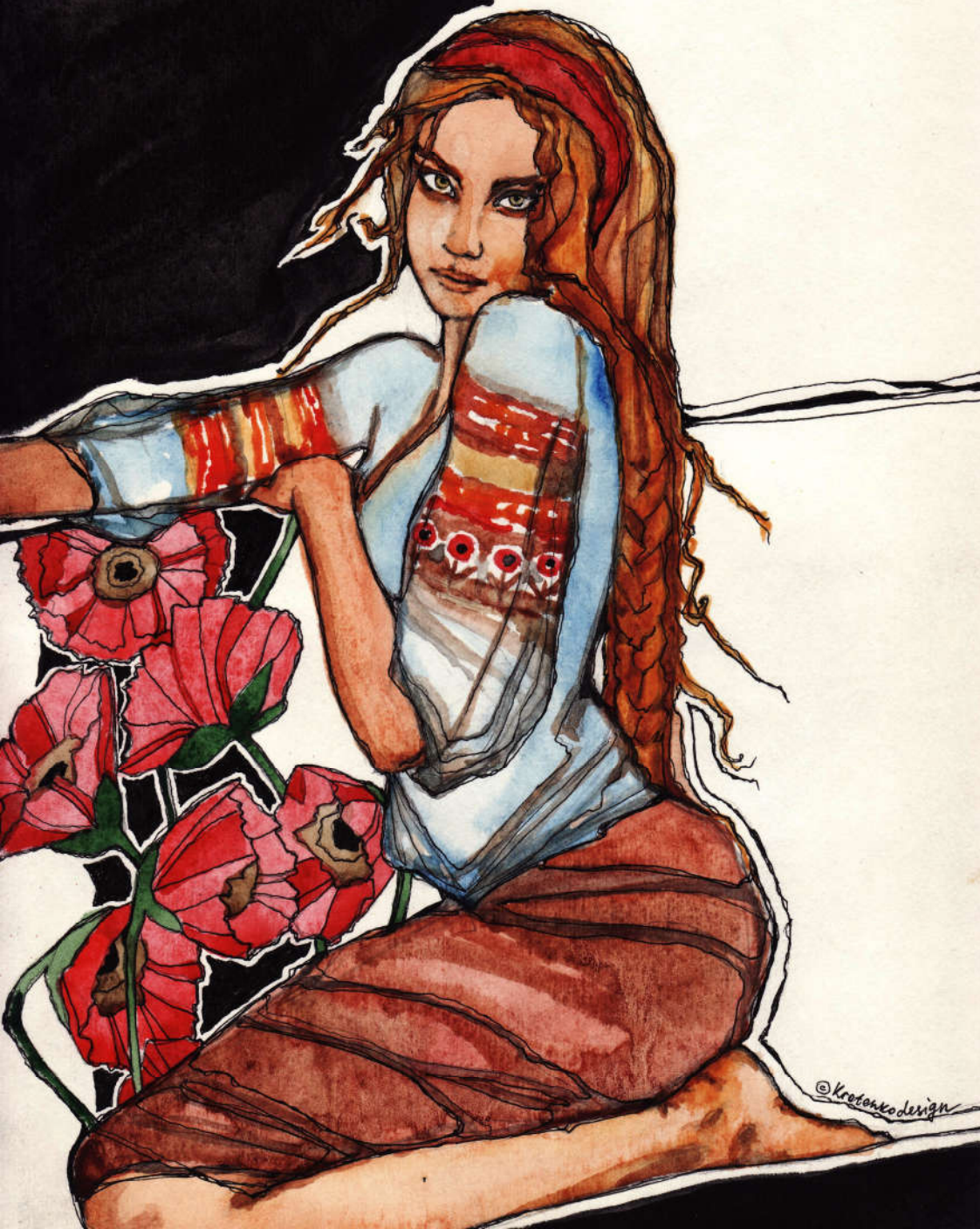


photo – Lidiya Krotenko →





Poppy (Mak)

Poppy (Mak) is a flower of dreams, fertility, beauty and youth. It also symbolizes infinity of the universe. The flower is still used in two religious festivals - Spas and Makoviy. Poppy seeds are one of the main ingredients of kutya - dish consumed by Ukrainians at Christmas. Herbalists used the plant as hypnotic and sedative.

In folk medicine poppy is known as a protective charm against the evil eye. The flower protects not only humans, but also

← illustration - L. Krotenko, photo - O. Chernyak →



property. Poppy flower meaning made the plant popular on the territory of Ukraine.

Poppy blooms are tender and wilt in no time that's why they are associated with beauty and youth that pass really fast. Because of the poppy symbolism its blooms were often used in wreaths to stress girl's virginity that as the flower petals is lost and damaged so easily. <http://proudukraine.com>

Poppy symbolizes infinity of the universe and at the same time it suggests sleep and oblivion. The poppy capsule is a symbol of quietude. Poppies feature prominently at two of the religious festivals — Makoviy and Spas; poppy seeds are an indispensable ingredient of kutya, a





dish made of wheat, poppy seeds and honey, and consumed at Christmas.

The poppy thanks to its blooms that are so tender and wilt in no time, is also a symbol of youth and beauty that pass so fast. A wreath made of poppy flowers is likened to girls' virginity — the petals are damaged and are lost so easily.

Poppies were believed to have a magic power and be helpful against all sorts of evil forces and evil influences; they were believed to be a good charm against witches.

The girl is collecting poppies,

She 's tormented by a wicked love,

She is crying over red poppies,

She 's crying over the unrequited love...

<http://www.wumag.kiev.ua>

photo – Lidiya Krotenko→





photo – Oksana Chernyak

photo –
Oksana Chernyak



Kalyna in

Ukrainian

Culture

*Kalyna ('калина' -
Viburnum) is the ethnic
and national symbol of*

*Ukraine, which represents beauty, love, motherhood, blood, the immortality of family, fire, national resurgence,
womanhood, life, love for the homeland etc. This is an encoding mechanism in Ukrainian ethnic culture, the color of
the 'nation's soul', the core of the Kozak spirit and the symbol of national unity.*



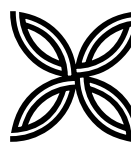
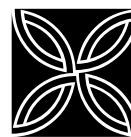


photo – Oksana Chernyak

In early summer viburnum bushes covered with white buds among green leaves resemble a bride in white dress. Viburnum blossoms look like a wreath (a circle). It is not coincidental that viburnum is considered to be a female symbol (whereas oak and sycamore trees are typical male symbols) that embodies a girl's virginity and innocence, purity, love, maturity, beauty and youth, family and marriage, fertility and joy, sorrow and grief.

Going to the meadow to pick viburnum flowers or berries was considered a favorite pastime for Ukrainian girls. Traditional expressions connected to picking viburnum can be interpreted metaphorically as finding love.

If one's house had kalyna branches hanging by the roof, this meant that there was an unmarried girl living there and men were welcome to send their 'svaty' (matchmakers) to propose to her. And



when someone was saying that "kalyina wasn't ripe yet", it meant that a girl was still too young to go get married. If a girl bestowed a viburnum twig to a young man, it symbolized her consent to the marriage proposal.

At weddings kalyina branches were used to decorate the korovai (wedding ritual bread), hiltse (wedding tree), the house and the bride's clothes. Girls used kalyina berries for makeup - as lipstick or blush. The red color of ripe berries embodied feminine beauty, white flowers symbolized innocence and purity.

Kalyina blossoms were incorporated into flower wreaths, it is also a traditional element of Ukrainian embroidery. Broken or blackened viburnum was the symbol of an unhappy and betrayed wife. An important component in the Ukrainian people's poetics and mythology is the so-called "Kalyina bridge". In folk tradition, a regular bridge symbolized a relationship or unity. A kalyina bridge, on the other hand, had a far more vast meaning. It's the good opposed to evil, the place of transition from the world of the dead to the world of the living. This is the line, where aging begins, ending the time of youth.





Every woman was supposed to 'cross the Kasyyna bridge' to unite with the three 'inseparable sisters' - Faith, Hope and Love - waiting on the other side. In folklore the phrase "walking down the kasyyna bridge" means falling in love. In the collective imagination of Ukrainians kasyyna, just like a living being, is able to hear, see, think, suffer, speak, experience pain and joy, ask for help etc.

Just like Kozaks always seemed to find consolation in their 'loyal horse', Ukrainian women always turned to the kasyyna tree in times of sorrow, grief or suffering. In Ukrainian songs and poems, kasyyna trees were often the meeting place for dates and romantic reunions. Kasyyna is also known as a symbol of eternal memory of the deceased.

If there was ever a grave by the road or in the field, local girls felt obliged to plant kasyyna trees around it. Such kasyyna groves were considered sacred. It was forbidden to graze cattle, cut down bushes nearby. The desecration of a kasyyna tree would automatically bring shame and disdain upon those who did so. In general, viburnum, planted on a grave was symbol of love - conjugal, as well as brotherly, sisterly, parent etc.

For Zaporizhian Kozaks kasyyna was a poetic embodiment of the "Motherland", of the "parental house", of familiar places left behind. Kasyyna as the representation of love for Ukraine is even more symbolic because the viburnum berry seed is heart shaped. Kasyyna also symbolizes motherhood. The bush is the mother, the flowers and



illustration –
Lidiya Krotenko

berries - the children. *Kasyna* growing near the parental house is always a talisman of good fortune. This is a symbol that always reminds of home, of the mother, her care and love.

There are many legends involving the *kasyna* and its symbolism. One of them explains why *viburnum* berries, once being sweet, are now bitter.

A beautiful girl fell in love with a blacksmith who used *kasyna* branches to cool off each of his minting works. Every day he would go into the woods to collect new branches and never noticed the girls' feelings. In desperation, the girl decided to burn down the forest. And so when the man set out to his favorite place in the forest he discovered that everything had burned to ashes except for



the viburnum bush, where the girl had spent days pouring bitter tears. Once he saw the girl next to the kalyna he fell in love with her, but it was already too late. The wood burned and the girl's youth and beauty withered with it. Saturated by the girl's tears, viburnum berries were never again sweet, they were bitter as a symbol of unrequited love.

Let's not forget about the healing properties kalyna is believed to have. In folk medicine viburnum is used to cure diseases ranging from common colds to nervousness, vascular spasms, hypertension, epilepsy, liver damage and more. Young twigs of Viburnum are also often used for weaving baskets.

In Ukrainian culture viburnum symbolically sprouts through ages and generations, withstanding various difficulties and hostile environments, coming out stronger in the end, just like the Ukrainian people.

www.kozatstvo.net.ua



Pyrohiv

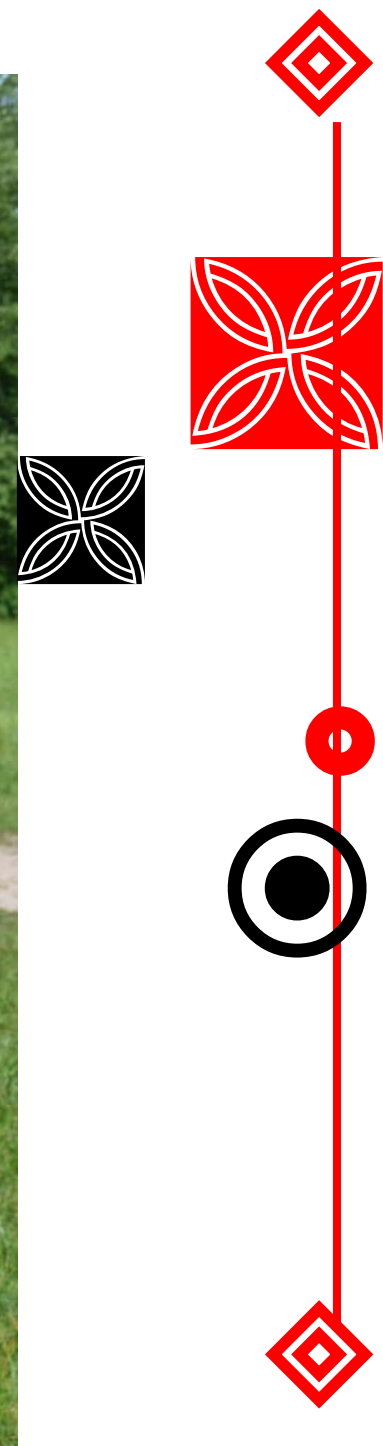
Originally a village south of Kiev now Pyrohiv/Pirogovo is an unique open-air museum of traditional Ukrainian architecture and way of life. It's a must see attraction for tourists and everyone who is willing to learn more about the life of the Ukrainian rural population in the past. This museum was found in 1969 year and is with area of 370 acres, it is exhibiting around 300 buildings (houses, churches, wind-mills, etc.) from different Ukrainian regions. These original buildings from Middle Ages till early XX century (I have been told that the oldest exhibit is a house from 1587, the oldest church is from 1742 year!) were disassembled by parts in different regions of the country, transported to this museum and rebuilt on the spot. There is also a huge collection of folk costumes, furniture, utensils, musical instruments, etc. so you really could see and somehow feel how life looked in these old times. There are a lot of musicians and artisans dressed in traditional costumes







←photo – Oksana Chernyak



who are playing old instruments and selling recordings of their music and hand-made products/souvenirs. There are two or three restaurants inside the museum where you can try original Ukrainian cuisine (nothing fancy though as interior though) as well as small shops selling gifts and souvenirs where you can buy something to remind you of Ukraine, Kiev and Pirogovo. There is a bus going there, you can catch a taxi or go there by car (it's 30 min away from the city centre) - there is a free parking next to the entrance of this unique museum.

<https://www.tripadvisor.com>

Some 300 traditional structures, some dating back to the 16th century, have been transplanted from various parts of Ukraine to this open-air folk museum. On weekends in the warm months, medieval-themed events and contests take place and the entire compound assumes a festive atmosphere, with much singing, dancing and eating going on. It's about 12km south of central Kyiv; marshrutka 496 from Lukyanivska metro station takes you right to the entrance.

In the summer workers enact different village roles, carving wood, making pottery, doing embroidery, and driving horses and carts. Other activities include a zipline (100uah), horse riding and archery. There is a cluster of

photo – Oksana Chernyak





photo – Oksana Chernyak



outdoor eateries at the centre of the action that serve wonderful meat meals and all manner of traditional Ukrainian food and drink. Ukrainian musicians play on weekends.

The quaint 17th- to 20th-century wooden churches, cottages, farmsteads and windmills are divided into seven 'villages' representing regional areas of Ukraine. So in just one long afternoon you can journey from the architecture of eastern to western to southern Ukraine.

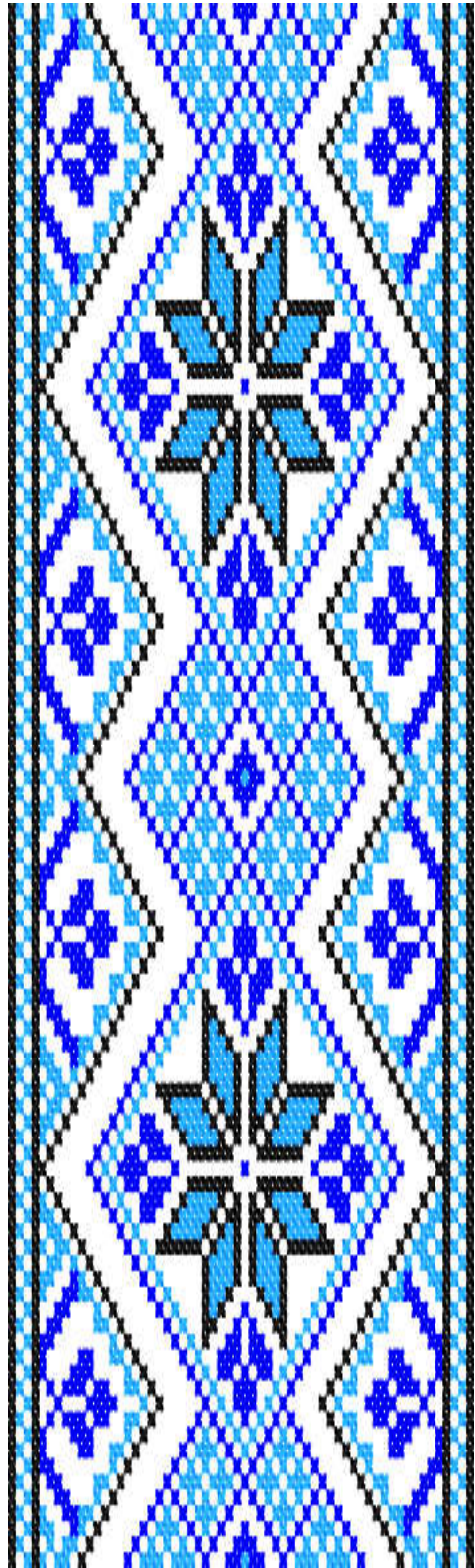
It's always fun, especially so if you visit during a festival. Pyrohiv hosts several, the biggest during the countrywide Ivan Kupala festival.

<https://www.lonelyplanet.com>

In the south-west of Kyiv an area of 150 ha takes you back into the time of Ukrainian villages from XVIII to XX century. During a three or four hour walk you will not only feel the spirit of Ukrainian culture from different generations, but also get to know all parts of the country.

The Museum of Folk Architecture, Arts and Modes of life Pyrohiv was founded in the late 1960s, but the first guests came in 1976. It is a composition of different ethnographic regions of Ukraine in an open air setting that includes over 200 buildings in architectural styles of the different periods.





The overwhelming majority of which are accurate copies of buildings of that time. Here you can see even originals that were built by local residents. One of the most interesting exhibits – a house built in 1587; it is the oldest building within the museum's territory and reproduces the atmosphere of Ukraine villages of the XVII century. You can not only get to know the architectural styles of those times, but also visit a wooden church. The oldest of them dates back to 1742 and is called Naddniprovska. Those who wish can even have a wedding in one of them. The museum is divided into two parts; the first represents life and architecture of a pre-revolutionary Ukrainian village, the second – a post-revolutionary. During your walk the first half of the exhibition covers the six regions of Ukraine: Carpathians, Naddniprovschchyna (Dnipro Valley), Sloboda Ukraine, Polisia, South Ukraine and Podolia. In addition to buildings Pirogovo has over 40 000 household utensils, clothing, embroidery and paintings. While walking among the exhibits you will not only learn about the features of different generations, but also listen to folk music, appreciate the true beauty of Ukraine nature and feel the unique atmosphere of Slavic culture. Here is a brief list of events that are held at the museum with the participation of folk groups and folk artists of Ukraine (example from 2010):

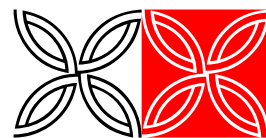
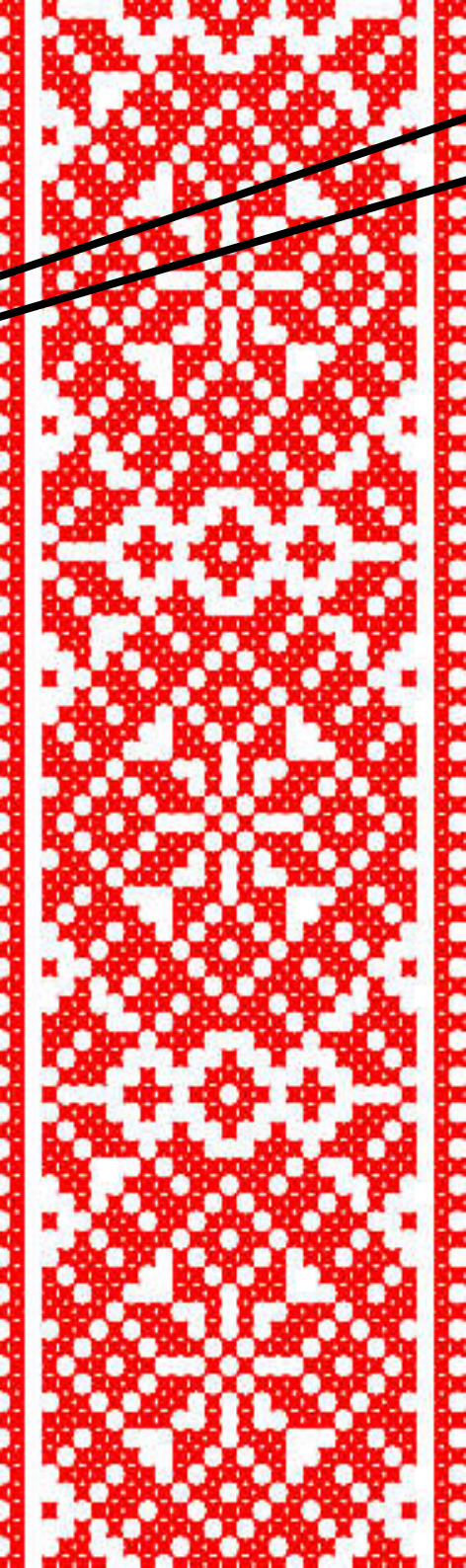


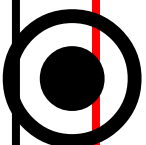
photo – Oksana Chernyak

March 10 - Honoring the memory of Taras Shevchenko, April 5 - Vesnyanki, May 8-9 - Spring Fair, May 16 - Day of Children's Creativity, May 23 - Trinity, 5-6 June - Day of embroiderers and weavers, June 12-13 - Day of the engraver, and master netting, June 20 - Math, July 6 - Ivan Kupala, July 17 - Reaping, July 31 - August 1 - Day of potter and blacksmith, August 19 - Day beekeeper, September 4-5 - Autumn Fair, September 12 - Autumn Wedding, October 14 - Pokrova.

When visiting the museum and dipping into the atmosphere of the XVIII - XX century, you can also try traditional Ukrainian dishes. All restaurants and cafes have the appropriate interior and menu. One of these is Café Kulyshna, in a style and design which corresponds to taverns of the XIX century and where you can try ethnic dishes from various regions of Ukraine.

<http://www.kyiv.eu/pyrohiv-pirogovo.html>







Lesya Ukrainka

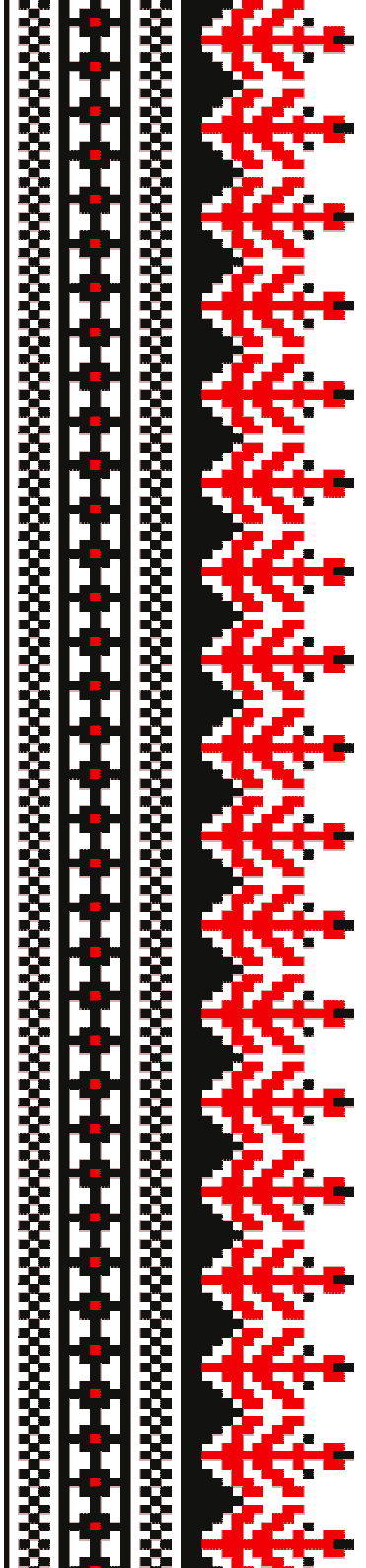
Lesya Ukrainka¹ (Ukrainian: Леся Українка) (born Larysa Petrivna Kosach-Kvitka (Ukrainian: Лариса Петрівна Косач-Квітка) (February 25 [O. S. February 13] 1871 - August 1 [O. S. July 19] 1913) is one of Ukrainian literature's foremost writers, best known for her poems and plays. She also was an active political, civil, and feminist activist.

*Among her most well-known works are the collections of poems *On the wings of songs* (1893), *Thoughts and Dreams* (1899), *Échos* (1902), the epic poem *Ancient fairy tale* (1893), *One word* (1903), plays *Princess* (1913), *Cassandra* (1903–1907), *In the Catacombs* (1905), and *Forest song* (1911).*



Biography

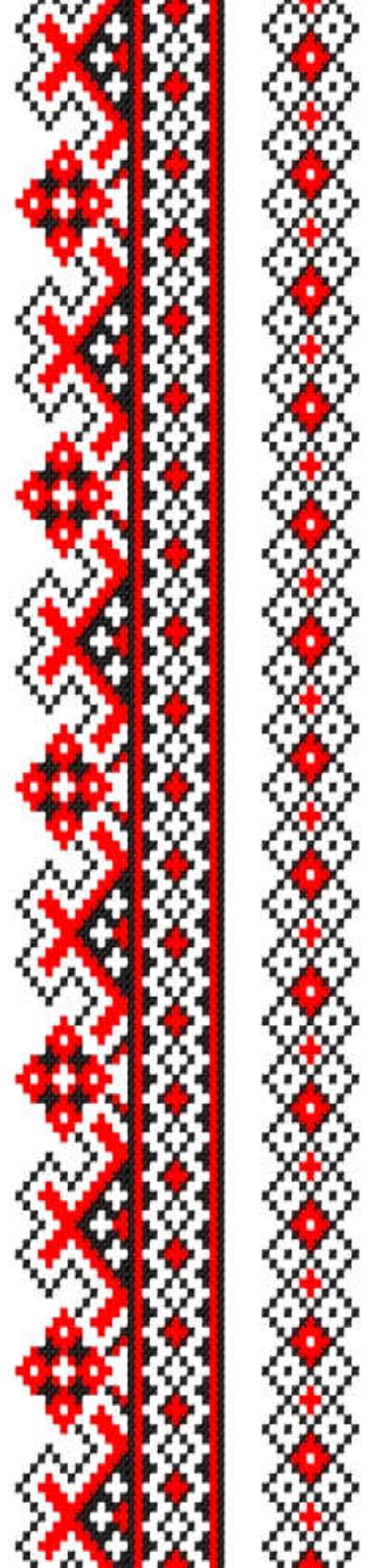
Ukrainka was born in 1871 in the town of Novohrad-Volynskyi of Ukraine. She was the second child of Ukrainian writer and publisher Osha Drahomanova-Kosach, better known under her literary pseudonym Olena Pchilka. Ukrainka's father was Petro Antonovych Kosach, head of the district assembly of conciliators, who came from the northern part of Chernihiv province. After completing high school in Chernihiv Gymnasium, Kosach studied mathematics at the University of Petersburg. Two years later, he moved to Kiev University and graduated with a degree in law. In 1868 he married Osha Drahomaniv, who was the sister of his friend Mykhaylo Petrovych Drahomanov, a well-known Ukrainian scientist, historian, philosopher, folklorist and public figure. Kosach, her father, was devoted to the advancement of Ukrainian culture and financially supported Ukrainian publishing ventures. Lesya Ukrainka had three younger sisters, Osha, Oksana, and Isydora, and a younger brother, Mykola. Ukrainka was very close to her uncle Drahomanov, her spiritual mentor and teacher, as well as her brother Mykhaylo, known under the pseudonym Mykhaylo Obachny, whom she called "Mysholosie."



Lesya inherited her father's features, eyes, height, and build. Like her father, she was highly principled, and they both held the dignity of the individual in high regard. Despite their many similarities, Lesya and her father were different in that her father had a gift for mathematics, but no gift for languages; on the contrary, Lesya had no gift for mathematics, but she knew English, German, French, Italian, Greek, Latin, Polish, Russian, Bulgarian, and her native Ukrainian.

Lesya's mother, a poet, wrote poetry and short stories for children in Ukrainian. She was also active in the women's movement and published a feminist almanac. Ukrainka's mother played a significant role in her upbringing. The Ukrainian language was the only language used in the household, and to enforce this practice, the children were educated by Ukrainian tutors at home, in order to avoid schools that taught Russian as the primary language. Ukrainka learned how to read at the age of four, and she and her brother Mykhaylo could read foreign languages well enough to read literature in the original.

By the time she was eight, Ukrainka wrote her first poem, "Hope," which was composed in reaction to the arrest and exile of her aunt, Osena Kosach, for taking part in a political movement



against the tsarist autocracy. In 1879, her entire family moved to Lutsk. That same year her father started building houses for the family in the nearby village of Kolodiazhne. It was at this time that her uncle, Mykhaylo Drahomanov, encouraged her to study Ukrainian folk songs, folk stories, and history, as well to peruse the Bible for its inspired poetry and eternal themes. She also was influenced by the well-known composer Mykola Lysenko, as well as the famous Ukrainian dramatist and poet Mykhailo Starytsky.

At age thirteen, her first published poem, "Lily of the Valley," appeared in the magazine *Zorya* in Lviv. It was here that she first used her pseudonym, which was suggested by her mother because in the Russian Empire, publications in the Ukrainian language were forbidden. *Ukrainka's* first collection of poetry had to be published secretly in western Ukraine and snuck into Kiev under her pseudonym. At this time, *Ukrainka* was well on her way of becoming a pianist, but due to tuberculosis of the bone, she did not attend any outside educational establishment. Writing was to be the main focus of her life.

The poems and plays of *Ukrainka* are associated with her belief in her country's freedom and independence. Between 1895 and 1897, she became a member of the Literary and Artistic Society in Kiev, which was banned in 1905 because of its relations with revolutionary activists. In 1888, when *Ukrainka* was seventeen, she and her

brother organized a literary circle called *Pleyada* (The Pleiades), which they founded to promote the development of Ukrainian literature and translation of foreign classics into Ukrainian. The organization was based on the French school of poesy, the *Pleiade*. Their gatherings took place in different homes and were joined by *Mykola Lysenko*, *P. Kosach*, *Kostiantyn Mykhalchuk*, *Mykhailo Starytsky*, and others. One of the works they translated was *Nikolai Gogol's Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka*.

Taras Shevchenko and *Ivan Franko* were the main inspiration of her early poetry, which was associated with the poet's loneliness, social isolation and adoration of the Ukrainian nation's freedom. Her first collection of poetry, *Na kryslakh pisen'* (On the Wings of Songs), was published in 1893. Since Ukrainian publications were banned by the Russian Empire, this book was published in Western Ukraine, which was part of Austria-Hungary at the time, and smuggled into Kiev.

Ukrainka's illness made it necessary for her to travel to places where the climate was dry, and, as a result, she spent extended periods of time in Germany, Austria,



Italy, Bulgaria, Crimea, the Caucasus, and Egypt. She loved experiencing other cultures, which was evident in many of her literary works, such as The Ancient History of Oriental Peoples, originally written for her younger siblings. The book was published in L'viv, and Ivan Franko was involved in its publication. It included her early poems, such as "Seven Strings," "The Starry Sky," "Tears-Pearls," "The Journey to the Sea," "Crimean Memories," and "In the Children's Circle."

Ukrainka also wrote epic poems, prose dramas, prose, several articles of literary criticism, and a number of sociopolitical essays. She was best known for her plays Boyarynya (1914; The Nobleswoman), a psychological tragedy centered on the Ukrainian family in the 17th century, which refers directly to Ukrainian history, and Lisova pisnya (1912; The Forest Song), the characters of which include mythological beings from Ukrainian folklore.

In 1897, while being treated in Yalta, Ukrainka met Serhiy Merzhynsky, an official from Minsk who was also receiving treatment for tuberculosis. The two fell in love, and her feelings for Merzhynsky were responsible for her showing a different side of herself. Examples include "Your Letters Always Smell of Withered Roses," "To Leave Everything and Fly to You," and "I'd Like to Wind around You Like Ivy,"

which were unpublished in her lifetime. Merzhynsky died with Ukrainka at his bedside on March 3, 1901. She wrote the entire dramatic poem "Oderzhyma" ("The Possessed") in one night at his deathbed.

Ukrainka actively opposed Russian tsarism and was a member of Ukrainian Marxist organizations. In 1902 she translated the Communist Manifesto into Ukrainian. She was briefly arrested in 1907 by tsarist police and remained under surveillance thereafter.

In 1907, Ukrainka married Ksyment Kvitka, a court official, who was an amateur ethnographer and musicologist. They settled first in Crimea, then moved to Georgia.

Ukrainka died on August 1, 1913 at a health resort in Surami, Georgia.

There are many monuments to Lesya Ukrainka in Ukraine and many other former Soviet Republics. Particularly in Kiev, there is a main monument at the boulevard that bears her name and a smaller monument in the

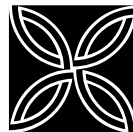


Mariyinsky Park (next to Mariyinsky Palace). There is also a bust in Garadagh raion of Azerbaijan. One of the main Kiev theaters, the Lesya Ukrainka National Academic Theater of Russian Drama is colloquially referred to simply as Lesya Ukrainka Theater.

Under initiatives of local Ukrainian diasporas, there are several memorial societies and monuments to her throughout Canada and the United States, most notably a monument on the campus of the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. There is also a bust of Ukrainka in Soyuzivka in New York State.

Each summer since 1975, Ukrainians in Toronto gather at the Lesya Ukrainka monument in High Park to celebrate her life and work. On May 28, 2007, the National Bank of Ukraine released a 200-hryvnia banknote depicting Lesya Ukrainka.

According to image consultant Oleh Pokalschuk, Ukrainka's hairstyle inspired the over-the-head braid of Yulia Tymoshenko.

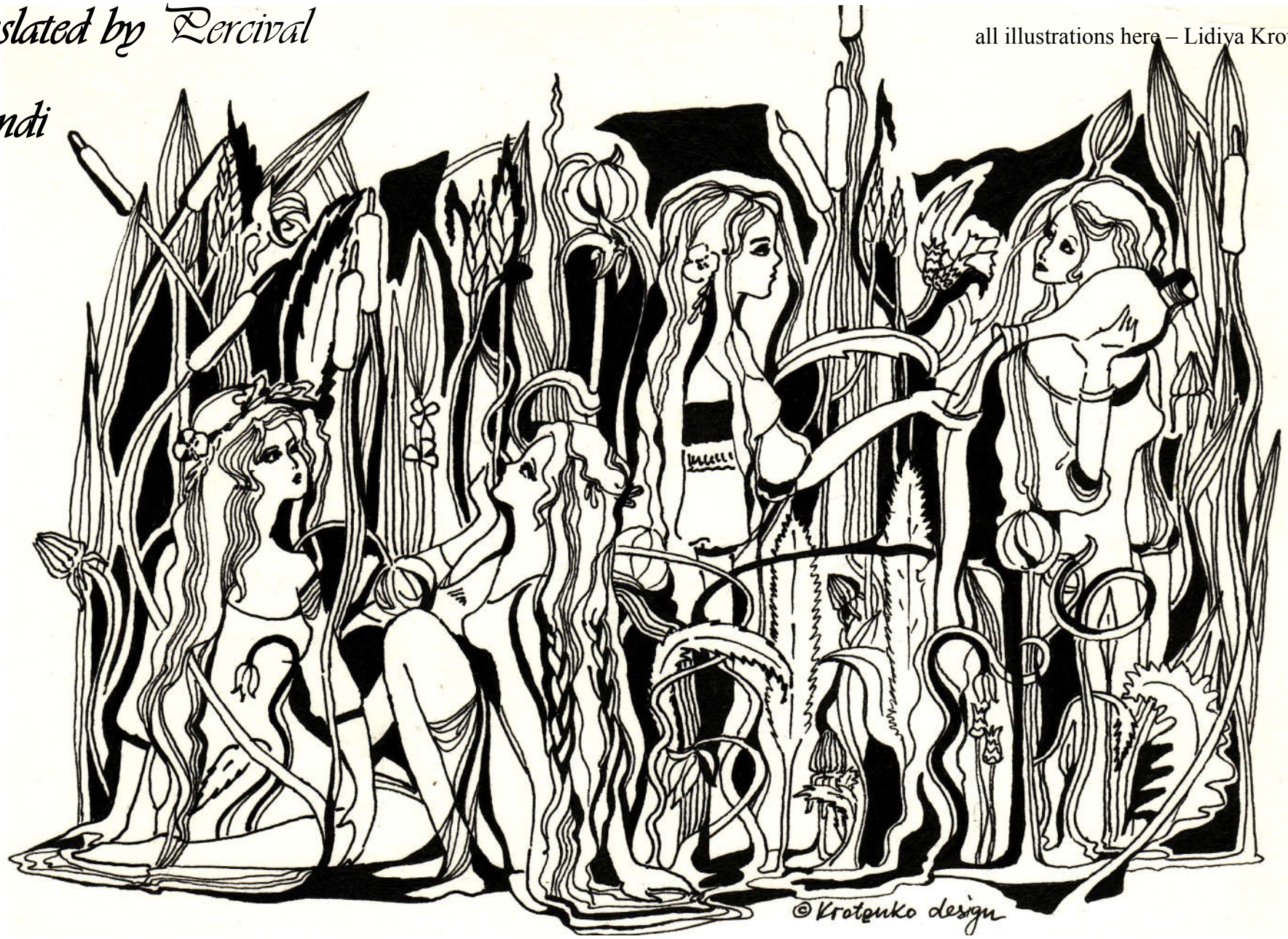


The Forest Song (partially) author - Lesya Ukrainka

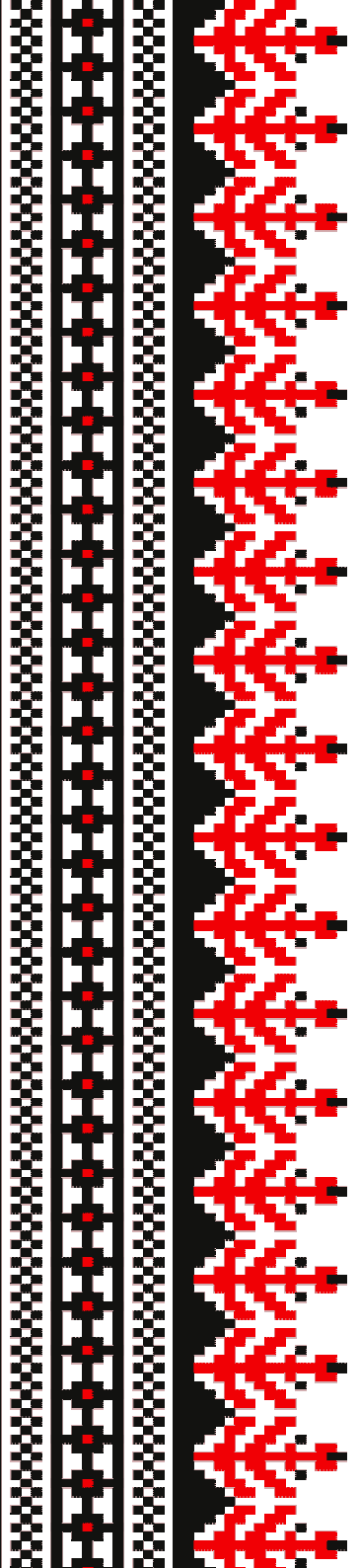
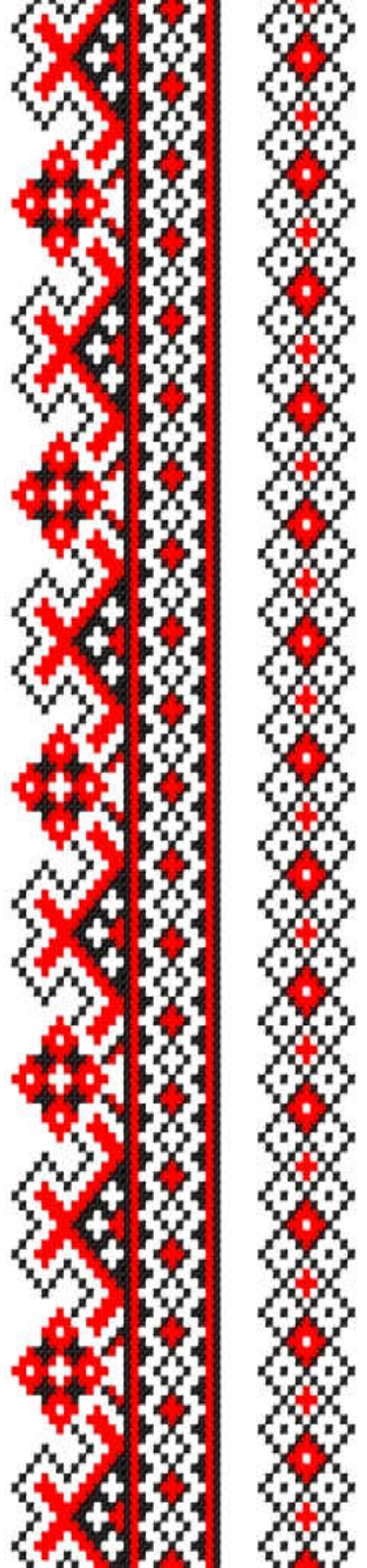
translated by Zercival

all illustrations here – Lidiya Krotenko

Pundi



© Krotenko design



Prologue

A dense and hoary primeval forest in Volhynia. The scene is a spacious glade in the heart of the forest, dotted with willows and one very old oak. At one end the glade turns into tussocks and reedy growths, and then into a vivid green marsh, the shore of a woodland lake formed by a stream which runs through the forest. The stream emerges from a dense thicket, empties into the lake and comes out at the end of it, only to lose itself again in the undergrowth. The lake itself is a placid sheet of calm water, covered with duckweed and water lilies except for a clean open space in the center. The spot is wild and mysterious but not gloomy, filled with the tender, pensive beauty of Polissya, the wooded part of the province of Volhynia. It is very early spring. Along the edge of the forest and in the glade the first green is showing and hepaticas and anemones are in bloom. The trees are still leafless, but their leaf buds are about to open. A mist hangs over the lake, at times concealing it entirely, but when moved by the wind, the mist opens up, displaying the pale blue water. A roaring is heard from the forest; the stream begins to foam and clatter. Then, together with its waters, out of the forest there comes racing “He Who Rends the Dikes.” He is a youth, very blond with blue eyes, who makes expansive motions as though he were swimming. His clothing is constantly changing in color from turbid yellow to clear blue, and at times he emits swift golden sparks. Rushing with the current into the lake, he begins to circle around on the clear, open space, agitating the somnolent water. The mist dissolves and the water becomes bluer and bluer.



“He Who Rends the Dikes”

That Rusalka, blithe and kittle,
Whom I’ve loved since I was little;
For of water nymphs so queenly
There is none I love more keenly.
I have coursed all over mountains,
Valleys, ravines, springs, and fountains.
Lovelier spirit of the mere,
None there is than who dwells here.
Into foam this lake I’ll churn,
Seeking her for whom I yearn!
(He agitates the water tempestuously.)

The Lost Babes

Please, oh, please! be not so savage,
Or our home you’ll surely ravage.
One small cave – for there’s none other
Than the one found by our mother.
Humble is the place we own –
Father’s love we’ve never known...
(They seize him by the hand, beseeching him.)
We’ll dive down to depths profound
Where no light or warmth is found;
There Rusalka watch is keeping
Where a fisher drowned is sleeping.

“He Who Rends the Dikes”

Let her leave him lying there!
Straightway let her come up here!
(The Lost Babes dive down into the lake.)
Come up, love, I say!

Rusalka comes up out of the water, smiling alluringly, joyfully clapping her hands. She is wearing two chaplets: the larger one, green; the other, small, like a crown of pearls, from which there hangs a veil.

Rusalka

Ah! ‘tis you, my sweetheart gay.

“He Who Rends the Dikes”

(Angrily)

Why all this delay?

Rusalka

(She starts to swim as though to meet him, but veers aside, avoiding him.)

All the night, dear, I’ve been yearning,
Dreaming that you were returning!
All the many tears I wept
In a silver cup I’ve kept.
Without you, the tears, my lover,
Filled the cup till it brimmed over.
(She claps her hands, darts forward as though to meet his embrace, but again swerves aside and avoids him.)
Some gold to the bottom fling,
And baptize the wedding ring!
(She laughs in bell-like tones.)

“He Who Rends the Dikes”

(Bitingly)

Ah! ‘tis gold that you desire –
You, who dwell down in the mire!
Truly, my Rusalka owns
She loves best a dead man’s bones.

Sitting there’s her dearest wish,
Guarding him from crabs and fish
Lest they further him deface.
What a lovers’ trysting place!

Rusalka swims closer, takes him by the hand and looks up into his face.

Rusalka

Why so angry? Say!
(Maliciously)
I know something, you reviler,
O you handsome heart-beguiler!
(She smiles knowingly and he becomes alarmed.)

While you were away
A miller’s maid seemed fair,
So you forgot me here.
Winter nights were cruel,
Dark eyes furnished fuel –
When a maid’s not cold,
Gentlemen give gold!
(She shakes her finger at him and laughs lightly.)
Well do I perceive
That you can deceive;
Yet I pardon you,
For I love you true.
(With humorous pathos)
For a lengthy second, I’ll be yours most loyal;
For a moment’s space, I’ll give a love that’s royal.
Fool me, and I’m through.
The water keeps no traces
No more than our embraces;
‘Tis transient as your living,
As fleeting as my giving.



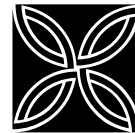
Act 1

The same spot, but spring is further advanced. The edge of the forest seems to be covered with a tender green veil, and in some places the top of the trees are tinted with a greenish shade. The lake is full to its brim, the green shores forming a crown of vegetation around it.

Into the glade from out the forest come Uncle Lev and his nephew Lukash. Lev is an elderly peasant, grave, but with a very kindly face, in Polissyan style he wears his hair long, falling in a white fullness on his shoulders from beneath his square cap of grey felt. He is dressed in coarse hempen cloth, over which he wears a very light-grey smock; his high boots are made of bast; in his hand he carries a fishing net; a knife is stuck in his belt; and on a broad strap across his shoulders, he carries a basket made of woven felt.

Lukash is a very young man, sturdy, black-browed, handsome, with a still childish look in his eyes. Like his uncle he is dressed in hempen cloth but of a finer weave. His shirt, hanging outside and belted, is embroidered in white, with an open collar, fastened with red knots at both collar and cuffs. His belt is of red leather and on his head is a straw hat. A knife is stuck in his belt and there is a small pouch hanging from it on the string.

Arriving at the shore of the lake, Lukash stops.



Uncle Lev

Why are you stopping here? This is no place
To try for fish. Too slimy, slippery.

Lukash

I only want to cut myself a pipe;
The reeds right here are very fine for that.

Uncle Lev

But you've got all the pipes you'll ever use.

Lukash

No, very few – one each of cranberry,
Of willow, and of linden – that is all.
I must have one that's made of reed. That plays
The best of all.

Uncle Lev

All right, amuse yourself.
That's why God gave us holy days. But when

Tomorrow comes, we'll start some building here.
'Tis time to drive the cattle to the woods.
See yonder how the grass is springing up.

Lukash

But how shall we abide here in this place?
The people say it's bad – a dangerous spot.

Uncle Lev

Maybe for some. But I, good nephew, know
The art of dealing with such things as these:
Where one should lay a cross, where stick a twig,
Where simply spit three times, and that's enough.
We'll sow around our quarters poppy seed;
Before the threshold we'll plant gentian root.
No evil spirit then will trouble us...
Well, I'll be off, and you do what you please.

They separate. Lukash goes towards the lake and vanishes in the reeds.
Lev walks along by the shore and is lost to view behind the willows.

(...)



Forest Elf, muttering to himself, sits down on a fallen tree and lights his pipe.

From the reeds there comes the sound of a pipe playing a tender, undulating air. As the melody evolves, everything in the forest gradually comes into life. First, the buds on the willows and the alders open out, then the birches commence to put forth leaves. On the lake the water lilies expand the flowers on their lily pads. The wild rose also begins to blush with its tender buds.

From behind the trunk of an old, half-withered, tattered willow, Mavka emerges. She is dressed in a bright green garment, and her black hair, hanging loose, has a greenish sheen. She makes gestures with her hands and rubs them across her eyes.

Mavka

Ah me, how long I've slept!

Forest Elf

A long time, child!
Anemones have long since ceased to bloom;
And now the cuckoo's striking his alarm.
He's put his scarlet booties on, and soon
He'll measure off the summertime for all.
Already from the south come flying guests:
And yonder on the lake, there, where it's clear,
Like yellow balls of fluff, the ducklings swim.

Mavka

What was it that awoke me?

Forest Elf

Maybe spring.

Mavka

I never heard a spring to sing the sounds
I hear today. Or did I simply dream?
(Lukash plays again.)
There, hark!.. Is that not spring that's singing now?

Forest Elf

Oh, no! – a youth who's playing on his pipe.

Mavka

A youth? Maybe 'tis "He Who Rends the Dikes?"
I ne'er expected aught like that from him!

Forest Elf

A human youth it is, nephew to Lev,
And Lukash is his name.

Mavka

I don't know him.

Forest Elf

Because he's not here long. He's from afar;
Not from these woods, but from the groves of pine
Where our Great Father all his winters spends.
The widowed mother and her orphaned son

Were given a home by good old Uncle Lev.

Mavka

I'd dearly love to see what he is like.

Forest Elf

What's he to you?

Mavka

He must be good to see!

Forest Elf

Beware how you gaze on these human youths:
It's perilous for wood nymphs such as you.

Mavka

How stern you have become, grandfather dear.
You don't intend to hold me in as close
As Water Goblin holds Rusalka?

Forest Elf

No,
My child, I don't. But Water Goblin in
His weeds has been accustomed all his life
To live by sucking other lives, while I
Respect your freedom. Go! sport with the wind,
Play all you like with wild Will-o'-the-Wisp;
Allure all spirits to yourself, be they
Of water, forest, mountain, field, or air.
But keep afar from human pathways, child;

You'll find no freedom there, but woes
instead,
To clog your steps and weigh you down. My
child,
Once start to tread them and your freedom's
gone!

Mavka
(Laughing)

La-la! like that, my freedom would be lost?
That's just as though the wind should cease
to be!

Lukash with his pipe suddenly emerges.
Forest Elf and Mavka hastily conceal
themselves.
Lukash is about to cut a birch to test the sap.
Mavka dashes out and seizes him by the
hand.

Mavka

No, no, don't touch! Don't cut the tree,
you'll kill!

Lukash

Why, girl, what's wrong? I am no murderer!
I only wanted to try out the sap
Of this tree here.

Mavka

Don't shed it! That's its blood.
Don't draw the blood from out my sister's
veins!

Lukash

You call this birch tree "sister"? How is that?
Who are you then?

Mavka

I'm Mavka, forest nymph.

Lukash

(Not overly astonished, he examines her
closely.)

So, you're a forest nymph! I've heard of
them
From old folks many a time, but never yet
Saw one myself.

Mavka

And did you want to see?

Lukash

Why shouldn't I? But see, you're just the
same
As any girl... no... like a lady fair!
Your hands are white, your figure's straight
and slim,
Your clothes, somehow, are not the same as
ours...
Why is it that your eyes aren't always green?
(He looks at her closely.)
Ah, now, they're green again... a moment
since
They were as blue as heaven... now they're
grey
As thunder clouds... no, now they're almost
black,
Or maybe brown... Why, you are wonderful!

Mavka
(Smiling)

You think me beautiful?

Lukash
(Abashed)

How can I tell?

Mavka
(Laughing)

Who else should tell?

Lukash

What questions you do ask!

Mavka
(In frank surprise)

Why should such questions be a task?
See there, doth not the wild rose ask:
"Am I not lovely?" The ash tree nods, his
branches bow,
He says: "None lovelier than thou".

Lukash

I never knew that trees could talk like that.
I thought they were but speechless growing
things.

Mavka

In all the forest there is nothing mute.

Lukash

And have you always lived here in the woods?

Mavka

In all my life I've never been outside.

Lukash

Did you live anywhere before?

Mavka

Indeed,
I never thought on things like that at all...
(She ponders a moment.)
It seems to me that here I've always lived...

Lukash

And were you always just the same as now?

Mavka

I think I've been the same...

Lukash

Your family,
Who are they? Or perhaps you've none at all?

Mavka

There's Forest Elf whom I call "grandfather",
And he calls me his "daughter", sometimes
"child".

Lukash

Well, which is he, your father, or grandsire?

Mavka

I do not know. Is it not all the same?

Lukash
(Laughing)

What queer folk in this wood! There's
someone you
Call "mother", or "grandmother" – what you
will?

Mavka

It seems to me at times the willow tree –
That old, half-withered one – my mother is,
For during wintertime she took me in,
And spread inside a bed of something soft
On which I slept.

Lukash

You spent the winter there!
And what work did you do the winter
through?

Mavka

Why, naught; I slept. Who works in
wintertime?
The lake's asleep, the forest, and the reeds.
The willow kept on creaking: "Sleep, my
dear..."
And always, I dreamed lovely dreams, all
white:

In silver settings, I saw sparkling gems,
And carpets made of unknown grass, and
flowers
Pure white and glittering. Quiet, tender stars,
Clear white, fell down from heaven, and
shaped themselves
Into a white pavilion. Clean and pure
Beneath that tent it seemed. A coronet
Of crystal clear seemed glittering
everywhere...
I slept; I breathed so freely, easily.
Through those white dreams came rosy
thoughts which made
Themselves into a bright embroidery.
The dreams thus woven out of gold and blue,
Were peaceful, tranquil, not like summer
dreams...

Lukash
(Listening avidly)

Oh, how you talk...

Mavka

You like it, do you not?

He nods his head affirmatively.
That pipe of yours can speak with better
tongue. Play me a tune and I will swing to it.

She takes some of the long hanging branches
of the birch, and knotting them together,
makes a seat into which she springs and
begins to rock herself gently. Lukash, (...) plays
on his reed pipe without taking his eyes
off Mavka. He plays spring songs and Mavka,
listening, involuntarily joins in singing the
melodies he plays. (...)



Act 2

Late summer. Here and there the dark, dull leaves of the trees are touched with autumn yellow. The lake has diminished in size, its beaches have broadened out; the reeds and rushes with their scanty leaves make a dry rustling.

A house has been erected in the glade and a vegetable garden planted. There are also two fields, one of rye and one of wheat. Geese are swimming on the lake. Linen is drying on the shore; household utensils hang on bushes near the house. The grass in the glade has been mowed down short, and a stack of hay is piled up under the oak. The cackle of poultry is heard among the trees and in places cattle are browsing. Nearby a pipe is heard playing a lively dance tune.

Mother

(Coming out of the house and calling)
Lukash, hey! Where are you?

Lukash

(He comes out of the forest, carrying his pipe and a carved walking stick.)

Here, Mother, here!

Mother

Isn't it time to quit that pipe of yours?
You play and play and let the work stand still.

Lukash

What work is there?

Mother

You ask, what work is there?
Whose job is it to build that cattle pen?

Lukash

All right, all right, I'll do it right away.

Mother

And when will be that "right away" of yours?
You're always running off to fool around
With that bold hussy, that queer vagabond!

Lukash

Who's running off? I drive the cattle out
To feed and Mavka helps.

Mother

A lot of good
Is such a help as hers!

Lukash

You said yourself
That when she takes care of the cows, more milk
They always give.

Mother

Oh! Sure – by witches' tricks!

Lukash

There's nothing that she does pleases you.
When we put up the house, was it not she
Who brought the wood? And who was it who helped
You with the garden, helped to sow the fields?
Did ever you get harvest like this year's?
The lovely flowers she has planted there
Beneath the window – what a pretty sight!

Mother

Much good are all those flowers, since I have
No daughter in the house to marry off...
There's nothing on your mind but flowers
and songs!

(Lukash shrugs his shoulders impatiently and starts to go away.)

Where are you off to now?

Lukash

To build that pen.
(He goes around the house and a little later the sound of a chopping axe is heard).

Mavka comes out of the forest, richly decked with flowers and her hair hanging loose.

Mother

(Disagreeably)

Now what?

Mavka

Where's Lukash, Auntie, do you know?

Mother

You're always running after him. It is
Not seemly for a maid to chase a youth.

Mavka

No one e'er said the like of that to me!

Mother

Well, hear it now for once; 'twill do no harm.
(She looks at Mavka sourly.)
Why do you always go trimmed up like that?
You're always combing, fixing up your hair.
You dress up like a witch. It isn't nice.
And what is all that rubbish you've got on?
Not practical at all for working in.
I've got some things of my dead daughter's
there:
Go put them on – you'll find them hanging
up;
These you can lay away inside the chest.

Mavka

Oh, very well, I'll go and change my dress.
(She goes into the house as Uncle Lev comes
out.)

Mother

Not e'en a word of thanks!

(...)

Mavka comes out of the house, having
changed her dress. She is wearing a blouse of
coarse material, poorly made and patched in

places, a scanty skirt and a faded apron. Her
hair is now smoothly combed and made into
two plaits which are wound around her head.

Mavka

I've changed my dress.

Mother

Now that is something like. All right;
meanwhile
I'll go along and get the chickens fed.
I meant to do some work amongst the hemp;
But we have lots of still unfinished tasks
And you, somehow, don't give much help...

Mavka

Why so?
I gladly do the work if I know how.

Mother

"If I know how". You're always saying that.
A pretty farmer's working girl you make!
In haying time, your head it was that ached...
But now you've got to reap...

Mavka

I've got to reap!
You want me to go out and reap today?

Mother

And why not, pray? Today's no holy day.
(She gets out a sickle from behind the door
and hands it to Mavka.)

Here is the sickle; try it. When I'm done,
I'll lend a hand.

(She goes away, taking with her a basket of
grain. Soon she is heard calling and clucking
to the chickens as she scatters food for them
to eat.)

Lukash appears with an axe and approaches a
young tree, manifestly intending to chop it
down.

Mavka

Sweetheart, don't touch that tree!
It's living, don't you see?

Lukash

Leave me alone!
I haven't time!

Mavka looks him sadly in the face.

All right, find me dead wood...

Mavka

(She leaves swiftly, and returns, dragging a
considerable amount of dead wood.)

I'll find you more... Will you be needing
much?

Lukash

How much? Enough to make up this one pen.

Mavka

Somehow you've turned quite disagreeable.

Lukash

Well, see... Because of you my mother nags.

Mavka

(...)

(Lovingly but sadly she gazes at him for a moment in silence.)

Play something for me, sweetheart, on your pipe,
And let it banish evil far away.

Lukash

'Tis not the right time now for me to play.
Mavka
Well then, embrace me, so I may forget
This conversation.

Lukash

Hist! Mother may hear!
For see, she's always calling you a bold
And brazen girl.

Mavka

(Flaring up.)

Yes! One who's not grown up
With you will never know you! "Brazen,
bold":
What does she mean? Because I love you,
eh?
Because I told you first? Is it a shame
For me to have a generous heart, which hides
No treasures it possesses, but at once
Bestows them all upon the one it loves
Without awaiting any pledges first?

Lukash

It might have hope that they would be
returned.

Mavka

Again a strange expression, meaningless...
"Return?" You gave to me the gifts you
wished
To give as I gave likewise unto you,
Unbounded, numberless...

Lukash

So then, 'tis well,
When neither can the other blame for aught.
You said so once yourself... Don't you
recall?

Mavka

Why should I now recall what once I said?

Mother

(Coming from behind the house)

Is that the way you reap? And build the pen?

Lukash hastily drags off his wood.

If you, my girl, have no desire to reap,
I will not force you to. Somehow, myself,
I'll get it done. But when the autumn comes,
Please God, I'll find a daughter-in-law to
help.
You know, there is a widow, strong and
smart;
She's sending inquiries here through the folk,

And I sent back to say that if my son
Is not against it, then... The sickle, dear;
Give it to me... I have no other one.

Mavka

I'll reap. You go and work among the hemp.

Mother crosses the glade and conceals
herself in the reeds.

Mavka swings the sickle and bends down
over the rye. Suddenly out of the rye Field
Sprite springs up. The green dress she is
wearing shows in places through her long
golden hair which falls down all over her
small figure. Round her head she wears a
blue fillet, and daisies and other field flowers
are twined in her hair.

Field Sprite

(Rushing beseechingly to Mavka)

Oh, sister, stay such shameful toil!
My beauty thus do not despoil!

Mavka

I must.

Field Sprite

Already I've been sadly torn,
The flowers slain that I have borne.
Those flowers ne'er will come again,
For they were cut down with the grain.
My poppies red with fury burned,
But now to blackness they have turned.
The soil is now like blood congealed
In this my once so happy field...

Mavka

I must, my sister. All your loveliness
Returns each year in still more gorgeous
dress;
But if my happiness should fade today,
'Tis gone for aye!

Field Sprite

(Wringing her hands and bowing in grief as a
stalk is bent by the wind.)

Woe, alas! My lovely hair!
My golden, glorious hair!
Woe, alas! My beauty fair!
Condemned to disappear!

Mavka

Your beauty was not made with time to vie,
But merely for a time to bloom, then die.
I cannot help it, though you wail and weep;
If I do not, some other will you reap...

Field Sprite

O grant me, sister, but a moment's grace
In this field to sport and race.
Let me enjoy this paradise of dreams
While still the summer beams.
While rye stands in the field,
The hour's not yet when I at last must yield.
A moment, but a moment, dearest one,
Ere my poor beauty must be done!
'Twill then itself lie down for ever still...
O sister, be not like the winter chill,
Who cannot be besought, cannot be swayed!

Mavka

I'd gladly do as you have prayed,
But I'm no longer free, this duty I daren't
shirk.

Field Sprite

(Reaching up to Mavka's ear and
whispering)

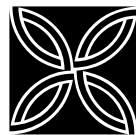
Does it not sometimes happen in this work
That with the sickle one may wound the
hand?
Such pain, O sister, you could surely stand;
Some drops of blood to save me would
suffice...
Is not my beauty worthy such a price?

Mavka

(She draws the sickle across her hand and the
blood spurts out over Field Sprite's golden
hair.)

See, sister, I have taken your advice!

Field Sprite bows low before Mavka in
gratitude, then springs up and vanishes in the
stalks of rye. (...)



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Lukash's mother comes from the lake accompanied by a full-faced young widow who is wearing a red kerchief with fringes, a dark red skirt with narrow and regular pleating, and a similarly pleated apron, garnished with white, blue, and yellow braid sewn on it. Her chemise is heavily embroidered in red and blue; a necklace with many trinkets attached jingles around her white, chubby neck. Her bodice is tightly laced around her plump torso, and this makes her figure appear all the more opulent. She walks with such long strides that the older woman has difficulty in keeping up with her.

Mother

(Very amiably)

Come, on, Kilina; there, around the birch, You'll find much fresher herbs. The yarrow there... You'd like a boiling of it, wouldn't you? It's very good indeed, my dear, with milk.

Kilina

I've so much milk I don't know what to do. I wish the fair were soon, I'd buy more pails. My cow is one of Turkish breed, a cow My dear departed got somewhere... And young... My Lord, you never saw the like! Somehow I manage to get all the farm work done, But there's the house as well. O dearie me! A widow has to split herself in two. She talks dolefully, making a drooping mouth.

Mother

And yet my dear, you did get it all done! But then, of course, when one's industrious, One manages... Yet here, with two small fields, We have no such success.

Kilina

(Looking at the field where Mavka is standing.)

Ah, who is that
You've got a-reaping there?

Mother

Some orphan girl...

(Whispering)

Ah, God forgive me! Not a bit of good.

Kilina

(Coming up with Mother to Mavka)

Good day, my girl! The reaping going good?
(...)

She leaves, while Mavka goes off to the birch and, leaning against it, peers through its hanging branches at the two workers. For some time Kilina keeps up her furious reaping; then she stops, straightens up, and gazes at the bent figure of Lukash stooping over the sheaves. She smiles, and with three long strides walks up to him and gives him a hearty slap on the back.

Kilina

Come on, young fellow! Don't crawl like a snail!
There's still a lot to do.

(She bursts into a resounding laugh.)

Lukash

(Also straightening up.)

How fast you work!
But don't brag yet. I'm still the stronger one!

Kilina

(Throwing down the sickle, she stands with hands on hips.)

All right, just try it out! We'll see who wins!

Lukash darts towards her but she holds him back. They then take positions "to measure strength" by placing the open palms of their hands pressed flat each against the other's and straining to see which one will first give way. For a time they are evenly matched; then Kilina yields slightly, laughing loudly and making play with her eyes. Lukash, inflamed, pushes her hands wide apart and tries to kiss her, but at the last moment she trips him and he falls.
(...)

Kilina goes into the house and the door closes behind her. Mavka comes out from underneath the birch.

Lukash

(Somewhat confused at seeing her, but resuming his task immediately.)

Oh, so it's you? Just finish up these sheaves
So I can go.

Mavka

I don't know how to bind.

Lukash

Well, why did you come here to stand and
look,
If you don't want to help?
(He keeps on binding alone).

Mavka

Oh, Lukash dear,
Don't let that woman come here anymore.
I don't like her... She's vicious and she's sly,
As otters are.
(...)

Lukash

I'll follow my free will where'er I wish.
I will be bound by nothing, by no one!

Mavka

Whenever have I sought to fetter you?

Lukash

Well, what's the good of all this idle talk?

Having finished the last sheaf, and without
looking at Mavka, he goes into the house.
Mavka sits down in a furrow amongst the
stubble, and lets her head droop in sad
meditation.

Uncle Lev

(Coming from behind the house.)

What is the matter, maiden? Why so sad?

Mavka

(Softly and sadly.)

The summer's passing, Uncle Lev.
(...)

Mavka gathers some half-withered flowers
from among the harvested rye and makes them
into a nosegay.
Out of the house come Mother.

Mother

(To Kilina)

Why must you go? Can you not stay a while?

Kilina

O, not a moment more; I must be off.
You see, it's getting late, and I'm afraid.

Mother

Why, Lukash, you could see her home?

Lukash

Why not?
(...)





Mavka gets up and, walking slowly as though fatigued, goes towards the lake. Sitting down beside the sloping birch, she lets her head fall down between both hands and weeps softly. A drizzling rain begins to fall, dimming the outlines of glade, house, and forest.

Rusalka

(She comes swimming up to the shore and stops, gazing at Mavka in surprise and curiosity.)

You're weeping, Mavka! Why?

Mavka

And have you ne'er,
Rusalka, wept yourself?

Rusalka

What I? Why no!
If I should weep e'en for a moment's space,
Someone would surely laugh himself to
death!

Mavka

But ah, Rusalka, you have never loved...
(...)



Act 3 (...)

A cloudy, windy autumn night. The last pallid gleams of moonlight fade out amidst the wild confusion of the forest's naked tree tops. Eerie, piercing cries of nighthawks, owls, and other nocturnal birds of prey are heard. Suddenly all these sounds are drowned out by the long-drawn mournful howling of a wolf. The howling grows louder and louder, and then suddenly breaks off. Silence follows.

A sickly, late autumn dawn soon begins to appear. The leafless trees of the forest bristle against the ashen grey sky. The white walls of Lukash's cottage begin to loom; and, leaning against one of the walls, the dark figure of someone apparently worn-out becomes visible. Although hardly recognizable, it is Mavka. She is dressed in black, with a grey opaque veil, and her only ornament is a tiny nosegay of cranberry blossom on her bosom.

As it grows lighter in the glade a large stump becomes visible on the spot where once stood the ancient oak, and close beside it there is a recently filled-in grave not yet overgrown with grass.

Out of the forest comes Forest Elf. He is wearing a grey smock and has a cap of wolfs fur on his head.

(...)

The Starvelings crouch in a dark corner at the threshold.

From inside the house through the broken window panes are heard the movements of Mother getting up; then her voice next that of Kilina.

Mother

It's nearly broad daylight and still she sleeps.
Kilina! Hey, Kilina! Still she sleeps.
(Would that she slept for good!)... Get up,
get up!
(Would that she never rose!)...

Kilina
(Sleepily.)

What now? What's wrong!

Mother
(Spitefully.)

Get up and go and milk that cow of yours,
That fine young cow, that one of Turkish
breed,
Which your departed hubby got for you.

Kilina
(Now fully awake)

I'll go and milk the one that I found here;
She'll give me just about three drops of milk
– A pound of butter, eh?

Mother

You'd best not talk!
Who is to blame if we don't get more milk,
With such a famous dairymaid?.. Oy, woe!
A daughter-in-law like this! What have we
done
To merit such bad luck?

Kilina

Who was it, pray,
Sent me the invitation? What about
That slattern you had here? Why didn't you
Take her and dress her up a bit? You'd then
Have had a daughter-in-law to suit your taste.

Mother

You don't think so? But that she would have
been!
That stupid Lukash gave her up for you;
And yet she was obedient, kind, and good,
No matter what you did to her... You call
Her slattern, do you? and yet you yourself
Have taken that green dress of hers and made
It over and you're wearing it – for shame!

Kilina

Why not? You've got to find your own
clothes here!..
Here is my husband, gone off with the wind.
We're sinking into poverty the while.
I'm neither wife nor widow – just a waif!

Mother

Could any husband stick it out with you?
You greedy shark! What we had, you've
devoured,
You and your shameless brood – see, there
they sit!
May famine take the lot of you some day!
(...)

Kilina with a pail in her hands hurries to the
forest stream nearby and with a splash fills
the pail with water, then returns at a
somewhat slower pace. She notices Mavka,

her face covered with the grey veil, who is leaning weakly against the wall near the doorway.

Kilina

(Stopping and putting down the pail.)

Good Lord, who's this?.. Hey, listen, are you drunk,
Or maybe frozen stiff?
(She shakes Mavka by the shoulder.)

Mavka

(With difficulty, as though struggling with an overpowering drowsiness.)

Sleep conquers me...
The sleep of winter.

Kilina

(Throwing back the veil and recognizing her.)

Why have you come here?
Maybe they didn't pay you for your work?

Mavka

(As before.)

No one can ever pay me what is due.

Kilina

For what then did you come? He isn't here.
I know, you're after him! Come now, confess;
Is he your lover still?

Mavka

(Still as before.)

Once, long before
This gloomy day, there was a morning red...
But now he's dead...

Kilina

You've gone insane!

Mavka

No, sane, and free again!
The cloud drifts slowly 'cross the sky,
Without a goal, to perish by and by...
Where do those azure lightning's fly?

Kilina

(Plucking at Mavka's sleeve.)

Be off! Don't frighten me! Why stand you here?

Mavka

(Now somewhat more aware, she steps away from the door.)

I stand to watch how happy you are here.

Kilina

I wish you stood amidst your charms and spells!

Mavka is suddenly transformed into a willow with withered leaves and drooping branches.
(...)

Lukash bends down to the spot at which **Destiny** had pointed and finds there the willow pipe he had let fall out of his hands. He picks it up and goes across the white glade to the birch. He sits down under its long branches heavy with snow, and turns the pipe round and round in his hands, smiling at times like a child. An ethereal, white, transparent form, with features recalling those of Mavka, appears from behind the birch and bends over Lukash.

Form of Mavka

O play, O play, give voice unto my heart!
'Tis all there is that now remains of me!

Lukash

'Tis you? And have you as a vampire come
To suck my blood away? Come, drain it all!
(He bares his breast.)
Come, take new life from this my blood!
You must,
For I have taken yours...

Mavka

Nay, nay, dear heart,
You gave to me a soul, as the sharp knife
Gives to the willow twig a tender voice.

Lukash

Your soul from me? Your body I destroyed!
For you are but a phantom now, a shade!
(He looks at her with unexpressible pain.)

Mavka
Ah, for that body do not sigh!
'Tis now infused and glows with fire divine,
As clear and bright and glittering as good
wine
Whose life in sparkling bubbles mounts on
high.
Naught but an airy pinch of dust
Remains to mingle with the earth below.
Beside these waters shall a willow grow,
My end give life to something more robust.
And to me here shall many seek,
Both rich and poor, the joyful and the sad.
Their grieves I'll mourn, their joys shall
make me glad –
To every one my soul shall gently speak.
And I shall find some word for all:

The quiet murmur of my rustling leaves;
The willow pipe that tender music breathes;
The melancholy dews that from my branches
fall.
I'll give them back in mystic speech
All those dear tender songs you used to sing,
The tunes you played for me in that lost
spring –
O play again, beloved, I beseech!
Lukash begins to play. At first his music is
melancholy, like the winter wind, like a
yearning for something lost and
unforgettable, but soon the invincible song of
love overcomes the nostalgic tones. As the
music changes, so winter all around
undergoes a transformation; the birches
rustle their crinkly leaves, the sounds of

spring are heard in the flowering groves, the
dull winter day passes into a clear, moonlit,
spring night. Mavka suddenly flashes out in
all her former beauty with her starry crown
alight. Lukash, with a cry of ecstatic joy,
rushes towards her.
The wind lashes the white blossoms off the
trees. The blossoms fall and fall until the pair
of lovers are completely covered over, then
the blossoms change into thick flakes of
snow. When the snowfall ceases, the
landscape is again a winter one, with snow
clinging thickly on all the branches of the
trees. Lukash is sitting alone, leaning against
the birch, with the pipe in his hands, his eyes
closed and his lips set in a happy smile. He
sits motionless. The snow falls over him like
a thickening robe until his form becomes
indistinguishable, and keeps on falling,
falling endlessly...

25.VII.1911

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Time for ...

Ukraine

*Ukrainian National Symbols,
Life style, Personalities*



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