CONCERT OF UKRAINIAN WORDS AND MUSIC

Thursday, July 7th, 7:00 PM
Frick Fine Arts Auditorium

Donations to humanitarian relief for Ukrainians requested in lieu of admission fee.

Sponsored by the University of Pittsburgh’s Slavic, East European, and Near Eastern Summer Language Institute and Department of Music
DONATIONS

The organizers of tonight’s concert offer free admission, asking instead that audience members contribute to humanitarian relief for Ukrainians. Typical ticket prices for similar events in Pittsburgh range from $20–$100+. Please contribute as you are able.

Information about the beneficiaries and links to donate are provided below.

Razom, which means “together” in Ukrainian, is an organization with a singular mission: to build a more prosperous Ukraine. Razom was born out of the Revolution of Dignity in 2014. Following the unprovoked, full-scale attack on Ukraine on February 24, 2022, Razom quickly mobilized an Emergency Response Fund focused on saving lives.

Use the QR code or URL to donate:

https://www.paypal.com/pools/c/8Ld8AlgEKm

The Kyiv School of Economics (KSE) launched a humanitarian aid campaign for Ukraine. The aim is to provide food supplies, transportation, refugees help for Ukrainian citizens affected by the war and purchase necessary medicines, first aid and protective kits. Pitt professor Tymofiy Mylovanov is one of the organizers of this fund.

Use the QR code or URL to donate directly to KSE.

https://kse.ua/support/donation
The fight for freedom defines Ukrainian identity. For centuries, Ukrainian lands have been at the mercy of warring neighbors wanting to grab control over the land’s rich natural resources. The dark, rich soil of the Dnipro River delta, the chernozem (black earth), is soaked with the blood of Cossack warriors who were the first line of defense against invading forces wishing to conquer European lands. The chernozem is witness to the sufferings of Ukrainian peasants, who, like the great poet Taras Shevchenko, toiled as serfs in the hot sun. The chernozem is the burial ground of millions of Ukrainians, starved to death during Stalin’s Forced Famine, the Holodomor (literally, death by hunger) of 1932-33. Today, the chernozem, riddled by Russian bombs, mines, and rockets, is not able to yield the wheat that feeds the world. However, it continues to protect Ukrainian soldiers, offering them cover in the trenches as they fight in the areas where the Cossacks once fought.

Ukrainians’ close relationship to the land lies at the heart of today’s program. The poetry and songs reflect a love of nature and of the earth. Ukrainian classical composers like Mykola Lysenko (1842–1912) and Vasyl Barvinsky (1888–1963) shared their love of Ukrainian folklore by weaving traditional melodies into their works. Kobzars, blind minstrels who once traveled across the countryside sharing news before they were murdered by Stalin’s repressive regime, sang ballads called dumas that evoked the historical feats of the Cossacks. Today’s program features Jurij Fedynskyj, a contemporary kobzar who has revived these traditions and has been instrumental in sharing the news of the war by traveling across Ukraine and now, North America.

As audience members, we bear witness to the atrocities perpetrated by Russian forces in Ukraine since the war began on February 24, 2022. The sights and sounds shared during today’s concert are meant to educate and heal. Tonight, we sing in support of the millions of Ukrainians who continue the fight for freedom in their homeland.

Слава Україні - Героям Слава!

Dr. Adriana Helbig, Department of Music, University of Pittsburgh
CONCERT OF UKRAINIAN WORDS AND MUSIC
FRICK FINE ARTS AUDITORIUM
THURSDAY, JULY 7, 2022 at 7:00 P.M.

Mykhailo Verbytsky
(1815–1870)
State Anthem of Ukraine
Jurij Fedynskyj

Pavlo Chubynsky
(1839–1884)

Yakiv Stepovy
(1883–1921)
“Prelue in Memory of Taras Shevchenko”
Robert Frankenberry

Taras Shevchenko
(1814–1861)
“In the Fortress”
Tetyana Shlikhar
Jake Detweiler

Mykola Lysenko
(1842–1912)
“To Deny One’s Fate”
Katie Manukyan
Robert Frankenberry

Taras Shevchenko

Lesya Ukrainka
(1871–1913)
“Contra sperum spero”
Tetyana Shlikhar
Jake Detweiler

Mykola Lysenko

Vasyl Stus
(1938–1985)
“To the memory of Alla Gorskaya”
Victoria Juharyan

Yevhen Stankovych
(b. 1942)
“Ukrainian Poem”
Roger Zahab
Robert Frankenberry

Taya Naydenko
(b. 1982)
“Tell me, brother”
Victoria Juharyan
Tonight’s concert was produced and directed by personnel affiliated with the University of Pittsburgh’s Slavic, East European and Near Eastern Summer Language Institute and Department of Music, which also are the event’s co-sponsors. Many involved in the concert have generously donated their services tonight. We are grateful for their dedication to the important cause of celebrating Ukrainian language and culture and aiding victims of the war.

Production committee:
  Katie Manukyan, Summer Language Institute
  Robert Frankenberry, Department of Music
  Adriana Helbig, Department of Music
  Tetyana Shlikhar, Summer Language Institute
  Victoria Juharyan, Summer Language Institute

Cover features art by Opanas Zalyvakha (1925–2007) and Sofia Karaffa-Korbut (1924–1966)
State Anthem of Ukraine
Mykhailo Verbytsky, text Pavlo Chubynsky (1863)

Ще не вмерла України і слава, і воля,
Ще нам, браття молодії, усміхнеться доля.
Згинуть наші воріженьки, як роса на сонці.
Запануєм і ми, браття, у своїй сторонці.
Душу й тіло ми положим за нашу свободу,
І покажем, що ми, браття, козацького роду.
Душу й тіло ми положим за нашу свободу,
І покажем, що ми, браття, козацького роду.

Ukraine's glory has not died yet, nor her freedom,
Upon us, my young brothers, fate shall yet smile.
Our enemies will perish, like dew in the morning sun,
And we too shall rule, brothers, in our own land.
Souls and bodies we'll lay down, all for our freedom,
And we'll show that we, brothers, are of the Cossack nation!
Souls and bodies we'll lay down, all for our freedom,
And we'll show that we, brothers, are of the Cossack nation!

“In the Fortress”
Taras Shevchenko (1847)

Мені однаково, чи буду
Я жить в Україні, чи ні.
Чи хто згадає, чи забуде
Мене в снігу на чужині –
Однаковісінько мені.
В неволі виріс меж чужими,
І, не оплаканий своїми,
В неволі, плачучи, умру,
І все з собою заберу,
Малого сліду не покину
На нашій славній Україні,
На нашій – не своїй землі.
І не пом'яне батько з сином,
Не скакаже синові: “Молись,
Молися, сину: за Україну
Його замучили колись”.
Мені однаково, чи буде
Той син молитися, чи ні...
Та не однаково мені,
Як Україну злії люди
Приспіль, лукаві, і в огні
її, окрадену, збудять...
Ох, не однаково мені.

It does not touch me, not a whit,
If I live in Ukraine or no,
If men recall me, or forget,
Lost as I am, in foreign snow,—
Touches me not the slightest whit.
Captive, to manhood I have grown
In strangers’ homes, and by my own
Unmourned, a weeping captive still,
I’ll die; all that is mine, I will
Bear off, let not a trace remain
In our own glorious Ukraine,
Our own land — yet a stranger’s rather.
And speaking with his son, no father
Will recall, nor bid him: Pray,
Pray, son! Of old, for our Ukraine,
They tortured all his life away.
It does not touch me, not a whit,
Whether that son will pray, or no...
But it does touch me deep if knaves,
Evil rogues lull our Ukraine
Asleep, and only in the flames
Let her, all plundered, wake again...
That touches me with deepest pain.

Translated by Vera Rich
“To Deny One’s Fate”
Mykola Lysenko and Taras Shevchenko

Єсть на світі доля,
А хто ї її знає?
Єсть на світі воля,
А хто ж її має?
Єсть люде на світі –
Сріблом-злотом сяють,
Здається, панують,
А долі не знають.
Ні долі, ні волі.
З нудьгою та горем
Жупан надівають,
А плакати – сором.
Візьміть срібло-злото
Та будьте багаті,
А я візьму сльози –
Лихо виливати;
Затоплю недолю
Дрібними сльозами,
Затопчу неволю
Босими ногами!
Тоді я веселий,
Тоді я багатий,
Як буде серденько
По волі гуляти!

In the world is fate,
But who knows it?
In the world is freedom,
But who possesses it?
Some people in the world
Shine with silver and gold,
And seem to rule,
But know not their fate.
Neither fate nor freedom.
With tedium and grief,
They don their cloaks,
But are ashamed to weep.
Take your silver and gold
And be wealthy.
But I will take my tears
To pour out misfortune.
I will drown out misfortune
With my gentle tears,
I will trample slavery
With my bare feet.
Then I will be happy,
Then I will be wealthy
When I see my sweetheart
Walk in freedom!
“Contra spem spero!”
Lesya Ukrainka (1890)

Гетьте, думи, ви, хмари осінні!
То ж тепера весна золота!
Чи то так у жалю, в голосінні
Проминуть молодії літа?

Ні, я хочу крізь сльози сміятись,
Серед лиха співати пісні,
Без надії таки сподіватись,
Жити хочу! Геть думи сумні!

Я на вбогім сумнім перелозі
Буду сіяť барвисті квіткі,
Буду сіїть квіткі на морозі,
Буду лить на них сльози гіркі.

І від сліз тих гарячих розтане
Та кора льодова, міцна,
Може, квіти зійдуть — і настане
Ще й для мене весела весна.

Я на гору круту крем’яну
Буду камінь важкий підіймати
І, несучи вагу ту страшную,
Буду пісню веселу співати.

В довгу, темную нічку невидну
Не стулю ні на хвильку очей,
Все шукатиму зірку провідну,
Ясну владарку темних ночей.

Так! я буду крізь сльози сміятись,
Серед лиха співати пісні,
Без надії таки сподіватись,
Буду жити! Геть думи сумні!
Thoughts away, you heavy clouds of autumn!
For now springtime comes, agleam with gold!
Shall thus in grief and wailing for ill-fortune
All the tale of my young years be told?

No, I want to smile through tears and weeping,
Sing my songs where evil holds its sway,
Hopeless, a steadfast hope forever keeping,
I want to live! You thoughts of grief, away!

On poor sad fallow land unused to tilling
I'll sow blossoms, brilliant in hue,
I'll sow blossoms where the frost lies, chilling,
I'll pour bitter tears on them as due.

And those burning tears shall melt, dissolving
All that mighty crust of ice away.
Maybe blossoms will come up, unfolding
Singing springtime too for me, some day.

Up the flinty steep and craggy mountain
A weighty ponderous boulder I shall raise,
And bearing this dread burden, a resounding
Song I'll sing, a song of joyous praise.

In the long dark ever-viewless night-time
Not one instant shall I close my eyes,
I'll seek ever for the star to guide me,
She that reigns bright mistress of dark skies.

Yes, I'll smile, indeed, through tears and weeping
Sing my songs where evil holds its sway,
Hopeless, a steadfast hope forever keeping,
I shall live! You thoughts of grief, away!
“The Winds are Blowing” aria from the opera
*Natalka Poltavka*

Mykola Lysenko (1889)

Віють вітри, віють буйні,
Аж дерева гнуться,
Ой як болить моє серце,
А сльози не ллються.

Трачу літа в лютім горі
І кінця не бачу.
Тільки тоді і полегша,
Як нишком поплачу.

Не поправлять сльози щастя,
Серцю легше буде,
Хто щасливим був часочок,
По смерті не забуде...

The winds are blowing, gales are blowing,
Even the trees are bending
Oh how my heart hurts
And tears do not fall.

I spend the years in desperate grief
And I can't see the end.
Only then will it be easier,
When I cry in secret.

Tears will not help happiness,
But it will be easier for the heart,
Who was once happy for an hour
Will not forget it until he dies...
Ярій, душе. Ярій, а не ридай.
У білій стужі сонце України.
А ти шукай – червону тінь калини
На чорних водах – тінь її шукай,
Де жменька нас. Малесенька шопта
Лише для молитов і сподівання.
Усім нам смерть судилася зарання,
Бо калинова кров — така ж квіта,
Вона така ж терпка, як в наших жилах.
У сивій завірюсі голосінь
Ці грона болю, що падуть в глибінь,
Безсмертною бідою окошились.

Leap, my soul. Leap, but do not weep.
The sun of Ukraine is in the white cold.
And you? Go search for — the red shadow of viburnum
On black waters — look for its shade,
Where there are a handful of us. A few tiny whispers
Only for prayers and hope.
We were all predestined to die early,
Because viburnum blood is just as strong,
Just as bitter as in our veins.
In a gray blizzard of lamentations
These clusters of pain that fall into the depths
Settle in immortal grief.

Translated by Victoria Juharyan
Розкажи мені, брате:
А як то воно - вмирати?
Вип'ем чаю чи кави
Й розкажуй, мені цікаво.
Ніде стрітися нам, то ж розпитую просто неба.
Бо усі говорять від серця, ніхто - від тебе.

Брате мій із Одеси, Херсону, Івано-Франківська,
Сум дівочий, сльоза дитяча, туга батьківська,
Сорока, тридцяті, вісімнадцяті - Боже! - річний...
Ти хотів би, щоб ми зберегли ворогу обличчя?
Мабуть, так. Бо у кожного цього скота і ката
Має бути обличчя, щоб точно його впізнати.

Брате мій, я готуюся не жити, а просто бути,
Бо немає такої помсти, тієї спокути,
Щоб зробити "як було". Вже не буде. І в цьому сенсі
Ми обидва загиблі. Ти зовсім, а я - в процесі.
На твоєму шляху пелюстки, на моєму - пастки.
І тобі не піднятись, мені ж - заборона впасти.

Я сміливо кажу "мій брате", бо ти не проти.
Мовчазні мої браття. Землі бо набрали в роти.
Тільки плачуть дощем, тільки вітром горнуть до себе
І шепочуть: "Жива? Живи... Ну чого ще треба..."

Треба чогось такого, чого не бува, гадаю:
Неземної любові, сторіччя земного раю,
Треба якось відмити цей бруд і усю отруту.
Та не буде цього, хоч повинно, повинно бути!

То ж скажи мені, брате, а як то воно - вмирати.
Маю знати.
Tell me, brother:
What is it like to die?
Let's have tea or coffee
And tell me; I'm interested.
We have nowhere to meet, so I ask you in the open air.
For everyone speaks from the heart, but no one — from you.

My brother from Odesa, Kherson, Ivano-Frankivsk,
Sorrow of a girl, a child's tear, parental longing,
Forty, thirty, eighteen — My God! — a year-old...
Would you like us to preserve the enemy's face?
It seems so. Because each of these scoundrels and executioners
Must have features easy to recognize.

My brother, I am preparing not to live, but to simply be,
For there is no vengeance, no redemption,
To make it "as it used to be". It will never be the same. And in this sense
We both have died. You completely, and I am in the process.
Petals on your way, traps on mine.
You can no longer get up; but I'm forbidden to fall.

I boldly say "my brother" because you don't mind.
My brothers are silent. Because their mouths are full of earth...
They only cry with rain, only in the wind they can embrace
And whisper: "Alive? Live ... Well, what else do you need?.."

I need something that never happened, I think:
Unearthly love, the century of earthly paradise,
It is necessary to wash away this dirt and all the poison somehow.
But it will not be, although it should be, it really should!

So tell me, brother, what is it like to die.
I need to know.

Translated by Victoria Juharyan
“The Wings”
Lina Kostenko (1958)

А й правда, крилатим ґрунту не треба.
Землі немає, то буде небо.

Немає поля, то буде воля.
Немає пари, то будуть хмари.

В цьому, напевно, правда пташина...
А як же людина? А що ж людина?

Живе на землі. Сама не літає.
А крила має. А крила має!

Вони, ті крила, не з пуху-пір'я,
А з правди, чесноти і довір’я.

У кого – з вірності у коханні.
У кого – з вічного поривання.

У кого – з щирості до роботи.
У кого – з щедрості на турботи.

У кого – з пісні, або з надії,
Або з поезії, або з мрії.

Людина нібито не літає...
А крила має. А крила має!

I wonder – feathered beings don't need the grounds.
If there's no land, there will be clouds.

If there's no field, there will be freedom, .
If there's no love – there will be heaven.

This is probably true for birds.
But what about humans? What about humans?
Not able to fly, they live on the ground.
But they have wings! They have wings!

Those wings aren’t made of feathers or fluff.
They’re made of truth, integrity, trust.

Some wings are made of passionate love
Some – of perpetual aspiration,

Others are made of hard work and effort.
Some others are filled with sincerity and care,

Some are made of song and hope,
Made of poetry, made of dream.

Humans seem not to be able to fly ...
But they have wings! They have wings!

“Song of Songs”
Vasyl Barvinsky, text Vasyl Maslov-Stokoz (1924)

Вже загорілися зорі вечірнії,
Вітер тихесенько віє,
Поле росою вечірньою скроплене,
Сном оповите, синіє...

Тільки вершина Кармеля далекого
В сяїві рожевій зникає;
Тиша настала, і всюди замовкнуло.
Милого серце чекає...

Де ж ти, коханий мій? Де ти, хороший мій,
Тихий шатер свій ховаеш?
Де ти пасеш своє стадо? Опівдня
Де ти, скажи, оддихаеш?

Чуєш ти голос мій? Бачиш ти, любий мій,
Чорні пекучі ці очі?
Довго шукала тебе я, коханого,
В сутіні літньої ночі!..
Довго шукала; і ось він, коханий мій!
Вид його щастям палає,
Під головою в мене його правиця,
Ліва мене обіймає...

The evening stars already shine,
The wind quietly blows,
The field is sprinkled with evening dew,
Covered in sleep, growing blue...

Only the distant summit of Carmel
Fades in the pink glow,
It’s become quiet, and everywhere falls silent
The heart awaits its beloved.

Where are you, my beloved, where you, my dear,
Are you hiding in your quiet tent?
Where are you grazing your flock? At midday
Where, tell me, do you rest?

Do you hear my voice? Do you see, my dear
These burning black eyes?
I long searched for you, beloved,
In the summer night’s twilight.

I long searched; and here he is, my beloved!
His face radiates happiness...
His right arm is under my head,
His left embraces me...

“Live, Ukraine, Live for the Beauty”
Olesksandr Oles (1917)

Живи, Україно, живи для краси,
Для сили, для правди, для волі!..
Шуми, Україно, як рідні лиси,
Як вітер в широкому полі.
До суду тебе не скують ланцюги,
І руки не скрутять ворожі:
Стоять твої вірні сини навкруги
З шаблями в руках на сторожі.
Стоять, присягають тобі на шаблях
І жити, і вмерти з тобою,
І прапори рідні в кривавих боях
Ніколи не вкрити ганьбою!

Live, Ukraine, live for the beauty,
For strength, for truth, and for freedom!..
Make noise, Ukraine, like the woods in your land,
Like the wind in a wide field.
You will not be shackled to court,
And enemy's hands will not bend you:
Your faithful sons are standing around
With swords in hands on guard.
They stand and swear with swords to you
To live and die with you,
And national flags in bloody battles
Will never be covered with shame!

“Through Crying, Groaning, and Weeping”
Lesya Ukrainka (1890)

Скрізь плач, і стогін, і ридання,
Несмілі поклики, слабі,
На долю марні нарікання
І чола, схилені в журбі.
Над давнім лихом України
Жалкуєм тужим в кожний час,
З плачем ждемо тії години,
Коли спадуть каїди з нас
Ті сльози розтроюдять рани,
Загоїтись їм не дадуть.
Заржавіють від сліз каїди,
Самі ж ніколи не спадуть!
Нащо даремнії скорботи?
Назад нема нам воріття!
Берімось краще до роботи,
Змагаймось за нове життя!
Through crying, groaning, and weeping
Come timid, weak appeals,
Useless complaints about fate
And foreheads bowed in sorrow.
Over an old misfortune of Ukraine
We regret and moan all the time,
We are waiting with tears for those hours,
When the shackles fall from us
Those tears upset the wounds,
They will not allow them to heal.
The shackles will get rusty with tears,
They would never fall on their own!
Why useless sorrows?
We have no way back!
Let's better get to work,
Let's fight for a new life!

“Oh, the Red Viburnum in the Meadow”

Oh, in the meadow a red kalyna has bent down low,
For some reason, our glorious Ukraine is in sorrow.
And we'll take that red kalyna and we will raise it up,
And we shall cheer up our glorious Ukraine, hey - hey!
And we'll take that red kalyna and we will raise it up,
And we shall cheer up our glorious Ukraine, hey - hey!

Oy u luzi chervona kalyna pokhylylysysya,
Chohos nasha slavna Ukraina zazhmurylysysya.
A my tuyu chervonu kalynu pidiymemo,
A my nashu slavnu Ukrainu, hey hey, rozveselylymo!
A my tuyu chervonu kalynu pidiymemo,
A my nashu slavnu Ukrainu, hey hey, rozveselylymo!
Jurij Fedynskyj, guest artist

Jurij Fedynskyj, is the leader and producer of the Krachkyvka Village Band, and also the director of "Kobzarskiy Tabir" which hosts the festival and camps in Kryachkivka. He originates from Raleigh, North Carolina, USA, where he grew up. Jurij studied classical piano at East Carolina University. He spent many years in the Ukrainian diaspora studying the bandura with Julian Kytasty, at camps and with the Ukrainian Bandurist Chorus. At age 23, Jurij continued his studies in the Kyiv and Lviv music conservatories with such giants as Vasyl Herasymenko, Myroslav Skoryk, and Roman Hrynkiv. For ten years, he studied the kobzar tradition with Taras Kompanichenko, as well as instrument making with the "Kyiv Kobzar Guild". For the past 12 years, Jurij Fedynskyj has worked to resurrect the traditional Ukrainian torban, bandura and kobza, after Soviet attempts to erase all memory of the instruments, players, and traditions related thereof.

Robert Frankenberry

Robert Frankenberry enjoys a multi-faceted relationship with music as a singer, pianist, conductor, orchestrator, director, and composer. On stage, he has performed a wide range of roles including Mozart (Amadeus), John Adams (1776), and the title roles in Don Carlo, The Tales of Hoffmann, Faust, and Willy Wonka. He has held staff and faculty positions as accompanist, voice instructor, lecturer, director, and conductor at Seton Hill, Duquesne, Carnegie Mellon, Point Park, Mercyhurst, Pitt, and the University of North Texas. In 2019, he was granted the honor of adapting, arranging, and conducting the world premiere of live performance versions of two operas by Mister Rogers. Robert can be heard singing and playing on the Naxos, Albany, New World Records, Roven Records, New Dynamic Records, and Innova labels, as well as various streaming platforms.
Adriana Helbig, Associate Professor and Chair of the Music Department at the University of Pittsburgh, received her doctorate in ethnomusicology from Columbia University in 2005. She focuses her teaching on issues of equality relating to the intersection of music and race, gender, class, disability, and sexuality. Her book, *Hip Hop Ukraine: Music, Race and African Migration* (Indiana University Press, 2014) is the first ethnomusicologically based analysis of hip-hop in Ukraine and stems from long-term research among Ukrainian and African musicians in Ukraine and Uganda. Currently, she is working on *Romani Music and Development Aid in Post-Soviet Ukraine*, which analyzes the impact of international development aid on two generations of rural and urban Romani musicians in Ukraine. She has brought numerous musicians, including the late Esma Redzepova, for performances at the University of Pittsburgh and has used the Carpathian Music Ensemble, which she directed and led from 2008–2018, to draw student attention to the relationship between music, politics, and cultural rights.

Victoria Juharyan teaches philosophy and literature at UC Davis. She was formerly a Visiting Assistant Professor in the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the University of Pittsburgh. In addition to completing a manuscript on Tolstoy’s philosophy of love, titled *The Cognitive Value of Love in Tolstoy: A Study in Aesthetics*, Victoria is working on two other long term projects: one on Hegel’s influence on Russian Literature, titled *German Idealism and Russian Realism: Hegel’s Philosophy in Goncharov, Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky*, and the other on the 18th century Ukrainian philosopher Hryhorii Skovoroda, titled *Hryhorii Skovoroda: Socrates in Russia*. Victoria has traveled extensively in Ukraine and has been lecturing on Ukrainian artists, poets, and dissidents before and after the war.
Katie Manukyan

Katie Manukyan is an operatic soprano based in Pittsburgh who specializes in Slavic repertoire. Notable roles that she has performed in Pittsburgh include Butterfly (Madama Butterfly), Micaela (Carmen), Zdenka (Arabella) and Winnie Blocker in the world premiere of Gilda Lyons’s A New Kind of Fallout. In addition to opera, Katie treasures the art song repertoire and has given recitals dedicated to Clause Debussy, Enrique Granados, Vasily Kalinnikov, and Komitas, among others. In 2016, she was selected as a “Major Artist” by the Pittsburgh Concert Society. She has sung in Slavic languages at a wide range of functions including, memorably, in 2014 for the former first lady of Poland, Danuta Wałęsa during her visit to Pittsburgh. Katie completed her PhD in Slavic Languages and Literatures at The Ohio State University in 2011. She is a faculty member at Pitt’s Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures, where she teaches and serves as the Managing Director of the Slavic, East European and Near Eastern Summer Language Institute. www.katiemanukyan.com

Tetyana Shlikhar

Tetyana Shlikhar is a Visiting Lecturer and Undergraduate Advisor in the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the University of Pittsburgh, where she also completed her PhD in 2020. Tetyana received her first PhD in Translation studies from the Taras Shevchenko National University of Kyiv (Ukraine) and conducted research in the area of drama translation at the University of Binghamton, NY as a Fulbright scholar (2011-2012). Her research interests include 20th- and 21st- century Russian and Ukrainian literature, cinema, and culture, as well as memory studies. Her dissertation, “Between Histories and Memories: Memory Wars in Contemporary Russian and Ukrainian Cinema,” examines the ways in which historical film is used by state authorities to construct cultural identities, wherein contemporary films generate discourses that make history a site of contestation. Tetyana currently teaches Russian literature, film, and culture courses, as well as all levels of Russian and Ukrainian at the University of Pittsburgh.
Roger Zahab enjoys instigating fairly complex and unpredictable interactions through his activities as composer, violinist/violist, improviser, conductor, teacher, and writer. As performer/conductor he has fostered premieres of more than 200 works and his repertoire spans some 700 years - from Guillaume de Machaut to the present. Roger’s work as composer and improvisor is primarily focused on the intersections of time, memory, and music’s place in the community and society at large. His work for performers and listeners from young students, avocational players and experienced new music specialists approaches more than 400 works. After a decade in New York as a freelance musician he founded (and directed for 13 years) the University of Akron’s New Music Group/Daedalus while also teaching at Mount Union College and the University of Pittsburgh. In 2001 he moved to full time work at the University of Pittsburgh, where he is Senior Lecturer, Director of the Orchestra, and Director of Undergraduate Studies. In 2011 Zahab was invited by the Vermont College of Fine Arts to join as a founding core faculty member of the Master of Fine Arts in Music Composition program and is currently co-chair of the program.

www.rogerzahab.net

Jake Detweiler

Jake Detweiler is a second-year Graduate Student at the University of Pittsburgh’s Graduate School of Public and International Affairs. He is presently taking Beginners Ukrainian at the Summer Language Institute. Jake is from Pennsylvania and has long had an intellectual interest in Ukraine, which he has often made the focus of his course work alongside other countries in Eurasia.

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