

FOR THE LOVING MEMORY OF
MS. VERA (FAITH ELIZABETH JOAN) RICH
TO THE STUDENTS OF THE HRYHORIY KOCHUR TRANSLATION
STUDIES AND CONTRASTIVE LINGUISTICS DEPARTMENT.

To celebrate the 87th anniversary of the birthday of Vera Rich on April 24th, a competition for the students has been announced. There are two nominations:

- 1) Literary Translation (from English into Ukrainian);
- 2) Translation Studies Analysis (in English).

Literary Translation nomination consists in translating the verse '*Accident of Birth*' by Vera Rich into Ukrainian.

Translation Studies Analysis nomination consists in analyzing Vera Rich's translation of the poem '*Neophytes*' by Taras Shevchenko.

The deadline for submitting the translations and researches is April 30, 2022, by 6 p.m. The texts are to be delivered to the officers of the Department. Electronic versions of the texts should be sent as WORD files to a.flowers@kingston.ac.uk and to the Department e-mail address perekladoznavstvo@gmail.com. The decision of the jury will be announced by May 6, 2022. The awards will be granted to the winners at the Solemn Academy dedicated to the birthday anniversary of Vera Rich. The event will take place online on May 10, 2022.

The jury includes: prof. N.I. Andreichuk, prof. O.V. Dzera, associate prof. O.S. Hrabovetska, associate prof. R.A. Sytar, prof. T.V. Shmiher.

For each nomination there are three prizes: 50EUR; 30EUR; 20EUR.

Dr. Alan Flowers,
Executor of Estate of Vera Rich
Doctor Honoris Causa, Lviv State University of Life Safety,
Doctor Honoris Causa, International Sakharov Environmental University, Minsk;

Dr. Oksana Dzera,
the Ivan Franko National University of Lviv
Chair

Lviv, January 4, 2022

I. A text for translation

Vera Rich

Accident of Birth

Do I come from America? Most people would say NOT;
My birth certificate gives London as my natal spot.
But back in 1964 in Washington DC
A statue was to be erected, and there came to me
A courteous request: Could they engrave there a quotation
From Shevchenko's "Caucasus" - eight lines in my translation?
Of course I gave permission, and they sent a check to me
For a hundred dollars (in those days, a splendid fee!)
The statue was in place, and very soon would be unveiled
By ex-President Eisenhower, when a doubt assailed
Some well-meaning Congressman: the statue was to stand
There in the US Capital, set upon public land,
So was it right a foreign poet should translate the verse
For such a monument especially as (which made it worse)
"The Caucasus" had been translated too by Clarence Manning,
A US academic? Well, it was too late for banning
The use of my translation, for the statue was erected
Already. So some way the protest had to be deflected...
A man phoned me from Congress; was there any way I might
Claim some connection with the States, to set the record right?
"Where was I born?" he asked. "In London!" I gave the address
Of the hospital, then just to ease the man's distress,
I added: "But you know, because I arrived prematurely,
The ward where Mother should have gone had no bed free, so surely
You can tell the Congressman the ward where I was born
Was named after your founding President, George Washington,
Maintained moreover by (and this might well prove the solution)
A US ladies' guild: "The Daughters of the Revolution".
Across the transatlantic cable, I could hear a gasp:
"Just wait a moment, ma'am... there's someone here I need to ask!"
I waited... well, why not? - I was not paying for the call! -
I waited... twenty minutes waited in the downstairs hall!
And then he spoke: "Thank you, ma'am, thank you for that information..."
That surely solves the problem; I've just got the confirmation
That ward back then ranked legally as a US enclave,
Where US ladies could give birth in London and yet save
Their children from the problems that can come from being born
Abroad... so you're US-born, too - formally!" On and on
He gushed his happy thanks... And then, at last, went off to tell
The Congressman he need not worry: all was fine and well!...

This story is, without deception, absolutely true.
Do I come from America? The answer's up to you!

II. A text for analysis

Возлюбленіку муз і грацій,
Ждучи тебе, я тихо плачу
І думу скорбну мою
Твоїй душі передаю.

Привітай же благодушне
Мою сиротину,
Наш великий чудотворче,
Мій друже єдиний!
Привітаєш; убогая,
Сірая, з тобою
Перепливі вона Лету,
І огнем-сьзою
Упаде колись на землю
І притчею стане
Розпинателям народним,
Грядущим тиранам.

Beloved of the Muses, Graces,
I quietly weep as I await you,
And my thought, so sorrowful,
I now send unto your soul.

With your kind heart give welcome then
To my hapless orphan,
You who are my only friend,
Our great wonder-worker!
You will greet the wretched orphan,
She, then, at your side
Will sail across the Lethe's waters,
And with tears of fire
Will fall, some day, upon the earth,
A parable become
For crucifiers of the nations,
Tyrants yet to come.