

YURI VYNNYCHUK

BLANDSLAU

THE NIGHT
REPORTER:
A 1938
LUIU MURDER
MYSTERY

TRANSLATED BY MICHAEL M. NAYDAN AND ALLA PERMINOVA
EDITED BY LUDMILLA A. TRIGOS

YURI VYNNYCHUK



This book has been published with the support
of the Translate Ukraine Translation Program

**UKRAINIAN
//III BOOK
INSTITUTE**

THE NIGHT REPORTER:
A 1938 LVIV MURDER MYSTERY

by Yuri Vynnychuk

Translated from the Ukrainian
by Michael M. Naydan and Alla Perminova

Edited by Ludmilla A. Trigos

This book has been published with the support
of the Translate Ukraine Translation Program

UKRAINIAN
//IIBOOK
INSTITUTE

© 2021, Yuri Vynnychuk

Cover art:

© Olha Fedoruk, “Stare misto” (2016) and “Nich nad starym mistom” (2005)

Book cover and interior book design by Max Mendor

Publishers Maxim Hodak & Max Mendor

© 2021, Glagoslav Publications

www.glagoslav.com

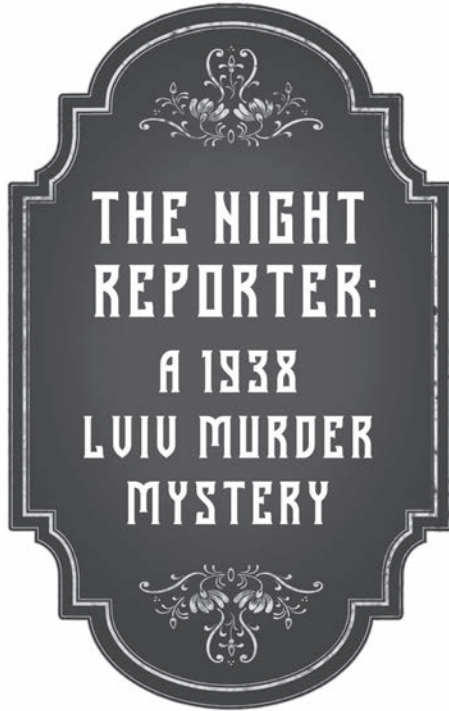
ISBN: 978-1-914337-28-4

First published in English by Glagoslav Publications in October 2021

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

This book is in copyright. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published without a similar condition, including this condition, being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

YURI VYNNYCHUK



TRANSLATED FROM THE UKRAINIAN
BY MICHAEL M. NAYDAN AND ALLA PERMINOVA

G L A G O S L A V P U B L I C A T I O N S



CONTENTS

A NOTE ON THE TRANSLATION	7
INTRODUCTION	10
AUTHOR'S PREFACE	12

THE NIGHT REPORTER: A 1938 LVIV MURDER MYSTERY

THE FIRST DAY

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1938	17
CHAPTER 1	18
CHAPTER 2	23
CHAPTER 3	33
CHAPTER 4	37
CHAPTER 5	41
CHAPTER 6	46
CHAPTER 7	50

THE SECOND DAY

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1938	57
CHAPTER 1	58
CHAPTER 2	68
CHAPTER 3	75
CHAPTER 4	81
CHAPTER 5	85
CHAPTER 6	94

THE THIRD DAY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1938	103
CHAPTER 1	104
CHAPTER 2	107
CHAPTER 3	115
CHAPTER 4	124
CHAPTER 5	136
CHAPTER 6	140
CHAPTER 7	145

THE FOURTH DAY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1938	151
CHAPTER 1	152
CHAPTER 2	161
CHAPTER 3	164
CHAPTER 4	170
CHAPTER 5	174
CHAPTER 6	182
CHAPTER 7	197
CHAPTER 8	208

THE FIFTH DAY

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1938	217
EPILOGUE	218

ABOUT THE AUTHOR	221
ABOUT THE TRANSLATORS	223
ABOUT THE ARTIST	224

A NOTE ON THE TRANSLATION

“Translation is the art of failure.”

– Umberto Eco

Those who have ever questioned Umberto Eco’s statement about translation being the art of failure would suspend all doubts once exposed to the task of translating any of Yuri Vynnychuk’s works into any language – be it structurally and culturally remote English, German, and French or the more kindred Polish and Russian. And it is not only because any literary work is, according to Lawrence Venuti, an asymptote – a line that a curve of translation infinitely approaches but never crosses. The thing is that any of Yuri Vynnychuk’s works is merely not “any.” It is always a unique outlier that evades generalizations and escapes the traps of classifications. It is small wonder that throughout the entire project our minds seemed to have been haunted by Eco’s voice repeating “*I told you so... I told you so...*,” especially when we had to spend hours upon hours dismantling the author’s densely idiomatic style, dissecting the polyphony of his registers, resorting to countless resources, online dictionaries, etc., while chasing the meaning of *batyar*¹ slang and deciphering the contaminated speech of his characters. We groped for adequate means in the English language to convey the spirit

.....
¹ Infamous young hellraisers in the city of Lviv, who appeared in the late nineteenth century and developed their own subculture and slang. They were active through the first half of the twentieth century. They were shady young wheeler-dealers who dressed in a dapper way and hung out together in cafes and bars.

of the original and create asymptotic equivalence rather than a dynamic (Eugene Nida) one. Just like perfection itself, the latter proves to be unattainable, because “no man ever steps in the same river twice, for it’s not the same river and he’s not the same man” (Heraclitus).

Translating *Vynnychuk* (Винничук) one is doomed to feeling “*вун-нум/винним*” – guilty for all the inevitable losses that happen on the way of transferring his unfathomable literary world condensed in this particular work – *The Night Reporter* (Нічний репортер). Rendering the synesthetic plasticity of his kinesthetic, acoustic and olfactory images could be compared to an attempt to give a verbal account of a pantomime, a symphony, and a perfume at the same time. Therefore, translating *Vynnychuk* is not only an interlinguistic, but also an intersemiotic endeavor, with which Roman Jakobson would surely agree. It is like subtitling a movie with a very elaborate script in which the actors’ speech is so swift, and the scenes change so fast that you cannot but cite Faust’s words “*Verweile doch, du bist so schön*” (Ah, linger on, though art so fair!).

Nevertheless, the feeling of *вун-а* (вин-а – guilt) in translating *Vynnychuk* did not prevent us from being *винахідливими* (inventive) while balancing between foreignization and domestication strategies as well as literality and co-creativity. There were many question marks and gaps that were filled with the help and advice of our friend and colleague Svitlana Budzhak-Jones and the author himself, for which we express our heartfelt gratitude. By a remarkable turn of events or just by pure accident (the law of literary attraction must have come into play), the Universe seemed to be prompting answers to our questions by letting us stumble onto various sources of information (books, movies, and websites) that resulted in being of high value in the execution of our translation. One such helpful hand stretched by the Universe was the 1941 movie *The Maltese Falcon* based on the 1930 Dashiell Hammett novel by the same name. We watched it and took notes on linguistic features to get a sense of the kind of language used in English around the time the action of *Vynnychuk*’s novel takes place (1938). As much as possible, we strove to exclude contemporary English slang such as “dude” in the current sense of the word or “bro” that were not widely in use in 1938. With no disrespect intended, we also opted for what would now be politically incorrect slang such as “dame” and “chick” to maintain the flavor of vo-

cabulary in use circa 1938. However, a highbrow translation scholar might still not agree with all such decisions. Therefore, we'll return to Umberto Eco's words and make them even shorter and simpler – TRANSLATION IS THE (AN) ART.

Alla Perminova

INTRODUCTION

Yuri Vynnychuk's novel *The Night Reporter* reminds us considerably of Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon* (1930) as well as the world-famous 1941 John Ford movie. While the statuette of the Maltese falcon comprises the Hitchcockian McGuffin in the movie as well as in the novel, Vynnychuk's McGuffin is a missing notebook that will unlock the secret to a series of apparent murders of members of a powerful business syndicate in Lviv, Ukraine in 1938. Like Hammett's Sam Spade, Vynnychuk's protagonist Marko Krylovych is a handsome man who has considerable success with the ladies. Commitment issues and his rough and tumble life keep him from settling down. He is an investigative reporter of the seedy, nighttime underworld of Lviv. The crooks, who use violent methods to acquire the notebook, visually are reminiscent of the fat man Syndney Greenstreet and his two oddball henchmen, particularly the one played by Peter Lorre, from the movie. Instead of a single femme fatale love interest as found in *The Maltese Falcon*, Vynnychuk's protagonist has several possibilities, including the rich wife of the politically powerful murdered candidate for president of the city government Yan Tomashevych. *The Night Reporter* is unapologetically retro-masculinist (the way the world was in 1938 for better or for worse). It is a novel whose events happen over five days, so the action is compressed in a brief time period like that of the movie *Three Days of the Condor*, which like the movie adds to the dramatic tension of the novel. All the action occurs in September 1938 in the picturesque city of Lviv, which was then called Lvov and under Polish control. Vynnychuk artfully recreates the time and place of the tense atmosphere of Lviv of that era just a short time before the Nazi invasion.

While plot elements are significant in the novel, Vynnychuk's prose is equally about texture, the subtlety of dialectal linguistic features and the

nuances of his characters' speech, who come from various socio-ethnic layers of society, including, among others, criminals, *batyars*, prostitutes, shopkeepers, waitresses, members of the police and secret services, and the rich and powerful. They each speak in their own distinctive way. While there is minimalist description in the novel, the plot presses forward mostly in dialogic fashion. It unravels like a slowly peeled onion or a nesting doll that reveals bits and pieces of the story from various perspectives until you arrive at the denouement and the final reveal. The narrative is told from the first-person perspective of the protagonist with more and more of what truly happened in what people tell him in conversations as well as in his various interactions with them. He above all else is a relentless seeker of the truth with a lofty sense of scruples (though with his flaws – smoking, drinking, fighting, and an excessive interest in the ladies).

The novel fuses two genres: the detective story and the spy novel. It follows the trail of the mystery of a string of murders related to a syndicate of individuals controlling the Association of Brewers, each of whom dies under questionable circumstances. The reporter plays the dual role of muckraking journalist and that of a detective, secretly deputized by the police commissioner to investigate the mystery. He meets several possible love interests over the course of his dangerous investigation. Will he get the girl? And if he does, which one does he get? Or is he incapable of being tied down by just one woman? You'll have to read the novel to the very end to find that out.

Vynnychuk began writing the novel in 1979 when it was impossible to publish such a work under Soviet censorship and published it only recently in 2019. While he revised it some forty years later, it represents an important point in his early development as a storyteller. Vynnychuk became infamous for his lighthearted *Maidens of the Night* about a pimp and two Odesan prostitutes, which he began to write at virtually the same time as *The Night Reporter*. The former delves into the underbelly of underground Lviv in contemporary times. The latter does the same, but in the more distant prewar Galician past, the examination of which becomes an essential passion for Vynnychuk's oeuvre. *The Night Reporter* is a compelling journey into the world of that fascinating multicultural past of Lviv.

Michael Naydan

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I started writing this novel in 1979, and in 1980 I finished it along with a planned sequel. I didn't have high hopes for publication. I couldn't write a crime novel about the Soviet era in the way the situation required at the time. It would have been very boring for me and, ultimately, I didn't read anything about any courageous police investigators. I was brought up on foreign detective novels and read tons of them, mostly in Polish and Czech.

At that time, the first part of my novella *Maidens of the Night* was already lying in my desk drawer going nowhere. The authorities wouldn't let me publish it. Then piles of paper copied from the new story were added to it, and I was too lazy to reprint the entire text. I printed out only one section and sent it to the magazine *Dnipro* in Kyiv and dropped it off at the magazine *October* in Lviv. The editor of *Dnipro*, Volodymyr Drozd, told me he wasn't interested in a story about Lviv. Roman Ivanychuk, who headed the prose department at *October*, said it wasn't suitable for them either.

The piles of paper had to wait for better times. So, I forgot about them. However, since the 1990s it would have been possible to publish all of it. But I had certain doubts about whether it was worth publishing. So I recently dove back into those piles of paper, began to reread them, and saw that it actually was quite a decent story. I typed it into my computer, refined it, enriched it with realities I had no idea about in the Soviet era, and here it is for you.

My hero is a journalist who gets into various and sometimes dangerous adventures. He drinks and smokes. And he smokes because I also smoked at that time. My passion for cigarettes lasted only four years, and I was seduced into smoking by a girl with whom I had a fling. The affair ended, and my smoking ended with it.

But I just couldn't say goodbye to my hero, because all my habits coincided too much with his. How could I not drink if the hero of the story is a tippler? Together we are a single whole. And when he falls into the arms of an elegant babe, I fall into her arms with him. Fortunately, when they smack him on the noggin, I don't have to take painkillers.

Now with inconsolable distress I look at another pile of paper, where the continuation of this tale has been hidden, and I'm pondering whether I should undertake completing and reprinting it....

Yuri Vynnychuk





**THE NIGHT
REPORTER:
A 1938
LUIU MURDER
MYSTERY**





THE FIRST DAY
THURSDAY
SEPTEMBER 22, 1938

CHAPTER 1

It was a drizzly, though still warm, September day. The forest is floating in the window, beyond that – there are sprawling pastures and white geese near streams. Boys are crawling among the reeds, groping for fish in the water. The landscape is commonplace to the point of tedium, but there's still nothing to do because I've already leafed through the newspaper, which I took with me on the train. I have nothing to do but look out the window, and as soon as I look away, my eyes catch sight of an old lady all in black, still wearing a black kerchief. Maybe she's going to a funeral or coming from one. Her lips are tightly pursed, her gaze blank; she's all deeply inside herself. Next to her there's a traveling salesman with a suitcase stuffed with all sorts of wares, or rather trinkets, with which he goes from door to door and grinds out the same spiel over and over again, because he's not capable of anything else, and then, upon returning home, makes excuses to his wife for getting bugged again, for spending more for the trip than he earned. A young fat dame with wide hips and an enormous bust sits down next to me. She's moaning and snoring heavily like a blacksmith's bellows. Her snoring's lulling me to sleep, and I feel like closing my eyes and not thinking about anything. From time to time she shudders, looks around timidly, and for some reason straightens out her long skirt and hides back in her shell again. The salesman asks if he can read my newspaper. I say by all means and give it to him. He buries himself in the first page and wags his head sadly. There's nothing good in the news, that's for sure.

“September 22, 1938. The Italians continue to fight in Ethiopia,” he reads aloud under his breath for some reason. “Ethiopian guerrilla units are holding off significant forces of the Italian army. Emperor Haile Selassie, who was forced to leave his homeland, delivered a speech in Geneva. That's good, that's good,” he shakes his head, “that they're holding off the

Italian army. Hitler can't take advantage of it fully. On the Yablonovskys, in a part of Lviv densely populated by Germans, the appearance on the street of a young man dressed in shorts and white knee stockings caused a sensation. Aha," he raises up his finger, "Hitler's fashion has already come to us. Soon these kinds of young guys will become much more visible, fashion is contagious ... Eh.... In the Community Hall a *viche*² was held in support of the autonomy of Transcarpathian Ukraine. Hullo," he becomes furious, "they've been tempted by autonomy. What good comes from autonomy here. Did you hear? They tried to free Bandera³ again. But the police aren't snoozing, no. 'Conspiracy Exposed!' But there's good news too: 'Six Jews were beaten at the Foreign Trade Academy, and at the University – two more.' It's time to show them their place. Have you heard there's a government plan to resettle all the Jews in Uganda? What a great idea!"

Without sensing any answer or approval from anyone present, he thoughtfully folded the newspaper and put it on the table. Finally, there's peace and quiet.

Uganda! Yes, yes, a fashionable topic recently. They're discussing all the details of the future resettlement really seriously. Our newspaper also has written about it, and I even interviewed a *tzaddik*⁴ who was outraged by these rumors and denied that the Jews were waiting to leave for Uganda.

My trip to Stanislaviv is as unexpected as it is secretive. Yesterday I had no idea about what I heard this morning. And it all started with a phone call and someone's insinuating whisper, asking if I'd like to know how Tomashevych's career advanced, how he became rich, and now has become the likeliest candidate for the office of president of the city government. Well, to be honest, I could give a damn about all these Tomashevyches, who, like flowers rising up from dung, suddenly blossom lavishly, because the scent of shit hasn't dissipated from them, but after the editor grabbed me by the chest and shook me, all the bottles I had downed over the last month when I was in a weightless state began to ring in my head, I was

.....

² A traditional Ukrainian community-wide meeting to make political decisions.
³ Ukrainian nationalist leader Stepan Bandera, who was eventually assassinated in exile by a Soviet agent in Berlin in 1959.
⁴ According to Webster's dictionary, "the spiritual leader of a modern Hasidic community."

forced to come to my senses. Otherwise, I would have been booted out of the newspaper again. I had to do some digging and write about something that would stir fresh interest in the newspaper. No wonder I was nicknamed the “night reporter,” because in fact I used to hang out in various seedy pubs and dive bars, in casinos, in dens of iniquity and bordellos, got smacked in the chops, and even had my gut sliced with a blade, fell covered in barf in the gutter, because, there was no other way to get something interesting or of a sensational nature than to hang out with the kinds of people I hung out with. Of course, so that they wouldn’t have any suspicions about me, I needed to be like them. I had to speak their language, drink what they were drinking, swear like them, laugh rowdily like them, mingle with prostitutes in pubs, allow them to pat me on the head, and not just my head, kiss me on the ears and neck. I needed to smoke opium in a bordello, so that I could wheedle out something useful, and then, so that it would all not vanish in the wind I’d go to the outhouse and in the dim light of a light bulb jot down key words, the meaning of which no one other than I would have comprehended. And little by little I became so involved that I didn’t have any need for company either. I became my own company – and that was the worst.

But then I came to my senses. I sat in front of the mirror, looked at the unshaven face of a thirty-six-year-old man who had never achieved anything decent in his life, but who found so many problems on his ass and got in so many pickles in a short period of time that another person would never be able to get in this many pickles in a lifetime. I looked into the mirror and sighed heavily: “Marko, you have to fight your way out of this swamp you’ve dragged yourself into. You have to!”

Just the day before, the editor ordered everyone to prepare materials for the election and dig up as much dirt as deeply as possible on everyone, regardless of personal preferences. At the same time, he looked sympathetically at my mug wearied by life, because I hadn’t yet made a foray into politics. My sphere of interest was narrowed to clients from beneath a dark star. It was easier for me with them. Among them I could be myself. Even when they battered my ugly mug, the next day they slapped down a bottle of booze on the table, hugged me, and said: “You Matska,⁵ just don’t be angry! ‘kay? Yes, ‘kay, cause why not, ‘kay?”

.....

⁵ A diminutive form for the name Marko.

Well, it just happened that I immediately took an interest in Tomashevych, although if it hadn't been for that call, I wouldn't give a damn. Though his rapid ascent surprised more than a few journalists and forced them to try to solve this mystery, they did so without success. An unknown person offered to meet in Jesuit Park.⁶ I was supposed to take a stroll, and he would approach me. That's perfect. I shaved, sprayed on some cologne from a little left at the bottom of a bottle, put on a clean, though haphazardly ironed light blue shirt, a dark blue jacket over it, polished my black lace-up boots, and looked in the mirror again. Hey! A really handsome man was looking at me, who always had wild success with women until his breath began to reek so badly that it would scare away crows. Just a week without alcohol – and here's the result for you! I'm the same again as I used to be.

The morning was sloppy and the park deserted. Water was dripping from the trees. Muddy mirrors of puddles lay underfoot and reflected the gloomy sky. There were thick crowns of trees and doused lanterns. I walked back and forth with my hands behind my back, when suddenly I heard the same insinuating whisper behind me:

“Don't look back, *Pan*⁷ Krylovych.” Walk slowly ahead. So, if you're interested in Tomashevych, you have to find out where his shady deals began. The notary Yosyp Martyniuk, who knows a lot, will help you with this, because he actually witnessed Tomashevych suddenly becoming rich. And he continues to get richer, but thanks to this.... Take it.” Here I felt that something like a folder was placed into my hand. “Don't look back. Count to twenty and then you can look back.”

In the puddle I saw a dark figure in a raincoat with a raised collar and a hat. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man. He was holding his left hand in his raincoat pocket with his thumb sticking out. He, too, apparently must have noticed his reflection, though it was not as clear nor as murky as the

.....
⁶ Now called Ivan Franko Park (author's note) in front of Ivan Franko University.

⁷ In the Ukrainian and Polish cultures, the words “pan” (Mr. – pronounced “pahn”), “pani” (Mrs. – pronounced “pahnee”), and “panna” (Miss – pronounced “pahna”) are used with a person's first or last name as a sign of respect. The words are also used with professions such as “Pan Inzhener [Mr. Engineer],” “Pan Doktor [Mr. Doctor],” and even “Pan Shimon [Mr. Doorman].” The wives of people in professions would also be addressed in the same way: *Pani Inzhener* [Mrs. Engineer], etc. We've opted to maintain this Ukrainian form of address to convey a part of the cultural realia.

puddle itself, and turned sharply, making his way out of the park. I opened the folder and saw intimate photographs of an elderly gentleman hugging half-naked girls in a bordello. The gentleman's face was scratched over so that there was no way to recognize him. What did these photographs mean? As he said: "... continues to get rich, but thanks to this..." So, is this about blackmail? Is Tomashevych blackmailing this gentleman? To whom were these photographs sent with a ransom offer? But this wasn't the man whose reflection I saw in the puddle, because he's thin and tall, while the gentleman in the pictures is fat...

I looked around: the park was deserted again.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ukrainian writer **Yuri Vynnychuk** was born in 1952 in Stanislav, Ukraine. The city is now called Ivano-Frankivsk (affectionately known as “Frankivsk” by the local inhabitants). Vynnychuk’s father was a doctor for the anti-Stalinist and anti-Nazi Ukrainian partisans during World War II, and his uncle on his mother’s side Yuri Sapiha was killed by the Soviet secret police (the Cheka) in 1941. Vynnychuk was named in memory of his murdered uncle. In 1973 Vynnychuk completed the Stanislav Pedagogical Institute where he developed the reputation of a prankster. At that time he became involved in student publications as well as in the literary underground. In 1974 the KGB conducted a search of his house but found no materials that would have incriminated him in the eyes of the Soviet regime. In order to avoid inevitable arrest, he moved to the larger city of Lviv, where he hid at apartments of several friends, constantly covering his tracks from the all-seeing eye of the KGB.

Until 1980 Vynnychuk was blacklisted and not allowed to publish in official sources. Till then he published works under the names of various other writers and ghost wrote books on occasion. He eked out a living from the honoraria from his various pseudonymous publications, a practice which, by habit and by design, he continues to this day. During the 1980s he held readings of his works in the apartments of friends and became well-known for his satiric poetry and stories about a mythical country called Arcanumia – a land where the streets and, in fact, everything, are paved with fecal matter. Any association of Arcanumia with the Soviet Union or Soviet Ukraine, of course, would have been purely coincidental. “The Island of Ziz” (“Ostriv Ziz”) is the best-known story from this cycle. From 1980 on, Vynnychuk was allowed to publish his articles and translations in the Ukrainian periodical press. He made a number of enemies

among the Soviet literary establishment for his merciless attacks against hack writers. In 1987 Vynnychuk was instrumental in the creation of a stage singing and performance group “Ne zhurys!” (Don’t Worry!), which rose to swift popularity in Ukraine. After a tour to Canada and the United States in 1989, Vynnychuk decided to leave the group and devote his time exclusively to literature. Off and on he has continued to participate in concerts with the group. Under Mikhail Gorbachev’s *perestroika-perebudova* and subsequent Ukrainian independence, Vynnychuk emerged from the underground (always keeping one foot there even to this very day) to occupy an eminent place in the new Ukrainian literature. His collection of fantastic stories *The Flashing Beacon* (Spalakh; 1990) sold out almost immediately. He also published a collection of poetry *Reflections* (Vidobrazhennia; 1990) and compiled and edited two anthologies of Ukrainian fantastic stories from the 19th century. His pulp fiction novellas *Maidens of the Night* (Divy noch, 1992) and *Harem Life* (Zhytjie haremmoie, 1996) enjoyed extraordinary popularity. His love of storytelling and of his adopted hometown is combined in several volumes – *Legends of Lviv* (Lehendy Lvova, 1999), *Pubs of Lviv* (Knaipy Lvova, 2000), and *Mysteries of Lviv Coffee* (Taiemytsi lvivskoi kavy, 2001). His fantasy novel *Malva Landa* (the heroine’s name) appeared in 2000 and a collection of fantastic tales *Windows of Time Frozen* (Vikna zastyhloho chasu) in 2001. And his novel *Spring Games in Autumn Gardens* (Vesniani ihry v osinnikh sadakh, 2005) won the 2005 BBC Ukrainian Book of the Year Award. His collection of autobiographical works, *Pears a la Crepe* (Hrushy v tisti, 2010) also was nominated for the BBC Prize. His book *Tango of Death* (Tango smerti) won the 2012 BBC Ukrainian Book of the Year Award and has been garnering an extraordinary amount of attention both in Ukraine and in European circles, particularly in German and Czech translations. The plot of *The Apothecary* (Aptekar), that appeared in 2015, harkens back to seventeenth-century Venice and Lviv. *The Night Reporter* (Nichnyi reporter) appeared in 2020 and is the first in a trilogy of crime novels featuring the same protagonist. Other more recent of his novels include: *The Censor of Dreams* (Tsenzor sniv; 2016), *Lutetia* (Liutetsiia; 2017), *Blood Sisters* (a sequel to the novel *The Apothecary*; Sestry krovi; 2018), and the novel *The Keys of Maria* (Kliuchi Marii; 2020; co-authored with Andrei Kurkov). *The Fantastic Worlds of Yuri Vynnychuk* is also available from Glagoslav.

ABOUT THE TRANSLATORS

Alla Perminova is a practicing literary translator, an independent researcher and an educator based in Barcelona, Spain. She received her doctoral and postdoctoral degrees in translation studies from Taras Shevchenko National University of Kyiv where she worked as a full professor for 15 years. She is Oleh Olzhych National Literary Contest first prize winner (1997), Fulbright senior scholar (The Pennsylvania State University, 2012-2013), the co/author of 70 scholarly articles, co/translator and/or editor of 15 books, presenter of over 30 talks at international conferences. Her personal philosophy as a translator and a researcher is discussed in her book *A Translator's Reception of Contemporary American Poetry* (in Ukrainian, 2015), in which she promotes the reception model of literary translation.

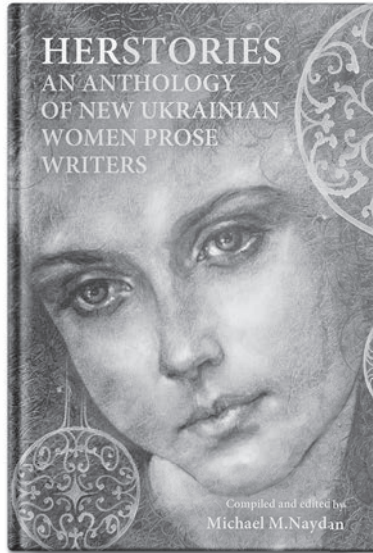
Michael Naydan is Woskob Family Professor of Ukrainian Studies at The Pennsylvania State University and works primarily in the fields of Ukrainian and Russian literature and literary translation. He has published over 50 articles on literary topics and more than 80 translations in journals and anthologies. He has translated, co-translated or edited more than 40 books of translations, including *Selected Poetry of Bohdan Rubchak: Songs of Love, Songs of Death, Songs of the Moon* (Glagoslav Publications, 2020); the novels *Sweet Darusya: A Tale of Two Villages* and *Tango of Death* (both with Spuyten Duyvil Publishers, 2019); *Nikolai Gumilev's Africa* (Glagoslav Publications, 2018); Yuri Andrukhovych's cultural and literary essays, *My Final Territory: Selected Essays* (University of Toronto Press, 2018); and Abram Terz's literary essays, *Strolls with Pushkin* (Columbia University Press, 2016). His novel about the city of Lviv *Seven Signs of the Lion* appeared with Glagoslav Publications in 2016. He has received numerous prizes for his translations including the George S.N. Luckyj Award in Ukrainian Literature Translation from the Canadian Foundation for Ukrainian Studies in 2013.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

The artist Olha Fedoruk hails from the city of Lviv, a place that she loves dearly. A number of her works focus on the unique beauty of the city, including a series of artistic meditations on the poetry of one of its most famous past inhabitants – the poet Bohdan Ihor Antonych. The cover painting that she provided for this volume is entitled “The Old City” and her painting “Night over the Old City” is used as the background for the back cover.

Olha studied decorative scheme at Ivan Trush State College of Decorative and Fine Arts, and decorative ceramics at Lviv National Academy of Arts. She works as a graphic artist and painter. She has had eleven personal exhibitions. Her most recent exhibition took place in Ukrainian National Museum in Chicago together with her daughter, photographer Oksana Kami. Olha has exhibited her paintings and graphic art in Ukraine and abroad. She is a member of the National Union of Artists of Ukraine.

HERSTORIES: AN ANTHOLOGY OF NEW UKRAINIAN WOMEN PROSE WRITERS

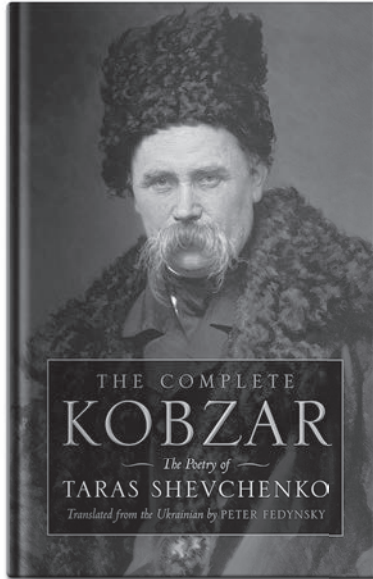


Women's prose writing has exploded on the literary scene in Ukraine just prior to and following Ukrainian independence in 1991. Over the past two decades scores of fascinating new women authors have emerged. These authors write in a wide variety of styles and genres including short stories, novels, essays, and new journalism. In the collection you will find: realism, magical realism, surrealism, the fantastic, deeply intellectual writing, newly discovered feminist perspectives, philosophical prose, psychological mysteries, confessional prose, and much more.

The volume will include 18 contemporary writers: Lina Kostenko, Emma Andijewska, Nina Bichuya, Sofia Maidanska, Ludmyla Taran, Liuko Dashvar, Maria Matios, Eugenia Kononenko, Oksana Zabuzhko, Iren Rozdobudko, Natalka Sniadanko, Larysa Denysenko, Svitlana Povaljajeva, Svitlana Pyrkalo, Dzvinka Matiash, Irena Karpa, Tanya Malyarchuk, and Sofia Andrukhovych.

Buy it > www.glagoslav.com

**The Complete
KOBZAR**
by Taras Shevchenko



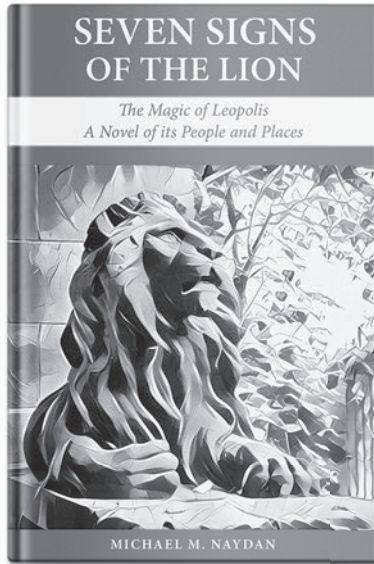
Masterfully fulfilled by Peter Fedynsky, Voice of America journalist and expert on Ukrainian studies, this first ever English translation of the complete *Kobzar* brings out Ukraine's rich cultural heritage.

As a foundational text, *The Kobzar* has played an important role in galvanizing the Ukrainian identity and in the development of Ukraine's written language and Ukrainian literature. The first editions had been censored by the Russian czar, but the book still made an enduring impact on Ukrainian culture. There is no reliable count of how many editions of the book have been published, but an official estimate made in 1976 put the figure in Ukraine at 110 during the Soviet period alone. That figure does not include *Kobzars* released before and after both in Ukraine and abroad. A multitude of translations of Shevchenko's verse into Slavic, Germanic and Romance languages, as well as Chinese, Japanese, Bengali, and many others attest to his impact on world culture as well.

Buy it > www.glagoslav.com

SEVEN SIGNS OF THE LION

by Michael M. Naydan

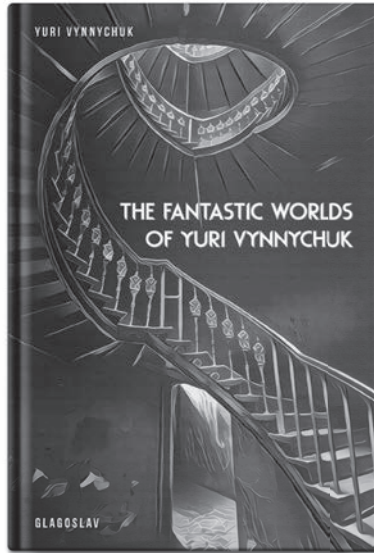


The novel *Seven Signs of the Lion* is a magical journey to the city of Lviv in Western Ukraine. Part magical realism, part travelogue, part adventure novel, and part love story, it is a fragmented, hybrid work about a mysterious and mythical place. The hero of the novel Nicholas Bilanchuk is a gatherer of living souls, the unique individuals he meets over the course of his five-month stay in his ancestral homeland. These include the enigmatic Mr. Viktor, who, with one eye that always glimmers, in a dream summons him across the Atlantic Ocean to the city of lions, becoming his spiritual mentor; the genius mathematician Professor Potojbichny (a man of science with a mystical bent and whose name means “man from the other side”); the exquisite beauty Ada, whose name suggests “woman from Hades” in Ukrainian, whose being emanates irresistible sensuality, but who never lets anyone capture her beauty in a picture; the schizophrenic artist Ivan the Ghostseer, who lives in a bohemian hovel of a basement apartment and in an alcohol-induced trance paints the spirits of the city that torment him; and the curly-haired elfin Raya, whose name suggests “paradise” in Ukrainian and who becomes the primary guide and companion for Nicholas on his journey to self-realization...

Buy it > www.glagoslav.com

The Fantastic Worlds of Yuri Vynnychuk

by Yuri Vynnychuk

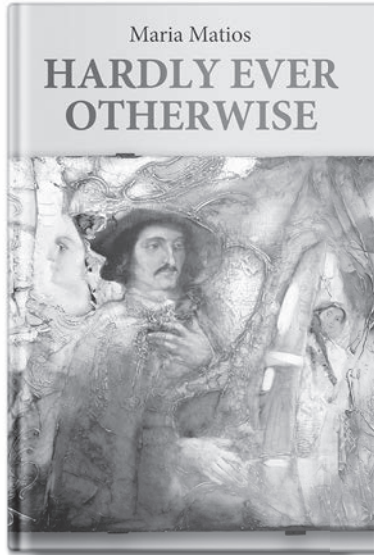


Yuri Vynnychuk is a master storyteller and satirist, who emerged from the Western Ukrainian underground in Soviet times to become one of Ukraine's most prolific and most prominent writers of today. He is a chameleon who can adapt his narrative voice in a variety of ways and whose style at times is reminiscent of Borges. A master of the short story, he exhibits a great range from exquisite lyrical-philosophical works such as his masterpiece "An Embroidered World," written in the mode of magical realism; to intense psychological studies; to contemplative science fiction and horror tales; and to wicked black humor and satire such as his "Max and Me." Excerpts are also presented in this volume of his longer prose works, including his highly acclaimed novel of wartime Lviv *Tango of Death*, which received the 2012 BBC Ukrainian Book of the Year Award. The translations offered here allow the English-language reader to become acquainted with the many fantastic worlds and lyrical imagination of an extraordinarily versatile writer.

Buy it > www.glagoslav.com

Hardly Ever Otherwise

by Maria Matios



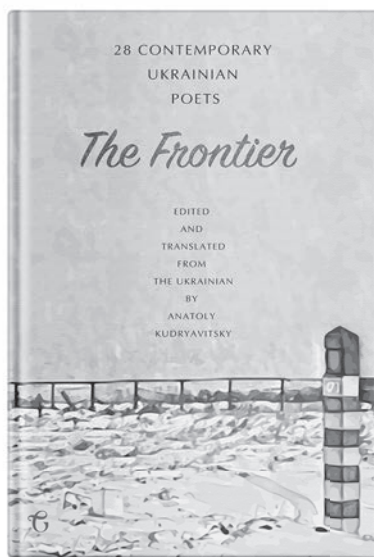
Everything eventually reaches its appointed place in time and space. Maria Matios's dramatic family saga, *Hardly Ever Otherwise*, narrates the story of several western Ukrainian families during the last decades of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and expands upon the idea that "it isn't time that is important, but the human condition in time."

From the first page, Matios engages her reader with an impeccable style, which she employs to create a rich tapestry of cause and effect, at times depicting a logic that is both bitter and enigmatic. But nothing is ever fully revealed—it is only in the final pages of the novel that the events in the beginning are understood as a necessary part of a larger whole, and the section entitled *Seasickness* presents a compelling argument for why events almost always have to follow a particular course.

Buy it > www.glagoslav.com

The Frontier

28 Contemporary Ukrainian Poets - An Anthology



This anthology reflects a search of the Ukrainian nation for its identity, the roots of which lie deep inside Ukrainian-language poetry. Some of the included poets are well-known locally and internationally; among them are Serhiy Zhadan, Halyna Kruk, Ostap Slyvynsky, Marianna Kijanowska, Oleh Kotsarev, Anna Bagriana and, of course, the living legend of Ukrainian poetry, Vasyl Holoborodko. The next Ukrainian poetic generation also features prominently in the collection. Such poets as Les Beley, Olena Herasymyuk, Myroslav Laiuk, Hanna Malihon, Taras Malkovych, Julia Musakovska, Julia Stahivska and Lyuba Yakimchuk are the ones Ukrainians like to read today, and each of them already has an excellent reputation abroad due to festival appearances and translations to European languages. The work collected here documents poetry in Ukraine responding to challenges of the time by forging a radical new poetic, reconsidering writing techniques and language itself.

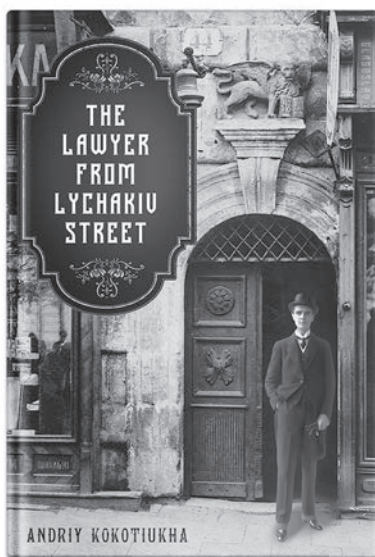
Edited and translated from the Ukrainian by Anatoly Kudryavitsky.

A Bilingual Edition.

Buy it > www.glagoslav.com

The Lawyer from Lychakiv Street

by Andriy Kokotiukha



At the beginning of the twentieth century, 1908, a young Kyivan, Klym Koshovy miraculously flies the coop and escapes from persecution by tsarist police to Lviv. However, even here he is arrested – near the corpse of a well-known local lawyer, Yevhen Soyka. The deceased had dubious friends and powerful enemies in the city. Suicide or murder?

The search for truth leads Koshovy through the dark labyrinths of Lviv's streets. On his way – facing daring pickpockets, criminal kingpins and Russian terrorist bombers. And Klym is constantly getting in the way of the police commissioner Marek Wichura. The truth will stun Klym, and his new loyal friend Jozef Shatsky. It will forever change the fate of the enigmatic and influential beauty Magda Bohdanovych.

Buy it > www.glagoslav.com

DEAR READER,

Thank you for purchasing this book.

We at Glagoslav Publications are glad to welcome you, and hope that you find our books to be a source of knowledge and inspiration.

We want to show the beauty and depth of the Slavic region to everyone looking to expand their horizon and learn something new about different cultures, different people, and we believe that with this book we have managed to do just that.

Now that you've got to know us, we want to get to know you. We value communication with our readers and want to hear from you! We offer several options:

- Join our Book Club on Goodreads, Library Thing and Shelfari, and receive special offers and information about our giveaways;
- Share your opinion about our books on Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Waterstones and other bookstores;
- Join us on Facebook and Twitter for updates on our publications and news about our authors;
- Visit our site www.glagoslav.com to check out our Catalogue and subscribe to our Newsletter.

Glagoslav Publications is getting ready to release a new collection and planning some interesting surprises — stay with us to find out!

Glagoslav Publications
Email: contact@glagoslav.com

Glagoslav Publications Catalogue

- *The Time of Women* by Elena Chizhova
- *Andrei Tarkovsky: A Life on the Cross* by Lyudmila Boyadzhieva
- *Sin* by Zakhar Prilepin
- *Hardly Ever Otherwise* by Maria Matios
- *Khatyn* by Ales Adamovich
- *The Lost Button* by Irene Rozdobudko
- *Christened with Crosses* by Eduard Kochergin
- *The Vital Needs of the Dead* by Igor Sakhnovsky
- *The Sarabande of Sara's Band* by Larysa Denysenko
- *A Poet and Bin Laden* by Hamid Ismailov
- *Zo Gaat Dat in Rusland* (Dutch Edition) by Maria Konjoekova
- *Kobzar* by Taras Shevchenko
- *The Stone Bridge* by Alexander Terekhov
- *Moryak* by Lee Mandel
- *King Stakh's Wild Hunt* by Uladzimir Karatkevich
- *The Hawks of Peace* by Dmitry Rogozin
- *Harlequin's Costume* by Leonid Yuzefovich
- *Depeche Mode* by Serhii Zhadan
- *Groot Slem en Andere Verhalen* (Dutch Edition) by Leonid Andrejev
- *METRO 2033* (Dutch Edition) by Dmitry Glukhovsky
- *METRO 2034* (Dutch Edition) by Dmitry Glukhovsky
- *A Russian Story* by Eugenia Kononenko
- *Herstories, An Anthology of New Ukrainian Women Prose Writers*
- *The Battle of the Sexes Russian Style* by Nadezhda Ptushkina
- *A Book Without Photographs* by Sergey Shargunov
- *Down Among The Fishes* by Natalka Babina
- *disUNITY* by Anatoly Kudryavitsky
- *Sankya* by Zakhar Prilepin
- *Wolf Messing* by Tatiana Lungin
- *Good Stalin* by Victor Erofeyev
- *Solar Plexus* by Rustam Ibragimbekov
- *Don't Call me a Victim!* by Dina Yafasova
- *Poetin* (Dutch Edition) by Chris Hutchins and Alexander Korobko

- *A History of Belarus* by Lubov Bazan
- *Children's Fashion of the Russian Empire* by Alexander Vasiliev
- *Empire of Corruption: The Russian National Pastime* by Vladimir Soloviev
- *Heroes of the 90s: People and Money. The Modern History of Russian Capitalism* by Alexander Solovev, Vladislav Dorofeev and Valeria Bashkirova
- *Fifty Highlights from the Russian Literature* (Dutch Edition) by Maarten Tengbergen
- *Bajesvolk* (Dutch Edition) by Michail Chodorkovsky
- *Dagboek van Keizerin Alexandra* (Dutch Edition)
- *Myths about Russia* by Vladimir Medinskiy
- *Boris Yeltsin: The Decade that Shook the World* by Boris Minaev
- *A Man Of Change: A study of the political life of Boris Yeltsin*
- *Sberbank: The Rebirth of Russia's Financial Giant* by Evgeny Karasyuk
- *To Get Ukraine* by Oleksandr Shyshko
- *Asystole* by Oleg Pavlov
- *Gnedich* by Maria Rybakova
- *Marina Tsvetaeva: The Essential Poetry*
- *Multiple Personalities* by Tatyana Shcherbina
- *The Investigator* by Margarita Khemlin
- *The Exile* by Zinaida Tulub
- *Leo Tolstoy: Flight from Paradise* by Pavel Basinsky
- *Moscow in the 1930* by Natalia Gromova
- *Laurus* (Dutch edition) by Evgenij Vodolazkin
- *Prisoner* by Anna Nemzer
- *The Crime of Chernobyl: The Nuclear Goulag* by Wladimir Tchertkoff
- *Alpine Ballad* by Vasil Bykau
- *The Complete Correspondence of Hryhory Skovoroda*
- *The Tale of Aypi* by Ak Welsapar
- *Selected Poems* by Lydia Grigorieva
- *The Fantastic Worlds of Yuri Vynnychuk*
- *The Garden of Divine Songs and Collected Poetry of Hryhory Skovoroda*
- *Adventures in the Slavic Kitchen: A Book of Essays with Recipes* by Igor Klekh
- *Seven Signs of the Lion* by Michael M. Naydan

- *Forefathers' Eve* by Adam Mickiewicz
- *One-Two* by Igor Eliseev
- *Girls, be Good* by Bojan Babić
- *Time of the Octopus* by Anatoly Kucherena
- *The Grand Harmony* by Bohdan Ihor Antonych
- *The Selected Lyric Poetry Of Maksym Rylsky*
- *The Shining Light* by Galymkair Mutanov
- *The Frontier: 28 Contemporary Ukrainian Poets - An Anthology*
- *Acropolis: The Wavel Plays* by Stanisław Wyspiański
- *Contours of the City* by Attyla Mohylny
- *Conversations Before Silence: The Selected Poetry of Oles Ilchenko*
- *The Secret History of my Sojourn in Russia* by Jaroslav Hašek
- *Mirror Sand: An Anthology of Russian Short Poems*
- *Maybe We're Leaving* by Jan Balaban
- *Death of the Snake Catcher* by Ak Welsapar
- *A Brown Man in Russia* by Vijay Menon
- *Hard Times* by Ostap Vyshnia
- *The Flying Dutchman* by Anatoly Kudryavitsky
- *Nikolai Gumilev's Africa* by Nikolai Gumilev
- *Combustions* by Srđan Srdić
- *The Sonnets* by Adam Mickiewicz
- *Dramatic Works* by Zygmunt Krasiński
- *Four Plays* by Juliusz Słowacki
- *Little Zinnobers* by Elena Chizhova
- *We Are Building Capitalism! Moscow in Transition 1992-1997* by Robert Stephenson
- *The Nuremberg Trials* by Alexander Zvyagintsev
- *The Hemingway Game* by Evgeni Grishkovets
- *A Flame Out at Sea* by Dmitry Novikov
- *Jesus' Cat* by Grig
- *Want a Baby and Other Plays* by Sergei Tretyakov
- *Mikhail Bulgakov: The Life and Times* by Marietta Chudakova
- *Leonardo's Handwriting* by Dina Rubina
- *A Burglar of the Better Sort* by Tytus Czyżewski
- *The Mouseiad and other Mock Epics* by Ignacy Krasicki

- *Ravens before Noah* by Susanna Harutyunyan
- *An English Queen and Stalingrad* by Natalia Kulishenko
- *Point Zero* by Narek Malian
- *Absolute Zero* by Artem Chekh
- *Olanda* by Rafał Wojasiński
- *Robinsons* by Aram Pachyan
- *The Monastery* by Zakhar Prilepin
- *The Selected Poetry of Bohdan Rubchak: Songs of Love, Songs of Death, Songs of the Moon*
- *Mebet* by Alexander Grigorenko
- *The Orchestra* by Vladimir Gonik
- *Everyday Stories* by Mima Mihajlović
- *Slavdom* by Ludovít Štúr
- *The Code of Civilization* by Vyacheslav Nikonov
- *Where Was the Angel Going?* by Jan Balaban
- *De Zwarte Kip* (Dutch Edition) by Antoni Pogorelski
- *Głosy / Voices* by Jan Polkowski
- *Sergei Tretyakov: A Revolutionary Writer in Stalin's Russia* by Robert Leach
- *Opstand* (Dutch Edition) by Władysław Reymont
- *Dramatic Works* by Cyprian Kamil Norwid
- *Children's First Book of Chess* by Natalie Shevando and Matthew McMillion
- *The Revolt of the Animals* by Wladyslaw Reymont
- *Illegal Parnassus* by Bojan Babić
- *Liza's Waterfall: The hidden story of a Russian feminist* by Pavel Basinsky
- *Precursor* by Vasyl Shevchuk
- *The Vow: A Requiem for the Fifties* by Jiří Kratochvíl
- *Duel* by Borys Antonenko-Davydovych
- *Subterranean Fire* by Natalka Bilotserkivets
- *Biography of Sergei Prokofiev* by Igor Vishnevetsky

...



The events of the novel *The Night Reporter* take place in Lviv in 1938. Journalist Marko Krylovych, nicknamed the “night reporter” for his nightly coverage of the life of the city’s underbelly, takes on the investigation of the murder of a candidate for president of the city government. While doing this, he ends up in various love intrigues as well as criminal adventures, sometimes risking his life.

Police Commissioner Roman Obukh, who was suspended by administrators from the murder investigation, aids him in an unofficial capacity. Meanwhile, German, and Soviet spies become involved, and Polish counterintelligence also takes an interest in the investigation. The picturesque and vividly described criminal world of Lviv of that time appears before us – dive bars, *batyars*, and establishments for women of ill repute. The reader will have to unravel riddle after riddle with the characters against the background of the anxious mood of Lviv’s residents, who are living in anticipation of war. *The Night Reporter* is a compelling journey into the world of the enthralling multicultural past of the city.

www.glagoslav.com

ISBN 9781914337284



9 781914 337284

€19.99

GLAGOSLAV PUBLICATIONS • LONDON, UK • 978-1-914337-28-4