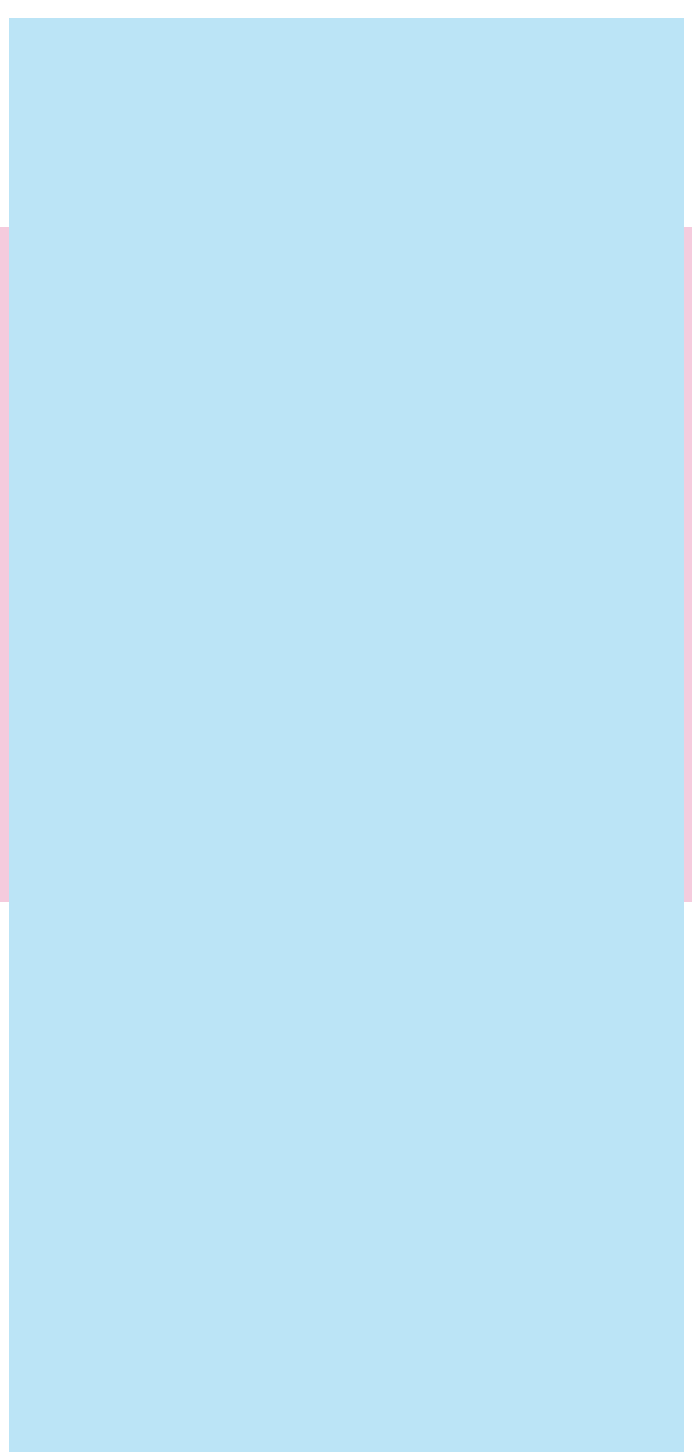
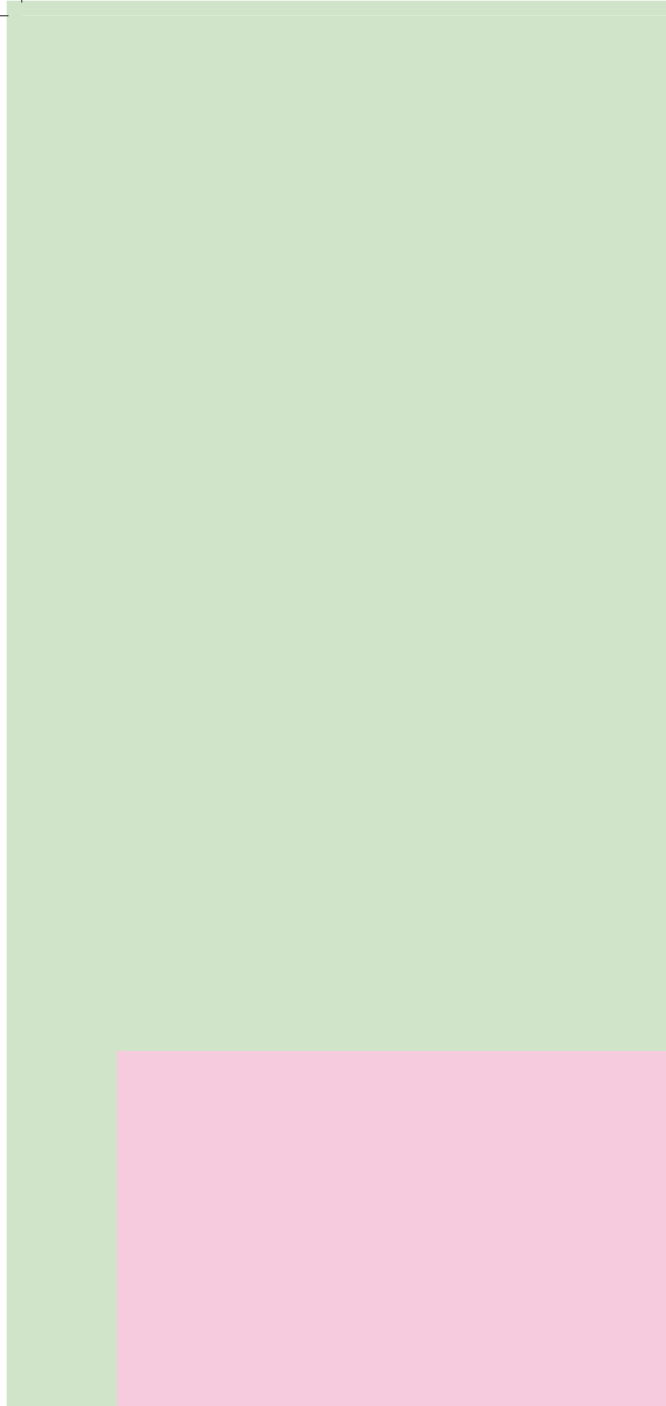


**An introduction  
about the Romani language**











## Historical highlights - Attestation of Roma population

As their name suggests, Roma (Gypsies) were initially believed to have come from Egypt. If we take into account the Gypsies' true ancestors, however, they were a group of people who left India in the tenth or eleventh century AD. Apart from one non-controversial fact, namely that Roma come from India, the rest of the Roma early history is a subject of controversy. When Roma left India, where they passed through, whether they came in one or many "waves" all is subject of discussion for lack of "hard" evidence. The cause of the Roma Diaspora is also unknown. One theory suggests that after they left India, the Roma migrated west to Iran (Persia) and the Arabian Peninsula, with some splitting off to the north to Central Asia (although some argue that the Central Asian group arrived in an earlier migration). Some groups moved westward to Byzantium and the Transcaucasus, reaching Europe no later than 1250. By the 1300's, their migration had reached South-Eastern Europe; by the 1400's, Western Europe.

When the Roma first arrived in Europe they were able to tell people that they had come from India; but this did not become general knowledge and in time it was forgotten by the Roma themselves. Various assumptions spread some quite bizarre; they were thought to be survivors of prehistoric races as Druids, Nubians, dwellers emerging from the hollow Earth or simply a population recruited from the fringes of European society that artificially dyed its skin and spoke a concocted jargon for purposes of criminal activity. Never referred to by their self-ascription Romanies (from an Indic root meaning "person"), many other names were given to them, most commonly Gypsies, Gitanos, Gitans (i.e. Egyptians), Zigeuner, Tsiganes and Cingaros.

The Roma people were already known in Byzantium in the middle of the 11th century when they started moving into Constantinople. The presence of Armenian words in all dialects of the European Roma according to those of F. Miklosic brings to the conclusion that the Gypsies had come to Byzantium from Armenia. In the sources it was not established when the Roma people came from Armenia to Byzantium, but it is presumed that this happened in the first half of the 11th century when Seldjuk attacked Armenia and caused the known movement of people from Armenia towards Byzantium Antalya. According to the sources it is also not possible to verify what happened during Roma crossing to Balkans. Concrete mentioning of the presence of gypsies in today's Greece is found in the practicum of the Xiropotamos Monastery on Athos, from 1325 up to 1330, where it is written that Anna, daughter of Limocherval, had an "Egyptian" husband. According to other data, it seems that at the end of 13th and beginning of 14th centuries the Roma lived in Corfu, which at the time belonged to Angevins. There is also a possibility that at that time they lived in other areas of Byzantium that belonged to Venice. In any case, in the second half of the 14th century the Roma were present in the southern parts of Balkan Peninsula. This fact is being brought in connection with the advancing of Osmanli in Asia Minor and then with their coming in Europe. In Ottoman controlled territories their artisan skills, particularly in metal-working and weaponry, ensured a place for them in the economy, a status that by the 15th century has institutionalized slavery in the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia.



For example, mass settlement of Roma is taking place between the 13-14th century in Bulgaria. They arrived with the Ottoman army in the conquest of the Balkans under the names of “chingene”, “sterlet”, “kibiti”. Some of them settled down permanently and others became rovers. During the Renaissance, Roma neighbourhoods are formed in cities.

Starting with the second half of the 14th century, the evidences of Roma group dispersal in other parts of Europe are more numerous.

In Moldavia and Wallachia, the first known text on Roma people is connected with the situation of Roma families slavery. In this first reference dating from 1385, a group of Roma people, under the name of “gypsies”, are included in a donation document of the voivode Dan I of Wallachia to the Monastery of Tismana. Other similar references occur also during the reign of Mircea Cel Batran. One of his documents, dated by the specialists in the 1390-1406 period also contains the first reference to a Romani group on the territory of Transylvania. According to another document, in 1416, the Transylvanian city Kronstadt (Brasov) gives them money and food. In Moldavia, the presence of Roma is mentioned for the first time in 1428, during the reign of Alexandru cel Bun, in a donation document to a monastery. From the time of their arrival in the Romanian medieval countries, Gypsies were the slaves of the landowners, to be emancipated only in 1851.

In Poland, a first document was mentioning the presence of Roma in Krakow in 1401, then in 1405 in Lvov. Other groups continued to spread in the fourteenth century in Bohemia and then, until 1430, throughout all Western Europe, except for the Northern countries.

Between 1407-1416, various chronicles refer to the presence of Roma in Germany. Next, the Roma travel across the Hanseatic cities and are reported in Saxony, Bavaria and Hesse.

In 1419, the French city of Chatillon en Dombes is making a donation to a group of gypsies bearing letters from the emperor and the duke of Savoy.

In the 15th century, by the time when the Catholic Monarchs began to implement the idea of Spain as a State, gypsies were already travelling across the Iberian Peninsula. Some families settled down in places like Andalusia, the so-called home of the gypsies. The history of the Spanish gypsies is the history of a culture clash between a traveller community and a sedentary one. The creation of a gypsy ethnic identity set against the majority of the population, the eternal conflict between gypsies and the powers-that-be. With the first Pragmatic Sanction of the Catholic Monarchs in 1499, a very long phase of harassment began, where the gypsies' cultural diversity was targeted and they were prohibited from using their language and traditional clothes, they were obliged to settle, to leave their traditional crafts and to serve a Lord. The Pragmatic Sanction of Carlos III in 1783, indicated the following: “I declare that those who call themselves gypsies are not so by origin, nor by nature, nor do they come from infected roots.” In edict they were recognized as Spanish citizens but it denied their existence and diversity: the Roma did not exist, nor could they live as such. This equality of rights that was granted to the Gypsies was a de facto inequality until the Constitution from 1978.

In Portugal, the first written evidence of Gypsies presence dates from 1521 - the “Auto das Ciganas”, by Gil Vicente and was represented at the court of King John III. One could say that from a first moment when gypsies were looked with curiosity, it arrived, 4 years later, to a successive period of persecution. In 1525 gypsies were forbidden to enter in the Portuguese kingdom.

After verifying the failure of this measure, new laws and subsequent trials were followed. Convictions and exile resulted from them. Gypsies were deported to Africa (Angola was the first Portuguese colony that received Roma) and Brazil and therefore expanded to other continents. Throughout the rest of the 16th century and first half of the 17th, laws against gypsies were legislated. This trend has eased after 1640, for the kingdom at war needed men for the army. Many Roma enlisted. Consequently, the group's presence was tolerated, albeit with the imposition of rules. In the early 18th century measures of gypsy expulsion returned under penalty of arrest. The institution of the liberal regime came to free the gypsies from persecution. In 1822 the citizenship for gypsy people is recognized

Travellers in northern Europe are attested in the first half of the 16th century.

In the British Isles, Roma people are believed to have arrived in the second half of the 15th century, entering Scotland from Denmark. Referred to as 'Egyptian pilgrims' in older sources, they are known to have sought the protection of King James IV of Scotland on a journey to Denmark in 1506, which suggests that contacts with related Roma clans on the continent continued to be maintained for some time. The earliest reference to Gypsies in England is Sir Thomas More's description of an 'Egyptian' woman who told fortunes in Lambeth in 1514. A subsequent reference from 1687 confirms the wedding of Robert Hern and Elizabeth Bozwell, 'king and queen of the gipsies' at Camberwell. While many subsequent sources speak of 'vagrants' or 'travelling tinkers' who cannot unambiguously be connected with the Roma, much of the history of the Romani-speaking community in Britain can be traced thanks to sources that provide us both with a description of the community and with a sample of their Romani speech. These offer attestations of the language from regions as far apart as Northumberland, Durham, Derbyshire, Cheshire, Norfolk, Hampshire and Kent.

Many repressive laws were passed from 1530 onward, banning Gypsies from entering England and Wales and forcing those already in the countries to leave. In the following years deportations of Gypsies are recorded. Scotland adopted similar measures in 1541 obliging Gypsies to leave the kingdom within 30 days. Similar laws continued to be in force for the following two centuries and were gradually abolished by 1856.

In Russia, the Roma came from the south in 1501 and Siberia is only reached in 1721. In Malta, in the first written historical presence of Zingari, Giacomo Bosio, the historic of the Knights of Malta shows that they lived in the caves of Rabat.

Other first mentions of the gypsies in chronicles of European countries and towns are: Ljubljana 1387, Hildesheim 1407, Basel 1414, Augsburg, Lunenburg, Hamburg, Libek, Vajmar, Magdeburg, Leipzig, Frankfurt, Strasbourg, Zurich, Bern, Brussels 1417-1420, Netherlands 1420, Belgium 1421, Bologna 1422, Paris 1427, Constance 1430, Sweden 1512, Norway 1544 and Finland 1597

# ROMANI PROVERBS

- Či perel a phabaj kathar pesko kaš maj dur.
- English equivalent: The apple does not fall far from the tree.
- "Children observe daily and — in their behaviour — often follow the example of their parents."
- Source for proverbs and meaning: Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. De Proverbio.com. p. 259. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- Anda 'vresqe jakha sa dikhel anda pesqe khanc.
- English equivalent: You see the splinter in another's eye but fail to see the beam in your own.
- Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. DeProverbio.com. p. 131. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- Kasavi vi e šej saj sar i dej.
- English equivalent: Like mother, like daughter.
- "Daughters may look and behave like their mothers. This is due to inheritance and the example observed closely and rarely."
- Source for meaning and proverbs: Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. De proverbio.com. p. 179. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- Kon či kerel butji, godo te na xal.
- English equivalent: He that will not work, shall not eat.
- "Without due effort one is not entitled to the fruits of the work."
- "Whatever you do, you've got to work for it and earn it. Whatever reward you get you've got to know that you've had your input into that success."
- Jack Charlton Reflections on Success (1997)
- Source for proverb and meaning: Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. De Proverbio.com. p. 256. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- Lel the tacho pirrow, an' it's pars kaired.
- English equivalent: Well begun, is half done.
- "Starting properly ensures the speedy completion of a process. A – beginning is often blocked by one or more obstacles (potential barriers) the removal of which may ensure the smooth course of the process."
- Source for meaning and proverbs: Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. De• "There are some things/events that are impossible, like an encounter of mountains, but there is always a chance for people to meet. or Once can always find a possibility for revenge."
- Source for proverbs and meaning: Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. De Proverbio.com. p. 213. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- Proverbio.com. p. 228. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- Lo premièr còp tomba pas l'aubre.
- English equivalent: Little strokes fell great oaks.
- "A difficult task, e. g. removing a person/group from a strong position, or changing established ideas cannot be done quickly. It can be achieved gradually, by small steps, a little at a time."
- Source for proverbs and meaning: Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. De Proverbio.com. p. 252. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- Numaj dileno ćiriklo xindel po kujbo.
- English equivalent: It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest; Don't wash your dirty linen in public.





“Why wantonly proclaim one’s own disgrace, or expose the faults or weaknesses of one’s kindred or people?”

- “It is considered contemptible to defy the rule of solidarity by revealing facts harmful to the group one belongs to.”
- Source for first meaning: Proverbs of All Nations. W. Kent & Company (late D. Bogue).1859. p. 109.
- Source for meaning and proverbs: Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. De Proverbio.com. p. 466. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- O maćho o baro xàla e tikinen.
- English equivalent: Men are like fish; the great ones devour the small.
- “Small organizations or insignificant people tend to be swallowed up or destroyed by those that are greater and more powerful.”
- Source for meaning: Martin H. Manser (2007). The Facts on File Dictionary of Proverbs. Infobase Publishing. p. 27. ISBN 978-0-8160-6673-5. Retrieved on 1 July 2013.
- Source for meaning and proverbs: Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. De Proverbio.com. p. 420. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- Phaori si duje xulajenqe te keres buti.
- English equivalent: Nobody can serve two masters.
- "One cannot serve two conflicting causes simultaneously. If this is attempted neither will be served properly."
- Source for meaning and proverbs: Paczolay, Gyula (1997). European Proverbs in 55 languages. De Proverbio.com. p. 283. ISBN 1-875943-44-7.
- Plaj plajeça cí maladōl, rrom rromesa.
- English equivalent: A mountain never meets a mountain, but a man meets a man.

<p>„Butivar amen pučas Kon sam thaj katar avas Kon p-i phuv amen muklās Ges thaj rāt sa te phiras...”</p>	<p>„Ne întrebăm adeseori Cine suntem și de unde venim Cine pe pământ ne-a hărăzit Zi și noapte să tot călătorim...?”</p>	<p>“We often ask ourselves Who we are and where we are from Who on earth has fed us Day and night to go on ...? “</p>
<p>„ Va ! O Del kadja muklās Rro- ma!len sa te phiras Thaj kaj 3as vi kaj avas Ame sa te gilabas...”</p>	<p>Da ! Dumnezeu așa a hărăzit Rromilor să tot călătorim Și unde mergem, sau de unde venim, Noi să tot cântăm ...</p>	<p>Yes ! God so chased Rroma to travel And where do we go, or where do we come from? We keep singing ...</p>
<p>O Del muklās e rromen Sa i lumja te phiren. Veste, kaj 3an, vi katar aven Sa rromanes te vakären”</p>	<p>Dumnezeu a dat rromilor Toată lumea să o cutreiere. Veseli, oriunde merg și de unde vin Tot rromanes să grăiască...”</p>	<p>God gave the Roma Everybody’s going to a route. Happy, wherever they go and where they come from And still Romani to speak</p>

## Roma fairy tale , The Priest’s Daughter

**You gave me away to somebody I did not want. You did not listen to me.**

Once upon a time there was this priest that had a daughter. The daughter was well-behaved and always played with her best friend.

They were always together, knitting and talking. Slowly but steadily, the girls grew up. One day the priest received an order to leave for a few days.

He left his daughter alone with her friend. During the evening twelve thieves entered the house. The priest daughter’s friend got scared and ran. But the priest’s daughter welcomed the thieves: “Welcome, please, let me give you food and drinks”, said the girl. She was a brave, brave girl. And the thieves started partying and eating and drinking.

At some point during the evening, they ran out of wine. The girl offered to go to the wine cellar and get more. Once down in the cellar she hid behind the door and got her sword out. After a while the captain of the thieves noticed the girl was not coming back.

“Go and check on that girl and our drinks”, he told one of his thieves. So the first thief went down into the cellar and as soon as he stepped through the door the girl cut his head off with her sword. After a while the captain of the thieves noticed the girl and his man were not coming back.

“Go and check on that girl and our drinks”, he told to another one of his thieves.



So the second thief went down into the cellar and as soon as he stepped through the door the girl cut his head off with her sword. O 26 After a while the captain of the thieves noticed the girl and his man were not coming back “Go and check on that girl and our drinks”, he told to yet another one of his thieves. So the third thief went down into the cellar and as soon as he stepped through the door the girl cut his head off with her sword.

After another while the captain of the thieves noticed the girl and his man were not coming back. And so he kept sending his thieves down in the cellar. And the priest’s daughter cut their heads off, one by one. Until the thief captain was left alone. Angry, he assumed all his men had gone down and gotten drunk on the wine. So he went down himself.

The young woman hit him with her sword, but didn’t manage to kill him, only made a big wound on his face. And so the thief captain ran away. The young woman kept silent about what had happened and told nobody. After a while the captain thief came back and asked for the priest to give him his daughter’s hand in marriage. The priest agreed and went to tell his daughter.

The young woman had recognized the man due to his scar and refused. But her father would not listen and wanted her to be married. The woman pleaded for her father to listen to her wishes, but he refused. So the woman obeyed and left with the captain thief.

Once arrived at his house, the captain thief planned to kill her. Since the woman understood this she ran away. And she ran and she ran, with the captain thief and his men following her.

Until she reached a crossroads and twelve wagons filled with hay. So she hid in the last one. The thief captain reached the road and ordered his men to turn over and search the wagons. They turned over and searched the first wagon, the woman was not there. They turned over and searched the second wagon, the woman was not there. They turned over and searched the third wagon, the woman was not there. And so on, until eleven wagons laid turned over on the road. Reaching the last wagon the men were tired and upset and the thief captain let the wagon pass. “We turned over eleven wagons, we are tired. The woman is not here, we lost her”, he said. And so the young woman stayed hidden in hay until she reached her father’s house. Once back in his house, she hugged him, kissed him and told him: “I didn’t want to argue with you father, but I suffered. You gave me away to somebody I did not want.

You did not listen to me.” And the woman told her father everything she had been through and how she had defeated all the thieves by herself. I was also there and heard her story and I kept the secret of the dead thieves in the cellar until today.

# BRONISLAWA WAJS PAPUSZA, \*TEARS OF BLOOD\*

(How we suffered under the Germans in 1943-1944)

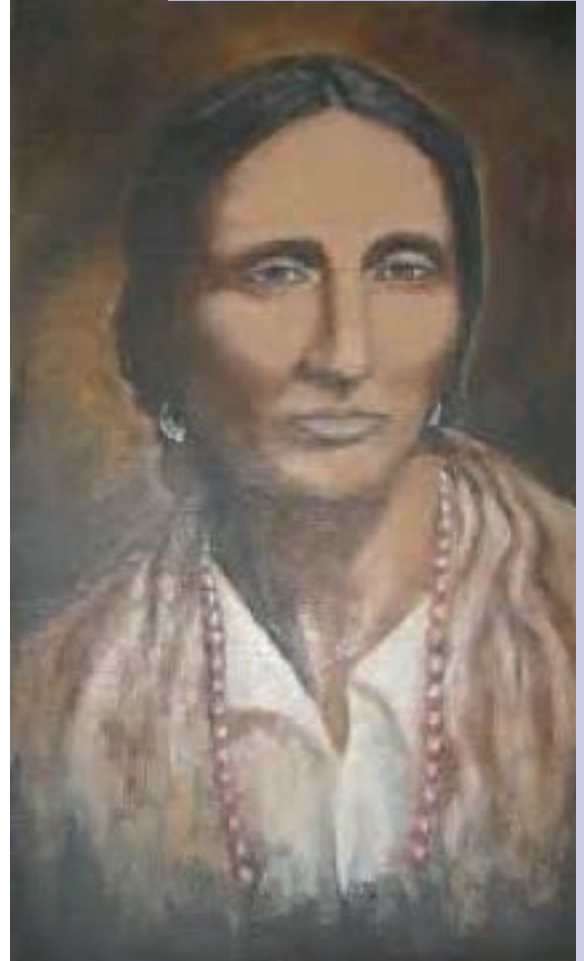
In the woods. No water, no fire--great hunger.  
Where could the children sleep? No tent.  
We could not light the fire at night.  
By day, the smoke would alert the Germans.  
How to live with children in the cold of winter?  
All are barefoot.....  
When they wanted to murder us,  
first they forced us to hard labor.  
A German came to see us.  
--I have bad news for you.  
They want to kill you tonight.  
Don't tell anybody.  
I too am a dark Gypsy,  
of your blood--a true one.  
God help you  
in the black forest..  
Having said these words,  
he embraced us all...

For three days no food.  
All go to sleep hungry.  
Unable to sleep,  
they stare at the stars...  
God, how beautiful it is to live!  
The Germans will not let us...

Ah, you, my little star!  
At dawn you are large!  
Blind the Germans!  
Confuse them,

lead them astray,  
so the Jewish and Gypsy child can live!

When big winter comes,  
what will the Gypsy woman with a small child do?  
Where will she find clothing?  
Everything is turning to rags.  
One wants to die.  
No one knows, only the sky,  
only the river hears our lament.  
Whose eyes saw us as enemies?  
Whose mouth cursed us?  
Do not hear them God.  
Hear us!  
A cold night came,  
The old Gypsy woman sang





A Gypsy fairy tale:  
Golden winter will come,  
snow, like little stars,  
will cover the earth, the hands.  
The black eyes will freeze,  
the hearts will die.

So much snow fell,  
it covered the road.  
One could only see the Milky Way in the sky.

On such night of frost  
a little daughter dies,  
and in four days,  
mothers bury in the snow  
four little sons.  
Sun, without you,  
see how a little Gypsy is dying from cold  
in the big forest.

Once, at home, the moon stood in the window,  
didn't let me sleep. Someone looked inside.  
I asked--who is there?  
--Open the door, my dark Gypsy.  
I saw a beautiful young Jewish girl,  
shivering from cold,  
asking for food.  
You poor thing, my little one.  
I gave her bread, whatever I had, a shirt.  
We both forgot that not far away  
were the police.  
But they didn't come that night.

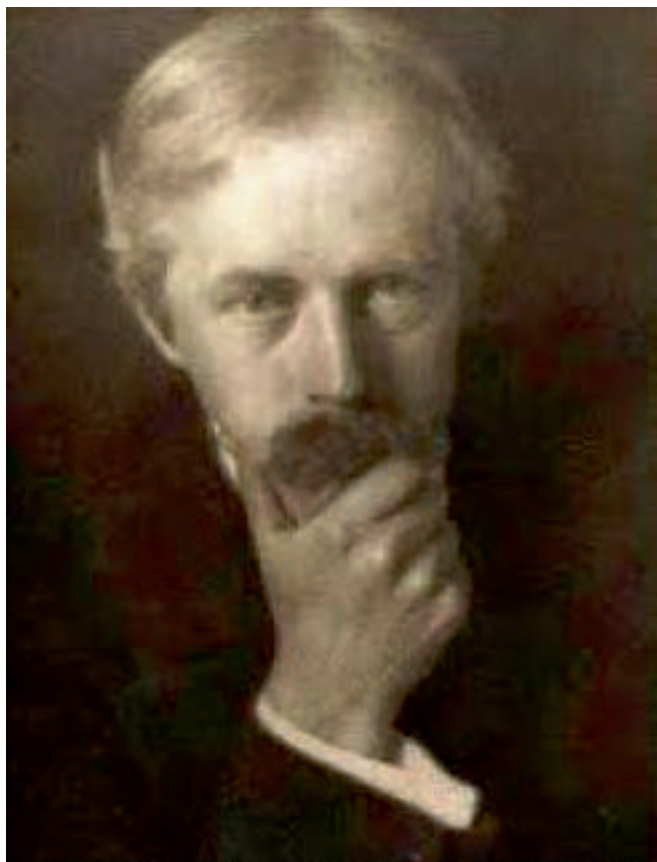
All the birds  
are praying for our children,  
so the evil people, vipers, will not kill them.  
Ah fate!  
My unlucky luck!

Snow fell as thick as leaves,  
barred our way,  
such heavy snow, it buried the cartwheels.  
One had to trample a track,  
push the carts behind the horses.

How many miseries and hungers!  
How many sorrows and roads!  
How many sharp stones pierced our feet!  
How many bullets flew by our ears!

[en.wikipedia.org](http://en.wikipedia.org), <http://www.facebook.com/Papusza1>, [www.fem-bio.org](http://www.fem-bio.org), [www.muzeum.tarnow.pl](http://www.muzeum.tarnow.pl), [www.google.com](http://www.google.com), [elementaro.org](http://elementaro.org)

# ARTHUR SYMONDS



The gipsy tents are on the down,  
The gipsy girls are here;  
And it's O to be off and away from the town  
With a gipsy for my dear!  
We'd make our bed in the bracken  
With the lark for a chambermaid;  
The lark would sing us awake in the morning,  
Singing above our head.  
We'd drink the sunlight all day long  
With never a house to bind us;  
And we'd only flout in a merry song  
The world we left behind us.  
We would be free as birds are free  
The livelong day, the livelong day;  
And we would lie in the sunny bracken  
With none to say us nay.  
The gipsy tents are on the down,  
The gipsy girls are here;  
And it's O to be off and away from the town  
With a gipsy for my dear!

## The Gipsy Girl - RALPH HODGSON T

"COME, try your skill, kind gentlemen,  
A penny for three tries!"  
Some threw and lost, some threw and won  
A ten-a-penny prize.  
She was a tawny gipsy girl,  
A girl of twenty years,  
I liked her for the lumps of gold  
That jingled from her ears;  
I liked the flaring yellow scarf  
Bound loose about her throat,  
I liked her showy purple gown  
And flashy velvet coat.  
A man came up, too loose of tongue,  
And said no good to her;  
She did not blush as Saxons do,  
Or turn upon the cur;  
She fawned and whined, "Sweet gentleman,  
A penny for three tries!"  
-- But oh, the den of wild things in  
The darkness of her eyes!



Paulina Vasile, supraviețuitoare a Holocaustului: “Ne-au dus ca să murim, din picioare, ca copacii”

E unul dintre supraviețuitorii Holocaustului romilor. Are 80 de ani și câteva amintiri cumplite dintr-un lagăr transnistrean în care a ajuns în 1942, când avea 11 ani și doar o rochiță de cârpă pe ea. “Ne-au dus la moarte. Ne-au dus ca să murim, din picioare, ca copacii”, spune fixând cu privirea un punct imaginar Vasile Paulina. Își așează baticul pe cap își eliberându-și chipul ridat și povestea șederii sale într-un lagăr din Transnistria. “Au venit într-o dimineață și ne-au luat în mașini ca pe vite”, spune Paulina Vasile. “Aveam 11 ani când ne-au strâns pe toți într-un grajd, la Poroschia. Mii și sute de oameni erau acolo, fel de fel de nații. Și de acolo ne-a urcat în tren”, povestește bătrâna care este unul dintre puținii supraviețuitori ai Holocaustului romilor. Din neamul argintarilor, Paulina Vasile a fost printre cei peste 26.000 de țigani din România care au fost deportați începând cu iunie 1942 în Transnistria. “Ne-au băgat în trenuri, ne-au închis, ne-a pus lacăt, ca la vite. Două săptămâni în vagoanele pentru vite

“Ne-au ridicat când tata nu era acasă. A venit după noi când a auzit de la un vecin ce am pățit”, reia bătrâna fiul cumplitei povești. “Ne-a găsit la Poroschia și a zis că merge unde e și familia lui. Așa am urcat cu toții în vagoane, undeva la Fetești. Eram mulți, fel de fel de neamuri. Am mers așa cu trenul de vite vreo două săptămâni. Am dormit în picioare. Nimeni nu ne zicea nimic. „Vedeți-vă de treabă!” asta ni se spunea atunci când întrebam ceva”, își amintește femeia.

Povestește că în timpul călătoriei au primit doar pâine neagră și conserve. “Dădeam cu piciorul în ele ca să le desfacem, pentru că nu ne-au dat nimic”, mai spune supraviețuitoarea. Drumul a fost unul fără opriri, iar toți cei aflați în vagoane au fost nevoiți să renunțe la orice formă de intimitate. Și-au improvisat o toaletă făcând o gaură în podeaua vagonului. Același vagon în care dormeau, mâncau și călătoreau. Așa au trăit două săptămâni, până când trenul a ajuns la destinație - Odessa. „Am înnebunit toți. Ne-am dat seama că suntem la pierzanie. De la Odessa ne-a băgat la lagăr”, povestește Vasile Paulina. „Lagărul este cu o sârmă ghimpată peste tot, și este camere, camere, camere. Și băga pe fiecare acolo”, descrie femeia momentul triajului

uman. “În lagărul ăla erau camere lungi și ne-a băgat câte optzeci –nouăzeci, câte-o sută, câte-o sută, câte-o sută... ne-a băgat în lagăr”, povestește femeia.

„Speram de azi pe mâine să murim”

Viața aici a fost un chin. “Oameni morți, mizerie, foamete, tifos, păduchi”, înșiră ororile trăite bătrâna argintăreasă. “Se dădeau păduchii la o parte, se puneau o cârpă și se mânca pe ea”, rememorează traiul în lagăr Vasile Paulina. “Dacă mergeai la câmp, primeai tain mai mult, adică mâncare: niște lapte covăsit”, mai spune femeia. “Mâncam și rădăcini, și din gunoaie, coji de cartofi...Speram de azi pe mâine să murim”.

Paulina Vasile a avut noroc pentru că la câteva luni de la internarea sa în lagăr s-a sfârșit războiul. “Cineva a venit și ne-a spart lacătul și așa am plecat”, își amintește femeia. A plecat pe jos spre România și în Alexandria natală a găsit doar prăpăd. Nici urmă de gospodărie, doar un pământ gol. Ai ei au luat-o de la capăt, povestește Paulina Vasile: “Ce aducea soarta, ce aducea viața, timpul care venea. De azi pe mâine am trăit”, își amintește femeia.

În majoritatea cazurilor, acesta este profilul romilor care au trăit Holocaustul, un profil de supraviețuitor, nu de învingător. Când ai străbunici și bunici foști sclavi, când ești deportat și supraviețuiești Holocaustului,

Paulina Vasile, survivor of the Holocaust: "They led us to die, like our trees"

He is one of the survivors of the Roma Holocaust. He is 80 years old and some terrible memories from a Transnistrian camp in which he arrived in 1942 when he was 11 years old and only a cloth cloth on it. "They led us to death. They led us to die, like the trees," he says, staring at an imaginary point, Vasile Paulina. He put his scarf on his head freeing his wrath and the story of his stay in a camp in Transnistria. "They came one morning and took us in the cars like cattle," says Paulina Vasile. "We were 11 years old when they gathered us all in a stable in Poroschia." Thousands of people were there, kind of natives, and that's where we got on the train, "says the old man who is one of the few survivors of the Roma Holocaust.

Of the silvermen, Paulina Vasile was among the more than 26,000 gypsies in Romania who were deported since June 1942 in Transnistria. "They put us in the trains, they locked us up, put us in a lock like a cattle. Two weeks in cattle wagons.

"They got up when my dad was not home. He came after us when he heard from a neighbor I was in," the old woman repeated the thread of the terrible stories. "He found us in Poroschia and said he was going to his family, so we all went to wagons, somewhere in Fetesti, we were many, kind of kind, so I went with the cattle train for about two weeks. I was asleep. "Nobody said anything to us." See what you're doing! "That was what we were told when we were wondering," the woman remembers.

Tells that during the trip they received only black bread and canned food. "We were kicking them in order to undo them, because they did not give us anything," says the survivor. The road was one without stops, and all those in wagons had to give up any form of intimacy. They improvised a toilet by making a hole in the wagon floor. The same wagon as they were sleeping, eating and traveling. That's how they lived for two weeks until the train arrived at destination - Odessa. "I went crazy. We realized we were at a loss. From Odessa he took us to the camp, "says Vasile Paulina. "The camp is with a barbed wire all over, and there are cameras, cameras, cameras. And they put everybody there, "the woman describes the moment of the triage human. "There were long chambers in that camp and it was eighty-one hundred, one hundred, one hundred, one hundred ... we put in the camp," says the woman.

We were hoping for tomorrow to die "

Life here was a torment. "Dead people, misery, famine, typhus, lice," the horror lived the old lady. "The lobsters were laid aside, a cloth was put on and it was eaten on it" remembers the livelihood in the camp Vasile Paulina. "If you went to the field, you received more of it, that is, food: some forged milk," the woman says. "We ate roots, and garbage, potato peel ... We hope for tomorrow to die."

Paulina Vasile was lucky because a few months after his admission to the camp, the war ended. "Someone came and broke our padlock and so I left," remembers the woman. He walked on foot to Romania and in his native Alexandria he found only a ruin. No trace of household, just an empty land. You have it all over, Paulina Vasile tells us: "What brought the fate, what brought life, the time that was coming. Today I have lived," remembers the woman.

In most cases, this is the profile of the Roma who have lived the Holocaust, a survival profile, not a winner. When you have grandparents and former grandparents when you are deported and survive the Holocaust, how could you win? Almost impossible in the collective mind of an eternally excluded people!

"



# HENIA BRYER - a great survivor of Holocaust !

Invadarea Poloniei de către Germania, în 1939, a pus capăt copilăriei fericite a Heniei Bryer. Cu ocazia zilei Internaționale de Comemorare a Holocaustului, ea a povestit pentru BBC cum a fost prinsă de germanii crotropitori și cum a supraviețuit după ce a trecut prin patru lagăre de concentrare naziste. „Discursurile lui Hitler țineau ore și ore...nu era nimic secret cu privire la ce le va face evreilor“. La început, familia Bryer a supraviețuit datorită monedelor de aur economisite de tată, fost patron de fabrică de încălțăminte. Însă aveau de îndurat mult mai mult, spune BBC. În 1941 ei s-au numărat printre cei 30.000 de oameni care au fost închiși în ghetourile organizate în zonele evreiești. Condițiile erau groaznice: 10 oameni locuiau într-o singură cameră. Violența și focurile de armă erau la ordinea zilei, dar familia a reușit să rămână unită. Acest lucru nu a durat mult. „Fratele meu mai mic a fost luat la fabrica de armament. Nu am știut ce s-a întâmplat cu el în timpul războiului și nici el nu a vorbit despre asta“, mărturisește Henia pentru BBC. Fratele ei mai mare, care suferea de un handicap încă de la naștere, s-a aflat printre cei uciși. „Fratele meu s-a dus la spital, dar au fost omorâți toți care aveau dizabilități. El știa exact ce se întâmplă și-a scos paltonul și i l-a dat mamei, spunându-i să i-l dea cuiva care are nevoie, că el n-o să mai aibă nevoie de o haină de iarnă. Mama s-a întors acasă cu paltonul în mână.“ Lagărele de concentrare În luna martie 1944, populația ghetoului scăzuse la 300 de oameni, așa că s-a închis. Cei rămași au fost conduși la gară și apoi „încărcați ca vitele“ în vagoane de marfă. Au fost duși la Majdanek, lângă Lublin, primul lagăr de concentrare în care a ajuns Henia. După ce li s-a ordonat să se dezbrace și au rămas goi în zăpadă, li s-a dat „o uniformă vărgată și o batistă albă pentru cap - asta era tot ce aveai în timpul iernii“. Henia și-a petrecut cea de-a șaptesprezecea zi de naștere în lagăr. După șase săptămâni, familia a fost mutată din nou. Henia Bryer a ajuns la Plaszow, lângă Cracovia, lagărul de concentrare reprezentat în filmul „Lista lui Schindler“. Viața acolo era foarte dură, prizonierii erau separați în echipe de lucru și forțați să împingă vagoane pline de pietre încărcate din cariere. „Era foarte greu, abia ne descurcam. Erau împușcături și spânzurări, iar acolo nu exista crematoriu, doar un deal unde ardeau oamenii și cenușa zbura spre noi.“ Un alt pericol era cererea de sânge pentru trupele germane care luptau în Rusia. Sângele era luat cu forța și ne era foarte greu să ne revenim. La Plaszow tatăl ei a fost omorât în bătaie de un gardian. Decizii de viață și moarte În 1944, ea a fost trimisă la Auschwitz-Birkenau, unde l-a văzut pe cunoscutul doctor al lagărului, Josef Mengele. „Ne-au dat jos din tren și a trebuit să ne dezbrăcăm. Bărbații erau separați de femei. Și acolo stătea doctorul Mengele și apropiații lui, complet îmbrăcați în uniforme și noi a trebuit să trecem prin fața lor. Vă închipuiți cum ne-am simțit. Totul ținea de degetul lui: un mic semn spre stânga în dreptul tău și ajungeai direct la crematoriu, semn spre dreapta și ajungeai în lagăr“, povestește Bryer. Ea își mai amintește și de muzica ce urla în difuzoare în timp ce copiii erau separați de părinții lor. Ea nu și-a văzut sora, dar n-are nicio îndoială cu privire la ce s-a întâmplat: „A fost trimisă la cuptoare“. În timpul unei ierni groaznice, Bryer, acum prizoniera tatuată cu numărul A26188, s-a luptat să nu moară de foame recitând poezii pentru a se gândi la altceva. „Îmi repetam mereu că sunt prea tânără să mor. Nu realizasem nimic, încă“. Abia împlinise 18 ani. La trei luni după ce ajunsese la Auschwitz și la doar două zile înainte să ajungă trupele rusești acolo, ea a fost mutată din nou. Când a ajuns la Bergen-Belsen, a văzut un munte uriaș de cadavre în descompunere. Lagărul era „groaznic“, chiar și în comparație cu Auschwitzul. „Nu uitați niciodată“

• • •

The invasion of Poland by Germany in 1939 ended the happy childhood of Heniei Bryer. On the occasion of the International Holocaust Remembrance Day, she told the BBC how it was captured by the invading Germans and how she survived after crossing four Nazi concentration camps. "Hitler's speeches held hours and hours ... there was nothing secret about what he would do to the Jews." At first, the Bryer family survived because of the gold coins saved by the father, former shoe factory owner. But they would have to endure much more, says the BBC. In 1941, they were among the 30,000 people who were imprisoned in the ghettos organized in Jewish areas. Conditions were terrible: 10 people lived in a single room. Violence and firefights were the order of the day, but the family managed to remain united. This did not take long. "My younger brother was taken to the armament factory. I did not know what happened to him during the war, and he did not talk about it," Henia confesses to the BBC. Her older brother, who had been suffering from a disability since birth, was among those killed. "My brother went to the hospital, but all those who had disabilities were killed. He knew exactly what was happening. He pulled off his coat and gave it to his mother, telling her to give it to someone he needed, that he would not need a winter coat. My mother returned home with her coat in her hand.

In March 1944, the population of the ghetto had fallen to 300 people, so it closed. The remaining ones were taken to the station and then "loaded like cattle" into freight wagons. They were taken to Majdanek, near Lublin, the first concentration camp in which Henia arrived. After being ordered to undress and left naked in the snow, they were given "a wrinkled uniform and a white handkerchief - that was all you had in the winter." Henia spent the seventeenth birthday in the camp. Six weeks later, the family was moved again. Henia Bryer arrived in Plaszow, near Krakow, the concentration camp represented in Schindler's List. Life there was very tough, the prisoners were separated into work teams and forced to push wagons full of stones loaded from quarries. "It was very difficult, we could barely manage. There were shooting and hanging, and there was no crematorium, only a hill where men burned and ashes fled to us." Another danger was the blood demand for the German troops fighting in Russia. The blood was taken by force, and it was very difficult for us to come back. At Plaszow her father was killed by a guard. Life and Death Decisions In 1944, she was sent to Auschwitz-Birkenau where she saw the famous doctor of the camp, Josef Mengele. "They took us off the train and had to get naked. Men were separated from women. And there stood Dr. Mengele and his relatives, dressed in uniforms, and we had to pass through them. You imagine how we felt. Everything was on his finger: a small sign to your left and you reached the crematorium, sign to the right and you reached the camp," says Bryer.

She also remembers the music that screamed in the speakers while the children were separated from their parents. She did not see her sister, but she had no doubt as to what had happened: "She was sent to the oven." During a terrible winter, Bryer, now prisoner tattooed with A26188, fought not to starve to recite poems to think of something else. "I always repeat that I'm too young to die. I have not achieved anything yet." He was barely 18 years old. Three months after arriving at Auschwitz and just two days before the Russian troops arrived there, she was moved again. When he arrived at Bergen-Belsen, he saw a huge mountain of decaying bodies. The camp was "awful", even when compared to Auschwitz. "Never forget"



## In Auschwitz there is a Great House by **R U Z E N A D A N I E L O V A**

Ausvicate hi kher bro  
Odoj besel mro pirano  
Besel, besel gondolinel  
Te pre mande pobisterel  
O tu kalo cirikloro  
Lidza mange mro lilro  
Lidza, lidza mra romake  
Hoj som phandlo Ausvicate  
Ausvicate bokha bare  
Te so te chal amen nane  
Ani oda koter maro  
O blokris bibachtl

In Auschwitz there is a great house  
And there my husband is imprisoned  
He sits and sits and laments  
And thinks about me  
Oh, you black bird!  
Carry my letter!  
Carry it to my wife  
For I am jailed in Auschwitz  
In Auschwitz there is great hunger  
And we have nothing to eat  
Not even a piece of bread  
And the block guard is bad



# Communism in R O M A N I A

Daca intrebam un om mai in varsta cum era in vremurile comuniste, cu siguranta ar spune ca era mai bine. Noi, cei tineri, care am auzit despre acea vreme de la cei batrani, probabil am ramane uimiti. De ce? Pentru ca toti stim ca, pe timpul lui Ceausescu, viata celor care traiau atunci nu era tocmai buna. Singurul lucru benefic era ca toata lumea avea un serviciu si ca statul oferea locuinte celor care aveau nevoie. In schimb, toate celelalte lucruri ar fi contradictorii. Din fericire, nu am trait in perioada comunista, insa am aflat de la parinti/bunici cum era.

Cozile la paine (cu ratia in fiecare zi), lapte, zahar sunt cuvintele cheie ale comunismului. Oamenii isi lasau sacosile la rand de noaptea pentru a lua lapte. Cand (daca) venea laptele, posesorii sacosilor se asezau in ordinea acestora. In orasul nostru, aveam fabrica de dero. Culmea, era ca se termina stocul foarte repede, si nu mai prindeai dero.

Magazinele erau putine si pe rafturile de mancare erau asezate cratite, vesela sau galeti. Hainele erau de calitate foarte proasta, iar cele de calitate buna se cumparau numai prin spaga. Banane sau portocale erau aduse numai de Craciun, iar daca aveai noroc, puteai lua. Doar cei din capitala traiau mai bine si faceau schimb cu cei de la tara de alimente: bucurestenii le aduceau unt, iar cei de la tara branza, lapte oua.

Pe atunci existau celebrii pui Petreushi, salamul cu soia, carnea de nutrie, asa-numita cafea-nechezol.

Dimineata, cand omul se pregatea sa plece la serviciu, trebuia sa gaseasca lumanarile si chibriturile. Nu ca ar fi fost atat de credinciosi incat sa aprinda lumanari in fiecare dimineata, ci se oprea curentul electric. De fapt, unul "necredincios" oprea curentul.

Seara, cand toata lumea era treaza, in plina activitate, cum se intuneca, iar se oprea curentul. Deodata, un vuiet acoperea intreg cartierul cu celebra "urare" "Huuooo, Ceausescu!!", asemeni unui cor Madrigal. Tot legat de curentul electric, a fost si Campionatul Mondial de fotbal din Spania (1982). Tot poporul roman era pus pe construit antene pe frecventa televiziunii bulgare. Nu erau oameni pe strada cat erau pe bloc, sa isi regleze antenele ca sa poata viziona un meci "cu purici" de la bulgari.

Programul TV era de la 20:00-22:00, dintre care o ora numai despre Ceausescu si Ceauseasca, despre ce au mai vizitat, se compuneau cantece pe seama lor etc. Desenele animate durau intre 5-10 minute.

Inainte, se facea economie la benzina, dar nu pentru ca omul doare, ci din obligatie, deoarece era ratie si la benzina, de lumea isi impingea celebrele Dacii ca sa ajunga la o statie Peco. Se circula duminica, o data la doua saptamani, depinde de numarul de inmatriculare, daca era par sau impar. Ce vremuri, ce trafic "aglomerat"!

Restaurantele se inchideau la ora 19:00 si erau permanent "vegheate" de securisti. Nuntile se terminau la ora 12 noaptea.

Orfelinatele erau precum niste lagare.

Pe vremea aceea, nu aveai voie sa il vorbesti de rau pe Ceausescu, deoarece erai bagat la inchisoare. Existau asa-zisii turnatori care te "canta" pe la securisti, si automat erai inchis.

Cele mai bune bancuri politice erau spuse pe timpul lui Ceausescu, deoarece erau spuse pe ascuns si aveau un farmec aparte, te simteai "eliberat" daca le spuneai.

Cand a avut loc revolutia, totul a fost ca o descatusare, eliberare de o povara pe care poporul roman a dus-o "in spinare" zeci de ani.

In primii 2-3 ani dupa communism, pietele erau pline de mancare, gaseai alimente dupa care tanjeai pana in 1989. Oamenii au vazut, in sfarsit, un film de la inceput la sfarsit, si nu pe bucati.

Dupa aceea, economia de piata a avut o crestere exagerata, un salt maret al preturilor.



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If we ask an older man as it was in the communist times, he would certainly say it was better. We, the young ones, who have heard of those elders at that time, may be amazed. Why? Because we all know that, during Ceausescu's time, the lives of those who lived then were not good. The only good thing was that everyone had a job and that the state offered homes to those in need. Instead, all the other things would be contradictory. Fortunately, I did not live in the communist era, but I learned from my parents / grandparents what it was like.

Bread tails (with ration every day), milk, sugar are the key words of communism. People left their bags at night to take milk. When (if) the milk came, the bag holders sat down in their order. In our town, we had a dero factory. It was the end of the stock very fast, and you did not get anymore.

The shops were scarce and there were crates, pots or buckets on the shelves. The clothes were of a very poor quality, and the good ones were bought only by bail. Bananas or oranges were brought only for Christmas, and if you were lucky, you could get it. Only those in the capital lived better and exchanged with those in the food country: the Butiers brought butter, and those from the country cheese, milk eggs.

At that time, there were the famous Petreushi chicken, soy salami, nutmeat, so-called neat coffee.

In the morning, when man was preparing to go to work, he had to find candles and matches. Not that they were so faithful that they lit candles every morning, but they stopped the electricity. In fact, an "unbeliever" stopped the current.

In the evening, when everybody was awake, in full activity, how it darkened, and the current stopped.

Suddenly a rush covered the whole neighborhood with the famous "Huuooo, Ceausescu !!", like a Madrigal chorus. Also related to electricity, was also the Spanish Football World Championship (1982). All the Romanian people were built on antennas on the Bulgarian television frequency. There were no people on the street as they were on the block, adjusting their antennas so they could watch a "flea" match from the Bulgarians.

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In the first 2-3 years after Communism, the markets were full of food, you found food you chanted until 1989. People finally saw a movie from the beginning to the end, not the pieces.

After that, the market economy had an exaggerated growth, a great jump in prices.

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The TV program was from 20:00-22:00, of which one hour only about Ceausescu and Ceauseasca, what they had visited, songs were composed for themselves, etc.

The cartoons lasted 5-10 minutes.

Previously, gasoline was saved, but not because the man was hurt, but because of the obligation, because it was ration also for gas, the world was pushing the famous Dacians to reach a Peco station. Running on Sunday, once every two weeks, depends on the registration number, whether it was odd or odd. What times, what “crowded” traffic!

The restaurants closed at 19:00 and were permanently “guarded” by security officers. The weddings ended at 12 o'clock.

The orphanages were like camps.

At that time, you were not allowed to talk Ceausescu badly because you were put in jail. There were the so-called casts that “sang” to the security guards, and you were automatically shut.

The best political jokes were said during Ceausescu's time, because they were said in secret and had a special charm, you felt “liberated” if you told them.

When the revolution took place, everything was like a breakout, release from a burden that the Roman people had carried on “back” for decades.

**In English**

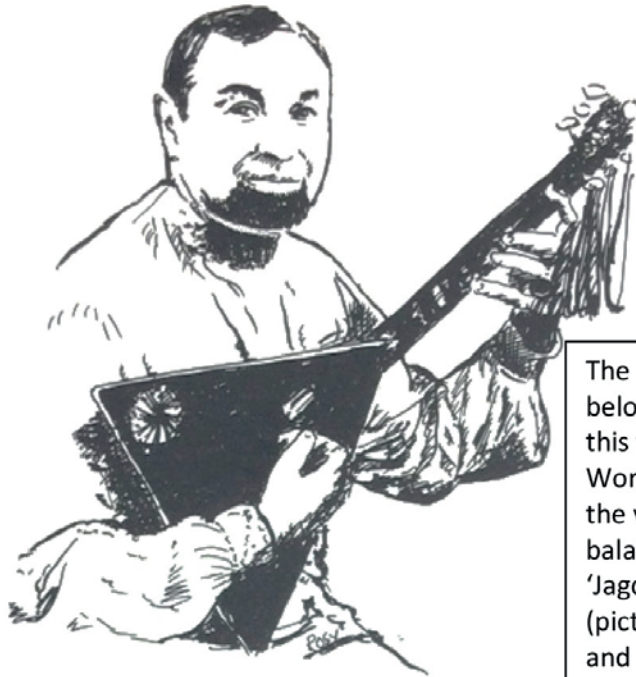
I went, I went on long roads,  
I met happy Roma,  
O Roma people, o Roma youth!  
(refrain)

O Roma, where do you come  
from,  
With tents on happy roads.

I once had a large family;  
The Black Legion [i.e. the SS]  
murdered them.

Come with me, Roma from all  
over the world,  
For the Romani roads have  
opened.

Now is the time, rise up Roma  
now,  
We will win through if we take  
action now.



The Romani Anthem  
below was proposed in  
this form to the First  
World Romani Congress by  
the virtuoso Romani  
balalaika player Jarko  
'Jagdino' Jovanovic,  
(pictured here) in 1971,  
and was adopted then.

**OPRE ROMA**

Gelem, gelem, lungone dromensa.  
Maladilem bahtale Romensa

A Romale, A Čavale.

A Romale katar tumen aven,  
E tsarensa bahtale dromensa ?

A Romale, A Čavale.

Vi man sas ek bari familija,  
Murdadas la e kali legija.

A Romale, A Čavale.

Aven mansa sa lumniake Roma,  
Kai putaile e romane droma.

A Romale, A Čavale.

Ake vriama, usti Rom akana,  
'men hutasa misto kai kerasa

A Romale, A Čavale.



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*If you talk to a man in a language he understands, that goes to his head.  
If you talk to him in his own language, that goes to his heart.*

**Nelson Mandela**

*An introduction about Romani language*

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