

The foregoing list does not cover all the valuable material that has appeared in our *Journal* since the Jubilee of the Society, and we hold much interesting matter ready for publication.

Members of the Society and others may well have learnt during the War years something of the fate of Gypsies in Central and Southern Europe, and we should be grateful for articles and notes of their experiences and examples of Gypsy folk-tales or songs that they may have picked up.

During the period under review death has claimed from among us Dr. Moses Gaster, William Ferguson, a former President, Willis Watson, Sir George Grierson, O.M., Irving Brown, Mrs. Alfred Woolner, Arthur Symons, whose graceful essays from time to time adorned our pages, Dr. Haberton Lulham, Sir Charles Strachey, K.C.M.G., C.B., the Rev. Alfred Veasey, the two brothers Patrick and Christopher McEvoy, who gave their lives in 1942 and 1944, one at sea and the other in France, and, in October, that brilliant young Romani Rawnie Lady Eleanor Smith; and, among our Romani friends, Esmeralda Groome, Oliver Lee and Ithal Lee.

Mr. W. J. Haley is to be congratulated on his appointment as Director General of the B.B.C., though this has made necessary his resignation from our Society. He assures us of his continued interest in our work.

F. G. A.

## II.—A LOWARI TALE

Collected and translated, with Notes and an Introduction

By JAN YOORS

### INTRODUCTION

IT is only after much hesitation that I decided to publish the Lowari tale of the *Tzintzari* (mosquito), to which I listened during clear summer evenings, sitting round the camp fire, and on cold winter nights, squatting or lying on our big soft eider-downs (*pelhoski dunha*) enjoying the comforting warmth of the pot-bellied stove in our winter quarters. Outside the strong wind would be blowing and would make our caravans swing on their high wheels.

Each time I heard the story being told I would again and again be struck by the richness of the language and each time I would find it more beautiful and more expressive. The tale of the *Tzintzari* is indeed one of the most beautiful specimens of the Lowari language. But it never occurred to me until to-day that I might, by recording it, let people other than 'my own' enjoy this story.

I spent several unforgettable years with this nomadic tribe of the Lowara, living their life, honestly and sincerely, as one of them without any 'arrières pensées.' I was hungry with them when food was short, and with them I rejoiced when there was plenty.

I loved the highroads that crossed the Continent, I loved the sun that warmed us. I loved the family who had adopted me, and I knew I was loved; I was full of admiration for the devotion which is found among them to those of their race, and I was full of wonder for their spirit of mutual aid. I learned their language and learned to make use of it. At that time the idea never came to me that I might ever write or publish something about these people. Many things have happened since those happy days. In the countries occupied by the Nazis, and where I lived during nearly all the years of the occupation, every one of us was a soldier in the underground war which we, without mercy, waged against the intruders in order to save our civilization from total destruction. It is in this underground struggle that I realized how much I belonged, not only from a biological standpoint, to the race of those who were fighting.

It became clear to me that after the War was over and the armed fight had come to an end, I would have a duty to the community to which I belonged. I decided then that I would publish some of the things which had come to me by chance, which, hitherto, I egotistically had kept to myself.

Coming straight out of battles, from which many of my best comrades never returned, I still live in that atmosphere of heroism and danger, of life or death, and now, as I finish writing down for you this Romani story, I ask myself whether such a tale is of any worth.

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As a specimen of the art of the narrator, I think I may claim that this tale is full of points of interest. It is told in superb

Romani with deep inflections and unusual Gypsy idioms, and for this reason, and in order to convey its full flavour to English readers, I decided to give a free rather than a literal translation of it. Not only does this skilled raconteur use picturesque variants of the traditional folk-tale opening and folk-tale tag,<sup>1</sup> but in § 33 he introduces an original folk-tale link which is a pleasant change from the more conventional formula. Nor does he identify himself vaingloriously with his hero, as is common with some Gypsy narrators, but regards that character with critical aloofness and even strong distaste for his behaviour, which he conveys to the audience by typical Romani curses (as in § 11), or apologies for his offences against the prescribed Gypsy laws of decency (as in § 42). His dramatic power is further exemplified by vivid gestures (as in §§ 24 and 45), by the slow repetition of a phrase for emphasis (as in § 18), or by unique exclamations of woe to express exactly the pain felt by his characters (as in § 23). Typically Lowari also are his flashes of racy humour throughout, his apologies for mentioning subjects of delicacy (§ 4), his allusions to whistling as a sign of contempt (§ 14), and to casting insults on one's ancestors as an unforgivable crime (§ 21), to the covering of the head by married women in the presence of men (§ 28), and to the superstition that it is an ill omen to name certain objects or persons in conversation (§ 33). Even the introduction of a hospital and modern surgery into a folk-tale is not so much an anachronism as a proof that this Lowari narrator was not only a knowledgeable man himself, but had for his listeners Gypsy men and women who were in every way as up-to-date as their gentile neighbours.

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The language spoken by the Lowara is called by them Lowaritzka. It is a very poetical language which has an exceedingly large vocabulary. The Lowara are fond of lengthening their vowels<sup>2</sup> (e.g. *Lowāra vūrbīn lūngōnes*) and this makes *Lowaritzka* sound very different from the dialects of other Gypsy tribes. They like a deep, warm and varied intonation, and as a result

<sup>1</sup> Of the type described by Aichele (*Zigeunermärchen*, no. 9, p. 314) as 'die biographische Form der Schlussformel.'

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Gilliat-Smith writes that this lengthening of the vowels as well as the accentuation are due to Magyar influence.







ign. Sā ašāvēlas pe hot godjāver i, hot vo sas o māi šukār ānda l t'ema.

4. Kā'gōdi jālas tātī kāigōdi bāndjōlas wi l rākliā wi l šēa mērnas ānda lēste. (Vo p'ēnēlas ānda poste). Wi romēdīne romnia šāvēōrēnsa kāmēnas lēs—te yōrtin kāi prēmōniv āngla tūmēnde!

5. Ānda'k t'ēm nāi dūr kōtar sas maškāral ānda l bāre vāšēnde ēk p'ūrāno p'āgērdo dījz. Tātī ānd'o dījz o p'āgērdo kūko bešēlas i p'uri mēmēli kāi ēreke p'ābēlas.

6. But māmāš kāi šūnnas la mēmēliako ēūdātō hīro jānnas ka kado t'ēm lāko hot pōggi zōr lāsa te zumāvēn. Ma kārkon zumāvēlas pe la ēorra mēmēliasa p'abārdo tātī pēko āvēlas palpāle.

7. No! kāna āmāro tzintzāri šūndas pe kado bāyo gindtēsilo ēk sēmiko ānda poste. . . .

8. Las ēka bāra šūra, tātī šindas pōske dūi bāre tartīni, māklas le ēlēsā t'ūlōnes. Paklas trīn kotōra mas, ūjārdas trīn purāma, las trīn lōle paprīki tātī ēk būrniko lōn.

his intelligence. As for beauty he was unequalled in the whole earth (so he said).

4. Everywhere he passed or paused (on the roads) the peasant girls and young Gypsies were dying for him. (So he said about himself.) Even Gypsy women married and with children—forgive me if I allude to such things in your presence!—fell in love with him.

5. In a (wild) country, not very far away, in the heart of dark woods there was an ancient ruined castle. And in this old ruin there lived, all by herself, an old candle that burned eternally.

6. Numerous were the men who, on hearing of the candle's fabulous reputation, set out for this country to match their strength against hers. But whoever matched themselves in duel with the wretched little candle came back scorched and roasted.

7. Well! when our mosquito heard all the palaver (concerning this business) he paused a little in inner speculation.

8. Then he took a big knife, cut two thick slices of bread, and buttered them generously. He roasted two pieces of meat, peeled three onions, helped himself to three big pimentos and took a pinch of salt.

9. Atānši paņglas sū peski būči ānda peska dēako bāro galbeno diklo, tai gelōtar le gavōres te rōdēl kai trāvilas kūki zūrāli memeli.

10. Mērlas ānda xōliate te jānēl hot sas vārikon pi lūma te āvēl māi zūrālo lēstar.—Tātī katar sas vo zūrālo, šavāle? Nas vo māi bāro sār ēk mak!—

11. Pirdas ēk šon, wi dūi šon pirdas, tātī po trito šon rēslas kāi māņgēlas te rēsl. (Mārēl lēs o suvinto Dēl tātī wi lēsko bārīmo!) Čāēes gindtēlas o tzintzāri hot rāi bāro arēslas akāni. (Dēl lēs o Dēl āndi p'ūv!)

12. Tzirdas i šipka ānda l yāka, šūtas l vast ānda l pōsōca, tātī tzirdas karing o p'āgērdo dījz kāi i mēmēli bešēlas. Kērdas sār kērdas, tātī ānda sōba das kāi māņgēlas te āvēl.

13. Kāna i tsigni mēmēliōri āngla poste diklas ēūdēsilo ayglūnēs. Sō sas lēs te kēral akānik?

14. Kehegindas zurdēs te diēl so kērla i mēmēli. Či na izdramdas. Vazdēl o nāk ōpre t'ai šōlēzil. Či akānik, čī na miškēl o pāra.

9. Then he packed all his provisions in his mother's big golden kerchief (knotted it) and went on his way in search of the village where lived the invincible candle.

10. He choked with anger to think that anyone in the world could be stronger than he was.—And who, young men, (told you) that he was strong? He was indeed no bigger than a fly.—

11. He walked for one month, he walked for yet a second month, and in the third month (at last) he arrived where he wanted to arrive. (Let God strike him in his pride!) Truly the mosquito looked upon himself already as a personage of importance: (May God let the earth swallow him!)

12. He pulled his cap over his eyes, thrust his hands into his pockets, and set out in the direction of the ruined castle, where the candle lived. It did not matter to him how he managed (to get there), so he forced his way into the room where he wanted to be.

13. But when he saw the wee candle (standing upright) in front of him he was at first taken by surprise. What was he to do now?

14. He coughed very loudly to see what the candle would do. She did not stir. He turned his nose up and whistled.<sup>1</sup> Even now the flame did not budge.

<sup>1</sup> To whistle in somebody's presence is looked upon as a sign of contempt. A Lowari whistles only to give a signal, never in other circumstances, such as whistling a tune.



15. Akānik o Tzintzāri o bāndjālo xōlīvēl ānda pāste. Tāčilas lasko rat, mārāl lasko kolīn māi zurālas tāi lasko yāka yag dān.

16. I mēmēli sū voi si: ēi perāl lake p'āro kānci. (Rūdjl la o swūnto Dəl tāi durārāl latar le dujōmānōn!) Voi si kāygeraki mēmēli tai katar ek swūnto t'an āvililar k'ate.

17. Ōo tzintzāri tziṛdāl kariyng late tāi dik'el tēle pe late prasā-masa. Sū ēi na dəl lās ānglal kānci.

18. Sā māi but xōlīvēl āmāro cingārako Rōm, tai dəl te (kēzdil) prasāl la pōsa tāi te kūšāl la wī deatar wī mostar jūngāles. Anglal ēi dəl, tai ānglal ēi dəl.

19. Wī armāia bāre del la čorra mēmēlia tista iwe. Nākti ēi xōlīārēla la ēi sār. I mēmēli ēi pe lase na dik'el.

20. Akānik wī bāndjēivēl tāi tzipil lake lowāritzka. "Av mansa āvri te san tu Rōm tāi zumāvas āme." (O lajāv te xāl

15. Now the mosquito, possessed by the devil, grew furiously angry. His blood was boiling, his heart was beating fiercely, and his eyes were throwing sparks.

16. The candle remained herself: none of this moved her at all. (May the holy God bless her and keep her enemies far away!) She was a church candle (you see) and had come here from a holy place (of pilgrimage).

17. Our [lit. 'your'] mosquito drew close to her and looked down upon her mockingly. She did not (condescend to) answer anything at all.

18. Our quarrelsome man got more and more enraged, and began to mock her and insult her and her mother as well as herself in a most obscene manner. The candle did not answer, she did not answer.<sup>1</sup>

19. The mosquito even began to curse the poor candle, very thoroughly, for no reason whatever. It was impossible for him by any means to make her lose her temper. The candle did not even cast a look at him.

20. So now he flew into a rage and shrieked at her in Lowari: 'Come outside with me if you are a true man [lit. Gypsy] and let us try our strength (in duel).'<sup>2</sup> (Let shame devour his face!

<sup>1</sup> This repetition of the Lowari story-teller emphasizes the obstinacy of his character in making no reply.

<sup>2</sup> This is the regular phrase in use among the Lowara when one man challenges another to a duel.

lasko mūi! Sostar zrasa kamel te mārāl pe kuka p'ūrōrasa; ēi kardas lasko kānci nāsāl.)

21. Atānci la mēmēliake mūlen kūšāl āndi p'āv. Ōi māi janāl ēi so si i dār. Tāi sū ēi vurbil lēsa: feri lako ūdut izdrandas vorta ek sēmiko.

22. Kana ačārāl hot ēi kūšimo ēi na mūlēgyo lajāv ēi hasnīn k'ate jal ek pāsitzo palpāle tāi malāvēl la ek dūkūm rōmāns andi falka.

23. "Hīrš, hīrš, hīrš! p'ābīlēm. Mūro vast xālan, mēmēlio! Sār de ēi na ačārān hot pirāsa kamavas te kerav tusa? Sostar san tu kēzāvi nāsāl mansa? Me tūte ēi hāmīvas man. Nas mañ ēi gīndo gīndosko āndo šero te kerav tusa trūtso vāi hāmīšāgo."

24. (Tai roval tuke kab'ra asfēnsa ānda bāri duk tāi la bāra dāratar. . .)

By what right does he desire the poor little (candle) to try her strength with him, (the more that) she has never done him any wrong.)

21. Then he insults the candle's ancestors, those who are under the earth.<sup>1</sup> He knows no longer what fear is. And she did not speak a single word in reply: only (this time) her light quivered slightly.

22. When he perceived that nothing was of any avail, neither scorn nor insults against (the memory of her) ancestors, he took a step backwards and, in Gypsy style, gave her a blow with his fist under the chin.

23. 'Oh! oh! oh! I have burned myself. Oh! candle, you have devoured my hand. How is it that you did not understand I was only joking with you? Why are you so cruel to me? I was not trying to take advantage of you. I had not a suspicion in my mind of any bad intention towards you.'

24. (And there in fear and pain he (stood) weeping tears as big as (my fist).)<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Casting insults on ancestors is the worst possible crime among these Gypsies. It is a challenge equal to a declaration of war. If the opponent is proud and brave, he fights, if he is a coward he remains still. In this latter instance he allows his ancestors to be insulted, and the Roms know that the Dead will take vengeance on him.

<sup>2</sup> 'He weeps tears as big as . . .' is an unfinished sentence of which the complementary part 'my fist' is expressed by the narrator's gesture, very typical of the Lowari dialect. A clenched fist is thrust forward at the height of the hip, the elbow close to the body and the back of the hand turned downwards.



25. "Kōn pačāndo hot i mēmēli zūrāli sas čāčās? Kālo līl te lav mūre dadastar te na mezišili mayge kōvle ilaski!"

26. Pasko diklo le xābenasa po t'ānaste muklas. Wi paski šipka bisterdas wi pasko pāpūča xasārāl po drom kēči nāšel. Roimasa āvel ka paski dēi tūi ka pasko dad.

27. "Sō kardan šāvo? sō kardan, mūro šāvo?" Tai wi i dēi laski dilšvel kāna dik'al kūko p'ābarimo lasko, tūi hot vast ma nāi lās.

28. I p'ūri dēi laski p'āndāl pasko diklo po šero, lel pasko filāra kōi sas la garade āndo t'an, t'ai jaltar pasko šāvesa ka i špīla i bāri.

29. "Doktora bārēa, tute āvilam hot mūre šāvores te sastidres. Del t'o Dəl baht tūi sastimo! Sō trōbūna tūke lōve počinde āvena tūke. Wi galbi t'ūle dasa tut, te san tu katzāvo godjāvōr hot šāi

25. 'Who (he went on) would believe that the candle was so strong in very truth? Let me have news of my father's death [lit. a black letter from my father] if she did not appear to me to be faint-hearted!'

26. The mosquito abandoned the kerchief with his provisions on the spot. He also forgot his cap and scattered his shoes on the way, he ran so fast. He arrived in tears at his mother's and father's.

27. 'What have you done, boy? What have you done, my boy?' And his mother became wild (with grief) when she saw these burns of his and that he had no hand.

28. His old mother ties a kerchief round her head,<sup>1</sup> took out her pennies which she had hidden inside her mattress, and sets out with her son for the big<sup>2</sup> hospital.

29. 'O great doctor,' (she said), 'to you I have come that you may heal my son. God grant you luck and health! The money that is required shall be paid to you. Even thick gold sovereigns<sup>3</sup> we will give you, if you are skilful enough and have

<sup>1</sup> The Lowari tradition prescribes that married women should cover their heads with a kerchief in the presence of men.

<sup>2</sup> The epithet *bāri* here as applied to *špīla* emphasizes the tragic side of the hospital rather than its vastness.

<sup>3</sup> By *galbi* are meant American gold coins of the value of 20 dollars. 'I shall give you gold coins' is a promise often made by the Lowara to physicians and lawyers when they are in trouble and want the help of these powerful men—and a true Lowari generally keeps his promise. The Čurari, however, who resemble them physically, break their promises and thus cause confusion.

biris te šos mūre šāvaske vast nēvo. Hāi, Dēvla! xāle mūre šāves. xāle lās."

30. "Vast nēvo trōbul ēe šāvas, Romnō, katar lasa lās? Mānušenge vast si āme. Āme nāšti sastidras lās, kōi tizintžarango vast nēvo te šūasa lās nāi āme."

31. "Jan rōdēn ānda boltsi, kam arākās vārso." Gēle te rōdēn ānda fōro; wi p'ūšēn wi mānggēn, vast ēi arakēn.

32. Kāna dik'en hot nāi hasna te rōdēn māi but, kīdēn pe ketāne le tizintžarango nīpo tūi keran pōngi čōrvivāni kris: "Sostar te na šūasa amāre vōrske kōniako purno?" "Kōniako purno?" Ōva, Romāle, kōniako purno!"

33. Gēle palpāle ka i špīla. (Te jal la rāčāsa te na dik'a ānda sūnānde!) Tūi l doktora le māi bāre sūde le tsigne tizintžarske kōniako purno bāro.—Mišto si!

the ability to replace the hand of my son. Oh, my God! they have ruined my son, ruined him!'

30. 'Your son, Madam, will need a new hand (replied the doctor), but where shall we get one? We have only the hands of men. We cannot cure him because we have no mosquito "hands" to graft (on to the limb).'

31. 'Go and search the shops' (said she), 'you may find something (that might do).' They went and searched in the town; they asked and begged (but) they found no hand.

32. When they realized that it was futile to search further, all the Mosquito tribe gathered together and made the feeble suggestion: 'Why not graft on to our cousin the foot of a fowl?' 'What! the foot of a fowl?' 'Yes truly, Gypsies, the foot of a fowl.'

33. They went once again to the hospital. (Let it disappear with the night, and let it not trouble my dreams!)<sup>1</sup> And the cleverest surgeons sewed a huge chicken's foot on to the small mosquito.—Good! (let us get on!)<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These are the magic words of a spell used by the Lowara in self-protection every time they evoke in conversation such unlucky persons, objects or symbols as a priest, a hospital, a lighted candle, etc., which, if seen in a dream, presage a jail, illness, death or loss through death.

<sup>2</sup> This is interpolated by the story-teller in a tone of self-approval and serves as a link between the end of one chapter and the beginning of another.



34. No, gindis tu akánik hot pe gōdjate āvilas abá? Nīči, p'raliko!

35. Kāde sigo hot lasko dukám sastilo sas tã ċi mǎi dukávelas las, lal poske bāra ċūra tã . . . Deštyok vār aba mǎrdjilas o tzintzári la mēmēliatar tã das las o Del te āvel pe gōdjate. Te hāmīl-pe mǎi but la ċorrare ċi mǎi rodol.

36. Kāi dik'en las l mǎnāš tordjon po drom te lāšn las te nak'al pašā lende, tã tzipin pāla laste: "Ċūdātōna, kōn san tu? Sō san tu, mūrš vāi jūvli? Sōsko bēto san?" Si las akánik šve kǎniake purto, šār kǎniake p'āka, kǎniako šero tã bul.

37. Tã ċāčimasa p'ēnav les tūmēge ċūde le Dēvelaske mēzil. Dille pavōra ċangādōn ājla laste tã rūdjīn laske sār te āvilo vo o bāro Del. Sako djas bārōl mǎi but lasko bārīmo tã dōl o dīlīmo ānda lasko šero.

38. No! Ek djas pašā ak rēpnko pāyi bāro nākōl tã dik'al le gāvōske mūyālās kǎi nāyōl tista nāngo. Āvilōtar ċor vāndelōvo kǎi le mūyālāske gāda ċordas tã vī gēlo.

34. Well! do you think that this brought the mosquito back to his senses? Not at all! little brother!

35. As soon as his fist was healed and no longer gave him any pain, he took his big knife and . . . Ten times already had the mosquito (seen himself) vanquished by the candle, and then God allowed him to come to his senses. He no longer sought to pick a quarrel with the poor (candle).

36. When people saw him (walking along) they stopped in the road to wait for him to pass by them, and then they would shout after him: 'O miracle of a child, who are you? Are you a male or a female? To what class of animal do you belong?' He now had six chicken feet, four chicken wings and also the head and rump of a chicken.

37. And in very truth I must tell you he looked like a miracle of God. The stupid country folk went on their knees in his presence and prayed to him as if he had really been God. Every day his pride increased till this folly turned his head.

38. Well! one day he was sauntering by some running water and saw the mayor of the village swimming naked in the stream. A vagrant robber had come upon the mayor's clothes, seized them and disappeared.

39. Akánik mǎ nǎi le mūyālās gāda so te lal pe poste, tã nāngo sār si k'ēre ċi tromal te jal. O mūyālo akārōl le tzintzáras tã rūdjil las te ajūtīl vārisār. Lōve šināval laske but.

40. Kerel laske o tzintzári kadi kris: "Gājō, me te ajūtīsārav tut šai, feri tu si te pačas muro mūi tã si tu te kēras sō me tuke panno." "Pāčiv, Rāyo, pāčiv; kōr sār tu ačāras kǎi āvel mǎi fēdōr."

41. Tã o ċorro tzintzári pārūvel le gājasa: ānglānas o šero, pāla kodo i bāl tai o p'r, vī east tã pūrne pārūven. Tã kǎna gāta i le ċo tzintzári mǎnūš mezil tã o t'ūlo mūyālo valtōzindas pe le ċūdātōne tzintzāreste.

42. O tzintzári kǎi mǎnāš kōrdjilas jaltar ka le mūyālāske djiz. Nas vō šikādo mǎnāšōnsa te trāil, tã ānda kodo si hot nǎi les ċi sōsko lājāv nāngōs pe l vūlitz te pīrol tã pašā l jūvlian te nākōl.

43. Le ċntrēgone fōrske rāklōra pāla leste nāšōn k'ālmasa tã djlōnsa. Gīndin hot mǎto i lo.

44. K'ēre le gājaste resōl, del ānda lasko k'ēr, tã hurāvel ānda l

39. The mayor had now nothing left to cover himself with, and did not dare to go home, naked as he was. He called out to the mosquito and prayed him to help him somehow or other. He promised money, more and more (money).

40. But the mosquito put forward his own views, (thus):— 'O farmer, help you I can, only on condition that you believe what my mouth (says) and that you do what I order.' (The mayor answered): 'I agree, O master, I agree; act as you consider will be best.'

41. Then the malicious mosquito made a barter with the peasant: first of all they exchanged heads, after that their 'behinds' and bellies, and further their hands and feet. And after they had finished, your mosquito looked like a man and the stout mayor was transformed into the miraculous mosquito.

42. The mosquito who had become a man went to the mayor's palace. He was not used to living in the company of human beings, and therefore felt no shame at all at walking naked along the streets and passing (in this state) near to women.

43. The urchins of the whole town ran after him, singing and dancing. They thought he was drunk.

44. He arrived at the home of the peasant, entered the house, and dressed himself in the most gorgeous clothes of the man.



*gūjaske gāda le māi rāikāne. Tāi kade sas hot ānda dīllo tzintzāri mūyālo gōdjāver i kerdjilo.*

45. *Pāla kurko dūi jal lasko biav aka bāreda pāvōrkiniasa. Xāmā tāi pīmo na māi prōmānin . . . Si bašāimo tāi k'šlīmo tāi āmaro tzintzāri paski vōya kēral.*

46. *Akānik āvel o čāčo gājo te pārvūvel palpāle le tzintzārēsa tāi māggal pāle te kerdjil mādāš. O tzintzāri halāra si aba, tāi kamel la rākliā, wi i rākli ānda lēste mērel.*

47. *Pala soste te īnkrel vō pasko čāčimo le mūyālēsa? Te āvilas le dille gūjas kado bāro pāčamo ānda lēste, o Del si te dīlīdardas lās!*

48. *Fōlil o pīmo tāi l gazdi pēn sār xāyga. Tāi kēči dīlīārēl lēn o p'ūro gājo kuko pasko vūrbimasa hot pe lēste xōlīšlas t'em tāi lūma. Kon pāčando lās hot vō sas o mūyālo čāčās?*

49. *I rākli, kāi āyglūnās sas laski pīrāmi, laski kōri boldas, tāi pēkle lās pi yāg tāi xāle lās ānda biavēste.*

And that is how from a foolish mosquito he became a wise mayor.

45. Two weeks later his marriage with a rich farmer's daughter took place. About the food and the drink we will make no further mention. . . .<sup>1</sup> There was music and dancing and our mosquito enjoyed himself thoroughly.

46. But now the real peasant arrived to change back again with the mosquito as he wants to become a man as before. The mosquito was already intoxicated, and was in love with the girl and she too was infatuated with him.

47. Why should he observe the pact (he had made) with the mayor? If it had occurred to that fool of a farmer to put so much faith in him, it must have been God who had duped him!

48. Drink was flowing (freely) and the guests were drinking hard [lit. 'as if from a well']. But the old farmer maddened them so much by insisting on talking and talking that the whole world grew infuriated with him. Who could believe him (when he said) that he was the real mayor?

49. The young woman, who had been his own betrothed before, wrung his neck, and they roasted him over the fire and devoured him at the wedding feast.

<sup>1</sup> This is an unfinished sentence by which the narrator wishes to convey an idea of unlimited abundance.

50. *Wi me sīmas kutka tēla mesāliate garādo tāi sū šūndēm tāi sū dīklēm. Kāi sīmas bokālo čōral zumādēm te lav ek kotšr ānda la ašta-purnēygi kāniāte, magge tāi mūra dēake. Tāi dīkle man le gāje tāi āvri našādē man. Sā ānda kodo si hot prōba nāštī dav tūme hot mūri parāmiča čāčimo si. Tāi sū āvilomtar tūmēnde te p'ēnav la, kam nāčōl wi tūmāro tzoito tāi perēl tūmēyge drūgi.*

50. I was there also, hiding under the table, and I heard everything and I saw everything. As I was famished I secretly tried to snatch a morsel of the six- [lit. 'seven'] legged chicken, for myself and for my old mother. But the farmers perceived me and forced me to flee. That is the whole reason why I cannot give you a proof of the truth of my story. But all the same I came to tell it to you, (in the hope) that it will give you pleasure and help to pass away your time.

#### NOTES

For other loan-words or unusual Romani forms not mentioned in these Notes readers are referred to the *Lovari Vocabulary* edited by Archdeacon Ackerley in *JGLS*. (3) xi. 136-187 [Ack.] and his *Vocabulary of the Nomad Gypsy Coppersmiths in JGLS*. (2) vii. 161-214 [Cop.].

§ 1. *tzintzāri*] An onomatopoetic word, imitating the sound of buzzing, ? from Rum. *șîntșar* 'gnat, mosquito,' for which Tiktin quotes the following cognates: Mod. Gk. *ταϊνταπας*, Alb. *d z i n d z a r*, Ital. *z a n z a r a*, Span. *z e n z a l o*, etc.

§ 3. *bārimāygo*] 'proud, boastful,' from *bārimo* 'pride,' pl. *bārimata*.—[*hot*] Used in the sense of French 'que,' less correctly for *kai* or *so*. Cp. Ack. *hod* from Magyar *h o g y*.

§ 4. *bāndjolas*] Cp. Cop. 168 *bandjiov* 'to bend.'—*yortin*] Cp. Mik. v. 27, Cop. 180 *jortisar* 'to excuse' from Rum. *i e r t a*.—*prōmāniv*] 'to make allusions to' is derived, as Mr. Gilliat-Smith suggests, from the Slavic root *pomen*, Bulg. *spomen* 'to mention,' Croat *napomen*. The *-r* in the Lowari form is adventitious.

§ 5. *ērekre*] 'for ever,' from Mag. *örökre*; Ack. 151.

§ 6. *čudāto*] Cp. Ack. 183 *tšuda* 'miracle' from Rum. *c i u d a t* 'strange.'

§ 7. *no*] An exclamatory particle used by Lowari story-



tellers.—*bāyo*] pl. *bāyura* used in a legal sense for 'case, dossier, palaver'; cp. Ack. *baijo* 'work, thing: difficulty, trouble,' from Mag. *ba j.—sémiko*] diminutive of *sēmo* 'a little'; cp. Ack. in sense of 'a little while' from Mag. *s z e m* 'seed.'

§ 8. *tartni*] pl. of *tartna* 'a slice of bread,' from Fr. *tartine*.—*ūjārdas*] lit. 'cleaned'; cp. Ack. *užar* 'to purify.'—*būrniko*] 'a small quantity, a pinch'; cp. Cop. and other Rom. dialects *būrněk* 'handful,' Mik. vii. 25.

§ 9. *galbeno*] A derivative from *galbi* 'gold coins, dollars'; cp. Cop. 175 *galbuno* from Rum. *galben*.

§ 10. *šavāle*] In Lowari *šavo* is used for 'young man, youth' and the diminutive *šavōro* for 'child.'

§ 12. *šipka*] Ack. *šipka* from Mag. *šipka*.—*posšā*] Cp. Cop. 197 *positi*, *positi*, Mik. viii. 51.—*sōba*] Ack. *soba* from Mag. *s z o b a*.

§ 13. *čūdisāilo*] 3rd pers. sg. Preterite of *čūdisēivav*; cp. Ack. *tšūdisav* 'to be amazed' from *tšūda* 'a miracle.'

§ 14. *kehegindas*] Cp. Ack. *gehengi* 'to cough' from Mag. *kō h ō g.—izdrandas*] Cp. Mik. viii. 7 *lisdra*, Cop. 180 *izv*, Welsh *R. rizer* 'to tremble, shiver'.—*šolāzil*] Cp. Ack. *šolari*, Cop. 204.—*pāra*] Cp. Mik. v. 44 *para* 'smoke' from L. Russ. *p a r a*.

§ 15. *tāčūlas*] Cp. Ack. *JGLS*. (2) vii. 257, Cop. *datšuv* 'to be warmed,' Mik. viii. 78 s.v. *tato*.

§ 16. *rūdžil*] Cp. Ack. *rudžin* 'to pray,' Cop. 200 from Rum. *ruga*.—*dujēmānōn*] Cp. Cop. 174 *dušman* 'enemy' from Rum. *dušman* through Turkish from Persian; in Lowari the word means 'envious, jealous people.'

§ 17. *prasāmasa*] An abstract noun from *pras* 'to mock, to ridicule'; cp. Cop. *prasamos* 'libel,' Mik. vi. 31, Ack. *pras* 'to blaspheme.'

§ 18. *jūngāles*] Cp. Cop. *džungales* 'dirtyly,' Welsh Rom. *čuggalo* 'foul, loathsome'; Mik. v. 68, vii. 38.

§ 19. *tista*]—'wholly, completely,' is derived by Ack. from Mag. *tiszta* 'pur, net, clair.'—*ive*] Cp. Cop. *ive* 'gratis,' Mik. v. 27 *jivē* 'in vain.'

§ 20. *izipil*] Ack. *tsibi* 'to call, summon, name,' Cop. 208 *tsipisar* 'to shout out,' from Rum. *țipet* 'a cry.'

§ 21. *vurbil*] Cp. Ack. *vorbil* 'to speak.'—*feri*] Cp. Ack. *feri* 'only, but, merely,' from Rum. *fără*.—*vorta*] Cp. Ack. *vorta*, *orta* 'exactly, just,' Mik. vi. 35.

§ 22. *āčārel*] Cp. Ack. *hadšar* *hatschar* 'to understand,' Mik. vii. 60.—*hasnin*] 'to benefit from,' from Mag. *haznāl* 'to profit by.'—*pāsitzo*] diminutive of *paso*; cp. Cop. 194 *pasuria* (pl.) 'steps, strides,' from Rum. *pas*.—*dukum*] By metathesis from *dumuk*, cp. Cop. 173.—*falka*] From Rum. *falcă* 'jaw,' Cop. 174.

§ 23. *hīrš*, *hīrš*, *hīrš*] An exclamation expressing the feeling of being burned, as *hiχ*, *hiχ*, *hiχ*! in this dialect expresses the feeling of cold or dampness.—*trūso*] Etym. unknown.—*hāmīšāgo*] 'evil, falsehood,' from Mag. *hamis* 'wrong,' Ack. 157; cp. *hāmīl-pe* below in § 35.

§ 25. *mezisāili*] Cp. Ack. *mesi* 'to resemble,' ? from Mod. Gk. *μοιάζω*.—*kōvle ilāski*] lit. 'of a soft heart' in Lowari means 'a coward.'

§ 28. *filōra*] pl. *filōri* 'money,' from Mag. *filler*.—*f'an*] In Lowari this word is used to signify 'bedding,' 'pillows and eiderdowns,' etc.

§ 29. *biris*] Cp. Ack. *bir* 'to intend, purpose,' ? from Mag. *bīrni* 'to rule, be able, be strong,'—*šas*] contracted form of 2nd pers. sg. present of *šuv* 'to put,' cp. *šūasa* in § 30 below.

§ 30. *Rōmnio*] voc. sg. of *rōmni* is a term of great politeness used towards strangers, as opposed to *lala* 'aunt' which is more familiar.

§ 31. *boltsi*] Cp. Ack. *bolta*, from Mag. *bolt* or Rum. *boltă*.

§ 32. *nipo*] pl. *nīpura* 'relations by blood or marriage'; cp. Ack. with sense 'people, family, cousin,' from Mag. *nép*.—*vōrske*] dat. case of *vōro* 'cousin'; cp. Cop. 212 *vero*, *vōro*, *wuro*, from Rum. *vēr*, Mik. v. 65.—*ōva*] With this form of the affirmative in Lowari cp. Sinti *āva*, Čurari *ēi*.

§ 34. *abā*] Cp. Ack. *aba* 'already,' Cop. 164 from Rum. *abia*.—*p'aliko*] diminutive of *p'al* beside *p'raloro* or *p'ralitso*.

§ 36. *terdjon*] Cp. Cop. 206 *terdjov* 'to stop.'—*čūdātōna*] vocative of *čūda* 'miracle' personified.—*bēto*] masc. pl. *bētura* or *bētsi*, from French *bête*.

§ 37. *pāvōra*] pl. of *pāvōri*. Sinti *pāri* 'peasant, farmer, countryman,' ? from *p'āv* 'field, parish.' Cp. below § 45 *pāvōrkini* 'farmer's daughter.'

§ 38. *repniko* *pāyi*] 'running water'; cp. Ack. *rebniko*, *repniko* 'pool, brook,' which Prof. Jopson compares with Slav.



rybnik 'fish-pond.'—*mūyalo*] From *mui* 'mouth' with suffix, and meaning 'mouth-piece, spokesman,' hence the village elder or mayor.—*vāndelōvo*] 'vagabond, wanderer' for more usual *vāndra*; ? from Germ. 'Wanderer.'

§ 40. *kerav muri kris*] This phrase among the Lowara means 'to put forward one's views, express one's theory, make a suggestion,' cp. § 32 above.—*pačiv*] this noun in Lowari when used (generally with a dative) in answer to a question indicates agreement, acceptance, authorization, etc.; cp. Cop. 194 *pačiv tu* 'I permit you'; *pačiv tuke* or *čo pačivaki*='in thy honour'; *dav pačiv*='I honour or respect,' etc.

§ 41. *čorra*] Lit. 'poor, wretched,' is also used by the Lowara to indicate 'malicious, cunning,' the word being used in a good or bad sense according to the context.—*vālōziv ma*] followed by the locative case means 'to be transformed into,' cp. Mag. *válto* 'lettre de change,' *változik* 'se changer.'

§ 42. *vūlitzi*] Cp. Cop. 212 *wolitsa* 'street,' from Rum. *ulița*, Mik. v. 64.

§ 43. *intrégone*] inflected form of *intrégo* 'whole, entire,' cp. Ack. *intrego*, *ingrego* 'all,' from Rum. *întreg*.

§ 45. *pāvčrkiniasa*] See above, § 37. Archdeacon Ackerley writes: 'The termination is Slavonic, cp. Serb. *rodjak* 'cousin,' *rodjakinja* 'female cousin.'—*próménin*] see above, § 4.—*peski vōya kerel*] *kerav muri vōya*, lit. 'I do my will,' means 'to feast without restrictions,' which distinguishes it from *pačiv* 'a celebration held in honour of a person in his presence, where one cannot risk offending the host': in *vōya* 'at will,' one can do as one likes, cp. Ack. *voja* 'joy, pleasure, wish, will,' from Rum. *voi*.

§ 46. *halāra*] Etym. unknown to me.

§ 47. *īnkrav o čāč(mo)* means 'to keep faith, to be strict in the execution of the stipulations of a contract.'

§ 48. *fōlil*] Cp. Ack. *folin* from Mag. *folyni*—*gazdi*] pl. of *gazda* 'host' or 'guest'; cp. Cop. 176 *gazda* 'head man of a family' from Rum. *gazdă*.—*vūrbimasa*] abstract noun *vūrbimo* from *vorba* 'word'; cp. Ack. *vorba* from Rum. *vorbă*.—*l'em tūi lūma*, lit. 'the country and the world,' indicates 'the whole universe.'

§ 50. *prōba*] 'proof, sample, pattern,' cp. Cop. 198 from Rum. *probă*.—*tzaito*] from Germ. 'Zeit.'—*perel tūmange drāgi*] lit.

'may it fall pleasantly to you,' with which cp. the phrase *perel p'aro tuke*? 'is it difficult for you?'; *drāgo* in Lowari means 'pleasant, amiable, dear,' the inflected *drāgosa* 'with pleasure' being used in accepting an invitation; cp. Cop. 173 *drago* 'beloved' from Rum. *drag*, Mik. v. 18.

### III.—URUGUAYAN INTERLUDE

By GUILLAN HOPPER

IN 1929 I was on the border between Brazil and Uruguay. Don't ask me what I was doing. I didn't know then and I still don't know. I was following my nose and it had led me from Rio to São Paulo down through Brazil into the State of Rio Grande and then along the frontier through pleasant little towns where a man could lounge in the shade of a café without worrying about *mañana*.

I arrived in Sant' Anna on the Brazilian side of the line. A couple of hundred metres away stood the Uruguayan town of Rivera, one of the prettiest little places that God ever forsook. The dilatory manner in which the extradition laws functioned in both countries made the frontier pretty lively for those to whom liveliness means life. You could, for instance, shoot a man in Sant' Anna around midday and drink the health of his widow over in Rivera before lunch.

I crossed into Rivera one morning and sat drinking an iced gin-tonic in a little bar-cum-billiards joint. It was all luxuriously lazy. The ice made sweet music in my glass, and outside in the broiling sun the trees on both sides of the street threw round black patches of shade like giant inkspots. It was the hour of *siesta*. The town was silent save for the hot rasping call of the cicada. Here indeed was Arcadia—the Uruguayans revelling in the delights of the 'waking-sleep' and the solitary Englishman enjoying his 'Old Tom' and tonic-water.

Then all was shattered by the most barbaric cacophony that ever smote the ears of slumbering South America. Up the dusty street came a cavalcade of horses, mules, men, women and children. I mustn't forget the dogs. There were at least a dozen of them: great lovably-ugly mastiffs—*perros criollos*, direct