

Copyright © info goes here...

Quote goes here...

MIORITZA MIORITA, ,

photographs by Laurence Salzmann

Introduction

In 1981 I went to live for a period of some 10 months in the village of Poiana Sibiului, one of a series of mountain villages known for its shepherds. Poiana Sibiului is some 25 miles distance from the larger town of Sibiu.

Why Poiana Sibiului? Why shepherds? I had lived once before in Romania in 1974-1976 and had worked on a photographic documentation of Jewish life in Radauti, a town in the Bucovina region of that country.

I had a fascination and love of Romanian folk culture. I wanted to do a photographic documentation on a group of people whose way of life embodied aspects of that folk culture. The shepherds, in many ways, exemplified Romanian folk culture for they practiced a way of life that was still very traditional. The shepherds' wealth permitted them to maintain traditions that elsewhere in Romania were no longer practiced: for example, the making of very expensive folk clothing, or the building of traditional style houses which required expensive materials and workmanship.

My idea was to follow the shepherds' life cycle for one year. I set out to live with the shepherds of Transylvania who practiced a transhumant way of life.

I chose to live in Poiana Sibiului because it had a very strong tradition of shepherding. I was to stay in this village some 10 months. I got to know many of the shepherds and their families. I made periodic trips to visit the so-called *stâni*, sheepfolds where the sheep were milked and pastured. I accompanied shepherds from the village as they pastured their sheep in far flung regions of Romania from the Banat to Dobrogea.

These shepherds, or *ciobani*, as they are called in Romanian, led a very interesting life. They were perhaps the freest people living in Romania.

They somehow managed to have ownership of their flocks despite forced collectivization of almost everything around them. They seemed to be able to outfox the authorities in navigating the paths back and forth between their summer and winter pasturages at the far ends of the country. Some times these treks took up to three months to complete. Along the way the sheep and lambs grew and fed on the fields of collective farms and on the grass that grew in high mountain plateaus which the state had not collectivized. A shepherd told me that at night they stuffed the bells that hung around the lead sheep's neck with leaves to prevent it from ringing and alerting the state authorities.

Back in their home village of Poiana Sibiului I lived with an old lady, a former shepherdess, affectionately known by everyone as Mama Leone. I spent many days in winter by her wood stove eating *clatite* (Romanian *crêpes*)

and pickles that she had put up earlier that fall. I learned many of the myths of the shepherds and stories of their treks and tribulations.

I learned about the *Miorița*, a Romanian epic which tells the story of three shepherds and the tragic but poetical end that one of them meets. Mama Leone would recite the epic poem in its entirety on cold winter nights.

Almost every Romanian I have met can recite the poem or at least parts of it. It is a kind of national folk treasure in the heart of every Romanian.

My thanks to the many families of Poiana Sibiului who allowed us to share with them their daily life and in particular to our landlady Maria Muntean, known to all of us as "Marna Leone," whose good humor and good nature made what was at times a very difficult way of life much easier for us. May God bless and protect her soul!

Kiki Skagen Munshi, together with Ernest H. Latham, prepared the English translation of the *Miorița* poem which appears with this book.

To my wife and daughter who joined me on some of my adventures with the shepherds of Poiana Sibiului, I say, let us return once again to look for the sheep and their shepherds.

Laurence Salzmann



Pe-un picior de plai,

Par les cols fleuris

To the meadow's edge,

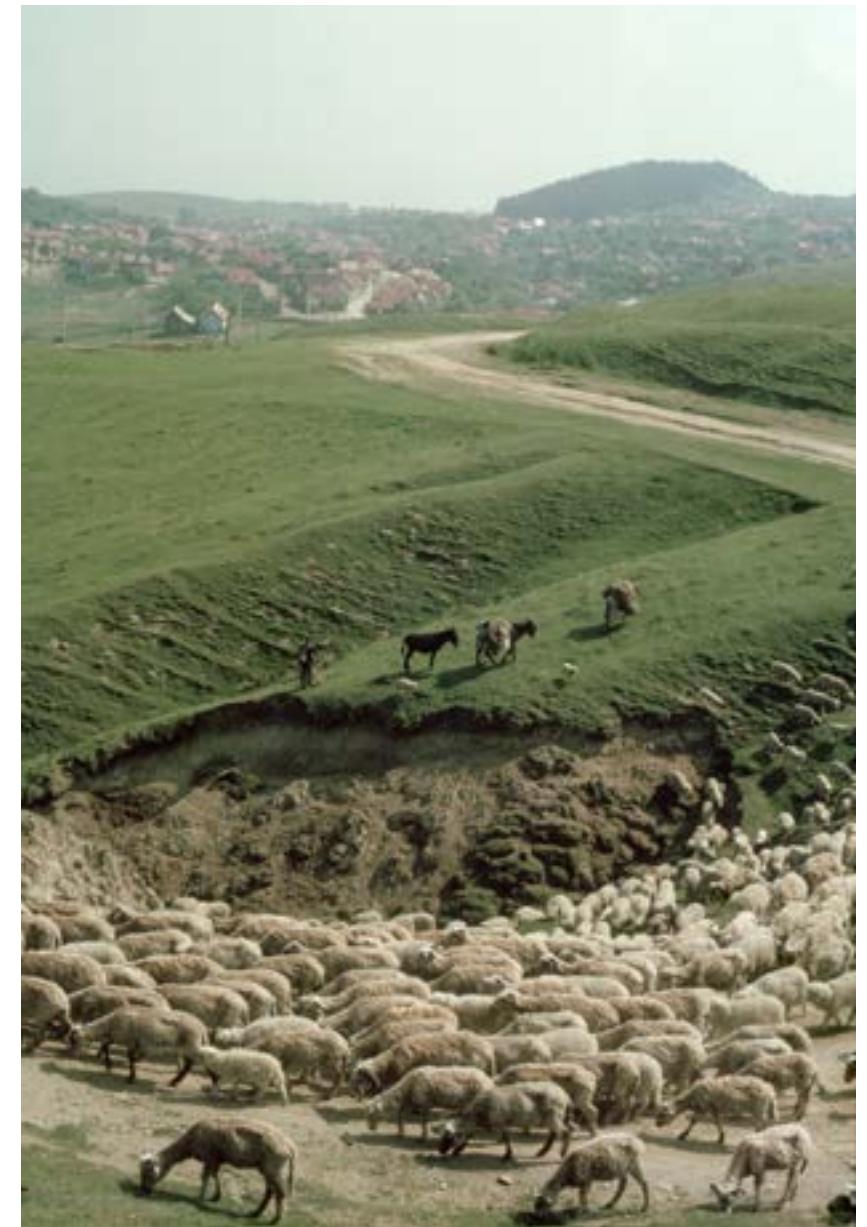
In Einer Bergesschlucht

Pe-o gură de rai,

Sur un pan de rêve

At Heaven's doorsill,

In Einer Himmelsbucht





*Iată vîn in cale
Se cobor la vale
Trei turme de miei,
Cu trei ciobanei*

*Voici s'en venant
Pentes dévalant,
voici trois troupeaux
et trois Pastoureaux*

*Come three flocks of sheep
Down the path
Down to the valley
With their three shepherds*

*Siehe, den weg dahin,
siehe, zu tale ziehn
Drei herden Schafe klein
mit Ihren Hirten drein.*



*Unu-i moldovan,
Unu-i ungurean
Si unu-i vrancean*

*Le premier venant
du pays Moldavie
L'autre du Midi, L'autre enfin d'ici*

*One a Moldavian
One Transylvanian
And one a Vranean*

*Einrt ein Moldauspfoß;
Der wuchs in Ungarn groß;
Jener im Vranceaschoß*

*Iar cel ungurean
Și cu cel vrâncean,
Mări, se vorbiră,
Ei se sfătuiră*

*Du pays joli
De la Moldavie
Et les deux premiers,
méchant sortjetaient
pour occir céans*

*Now, the Vrancean
And the Transylvanian
In their thoughts, conniving.*

*Doch, der aus Ungarn kam,
Den aus der Vrancea nahm
Heimlich beiseit zu Rat,*





*Pe l-apus de soare
Ca să mi-l omoare
Pe cel moldovan,
Că-i mai ortoman*

*Pour occir céans
Au soleil couchant
Le pâtre moldave
Destrois le plus brave*

*Have laid plans, contriving
At the close of day
To ambush and slay
The Moldavian; He, the
wealthier one,*

*Sennen auf schnöde tat:
Dass sie im Abendrot
Den aus der Moldau tot-
Schlägen, der Reicher wär;*



S-are oi mai multe,

Le plus riche aussi

Had more flocks to keep,

Hätte der schafe mehr,



Mândre și cornute
en moutons, brebis,

Handsome, long-horned sheep,
Stolze, gehörnte,



*Şi cai învătați
en chevaux vaillants*

*Horses, trained and sound,
Pferde, gelernte,*



Și câni mai bărbăți.

et chiens à longue dent.

And the fiercest hounds.

Hunde von schärfrer art!



*Dar cea mioriță,
Cu lână plăviță,*

*or, icelle agnelle
Blanche jouvencelle,*

One small ewe-lamb, though,

*Dappled gray as tow,
Doch jenes Lämmchen zart,
Schwarzvlies, so anders ward:*



*De trei zile-ncoace
Gura nu-i mai tace,
Iarba nu-i mai place.*

*dépou trois jours et trois nuits
guère ne s'est tue
ne herbe lie plüt,*

*While three full days passed
Bleated loud and fast;
Would not touch the grass.*

*Seit dreien Tagen schon
Gab es nur klageton,
Fraß auch vom Grase nicht.*

*Mioriță laie,
Laie, bucălaie,
De trei zile-ncoace
Gura nu-ți mai tace!
Ori iarba nu-ți place,
Ori ești bolnăvioară,
Drăguță mioară?*

—Qu' — toi, agnelette,
frisette, bouclette?
de trois jours et trois nuits
guére nw te tais,
nw herbe te plait?
Malade serais?
—Bergeret gentil

"Ewe-lamb, dapple-gray,
Muzzled black and gray,
While three full days passed
You bleat loud and fast;
Don't you like this grass?
Are you too sick to eat,
Little lamb so sweet?"

"Lämmchen, mein dunkles Licht,
Dunkles Licht, Schwarzgesicht:
Seit dreien Tagen schon
Gibst du nur klageton,
Frißt auch vom Grase nicht-
Sag, schafft dir krankheit Pein,
Herzliebes Lämmchen mein?"





*Drăguțule bace,
Dă-ți oile-ncoace,
La negru zăvoi,
Că-i iarba de noi
Și umbră de voi.*

*Pousse tes brebis
vers le noir sous-bois
Tu y trouveras
L'ombre qui te plait
L'herbe qui nous sied.*

*"Oh my master dear,
Drive the flock out near
That field, dark to view,
Where the grass grows new,
Where there's shade for you.*

*"Schäfer mein, liebster mein:
Laß unsre weide sein
Drunten im schwarzen hain-
Dort gibt es Gras für mich,
Dort kühlt der Schatten dich!*

*Stăpâne, stăpâne,
Îți cheamă și-un câine,
Cel mai bărbătesc
Și cel mai frățesc,*

*Maire, ô, mon maître
fais ensuite paraître
appelle sur l'heure
ton chien le meilleur,
ton chien le plus fier
ton chien le plus frère.*

*"Master, master dear,
Call a large hound near,
A fierce one and fearless,
Strong, loyal and peerless.*

*Höre, o Herr, mein Flehn:
Laß einen Hund mitgehn,
Den du den stärkstein weißt,
Den du dir Bruder heißt!*



*Că l-apus de soare
Vreau să mi te-omoare
Baciul ungurean
Și cu cel vrâncean!
– Oită bârsană,
De ești năzdrăvană
Și de-a fi să mor
În câmp de mohor,
Să spui lui vrâncean
Și lui ungurean*

*Car tes deux amis,
tes deux ennemis
voilà qu'ils s'unirent
et tous deux d'ourdir
de te faire mourir
au soleil couchant,
au jour finissant,
Agnelette chére,
si jamais je dois
mourir ici-bas de méchant trépas,*



*The Transylvanian
And the Vranean
When the daylight's through
Mean to murder you."
"Lamb, my little ewe,
If this omen's true,
If I'm doomed to death
On this tract of heath,
Tell the Vranean*

*Denn schon im Abendrot
Bringen sie dir den Tod:
Der aus der Vrancea schoß,
Und er, der Ungarnsproß!"
"Lämmchen aus burzengrund!
Ist dir die Zukunft kund,
Und Soll am Wiesenrain
Dieses mein Ende sein,
So sag dem Ungarnsproß,
Dem aus der Vrancea bloß,*



Ca să mă îngroape

*Aice, pe-aproape,
În strunga de oi,*

*Dis-leur qu'ils m'enterrent
Prés mes soeurs et fréews,
Prés ma bergerie*

*Somewhere here close by,
By the sheepfold here*

*Daß mir am anger frei
Das Grab bereited sei:
Unter der Hürde da*



Să fiu tot cu voi;

Prés ma bergerie

So my flocks are near,

Bleib ich euch immer nah,



*În dosul stânii,
Să-mi aud câinii.
Aste să le spui,
Iar la cap să-mi pui*

*Du bercail prochain
J'entendrais mes chiens
Quand m'auronw tué
Posâa mon chevet*

*Back of my hut's grounds
So I'll hear my hounds.
Tell them what I say:
There, beside me lay*

*Hinter der Hütte traut
Hör ich der Hunde laut.
Dies sag getreu.
Doch mir zu Häupten sei*



*Fluieraș de fag,
Mult zice cu drag;
Fluieraș de os,
Mult zice duios;
Fluieraș de soc,
Mult zice cu foc!
Vântul, când a bate,
Prin ele-a răzbate
S-oile s-or strâng,*

*Fifrelwt de pin,
Moult chante chagrin,
Fifrelet d'osselets,
Moult chante enflammé Fifrelet de fresne,
Moult chante ma peine.
Par leur glas, le vent Soufflera doucement,
Toutes mes brebiz A courront ici,
Prés de moi-céans,*

*One small pipe of beech
Whith its soft, sweet speech,
One small pipe of bone
Whit its loving tone,
One of elderwood,
Fiery-tongued and good.
Then the winds that blow
Would play on them so
All my listening sheep*

*Flöte vom Buchenstamm
-Viel tönt sie liebesam-
Flöte aus weißem Bein
-Viel tönt sie sanft und rein-
Flöte aus Holderschaft!
-Viel tönt sie feuerkraft!
Wenn dann der Windhauch gent
Und durch die Flöte weht,
Drängen die Schafe sich,*



*Pe mine m-or plânge
Cu lacrimi de sânge!*

*Ma tombe mouillant
De larmes de sang.*

*Would draw near and weep
Tears, no blood so deep.*

*Weinen sie Bitterlich
Tränen aus Blut um mich!*



*Iar tu de omor
Să nu le spui lor.*

*Point ne parleras
De mort et trépas,*

*How I met my death,
Tell them not a breath;*

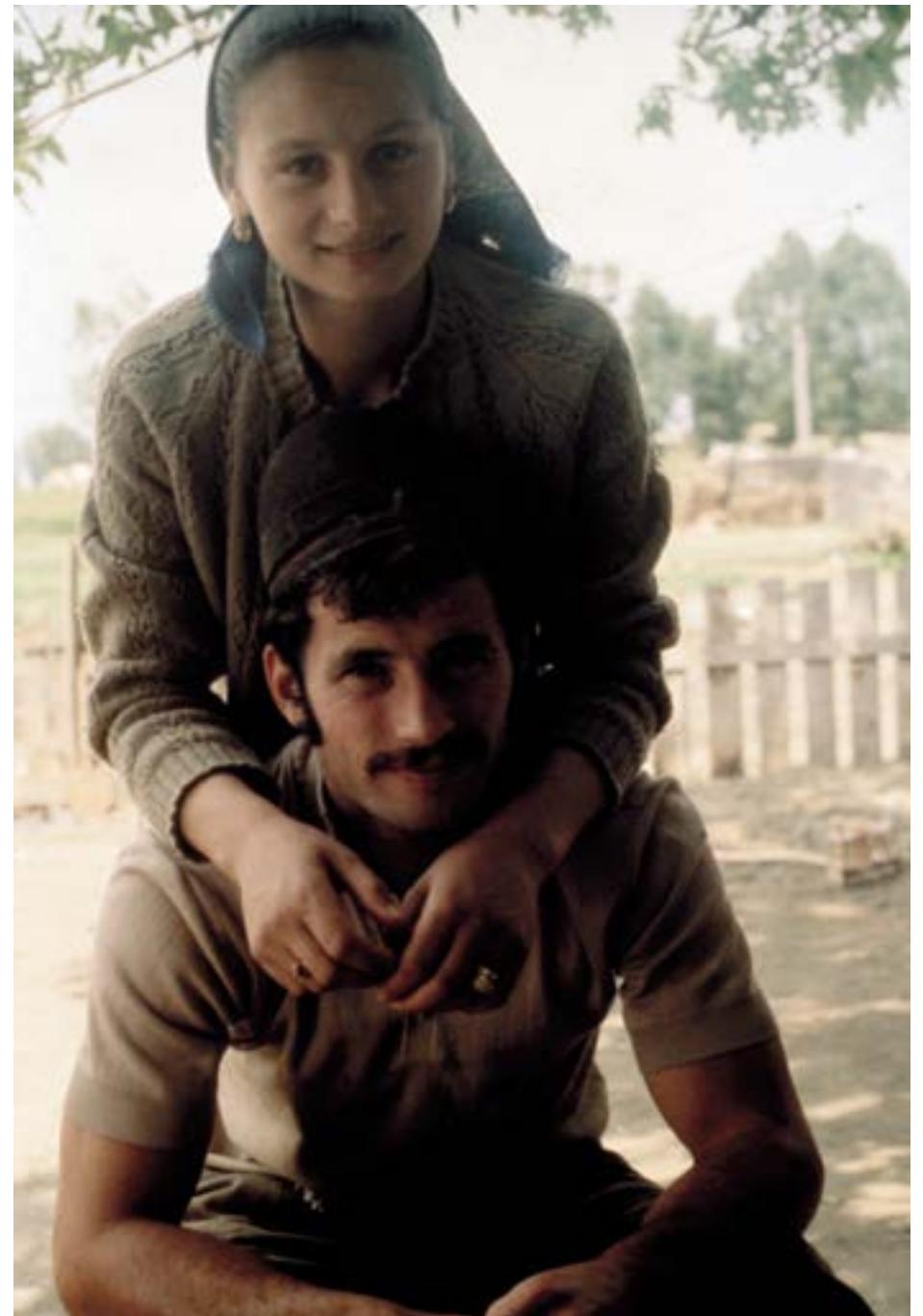
*Aber vom Mord
Sag du kein Wort!*

*Să le spui curat
Că m-am însurat
C-o mândră crăiasă,*

*Mais leur diras vrai
Que me mariai
Que je pris pour femme
Très royale dame,
De douceur profonde,*

*Say I could not tarry,
I have gone to marry
A princess – my bride*

*Sag ihnen Frei:
Dass ich vermählt sei*



A lumii mireasă;

Fianceé du monde;

Is the whole world's pride.

Mit einer Himmelsbraut;



*Că la nunta mea
A căzut o stea;*

*qu'd mes noces chût
etoiles des nues.*

*At my wedding, tell
How a bright star fell.*

*Als es die Hochzeit gab,
Fiel hell ein Stern herab;*



*Soarele și luna
Mi-au ținut cununa.
Brazi și păltinași
I-am avut nuntași,
Preoți, munții mari,
Păsări, lăutari,
Păsărele mii,*

*Que Soleil le Grand et la Lune en blanc
furent mes parrains par devers les Saints,
ormes et érables
convives de table, Fresnes et sapines
Hôtes de festin, Les montagnes grises
mes prélats d'église, les oiseaux des cieux
mes violoneux Mille astres lá-haut*



*Sun and moon came down
To hold my bridal crown,
Firs and maple trees
Were my guests; my priests
Were the mountains high;
Fiddlers, birds that fly,
All birds of the sky*

*Sonne und Mondenglanz
Hielten den Hochzeitskranz,
Espe war, Tanne war
Unter der Gästešchar;
Berge die Priester war'n
Spielleut die Vogelschar'n
-Mochten wohl tausend sein-*



Si stele fāclii!

Cierges et flambeaux

Torchlights, stars on high.

Sterne: der Fackelschein.



*Iar dacă-i zări,
Dacă-i întâlnii
Măicuță bătrână,*

*Mias onc si verras
Si rencontreras
vieille mère mienne*

*But if you see there,
Should you meet somewhere,
My old mother, little,*

*Aber erblickst du hier,
Oder begegnet dir
Mein altes Mütterlein,*

Cu brâul de lână,

à sangle de laine,

With her white wool girdle,

Gürtel aus Wolle rein



*Din ochi lăcrimând,
Pe câmp alergând,
De toți întrebând
Și la toți zicând
“Cine-a cunoscut
Cine mi-a văzut*

*Larmes répandant,
xhez tous s'enquérant,
a tous répétant:
Dites, qui l'a vu,
qui me l'a connu,*

*Eyes with their tears flowing,
Over the plains going,
Asking one and all,
Saying to them all,
'Who has ever known,
Who has seen my own*

*Weinend und klagend,
Irrend im Feld allein,
Alle befragend
Und allen sagend:
"Sagt mir, wer weiß um ihn,
Sagt mir, wer sah ihn ziehn,*





Mândru ciobănel,
Tras printr-un inel?

gentil pastourea
mince comme anneau:

Shepherd fine to see,
Slim as a willow tree,

Ihn, meinen Schäferheld,
Schlank, durch den ring gestrahlt?



*Fetisoara lui,
Spuma laptelui;
Mustacioara lui,
Spicul grâului;
Perisorul lui,
Peana corbului;
Ochișorii lui,
Mura câmpului ?”*

*Son visage blanc
Comme lait crémant
Moustache dorée
Comme epi de blé
Son cheveu si beau,
Comme blue corbeau,
Ses grands yeux buisants
Comm'ùres des champs.*

*With his dear face, bright
As the milk-foam, white,
His small moustache, right
As the young wheat's ear,
With his hair so dear,
Like plumes of the crow
Little eyes that glow
Like the ripe black sloe?”*

*Sein liebes angesicht
Ist wie der Milchschaum Licht; Sein lieber bart ist
weich,
Ähren des weizens gleich;
Den rabenfedern gar
Gleich glänzt sein liebes haar;
Der lieben augen glanz
Gleicht reifen brombeern ganz!”*



*Tu, mioara mea,
Să te-nduri de ea*

*Tot, agnelle chére,
Point ne mentiras,*

*Lämmchen, dem Mütterlein,
Sollst du ein tröster sein,*

*Ewe-lamb, small and pretty,
For her sake have pity,*

*Şi-i spune curat
Că m-am îsurat
C-o fată de crai,
Pe-o gură de rai,*

*Mais lui dira vrai
que me mariai
à fille de Roi
au pays là-bas
où monts s'achévent
en pays de rêve;*

*Let it just be said
I have gone to wed
A princess most noble
There on Heaven's doorsill.*

*Sag ihm getreu:
Daß ich vermählt sei
Mit einer stolzen frau
In einer himmelsau.*



*Iar la cea măicuță
Să nu spui, drăguță,*

*Mais néant lii dis
du miracle qui*

*To that mother, old,
Let it not be told*

*Aber dem Mütterlein
Sag nicht, o Lämmchen mein,*



*Că la nunta mea
A căzut o stea,*

*à mes noces fit
qu'une étoile a chu*

*That a star fell, bright,
For my bridal night;*

*Als es die Hochzeit gab,
Fiel hell ein Stern herab;*





C-am avut nuntaș
Brazi și păltinași,
Preoți, munții mari,
Păsări, lăutari,
Păsărele mii,

Fresner et sapins
Hôtes de festin, Les montagnes grises
Mes prEe d'eglise Les oiseaux cieux
mes violoneuz
mille astres lâa-haut

For my bridal night;
Firs and maple trees
Were my guests, priests
Were the mountains high;
Fiddlers, birds that fly,
All birds of the sky;

Espe war, Tanne war
Unter der Gästeschar;
Berge die Priester war'n,
Spielleut die Vogelschar'n
-Mochten wohl tausent sein-



Si stele fâclii!

cierges et flambeaux

Torchlights, stars on high."

Sterne: der Fackelschein.

Acknowledgements

My thanks to the many families of Poina Sibiului who allowed us to share with them their daily lives and in particular to our landlady Maria Muntean known to us as "Mama Leone" whose good humor and good nature made was at times a very difficult way of life much easier for us. May God bless you and protect her soul! Kiki Skagen Munshi, together with Ernest H. Latham, prepared the English translation of the *Miorița* poem, which appears within this book and it was Kiki who initially suggested using these photographs together with the *Miorița* poem for a show of this work at the American Library of București.

My Appreciation goes to Agnes Eperjesi, a young graphic designer, who deserves full credit for the ingeneous way she found in creating the layout and design of the book. To my wife and daughter who joined me on some of my adventures with the shepherds of Poina Sibiulu, I say, let us return once again to look for the sheep and their shepherds.

L.S.
Kalkab, Turkey
May 1987

Background

The photographs used in this book were taken during 1981-1982 near the shepherding village of Sibiu, in the Transylvanian region of Romania. My stay in Romania was made possible with a grant from International Research Exchange I.R.E.X. of Princeton, New Jersey, an organization which encourages East-West cultural exchanges.

Poina Sibilui was one of several of a group of villages of the Marginea Sibiului where shepherds still continued to practice the centuries old tradition of taking their sheep to winter pasturages along the Danubian plain, and other warmer areas, bringing them back in late spring to the mountain pasturages some of which were near their home village.

This practice known as transhumanance still continues today. In their summer pasturages the shepherds are joined by their families who stay with them the entire summer. The women help milk the sheep and make white "telema" cheese.

The children take the sheep out to graze.

In early fall, the women and children return to Poina and the men begin the 2-3 month trek with their sheep back to the places where they will spend the winter. Their life is not an easy one, for along the way they encounter many difficulties: some imposed by naturem others by the realities of Socialists Romania.

