

The story of a Romanian woman settled in America was published by the New York Times. Cristiana is a ballerina and for years, she lived with the fear of admitting that she belongs to the world of the Roma, according to Pro TV News.

"My parents and grandparents were well aware of the negative stereotypes of the Gypsies as rootless thieves and beggars, and they took pains to protect me. As a little girl, my mother dressed me in pale colors and cut my hair short so I would not look like a Gypsy. My father warned me never to steal, and to always associate with smart people. I can understand why my grandfather, a blacksmith, was so proud of buying a "corner of the village" and building houses for his children. My grandmother was a healer — not through magical powers but by volunteering to take people to the best doctors in the capital," Cristina Grigore writes in the New York Times piece.

"Still, all these efforts couldn't stop my classmates' parents from reproaching my first-grade teacher for giving the highest award to me, a Gypsy. That confirmed my grandfather's belief that there is no use acting "as if I were an official from the Ministry," as he would put it, since there was "no such thing as a Gypsy teacher, priest or lawyer." He too wanted to be like "the others," but he was also aware of the invisible limits that kept Gypsies separate.

"I grew up believing it was better not to be a Gypsy, yet I couldn't fully belong to "normal" society, either. I learned that I must not be the best in school. Like an ostrich, I buried my head — in books. I spent hours reading and dreaming of discovering another world. I wanted badly to live a different kind of life, and I waited for the right moment to "escape."

"My childhood dreams started to come true in 2006, when I traveled to the United States — my first trip abroad. At 22, a new world opened up to me, full of freedom, adventure, romance and beauty. I connected immediately with people from all over the world, feeling like one of them. Attending weddings and receptions, I wore fashionable evening gowns. I craned my neck at skyscrapers in New York, explored museums in Washington and visited my first American university campus. I felt the salty breeze of the Atlantic and breathed the mountain air of the Appalachians. I felt like Alice in Wonderland (or Gypsy in Wanderland). A musician friend, Nelson Emokpae, wrote a song to me — the refrain was, "Princess, who are you?"

"I couldn't stop crying when I told a friend for the first time"

"I stayed for three months. Just before I returned to Romania, there was an incident involving some misplaced money. Though I was never accused, the fear that I might be suspected of thievery put me on the defensive and onto an emotional roller-coaster. I didn't expect this incident, and in an unguarded moment the repressed image of Gypsy thieves and beggars that I had long kept in the closet broke loose.

"Seeing myself mirrored in that shameful image terrified me. I was confused and felt a need to explain my reaction. That was when I came out. I couldn't stop crying when I said, for the first time, "I am a Gypsy woman" — this to my friend, Harley Flack, cousin of the singer Roberta Flack. As a black man, he knew well the impact of negative stereotypes. For many years I had kept away from "Gypsies," which left me not knowing who I was. But his encouragement, along with the many positive experiences I had in the United States, gave me the strength to sort out my identity.

"I soon came to understand that "Gypsy" connotes not only panhandling and rootlessness, but also fantasy, soul-wrenching violin music and freedom. In Nashville, where I go to college, or in New York where I often visit, people don't know much about Gypsies and usually haven't met any. They often presume that I must have a cool, carefree lifestyle, like Esmeralda in the Hunchback of Notre Dame. This is the romantic image of Gypsies — mysterious people who wander the world in caravans and live in colorful chaos. Their children run barefoot in the dirt, their girls wear brightly colored dresses and long-flowing hair, and old women read the future. Gypsy history is written in song, and the pen is the violin bow. It is an image popularized in films like Emil Loteanu's Soviet-era Queen of the Gypsies, whose heroes are free as the wind: Zobar is a bold and courageous horse thief; Rada, his love, bewitches men with her dark eyes and tempestuous dancing. It made me feel interesting and exotic.

"But the other image, the one my parents tried to protect me from, is never far behind: In Emir Kusturica's Time of the Gypsies (1988), the sordid underground world of Gypsy thieves made my heart heavy. Young Perhan, the hero, dreams of a house and an honest life, but is trapped in criminal activities; he is the eternal Gypsy outcast.

My mother collected trash and my father was a welder

"My family didn't speak Romani or follow the nomadic lifestyle. However, my grandfather was a

"The Gypsy in me" - Emotional story of a Romanian woman settled in the US, told by the New York Times

Written by Administrator

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blacksmith, a common Romani occupation. My mother's light skin allowed me to conceal my roots, but my father, whose darker skin would have drawn attention, avoided coming around my school.

"They worked hard so I could get educated — my mother collected trash and cleaned stairs and my father was a welder — and they enabled me to attend university in the United States, at Vanderbilt, where I am now.

"Pride in being Roma liberates the Gypsy in me. It expresses itself through the full range of emotions. It gives me courage and empowers me: I see no limits to developing my potential and performing at the highest level. It makes me refuse absurd conventions. I open doors by telling stories, and I let charm and creativity be part of my life. I do ballet, but I will join a Gypsy dance anytime. My hair is long and sometimes I wear bright colors; they look good with my dark skin."

"Tiganca din mine." Povestea emotionanta a unei femei din Romania mutate in SUA, in New York Times

O romanca stabilita in America a ajuns in New York Times cu povestea ei. Cristiana este balerina si ani de zile a purtat in ea teama de a recunoaste ca apartine lumii romilor, informeaza Stirile Pro TV .

Crescuta de familie cu teama de a spune ca este "tiganca" pentru a nu atrage privirile pe strada sau la scoala, Cristiana Grigore si-a renegat originile, pe care le-a acceptat abia cand a ajuns in Statele Unite, intelegand ca nu are de ce sa se fereasca.

Povestea ei a ajuns in New York Times, cel mai mare ziar al Americii si unul dintre cele mai importante branduri media de pe planeta.

Cristiana si-a expus povestea ei, a familiei sale si a originilor sale pe intelesul tuturor:

"Eu apartin culturii romilor, dar pentru multi ani mi-am renegat originile. Am crescut in Romania, unde notiunea de tigan inseamna "o persoana angajata in activitati daunatoare sau ilegale". Numele vine din Greaca medievala care inseamna "de neatins", dar a derivat in termeni precum "gypped" sau "gypsy cab", referindu-se la furat si inselat."

"Parintii si bunicii mei cunosc foarte bine stereotipul in care tiganii sunt vazuti hoti sau cersetori si s-au chinuit mult sa ma protejeze. Cand eram mica, mama ma imbraca in haine de culori sterse si ma tuntea atat de scurt incat sa nu mai par un tigan. Tatal meu ma avertiza sa nu fur niciodata si mereu sa fiu alaturi de oamenii inteligenti. Pot intelege de ce bunicul meu, un fierar, era atat de mandru dupa ce a cumparat "un colt din sat" si case pentru copiii sai. Bunica mea era vindecatoare, nu facea magii, dar ducea oamenii bolnavi la cei mai buni doctori din capitala.

"Cu toate acestea, eforturile nu i-au oprit pe parintii colegilor mei de clasa sa ii reproseze invatatoarei ca am primit premiul I, eu, o tiganka. Asta a intarit pararea bunicului meu ca nu au existat niciodata profesori tigani, preoti tigani sau avocati tigani. Si el dorea sa fie ca si ceilalti, dar era constient de granitele invizibile care ii limitau pe romi."

Mi-am ingropat capul in carti si am petrecut ore citind, visand si descoperind o lume noua

"Am crescut crezand ca este mai bine sa nu ma consider tiganka, desi nu am putut niciodata sa fiu inclusa in societatea "normala". Am invatat ca nu trebuie sa fiu cea mai buna in scoala mea. Dar mi-am ingropat capul in carti si am petrecut ore citind, visand si descoperind o lume noua. Am vrut sa duc o alta viata, diferita, si am asteptat momentul potrivit sa "evadez"."

"Ce am visat in copilarie s-a implinit in 2006, cand am calatorit pentru prima data in afara tarii, in Statele Unite. La 22, o noua lume mi s-a deschis in fata, libera, plina de aventura, dragoste si frumuseti. M-am conectat imediat cu oameni din toata lumea, m-am simtit ca unul dintre ei. Am fost la nunti, la receptii, am purtat haine elegante. Mi-am sucit gatul uitandu-ma spre cer si admirand cladirile inalte din New York, am vizitat muzee in Washington si am ajuns in primul meu campus universitar. Am simtit briza Atlanticului si am respirat aerul Muntilor Apalasi. M-am simtit ca Alice in Tara minunilor... sau ca "O tiganka in tara minunilor". Un prieten cantaret, Nelson Emokpae a compus un cantec pentru mine, intitulat "Printeso, tu cine esti?"

Am plans cand i-am zis pentru prima data unui prieten, ca sunt o tiganka

"Am stat acolo 3 luni si chiar inainte sa ma intorc in Romania, a fost un incident care implica disparitia unor bani. Desi nu am fost niciodata acuzata, frica de faptul ca puteam fi suspectata de furt m-a pus in defensiva. Nu ma asteptam la acest incident si imediat mi-a sarit in fata imaginea pe care incercam sa o fac disparuta a tiganului hot si cersetor."

"Eram confuza si simteam nevoia sa-mi explic rectia. Atunci mi-am iesit din mine. Am plans cand i-am zis pentru prima data unui prieten, Harley Flack, ca sunt o tiganca. Ca barbat de culoare, el a stiut bine care e impactul acestor stereotipuri."

"Am inteles apoi ca acest termen nu inseamna numai "nomad", dar reprezinta si fantezia si libertatea. In Nashville, unde merg la colegiu, oamenii nu stiu multe despre tigani si nu au cunoscut pe nimeni asa. Ei cred ca sunt un fel de Esmeralda din Cocosatul de la Notre Dame."

"Parintii mei nu au vorbit limba romilor si nu au trait stilul nomad. Dar bunicul meu era fierar, in timp ce pielea mai alba a mamei mele ne-a ajutat sa ne acundem radacinile. Tata, mai inchis la ten, evita sa vina la scoala sa ma ia."

Mama colecta gunoi si curata scarile blocurilor, iar tata era sudor

"Ai mei au muncit din greu. Mama colecta gunoi si curata scarile blocurilor, iar tata era sudor. Cred ca fermitate ca romii vor scapa de acest stigmat si vor reusi sa-si ocupe un loc in lume, cu ajutorul culturii lor extraordinare. Suntem aticipi, avem mai multe nationalitati, multiculturali, putem contribui la constructia de identitate a secolului 21."

"Nu vad acum nicio limita sa-mi dezvolt potentialul si sa ating cel mai inalt nivel. Deschid usi spunand povesti, iar creativitatea este o parte din viata mea. Eu fac balet acum, am parul lung si ma imbrac in culori deschise, care merg perfect cu tenul meu inchis." - Cristiana Grigore in New York Times.