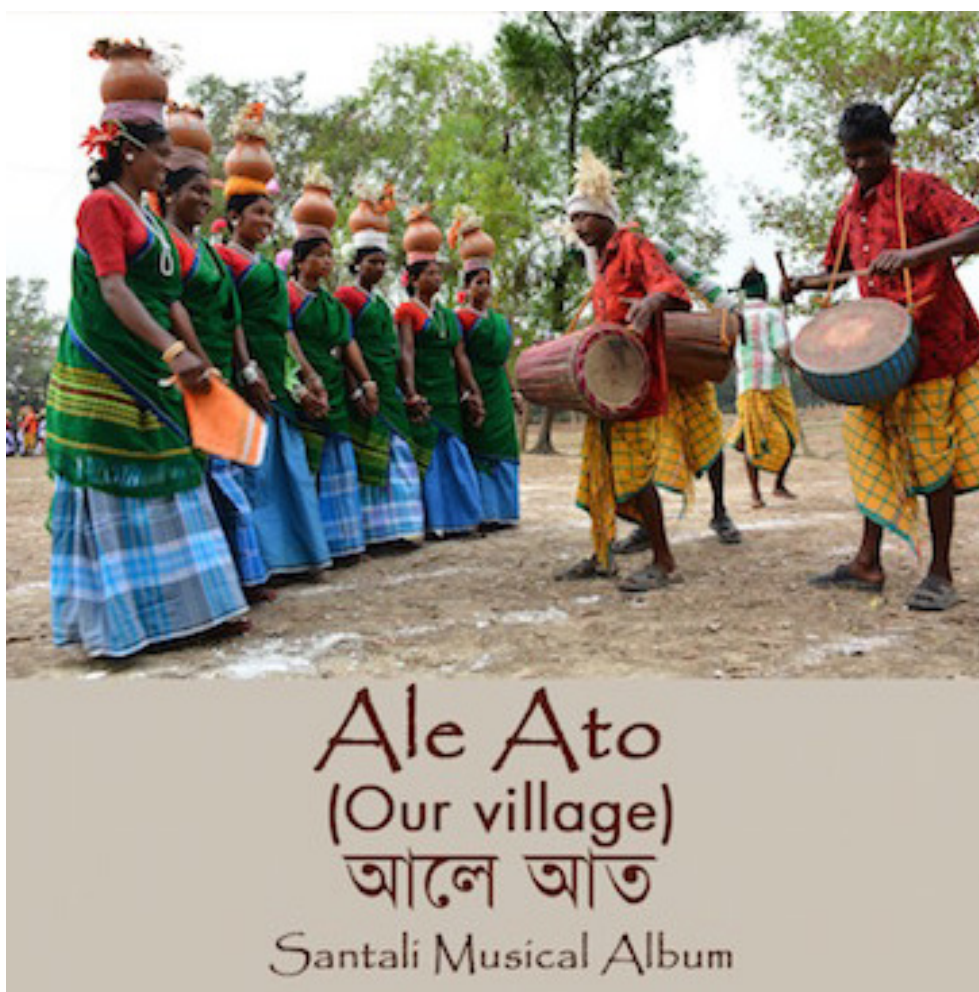


Themes and translations for the Santali video album



explained and translated by
Dr. Boro Baski

Watch all the eight video clips here:
www.indiantribalheritage.org/santalvideoalbum

composed and performed by staff and students of the
Rolf Schoembs Vidyashram
(Non-formal Santal school, Ghosaldanga village, Dist.-Birbhum,
West Bengal, India)

1 *Nadi Hudin Khon (From Childhood)*

Starting from 1:06, Santali video album “Ale Ato” (Our Village, Part 1 of 2)

Theme

A daughter tells her mother:

Dear mother, you brought me up from childhood but you were not able to make use of my physical strength. You nourished me as a baby and taught me how to clean the courtyard, catch snails from the pond, collect the vegetables from the forest and firewood from the jungle. Now you married me off, but I know you will remember me and weep silently while taking food and sweeping the verandah. I am so sad that I am leaving you alone at home.

Literary translation

From a small child you grown me up

Where could you use my strength dear mother,

At the end of your life you will realize

You will be sweeping the courtyard by supporting your hip with your
hand,

You will be eating rice keeping your hand on your cheek

Tears will be falling on the water bowl.

In the courtyard there is your broom

In the cowshed there is your basket to clean cow dung dear mother,

On the top and bottom of Garshade (raised platform to keep cleaned
utensils) there are your utensils and bronze pot,

Now I leave you dear mother.

2 ***Barge Duyor (Backyard Door)***

Starting from 5:08, Santali video album “Ale Ato” (Our Village, Part 1 of 2)

Theme

An old man says:

Whenever I enter and leave my house through the back door I hear the hammering sound of the blacksmith from the other side of our village. Poor blacksmith, I am a widower, and your sound makes my heart heavy and fearful.

Every day at dawn I awake thinking of the pigeons, including the pregnant ones, who flew away from the earthen bowls by the sound of the rice husking machine near our house.

Literary translation

Coming out and in at the back door of the house,

I hear the sound of hammering,

At the end of our village the poor blacksmith prepares the ring of the
cart.

Me too, poor blacksmith have no partner in life

Every beat of the hammer makes my heart tremble.

Backyard of the house and adjacent to the wall

I hear the sound of Dhinki ‘dhukur dhukur’ (Dinki-rice crusher
machine made of wood)

The sound of Dhingki keeps me awake during the dawn of day.

Flight of pigeons under our thatch roof

About to hatch chicks today or tomorrow

Dhinki sound forced them to fly away.

3 ***Bagi kedalang (We no longer do the same)***

Starting from 8:38, Santali video album “Ale Ato” (Our Village, Part 1 of 2)

Theme

Two school-boys sing:

We have left our herding days but we cannot leave playing our flute. We have left hunting rats and birds in the jungle but we cannot leave drinking rice beer.

Two school-girls sing:

We have left the habit of collecting cow dung in the scorching heat, we no longer collect vegetables from the fields but we cannot forget our dances and music and attending our village fairs. We have forgotten the habit of putting a towel on our shoulder and embroider the end-pieces of our towels but we have not forgotten our childhood friendship.

Literary translation

Boy:

We have left herding cows and buffalos,
but could not leave playing flute.

We have left hunting mice and birds and left the eating of roasted
meat,
but could not leave drinking rice beer.

Girls:

We have left stitching mattress with palm leafs sitting on khat under
the banyan tree, collecting cow dung in the field in the scorching heat.

But could not leave our habit of roaming around in the bazar.

We have left the habit of putting towels on our shoulder and doing
handy work at the end of the panchi (towel),
but could not leave our dance and music.

4 ***Hermet Dipil (On my Hip and my Head)***

Starting from 13:19, Santali video album “Ale Ato” (Our Village, Part 1 of 2)

Theme

A young girl tells her mother:

I am tired of carrying an earthen water pot on my hip and on my head, dear mother. Buy me some pots of silver and gold.

I am tired of carrying my little brother on my hip from one side of the village to the other every day.

I want a little sister like my friend Thermeng has.

Literary translation

Keeping earthen pot on my hip and on my head,

I am tired of carrying water every day dear mother.

Buy me pots of silver and gold.

From upper part of the village to the lower part

I am tired of carrying my little brother on my hip every day,

Get me a little sister like my friend Thermeng has.

5 *Rasi Nato* (Big Village)

Starting from 16:25, Santali video album “Ale Ato” (Our Village, Part 1 of 2), cont. Part 2

Theme

A group of women recall their bygone days:

In our big village we girls and boys were together in pairs. But the pairs of our friendships are no more. Some of us have shut ourselves up indoors. Some of us have chained ourselves and have multiplied like the roots of a banana plant.

Literary translation

Boys and girls in our big village

We used to be in pairs,

Pairs of our friendship is broken.

Some of us have closed ourselves indoor,

Some of us have chained ourselves,

Some of us have multiplied like root of banana plants.

6 *Dungri latar* (At the Foothill)

Starting from 1:06, Santali video album “Ale Ato” (Our Village, Part 2 of 2)

Theme

A boy tells a girl:

At the foothill in the stone quarry, I see you carrying stone chips on your head and become sad, Muni. For money and earthly pleasure you spoil your youthful body and your soul.

The girl tells the boy:

What can I do, brother? I feel ashamed to tell the truth: I carry the stones shamelessly because of my drunkard father who does not work, and because of my sickly mother who cannot walk. I carry stones because of hunger.

Literary translation

Below the hill in the heap of stones

Seeing you carrying stone on your head makes me sad Muni

For the money and earthly joy you are spoiling your youthful body and
soul.

What to do brother, shame to disclose,

I carry the stone shamelessly.

As my father is a drunkard and my mother squirreling,

I carry stone for hunger sake.

7 ***Dhuri Daka (Rice made of Dust)***

Starting from 5:46, Santali video album “Ale Ato” (Our Village, Part 2 of 2)

Theme

A boy tells a girl:

Oh Muni, you may have forgotten the days when we played together under the banyan tree. Playfully we cooked dust as if it were rice and tree-leaves as if they were curry. How we used to catch fish together in the muddy water and pull out lotus-roots from the water to eat. Maybe you no longer remember?

The girl tells the boy:

Remembering our bygone days makes my heart burn, the smile of my child lightens my heart.

Literary translation

Rice made with dust and curry with leaves
Playing around the banyan tree,
Oh Muni, you have forgotten the days
We used to play together.

Catching fish together Muni
Throwing out the lotus roots from the water to eat,
Playing in muddy water
You may not remember now.

Collecting firewood in scorching heat,
Collecting vegetables at noon in the field,
Managing the family makes me tired.

Remembering bygone days
Makes my heart burn,
Smile of my child makes me smile
and my heart light.

8 ***Baihar Hana Sare (Over the Green Field)***

Starting from 10:48, Santali video album “Ale Ato” (Our Village, Part 2 of 2)

Theme

This is the song we have composed for our Non-formal Santal school, the Rolf Schoembs Vidyashram. The students and teachers of the school sing it regularly. It describes how the school campus that is surrounded by trees was created on a green field and at the bank of a small river; how the children go to the school in the morning walking and running all the way; how they learn the lessons through dance and music. The song also tells how the men and women of the surrounding villages came together to build the school; and how everybody is now happy with their school.

Literary translation

Beyond the green field
at the bank of the small river,
Bounded with trees
It is there our RSV ashram.

From the morning by walking and running
For the reading and writing,
Sounded with dance and music
It is our RSV ashram.

Clearing the bush and jungle
Leveling the scattered heap of soil,
Drying the soft clay
We built RSV ashram.

Ghosaldanga Bishnubati
Ashadulla Bautijol
From the beginning there you are ,
Let us speak same words together now.

There looks hazy in the distance afar
Bidhya Bandlo Banspukur Sar kayet Chandypur
At the backyard again
Panchabanpur

There comes the sounds
O te orah, Bo te bol
Let us enter to the RSV
Together now.