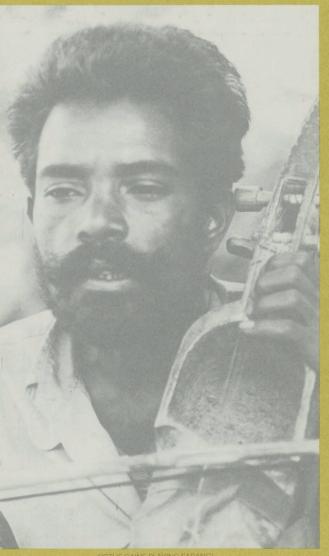


The Gaines of Nepal







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- Band 2 Begging Song sung by Lal Gaine and his wife. 5 min.
 Recorded in a home in Kathmandu, June 21, 1981.

TOTAL TIME Side One-20min., 20 sec.

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- Band 1 Bahini, Namaskar (Hello, Little Sister) sung by Chabi Lal Gaine (mahdal drum) and Lal Bahadur Gaine (sarangi). Recorded in a home in Kathmandu on September 15, 1980. 3 min.
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- Band 3 A Shastri, no title, sung by Garbhe Gaine. 4 min., 20 sec. See Band 2.
- TOTAL TIME Side Two-19 min., 30 sec.

THE INSTRUMENTS

- sarangi the 4-stringed fiddle-like instrument, necessary accompaniment on any gaine song. The bow is often made from 15 or more horse hairs strung on a curved thin branch, about 18" long. The sarangl is usually made from the sacred peepal tree and may last 100 years if made well.
- mahdal unlike the sarangi, the two sided drum is not essential and is usually bought rather than made by the gaine himself. The skin comes from the ubiquitous goats.

About the Recorder

Stephen Conlon has spent five years in Nepal, operating a photo studio, managing a trekking agency, and doing private research. He has traveled over almost all of the country and now has his own trekking company, based in Worcester, Massachusetts. He is also a professional photographer, having worked in several advertising studios in New York City and published several photo essays in different newspapers and magazines.

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The Gaines of Nepal

PRODUCED BY STEVE CONLON

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 4078



The Gaines of Nepal



The homes (right) of Garbhe Gaine's family, Gorkha.

THE GAINES (GUY-naze) OF NEPAL

Nepal, like other rural, agrarian cultures, has a rich and living artistic life, especially in the field of music. The language itself has a musical quality about it, with onomatopoeia running rampant. Music is also a part of the peasant's daily life as they work in the fields.

One popular form of music is found in the tradition carried on from generation to generation by the caste known as gaine (GUY-nay), i.e. singer. They are generally believed to have arrived in Nepal together with other caste

Hindus fleeing the Moghul invasions in the Rajasthan area of India in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

They are presently concentrated in several districts of central Nepal: Gorkha, Lamjung, Syangja, Kaski, and Parbhat, though scattered pockets exist elsewhere such as Bhojpur in the east. Their village is usually an adjunct to a neighboring high caste Hindu (i.e. Brahmin-Chhetri) village. The village will often have two distinct names: that given by the gaines themselves, and the name of the adjacent village followed by a hyphen and the word 'Gaine.'

Being of low caste and therefore low ritual status, their

homes are separate from, and of noticeably inferior quality to, those of their higher caste neighbors. Tradition enjoins that the gaines not own land, but rather gain their livelihood through donations offered in return for their songs. In a society where land is the basis of wealth, this custom has kept them low on the economic ladder and been a source of many tribulations.

Some of these troubles have been put to music and make up a part of their repertoire, being somewhat akin to the blues in their expression and feeling. The song sung by Lal Gaine and his wife is an example of this type. Other types of songs include old religious songs of Vedic origin, called shastri, as sung here by Garbhe Gaine; ballads, reminiscent of America's Old West, wherein a notorious character or incident is immortalized, as in Gothe Gaine's version of Ballad of the Murdered Daughter, and folk songs, such as Hello, Little Sister, a term of address often used flirtatiously.

There are certain areas that have traditionally served as haunts of the gaines, and many still follow familiar routes according to the season. The Chitwan area in southern Nepal, large towns like Gorkha, Pokhara, and Palpoa, and the gaine's own home district would be likely destinations on the circuit. A few have ventured much further afield; Garbhe Gaine, age 71, reports having been to Assam and Shillong in northeastern India and several towns in northern Nepal along the Tibetan border. Garbhe married the sister of Ram Bahadur Gaine, ten years his senior and regarded as the unofficial 'king' of the gaines. Unfortunately, the loss of his front teeth a few years ago has taken away from the quality of his singing.

Gothe Gaine, much younger at 37, makes the unlikely claim that he is the only gaine invited to play at the Royal Palace in Kathmandu. His claim aside however, he is still the best this recorder heard.

A gaine's training is very informal. The son hears his father singing and playing the sarangi during his early childhood. At around the age of seven, the son will usually begin to try his hand at the sarangi. By the age of fourteen, he is ready to go out on the road and make his way in life.

The gaines travel alone or in pairs, rarely any larger group, except during a major festival. They customarily go

from house to house, standing or squatting near the gate and directing their music toward an open window. The serenade may last as long as ten minutes, during which time the woman of the house or lone of the daughters will come out with their baksheesh, a few paisa (coins) or a handful of rice. They can also be seen playing in town squares, outside a temple, or at a chautara, a shady sitting area found along most trails in central Nepal.

Gothe's song was recorded at a chautara, with all the background sounds—river and birds—blending in. When they play in such public places, the session may go on for hours, donations being given at the end in cash.

Garbhe's songs were recorded on the veranda in front of his house. The water buffalo tied nearby was the source of one background noise. At the end of the song, as he intones the name of Hari (i.e. God), an airplane can be heard in the distance, an ironical juxtaposition of two worlds far removed in time.

With the advent of tourism on a large scale in the 1970s, the gaine tradition may soon become a sacrifice on the altar of modernity. Young gaines today shun traditional village routes and flock to the tourist centers of Kathmandu and Pokhara. Given their economic situation and their just desire to share what the modern world has to offer, the situation is understandable. It would be unfortuante however, if this rich tradition were to be lost forever.

Chhori Mareko (Ballad of the Murdered Daughter)

(A free translation)

- Listen closely if you please to this ballad of Hari Prasad, a Brahmin (by caste),
- Never play this game of juwa as it makes no distinction between your possessions and those of others.
- On the 18th of Mangsir (Nepalese month) in the year 2033, a Saturday (roughly the 3rd of December, 1976)
- Three Tibetans came down from Manang District to gamble at juwa.
- On the first day, Hari Prasad won 17,000 rupees (about \$1,400).

What an unlucky day for poor Hari Prasad.

From the second day he began to lose, first his winnings, then his own cash.

He lost his land, paddy fields whose annual yield was 300 muris of rice.

He lost his house next, and the plot of land on which it sat.

Hari still owed 25,000 rupees on the house.

He lost everything in the house too, vessels and utensils of silver and bronze. What a pitiful guy.

He lost his livestock, 24 cows, 7 buffalos, 14 castrated goats and 11 uncastrated.

One of his two wives calls to him, "Come home my king, you must be tired and hungry from all this gambling."

At dinner, he plays with his rice on his steel plate as though it were khaura (the shell with which one plays juwa).

His wives now see he is becoming quite mad. He goes back to gamble, but has no assets left.

He asks the Tibetans if they'll accept his wives as a bet. They agree.

One of the wives says, "Don't disgrace us, bet this small field which my father gave as a wedding gift, a field of 5 muris."

He loses the field, then bets his wives.

The Manangi bets on chawka and wins. The wives flee into the forest.

Now he's really in a fix.

Hari has two sons, aged 7 and 2, and two daughters, one 19 and the younger just finished her SLC (School Leaving Certificate, roughly equivalent to high school).

The elder is married to a rich businessman, the younger is unwed.

He calls the elder daughter from the house: "Daughter, give me your jewels, I have need of them."

"No, father, they're not mine, they belong to another." (i.e. her husband's family)

He then lures her into the forest nearby on the pretext that her mother is sick, and he needs her help to carry her home. She's suspicious, but dutifully follows him.
In the forest he demands her jewels.
When she refuses, he pulls out an automatic knife (switchblade).

He threatens her, "Hurry or else."

She's afraid and quivering, and threatens to tell others of his threats.

He's quite mad by now and figures, "Either way now I'm disgraced, so I may as well kill her and at least that way I'll get the jewels."

He stabs her through the right breast and is relieved to be done with it.

After three hours pass, she raises her head and, in a gasping voice, asks, "Water, father."

He pulls the blade from her chest and slits her throat. The life force leaves her body through the throat. He hurriedly buries her body under some leaves.

Just then three soldiers stationed in Malaysia are passing through the forest on their way home on leave.

"What kind of blood is this," exclaims one of them.

The follow the trail of blood and find the body of the slain young girl.

She's wearing a blue potuka (waistbelt), a polyester blouse, and a terilene saree, and all of these are glistening (ja la la la) with blood.

"There's not a single ornament on her body."

"There are dacoits (thieves) in the forest. We don't know how many, so I suggest we leave."

The foolish one (so-called) of the three says, "No wait," as he spies Hari Prasad crouched behind a Kattus tree.

He runs to him, drags him out, and kicks him in the face: "Why did you kill her?"

The sinner says, "I lost all my money. I killed her for 6½ tolas of gold." (a tola equals ten grams.)

He confesses and goes to jail for twenty years.

She was 3 months pregnant, married less than a year, only 19 years old.

This all happened in Chyamsay Jungle, just outside Chyamsay Village.

Never play this game of juwa. Learn a lesson from this ballad of Hari Prasad.

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