

TRANSCRIPT

Ngayulu manta pampura kulinu
tjukurpa ngayuku tjiti munu tjamu
kami

When I touched the ground – stories for
my children and grandchildren

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LANGUAGE: Pitjantjatjara



Ai! Ngayuku ini Nyurpaya Kaika, ngayuku ngura Atilanya. Ngayulu iti ngaringu.

Ai! My name is Nyurpaya Kaika and my country is Atila/Mt Connor. I was born there.

Nyuntu mukuringanyi ngayuku ngura nyakunytjikitja? Atilanya?

Do you want to see my homeland? Atila/Mt Connor?

Pitja!

Come!

Pitjala nyawa! Nintiriwa!

Come and see! Learn about it!

Nyuntu mukuringanyi? Pitjala nyawa! Ngayuku ngura. Ngayuku tjukurpa ngayulu nyuntunya wangkanyi.

Do you want to see it? Well come! Come to my country. I will tell you my story.

Nganana anu - ngayuku ngunytju anu holiday anangi, Utjula kutu. Tra//tjina.

Tjaka. Anangu tjuta nganana panya mutuka ngurpa. Nganana nyaa donkey munu camel kanyini munu nyara palula nganana tjina ankupai.

My mother was going on a holiday to Utju/Areyonga [460 miles return]. Walking on foot. Back in those days nobody had motorcars. We only had donkeys and camels, or we would walk barefoot.

Blanket tjalira munula tjina ankupai papa tjuta road-ngka. Ka nyara palulangka ngayuku ngunytju paku anangi paluru. Pregnant. Ngaltutjara! Munu paluru - nganana anangi Mulga Park-ala kutu. Ankula nganana ngururpa, nganana nyaa panya kapi tjinguru ngururpa ngarangi rockhole. Tjinguru kapi kutjupa nyaangka anangi ka nganana nyara paluru purunytja wiltja ngura tjunkula nganana Atilala nganana wirkanu munu ngay//nyara palula nyinara nganana ma pakanu.

My family would throw our blankets onto them and set off along the road with all our dogs. It was during one of these journeys that my mother was pregnant with me. Pregnant. Bless her! On that journey they were travelling along to/from Mulga Park... and half way we/they made camp at a water source, a rockhole. We/they were walking between water sources along the way, and were building shelters to rest in. We arrived at Atila/Mt Connor [giant desert mesa] and camped there for a while and then moved on again.

Ngayulu wiya. Ngayuku ngunytju mama munu anangu kutjupa tjuta kulu.

I wasn't born yet. My mother and father were walking with a large group of people.

Munu nganana ankula Areyongala wirkanu munu walytja wirungka nganana nyinangi pukularira nyangangi munu pukulpa tjunguringkula nyinangi wangkangi.

We/they kept travelling, and arrived at Areyonga, where we had many lovely relatives, who were really happy to see everybody. Everybody was there together, camping together, laughing and chattering and enjoying each other's company.

Munu nyara palula nguru malaku nganana pitjangu. Anapalala kutu. Tjina.

When it was time to return [home to Pukatja/Ernabella], they all set off again. On foot.

Ngayuku ngunytju mama malaku pitjangu.

My mother and father began their return journey home.

Munu palula nguru nganana Atilala wirkanu.

They arrived back at Atila/Mt Connor.

**Nyara palula nganana ARI//mungkangka tjinguru nganana nyinangi nyara palula
Atilala munu//Ka ngayulu, ngayulu tjungu wiya, ngayulu tjungu ngaringi but
ngayulu iti tjuningka ngaringu, ngayuku ngunytjula, ngaltutjara?**

They camped at Atila/Mt Connor that night. I hadn't yet arrived, I was there but I was still in my mother's belly, as yet unborn. The dear thing!

**Munu ngayulu nyara palula Atilala ngura nyara palula ngayulu ready-ringangi iti
wirkankunytjikitja ngayuku ngunytju nguru.**

It was at Atila/Mt Connor that I became ready to be born, I was ready to come out of my mother.

**Ka ngayuku ngunytjungku kuliningi, 'Ai! Tjinguru ngayuku tjitji iti mukuringanyi
manta kutu pitjantjikitja. Mantangka mantangka wirkankunytjikitja. Manta
nyankunytjikitja'.**

My mother must have realised, 'Ai! I think my baby wants to be born now. It wants to see the earth and the land. It wants to see this country here.'

Munu paluru kampangkatu kumpilpa paluru ninti - nyaa, anangu tjutangka wangkapai wiya. Serious kumpilpa tjana ready-ringkula ankupai.

She knew in herself that this was serious yet she kept the knowledge to herself and did not tell anybody. It was serious also because everyone was ready to leave again.

Ka paluru purunypa ngayuku ngunytju ready-ringu munu paluru anu kutju. Munu paluru putingka...ngurangka itingka tjinguru patu, ila, patu.

With this knowledge, my mother was ready and so she quietly departed the main camp. She went into the deep bush, away from the camp, close but far enough away to be not too close.

Yuu paluru ngura palyanigi unytjunpa ngarinytjikitjangku munu ngayulu iti wirkankunytjaku paluru ready palyanigi.

She started constructing a large, warm yuu [windbreak] in which to lie in readiness while she waited for me, her newborn baby, to arrive.

Ka ngayulu urinyi pulka! Tjinguru readyringangi! 'Ai! Ngayulu mukuringanyi manta kutu pitjantjikitja!' Ka ngayuku ngunytjungku - 'Kuwaripa! Uwa, patala! Ngayulu yuu palyani and waru tjunanyi! Wari kuwari! Kuwaripa patala!'

I was moving around a lot! I was ready! 'Ai! I want to come out onto this land! My mother entreated me - 'Not yet! Please wait! Give me time to finish making my yuu and collect enough firewood! It is too cold still! Wait, please, not yet!'

Munu paluru yuu palyani waru palyanu, 'Hello!' Paluru ready-ringkula paluru mantangka waru tjunu unytjunpa. Manta waru.

She finished making her yuu [windbreak] and she collected enough firewood, 'Hello!' She was ready now, and pushed the fire across so that she had hot ground to lie upon. Hot sand.

Munu paluru ready-ringkula ngarikatingu. Ngaringi. Ka mungangka, munga irangka, palula ngayulu iti wirkanu.

When she was ready she lay down. She was lying down. In the middle of the night, under the open night sky, I was born.

Ka palula malpa ankunytja wiya, anangu minyma kutjupa. Paluru kutju anu. Ka ngayulu nyara palula munga munga ira palula iti wirkanu.

She took no companion or helper, no woman to help. She went alone. And alone she birthed me under the night sky.

Ka anangu kutjupangku ninti wiya palumpa. Paluru puti kutu ankunytja.

Nyakunytja wiya munu kutjupangku mirantja wiyatu paluru ankunyangka.

Nobody knew this was happening. She had gone into the deep bush alone. Nobody saw her go or witnessed her leaving.

Kutju paluru kampangkatu anu. Ka ngayulu iti wirkanu. Ka nyara palula ngayuku, ngali, paluru ngali, yuu pulkangka paluru yuu palyanu, pulka munu waru tjunu.

She vanished alone. And then I was born. The two of us lay together inside the big protective yuu [windbreak] she had made, while she heaped firewood onto the fire.

Munu paluru ngura unytjunpa, unytjunmanku paluru kuliningi pain pulka. After nyaa, tjitji iti ngarinytja - iti ngarinyangka malangka pain pulka. Pain. Munu nyaa, ngaltutjara?

She made her camp lovely and warm, and the warmth helped to relieve her pain.

After a baby is born, after the baby comes there can be a lot of pain. Pain. Poor thing.

Tjinguru.

She was probably bleeding too.

Minyma tjuta ninti. Ka pala paluru pulka palumpa pain ngaranyi ka paluru kulku tjunu. Munu kulkungka paluru ngarikatingu, munu ngayunya kulu paluru kulkungka tjunu ka ngayulu ngarinyi kunkunpa.

Women know what I mean. So the pains were very strong and all she had for her pain were hot coals to apply to the painful areas. She lay on warm coals and ash, and she warmed me up in the warm ash too, while I lay there asleep.

**Unytjunpa wiru manta kulkungka, munu paluru walytjangku pain palumpa pulka
ngarinyangka paluru kulku tjunu, ngaltutjara?**

She made the ground underneath her warm and cosy from the fire, and she managed her own pain with just hot coals from the fire, bless her.

Munu kulkungka ngaringi.

We lay on warm ash and coals.

**Ngarira panya pain palumpa tjaruringkunyjtaku. Paluru pika palumpa pulka. Iti
ngarinyangka malangka pika pulka. Ka paluru kulkungka paluru pauningi
palumpa pain tjuta, ka palula nguru nyaa panya tjaruringu palumpa. Palumpa
pika pulka ngarinytja paluru kulkungka tjaruringu. Ka tjaruringkunyjtaku
palyaniningi.**

Lying there like that, her pain began to subside. She had been in a lot of pain. After childbirth there can be a lot of pain. She placed hot coals onto the most painful places and felt the pain decrease. Once her pain subsided she began to feel better and stronger.

**Panya nganana kutjupara anangu tjutangku pain patjanyangka pulkara painarinyi
ka nganana pain tablet nganana ngalkupai munu lipularipai. Ka paluru purunypa
paluru tablet wiya paluru kulkungka ngaltutjara paluru tjuni palumpa pika
palumpa palyaniningi. Tjunangi ka pain palumpa nyaa tjaruringangi.**

Nowadays, when we are experiencing pain we take a pain tablet to feel better. My mother had nothing like that except a hot coal from the fire, to reduce the pain in her abdominal area. By applying the coals she felt her pain subsiding.

Ka nyara palula nguru paluru yuungka ngarinyangka ngali ngunytjurara tjinguru yuungka ngaringi.

We continued lying there together, my mother with me, her newborn child, resting and recovering in the windbreak.

Ka tjinguru kungkawara kutjara anu ngura kutu. Ngurangka munu paluru pula pitjala tjinguru paluru pula mukuringangi ngayuku ngunytju nyakunytjikitja. Munu paluru pula pitjala munu putu nyangu, 'Ai! Palumpa miita kutju nyinangi!' 'Nyuntumpa miita yaaltji!' 'Wiya. Nyaratja anu, puti kutu. Tjina wanala! Ankula pula nyawa, ngaltutjara? Malpa wiya paluru kutju anu.'

Meanwhile, two young women had visited the home camp. They visited, hoping to see my mother. On arrival, they saw she was not there. 'Ai! Only the husband by himself!' 'Where is your wife?' 'She is not here. She went that way, deep into the bush. Could you follow her tracks! Go and find her the two of you, please, poor thing? She went by herself without any companions.'

Ka paluru//ka kungkawara paluru pula Awayanya, Murikanya.

The two young women who went to find her were Ayawa and Murika.

Paluru pula kangkururara tjinangka//tjina wananu ngayuku ngunytju tjina wanara nyangu, 'Ai! Palatja waru kampanyi!' Tjana nyangu waru, yuu ngarangi.

The two young women, two sisters, followed my mother's footprints through the bush until they saw something, 'Ai! There's a fire burning!' They had seen the light of the fire through the windbreak.

'Ai! Ngaltutjara!' Munu paluru pula ilaringkula nyangu, 'Ai! Iti tjukutjuku ngarinyi! Ngaltutjara!'

'Ai! Poor thing!' The two came closer and saw, 'Ai! It's a newborn baby! Oh bless them!'

Munu paluru pu/il/pitjala nyinakatingu warungka itingka. 'Ngaana! Iti kungka! Ai, ngaltutjara! Tjitji wirunya ai!'

They came into the windbreak and sat down beside the fire. 'Oh bless you both! A newborn baby girl! Oh wow, poor things! What a beautiful little baby girl!'

Munu paluru pula pukularingu munu pula tjapinu, 'Palya nyuntu?' Ngayuku ngunytju. 'Nyuntu palya ngarinyi?' 'Uwa palya. Palya ngayulu. Pika ngayuku tjukutjuku.'

They were so happy and excited, and they asked, 'Are you doing alright?' They asked my mother, 'Are you okay?' 'Yes, I am okay. I'm doing alright. I am only in a little bit of pain now.'

Ka palula nguru paluru pula wangkangu, nyaratja one day, tjintu kutju paluru wangkangu, each time, pitjangu paluru pula pitjangu paluru pula kapi katingi, ngayuku ngunytjuku ungunytjikitjangku kapi. Katingi munu ungu.

During the course of the following day, for one day, the two young women went back and forth to the windbreak, each time carrying water for my mother to drink, and to care for my mother.

Ka ngayuku ngunytju wangkangi, 'Ai! Piti pula tjawala. Tjukutjuku.'

My mother told them, 'Ai! You two - dig a small hole here. A shallow one.'

Ka paluru pula tjawanu munu waru tjunu. Waru munu tilinu, munu parka tjuta katanu munu warungka tjunu katu. Puyuku. Ka puyu pakaningi. Ka paluru pula ampunu ngayunya iti kutjungku ngayunya ampunu [ngayuku kangkurungku] munu ngayunya tjunu warungka.

The two dug a shallow hole and laid a fire inside. They got the fire burning and then they cut lots of small leafy branches, and put them on the fire. This was to make smoke. The smoke began to rise up thickly. They took me in their arms [they were older sisters to me] and they held me in the smoke.

Ka ngayunya tjunanpa, ka ngayulu tjunanpangka ngayulu ngaringi. Munu mara kulu kulu nyaaningi. 'Mara nyangatja, kutitjunkturupai marangka pikaringkunytja wiya! Tjaa warkinytja kura wangkantja wiya! Nyuntu pilunpa nyinama munu

anangungku mukuringama, ungama. If tjana kutjupangku ngatjini, 'Ungamani! Mai wiya, ngayulu!' Ka nyuntu ungama! Wangkanytja wiya ngunti, 'Wiya, wiya, mai wiya!' Alatji wiya.'

I was held and laid on the smoke. They held my hands in the smoke. 'These hands will never steal! These hands will never cause violence! This mouth will never swear! You will be peaceful, loving and caring towards all people. If anyone asks you for assistance, 'Help me please! I have no food!', you will give it! You will never lie and say, 'I've got no food to give!' No. You will never say this.'

Paluru tjana tjunanpangka ngayunya tjunu munu wangkangi. Ngayuku kangkuru kutjarangku. Ka ngayulu tjunanpa pulkangka tjunu, ngaltutjara? Munu palula malangka ngayuku ngunytju ngapartj. Paluru walytja ngarikatingu. Pain palumpa. Munu paluru ipi kutjara tjunanytjunu. Palumpa pain pika palumpa uwankara paluru ngarikatingu munu palula nguru, 'Hello, wiyaringu!'

They held me in the smoke as they spoke these words. They were two older sisters to me. I was fully smoked all over, poor thing! After that, it was my mother's turn. She laid herself over the smoke. It was for her pain. She smoked her two breasts. She had been in a lot of pain all over, but now she lay back and said, 'Hello, it is finished.'

Ka tju^unu, malaku. Ngura kutulta anu.

They covered over the fire and put it out. They were ready to return back to the main camp now.

Wangkangu, 'Ampula pula kala ara nyarangka tjukutjuku pantu kutu.'

She said, 'You two carry this baby, and we will walk over to the salt lake.'

Pantungka kunyu ngayunya, nyara palula...

I was taken to the salt lake.

Ngayuku ngunyujungku wangkangu, 'Pantungka nyaala palunya.'

My mother said, 'Pick up some salt and sprinkle it on her.'

Ka ngayunya pantungka katira nyaanu.

And then they gently rubbed the salt onto my skin.

Pantungka tjukutjuku nyaaningi.

They just rubbed a little bit of salt onto me.

Tjinguru para nyaaningi pantungka.

They probably rubbed it around a little bit like spreading butter.

**Pantungka nyaarara - Anirila pantungka, pantungka panya Atilala itingka
pantungka nyaarara ngura kutu anu.**

It was special salt from Aniri salt lake, the salt lake, which is next to Atila/Mt Connor, that was gently rubbed onto my arms, legs and body, to make me tall and strong.

Then we went home.

Katira ngurangka tjunu munu tjinguru tjintu mankurpa nyinara nganana anu.

She took me home and put me down and we stayed for perhaps another three days before departing for Ernabella.

'Uwa! Nganana malaku ananyila, Ernabella. Malaku.'

'Right! We are ready to go home now, back to Ernabella.'

Munu nganana malaku anu.

So we went back.

Ka ngayulu iti kulunypa. Ngayunya munu ngayuku ngunytjungku katingu Ernabellaku.

I was just a tiny newborn baby. They took my mother and me back to Ernabella.

Ka ngayulu Ernabellala tjitji pulkaringu. Munu ngayulu//nganana wiltjanga nyinangi, wali wiya. Wiltjanga.

And so that is how I came to grow up in Ernabella. We were living in a wiltja [small, traditional shade structure] back then, not in a house. In a wiltja.

**Munu ngayulu nyara paluru ngayulu Ernabellala nyinara ngayulu tjitji
pulkaringukula. Ngayulu wiltjanka ngarira ngayulu kulilpai anangu tjuta tjilpi
tjuta pampa tjuta wati tjuta.**

I lived in Ernabella all through the times of growing up into a big girl. I lived and slept in our wiltja, and I would always hear the people, the old men and the old women and the men talking.

Tjana aalpiri wangkapai munga kutjupa munga kutjupa. Tjukurpa.

They would speak aalpiri night after night. It was Tjukurpa Law [traditional law, culture and spirituality].

Ka ngayulu kulilpai, 'Ai! Tjukurpa wirunya alatjitu tjana wangkapai tjukurpa.'

I would be thinking, 'Oh! They are telling absolutely wonderful Tjukurpa stories.'

Ka ngayulu kulilpai munu ngayulu nintiringangi nyara palula nguru.

I would always be listening intently, and it was where I learnt all the basics of law and culture.

**Tjituru-tjituru tjukurpa tjituru-tjituru wangkangu, 'Ngaltutjara!' Tjana wangkapai
munu ulapai, ngaltutjara! Tjukurpa tjituru tjituru. And tjukurpa pukulpa
wangkanyangka paluru tjana pulka ikaringkupai, 'Ai! Wirunya alatjitu!' Ka
ngayulu ngarira kulilpai, munu ngayulu nintiringkupai mungangka. Wiltja unngu.**

When they told sad stories, I'd be thinking, 'Oh no poor things!' They'd tell sad stories and we'd all be there weeping, poor things! They told great tragedies. But when they told funny stories we would all be there laughing so much, 'Oh! This is hilarious!' I would be lying there, and learning deep culture during the night time. Inside our wiltja.

Nyara palula nguru ngayulu aalpiringku wangkanyangka kulira kulira ngayulu nintiringu Tjukurpaku.

It was through all those traditional speeches and stories that I listened to so often, that became the basis of my learning so many Tjukurpa stories.

Ngayulu kulini nyara, nyaa, ara irititja. History.

This is what I know, our cultural history and law. History.

Wiru kunyu nganana palyanma ngura nganampa. Irititja purunypa nyaa tjamulu kamilu tjana iriti kanyini mai pulka kapi pulka ngura wiru kunpu tjana nyinangi. Ka nganana para pitjala tjananya nyangama. Tjana kuranyu kutungku palyaningi. Kunpungku alatjitu. Munu nganananya ngalya ungu. Nyuntumpa? Nyuntunya munu ngayunya nganananya ungu, tjamulu kamilu. Nganana ngura wiru kanyinytjaku.

We have always looked after our country really well, and done the right thing by the land. Just in the same way that our grandfathers and grandmothers did, way back in

the past, looking after the land, ensuring a plentiful supply of food and water, and security of land and its resources. We look around and follow their traditional methods. Do what they did back in the past. Do everything right and strong. They handed their culture onto us. Is this your culture? They gave us all their beautiful culture, our grandfathers and our grandmothers did. So that we could all live on this beautiful land.

Panya kuwari nyaa tjukula tjuta kapi wiya ultu ngarala waninyi. Kapi piti kulu puyinyangka kutju. Puyira ka kapi tjuta ngarala waninyi tjukulangka.

Think about the empty rockholes with no water, scattered across the country. Think about the waterholes and the rainfall. Think about how the rain should be filling those empty waterholes scattered everywhere.

Pala paluru.

Think about that.

Uwa, palya? Ka nyuntu kulinma. Watarkurinytja wiya don't forget! Kulinma!

Ngayulu wangkanyi tjukurpa nyangatja nyuntumpa ngayuku. Palya.

Okay? Remember what I said. Don't forget! Don't forget! Remember! I am talking the truth about our tjukurpa and culture, which is yours and mine.

END: 15:03