<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IMAGE FOOTAGE</th>
<th>SOUND</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| WAVES ROLLING ONTO SHORE | 000 | "Where are you going?"
| Film Title: THE BIG VILLAGE | 007 | I am going to the sea |
| Subtitles 027 | "Children should not go there."
| "But don't worry."
| I will come back with a big catch."
| NARRATOR |
| "It seems a long time ago that I was a boy."
| But the years have not been many."
| The sights and sounds of my boyhood are still fresh."
| I can almost feel the sand and surf on my bare feet; smell the salt air of my village by the sea."
My world was simple then.

My uncles were simple men.

They knew the sea.

They knew how the sail worked, the winds and the waves.

They did not think, as I do now, how boats like theirs once carried our ancestors across the great oceans, to the islands of the wide Pacific and the far shores of Africa.

My uncles have forgotten how far we reached in that distant past.

Today they carry their hopes no farther than their oars will take them.

Their lives are trapped in fishnets.

Sorrow to them is an empty net.

How is the catch?

Bad luck! Nothing.
How cruel the sea can be. How hard are our lives.

Much has changed in my village, but not this … Our lives are spare … We have no luxuries.

The pleasures we have come free from nature. And our enjoyment is unforced. The wind in the palm trees; our gentle river; the green shade of our fields; childhood friends; the slow movement of our days.

In many ways life is pleasant here. But there is a meanness in our lives. Boredom.

We have begun to see … how our lives are bounded with pettiness … how small our dreams have been.

People are not content.
Our children are bonded early to rigour. ... and they never escape it in all their lives.

All their life is work.

Unending work.

The plough runs a furrow unchanged since mankind was young.

And this is not because we like it; nor because we know no better; nor indeed because we will not change our ancient ways.

Because we are poor, we can afford only the old ways. Even the bullock and the camel are a burden on our farms, for they must be fed.

Only our people come cheap.

Their hands and feet and aching backs cost next to nothing.

Women and children are cheapest of all. Their singing in the field is not merely beautiful: it is an act of courage.
Nature is bountiful here.
Yearly, our land is rich with grain. Yet food is a problem.
Much is lost; much is wasted.

Much is wasted between farm and kitchen.

In the kitchen it is not food we waste, but human beings.
We waste their minds, their talents.
I wonder what our women could do if they were freed from the kitchen.
Even here, trapped as they are by their children and the endless grind of poverty,
they have created one of the great arts of our people - our cooking.
What would they create if they escaped the sweat and smoke of the kitchen?

Some lucky few have always escaped.
Escaped the merciless labour which is the common lot.
Through them, over the centuries, we have known what lies beyond the lush of the fields and the heat of the blacksmiths' fire.
A hundred generations have left their mark on beaten brass and chiselled wood.

Long centuries guide the sculptor's hand and eye.

Our traditions live not only in metal and wood:
they live in our people; in the ordered detail of our daily lives.

The past is woven everywhere into the familiar patterns of our days.

Like birdsong or the colours of the earth our old arts have been changeless, yet ever new.

Through them our souls have sung.
In them our spirit dances.

The earth is rich with music and we are a part of it - as a flute is part of the morning song of the wind across the fields.

In other places the music has been different. Drums instead of flutes.
Men have gone to the moon with the roaring strength of their minds.

But what they saw from out there was what we already knew.

That all the great green beauty of this earth cannot be divided into little separate parts.

We live in a big village, all of us.

Across the face of the earth this village spreads.

It does not matter what continent or people we look at; whether they are poor or rich.

If they are poor their lives are caught like ours in rhythms that have ruled for a thousand years.

The same chores are done.

The same burdens borne.

Though we differ in colour and creed, language and culture, we wear alike the tattered clothes of poverty.

Close to the tired earth we live, its flies and its fleas a blight upon our children.
The lands of the rich look different, but they too are part of the big village. Their huts are high towers and their lives are ringed with stone and steel.

They eat well and look well, the rich of this world, but they have built on sand. For they have forgotten the green earth and the gentle wind.

They have poisoned their rivers and seas in their search for wealth. They have marched to the brave music of modernity, and wandered into a great desert of the spirit.

MONKS GOING INTO TEMPLE

But what do we say to hungry children?
What do we say to our crowded poor?

The answers they need are different.

They need food and clothing; a decent life.

They need reasons why in this big village
of the world they are poor and others rich.

LS OF FIELD

The reasons for our poverty are many.

They are spun in a story that is old and
violent.

It is a story of our peoples' weakness
and the strength of others.

It tells how our petty quarrels let others
rule our lands.

VILLAGE COUNCIL

But a new age is on us now.

In the councils of our small village we
now are masters of our own lands.

Our laws and judges are now our own.

UN - GA INTERIOR

In the large conclaves of the big village
too a new age has dawned.

In splendid halls, before the gathered
world new voices have been heard.
Around the globe the poor have been aroused.

The proud flags of our awakening have changed how the world looks.

It has changed the world's traffic of people, of ideas and of goods.

It is changing how the world thinks and speaks.

After long centuries of blood and war the voices of reason begin a fragile rule.

The voices of the poor are weak still, but the message is important.

Our countries have much of the world's wealth though we have not used it - yet.

Our people are a vast majority on this earth but we do not rule it yet.

But things will change.

It is best they change peacefully.

The rich do not listen yet with respect.

But others who are poor, do listen.

There is hope that people everywhere, in all parts of the big village, will understand how things must change.
In the beaten paths of our poor villages people must understand that our heaviest burdens are not water or wood. They are old hate and ancient prejudice.

Like the rich in distant lands the rich amongst us too must look beyond their gates.

Feasts and festivals are fun for all, but not if only some have food.
For though fortune's twinkling lights now smile upon them, who can speak for tomorrow?

In the long view of history our age is young yet.
Its movements, like the dance of children, promise grace and fullness.

But our hopes are born amidst the decay of a dead age.

There is much ugliness to endure.
In the big village of this world we must live in hope. Hope for our children, hope for the poor, hope for the world at large.