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Valeria Kirsanova



THREE SEAS OF DESTINY AND THE MYSTERY OF BULAT
Musical drama in 3 acts

Перевод выполнил проф. Готов В. А. с применением искусственного интеллекта

Characters:

The main character is the merchant Afanasy Nikitin
Tsar Ivan III
Clerk Mamyrev
Prince of Tver Mikhail Borisovich
Metropolitan of Tver Gennady
Mother of the main character
Younger sister of the main character
Girls from the pier (three people)
Merchants (5 singing, 5 dancing, 10 people)
Hadji Muhammad, senior merchant
Robbers (dancing and singing, 5 people)
Asad Khan
Khan's servants (5 people)
Blacksmith Ishia
Blacksmith's assistants Shyam and Sunit
Blacksmith's daughter Aarushi "the first ray of the sun"
A man with a cart
Monks of the Smolensk Trinity Monastery (3 people)
Lord (abbot of the monastery)

Since the secondary characters play in different walls, they can combine roles.

Act 1

Scene 1

The Royal Chambers in Moscow

Clerk Mamyrev reports to Tsar Ivan III:

– Thus, we have found out that this notebook, given to us from Smolensk, contains the most important information not only about the state structure and life of India, but also records the secret of making damask steel. Unfortunately, Afanasy Nikitin himself, who, while on a state mission, passed himself off in the East as Yusuf from Khorasan, recently died near Smolensk from an unknown disease. But before his death, this glorious man managed to tell the secret of his journey to the abbot of the Trinity Monastery, and also revealed the code with which he recorded the secret of making damask steel.

Tsar:

– I remember many years ago, through the Tver prince Mikhail, who is our son-in-law, we found a loyal and resourceful man. Nothing had been heard of him for a long time, we thought that he had disappeared in a foreign land... That's right, this Nikitin was supposed to get to India under the guise of a merchant and learn the secret of the famous damask steel, stronger than which there is nothing in the world. In the East, a Khorasan has more chances, so Afanasy was given a secret teacher who taught him both the language and the habits of the Muslims. Oh, it's a pity Afanasy did not live to see the royal reward... But he will live forever in the people's memory.

The lights go out, only the edge of the stage near the footlights is illuminated, where the choir sings:

«No ear heard of this feat,
And our eyes did not recognize the hero,
Who did not know peace and quiet,
Being the light of the Motherland.

He played roles like a subtle politician,
He changed masks when necessary for the cause,
Forgot his name "Afanasy Nikitin",
He was smart, cheerful and brave...»

(The light turns on)

Scene 2

Princely chambers in Tver. Afanasy Nikitin stands before the icon of the Virgin Mary with the Child in the princely hall. Suddenly he kneels.

Athanasius:

– For the prayer of our holy fathers, Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, your sinful servant Afanasy Nikitin's son. God and Lord, who gives wisdom to the teacher and meaning to the ignorant petitioner and protector of the poor: strengthen and enlighten my heart, and give me the strength and understanding to fulfill my plan, so that I may glorify my fatherland forever and ever...

The prince and the metropolitan enter, Athanasius bows to the ground to both of them, stands with his head bowed.

Prince:

– You know yourself, Afanasy, if a wolf gets into the habit of following sheep, he will drag the whole flock until he is killed. Our land has many enemies, they are waiting for our weakness, roaring like lions. You will undertake great work... Will you be able to forget who you are and where you come from until you have completed the task for which you were sent? I give you a letter of safe conduct, it will lead you through all the posts and outposts, and I am sending a trusted man to teach you the infidel language and all their habits. Accept them as much as you can, your life and the fate of the Russian land depend on it...

Afanasy (takes the casket with the letter of protection, bows to the prince from the waist, approaches the metropolitan):

– Bless me, Lord...

The Metropolitan blesses, the Metropolitan's aria:

«My son, today, renouncing
From your former life, survive
From a foreign faith, repent more often,
Even at the dock of ships,
Even in an open field - God will hear,
And will come to the faithful slave.
The stronger the faith, the purer the heart.
Who repents and sheds tears,
Will save both the Motherland and the soul...»

Athanasius:

– Father, I will not break my oath...

Metropolitan:

«Knowing you completely since childhood,
I am confident in your honesty,
But there will be passions in the neighborhood,
Do not be afraid, believe, do not be timid.
I will pray for you,
Day and night, every hour...
The Lord will shelter even a bird,
He will save each of us,
When we ourselves do not retreat
From our strongest oaths,
Let our heart not cool,
Neither fear, nor lies, nor hail, nor hunger».

During the aria, Afanasy walks to the footlights and the curtain closes behind him.

Scene 3

Athanasius is on the pier. His younger sister and mother come up to him, his sister falls on his shoulder, crying:

– Afanasyushka, my dear brother, where are you going, that you are saying goodbye for years? Is there really no one else but you? Father has died, to whom are you leaving me and mother? Who will protect me, who will give advice, who will lead me to the altar, if they propose?

Sister's aria to the tune of "My little head is bitter" (Smolensk archive of S. V. Pyankova):

« My little head is bitter,
My little brother is coming down the hill,
He doesn't go home, but leaves,
He wanders like a young, brave mountain.
Little river, give me my brother,
You will be rich in others,
I have one little brother, a falcon,
I will become lonely without him...»

The mother hugs her son and says:

– Do not listen to the foolish girl, my child. It is hard to let you go, my son, but the native land is also a mother, who will take care of it, who will protect it? Was it not for this hour that you were born, my child? It will be bitter for me not to see your face, but since the prince gave you a task, it means he chose the best.

Athanasius:

– Mother, they do not always choose the best, just as the strong do not always win. It so happened that the prince chose me, but I will not reject my duty, and I want to see distant lands. I will write down everything I see, and I will return with gifts and stories of how happy we will be with each other!

Mother:

– So it will be, my child, you will return with goods and stories, you will make your mother happy with your return...

She turns away and furtively wipes away her tears. Afanasy goes up the stairs to the ship, his mother and sister and the girls on the pier sing a farewell song, dancing in a circle. An old wedding song, "Loach over the water". On the stage we see (in the form of a cartoon) how the ship sails on the waves. The song plays:

«Ah, you wide steppe,
Spacious steppe,
Ah, you, Mother Volga,
Free Volga.

Oh, but it is not the steppe eagle
Rising,
Oh, but it is the river hauler
Taking a walk.

Oh, don't fly, eagle,
Low to the ground,
Oh, don't walk, hauler,
Close to the shore!»

The ship is attacked by robbers and is wrecked.

Act 2

Scene 1

The city of Hormuz, located on an island in the Persian Gulf, is a trading port. Afanasy walks through the bazaar, where dancing merchants and traders offer their wares. Some merchants stand at their stalls, singing.

Choir of merchants:

«On one island people live

Only with one leg,
And the poor fellows wander about in a different way,
Each with a double head,
There are some with a dog's head,
And they talk as if they were howling!
Ooooo, ooooo, I saw it myself, I saw it myself...
Have you not heard of the bird Gukuk?
If it sits on the roof
Three times it crows dully khu-khu,
There is a dead man there. Ooo!
I heard it myself, I heard it myself».

Hadji Muhammad, a senior merchant, approaches Afanasy (Yusuf) and asks (recitative):

Muhammad:

«Where are you from, good man? You look at everything, but buy nothing. What kind of goods are you looking for? I know where to buy what and where to sell it, I will tell you if you share your concern».

Athanasius (Yusuf):

– Oh, venerable one, my name is Haji Yusuf, I am a Khorosan, and I do not buy goods because I was robbed on the road, they took a lot of things, I only managed to save five hundred coins in my boot. Thank you, one experienced person advised me not to take good boots on the road, then they will not take them off. Now I am trying to figure out what is best to take with the money I have left.

Muhammad:

– Come on, friend, I'll treat you to some tea, we'll talk, we'll see what's best for you to do...

They sit down and drink tea for a couple of minutes in silence.

Muhammad:

– Yusuf, I will tell you this: many Khorosans have scattered throughout the world, and they are gradually forgetting the customs of their native land. This is not right. I wish you well, and you will meet different people on your way: one will look at how you drink, another at how you sit, a third will appreciate your accent. For a merchant, trust is everything, and you do not drink tea as our fathers did. We take one sip, then three, and then five, so that in all there are nine, for odd numbers please Allah. As for your trade, where do you want to go from here?

Athanasius (Yusuf):

– I'm going to India, venerable Hajja, I wanted to see this country, they say that precious stones are cheap there and spices too...

Muhammad:

– It is true. And do you know, Yusuf, that horses are not born in India? That is why in India ride mainly bulls and oxen, and those who are richer ride elephants, and horses are very expensive there. An inconspicuous horse that costs 50 coins here goes for five hundred there, and for an argamak they will give three thousand! But few people know how to choose the best horse.

Athanasius (Yusuf):

– And even the venerable Hajj doesn't know?

Muhammad:

– I am one of the few who knows how to choose a good horse. I will help you, because Muslims should help each other in trouble, especially in foreign lands...

The dance begins, in which Muhammad and Afanasy are blocked by dancers, they leave unnoticed, the dance ends, curtain (The dance divertissement is performed by Indian students).

Scene 2

India, the city of Juiner. An Indian dance (a dance divertissement performed by Indian girls), into which a song by a Russian girl burst, she passes across the stage like a vision. Afanasy stands with a heavy bag on his shoulders, looking around. People walk past him, and two girls stop and look at him.

1st girl (flirtatiously, playfully, speaks Russian with an Indian accent):

– Look, Aarushi, there has never been such a man in our land. His skin is white as the milk of a sacred cow, his eyes are blue and clear as sapphires, and his hair is red as the henna we cover our bodies with on holidays.

Aarushi looks at the stranger, quietly sings (Indian folk song). Afanasy listens with fascination and comes closer. A conversation starts between them.

2nd girl (Aarushi) (speaks Russian with an Indian accent, also flirting)

– Tell me, stranger, do you have a place to stay for the night? You can stay with my father, and if you need a woman for the duration of your stay here, he has a daughter who is in her seventeenth year...

Athanasius (Yusuf) answers with fear:

– I am of a different faith and I cannot marry your women!

The girls laugh.

Aarushi (speaks coquettishly in Russian with an Indian accent, inserting Indian words and gesturing, continues the game, laughs):

– No, stranger, no one is asking you to marry. Live with us like this. If you give birth to a white child, you will receive three hundred teneks as a reward, but if a black child is born, you will receive nothing, only food and shelter. This is how it is with us when a white man comes. But we have never seen such an amazing one as you!

Afanasy nods and they leave together.

Dance divertissement (on stage there is a large-scale Indian dance performed by Indian students).

Scene 3

The blacksmith's house, only Afanasy in the room. He sits, putting a sack on his feet, and a notebook on top, and writes (recitative to music)

Athanasius:

«Here is an Indian country, and the people go naked, and their heads are uncovered, and their chests are bare, and their hair is braided into one plait, they all go pregnant, and children are born every year, and they have many children. Both men and women, many are naked, and all are black. Wherever I go, many people follow me - they marvel at the white man. The prince there has a veil on his head, and another on his hips, and the boyars there have a veil over his shoulder, and another on his hips, and the princesses go with a veil thrown over their shoulder, and another veil on their hips. And the servants of the princes and boyars have one veil wrapped around their hips, and a shield, and a sword in their hands, some with darts, others with daggers, and others with sabres, and others with bows and arrows; and all are naked, and barefoot, and strong, and do not shave their hair. And women go around with their heads uncovered, and their breasts are often bare, and boys and girls go around naked until they are seven years old, their shame is not covered.»

Aarushi enters and fawns on Afanasy.

Aarushi (speaks Russian softly with an Indian accent, inserting Indian words and gesturing):

– Mayor p'Yar, we've been living together for a month now, and you still won't tell us why you came to our country. You don't buy the goods, and you don't sell the horse you brought to sell...

Afanasy tenderly hugs Aarushi.

Athanasius (Yusuf):

– There is no need for you to worry about merchant matters, my beauty, my ray of sunshine. Your country is not like mine, everything here amazes me, I want to see and write down Indian customs to tell them at home when I return. And your skills are different from ours, I wish I could learn something new before I go home...

Aarushi (laughs happily, like a child).

Aarushi:

– It's good that you like it here! The new teaching will take a long time, which means you'll be with me for a year or longer... I've fallen in love with you, Yusuf, from now on you're my sun, I want you to stay. I may be a temporary wife for you, but you're my eternal love, p'Yar!

Aarushi sings and dances a traditional Indian dance.

Athanasius (Yusuf):

– Will your father take me as an apprentice? He forges damask blades, the strongest of which there is none on earth. If I learn to make the same, I will be happy.

Aarushi kisses her lover.

Aarushi:

– I'll talk to him.

Scene 4

The same, the blacksmith appears, a little later the blacksmith's assistants appear. The song of the blacksmith and Aarushi. The blacksmith turns to Afanasy (Yusuf).

Blacksmith:

– For the sake of my beloved daughter, I will show you how we make damask steel, but I will not teach you, it is a great secret. But the deal is - if you see, keep quiet, if you say even a word, I will push you out of the forge!

Athanasius (Yusuf):

– I won't say a word, dear sir!

Music, the merchant is stripped down to his underwear by the blacksmith's assistants Shyam and Sunit, blindfolded and led to the forge. There, having untied his eyes, they order:

Blacksmith:

– Take the hammer, strike the anvil and repeat: “I swear by the hammer and the anvil, if I come here with evil thoughts, or conceive evil, or break the vow of silence, may Indra strike me with thunder.”

Disturbing music is playing.

Афанасий (Юсуф) повторяет:

– By the hammer and the anvil, if I come here with evil thoughts, or meditate evil, or break the vow of silence, may Indra strike me with thunder.

The blacksmiths strike iron, disturbing music plays, and against its background the choir sings:

«Bulat will not reveal its secret, there is an entrance, but there is no exit here, not a word, if you want to live, you will have to forget everything, cool down, they will hit you in reserve, so that you become many times stronger» (*repeat with increasing music*).

The stage flashes red and goes dark, and the audience sees the actors performing a pantomime in the flashes.

Scene 5

When the lights come on, the audience sees Afanasy's room, who is again writing something in his notebook. Aarushi is lying next to him, sad.

Aarushi:

– Mayor p'Yar, you still haven't gone to bed, you've been writing all night? Why are you so thoughtful and don't answer me a word, just write and write?

Afanasy (Yusuf) turns to the girl:

– My beloved, my ray of sunshine... I have to leave for a long time, but when I return, I will take you with me so that we never part again. You will give birth to a daughter, as beautiful as you, and a heroic son, my faithful friend and helper...

A love duet sounds:

Afanasy: «When you look into my eyes,
As if the stars were looking through the window.

My love, I don't care,
A warm night, or thunder and hail».
Aarushi: «When you look into my eyes,
I see a blue dawn,
There is so much warmth in them, my love,
That there is no one happier in the world
Then me...»
Together: «So love conquers everything,
Opens like a key to the heart,
My happiness, stay with me,
Until the end...»

At this moment, the Khorosan warriors burst into the room, twist Afanasy's arms and take him away.

Aarusha:

– Where are they taking him, what are they accusing him of?

Khorosans:

– We are taking him to Asad Khan, but we don't know what he is accused of.

Scene 6

Asad Khan's palace. Afanasy is forced to kneel and bow his head before the throne. The Khan speaks haughtily.

Khan:

– We have learned that the man who claims to be Hajji Yusuf is in fact a Rusyn. He who lies about his origins can hide something worse. They report to us that you complained that you were robbed on the road, but you have the best horse. However, what truth can one expect from an infidel?

Athanasius (Yusuf):

– Forgive me, Khan, I was afraid to confess my faith in a foreign land. And it is true that I was robbed, and what was I supposed to return with, since I had borrowed the goods at home, and what was I supposed to pay them back with if I hadn't made anything? I had 500 coins left in my boot, but the robbers didn't think to look there. In Orzamus, a good man, the merchant Muhammad, helped me choose a good horse.

Khan:

– What kind of merchant is this, that he didn't buy the horse himself, but helped you choose it? This is all strange... Here is our will – I will return the stallion,

and give you a thousand gold pieces as well, only convert to our faith – to Muhammadin. And if you don't convert to our faith, to Muhammadin, I will take the stallion and take a thousand gold pieces from your head... The time for thinking it over is four days. Take him away!

Scene 7
Prison

Athanasius (Yusuf) prays:

«For the prayer of our holy fathers, Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy on me, your sinful servant Afanasy Nikitin son. God and Lord, with wise instruction and giving understanding to a foolish petitioner and protector of the poor: strengthen and enlighten my heart, and give me the strength and understanding to fulfill my plan, so that I may glorify my fatherland forever and ever...».

Scene 8

The palace of Khan Asad, beauties are dancing before him (Dance divertissement. Indian girls are dancing). Afanasy is brought in. Next to the khan, in rich clothes, stands the Khorosanian Muhammad. Afanasy throws himself at Muhammad's feet.

Athanasius (Yusuf):

– Tell me, honorable Khadja, how it all happened, how you helped me, the robbed one, choose a horse!

Khan Asad:

– He helped his Muslim brother. He liked you, you seemed like a good person. And you deceived him, Rusyn... Have you thought about our offer? Look, there will be no other chance...

Athanasius:

– Khan, I respect Muslims and the infidel faith, but I myself was born and will die a Christian, for apostates are disgusting to God. You pray, and I pray; you read five prayers a day, I three. You are a great Khan, and I am a poor foreigner, and this is all my guilt before you.

Muhammad whispers something to the khan, after which he answers.

Khan Asad:

– Rusin, you are a brave man, and we respect bravery. Through the intercession of our treasurer Muhammad, we will pardon you, let you go your way, and we will not demand your horse. Let him go!

Afanasy bows, the dance begins before the khan (Dance divertissement. Indian girls dance. Continuation), in this confusion Afanasy leaves.

During the dance before leaving, Athanasius exclaims:

« O God, great God, true Lord, magnanimous God, merciful God! You have shown the Lord's miracle on me on the Savior's Day! »

The curtain falls. A play of shadows unfolds before the audience, where the sea and a sailing ship are visible, which is constantly increasing in size.

Act 3

Scene 1

A monastery near Smolensk, the beginning of the service can be heard.

A man with a cart knocks on the gate and says:

– Through the prayers of our father, open up, brother!

Voice from behind the gate:

– Who goes there?

Man:

– Our own, from Smolensk. You know that the Smolensk governor does not allow merchants from distant places to go straight to the city, he leaves them in quarantine with us. And if the guest is healthy, then he is allowed to enter Smolensk. One merchant arrived already sick, and now he is even worse. He keeps saying that he has important information for the tsar, of great secret and importance! Maybe he is delirious... He has a notebook, but we are all illiterate anyway, how can we find out what is in it? Here, they brought you a merchant...

The service gets louder, Afanasy is carried to the monastery, laid on a trestle bed in a cell. A monk bends over him.

Monk:

– What did you want to convey to the king, wanderer?

Athanasius:

– By the grace of God, he crossed three seas. Diger hudo dono, ollo pervodiger dano. Amin! Smilna rahmam ragim. Ollo akbir, akshi hudo, ilello aksh hodo. Isa ruhoalo, aalik solom. Ollo akber. An ilyagailya ilello. Ollo pervodiger. Ahamdu lillo, shukur hudo afatad. Bismilnagi razmam rragim. Huvo mogu lezi, lya lyasail'lya guya alimul' gyaibi va shagaditi.

During his delirium, heroes from his previous life appear before Afanasy in a plastic dance - the prince, the merchants, the Russian girl, Aarusha, the mother... The monk touches his forehead.

Monk:

– Oh, you're as hot as a stove! You're delirious, brother, we'll treat you...

Afanasy (grabs his hand):

– I have no time to get treatment! Take my notebook and give it to the Tsar through a trusted person. I have learned the secret of damask steel!

Monk (speaking into the open door):

– Call the lord! This is none of our business, let him judge for himself...

The lord enters, Athanasius and the lord aria, in which Athanasius asks to pass on an important secret from the notebook and gives it to him.

Athanasius:

– Master, I came from afar to the king with a secret message, but apparently demons interfered...

Lord:

«Forgive me, my dear, old man,
but I don't understand at all,
what are you talking about, I don't know».

Athanasius:

«Look, Lord, here is a notebook,
in it is the secret of strong damask steel,
and my life, and my whole destiny -
deliver it to the royal chambers first.
I will reveal to you a secret code,
which consists of words and numbers,
so that our Russians' steel will become strong...»

(Athanasius whispers a secret into the Lord's ear, then falls onto the pillows and dies).

Scene 2

The scene of the removal of Athanasius' body, people's lamentations.

«When we were silly and little

With our holy parents,
There were many of us, God's children:
We were all small and silly!
When we became fully sane,
We became fully youthful,
Here we parted and went our separate ways
Our dear migratory falcons
To a distant, chilly foreign land,
Under strict, great command!
How our dear brothers left
From a rare, beloved hut,
From their holy parents
On a great journey
That through the rich autumn;
How they sailed along the dark, fierce Onega
In a rotten, frail boat,
Here the great weather broke,
Here the frail boat was smashed,
Here a quick death befell them!
They did not see, and did not hear,
How the soul parted with the white body,
Clear eyes with the white light!
Their brave bodies floated
Along the dark, villainous Onega!
They were washed up on steep, shallow banks,
They were thrown out on fine sand and crumbly!
Their bodies were pecked to pieces by
Little birds;
Also, gluttonous and black crows
Spread their bones
Through the dark, dense forests!
Oh, how our poor parents,
Oh, how we, unfortunate sisters,
We didn't know, and didn't even know,
That we would receive sad news
Instead of a grateful, quickly written letter!
We didn't think with our minds, or even our reason,
That we would lose a little thing,
A little thing, and we priceless -
Like our dear brothers,
Our young migratory falcons!
We will never see them again, and never!

Although we see many migratory falcons,
Although many fine fellows come to us,
We cannot put in order with our minds and reason
Our dear clear falcons - our brothers!
It is clear that everything has passed and passed!
Not in time, and not in time
A great melancholy-grief has come to us:
That for that rich autumn
The cold and chilly winter will pass,
The warm and sad spring will pass,
The good and red summer will come!
All the little birds will flock together,
All the small and foreign birds,
And the foreign falcons will flock together,
The young migratory falcons
Will start to build warm nests!
We, the poor, the unfortunate parents,
How our dear little children of God have separated and gone their separate ways -
Our young, bright falcons -
To a distant, chilly foreign land,
And alone they have gone on a journey of no return!
We, sisters, are grieving bitter sorrows,
We will sit down on the gray pebbles,
We will begin to cuckoo,
Like unfortunate cuckoos!
We will begin to cuckoo,
Like cuckoos in a damp forest!
It seems we will cuckoo forever, and for a century,
It seems we will never see our dear brothers!
Although many long years pass,
We cannot forget the great melancholy and insults! This bitter sorrow will
overwhelm us even more,
When the honorable annual holidays come,
Or their angelic days of the Lord!
We did not think with our minds, nor with our reason,
We never thought to remember so soon
Our dear brothers! »

Scene 3

Church chant, the bishop finishes reading the notebook and calls the monk.

Lord:

– Call the merchant Gridey Zhuk, who has come to us as a pilgrim. Let him go to Moscow without delay, where he was going on business of his own, and find Vasily Mamyrev, the clerk of Tsar Ivan Vasilyevich, there. Let Zhuk give this notebook to Mamyrev, and let him rewrite it cleanly and present it to the Tsar. Oh, Afanasy, you almost didn't live to see your glory... Write a note to Mamyrev from me: "Afanasy Nikitin's son died before reaching Smolensk. And this letter was written by his own hand, and the guests brought those notebooks to Vasily Mamyrev, the clerk of the Grand Duke in Moscow." This son of the Fatherland has done a great job, as each of us should do in our place, where the Lord has placed us, for the benefit of the Russian Land.

The final song is the choir's anthem, during which all the artists come out on stage and take a joint bow.

«In an ancient notebook, peoples and a brave feat still live...

Russia, I give you this work,

A handwritten paper palace:

Here is everything, from the stories of lost children

To a drunken hand-to-hand battle,

From a baby's sigh to new ideas,

Which have blown up the fields.

I have described everything, you will not die now,

You will remain alive forever,

A country of brilliant ideas and people,

Who have glorified the human race».

End