

## MALAQI BUDDHA

Opera in 3 acts.

Story follows Rudyard Kipling's novels.

Music and libretto by Zoltan Demme.

CHARACTERS: Xong (Bass), Zinazaga, magician (Alto), Ghuthandhali, the ruler of Quantarogan Island (Bass), Thamariki, Son of Ghuthandali, Malaqi Buddha later (Tenor), Xipanate, his wife (Mezzo-soprano), Qaloderiqqe, leader of the Crown Counsel (Bass), Agaberenata, leader of the Crown Treasury (Baritone), Thakinerati, Quantarogan young man (Tenor) Xuloshinate, Quantarogan lady (Soprano) Aratavasi, Qimerina, Thabilake, Xemeline, Quantarogan ladies (Soprano) Naxonipan, a pariah girl (Soprano), Khau, tropical tree (Soprano) Xanu, tropical tea shrub (Soprano), Moon (Soprano).

LOCATION: Indochina Sea, Quantarogan Island and surroundings.

Noh Opera. Composed for two types of optional performance.

Singers like Indochina sculptures in rich sets in the advanced one. Like paper cuts among patterned papers in the economic one.

### ACT 1

#### **Act 1, Scene 1-1-1**

*Indochina. Quantarogan Island. Rain forest. Khau, the broken tropical tree, in the downstage. Wind tears her limbs while she sings. Khau becomes broken and broken more.*

KHAU

Oohs.....

CHOIR OF TREES

Quan-ta-ro-gan! Oh Quan-ta-ro-gan!

Oh ri-chest town of the In-do-chi-na Sea!

Oh eve-ry-thing just sings and sings he-re!

E-ven stones and stars and plants and all the peo-ple!

Quan-ta-ro-gan! Oh Land of Mu-sic!

Oh Sin-ging Land of the fa-mous four cas-tes!

All land-ow-ners, all sol-diers, de-ma-gogs

e-ven all the pa-ri-ahs sing all day and night!

Quan-ta-ro-gan! Oh Land of Mu-sic!

Oh Sin-ging Land of the fa-mous four cas-tes!

All land-ow-ners, all sol-diers, de-ma-gogs

e-ven all the pa-ri-ahs sing all day and night!

KHAU

Oohs.....

#### **Act 1, Scene 1-2-1**

*Steam, behind Khau, evaporates. Quantarogan becomes visible. Extreme richness. Extravagant decorations everywhere. On the buildings, on the towers, on the Brahman and Buddhist Churches, on the fountains, every single inch is overdecorated and overcolored.*

*Sculptures everywhere. People look like overdecorated sculptures also. Jewel box town is full with tropical trees, tropical flora. A few stones in the downstage. Gold letters on. Both Asian and English characters. Right of freedom. Right of religion. Right of assembly. Right of free speech.*

ORCHESTRA. BELLS.

### **Act 1, Scene 1-3-1**

*Castes. Landowners have overdecorated gold helmets. Soldiers have overdecorated silver ones. Demagogues have black ones. No pariah is present. People bring treasure and treasure to the town wall.*

ORCHESTRA. TREASURE.

### **Act 1, Scene 1-3-2**

*Over the heads of people palanquins appear. People fully covered with silver veils sit on. No openings on veils. Not for eyes even. Group is followed by musicians carrying shiny, gold musical instruments.*

CHOIR

Ghu-than-da-li! Ghu-than-da-li! And the Ghu-than-da-li's fa-mi-ly!  
Ghu-than-da-li! Ghu-than-da-li! Have a good, have a good feast to-day!

Ac-com-pa-nied by mu-sic! Vi-o-la de brac-cio,  
vi-o-let-ta cin-que cor-de, cel-lo, vi-o-let-ta di fa-got-to,  
vi-o-let-ta da spal-la, and, vi-o-li-no pic-co-lo, cel-lo pom-po-so,  
vi-o-la ma-ri-na, and, vi-o-lon-cel-lo da gam-ba!

### **Act 1, Scene 1-3-3**

*Ghuthandali and his family leave. Then people bring and bring more treasure to the town wall.*

ORCHESTRA. BELLS.

### **Act 1, Scene 1-3-4**

*Pray of extremely rich people.*

CHOIR

Ma-gic Zi-na-za-ga come! Come!  
Come! Give us e-ter-nal life! Give us e-ter-nal health!

Change bad teeth for new ones! Change bad eyes for new ones!  
Change sick hearts for new ones! Change our all bad or-gans!  
Make us, all, im-mo-rtal! Make us, make us, make us su-pe-ri-or peo-ple please!

Zi-na-za-ga come!

Let's have bet-ter child-ren, let's have heal-thier child-ren,  
let's have stron-ger child-ren, let's have ni-cer child-ren  
than the neig-bor na-tions will have e-ver, e-ver!  
Let us to de-li-ver su-pe-ri-or ba-bies su-pe-ri-or ba-bies please!

### **Act 1, Scene 1-4-1**

*On the top of a building Zinazaga appears. Her dress has dart-heads directed to people. She has four guards armed with spears. She hates Quantarogan people.*

ZINAZAGA

No!... Ne-ver! No!...

You think for mo-ney you get a-ny-thing?

Pri-mi-tive vil-lains, ras-cals!...

Rush and run for mo-ney!

Don't have day and night for mo-ney!

Be crippled and dead for mo-ney!

Oh... you skuns and rats!

Hate your love you! Hate your kids you!

Hate your pets you! For your gre-ed-y rush!...

Loose your all teeth! Get heart a-tack!

Have a can-cer! In your gre-ed-y rush!...

Down in-to the dust be-fore me, worms!

More! More!... Much more! More! ..

You think for mo-ney you get a-ny-thing?

Pri-mi-tive vil-lains, ras-cals!...

Rush and run for mo-ney!

Don't have day and night for mo-ney!

Be crippled and dead for mo-ney!

Oh... you skuns and rats!.

Pour more mo-ney! Drop more mo-ney!

Place more mo-ney down to my-y leg!

Bring your mo-ney, dir-ty mo-ney,

dir-ty trea-sure down to my-y leg!

If you don't bring you get no-thing! Rats!

*Zinazaga disappears with her guards.*

### Act 1, Scene 2-1-1

*Tropical dawn. Rubber trees. Thin like bone pariahs work under supervision. Dirty loin-clothes they wear nothing else. Pariah have little lights on their foreheads. Lighting the tree bark they scratch it with a crease and collect weeping white rubber in a pot. Rubber trees sense each cut. Scream follows the cuts in undertones.*

CHOIR OF RUBER TREES

Oh!...

### Act 1, Scene 3-1-1

*Seashore. Rocky island. Round shaped rocks. Bigger and smaller. Lots of pariahs. Misery. Famine. Some people closed to agony. Mess, trash, garbage. Asian squalor.*

ORCHESTRA. SEA.

### Act 1, Scene 3-1-2

*Miserable sailboats of pariahs in an inlet gulf of the bald, rocky island. Pearl fishing goes and. New and new pariahs submerge. Quantarogan clerks collect pearls. Some fruits are given in exchange for. When a pariah gets fruit he will be immediately surrounded with beggars, kids, starving people.*

CHOIR OF ROCKS

*(Rocks like living beings move sometimes.)*

Pink and yel-low pearl! Blue, green and red pearl!

White and si-lver pearl! P-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-pearl!

Oh, the pa-ri-ahs! Oh, the pa-ri-ahs! They col-lect the pearl! In the depth of sea!

Ro-tten ba-na-na! Ro-tten pine-app-le! This is the-ir wage! Ro-tten, ro-tten, ro-tten, ro-tten, ro-tten, ro-tten fruits!

Oh, you pa-ri-ahs! Oh, you pa-ri-ahs! Bring he-re more pearls! From the depth of sea!

### Act 1, Scene 3-1-3

*Rocks are visible in the downstage. Gold letters on. Both Asian and English characters. Right of freedom. Right of religion. Right of assembly. Right of free speech. In the backstage overcolored, overdecorated sailboats. Picture of the Ghuthandali's family on sail-clothes. Quantarogan youngsters submerge sometimes in the water. Pearl fishing is not a work but just a passion of these youngsters. Son of the Ghuthandali, Thamariki, a black hair, cheerful guy also submerges sometimes. Guards and nurses surround him.*

CHOIR OF SMALLER ROCKS

*(Rocks like living beings move sometimes.)*

Oh hap-py va-ca-tion! Pearl-fi-ish-ing va-ca-tion!

Tha-ma-ri-ki! Tha-ma-ri-ki! Hey!

Long live Tha-ma-ri-ki! Long live Tha-mariki!  
Long live Tha-ma-ri-ki! Ghu-than-da-li's, Ghu-than-da-li's son!  
En-jo-oy your va-ca-tion! En-jo-oy fas-ci-na-tion!  
Ghu-tan-da-li's, Ghu-tan-da-li's son!

Ghu-than-da-li, Ghu-than-da-li, Ghu-than-da-li thanks for you!  
All pa-ri-ahs have hu-man rights, hu-man rights now!  
They have free a-ssem-blage, they have free re-li-gion,  
Ghu-tan-da-li, Ghu-tan-da-li, Ghu-tan-da-li thanks!  
Oh they have right for free talk, they have right for free speech,  
Ghu-tan-da-li, Ghu-tan-da-li, Ghu-tan-da-li thanks!  
And you pa-ri-ahs, all star-ving ones, all dy-ing ones say: thanks,  
Ghu-tan-da-li, Ghu-tan-da-li, Ghu-tan-da-li thanks,  
Ghu-tan-da-li, Ghu-tan-da-li, Ghu-tan-da-li thanks!

### **Act 1, Scene 3-2-1**

*Naxonipan, her parents and sisters in the downstage. Naxonipan is a black hair, pimpled, ugly girl as any other pariah girl. Rotten teeth. Crappy eyes... Naxonipan loves Thamariki, though she never had a talk with him. But she comes now closer and closer.*

CHOIR. SISTERS OF NAXONIPAN.

Na-xo-ni-pan! Stop! For-get Tha-ma-ri-ki!  
Na-xo-ni-pan! Na-xo-ni-pan! Na-xo-ni-pan!  
Na-xo-ni-pan! Stop!  
For-get Tha-ma-ri-ki! Na-xo-ni-pan! Stop!  
No hope for you! No hope for you! No hope for you!  
No hope for you! Stop!

*Guards of Thamariki also object pariah girl. Naxonipan returns. Sisters keep her sitting on the ground.*

CHOIR. SISTERS OF NAXONIPAN.

Na-xo-ni-pan! Stop! Na-xo-ni-pan! Stop!  
Na-xo-ni-pan! Stop! Na-xo-ni-pan! Stop!  
No hope for you! No hope for you! No hope for you!  
No hope for you! Stop!

### **Act 1, Scene 3-3-1**

*Panic in the backstage. Running guards, nurses, servants, pariahs.*

CHOIR

Tha-ma-ri-ki, oh my God! Dis-a-ppe-ared in the sea!  
Tha-ma-ri-ki, oh my God! Dis-a-ppe-ared in the sea!  
Ma-gic Zi-na-za-ga come! Ma-gic Zi-na-za-ga help!  
Help!

*With her four armed guards Zinazaga appears on the top of a rock.*

ZINAZAGA

No!

No-o-o-o he--e-e-elp fo-o-o-or you--u!

You-u-u-u a-a-a-are ro-o-o-o-be-ers

o-o-o-of the-e-e-e be-e-e-eg-ga-ars!

You-u-u-u su-u-u-uck the-e-e-e blo-od

o-o-o-of the-e-e-e wre-e-e-e-tche-es!

*She scatters with green sparks the people who tremble in the dust before her. Panic and fear. She turns to the pariahs.*

You are al-so not bet-ter, you are al-so not bet-ter,  
than all these gent-le rob-ber! Craw-lers! La-ckies!

No-o-o-o he--e-e-elp fo-o-o-or you--u!

Yo-u-u-u a-a-a-are no-o-o-ot ma-an!

Yo-u-u-u li-i-i-ke to-o-o-o se-erve!

Yo-u-u-u li-i-i-ke to-o-o-o flat-ter!

Yo-u-u-u li-i-i-ke to-o-o-o ca-jol!

Shut up! No!... Si-lence!

*Green sparks again. Zinazaga disappears with her guards.*

### **Act 1, Scene 3-4-1**

*Run of Naxonipan during Zinazaga's aria. Jumping into the water. Bringing up Thamariki who is unconscious. Laying down Thamariki onto a rock. Sitting him up, trying to recover consciousness. When Zinazaga disappears ten nurses come up from behind the rocks in a sudden. Nurses turn to Naxonipan. People move closer curiously.*

CHOIR OF NURSES

We were who brought him up from the deep see!

We were who saved him! Ge- et out of here!

NAXONIPAN

All your shoes are dry! All your clothes are dry!

Your ha-ir is dry! I-i did!

*Now ten guards come up from behind the rocks within a glance. Storm in the horizon. Thunders in undertones.*

CHOIR OF GUARDS

Yes they saved him and we helped them!

Get out of here! Get out! Now!

NAXONIPAN

No! No! No! Your clothes are dry!

*Storm comes closer. Thunders. Lightning.*

CHOIR OF GUARDS

Get out of here! Get out! Now!

CHOIR OF NURSES

Oh pa-ri-ah get out of here! Get o-ut now!...

*Heavy lightning. Thunders. Quantarogan youngsters, clerks, guards, nurses run to their elegant sailboats. Other people run away and escape. Stage becomes more and more empty.*

CHOIR OF PEOPLE

Oh thu-un-der-storm! Thu-un-der-sto-orm!

Oh thu-un-der-storm! Thu-un-der-storm! Thu-un-der-storm! Thu-un-der-storm! Thu-un-der-storm! Thu-un-der-storm!

*Quantarogan boats leave. Pariahs escape. Naxonipan stays alone with the unconscious young prince.*

#### **Act 1, Scene 4-1-1**

*Sea. Stars. Moonlight. On her miserable, junk sailboat Naxonipan carries Thamariki back to his hometown. Thamariki sits at the spar still unconsciously. Naxonipan cares him. Against the chili wind she covers the prince with some rags.*

ORCHESTRA. STARS.

#### **Act 1, Scene 4-1-2**

NAXONIPAN

Oh, from you stars and from moon-li-ight

I will weave my sil-ve-er veil!

I will co-ver my-self with you stars and sky!

Oh my sweat love I hope that you will like my sil-ver veil!

You will love it as much as the stars and sky!

I have no-thing else but you oh glit-te-ring sky!

Let me bor-row your stars for my si-il-ver veil!

I have no-thing else but you oh glit-te-ring sky!

Let me bor-row your stars for my sil-ver veil!

Oh, from you stars and from moon-li-ight

I will weave my sil-ve-er veil!

I will co-ver my-self with you stars and sky!

Oh my sweet love I hope that you will like my sil-ver veil!  
You will love it as much as the stars and sky!

Tho-ugh with rags I co-ver you a-against the wind,  
dream that they are sil-ver veils and wo-ven of stars!  
Tho-ugh with rags I co-ver you a-against the cold,  
dream that they are sil-ver veils and made of sky!

Oh so much I love you!

### **Act 1, Scene 4-1-3**

*Sea. Stars. Moonlight. Thamariki still sits unconsciously. Naxonipan cares him . Quantarogan's lights in the horizon.*

ORCHESTRA. STARS.

### **Act 1, Scene 5-1-1**

*Shore of Quantarogan. Overdecorated Quantarogan sailboats. Junk boat of Naxonipan. Rocks. Tropical trees, town walls, town in the right stage. Bay of sea with small rocky islets in the left. Sunrise.*

ORCHESTRA. SEA.

### **Act 1, Scene 5-1-2**

*Thamariki sits at a rock still unconsciously. Naxonipan cares him. The ten nurses come up from behind the rocks.*

CHOIR OF NURSES  
Get out! Out! Out of here! Out!

NAXONIPAN  
No! No! No!...Oh!...Oh!...

*The ten guards come up now from behind the rocks. Guards force Naxonipan to come to her sailboat.*

CHOIR OF GUARDS  
Get out! Out! Out of here! Out!

NAXONIPAN  
Oh!...Oh!...



*Guards and nurses carry the unconscious prince towards the town. Naxonipan's sailboat circles round and round on the sea. Sometimes it disappears then appears again.*

### **Act 1, Scene 5-2-1**

*Bells for Morning Pray from Quantarogan. Wise old men at the town wall. Monks. Crown Counsel is gathering.*

ORCHESTRA. BELL.

### **Act 1, Scene 5-2-2**

*Fumes. Brown, dark green colors. Members of Crown Counsel look like old sculptures of the ancient past. Crown Counsel prays. Relief of Xong, the Supreme God is above them. Sculptures of Brahma, Buddha, and other subordinated gods. Qaloderiqqe, the leader of Crown Counsel sings.*

QALODERIQQE

Xong! We are rich! Make us bet-ter crea-tures than all the neig-bors and pa-ri-ahs!

Vain-ly nice house, nice clothes if head-ache, tooth-ache, u-rine, ex-crem-ent show that we are such low peo-ple as o-thers!

How to ad-mi-re our trea-sure, how to ad-mi-re our-selves if droll, snot show we are same low peo-ple as o-thers!

*More and more people gather. Ladies come with parasols.*

FEMALE CHOIR

We like hi-gie-ne, we like e-le-ga-ncy! Give cin-na-mon, va-nil-la smell ex-cre-ment!  
Give rain-bow co-lored, flower smell, rose smell u-rine!

QALODERIQQE

Xong! We love you but if you make us su-pe-ri-or crea-tures we will love you more!

### **Act 1, Scene 5-2-3**

*Pray is over. People leave.*

ORCHESTRA. BELL.

### **Act 1, Scene 5-3-1**

*Morning sunshine now. Naxonipan ties up her sailbot and comes up to the top of a small rocky islet of the sea gulf.*

NAXONIPAN

Zi-na-za-ga I want to go to Quan-ta-ro-gan!  
Oh let me, let me live ne-ar Tha-ma-ri-ki!  
Zi-na-za-ga take red pearls yel-low pearls off my face  
and su-re I will be loved by Tha-ma-ri-ki!

*More and more sun. Sparkling water. Magician appears with guards.*

ZINAZAGA

No! Not pink pearls you have on your dir-ty face!  
Not yel-low pearls you have on your dir-ty face!  
Itch and scab make your face so dir-ty!  
Like the it-chy dogs! Like the scab-by pigs!

CHOIR OF BAY ROCKS

*(Rocks like living beings move sometimes.)*

Ooh!...

NAXONIPAN

Zi-na-za-ga please help me!  
All the red pearls take off me!  
All yel-low pearls take off me!  
Zi-na-za-ga please help me!  
And the white pearls of my teeth  
give me back and keep them neat!

ZINAZAGA

No!... No!...  
Self-lo-vers call pearls the scab,  
the rot-ten teeth! What a blab!  
Self-lo-vers call pearls the scab,  
the rot-ten teeth! What a blab!  
No-o!... No-o!...  
I take off your sel-fish worlds  
you will just sing af-ter-wards!  
This way? You go? Up there?

NAXONIPAN

Yes!...  
If I... If I... If I will be bea-ti-ful,  
his heart.. .his heart... his heart with me will be full!  
His heart! His heart!

ZINAZAGA

Stu-pid! Sel-fish stu-pid!  
If I tell you that ne-ver  
he will love you, you go there?

NAXONIPAN

I go!...

If I will be bea-ti-ful,  
his heart with me will be full!!

If I will be bea-ti-ful,  
his heart with me will be full!!

If I will be bea-ti-ful,  
his heart with me will be full!!

If I will be bea-ti-ful,  
his heart with me will be full!!

*Zinazaga becomes furious and impatient.*

ZINAZAGA

Stop! Stop! Stop! Be then!

*Naxonipan falls to the dust before Zinazaga.*

ZINAZAGA

You will be there e-ven the ni-cest girl!  
Your dress beams there of gold and of pearl!  
You will have there fresh snow white teeth!  
But ne-ver! Ne-ver! Re-mem-ber, ne-ver!  
Tha-ma-ri-ki will love you ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver!  
He'll love you, he'll kiss you ne-ver, ne-ver, nev-er!

*Zinazaga disappears with her guards.*

### **Act 1, Scene 6-1-1**

*Castle of Thamariki. Tropical trees, tropical flowers. Lianas. Luxury everywhere. Overdecorated walls. A huge roof garden with color plants. From the overcolored roof garden spiral stairs go upward. On the top of the luxurious building a tower room is seen. Evening. Stars.*

CHOIR OF PLANTS

Oh!...

### **Act 1, Scene 6--1-2**

*Bells, carillon in the garden everywhere. Caps and petals of lotus flowers open.*

CHOIR OF LOTUS FLOWERS

Oh Tha-ma-ri-ki! Oh Tha-ma-ri-ki!  
What a beau-ti-ful cast-le you have!

Lo-tus flo-o-wers! Snow white flo-o-owers,

so nice flo-o-owers! That's what we are!  
There are ma-ny small al-so beau-ti-ful  
al-so che-er-ful litt-le flo-o-wers  
in this sum-mer ranch!

Oh Tha-ma-ri-ki! What a beau-ti-ful,  
what a flo-wer-full gar-den you have!

### **Act 1, Scene 6-1-3**

*Naxonipan appears. She is beautiful now. She has long, bright hair, brown, smooth skin. She has snow white veil with glittering gems on. However, to tell sentences or words she is not able anymore. Just singing she is able. Walking. Caution. Admiring palace. She touches a carillon.*

ORCHESTRA. LITTLE BELLS .

NAXONIPAN  
(Touching her throat many occasion.)  
Oh!...

### **Act 1, Scene 6-1-4**

*Guards on lianas slip down. Lights appear in the palace.*

ORCHESTRA. GUARDS.

### **Act 1, Scene 6-2-1**

*Thamariki steps out. He stops guards who stand now as sculptures with no moving.*

CHOIR OF LOTUS FLOWERS  
Oh!...

THAMARIKI  
All my bells jing-ling, jing-ling  
beau-ti-ful girl came to the cast-le  
With spark-ling gems on her dres-ses!  
What is your name, oh, de-ar, de-ar!  
Ne-ver, ne-ver I have seen you!  
What is your name, oh, de-ar, de-ar!  
Tell me your name beau-ti-ful girl!  
Oh, oh, oh, I see, I see, I see,  
Daugh-ter of the Lo-tus Flo-wers you are!  
And all they are speech-less girls!  
Daugh-ter of the Lo-tus Flo-wers you are!  
And all they are speech-less girls!

NAXONIPAN

*(Touching her throat sometimes.)*

Oh!...

THAMARIKI

What a nice e-me-ralds!

Dia-monds! Sap-phires!

Ru-bies! O-pals!

Am-bers! Sil-vers!

What a nice!

Oh you get cold my de-ar girl

It is chil-li he-re my girl!

Let me put on your dress my coat!

It is just a sim-ple old coat

It has no gems, it has no gold!

But it warms you and pro-TECTS you

A-gainst of the chil-li eve-ning,

a-gainst the wet, a-gainst bree-zing!

Let me co-ver your beau-ti-ful dress!

NAXONIPAN

Oh!...

*Naxonipan and Thamariki comes closer to the castle. Lights appear in a window. Foreign nurses of the prince stand there. European, Arabian, Black, Chinese, Maori, and so on.*

THAMARIKI

Oh let me show you my girl

Some of my de-ar fo-reign nur-ses!

Not all of them are now pre-sent

O-thers play mu-sic in the cast-le.

She tea-ches me Spa-nish langua-ge!

A SINGER OF THE CHOIR OF FOREIGN NURSES

Have a nice good day! Bue-nos di-as!

THAMARIKI

She tea-ches me Ger-man langua-ge!

A SINGER OF THE CHOIR OF FOREIGN NURSES

Have a nice good day! Gu-gut-ten tag!

THAMARIKI

She tea-ches me I-ta-li-an!

A SINGER OF THE CHOIR OF FOREIGN NURSES

Have a nice good day! Buon-buon gior-no!

THAMARIKI

She tea-ches me Po-lish langua-ge!

A SINGER OF THE CHOIR OF FOREIGN NURSES

Have a nice good day! Dzi-en dob-ry!

Cheers! Have a ve-ry nice day!

*Lights appear in an other window. One of the foreign nurses of the prince stand there in a unique situation. She is surrounded with pears on shelves, on tables, everywhere. She says nothing. She is just smiling.*

THAMARIKI

My de-ar beau-ti-ful girl

You are so ti-red, ti-red, ti-red!

Lo-tus flower girl, I see, I see,

You are so ti-red, ti-red, ti-red!

Come to the cast-le with me then!

I will give for you a calm bed-room,

You can sleep there, you can dream there

un-til the mor-ning, oh my nice girl!

Come with me and have a calm bed,

have a good sleep, have a nice dream there!

NAXONIPAN

Oh!...

CHOIR OF FOREIGN NURSES

Have ve-ry nice dream there!

*Naxonipan and Thamariki disappear behind the door.*

### **Act 1, Scene 6-2-2**

*Lights of the building fade out. Guards on lianas slip down. Standing like sculptures.*

ORCHESTRA. GUARDS.

### **Act 1, Scene 7-1-1**

*Inside of Quantarogan. Sunshine. Extreme richness. Extravagant decorations everywhere. Castes. Landowners have overdecorated gold helmets. Soldiers have overdecorated silver ones. Demagogues have black ones. No pariah is present. People bring treasure and treasure to the main plaza. Call for Zinazaga.*

CHOIR

Zi-na-za-ga come! Give us e-ter-nal life! Give us e-ter-nal health!  
Change bad teeth for new ones! Change bad eyes for new ones!  
Change sick hearts for new ones! Change our all bad or-gans!  
Make us, all, im-mo-rtal! Make us, make us, make us su-pe-ri-or peo-ple please!

### **Act 1, Scene 7-1-2**

*Quantarogan ladies come with parasols.*

CHOIR

Zi-na-za-ga! Make us all hap-py!  
Please make all of us su-pe-ri-or!  
Give straw-be-r-ry smell  
Droll and snot for us!  
And give rasp-ber-ry smell  
breath and teeth for us!

Zinazaga! Make us all hap-py!  
Please make all of us su-pe-ri-or!  
Give flo-o-wer smell  
and rose smell u-rine!  
And give va-nil-la smell  
ex-cre-ment for us!

Oh!..

### **Act 1, Scene 7-2-1**

*On the top of a building, with her guards, Zinazaga appears.*

ZINAZAGA

Your head, you sunks, so emp-ty,  
you rats, so emp-ty,  
has no hi-gher i-de-a  
than the hy-gie-ne!

Your mind, you sunks, so emp-ty,  
you rats, so emp-ty,  
has no hig-her i-de-a  
than e-le-gan-cy!

Your soul, you sunks, so emp-ty,  
you rats, so emp-ty,  
has no o-ther dream than the  
po-wered pri-vi-lege!

Your fan-ta-sy's so emp-ty,  
you rats, so emp-ty,  
has no o-ther prime pur-pose  
than su-pe-ri-or-i-ty!

*More and more guards of magician appear in the main plaza. Collecting and carrying out treasure.*

No va-lue you re-cog-nize  
in the life, hu-man life,  
so-lely so-lely so-lely so-lely  
this glit-te-ring no-thing!

Then bring to me more trea-sure  
for ma-gic brew and pills!  
For hy-gie-ne, e-le-gan-cy  
bring me much more trea-sure!

*Guards of Zinazaga collect and carry out treasure.*

If you wish to get from me  
ma-gic brew, ma-gic pills,  
you must give me as an ad-vance  
all these glit-tering dreck,  
you must give me as an ad-vance  
all these glit-tering trash!

I will take of you all!

*Guards of Zinazaga collect and carry out the rest of the treasure. Magician and guards disappear.*

### **Act 1, Scene 8-1-1**

*Castle of Thamariki. Vivid life in the roof garden. Servants run with pears in pots, on trays. Around the top tower lots of pears are gathered. Through the tower windows, from the inner part of the tower room, pears are seen also. Pear shaped bushes outside, pear shaped shrubs, and so on.*

#### **CHOIR OF GARDEN FLOWERS**

How ma-ny pears! Oh, oh, oh, beau-ti-ful pears!  
So de-li-cious, so nice! O-oh ho-ow much beau-ti-ful pears!  
How ma-ny pears! Oh, oh, oh, beau-ti-ful pears!  
So de-li-cious, so nice! O-oh ho-ow much beau-ti-ful pears!  
Sec-ret! Great se-ec-ret! Who will get these pears!  
Who is the la-dy li-ving in the gar-den's high to-o-wer!



### Act 1, Scene 8-1-2

*Naxonipan arrives. She looks what is going on with pears. Thamariki comes.*

THAMARIKI

Oh you are he-re, Lo-tus Flo-ow-er Girl!  
I hope you slept well in your qui-et room!  
Your coat! With the mil-li-ons of blue pearls,  
green pearls, from the In-do-chi-na sea!  
Oh Lo-tus Girl let me tell you what a sec-ret I have he-re!  
I have some-one who lives up there in the to-o-wer!  
Sweet girl lives there, my fi-an-cee! Sweet girl lives there, my fi-an-cee!  
And her nice name, and her sweet name, and her graet name  
Xi-pa-na-te is!

*Xipanate, that foreign nurse who stayed separated of other nurses in a previous scene, now stands in a tower window. Decorating herself. Eating pears. Over the tower, in an other roof garden, old praying men become also visible sometimes.*

THAMARIKI

Oh Xi-pa-na-te! Oh beau-ti-ful girl!  
Af-ter to-mo-rrow you will be my sweet wife!  
Oh Xi-pa-na-te! Oh beau-ti-ful girl!  
Af-ter to-mo-rrow you will be my wife!  
Let me to send you more beau-ti-ful pears!  
And e-ven my-self will bring you sweet pears!  
By these sweet pears your hair will be much more sil-ky  
and your nice face will be e-ven much more beau-ti-ful!  
Wait!

*Thamariki leaves to bring pears. A bit later he returns with pears and runs up to Xipanate.*

NAXONIPAN

Oh!...

### Act 1, Scene 8-1-3

*Naxonipan listens to the tower. She is suffering. She spots old men singing.*

CHOIR OF OLD PEOPLE

Oh Xong! Oh Xong!! Make us all hap-py!  
Please make all of us su-pe-ri-or!  
Give us bet-ter bo-dy! Give us e-ter-nal life!  
Dif-fer us from the pa-ri-ahs! Who are a-ni-mals!  
Dif-fer us from the pa-ri-ahs! Who are a-ni-mals!

### Act 1, Scene 8-1-4

*Steam and fume sometimes cover singing old people.*

NAXONIPAN

Oh!...

**Act 1, Scene 8-1-5**

*Caps of lotus flowers open gradually.*

CHOIR OF LOTUS FLOWERS

Oh, just three more nights! Or, just two more nights!

All these jui-cy pears will be rot-ten!

Oh just three more days! Or, just two more days!

All these heal-thy pears will be rot-ten!

All loves will be gone, all lives will be gone!

As the time is gone tree and flo-o-wer,

plant and a-ni-mal, child, man and wo-man will be rot-ten!

**Act 1, Scene 9-1-1**

*Shore of Quantarogan. Night then dawn. Looking like flames, thin and tall rocks everywhere. Among the rocks Naxonipan appears in a white veil. She is suffering.*

ORCHESTRA. SEA.

**Act 1, Scene 9-1-2**

*Pariah workers and supervisors appear. Pariahs do a hard job, breaking stone. Thin like bone people struggle with rocks. Some primitive machines. Blood, heavy sweating, beats of supervisors.*

ORCHESTRA. STONE WORKERS.

**Act 1, Scene 9-1-3**

*New and new stonebreaker groups. Shocked Naxonipan listens to the pariah workers.*

NAXONIPAN

Oh!...

CHOIR

Oh!...

**Act 1, Scene 9-1-4**

*Through the dawn fume and steam, a group of praying old people is seen sometimes. On the Quantarogan town wall old people are sitting and singing. Naxonipan listens to their song sometimes.*

CHOIR OF OLD PEOPLE

Oh Xong! Oh Xong!! Make us all hap-py!  
Please make all of us su-pe-ri-or!  
Give bet-ter bo-dy! Give e-ter-nal life!  
Dif-fer us from the pa-ri-ahs and a-ni-mals!

Oh Xong! Oh Xong!! Make us all hap-py!  
Please make all of us su-pe-ri-or!  
Give bet-ter bo-dy! Give e-ter-nal life!  
Dif-fer us from the pa-ri-ahs and a-ni-mals!

### **Act 1, Scene 9-1-5**

*As Naxonipan walks she spots other and again other groups of stonebreaking pariahs and supervisors.*

NAXONIPAN

Oh!...

CHOIR

Oh!...

### **Act 1, Scene 9-1-6**

*Bleeding, beats of supervisors, everywhere. Shocked Naxonipan disappears among the rocks.*

ORCHESTRA. STONE WORKERS.

### **Act 1, Scene 9-1-7**

*Towing, rolling rocks and stones away. Last group of pariahs leave the stage.*

ORCHESTRA. SEA.

### **Act 1, Scene 10-1-1**

*Inside of Quantarogan. Main plaza. Black brocade and velvet covers everything. Silver decoration are seen on the black covers. Wedding of Thamariki and Xipanate. In decorative, black dresses Quantarogan people gather.*

CHOIR

Oh the black pomp! The grea-test pomp!

Ma-jes-tic pomp! The re-al pomp!  
Sil-ver black pomp! The grea-test pomp!  
Ma-jes-tic pomp! The re-al pomp!

Oh the wed-ding! Oh the wed-ding!  
In this black pomp! In this great pomp!  
Tha-ma-ri-ki!... Xi-pa-na-te!...  
Have this black pomp! Sil-ver black pomp!

Oh black, black, black! Oh black, black, black!  
Oh great co-lor of the sad-ness!  
Oh great co-lor of bit-ter-ness!  
Oh great co-lor of the sore-ness!

Oh sad-ness is so rare he-re!  
Bit-ter-ness is so rare he-re!  
Suf-fe-ring is so rare he-re!  
And sore-ness is so rare he-re!

Oh black, black, black! Oh black, black, black!  
Oh great col-or of the sad-ness!  
Oh sad-ness is so ex-ci-ting!  
Bit-ter-ness is such a u-nique!  
Suf-fe-ring is so e-xo-tic!  
And sore-ness is such a u-nique!

Oh black, black, black! Oh black, black, black!  
U-nique co-lor of the sad-ness!  
Ho-ow love-ly black co-lor is!  
Ho-ow love-ly the sad-ness is!  
Ho-ow love-ly bit-ter taste is!  
Ho-ow love-ly bit-ter-ness is!

Oh black, black, black! Oh sil-ver black!  
Oh black, black, black! Oh sil-ver black!

### **Act 1, Scene 10-1-2**

*Among the black dressed ladies Naxonipan stands. She too has black cape with gems on. New and new groups gather at the main plaza. Vivid, happy cheating.*

**CHOIR**

Oh black vel-vet! Oh black bro-cade!  
Oh black mus-lin! Oh black da-mask!

Sil-ver vel-vet! Sil-ver bro-cade!

Sil-ver mus-lin! Sil-ver da-mask!

Oh black dia-monds! Oh black je-wels!  
Oh black marb-les! Black por-ce-lans!

Sil-ver brace-lets! Sil-ver ear-rings!  
Sil-ver hair-pins! Sil-ver je-wels!

Oh black li-queurs! Oh fine black wines!  
Bit-ter liq-ueurs! And bit-ter wines!

Black flo-o-wers! Oh black tu-lips!  
Oh black li-lies! Oh black li-lacs!

*Over the heads of people palanquins appear. People fully covered with veils sit on.*

Ghu-than-da-li! Ghu-than-da-li!  
His fa-mi-ly! His fa-mi-ly!

*Among black tulips, black lilies, black lilacs Thamariki and Xipanate arrive.*

Tha-ma-ri-ki! Tha-ma-ri-ki!  
Xi-pa-na-te! Xi-pa-na-te!

### **Act 1, Scene 10-1-3**

ORCHESTRA. FANFARE.

### **Act 1, Scene 10-1-4**

*Deputies of Indochina islands arrive. Black fruits, black berries their servants carry. Glittering black bottles of wine are also carried. The dresses of deputies and servants are simple.*

CHOIR

Black-ish-blue grapes! Black-ish-green grapes!  
Black-ish-grey grapes! Oh the black grapes!

Oh de-pu-ties! From Su-mat-ra!  
From Ce-le-bes! Oh from Ja-wa!  
Oh de-pu-ties! From Su-mat-ra!  
From Ce-le-bes! Oh from Ja-wa!

### **Act 1, Scene 10-1-5**

ORCHESTRA. FANFARE.

## Act 1, Scene 10-1-6

### CHOIR OF DEPUTIES

Cong-rats from Ja-wa ra-a-ain fo-rests!  
Please have Ja-a-wa we-e-ding-pre-sents!  
Bot-tles of gour-met Ja-a-a-wa wines!  
The best of o-our bi-i-i-ter wines!

Cheers from Su-mat-ra ra-a-ain fo-rests!  
Please have o-o-our we-e-ding-pre-sents!  
Bot-tles of o-our bi-i-i-ter wines!

Cheers from Ce-le-bes ra-a-ain fo-rests!  
Please have o-o-ur we-e-ding-pre-sents!  
Bot-tles of o-our bi-i-i-ter wines!

## Act 1, Scene 10-1-7

ORCHESTRA. FANFARE.

## Act 1, Scene 10-2-1

*Musicians in black dresses with gold xylophones arrive. People become more excited.*

### CHOIR

Dia-mond of the wed-ding prog-ram!  
Dia-mond of the wed-ding prog-ram!  
Dia-mond of the wed-ding prog-ram!  
Dia-mond of the wed-ding prog-ram!  
Com-pe-ti-tion! Com-pe-ti-tion!  
An a-ri-a com-pe-ti-tion!  
Com-pe-ti-tion! Com-pe-ti-tion!  
An a-ri-a com-pe-ti-tion!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!

## Act 1, Scene 10-2-2

*In the terrace of a high tower giant xylophones made of gold are seen. Musicians in overdecorated eastern costumes present what melody competitors must follow.*

ORCHESTRA. XYLOPHONES.

## Act 1, Scene 10-2-3

CHOIR

For the ho-nor of the coup-le!  
For the ho-nor of the coup-le!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!

*A few Quntarogan ladies, Qimerina, Thabilake, Xemeline desire to take part in the competition.*

Qi-me-ri-na will be the first!  
Qi-me-ri-na's turn comes no-ow!  
Qi-me-ri-na will be the first!  
Qi-me-ri-na's turn comes no-ow!

**Act 1, Scene 10-2-4**

*Silence. Qimerina walks up and starts singing in a podium near the gold xylophones. She fails in a demanding part of the melody.*

QIMERINA  
Oh!...

**Act 1, Scene 10-2-5**

CHOIR  
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!  
Tha-bi-la-ke's turn comes no-ow!  
Tha-bi-la-ke's turn comes no-ow!  
Tha-bi-la-ke's turn comes no-ow!  
Tha-bi-la-ke's turn comes no-ow!

**Act 1, Scene 10-2-6**

*Silence. Thabilake walks up and starts singing in a podium near the gold xylophones. She fails in a demanding part of the melody.*

THABILAKE  
Oh!...

**Act 1, Scene 10-2-7**

CHOIR

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!  
Xe-me-li-ne's turn comes no-ow!  
Xe-me-li-ne's turn comes no-ow!  
Xe-me-li-ne's turn comes no-ow!  
Xe-me-li-ne's turn comes no-ow!

### Act 1, Scene 10-2-8

*Silence. Xemeline walks up and starts singing in a podium near the gold xylophones. She fails in a demanding part of the melody.*

XEMELINE

Oh!...

### Act 1, Scene 10-2-9

CHOIR

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!  
Just fol-low these gold xy-lo-phones!  
The ti-rades of these xy-lo-phones!  
No more sin-gers? No more sin-gers?  
No more sin-gers? No more sin-gers?  
No more sin-gers! No more sin-gers!  
No more sin-gers! No more sin-gers!  
No more sin-gers! No more sin-gers!  
No more sin-gers! No more sin-gers!

*Naxonipan steps ahead.*

Oh Lo-tus Girl! You will try it?  
Your turn! Your turn will come no-ow!  
Oh Lo-tus Girl! You will try it?  
Your turn! Your turn will come no-ow!

### Act 1, Scene 10-3-1

*Naxonipan sings in the podium. She lost everything. She lost love. She lost hope. She lost belief in a better life. She lost belief in Quantarogan people. She lost her sentences, her words, her ability of speech even. She fills the demanding melody with emotion and soul and completes it with no mistake.*



NAXONIPAN  
Oh!...

**Act 1, Scene 10-3-2**

*Deep bow by the audience. Deep bow by Thamariki . Deep bow by Xipanate. Silence in the plaza. Wreath decorated with diamonds is prepared now.*

ORCHESTRA. FANFARE.

**Act 1, Scene 10-3-3**

*During the fanfare Naxonipan lets down to the dust her decorative cape. Her miserable rags appear under it. Her yellow and red pimples on shoulders, on arms, everywhere on skin, are also visible now. Screaming. Scare.*

CHOIR

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

A pa-ri-ah! A pa-ri-ah!

**Act 1, Scene 10-3-4**

*Naxonipan leaves the podium. Scare.*

CHOIR

Oh!...

*Among the deadly frightened lords, ladies, kids, Naxonipan goes ahead and leaves the stage with no word, with no glance to anyone. Curtain.*

**A BRIEF MADE FROM THE FULL AND COMPLETE LIBRETTO OF ACT 2**

*SCENE 1. Thamariki. Zinazaga. Discussing how Thamariki stayed alive. SCENE 2. Pariah island. Yellow fever. Thamariki and the dead corpses. For Naxonipan Thamariki is searching now. Naxonipan disappeared from here. To find her in archipelago is almost impossible. Thamariki and the talking trees, birds, rocks. Illumination of the mind and soul of the prince. SCENE 3. Castle of Xipanate. Love feeling of Xipanate to a body builder giant guard. Efforts to have the heart of the guard using pears, pigeons, and groceries. No help from Zinazaga. SCENE 4. Quantarogan main plaza. Night. Leading by Thamariki more and more youngsters care pariahs, animals, plants in archipelago sacrificing gold and gem -- returning groups now stopped and accused. Flogging. Blaming Brahma, Buddha, divinities. Expressing the social and solidarity aspects of eastern religions. SCENE 5. Sea, stars, night. Sailboat of Xipanate, decorated with drawings of pigeons everywhere, now elopes guard. SCENE 6. Quantarogan main plaza. An other night. Leading by Thamariki many groups of youngsters return from archipelago where pariahs, animals, plants were cared. Accusation. Anger. Qaloderiqqe conflicts youngsters. Ghuthandali conflicts youngsters. Thamariki and friends take down their clothes, give them back to parents, and resigning of everything that they had here, leave the town naked.*

### **A BRIEF MADE FROM THE FULL AND COMPLETE LIBRETTO OF ACT 3**

*SCENE 1. Quantarogan main plaza. Inauguration of overdecorated sculptures. Supreme God, that has been formed from beaks of hundred thousands of hummingbirds. Brahma, Buddha, divinities, formed of beaks of thousands of tropical birds. SCENE 2. Qaloderiqqe, Crown Counsel, Monks in an archaic sanctum. Asking Zinazaga to transform them Superior People and too transform the human excretion, snot, snivel, urine, excrement overcolored, beautiful, decorative elements. Refusal from Zinazaga. SCENE 3. Quantarogan main plaza. Inauguration of overdecorated churches. Church of Xong, the Supreme God, made of skulls of chimpanzees. Church of Brahma, Buddha, divinities, made of skulls of other monkeys. Crowd desire to transform into beauties, into decorations the frumpy body of pariahs even. Qaloderiqqe. Ghuthandali. Approval to build a decorative Church from skulls of pariahs. SCENE 4. Malaqi Island. New society of youngsters in exile. Naxonipan too lives here. Thamariki has here a new name. Malaqi Buddha. SCENE 5. Sailboat fleet of Quantarogan on the sea navigating among islets and rocks. Sails decorated by drawings of skulls. Boats are fully loaded with skulls of pariahs. However, dozen and dozen pariahs still work on the islets. One boat has the skulls of exile youngsters even. No Quantarogan dissident stayed alive. Palms, tropical trees, rocks sing in the islets. But their tone is familiar. Thamariki and friends sing as palms, plants, by reincarnation. SCENE 6. Quantarogan main plaza. Inauguration of the New Church of Xong made of skulls of pariahs. Deputies of Celebes, Jawa, Sumatra are also present. Due to Zinazaga's continuous refusal, people now aim supreme power with claiming superiority. Xong appears. He turns Quantarogan into a ruin within a glance. Only deputies and pariahs on surrounding islets stay alive. Sentences in the downstage stones remain untouched. Right of freedom. Right of religion. Right of assembly. Right of free speech. But Xong places armed guards in the stage with a mark on uniforms: R.F.A. Right of Food and Accommodation. By the Supreme God's new world plan R.F.A. becomes a basic human right in our globe.*