

CHAPTER 6 – REF 6.10

Geshtek (Male get-together)

VIDEO CLIP 1

Shasänem bul sözdi tamam etti. Aqsha menen jol jürüp kele berdi. Ekewi sharshap, dem alyp otyrды.

Sol waqytta Shasänem tawlargha qarap, bir söz aityp tur:

Bir sözim bar tawlar saghan,

Arzym mynaw tawlar sennen,

Kelippen syrym aïtpagha,

Arzym mynaw tawlar sennen.

Eki közim qanly jasy,

Eritedi tawdy-tasty,

Izlermen jaqsy syrlasty,

Arzym mynaw tawlar sennen.

Näileyin joqdur ghardashym,

Dünya menen joqdur qoshym,

Säwer yarym häm syrlasym,

Arzym mynaw tawlar sennen.

Qoldan ushyrdym Sayatym,

Gähi ghamly, göhi shadlym,

Haqtan tilermen muradym,

Arzym mynaw tawlar sennen.

Shasänem der, jetti jangha,

Shärbet ishtim qana-qana,

Yar därtinen jana-jana,

Arzym mynaw tawlar sennen.

Bul sözdi aıtqannan song ekewi jol jürip, lalazarly tawlardyng qasyına keldi. Tawlardan Ghäripti sorap tur:

Qulaq salyp esit, tawlar, bul sözim,

Bälent tawlar, sennen Ghärip ötti me?

Ghäripsiz dünyany körmesin közim,

Bälent tawlar, sennen Ghärip ötti me?

Ya bas alyp bul watannan ketti me?

Ya mungaiyp bul shöllerde jatty ma?

Ya Ghärip oqpangha özin atty ma?

Bälent tawlar, sennen Ghärip ötti me?

Iyem uzaq etsin ömirin ziyada,

Pälektıng jäbirinen kelip bunda da,

Ya atly keldi me, yaki piyada,

Bälent tawlar, sennen Ghärip ötti me?

Shasänem der, namys kerek, ar kerek,

Shyn ashyqqa mudam ahyw-zar kerek,

Ya bolsa zer kerek, yaki zor kerek,

Bälent tawlar, sennen Ghärip ötti me?

Bul sözdi aityp bolghannan song, Aqsha menen ekewi külisip kiyatyrghan waqytta, bulardyng aldynan atlaryn oinaqshytyp kiyatyrghan eki atly jigit dus keldi.

Jigitler:

—Bul eki perini bizge qudai bergen shyghar. Här qaisysyn bir-birden atymyzgha mindirip keteyik,—dep janyna kelip qarasa, Shasänemning basynda jyghasy baryn kördi. Bulardy zorlyq penen alyp ketip bolmas. Bular menen bir-eki awyz söleşeyik,—dep Shasänemge qarap, bek uly bir söz aityp tur . . .

Shasänem finished speaking. Together with Aqsha she continued walking along the road. When both of them became tired, they sat down to rest. Then Shasänem, looking at the mountains, says this:

I want to tell you something, mountains,

Here is my plea to you, mountains,

I have come to tell you a secret,

Here is my plea to you, mountains.

My eyes are shedding tears of blood,

Dissolving mountains and making stones melt,

I am looking for my soulmate,

Here is my plea to you, mountains.

What am I to do without my friend?

I have no joy in this world,

My soulmate and lover is not with me,

Here is my plea to you, mountains.

I have let my falcon slip from my hand,

Now I am sad, now I am joyful,

I beseech the Ultimate Reality¹ to fulfill my desire,

Here is my plea to you, mountains.

Shasänem says: it has reached the depths of my soul,

I have quenched my thirst by drinking nectar,

I am burning with anguish for my lover,

Here is my plea to you, mountains.

After she had said this, the two went along the road and came to a flowery mountainside.

[Shasänem] asks the mountains about Ghärip:

Harken to my words, mountains,

High mountains, has Ghärip not passed over you?

May my eyes not see the world without Ghärip,

High mountains, has Ghärip not passed over you?

Or has he left this homeland headlong?

Or has he lain in this desert in despair?

Or has he thrown himself into an abyss?

High mountains, has Ghärip not passed over you?

May God lengthen his life,

Driven here by blows of fortune,

Has he come on horseback or on foot?

High mountains, has Ghärip not passed over you?

Shasänem says: one must have honor and conscience,

A true lover must have an admirer,

One must have wealth or power,

High mountains, has Ghärip not passed over you?

Having said these words, she went on with Aqsha, and then they came across two young men on horseback.

Young men:

"It looks like these two fairies have been given to us by God. Let's seat each of them on horseback and take them away," they said and rode closer. Then they saw a *jygha*² on Shasänem's head and thought, "We mustn't take them by force. Let's exchange a few words with them." And, looking at Shasänem, the bek's son speaks . . .

VIDEO CLIP 2

Soraw: *Özingiz de aitasyz-gho, qyssa jolyna?*

Kärimbai Tynybayev (KT): *Endi, rasyň aytqanda, bayaghyda, 1950-jyllardyň berjaghynda azyraq sawat ashqannan keyin Mäspatsha, Qoblan, Alpamys qusaghan dästanlar kirill alfavitinde shyqty. Sol waqytlarynda qyssa jolyna salyp, gharrylarga oqyp beretughyn edik.*

Soraw: *Gharrylar soraitughyn ba edi?*

KT: *Gharrylar soraghanda, gezeklesip äketetughyn edi. "Karimbaijan, erteng bizing üige baryp oqyp ber; gharrylar, sizler de barasyzlar,"—deidi. Endi ol waqta men özim jas balaman. Kitapy jaqsylap woqyiman. Hawaz da bar. Täsirli jerlerine kelgende, engkildep, jylap otyratughyn edi. Quwanyshly jerlerine kelgende "ha-ha"lap küledi. Haqyqatynda, sonda gharrylar gezekpe-gezek shaqyryp aittyratughyn edi. Endi ol namalar song baqsyshlyq etkennen keyin, bäri yadta joq häzir. Biraq, birew aityp atyrghan waqta "he-e, myna jeri mynadai-gho," dep ishimiz sezip otyrady.*

Soraw: *Häzir bir aityp bergeningizde jüdü jaqsy bolar edi.*

KT: *Aitsam bolar edi. Biraq, oghan tayarlanyp, yadlap jürgenimiz joq.*

Soraw: *Ram shaiyrlardy waqtynda esitkensiz-gho siz?*

KT: *Endi küni menen bular (sol jerdegi qyssakhanlar) Abbaz atanyň jolyna aityp atyr. Men Sadyq atanyň jolyna bir mysal aityp bereyin:*

Sovet batyry

Köpti körgen men bir gharry bolsam da,

Esitpedim ömir jolyn aspanda.

Eng birinshi qaldy isming dästanda,

Qudiretli küshlering sovet batyry.

Baryp kelding qolgha alyp gülingdi,

Täbiyat bas iyip, saghan jügindi.

Adamlardyň ärmanyna bügingi,

Qudiretli küshlering sovet batyry.

Mine, söitip kele beredi.

Endi myna Ram aghany da köp tyngladym. Ram aghanyng da öz aldyna jollary bar. Mysaly, Ghärip Ashyqtan aitady ol köbinshe:

*Kepter kibi pälpellep, keler yarym aspanda,
Aman keler-kelmesi, bolyp tur-ghoi gümanda.
Taqat joqdur tänimde, mening ushbi zamanda,
Rähim äilep yaryma-ei, aman jetker yarymdy,*

—dep turady.

Kalmurza Kurbanov (KK): Do you yourself sing in the manner of *qyssakhans*?

Kärimbai Tynybayev (KT): Well, to tell you the truth, after the 1950s, when I had just learned how to read, editions of *dästans Mäspatsha*, *Qoblan*, and *Alpamys* came out in the Cyrillic alphabet. At the elders' request, I then read them these *dästans* in the style of *qyssakhans*.

KK: Elders asked you to read?

KT: They did. They would invite me to their homes in turn, saying: "Kärimbaijan, come to our home to read tomorrow; and elders, you come too." At that time, I was a young boy. I read books well and had a good voice. Listening to me, they would cry in the places that were touching and laugh in the places that were amusing. Then the elders indeed started to invite me in turn. But afterward, when I became involved with *baqsyshylyq*, I forgot those tunes. However, when I hear somebody sing [in the manner of *qyssakhans*], I react to it at once, thinking to myself, "Hey! This bit should be sung in this way."

KK: It would be very good if you could sing something now.

KT: It is possible. But I didn't specially prepare.

KK: Did you listen to poets like Ram shaiyr at the time?

KT: Today everything has been performed in the style of Abbaz *ata*.³ So I shall sing to you an example of Sadyq *ata*'s style:

Soviet Hero⁴

Although I am an old man who has seen much,

I have not heard of a path of life in the sky.

Your name is the first to be inscribed in the *dästan*,

Your power is mighty, Soviet hero.

You went there with a flower in your hand,

Nature bowed its head and paid homage to you.

[You fulfilled] people's dreams today,

Your power is mighty, Soviet hero.

There, it went like this.

I also listened a lot to Ram *agha*.⁵ Ram *agha* had his own manner of singing. For instance, he often sang from *Ghärıp Ashyq* in this way:

Like a playful dove, my lover is flying in the sky,

Will she or will she not come safely to me, I wonder.

I have lost my patience now,

Showing your mercy toward my lover, deliver my lover safe and sound.

Notes:

1. *God.*
2. *A type of feathered headwear symbolizing nobility.*
3. *A respectful form of address to a senior man.*
4. *A fragment from a poem dedicated to the cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin.*
5. *Another respectful form of address to a senior man.*