

ALEKSANDR FEINBERG. HIS WORKS AND STUDIES

Karimova O`g`iloy Rahmatulla qizi

Author, A student of Translation Faculty

Yo`ldoshev Ulug`bek Ravshanbekovich

Scientific advisor, A doctor of philosophy in philology (PhD)

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Abstract. Aleksandr Feinberg is considered to be one of the most acclaimed poets in Uzbekistan. Although his nationality belongs to other nations, he left invaluable pieces of his writings about Uzbek culture, customs, and life. His all poems were written with all his heart dedicating his life to the advancement of Uzbek poetry. The poet's early life, achievements, and contributions to our national literature will be further discussed.

Keywords: Journalism, poetry, philosophy, cultural diversity, inspiring ideas, creativity.

АЛЕКСАНДР ФЕЙНБЕРГ. ЕГО РАБОТЫ И ИССЛЕДОВАНИЯ

Аннотация. Александр Файнберг по праву считается одним из самых известных поэтов Узбекистана. Хотя он по национальности принадлежит к другому народу, он оставил бесценную часть своих сочинений об узбекской культуре, обычаях и быте. Все его стихи написаны от всей души, посвятив свою жизнь развитию узбекской поэзии. Молодость, достижения и вклад поэта в нашу национальную литературу будут обсуждаться далее.

Ключевые слова: Журналистика, поэзия, философия, культурное разнообразие, вдохновляющие идеи, творчество.

Aleksandr Feinberg was born in Tashkent during the years of global struggle fare two. His parents were originally from Russia and settled in this city long before the poet came to life. In his books, Feinberg describes Tashkent as a city of magic, its traditions, and how people are friendly here. Also, he describes the splendor and attraction of the city, depicting the character of Uzbekistan, and declaring those extraordinary scenes were triggers in his writing journey. He sheds light on the relationship he enjoyed most here how people in Tashkent helped him when he lost his parents. He was not taken to care houses or abandoned on his own, but he was raised the same way as most children were brought up at that time. He became thankful to Uzbek human beings for being so malicious program to him and put all of his strength to make nationwide the culture of Uzbekistan.

Feinberg graduated from Tashkent State University and for a while, he labored as a part of a team in the Writer's Union. He was the author of more than 15 books, according to his screenplay writing abilities, many films were shot back at that time. His poems were posted in across-the-world diagnosed journals called "The Youths ", "Star of Asia " and " New World ". In the late nineties, there was catastrophic airplane damage when the Uzbek team Pakhtakor arrived in Tashkent, in step with his writings expressing empathy for the ones on this aircraft crash a movie was named " Their Stadium is at the Sky" outlining how huge unfastened it turned into for our nation. For a few years, he organized assembly education seminars for younger writers which paved his way to climb the career ladder. In 2004 year. he was nominated by Pushkin Medal became one of these writers who have been enriching the cultural range of our Literature with new

thoughts to deal with numerous current troubles in our society. [1]. He wrote a descriptive poem named "String of the Rubaiyat" in which he first-rate creates the best image of Uzbek chayhana which puts a smile on the face of readers. He has posted the following books " Cycling treks" (1965), " Etude"(1967), "Poems" (1977), Distant Bridges" (1978), "The Seal of the Sky" (1982), "Short Wave" (1983), "Net" (1986), "Free Sonnets" (1990), "Don't Cry, Darling" (1997), "Mine" (2000), "Free Sonnets" (2003), "Leaf" (2008). He translated Navoiy's scripts into Russian to promote Uzbek literature and to reach more audiences. Even the most acknowledged Uzbek writer A. Oripov praised his Poetic capabilities as he became inspired by how a Russian poet may want to keep on his research in Uzbek literature and dedicate his complete lifestyle to serving his country. There is an example of his poem:

Родина

*Меж знойными квадратами полей
она легла до горного отрога —
гудроновая старая дорога
в тени пирамидальных тополей.
Я в юности не раз ходил по ней
с теодолитом и кривой треногой.
Я пил айран в той мазанке убогой,
где и теперь ни окон, ни дверей.
Печальный край. Но именно отсюда
я родом был, я родом есть и буду.
Ау, Европа! Я не знаю Вас.
Вдали орла безмолвное круженье.
В зубах травинка. Соль у самых глаз.
И горестно, и счастливо мгновенье.*

Motherland

*Between the sultry squares of fields
She lay right down on the mountain spur -
old tar roady
in the shade of pyramidal poplars.
I walked alongside it more than ever in my youth
with theodolite and crooked tripod.
I drank ayran in that wretched hut,
where now there are no windows or doors.
A sad land. But it's from here
I turned into born, I am born and could be.
Hey, Europe! I don't know you.
In the distance the eagle silently circles.
A blade of grass in your teeth. Sadness right in the eyes.
Both sad and happy moments.*

In this poem, it may be visible how Feinberg sophisticatedly confirmed the genuine picture of Uzbek culture. First landscapes, roads nature was described, and then Uzbek's national drink ayran was also mentioned. He mentioned to Europe that he wasn't fascinated by anything offered by it, as he again proved his loyalty and conveyed the painful problems of that time Uzbek was going through. It was wartime, and millions of Uzbeks lost their flesh and bone in the battle becoming its victims, sadness in the eyes is the Metaphor used for specific difficult instances of grief and remembering candy and bitter memories of the past.

It is thought that Alexander Feinberg was born on November 2, 1939, in Tashkent. In his prose work "My City - Tashkent", he wrote: "I became inside the capital of Russia. Here it is. Moscow is as if in the palm of my hand. I look at its history from the window of the eighteenth floor. The town at the horizon and I turned into amazed. During the Revolution, this metropolis deserted my unmarried mom on your step of Magadan. Many years later, only Tashkent hugged her and warmed her body in a 50-degree frost. "By the infinite mercy and grace of fate, the poet's heart was as warm as the sun, He enjoyed the friendship and generosity of the tolerant as well as the kind Uzbek people. We have heard commonly that had his circle of relatives now no longer met the Uzbeks, he could have died earlier than he was born. The poet's mother, Anastasia Alexandrovna was born in Moscow, and the poet's father, Arkady Lvovich, was born in Gatchina, not far from Peter. But he explains their adventure from Siberia to Tashkent as follows: "I assume they moved right here to provide beginning to me". For this reason, Alexander Feinberg considers Uzbekistan his homeland. He has never tired of expressing gratitude to and love for his motherland. His poetic and literary works describe the lovely landscapes of Uzbekistan, country-wide traditions, excessive culture, and spirituality of our people. Alexander's youth coincide with World War II. He was two years old in 1941. Sasha's coronary heart yearns for the horrible activities of those terrible years. In his poems "1941", "Autumn 1942", "Tashkent", "1943" and "Argun" one can see the blood of the coronary heart and pay attention to the cry of a man. As noted above, Alexander Arkadievich Feinberg was born on 2 November 1939 in Tashkent, where his parents had relocated from Novosibirsk in 1937. After finishing a seven-year School, Alexander Feinberg entered the Tashkent Topographic Technical School. After graduating, he joined the army in Tajikistan. He then completed his studies at Tashkent University, where he studied journalism through correspondence with the Faculty of Philology and worked in the student newspaper. In 1961, he was given married to I.G. Koval. A.A. Feinberg was a member of the Union of Writers of Uzbekistan. He was the composer of fifteen books of poetry (including a posthumously published two-volume book written by the author), as well as four full-length feature films, and more than twenty animated films were produced under his scripts. He translated into Russian the poems and poems via way of means of Alisher Navoi and many contemporary Uzbek poets. His poems were published in the magazines Smena, Yunost, Novy Mir, Zvezda Vostoka, and Novaya Volga, and periodicals of foreign countries such as the USA, Canada, and Israel. In 1999, to the 20th anniversary of the tragic death of the Pakhtakor football team in a plane crash, the film "Their Stadium Inside the Sky" changed into filmed on his script, which capabilities a piece of music via way of means of Alexander Feinberg approximately Pakhtakor in 1979. For numerous years, A.

A. Feinberg led a seminar for young writers of Uzbekistan in Tashkent. Alexander Arkadievich Feinberg died on 14 October 2009 in Tashkent. He is buried at the Botkin Cemetery in Tashkent. It represents the distress of the time, the misery of the people, and scenes of brutal Hunger. The poet writes the fact in a language understood via way means of the people, without worry about the regulations of the dominant ideology.

Summer floats inside the hull of a ship.

The smiling father of nations is in the picture.

Under this picture, there is no bread.

In one of these horrible times, he frequently praises Uzbekistan and the Uzbek humans for their fortitude and kindness. Everyone changed into contemplating saving their lives at that time, but in his poems, he acknowledges with gratitude and warmth that the human Uzbeks embraced the struggling human beings and patted them on the head.

Alexander Feinberg even felt that he was just a conductor on earth, an antenna that captures heavenly sounds from God and embodies them in words, poetic sizes, and stanzas. Therefore, he modestly called himself a "singing reed." Perhaps that is why he could express in his poems impeccably accurately and sincerely a declaration of love or repentance ("And where guilty even for a minute / stood with guilt like before the cross") and firmly, with one solid line or stanza, like a chisel on stone tablets, convey to the reader his unshakable moral principles:

"I searched for the soul even in the fallen scum.

Lost friends. Was on the brink of death.

But I did not pick the key to someone else's door.

Here I stand now on the ruins.

Blessed are those who have not lost themselves. "

The poet was born into a family of repressed intellectuals in 1939. Like his pre-war peers, he trampled the grass in sunny courtyards with clay stoves and an incessant quail; played football, standing at the gate; starved during the war years when he had "for breakfast — pulp, and dinner — a cold." He rode on a homemade wooden scooter on ball bearings, reverently avoiding the maimed-in soul and body veterans of World War II, who sang military songs for miserable alms and thus earned a living.

From childhood, the poet was aware of another great city that became a refuge, a second "small" homeland for many Russian writers and artists evacuated here — A. A. Akhmatova, N. Ya. Mandelstam, A. N. Tolstoy, K. M. Simonov, Vl. Lugovsky, KI Chukovsky, R. Falk, V.A. Favorovsky, and many other outstanding figures of Russian culture left an indelible eternal mark on the Asian land and in the history of Russian-Uzbek spiritual and educational relations.

A. Feinberg's poems about the legendary football team "Pakhtakor", which died in a plane crash in 1979:

"... Smoke from the explosion passed over the country.

We are not guilty of this fault.

Someone just violated the rules,

Well, we were assigned a penalty.

The wind still cries in the forests.

You still cry at night.

Don't be sad! We still play like before.

Just our stadium is in heaven. "

I tried to translate and analyze Feinberg's poem from Russian to English and Uzbek.

Велотреки

За нашим стадионом велотреки.

И в ноябре, особенно ночами,

они плывут туманные, как реки,

которым ни конца и ни начала.

Они текут в холодные просторы,

в осенние расплывчатые дали.

Над ними, словно жёлтые медали,

мигают одиноко светофоры...

Ты помнишь сумрак? Начиналась слякоть.

Ещё не зная, что такое гонки,

здесь девочка одна училась плавать,

мечтая стать известной чемпионкой.

По лунным площадям вели нас плиты.

И в тёмном тупике возле ограды

она однажды, оправляя свитер,

по-взрослому сказала мне: — Не надо...

И вот опять вихрастая, и странная,

она идёт, как маленький рассвет.

Она идёт из долгого тумана,

толкая впереди велосипед.

И вслед за ней широкие, как реки,

холодными дождливыми ночами

всё дальше уплывают велотреки,

которым ни конца и ни начала...

Velodromes

Behind our stadium, the velodromes.

*And in November, especially at night,
they float misty, like rivers,
that have no end or beginning.*

*They flow into the cold spaces,
into the autumn, blurry distances.
Above them, like yellow medals,
lonely traffic lights flicker...*

*Do you remember dusk? The sleet had just begun.
Not yet knowing what racing was,
here, a girl learned to cry alone,
dreaming of becoming a famous champion.*

*The pavement led us across moonlit squares.
And in the dark dead-end by the fence,
she once, adjusting her sweater,
said to me like a grown-up: "No need... "*

*And here she is again, tumultuous and strange,
she walks like a little dawn.
She emerges from the prolonged fog,
pushing her bicycle ahead.*

*And behind her, broad like rivers,
on cold, rainy nights
further and further, the velodromes recede,
that has no end or beginning...*

Velosiped yo'llari

*Stadionimiz orqasida velosiped yo'llari bor.
Va noyabrda, ayniqsa tunda,
ular daryolar kabi tumanli suzardi,
oxiri ham, boshlanishi ham yo'q.*

*Ular sovuq bo'shliqlarga oqardi,
kuzda loyqa masofalarda.
Ularning tepasida, xuddi sariq medallar kabi,
svetoforlar yolg'iz miltillardi...*

*Kechqurunni eslaysizmi? Uloyqalana boshlardi.
Hali poyga nimaligini bilmay,*

*Bu yerda qiz yolg'iz yig'lashni o'rganib,
mashhur chempion bo'lishni orzu qilardi.*

*Plitalar bizni oy tomon olib borardi.
Va panjara yaqinidagi qorong'u o'lik joyda
u bir marta kiyimini to'g'rilayotganda,
U menga kattalardek aytdi: "Qilma...*

*Va bu yerda yana jingalak va g'alati,
u tong otganday keladi.
U uzoq tumandan keladi,
velosipedni oldinga surib.*

*Va undan keyin daryolardek keng,
sovuq yomg'irli kechalarda
Velosiped yo'llari tobora uzoqlashardi,
na oxiri na boshlanishi yo`q...*

In conclusion, Uzbek poet Feinberg left his treasures in Uzbek literature being the primary ones to promote and sing about Uzbek society. In his writings, we can see the pain, the chill, The happiness, and the tragedy of the state that instances as he without delay wrote what changed in his coronary heart and elegantly positioned all of the phrases on the paper.

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