

## LINE OF SPIRIT: ABOUT NAZAR ESHONQUL'S STORIES WHO IS PROMINENT REPRESENTATIVE OF MODERN UZBEK LITERATURE

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### ABSTRACT

The article includes information about Nazar Eshankul, one of the well-known representatives of modern Uzbek literature, and his works, such as "The Taste of Pain", "Coffin", "The Wind Cannot Be Caught", "The Man Who Led a Monkey", "Dead Season", "A Photo of Ruined City", "Art-1" and "Art-2" which the author analyses and gives his/her opinion about them.

**Keywords:** "Magic of words", plot, harmony of Western and Eastern literature, "Dead season", "Coffin", "The Man Led by a Monkey", "Picture of a ruined city", "Art-1", "Art-2", "The Wind Cannot Be Caught".

### INTRODUCTION, LITERATURE REVIEW AND DISCUSSION

Have you ever wondered how much the power of a word can be?! Yes, that sounds pretty strange to me. You go to check which is right and which is wrong. What one think is very interesting to me. Because when you think about it as this way "Is there really a greater factor in human destiny than the word?!" The answer is gorgeous. Because the beginning of all beauty and happiness, evil and sorrow, comes with the word, and in my mind, I remembered the first time I came across this question - when simple words began to call me into their mysterious worlds...

I first felt the true magic of words when I read Nazar Eshankul's story "The Taste of Pain". It's been four years. As the name suggests, this is a very moving mystical story. The story depicts a man enjoying the pain and joyfully awaiting his death in such a way that you involuntarily, like an observer of the event, do not know how whether to look at the heroor to laugh. To be honest, it wasn't long before I was overwhelmed by the impact of this five- or six-page work when I had to spend long time for it. Sometimes you feel sorry for this man who acted so bravely, even though they tore his heart alive. And sometimes, among the dozens of prisoners, the Fourth, a man who overcame death, was able to behave in a glorious and relaxed way without any pain. Sometimes, as a human being, you feel ashamed of the actions of the audience, and sometimes you hate those who voluntarily condemn themselves to this depravity. You get tired of thinking, but you can't be indifferent. Eventually, you realize that sins are the product of everyone's mistakes, and you begin to examine yourself. It was then that I suddenly realized that the Fourth was one of those who had condemned himself to death, and I was disappointed. He can truly be a good example. But I am far from sacrificing my life for the sake of a bleak future. After all, I don't think there's any explanation for this suicide other than ingratitude. So what would you call it?!

From the outside, the story may seem like an entirely imaginary plot and character, but there are dozens of bitter truths in it. For example, we often chase after fame and pleasure which

could be bright example for it. As in the work, the enjoyment of pain is considered to be both a physical and a mental art, and those who brutally beat people and endure pain are described as “artists”. In fact, sometimes we see the truth and sometimes we seem to be indifferent to it, don't we ?! As an example from today's life, we simply hear repeatedly about the harms and consequences of smoking. But we still see hundreds of smokers on the streets and we do not say anything to them. Do you think that they do not know the consequences of what they do and have never heard of it?

Also, through the actions of the audience in the story, we can often easily turn a blind eye to injustices, even knowingly share them and continue our lives as if nothing had happened, in a word, our forgetfulness and indifference is be visable in this case. Although we do not want to admit it, none of us are completely free from such habbits.

This small story carries such a great deal of pain, just like its protagonist, the Fourth. They are simply embedded in ideal events. However, during the discussion of the work, I realized that sometimes I also have a desire to be able to overcome the pain, to accept them with a firm smile, not with weakness. I'm sure you have this feeling in your heart and in the corners of your body. Therefore, the events of the work are not completely fictional.

Through this story, I became more interested in Nazar Eshankul's work and read his collection "The Man Led by a Monkey ". All I can say is that the stories in the series are almost similar to “The Taste of Pain” in their freshness and impact. In particular, the author's stories "You can't catch the wind", "Dead season", "Coffin", "The man led by a monkey", "Picture of a ruined city", "Art-1" and "Art-2" caught my attention.

You can't catch the wind... In fact, it can be used for many purposes, even changing its direction. But it is not completely defeated. The wind sometimes blows as the breeze and may stop on its own, but this is much more dangerous than severe winds. After all, a raging storm begins with silence... Nazar Eshanqul likens a person's anger to such a wind. The story has a tragic plot of Rayim, a strong man and his teenage son, who have been shot for a lifetime for not giving their herd of cattle, which was the staple food not only of themselves but of the entire village of Tersota, to the police. The work is about the painful life of the bloodthirsty grandmother Bayna, who shielded her unwavering will and faith. The saddest thing is that the villagers completely refused Rayim Polvon(strong man) who defended them, risking his life and peace when he needed their help. In fact, years later, Zaman horseman, who caused the deaths of those innocent people and plundered the people, is greeted as if nothing had happened, and everybody continues to worship him. The hateful life of Bayna, who lost her husband, her child and all her friends in one day, will move any person' heart. She never forgets the deeds of the Zaman horseman and the betrayal of his villagers. If you say "But what's the point, for that poor thing?", you are wrong as twenty-three years after these losses, she kills Zamon, the horseman just before the birth of the child he has been waiting for for forty years. That was how a wind became a storm, but Bayna does not forgive her villagers even after the revenge. In less than a year, the woman's miserable life will come to an end.

The story isn't that big, and as you can see, it's a whole family. As I thought about the analysis of the work, I began to doubt that the only guilty was Zamon the horseman. Therefore, I think it is necessary to dwell on the image of Rayim Polvon. He was the richest, most respected, and bravest man of a large village. As a result, he has a sense of responsibility and protects people's property. That's the decent thing to do, and it should end there. But I am far from saying that it was "courageous" of him that he alone confronted dozens of police officers.

In fact, I think it was a bit of a fool, high-flying deed. A thousand years of history has shown that power and victory are on the side of many. Even if they are fighting on bad purposes. This is the true meaning of the saying "The united go beyond". Yes, there are revolutionary heroes who defeated the enemy alone, but when we count their names, do our ten fingers completely bend?! So, did Rayim Polvon have the right to risk his son and his wife's lives for the matter which is not reliable?! But he would have made a mistake if he had given the herd like everyone else. Do you think there is no better way to handle this situation?! And I think he could have united the villagers for a common goal. If he had united the crowd, would Zaman have had the courage to look at the herd like a predator? Truly, this is not an easy task, but it is not impossible. On the contrary, did Rayim Polvon and his son's deaths kill the last hopes of the population? It is understandable that Bayna blamed the villagers for her losses. But I would like to admit another fact that Rayim witnessed his son's death after which he put at risk his family's life. That's why I partly blame him for his short-sightedness.

Speaking of Bayna momo, I must first say that I am amazed of this woman's patience. Because how much willpower, how much strength does it take to win thousands of hardships every day and live for 23 years without suffering from incurable pain?! However, guiltless is only the Creator (God). Our hero is no exception, of course. Perhaps she would have had a real victory over both her villagers and the murderers if she had made a garden on the ground for the pure spirit of her husband and child. Forgiveness is simply our most powerful weapon, because the pain of conscience is heavier than the most painful pain in the world. It pleases the soul. And no matter what the purpose is, the murder is always considered to be evil. But as I thought about it, I wondered if I could have done it if I had been in his place, and I'm not hiding, I still can't find an answer...

For some reason I don't want to think when it's Zamon's turn. Those who are born as human and cannot live as human beings are not worth happiness. Although I am an observer of events, I do not hate him less than Bayna, I do not forgive him, I do not feel sorry for him. But there is another aspect, that is, mentally healthy people grow up in a proper family and a healthy society. Therefore, we have no right to blame him completely.

Nazar Eshankul's story "The Man Who Was Led by the Monkey" is full of strong and sharp analogies. The story begins with the speaker meeting the protagonist, an elderly artist, and ends with his death. The old man was active in the ranks of the Komsomols in the twenties of the last century, which coincided with his fiery youth, and in the thirties he was appointed to a senior position and worked until his retirement. Hurting many innocent people for the sake of the state and the genius, he spent the last years of his life in loneliness. It is a pity that his only child gave up on him and became addicted to gambling and alcohol, and it is a pity that he was beaten by his son every time he asked for money. This is a very painful and sad situation. The hero says of his life:

"I have served good and evil all my life. Because whatever I did, it would be divided into two parts. I don't want to argue with you, I just want to give one example. Once upon a time, I had a very high-ranking friend who was honest and demanded a little bit of prestige. He did not give anyone a course of action for twenty-seven years, he was a master man. What was he doing? There was an order from above that there were this much of raw material. The command could not be denied or discussed - we were brought up in that spirit - it must be obeyed! To do this, all employees must work fourteen to sixteen hours a day. And this, you know, is not officially possible. In fact, it is possible to organize various initiatives, but it is impossible to do so for a year or twelve months. Man is not a machine. Thousands of people

can be crippled. No, free your armchair, and another one will definitely do it. Life will not be beautiful just because you are honest. So my friend chose the best way. I must say that he was a very pure and effective man. He used to sign the paper saying that everything was done. He also involved other companies in this work, which would say, "Scratch my back and I will scratch yours." He did it for the sake of the people. In this way, my friend fought against the tyranny of his own way. For twenty-seven years he defended people with papers. Eventually, he died. Then a stone was thrown at his grave, and thousands of people he defended threw stones at him first - they chose someone else, who used everything in his power to carry out the order somehow - even the power. The income has decreased, and begging money has increased. Gradually, people remembered the former boss with regret and realized that he had chosen the right path. So tell me what's good and what's bad here. How can this be distinguished? One thought of the people and abused the law, and the other one thought of the law and ruined the people. I can't tell which one is bad and which one is good. I've never noticed that in my life. "As he says, he is also acting as the second leader - destroying people for the benefit of the "state".

With the bloodshed and curses of many people, who reached happiness and our hero is not an exception?! I think that when you grow up, you realize that the "goodness" that you have believed in, served and fought for all your life is in fact a disgrace - there is no greater pain than this. That's why the old artist tries to hide his weakness. But is it possible to forget the truth? In this passage, we are asked who actually served the good - tortured people to protect the law or abused the law to protect the people? Before commenting, I would like to ask a question that bothers me – why do we need the law, where does the state get its power? If the law violates the rights it protects, would it be right to fight to uphold it? Clearly, human interests are foremost. Of course, I do not want to fully justify the first leader, but he realized that his real duty was to serve the people. For this reason, for twenty-seven years, he deceived the state and defended them through paperwork. One fact is enough to distinguish between right and wrong, the former Soviet Union collapsed not from external danger but from internal disintegration...

The old artist's first paintings, "The Monkey Led by Man," and his latest painting, "The Man Led by a Monkey," are also symbolic. The first depicts a young man, full of the same strength, a great man with confidence in himself and his future, leading a monkey out of a dark forest. The second depicts the same monkey returning to his forest, followed by an old man with a despair and hopeless eyes. Interestingly, both paintings are partially painted. Because the young artist who painted the first one was still a caveman, and the experienced artist who painted the second one felt that the last seconds of his life were passing - he hurried to finish it as soon as possible. During his life he created dozens of perfect paintings. As they ascend to perfection, they begin to abstract like the heart of an artist. These two images alone were not without their virtues of imagining and evoking wonderful feelings. As I analysed the images, I thought they had something to do with Darwin's teaching that man evolved from apes. We mentioned that in the youth of our hero, he fought against the invaders in order to introduce a new "modern" life among the Uzbek people. The monkey in the picture is our past. And the thick forest is, let's say, a symbol of the old customs and values, religion and belief that we need to be honest. Through his efforts, the young artist leads the monkey, that is, the people, to a brighter future. Many years later, the monkey takes him back to the forest, to his own country. But at that moment, all the doors were locked for our hero...

I know Nazar Eshanqul not only as a skilled writer, but also as a person with a broad outlook. For example, it is not a joke to build an entire city in the form of a coffin, to resurrect the

dead, to teach the living students, and to convince people of this by inventing so many extraordinary plots and heroes. In particular, when it comes to the author's work, it is impossible not to dwell on these stories.

Just think what would happen if the death rate among the people in remote and modern districts of the province increased so much? Some of the victims die at their desks, some in their sleep, and some even while talking. The most interesting and frightening thing is that there is no medical or scientific description of these deaths. For five months, the strongest scientists and doctors in the state have searched, but they have not been able to determine anything. On the contrary, the death toll is so high that bodies are being found in every building in the city. Naturally, people are tempted to say that the apocalypse has come. In desperation, the government blames medical staff for illiteracy and hires architects and engineers to investigate. They, too, do not encounter anything suspicious during the initial research. Death mercilessly killed dozens of people in the city every day. Researchers are now beginning to question the man who built the city and the structure of the city. The modern buildings here, with their splendor, were able to attract even foreign tourists because its creator was also a skilled and famous architect. From his infinite glory he reaches the point of insanity. This city is the latest creation of an excellent architect. You know, the investigation revealed that the whole city was built in the form of a coffin, which took its place in the hearts of the people with its splendor.

It's a really incredible event, isn't it? Who would have thought that a coffin would be the best place to live?! But even in this symbolic story, we can see many invisible and simple truths. An example of this is the desire of people to escape from hard work and move to a modern city. In fact, isn't this "shiny exterior, trembling interior" a symbol of our easy-going success and happiness?

There are also sayings among the Turkic peoples that "good intentions are your half state", "let your intentions be your companion". After all, no work that begins with evil intentions will benefit us. That is why if a person wants to see the world beautiful, he must first beautify his inner world, his behavior and his intentions. As I read the book over and over again, I tried to find the answer a question that was taking root in my mind: "Who is really a madman - a man who drew a sketch of a city, or who built it blindly?" - what do you say ?!

There are so many myths, legends, and movies about the resurrection of the dead that it's not a big deal for us. Nazar Eshankul's story "Dead Season" is one of them. However, the events of the work and the characteristics of the heroes are completely different from others. Suddenly, a teacher appears at the university, earning the respect and affection of all students with his thoughts on life and the world in general. His fame grew so much that even other teachers became jealous of him. Gradually, this passion of the students became a cult, and rumors spread throughout the university that "soon the whole city would be ruled by a teacher." Thus the holiday season comes, and the students have the idea of watching their teachers relax with the respect they deserve. They hide from him, have a party for him in a cafe, and send a student to find him. He hurries to get his home address from his teacher's documents. Eventually, the place that was searched turns out to be a grave. When the student realizes that his teacher, who is a heavy and extremely arrogant, cold-eyed, and always damp-soil-smelling man, who has destroyed the minds of the people with his philosophy, is in fact dead, feels puzzled. He cries for a day and does not regain consciousness. He can not tell anyone about it even after he recovers.

Undoubtedly, the best teacher of mankind is history. I think this is the essence of the writer's choice of teaching the dead in this story. This body always looks at the people around it with envy, jealousy and arrogance. It is as if he said, "This world was not loyal to me, and it will not be loyal to you either." At the same time, this coldness gives him the power to control people. What caught my attention was his idea: "The body dies. And the idea is born again with a new generation. It cannot be buried. Even if he is buried, he will come out of the grave and rule the world again. For example, T. recently died. You all know that. His career was almost humiliated, he was called a "traitor". But newcomers have also come to terms with his idea. The idea is not to be killed, it was born with a new generation discovering new content." Indeed it is. The biggest lesson for a person is the mistakes he makes. Because of this, one draws strength from the past and strives for the future. However, our mistakes cannot be completely controlled. After all, life is a one-time game. The experience you gained in it cannot be used a second time. It is this feeling that makes any reader think and appreciate the billions of seconds that go by.

One of Nazar Eshankul's most moving stories is "The Picture of a Ruined City". I read it a few times and I still can't believe I fully understood what it meant. The work captures the inner experiences of an unfortunate person who falls into the trap of a picture. The character, who sees himself in the image of a ruined city, calls it Tursoriya, gradually believing that it really exists and goes in search of the city. It even encourages people to believe in the existence of the city. Of course, most people would only resort to this as a last destination. Only one professor did not object to the various statements he made on the picture. Because he says that through all the work he has done all his life, through the fame he has earned, he has ruined his city like. At the end of the story, the hero, who thinks he is living in search of some content from a corrupt and evil world, deliberately goes in search of Tursoriya.

The image of the "Ruined City" in the work seemed to me to be a belief, a truth that encourages everyone to keep it to themselves and convince others to do the same. Because, like the character, we don't know who actually created these truths – we ourselves or is it a feeling we inherited from our ancestors ?! Anyone who is attached to Tursoriya thinks that the world is evil. I thought that the main factor in his life, which consisted of misfortune and some kind of sadness, was that he sought only evil in everything. Indeed, as one of the sages said, wisdom is the world to the seeker of wisdom! But I have to say that my observations about the work are not over yet - I'm still researching...

When we look at the author's stories one by one, we can see a pleasant harmony between Western and Eastern literature. I also think that the influence of Western literature on the stories "The Taste of Pain" and "Dead Season" are great pieces of work. "Art-1" and "Art-2" from the latest short stories from the collection "Man led by a monkry" seemed to be inspired by the oriental spirit, and I would like to share my thoughts and impressions about them. I found it permissible.

As the name suggests, these stories are a logical continuation of each other, and they encourage the reader to think about the differences to clarify which one really deserves the title of "art".

In the first story, a talented but poor artist goes to the ruler to get rid of his poor life and says, "Everything I draw will surely come true, and if you want, I will hand over the neighboring lands to your office as well." The king asked him to draw a picture of peace that would stop the riots in the country. The artist paints in such a way that, in fact, order is established among

the people, and everyone lives only with the permission of the ruler. The artist is immersed in gold and achieves his goal. Throughout his life, he has given people power, weapons, authority, beauty and even war and destruction to hundreds of people with his amazing paintings. He lived a life of luxury, but no one ever asked him to paint a picture of happiness.

The second story also tells the about a very talented and extremely poor artist. As his art matured, his helplessness grew. But the artist was happy with his life. One day, he falls in love with the queen of the kingdom. Upon hearing this, the princess burst out laughing and promised the artist that she was amused.

"Draw my picture in such a way that he can laugh like me, be beautiful, and play the melody." If you can do it, I will agree to marry you." The poor artist works tirelessly for twelve months of the year, deprived of the pleasures of life. After a long time, the princess meets the artist. He is stunned to see his lover, whose eyes are burning with joy, with the beautiful and kind girl next to him. Because that beautiful girl was the princess her herself. The artist painted the picture in such a way that it was more attractive than the original image and was flawless. Then he looked at the princess in front of him and said what was in his heart:

"Princess, I have suffered for many years in your love, I have cried and cried, and my heart has been broken by sorrow. My eyes were troubled along the way, but you never even asked me how I was all these years, instead you laughed at me and called me crazy. It was only this picture that comforted me during the most difficult period for me, it gave me perseverance and confidence. When I finished the drawing, I realized that I did not love you, I really loved this image of you. I found what I was looking for, a poor artist like me is only equal to this angel, not yours, my princess."

The author concludes the story with the following thoughts:

"We actually love a different image of the one we love. To understand that, we have to be humiliated like an artist."

Art, literature, spirituality are necessary, first of all, for education of the soul and the heart. After all, a person is harmful to the society, even if he has a high level of intelligence and knowledge, and if his heart is dirty and his intentions are dark. The artist in the first story has good intentions, but he paints for wealth. Wealth is a necessity, not a goal. A sage says that our greatest enemies are not our opponents, but our completely indifferent people. Because you never know when or where they're going to end up. Those who have no purpose in life are the most dangerous people. They do nothing to fill the void in their lives. I would also say that the artist is completely indifferent to his actions and behavior. It doesn't matter what they do for a living, it does matter what they do for a living. Because they are the product of lust. At the same time, art must protect people through compassion, which, in turn, leads to wars and dries the pillows of thousands of innocent people. Therefore, it is useless to call this artist's paintings, no matter how powerful, art.

The hero of the second story is a patient, hard-working and, most importantly, humanistic person. His goal is to reach creative maturity and life happiness. He fights for both. It also means that he is strong in some way. And his works are the outcomes of those human qualities and love. That's the decent thing to do, and it should end there.

What are the consequences of using the same talent for different purposes? It's not just about art, it's about all aspects of our lives. One artist fought wars for the sake of wealth and fame, killed the living and achieved greatness, while another continued his humble and happy life

as he gave life to an abstract image with his art. Which of my points do you find most appealing?! It seems to me that it is right for everyone to determine for themselves which of these is true happiness.

## CONCLUSION

When I read Nazar Eshankul's works, it takes long time to think. And because of the predominance of psychology in the work of a talented writer, he is able to captivate every reader into his mysterious world. And the impressions that are broken in this way, of course, never completely disappear from the mind of the reader. On the contrary, as time goes on, it takes root deeper into our hearts and accompanies us throughout our lives, illuminating our path. Through these lines of spirituality, we infect each other with our pain and love, and begin to understand a man and the world more broadly.

I'm just starting to read the author's novel, "The Black Book". He also increased my respect for the author with his visual clarity and ideological sharpness. I believe that the author's works can be considered one of the best books in world literature.

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