



THE AFTERLIFE OF A LOVED AUTHOR

(Alexander Feinberg)

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Annotatsiya: Ushbu maqola O‘zbekistonda tug‘ilib o‘sgan, butun umri mahalliy xalq bilan birga mehnat qilib, xalq ravnaqiga sezilarli ta’sir ko‘rsatgan rus shoiri haqida hikoya qiladi. Maqolada atoqli yozuvchi va shoir Aleksandr Faynbergning hayoti va ijodi haqida batafsil ma’lumotlardan tashqari uning o‘ziga xos qarashlari ham o‘rin olgan.

Kalit so‘zlar: yillik, xalq shoiri, kamsitish, yaqin qarindoshlar

Abstract: This article tells the story of a Russian poet who was born and reared in Uzbekistan, lived his entire life working alongside the local populace, and significantly influenced the nation's development. The article features the outstanding writer and poet Alexander Feinberg's distinct viewpoints in addition to details about his life and creative background.

Key words: anniversary, national poet, humiliation, close relatives



In 2009, Alexander Arkadevich Feinberg, who captured the hearts of our book's readers with his amazing poetry, passed away in Tashkent at the age of 70. The heart of Uzbekistan's national poet, Alexander Arkadyevich Feinberg, stopped on the evening of October 13–14. Alexander Feinberg, the nation's poet, would have turned 70 on November 2. He did not survive to witness his anniversary, which was two weeks away, but even death could not stop this melancholy celebration without a hero of the occasion, which arrived in Uzbekistan with the first genuine fall rains.

The National University of Uzbekistan, where a poet by vocation and a topographer by profession once graduated in absentia from the journalism department of the philological faculty, marked the momentous day of our great compatriot with a celebration hosted by master writers, documentarians, artists, and educators within the Union of Writers of Uzbekistan.

Notable writers' neighbours and close relatives from their home in the capital city gathered here, as did anonymous admirers of the day's multifarious hero. Poems, translations, and songs inspired by the poetry of A. Feinberg were presented at the Uzbek capital's public clubs, museums, and schools on this day. With Feinberg's passing, not only did a gifted writer and a singular individual in his spiritual structure die, but also a whole chapter in our nation's poetry and culture came to an end.

Tatyana Yesenina, a writer and journalist, is the daughter of the renowned Russian poet Sergei Yesenin, and Alexander Arkadievich was buried close to her grave in the Botkinskoy cemetery. Feinberg's final voyage was witnessed by hundreds of Tashkent citizens, including his loved ones, friends, writers, directors of theatre and film, journalists, painters, musicians, and others who valued and admired the poet's work.

During her parting speech, Senator Svetlana Gerasimova, the chairman of the Russian Cultural Centre of Uzbekistan, hinted that the time will come when textbooks in



schools will contain the poetry of the talented poet Alexander Feinberg. Additionally, Feinberg was characterised as one of the greatest poets of our time by the national poet of the republic, Abdulla Aripov, who was a close friend of Alexander Arkadyevich and compared him to Boris Pasternak.

It is very hard to comprehend that Alexander Arkadyevich is no longer with us, family and friends, and everyone who had the good fortune to meet and speak with him. Feinberg is gone, the great poet is gone, and humanity is gone. A lump of salt squeaks in the throat, crushing the heart with a deep longing. Savvy, ironic, accurate... Even though he was aware of life's inequalities and felt them constantly with all of his immense heart, he was unable to quantify them.

Feinberg was inconsolable at the mention of "humiliation," much of which was due to the poet's predicament: imagine being disregarded for seven years without a single word being printed, all because you signed your book collections to an American journalist? When the "heirs" of Beria slap an author in the face with his own book, what may that author go through? And it was, and it was the way things were in that contentious Soviet era when Yuri Gagarin made his space flight, when poetry blossomed when money did not have the same profound influence on people's lives as it does today.

Every experience has its own costs; what matters most is how you handle it and whether you continue to be a person. Feinberg was not only a man of integrity who never wavered in the face of adversity, but he also brought into the world a very beautiful word that, formed out of the depths of his heart and reflecting all that went on around him, made you question the purpose of existence. But he frequently used humour in his writing, and he did so expertly, precisely hitting the mark—that is, into the reader's own soul—so as not to shock them with truth.



And after reading Alexander Arkadyevich's writings from years ago, you may comprehend what he once said in an interview: "Real art is always relevant." When considered individually, every word in this sentence captures the spirit of Feinberg, who detested amateurism, was indifferent to tragedy, and whose work

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