

RUSSIAN POET ON UZBEK SOIL.

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Abstract: *In the literature of Uzbekistan, Alexander Feinberg occupied a place that no poet on the scale of Russia could claim. And it will remain unfilled for a long time. To tell about Alexander Feinberg is an extremely difficult task. It would seem that it is easier than to write about a poet? After all, the poet himself is always an open person – read to everyone who is not lazy, listen, think, admire, gossip, speculate, let the knocker open! Having read Alexander's last few poems over and over again, I sit and think about him. And thinking about him is a great thing, I must say.*

And what, – you say, – to think about him? Everything is in the palm of your hand, with the utmost frankness, the difficult path of the poet looms. Honest texts, like a transparent fishing line, permeate all his days and days, like beads, from childhood to adulthood, and between the lines (here it is, grab it, don't miss it!) – the most lively changeable philosophy of love, and the half-turns of passion, and the boring vibration of the inner poetic world are already blinding his eyes. His Life and even his Death are all here, in this volume... What other words or explanations are needed?

Go back to his books again – and then you are stunned by the realization that you don't know anything about this person...

Return to luck and fun.

What kind of a whim is it to be friends with my trouble?

For you – look – in the spring night

The month of the young was born.

So go along the green road.

Forget tears and sorrows.

What do you like about my charmed way?

What's my way to you?

Sometimes it seems to me that Alexander Feinberg is so simple, well, like a textbook, like an alphabet, like a capital truth, but you turn over the page – and again the abyss reveals to you the loosely outlined spaces of poetry...

So whose poetry is it?

Draw.

It rises out of the fog.

The cape is easy from the shoulder

The waves of the ocean are falling.

She rises without promising

No glory, no immortality for souls.

*And rejects from himself
All the power over her encroached.
So whose poetry is it?
Draw.
And don't be fooled anymore.
You yourself, and your candle –
Just a moment of her freedom.*

When I was studying the life and work of Alexander Feinberg, the memoirs of journalist Elena Atlanova attracted my attention. Her memories sounded like this: "We lived in the same city, the city of our childhood, walked the same streets, breathed the same air. Despite some age difference, I think that Alexander and I are of the same generation, the same field of berries. And this field of ours has always been difficult-cropped, contradictory, where plowed-plowed, and where impassable, like a jungle. I remember the Soviet years, when it was fashionable to get carried away with supernova poetry – at that time Feinberg seemed like some inaccessible bohemian symbol, registered among famous poets somewhere between Andrei Voznesensky and Rimma Kazakova, his infrequent publications were read to holes, and performances from the stage were scalded with free-thinking. Not many people dared to easily approach and get acquainted with a beautiful intelligent blue-eyed brunette. Today it is strange to remember this, especially since the halo of the oligarch of the poetic Olympus was not created by Alexander Feinberg himself, but was based on our universal attitude to poetry and to the people who produce this strange intricate fabric at that time.

It was only many years later that our personal acquaintance took place – in the last year of Alexander Arkadyevich's life. I was surprised by the extraordinary ease with which he opened the doors to his life to me. Many of my compatriots say now – he was a simple man... Not at all. The fact that it was easy and extremely interesting to communicate with him did not mean in any way the simplicity of his nature. Feinberg allowed himself to be different and not wear masks at the same time. It seems to me that Alexander could be anyone at all: he moved from layer to layer of his personal manifestations simultaneously and spontaneously as easily as the cat that walks by itself on a theoretically existing roof."

I admit that sometimes Alexander was even poisonous, but he was brilliant and non-aggressive, in order only to preserve his own creative personal space.

*I'm looking for a syllable. I'm strumming the strings.
And you're boarding the bleachers.
You frighten the white world with denunciations.
Why this work?.. To fame? For a reward?
Well... you've earned a sonnet.
Take him, you wretch, for Christ's sake.*

People were struck by the fact that at first glance – in the eyes that lived on his face according to the rules of his own plot, there was a certain uncontrollable element of free, in all its absoluteness, consciousness. And cleanliness. I mean that purity, which initially cannot be violated, no matter what means I use. I'm afraid that now our generation can make a painted glossy icon out of Alexander Feinberg, they say, a genius, a visionary, etc... I know for sure – this man has never caused anyone pity, even in the worst years, when he was ignored by all local magazines and publishers. He survived, he survived like Brodsky's winter moth, he did not leave the country – and became a real Russian poet on Uzbek soil.

Having lost hope, having raised two wings over my back,
my guardian angel says goodbye to me today.

I sensed, I knew – according to my destiny it was given
to the last line, like an animal, to go alone.

You're right, white angel. I'm sorry for saving me for nothing.

But am I to blame that a foreign land is my fatherland?

That's how strange it is. Manuscripts, however, do not burn and do not lie under the cloth, if they are significant to the reader, such manuscripts can be found in the National Library of Uzbekistan Alisher Navoi. During his lifetime, Alexander became a national poet of Uzbekistan, although he himself never sought to get into any elite lists, avoided grandiloquence and did not chase official laurels.

It can be strangled.

Who am I here? An inveterate thief?

I'll look to the right – there's a border.

I'll look to the left – there's a fence.

Limits have been legalized.

But for me, is there such a law?

I did not go to any fence in the world
to bow.

Neither in the cold, nor in the sultry summer,
neither in a dream, nor in reality

I made a cage for myself.

So I live freely.

There are very few photos of Alexander Arkadyevich posted on the Internet, mostly photos of public speeches. I can't say that age didn't leave an imprint on his appearance, no, you will see the tenacious wrinkles on his face yourself... but this is just a photo. I assure you, he did not give the impression of an elderly man in person. He moved boyishly easily. His speech was lively and unique, when he told something, he entered the role, and images and events immediately grew before his eyes - like in a movie. It was not for nothing that the film directors gave Alexander, albeit episodic, but very bright and textured roles. His voice. This is a separate topic for gossip... "Deep

and husky, the timbre was so unique and special that it could be recognized by phone with one sound," says journalist Elena Atlanova (January-May, 2010)!

I'll tell you how it was. They met at the software company where Elena worked – this is a large software development team of 70 people on our scale. They had to spend one of the corporate holidays, and Elena came up with an idea to make a non-standard gift to the employees. When she saw a recent publication of poems in a local newspaper, she was amazed that Feinberg was still in Tashkent, had not left for America, Israel, or Russia, that he was here!.. And she suddenly literally had the following picture before her eyes: here the poet comes to our office of the company and reads his poems with his own eyes... Without thinking for a long time and having searched the Internet, Elena easily found the poet's address. Spontaneously, literally in ten minutes, I stated my request – to come to their office and read poems for the team... I don't know what she was hoping for, because in her subconscious Feinberg remained the same inaccessible symbol of bohemia.

Some time has passed, and that absurd fantasy, as it seemed then, has already been forgotten, but as usual, one day suddenly a call rings and an unfamiliar quiet deep voice says: "Hello, I'm Sasha Feinberg, I received your letter, and I liked it. I will definitely come if I recover. I promise to call very soon and tell you whether I am recovered or not." Out of surprise, Elena could only thank for the call.

Indeed, a week later, Alexander called again and said, "I have recovered," and they agreed on the date and time of the meeting without ceremony. She promised to send a car for him, but he replied in a tone that did not allow objections, that he felt great and would walk himself, and he lives in a 10-minute walk.

Thus, the first face-to-face acquaintance took place in the office of the company. The day before Elena walked through the rooms and told her colleagues the approximate following: – "good gentlemen, the poet Alexander Feinberg is visiting us tomorrow. If you come, listen to live poems, and then take an autograph from our compatriot – you will never regret, and you will remember this meeting for a long time, and in a few years you will endlessly retell all the events of this day, first to your children, and then to your grandchildren. Why, you may ask, because our guest will be canonized very soon and will enter all the world's anthologies as a great Russian poet."

Feinberg looked a little tired, smoked a little by the window, before the start of the creative meeting they talked about everything at once. Entering the audience, he looked around the audience in a friendly and tenacious way, and simply began to read poems, choosing them according to some order known to him. "Ah, you probably don't know who programmers are... You know? Well, yes, that's right, this is such a virtual tribe of people whose attention is almost impossible to hold with anything other than a computer." However, the following happened – everyone became quiet, and somewhat stunned by the strangeness of what was happening, they sat and listened... Alexander read poetry somehow in a special way, without pathos overtones, did not grace the sounds, his voice sometimes became so quiet that it seemed: these are not even poems

read from the stage, but a confidential personal conversation between two understanding people. Somehow, all of a sudden, our staff, consisting of diverse technical professionals and, by the way, very difficult personalities, suddenly became an audience with whom it is so natural to talk about poetry:

Why do your seas call me?
I am the son of earthly coastal ruins.
I'm rude. I'm not worthy. I am real.
Why then should I have your music?
Why do your seas call me?
I am the son of earthly coastal ruins.
I'm rude. I'm not worthy. I am real.
Why then should I have your music?

After the poet's death, a new two-volume book was published, which Inna Glebovna Koval, the wife of Alexander Feinberg, presented to Elena. A great talented journalist, the most educated and impeccably intelligent, she has always been the first reader and remains an honest critic of the poet Alexander Feinberg. Inna Glebovna has done a lot to make the poet's work accessible to readers. I love listening to her amazing stories, which ask to become the plot for a big novel about a free Master of free Sonnets. Maybe Inna Koval could have written such a book.

Born into exile.
We have no right
to human happiness, dear,
all the more so for the cross and for glory.
And a decent life – is it in Moscow,
in New York, in Paris –
neither you will see,
Neither will I ever see.
And only love.
This dream is among alien foundations
One for two
That's all.
It's not worth waking up.

What is so amazing about Feinberg's poetry? It is worth trying to guess, do not be lazy, search the Internet for his poems, his prose, read. We learn a lot of new things, no, not about him, but about ourselves... only about myself, because Alexander's poems are so dimensionless that, having tried them on our own life, on our love, on our worldview, we will surely appreciate this metaphysically gratuitous gift to all of us.

And to this day I can't understand
why I have this freaking fate –
to be happy while suffering,
to know this life of beggary and baggage.

Hello, dunno. Hello from everyone.
None of us has been taught for centuries
by either the clear sun or
the falling star where to go, where to find the answer.

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