

THE ETERNAL REST OF ALEXANDER FEINBERG

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Annotation: The poet who conquered hearts- Alexander Feinberg. It is well known that there is a lot of information about the work and life of Alexander Feinberg since the poet became popular among the people. Therefore, I wanted to describe the period after his life, how he was respected by the government and the Uzbeks. This article describes the eternal rest of the poet, his posthumous tribute and part of his work.

Key words: Alexander Feinberg, death, poet, widow, poem, artist, science, theater, humanity, collection, statue, sculpture, author, interview, reader, phrase, works.

Alexander Arkadevich Feinberg, who, with his wonderful poems died in Tashkent at the age of 70 in 2009. On the night of October 13-14, the heart of the people's poet of Uzbekistan, Alexander Arkadyevich Feinberg, stopped. On November 2, the national poet Alexander Feinberg would have turned 70 years old. He did not live to see his anniversary for two weeks, but this sad holiday without a hero of the occasion, which came to Uzbek land along with the first real autumn rain, even death could not cancel. In the Union of Writers of Uzbekistan, the significant date of our great compatriot was celebrated by masters of the pen, documentary filmmakers, artists, and teachers of the National University of Uzbekistan, where once a topographer by profession and a poet by vocation graduated in absentia from the journalism department of the philological faculty. Close relatives and neighbors from the famous writer's house in the center of the capital came here, as did just nameless fans of the multifaceted work of the hero of the day. On this day, poems, translations, and songs based on A. Feinberg's poems were performed in schools, museums, and public clubs in the Uzbek capital. Not only a talented writer and a person unique in his spiritual structure passed away, but with Feinberg an entire era in the culture and poetry of our republic ended.

Alexander Arkadievich was buried at the Botkinskoy cemetery, next to the grave of the daughter of the great Russian poet Sergei Yesenin, the writer and journalist Tatyana Yesenina. Hundreds of Tashkent residents came to see Feinberg off his last journey: his relatives and friends; writers; theater and film directors; journalists; artists; musicians; those who loved the poet himself and appreciated his work.

In a farewell speech, Senator Svetlana Gerasimova, chairman of the Russian Cultural Center of Uzbekistan, suggested that the day when the poems of the brilliant poet Alexander Feinberg will be included in school textbooks is not far off. And the national poet of the republic, a great friend of Alexander Arkadyevich Abdulla Aripov, compared him with Boris Pasternak, calling Feinberg one of the best poets of our time.

Relatives and friends, everyone who was lucky enough to meet and communicate with Alexander Arkadyevich, it is unbearably difficult to understand that he is no longer there. The heart is crushed by a heavy longing, a salty lump squeezes in the throat - Feinberg is gone, the great poet is gone, Humanity is gone. Wise, sarcastic, true... He could not measure the unfairness of life, which he understood to the subtleties, which he felt every moment with all the fibers of his great heart. Feinberg was shaking from the very word "humiliation", and a lot of it fell to the lot of the poet: what is it like when you are ignored for seven years, without printing a single

line just because you signed your collections to an American journalist? What can an author experience when he is hit in the face with his own book by the "heirs" of Beria? And it was, and it was in the order of things in that controversial Soviet time, when Yuri Gagarin flew into space, poetry flourished when money did not play the significant role in people's lives as it does now. Each time has its own costs, the main thing is how you treat it yourself, whether you remain a person. And Feinberg not only always and in everything remained a decent person, not bending under circumstances, he carried into this world the very poetic word that, being born in the depths of his heart and being a reflection of everything that happens around, made you think about the meaning of life. But often, so that the reality does not shock the reader, he wrote with humor, and he did it masterfully, exactly hitting the target, that is, into the very soul. And today, reading what was written by Alexander Arkadyevich years ago, you understand what he once threw in an interview: "Real art is always relevant." Taken separately, each word of this phrase is the essence of Feinberg himself, who was alien to hypocrisy and pathos, who did not tolerate amateurism, whose work will always and at all times remain relevant. In addition, his creativity, his works of art are always at stake with us. He is forever in our minds because he showed us how to feel the beauty of poetry and to understand that true poets are immortal. He managed much earlier than his physical death to say goodbye to us and to this sinful earth in his poem "The Poet's Farewell" from the collection "Leaf," published in the last year of the poet's life. He probably knew that better than he did, and more sincerely, no one could express this most sorrowful and sublime moment of going into immortality in his own words:

Under the fires of heaven
 According to the laws of the earth, it is not in vain.
 Neither the fire nor the cross
 They have no power over a line of blood.
 even trampled in dust
 A poet remains a poet.
 This is the highest truth.
 And the music is the highest in this.

The poet's widow, Inna Glebovna Koval, said that until the last days, Alexander Feinberg remained an optimist and often made fun of himself: "I was born of my own free will; I will die due to a reduction in staff. I hope to live." The poet Velimir Khlebnikov once said, "When people die, they sing songs." On the day of the poet's death, October 14, and on his birthday, November 2, in the club of the author's song and poetry "Archa," in the club "Mangalochy Dvorik" by A. Akhmatova at Rossotrudnichestvo, in the literary museum of S. Yesenin, songs to the verses of A. Feinberg are performed by his close friends, and poets dedicate poems to him.

"I have enough hope. And the grave isn't the end of the path," - as Alexander Feinberg points out. His statement was reasonably reliable. The poet's life did not stop after his death. For example, a statue of the People's Poet of Uzbekistan, Alexander Feinberg, was erected by sculptor M. Borodina in the Botkinsky Cemetery No. 1 in Tashkent.

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