



ACADEMICIA
An International
Multidisciplinary
Research Journal
 (Double Blind Refereed & Peer Reviewed Journal)



DOI: 10.5958/2249-7137.2021.02019.X

TRANSFORMATION OF MOODS AND OUTLOOK ON LIFE INTO A SINGLE SPIRITUAL ACT

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ABSTRACT

In this article, in the story "a drop of age" by Lukman Kurikhon, the writer's imaginative thinking, emotional perception of reality, his emblematic portrayal, that is, his emotional state and his attitude to existence are intertwined, and the processes of evolution into a single psychic Act are discussed.

KEYWORDS: *Narratives, Artistic Time, Personage Vision, Rationality, Irrationality, Dramatism, Imaginative Thinking, Emotional Perception, Plot, Narrative, Character, Space, Concept, Narrative Style, Dramatism*

INTRODUCTION

In fact, one of the fairy – tale characters is a talented old Russian artist Georgi Bakhtiyar: “Искра гениальности у тебя на лбе блестит”, says. But in the story of the same single person who noticed the talent: “Афт-ангори кир-чир, соч-соқоллари ўсиқ, устида чувринди кийим” wearing is described as teasing. (27-p.) Well, as a child has seen a lot on the generation “Эгни тушиб, этаги судралиб юрган” How did he recognize happiness? In our opinion, this situation is due primarily to the sharp contrast between the musavvir's vision of Bugun's grief, living with the anxiety of snow-dried, accustomed to the impoverished way of life, and the second to the fact that the true talent (in particular, Georgi) in the artistic time of the story is also close to each other, the neglect of society

It is noteworthy that the old artist is also completely dissatisfied with his impoverished life. On the contrary, he was pleased and proud of his life. He did not even take alik to the greeting of happiness, to him meticulous tikilib, from the that moment: “Рисувешь?” - on the question, it turns out that this kez We, through the eyes of the pakhtiyor, cross into his eyes and diydorize with the boots of the seemingly dwarf described above: “Бу кўзлар мавжланаётган мовий

денгиздек эди. Ёўқ, бир жуфт гавҳар мисол товланиб, порлаб турарди. Губорсиз осмондай туп-тиниқ эди, бу кўзлар!” (28-p.) So, in this place, unlike the usual skills of the crowd, there is a spiritual and spiritual height inherent in the geniuses: the breadth of the Umans, their enthusiasm and thoroughness, heavenly heights and clarity.

It turns out that for Georgi, the value of the artist is determined by the fact that his mustache is walking – a product of real talent: hence his second question: “Готовая картина есть у тебя?” working this process. (28-p.) Although the lame is a single drawing, as soon as you hear that there is, the old man's eyes are lit and the body is triggered by an emergency. From this point of view, the human qualities and different aspects of the two musicians in the status of "murid" are beginning to manifest themselves, although their status is sharply different, the mature artist Georgi – "pir", and although he is not directly shogird, his indirect passion is very happy.

In particular, it is fortunate that this daydynamo is walking along the streets of the city with a copy and believes in starting him in a ruined courtyard. Nevertheless, in the depths of his soul follows the desire to know his opinion about his work, to be worthy of honor, of the glorious, who has become gnawed. Pleasing to the yard, his: “Самое подходящее место для творчество, для художника”, - will be honored.(29-p.)

Fortunately, attention to this spiritual saving was not in a state of exhaustion. Because when presenting a product that was very good to him to the master artist, he held himself in front of him as a prisoner, in which the life-mammoth was solved, trembling with excitement and excruciating of Hadik, his heart beat with gurs-gurs. With the permission of the "pir", which provoked the "Murid" situation, is directed to "travel", with which it would be a great pleasure to go out into the blissful latitudes that do not fit into itself, to face loneliness with a work of Art.

It is not surprising that the old painter does not notice the blissful person, whose eyes are moistened and pulled more clearly, as if a candle burning in front of his new Cardina hardens the tortured eye and does not sink head into the room without sinking. All the signs of this sign are happy: “Прекрасная работа! Безценная картина!”. (30-p.) Ardgі therefore fondled him: “Надо целовать такие руки” -. (30-p.) So, in this process instrument meets a young artist – a strong old painter and a new Ring of people's genius, who believes that the art will last forever in the life of a lifetime and the genealogy of artists.

Therefore, it is better to motivate him to create and create, rather than to advise the painter Vaxtgi happiness: “Слушай..., красота, искусство требует жертв... Художник всегда должен быть готовым к этому... Так суждено Богом. Настоящий, гениальный художник не должен искать, ждать благ от жизни. Его талант, его свойство есть благо, есть дар Бога” (30-p.) Unfortunately, even if happily felt this fact from the inside, the grief of boiling a black cauldron, tied without thread to the household caviar, became a widow of Kaddi. More frankly, such a talent as U Georgi was always a servant of God's attention, bound his fate to art, did not realize deeply that a person who knew him as the original meaning of his life was doomed to sacrifice himself in this way. Georgiy who felt it: “Ладно... по-моему, ты ещё не осознал смысл искусство, творения. Да, кстати, не смей это продать или кому-либо подарить, ведь эта твоя жизнь”, -. (31-p.)

In this way, the word Alam and the creation of Man, the power and blessing of Allah, the divine nature of art and its degree of awareness are adjacent. Happily thinks on a bio-social scale, acts

within the framework of earthly life as one of the many. Since social relations are sharply tied to the thread, one can not perceive man and his destiny on the scale of the universe. For such spiritual-ascension it was necessary for him to re-perceive his life rationally and irrationally, to strengthen his will and act under the influence of someone's mediocrity. In our opinion, this effect he received from musavvir Georgi in one respect. However, it was really possible to live by giving thanks to Allah, who gave the children of a huge heart, a great talent, an apron, without sacrificing from his own life, from the original ore, from the moment of salvation, from the vices of selfishness, dignity, and from the mercy of the Almighty, and only rely on him.

Because, given the attention, the young man, who was forced to increase the toxic output in military service, saw the attention to the talent, or rather, under the rule of chronic labor, a lifetime increased heart disease. If the uncle, who led the lucky to study, and even with an engineering diploma the Cup does not flow, then the attitude of the uncle, who washed his hands and hit his arm, is observed, then it becomes clear that the desire to make a profit is embodied. The student's piece of bread is eaten by the "friend" in the O'ktam" darvesh and devona " happily consumed and hopes to raise material interest in the pursuit of the products of creativity. Fortunately, during his career in the Construction Brigade, the family economy was shaken by madness, but this work also cast a few shades on the delicate tastes of the painter, the dreams. The sad aspect is that walking seven to eight years of spoiled customer service ultimately turns a bright talent into a simple craftsman, quenching the desire to pursue a great creative cycle.

Therefore, when loving father and a spouse who endures with hardship, excludes his children Arjumand, it is fortunate that he does not find a suitable round for persecution, not only on the scale of the region, but also among the "new Uzbeks" of Azim Tashkent, who understand him and appreciate his talent, are the seeds of Anka.

In fact, the consciousness of the fortunate embraces the feeling of alienation to this very object, so the humiliation and alarm in the soul of the painter burns his throat, bursting and throwing out as a bitter melancholy. All of the above factors, especially under the heavy burden of living anxiety, which has fallen on his shoulders, become a cornstarch of cornstarch genius seals the feelings of longing in the soul of the painter to eternity, gives his heart unprecedented joy as well as wings to all his dreams, does not allow the occurrence of a second genial, which can bring

Of course, in such moments when the artist happily shook the head of a familiar, very familiar and on-the-back wave bot-bot in his heart, the taste of creative anguish shook all over his body, he listened to the gestures of nature, slaughtered by mysterious Proverbs. Happily on such a cake, a tin-black night and a scythe in a mourning Tree Bay can see a handful of tulips with a puddle of light bales. He seeks to look at events in Real reality from the outside Muse thinly, to give them emotional perception through the eyes of imaginative thinking, to portray as an embodiment, to express a subjective attitude according to his own way of thinking. That is, the artist's mood states and attitude to existence are intertwined.

Therefore, the epic narrative of the story comes into the memories associated with Rajabgul. The past, which is related to the period of happiness's childhood and youth, is transformed into a single psychic act. This state of mind, behavior, desire, which occupied the consciousness of the hero, naturally also shows a boy in his speech. However, the whole society was alien to him. Nevertheless, how many days spent in the messenger with Rajabgul are so far away that the coral-coral Young, who stood on the lips of the girl, becomes so evil. Even in its original form, it

looks very colorful and clear, and the personage is told by your wisdom Roz from the dialect of love, longing, compassion and hope. Obviously, these sufferings do not hold a mustache in the hands of a painter. Indeed, an incredibly insidious, "a drop of young" cardboard appeared in this way. In order for our idea not to be dry, we will focus on the image on the same cardboard that is evolved into an artistic word:

“... Сарғиш-қизғиш ранглар. Қақраб-қуриб, тарс-тарс ёрилган Ер шари. Ур шари устида бир ёнини булут тўсган Қуёш балқиб турибди. Булут тўсган Қуёшу Ур ўртасида бир томчи оби-раҳмат биллурдай товланади.

... Йўқ, йўқ! Бунда мутлақ бошқа манзара. Кўриб турганимиз Ур шари эмас, қақраб-қуриб, тарс-тарс ёрилган, томирлари бўртиб чиққан Юрак. Юрак устида булут тўсган Қуёшмас, булутдек тўзгиган соч бир ёнин тўсган Кўз! Севги, соғинчга, шафқат-умидга лиммо-лим Кўз!. Кўз ва қақроқ Юрак ўртасида... олмосдай товланган Ёш..” (50-р.)

Yes, as the writer explained correctly, in the love of this Cardina, in which the color of the ingrown drum lay Infinity, eternal sorrow, eternal question. That's why these feelings, spilled from a mustache, began to feel synonyms and demand a drop of age from the original viewer. Already in himself, the whole existence of the painter, the world of the soul, the content of his life was concentrated.

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