



ALEXANDER FEINBERG'S POEMS GIVE INFORMATION ABOUT HIS NATURE

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Article history:	Abstract:
Received: 4 th January 2023 Accepted: 4 th February 2023 Published: 8 th March 2023	The life of Russian and Uzbek poet Alexander Feinberg is described in this article, along with his final years' experiences, in the language of his contemporaries. Reading the piece allows one to fully comprehend the poet's personal traits and commitment to his country. The poet's life is like a book; the more you read it, the more of its core is exposed, according to those who spoke with Feinberg.
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INTRODUCTION. As a person who always encourages everyone to read, listen, listen, think, be astonished, mock, and think, poets can be challenging to write about. After reading some of Alexander Feinberg's final poems repeatedly, one can sit and reflect about him. And just thinking about it makes someone happy, inspires them to live, and makes them proud of their land and nation. The difficult life path of the poet will be openly unveiled; everything is in your hands. From childhood through adulthood, sincere lyrics filled his days like beads between palm lines, like a transparent fishing rhythm (here, catch it, don't miss it!). - a bright inner poetic world appears, with a vivid changing philosophy of love, half-turns, and non-dull swings of emotion. This book contains information about his life as well as his death. Without words or justifications, how else? But no... When returning to his books, one is immediately shocked to learn that he is completely ignorant of the subject. At times, Alexander Feinberg appears to be very basic—like a textbook, an alphabet, or a universal truth. Nevertheless, as soon as you turn the page, the poetry is gone and the locations are revealed.

We lived in the same city, the city of our youth, strolled the same streets, and breathed the same air, as Yelena Atlanova writes in an amazing account of Feinberg and his work. Despite certain age gaps, I believe Alexander and I are members of the same generation and berry field. Our field is constantly contradicting, delicately cut, and impenetrable in certain places like wild grass when it has been plowed. I recall him being really irate during the Soviet era when dealing with the poetry of the rising star. When he was named among the prominent poets with Voznesensky and Kazakova, Feinberg appeared to be some sort of unreachable bohemian figure, and his works received little attention. With unrestrained thought, we burnt the stage's doors and exits. Many were hesitant to approach

and get to know the stunning, wise, and easy-going brunette.

It's odd to think back on this now, especially considering that Alexander Feinberg did not invent the aura of the poetic Olympian oligarch; rather, it was founded on our shared appreciation of poetry and the individuals who contribute to its peculiar intricacy.

RESEARCH METHODOLOGY. Many people say that "Feinberg was an ordinary man...", but this is not the case. It can be noticed that the fact that it is easy to communicate with him and unusually interesting does not mean that his nature is simple. Feinberg allowed himself to be different without wearing a mask. Alexander Feinberg is everything possible: he is simultaneously moving from layer to layer of his personal manifestation on his own, like a cat walking on a theoretically existing roof. He was an educated person. "... I admit that sometimes Alexander can be toxic, but he is adept at preserving his personal space and is non-aggressive toxic," says Yelena Atlanova. At first glance, it was surprising that on his face, in the eyes that lived according to the rules of his plot, a certain uncontrolled element of consciousness was visible, free, with its absoluteness. And purity, so to speak, is a symbol of purity that does not break at first, regardless of the means used. Even in the most difficult years, when all the local magazines and publishing houses ignored him, this man did not arouse affection in anyone. He survived, he survived, he did not leave the country like Brodsky's winter moth - he became a real Russian poet on Uzbek soil. Manuscripts, of course, do not burn and, if they are important for the reader, do not lie under the cloth; such manuscripts will reach everyone sooner or later. Alexander Feinberg became the People's Poet of Uzbekistan during his lifetime, although he himself never sought to enter the elite list,



avoided arrogance and did not achieve official achievements.

ANALYSIS AND RESULTS. There are very few photos of Alexander Feinberg on social networks, there are mainly photos of public appearances. It's hard to say that age hasn't left its mark on his appearance, no, you can see severe wrinkles on his face, but it's just a photo... it can be noted that he does not give the impression of an old man. He just looked like a child. His speech is lively and unique: when he says something, he enters the role, pictures and events immediately grow in front of his eyes, as if in a movie. It was not for nothing that the directors gave Alexander episodic, but very bright and textured roles. His voice - Oh... Deep and husky, the timbre was so distinctive that he could be recognized by one voice over the phone. "Our first conversation was on the phone. The famous poet introduced himself very simply: "Sasha Feinberg." But he was seventy years old at that time!", Yelena recalls. When Yelena Atlanova worked in a software company with a large team of seventy people, she thought of giving employees a unique, unexpected gift during one of the corporate holidays. And at this time, seeing that for some reason Feinberg's new poems were published in the local newspaper, he was surprised that he was still in Tashkent, that he did not go to America, Israel or Russia, and that he was here: and he reads with his own eyes...", without hesitation, he browsed the Internet and found the address of the poet quite easily. Elena was planning to literally ask Feinberg to come to the office and read a poem for the team, but she didn't know what she was hoping for, because Feinberg had consciously become her unattainable symbol. Here's what happened: A very friendly, short text was sent. After some time, this nonsense, the fantasy at that time, was already forgotten. But as usual, one fine day, suddenly the phone rang, an unfamiliar, quiet, deep voice: "Hello, I'm Sasha Feinberg. I received your letter and I liked it. If I recover, I will definitely come. I will call you soon I promise to tell you whether I've recovered or not." Surprisingly, Yelena could only say thank you for the call. Indeed, a week later, Alexander called again. "I'm well," he says, and they agree on a date and time without too much fanfare. When Elena promises to send him a car, he feels so good that he reaches says in a tone that does not allow objections. Thus, the first face-to-face meeting of Elena and Feinber takes place in the company's office. Elena writes that the day before, walking around the rooms, she said the following hypothetical things to her colleagues: "... good gentlemen, tomorrow the poet Alexander Fa will join our

company ynberg will visit. If you come, listen to a live poem, then get an autograph from our compatriot, you will not regret it, and you will remember this meeting for a long, long time, and in a few years, you will be able to repeat all the events endlessly, first to your children, and then to your grandchildren. Yes, because our guest will soon be canonized and will be included in all world anthologies as a great Russian poet." Feinberg looked a little tired, smoked a little by the window, talked to Elena about everything and nothing at the same time before the creative meeting began. Maybe there's a certain magic to meeting people of this magnitude. Then he entered the auditorium, examined the listeners in a friendly and firm way, and began to read selected poems according to some order known only to him. Ah, programmers, this is such a virtual tribe of people that it is almost impossible to keep their attention with anything other than the computer. However, it happened: everyone fell silent and a little surprised by the unusualness of what was happening, sat and listened... It was not a poem read on stage, but a secret, private conversation between two people as if I don't know how, but not gradually, somehow - our staff of various technical specialists, very difficult people, suddenly became an audience for whom it was very natural to talk about poetry. It may be hard to believe, but when Feinberg died, everyone felt it. It wasn't scary at all, but it was somehow every day and even ironic. But in my heart, I hear the voice of heaven: Who can sing freely in the snare, He deserves true freedom. After the poet's death, a new two-volume book presented by Alexander Feinberg's wife Inna Glebovna Koval was released. A brilliant, talented journalist, highly educated and impeccably intelligent, Koval was always the first student and honest critic of the poet Alexander Feinberg. Koval is well versed in modern and new means of communication; understands the role of the internet. Even today, Inna Glebovna does a lot to convey the poet's work to readers. Listening to Feinberg's wonderful stories is simply about the master of free Sonnets it will be a plot for a big novel.

CONCLUSION/RECOMMENDATIONS. From Feinberg's poems, you will learn a lot of new things, not about him, but about yourself, and only about yourself. Because Alexander Feinberg's poems are so immeasurable that after trying them in life, in love, in relationships, it is easy to understand and understand their value and status. We certainly appreciate the work of the famous poet, the gift of metaphysics.



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