

Interpretation of the Spirit of the Era and Personality in Temurpolat Tillaev's Work (Based on the Story "O'lim O'pqoni")

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Abstract. This article analyzes the spirit of the era and the problem of personal interpretation in the story "O'lim o'pqoni" by the great representative of Uzbek literature, Temurpolat Tillaev, whose works have passed the test of 30 years of time, and which was created before independence entering the series of truthfully reflected works, at the same time, the writer has been creating effectively and has written a number of works, and in this story, the spirit of the era, symbolic expressions through the image of Turan, and at the same time, it was not easy to achieve independence during the story, in this way, what is our nation It is important because it analyzes the issue of bloodshed and reflects the truth related to the appreciation of today's bright days.

Key words: The sanctity of the homeland is from faith, Elsaroy, "Khubbil Vatan minal iman", "Rosti va rasti", the kingdom of the pagans, mysterious writings, etc.

The famous writer Abdulla Qahhor, the owner of the Order of Merit, who laid the foundation stone of the Uzbek school of storytelling, said, "If a writer's code of ethics were to be drawn up, I would honestly put courage as the first article, because all other qualities of a writer depend on how honest and courageous his mind is." If courage is needed in a work of art to teach people that good is good, and to disgust people by calling bad, then courage requires honesty.

Also, if we use the opinion that "indestructible honesty itself is a dead investment" in relation to the work of the author of the work Temurpolat Tillaev, which was brought to the object of analysis of our article, it is appropriate, and to say that the writer's work is built on a prism of honesty from head to toe, our opinion will not be exaggerated. It is imperative to note that the writer's works are the product of a literary mood, which has stood the test of 30 years of time, which took place in the processes of a kind of ascent in the Bostonians of Uzbek literature of the 80s and 90s. Moreover, the fact that the country, not yet gaining independence, shows the painful troubles in the heart of the nation at that time through a single verse "o'lim o'pqoni", is a sign that the writer is a singer of sincere feelings, realizing el Dard. In other words, while still at the age of 29, as if giving a sign that the famous adib will remain in Uzbek literature even with the same story, these works, years later, will seem to bong beat not to lose his student as if. Frankly, it was a great courage to illuminate the erkka, the quest for freedom, the struggle, the spirit of the time, the process of changes in the character of the person, although through symbolic means, without yet declaring the independence of the nation.

At this point, it is not difficult to understand how ambitious the writer is. Even in the beginning of the story, The Giving of the gift "the holiness of the Motherland is from faith" as an epigraph gives the reader an impression that, while for a moment, the dearest place of the holy passion is the call to

love Mako, your motherland. The name of the story is also symbolically as if given a ratio. Therefore, the freedom of the nation, how much blood of the enlightened was shed for the erki, although bitter, mass repression was carried out, those who stood at the head of this bloodthirsty policy were given large monetary rewards or orders and medals, who gave many people from the territories. About this with the correspondent of the "Daryo " the Steppe was not shot, he was killed by a chop with an ax", academician Naim Karimov about the tragedy of October 4, 2021 daryo.uz in an interview published in "the list of hurtful-minded people who can be tried or shot and killed in the years when repression began Stalin, Molotov, Kagonovich was formed under the leadership of Voroshilov. With the approval of the NKVD, a contest begins between the autonomous republics to establish a list of who has imprisoned a large number of people.

Section leaders who won the race were mentioned as having been awarded a large cash prize or order, medals. In those moments when the work is in the midst of a notorious policy, a terrible cry comes from the kiss of repression, which caused death to the people of the nation, and a painful exclamation to the heart of adib. In fact, as you read the story "o'lim o'pqoni", the story of the hero of the work Turon about his hard time, the suffering he suffered, his confused fate events come to life before one eye. Involuntarily, you take the sorrows of the hero of the work as your own and admit you to the skill of the writer, who was able to ingratiate himself with his psyche. In the course of events, it is felt that it is not easy to come to the above opinion, when reading each episode, pulling it into the analysis, your heart will pop up.

In particular, the Rabbim Qori, who realized how true this thought was, at least in the work, the opportunity for a rain-like accident to that Godless elsaroy, said in his eyes: blood is dripping, my porridge! it is not difficult to understand the last sentence, also from a recollection. To say that at the time of the writing of this episode, the situation with the October 4 tragedy, reminiscent of the tragic death of our jadid grandfathers, served as a pastiche, we would have made a heartfelt point in our eyes. Again in the same conversation, on the night of October 4-5, when everyone slept, intellectuals such as Fitrat, Abdullah Qadiri, Otajan Hoshim were shot at a special NKVD field located in the Yunusabad District of present-day Tashkent. They were all buried in one pit in secret without a shroud, without a funeral. It was said that the bodies either sprayed chlorine or hurried over them so that they could rot faster". To be honest, the original children of our nation, the ERC and the fought for freedom, were so destroyed. There is a reference to this in some parts of the work. In the image of Turon, the writer uses the symbol in many places when illuminating the spirit of the era. What he said Next is also ringing under my ear now. But I didn't understand anything either now or then. Hurriyat behind a fiery bonfire! The road passes through the fiery Choh, hoy itbaliq it was then that Turon burst into tears, sobbing. In this passage, the writer claims that freedom, freedom can be achieved not from a flat road, but from how much blood can be reached, passing through fireplaces. As Nazar Eshonkul noted, this short story is considered one of the works that boldly brought the traditions of world literature into Uzbek literature. In this work, adib attempted to blend, harmonize mysticism with the styles of fascinating realism. To be honest, the writer coped with this task with honor. The appeal of Turon in the plaque, which is reflected in one place in the work, seems to be a sign that in Turkestan Tsarist Russia is in a mood of dissatisfaction with the introduction of the Colonial Office method, that it is necessary to treat it uncompromisingly: .It was then that Turan began to fight again. But he was now reaching out to us: Hoy puppies, it's been more than a hundred years since the rain burned!. You perceive it as if it were the lamentation of a people oppressed under oppression and violence. Although, in the course of events, the alarm from the Turonian language did not end, expressions were reflected in which the horrors of that notorious repression were leaked and disaster was inevitable: -doctor!" he said," suddenly, with his head raised from the pillow, sew to me the eyes of a beggar full of that goose, " this sheep scrape the crowd, Yes, scrape. This swarm deserves death, associate professor. In the development of events. At the

beginning of the notebook, a dozen sheets were filled with a sentence "Hubbil Vatan minal Iman". But I did not understand the meaning of these words either then or now. Then at the end of the notebook, too, some ten sheets were filled with the same two words-the words "Rosti va rasti ". I didn't even understand these words..."is a reflection that, in fact, in the heart of our people, there is a person who says that this motherland is dilbandiman, who has always lived in love with the Motherland, who, according to the inscription in the eyes of The Banner and Ring Of The Noble Amir Temur, once lived with the feeling that there is confidence that truth and freedom The Ya'jujj-Ma'jujis in the work blocked the path of hurlik (the same Trinity, referring to those who pursued a policy of repression-H.M.) gang. I especially realize that you are surprised by the sarkori language of those rain-makers; you mean that everything also has suicide. No, sorry. We are forever. An idea that is greater than our idea has not yet been found by humanity, neither can it be found nor let it be found. Saying goodbye to you, let me remember one more thing, and we have-the more we kill, the better! there is also a belief that. Do not forget that these words that are said in the reader's heart cause feelings of hatred towards them to increase, I think our opinion will not be a mistake. It is not difficult to understand from each word, from the image of the environment, how much poisonous evening was raved. The tablets described in some parts of the story, therefore, go to acquaintance with the horrors of that time, from what was done, to what was intended to lose, in whatever way we divided the clarity of our nation. In the places that refer to the work, another episode attracts attention: as I wander around them, I suddenly read the inscriptions I. G.-M. B.-A. Q.-A. F.-A. Ch.-U. N.-R. P. in the olachipor caps, which have not yet been shed by the whole rot. I could not bring to the end my thoughts about these mysterious records, I saw that there were stairs in the kemtic corner of the chorpon ehrom, which I was leaning against, which cannot be thrown into the eyes of DAF'atan. These stairs, where my nogoh eye fell, made my desire to gnaw on my body as a forty-headed dragon in my heart even more intense. In this image, it is seen that the writer gave the name of the original devotees of the nation who went martyred on the way to bring to the surface the century-old arms in the language of the people. Especially from the sarkori language of those Yajuj-Ma'jujs. I realize that you are surprised; you mean that everything also has suicide. No, sorry. We are forever. An idea that is greater than our idea has not yet been found by humanity, neither can it be found nor let it be found. Saying goodbye to you, let me remember one more thing, and we have-the more we kill, the better! there is also a belief that. Do not forget that these words that are said in the reader's heart cause feelings of hatred towards them to increase, I think our opinion will not be a mistake. It is not difficult to understand from each word, from the image of the environment, how much poisonous evening was raved. The tablets described in some parts of the story, therefore, go to acquaintance with the horrors of that time, from what was done, to what was intended to lose, in whatever way we divided the clarity of our nation. In the places that refer to the work, another episode attracts attention: as I wander around them, I suddenly read the inscriptions I. G.-M. B.-A. Q.-A. F.-A. Ch.-U. N.-R. P. in the olachipor caps, which have not yet been shed by the whole rot. I could not bring to the end my thoughts about these mysterious records, I saw that there were stairs in the kemtic corner of the chorpon ehrom, which I was leaning against, which cannot be thrown into the eyes of daf'atan. These stairs, where my nogoh eye fell, made my desire to gnaw on my body as a forty-headed dragon in my heart even more intense. In this image, it is seen that the writer gave the name of the original devotees of the nation who went martyred on the way to bring to the surface the century-old arms in the language of the people. It seems that the writer reminds us that for a lifetime we owe a moral debt to our jadid grandfathers, who encouraged the people to enlightenment. During his life, the people's poet of Uzbekistan Rauf Parfi, who lived longing for the unity of the Turkic peoples, sacrificed his life to the arrival of the nation to the present-day munavvar days, opened new schools, newspapers and served to make El literate Ismail Gaspirinsky, who founded the playwriting genre with the work "Padarkush", reflecting the case of an unscientific child,, the Chulpan, who came into Uzbek poetry with a light like a morning star, placed a

mother in the world as a great after God, and the Uthman Nazarene, who in prison also called for enlightenment by asking for paper instead of food, always shows the way of a beacon for our literature. It seems to us that adib can see our light, that the day will come, it is through these images that jadid will point to the appreciation of our grandfathers. A thousand thankfully, as an example of such value, our noble Countryman Sh. The fact that on the initiative of Mirziyoev, an international scientific conference on the ideas of jadids: national identity, independence and statehood was held in Tashkent on December 11-12, 2023, and people who are not indifferent to the life and activities of jadids were also evidence of our opinion.

The name of Turon, the hero of " O'lim o'pqoni ", also seems to have a great role in the image. We know that Turon is actually the name of Sahibqiron Amir Temur's only centralized state. The hero Turon moves in the center of the work as the moon of that country. All the events take place around him. As we watch the events unfold, you will come to the conclusion that another place is sure to attract your attention: "...At first I was surprised, then suddenly I understood everything; from the fact that I found and felt that the Gog-Magogs sacrificed countless people to block the path of light I was terrified and crouched down like a faithful dog that foresaw future disasters, and let out a long, bitter, bitter howl..." In fact, the hero Turon's struggles on the way to self-realization are fully embodied in the play. It is natural that there will be steps towards the mind and perception before reaching the light days. On the other hand, this episode was actually another reality show written to make sense of the horror of the time. The writer, who was able to say these words before the declaration of independence, is satisfied with saying "I found it myself", as if he knew that if this work were to be seen in the world, he would be persecuted. It seems to warn us of the contradictions that will happen before we reach the bright days. At this point, the well-known writer Abdulla Qahhor said, "The possessor of deep knowledge and real talent believes in his strength, that he can catch up with those who are ahead of him, and that he will never be left behind while walking in the same line. An uneducated and talentless writer (not a writer) is powerless to catch up with someone. He tries to knock him down, hang a dirty rag around his neck, and stop him from walking.

The owner of a real talent is not jealous of each other, he envies each other, he inspires each other. If we refer to the opinion that "there will be a competition of power that will move our society forward, not competition between them", this story written by the writer shows that he is a special talent. In each episode of the story, you can find many symbolic expressions and bright images. The most important thing is that the writer in the story is the same was able to truthfully describe the traumas of the period. During the writing of the story, the writer studied the history of Uzbekistan, the life and activities of the representatives of the Jadidist movement, the Holy Qur'an, and the history of Amir Temur's period. the story is like a sad and painful song written on the way to freedom, freedom, independence, freedom. As you get into the work, you will accept his (Turon's) suffering as your own. Even in some places, you will want to save him from suffering. This story of the writer helps us to appreciate our days , encourages him to work selflessly for its development, to be worthy of the name of the child of the holy land, which is the cradle of great scholars, and to purify the inner world of man.

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