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QR – Article





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THE ISSUE OF NATIONALITY AND NATIONAL COLOR (BASED ON THE STORIES OF SAID AHMAD AND UTKIR HOSHIMOV)

Abstract: Well-known writers Said Ahmad and Utkir Hoshimov tell the story of the Uzbek family and the symbolism that the writers want to convey through this image, the nationality of the Uzbek people, humanity, national color.

Key words: nationality, universality, national color, national spirit, image of the house, Uzbek house, psychological image.

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Introduction

Every writer is not only a representative of a certain period, a certain profession, but also a representative of a certain nation. He lives and works in a specific geographical, socio-economic and national environment. His imagination, his skills, and his character reflect these conditions. These are the features that give the author's work and creativity a national identity. It is these components that give rise to the national characteristics of literature.

Universality is the essence of nationality, and nationality is the manifestation of universality. Finally, the universality of literature is not due to the loss of national features, but to its development and improvement through the deepening of its essence.

The main part

In the past, our ancestors used to take a handful of soil with them when they traveled. In difficult journeys, in leisure time, in sickness, in office, gacha until the last journey, this dust was their constant companion, like a quarter of a frost. When a writer travels to the literary realm, he has to come out with a sense of homeland. Because "a work without a national spirit is like a paper flower. It smells good, but it doesn't smell bad. "

We can see that both Said Ahmad and Utkir

Hoshimov paid special attention to the issues of nationality and national color in the creation of the image of the house. For example, in Said Ahmad's story "Mulberry Cook", "Auntie Zumrad stood up to pick up her son Gapporov until she took a blanket out of her house", the behavior of Aunt Zumrad, which is unique to Uzbeks, is national. One of our traditions is that when a guest comes to an Uzbek house, whether it is small or big, king or gado, friend or foe, of course, with a (as new as possible) blanket under it, with respect will be taken. Or take Aunt Zumrad's bucket of smoke to the side of the road every morning so that they can carry out the mulberry-picking in the same story with the help of neighbors. yishi is a shining example of nationalism, because such hatimity, tolerance belongs only to our people. So, a tradition belonging to only one nation is a national tradition, nationalism, universality. Or let's take the author's story "The Hole." We have an antiquity left by our ancestors. They hang out with each other, whether it's cooked food or some other delicacy. (For example, in our large yard, there is a small door instead of a hole. (Author))

In Utkir Hoshimov's story "The Uzbek Case" we can see the most original version of the national color image. "Immediately, the 'old



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woman' took out new blankets. He laid a white, neat tablecloth around the table. At once four great patriarchs brought grapes, which shone like gold on a platter. He looked at Berdiyev and said something.

He invites me to the table, 'said Berdiyev, not taking his eyes off the woman.

Our time is short! - Koryagin sometimes shakes his head at Berdiyev and sometimes at the "old woman". Then the "old woman" felt that she was not so old, that her movements were agile and intense.

It will be uncomfortable, Vasily Stepanovich! -Berdiyev took off his shoes and went out on the porch. - This is the custom ... »The brightest proof of our opinion is that the Uzbek people greet anyone who enters the house in this way, pouring everything in their house in front of the visitor, even if he is an enemy who disturbs the peace. , as we will see in the passage, these habits are an incomprehensible strange situation for non-Uzbeks, and for us it is a normal, constant habit, which is not surprising. In Berdyev's words, "that's the way it is." It can't be otherwise. Yes, the notion that has become commonplace for us has surprised the world-renowned developed country that unites the five republics under its rule. In the play, Jumanov is imprisoned for all sorts of slanders on cotton policy, while his wife sits alone with both her household and children, making a bed for the visitor and not setting the table. does not resent, nor was the guest who came not worthy of much respect, but we do not betray the tradition inherited from our forefathers. Just as lightning and rain are natural, so is it natural for the Uzbek people to welcome a guest into their home.

Or take O. Hoshimov's "Trade of Life", "... When I go in the morning, the gates are locked. They seem to go to bed early in the evening and sleep until late at night.

He looked back to avoid laughing. O old woman! As it turned out, the rooster went to the bridegroom without screaming. It is unknown at this time what he will do after leaving the post. The Nuqul star is coming with the left!

The girl doesn't go to bed until the day she's a boy, spread out! "Aunt Poshsha did it." "The front of the gate hasn't been swept."

This is the habit of Aunt Pasha. He gets up in the morning (as Khurshida regained consciousness, my uncle taught her to do that. (from the same source) The protagonist of the story, Aunt Poshsha, goes to the bridegroom's house to check on the house of his daughter, who is dressed in white, in order to marry his son Tolqinjon. First of all, courtship is one of the most beautiful and sweet customs of the Uzbek people. When they understand each other, they get married, and we have a completely different relationship. The gift of marriage is inherited from Adam. raydi. If both parties agree, then the two young people will learn each other, so there will be many challenges to get married. There are certain rules for going to a wedding, according to which older women are more likely to go to the wedding. One of the rules that is not written in another book is to go to a wedding in the morning to find out what it is like to be a bride and your family. The protagonist of the story. Aunt Poshsha, also calls to the bride's vard for the same purpose. . If not, the daughter of that house will be in the public eye. In this regard, a teacher of English at the Tashkent University of World Languages in the United States treats a woman first, then as a mother, then as a spouse and sister, and no woman has a duty other than this. there is no such concept), I will never forget. What about us? The role of a woman is first and foremost a mother, then a wife, a sister, and then a bride.

The house where the bride falls is different from everyone else in the neighborhood, one of our interesting habits is that the newlyweds are standing in the dark of the morning (no one in the neighborhood should be awake at that time and no one should see the new bride). it should be sprinkled with water from the side and swept away. This condition lasts up to a week. That's the decent thing to do, and it should end there. Her mother and grandmother teach her to sweep everything in the morning. Also, no girl is allowed to sleep until sunrise, and the men of the house have to wash their hands and face before dawn, look after themselves, and prepare breakfast for them. And for some as a baby gets older, he or she will outgrow this. Aunt Poshsha wants her future bride to be like that. Such a national color of the Uzbek people will amaze many foreigners.

... A swing hangs from the ceiling... The shadow of a swing that flies lightly from side to side falls on the net curtain, and the woman's goddess is heard in a soft voice... In the passage from Said Ahmad's story "Allah" above, the house of true happiness is depicted. There is a saying among our people: "A house with children is a market, a house without children is a graveyard." Indeed, for our nation, childlessness is considered a tragedy. In the story, Ozoda renounced the blessing of Allah, that is, his child, and for his own pleasure, in return, Allah deprived him of a child for life, the happiness of motherhood, and to say allah to his child. He responds with tears in his eyes at night for a mistake he once made. Her husband, Muradjon, who did not forgive her, found a partner and had a child with her. Now, every day, his yard is filled with the sounds of God. The swing on the roof of his house vibrates. There is no greater happiness. We can't help but admire the writer's skill, only the swing on the ceiling in our houses, the cradle in the net, our mothers say goodbye every day without a hitch. That is why Uzbek youth are brought up to be acquainted with music and art from an early age. An Uzbek who is not in the cradle, who has not heard, is not Uzbek. The Uzbek people



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are ready to hang a swing for their child by piercing the ceiling or walls of their house. It doesn't surprise anyone because it's normal. Growing up in a crib or swing, a child grows up healthy.

In this passage from Utkir Hoshimov's story "Yanga", the nationalism is blown away, "Yangasi immediately took a blanket out of the house. As Akmal walked through the porcelain-swept yard, he smelled basil. The scent reminded him of allanechuk's cherished, divine feelings. Her mother used to grow basil every year and say over and over again, "Basil is good, baby." It was as if the scent was giving the whole yard some peace.

Akmal lay on the blanket on the couch and looked around.

Except for the re-painting of the window frames, nothing had changed. those two houses, a porch, a bunch of incense on a long nail in a pole. just a palm tree, a neat yard, a basil planted on the ground along the mat. A bulb hanging from an apple branch. That gray ... Two apples fell right next to the gray. Yellow ...

From the kitchen came the sound of a new woodcutter.

Akmal turned around. The newcomer was crouching in front of the kitchen door at the foot of the yard, chopping wood.

"Come on, bride, I'm leaving," said Akmal.

The new one said, "Now," and he did his job.

Interestingly, neither the kitchen nor the oven next to it was the same, with the same wood under the oven.

Once upon a time, when Akmal was a child, his mother used to bake combread in this oven. He would pour half of the first corn out of the oven and pour it into the milk in a ceramic bowl. It seemed to Akmal that there was no food in the world more delicious than roasted corn.

He swallowed as if he still tasted that delicious bread, and sighed softly.

There was a deep silence, like in the early autumn night. Only occasionally does a gust of wind blow the apple leaves, and then there is silence again. The sound of a locomotive came from afar. There was a steady roar of the roaring train. The voice trailed off. This voice reminded Akmal of those childhood moments again.

Once upon a time, there was a platform instead of a chair. As her mother lay in bed, she sprinkled water on the floor, and the whole yard smelled of basil. Akmal was lying between his mother and his brother Adham with his head out of the bed, staring at the sky, dreaming for a long time without sleeping. According to our custom, if a man is a guest in a house where a man is a guest, and a woman is not at home in the house where a woman is staying, then he is the guest of that guest. it is a shame to sit in a house. It is commendable that the author reminds the reader that we have such strict rules that are not written anywhere.

The newcomer immediately took a blanket out of the house, and ves, this scene is not new to us at all. Akmal finds solace in the yard where he spent his childhood, and remembers the most innocent moments through the smell of basil. She remembers her mother saying, "Basil is good, baby." In fact, the basil plant gives a different impression to the householder, opens the heart of the beholder, basil is a blessing in the house, in addition, basil as a medicinal plant in medicine, has the ability to break down stones and salts formed in the internal organs. known to all of us. If you notice, most adults cut a bunch of basil and put it on their temples to relieve their headaches. The author also included the image of basil in the image of the apartment, taking into account all these aspects. Because basil is widely used by the Uzbek people as a national plant. Peace and tranquility reign in the yard where Rayhan is planted.

When an Uzbek house is depicted, of course, there is no tandoor without an oven, because in the past, bread was baked in ovens every day, and food was baked in ovens. The protagonist of our story, Akmal, also involuntarily remembers the time when he saw the oven in the yard and missed the taste of cornbread, which his mother cut hot from the oven. And these feelings are very skillfully described by the writer. He swallowed the same delicious bread and breathed slowly. Another image of the story is fascinating: in Akmal's childhood, his mother sprinkled water on him in the summer, the smell of basil pervaded the area, and he lay with his head out of the bed between his brother and his mother. There is no sweeter sleep in the world. Or, even if it's late, the newcomer will set the table for the guest and prepare a hot meal for him, which will make him proud to be Uzbek.

Conclusion

In conclusion, the image of the house has a special place in the Uzbek written literature. It has a significant aesthetic impact, as well as a description of the place where the event takes place, the environment. This image also plays an important role in the national coloring, the character of the hero, the enlightenment of the psyche. In the works of writers Said Ahmad and O. Hoshimov, the image of the house has a special place. The image of the house in the composition of the work serves to give the work a romantic mood, as well as a certain catharsis.



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