

COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS OF POEMS BY MUSA JALIL AND ALAN LEWIS

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ABSTRACT

We examined the poetry of Musa Jalil, a Tatar writer, and Alun Lewis, a Welsh writer in the lens of the thematic component, since the theme helps the author to convey the emotional background of the work more deeply, to explain the goals and reasons for the actions of the heroes. A theme is a circle of phenomena and events that form the basis of a work; the object of an artistic image; what the author tells about and what he wants to attract the main attention of readers to.

Keywords: war poems, Musa Jalil, Alun Lewis, war, image, poet of war.

MUSA JALIL VA ALAN LYUISNING SHE'RLARINI QIYOSIY TAHLILI

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ANNOTATSIYA

Musa Jalil she'rini ko'rib chiqdik-tatar yozuvchisi va Alun Lyuis - Welsh yozuvchisi tematik komponentning ob'ektivida, chunki mavzu muallifga ishning hissiyotlarini yanada chuqurroq etkazishga, qahramonlarning maqsadlari va sabablarini tushuntirishga yordam beradi. Mavzu ishning asosini tashkil etuvchi hodisalar va voqealar doirasi; badiiy tasvirning ob'ekti; muallif nima haqida gapiradi va o'quvchilarning asosiy e'tiborini jalb qilmoqchi.

Kalit so'zlar: harbiy she'rlar, Muso Jalil, Alun Lyuis, urush, tasvir, urush shoiri.

СРАВНИТЕЛЬНЫЙ АНАЛИЗ СТИХОТВОРЕНИЙ МУСА ДЖАЛИЛЯ И АЛАНА ЛЬЮИСА

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АННОТАЦИЯ

Мы рассмотрели поэзию Мусы Джалиля-татарского писателя и Алана Льюиса- валлийского писателя в объективе тематической составляющей, так как тема помогает автору более глубоко передать эмоциональный фон

произведения, объяснить цели и причины действий героев. Тема – это круг явлений и событий, образующих основу произведения; объект художественного изображения; то, о чем повествует автор и к чему хочет привлечь основное внимание читателей.

Ключевые слова: военные стихи, Муса Джалиль, Алун Льюис, война, образ, поэт войны.

INTRODUCTION

Almost never published during his lifetime, after his death, Lewis became one of the classic British "war poets" – among those whose talent did not have time to manifest itself except in poetry about death, military everyday life, loss and finding love outside the front, to which it will never be possible to return.

Leaving his hometown early, the young Lewis changed several colleges and universities, where he studied literature and history. Once in Manchester in the late 30s, he participated in a boycott against Japanese goods (in protest against the Japanese invasion of China), organized a conference of "young historians" in Pontigny.

DISCUSSION AND RESULTS

Returning to Wales to work as a school history teacher, in the summer of 1938 he published a critical article in the local newspaper: "When the war comes, will I go to war?". In one of the letters published many years after his death, Lewis stated his position as follows: "The army-the damn stupid, red-faced, idiotic army- in its damn boring "khaki" – to serve? "God forbid."

He joined the army a few months later: "... probably I should have ended up here. I had a deep fatalistic feeling that, in the end, it would be so. Partly because I would like to experience everything in life, to understand what I am capable of... But, I don't know... I'm not going to kill. Rather - on the contrary - I will be killed."

While in the army, Lewis resisted enlistment in combat detachments with all his might. One of the means of not being sent to the front were numerous training courses, as a result of which Lewis was promoted to officer. In 1941, he married Gweno Ellis – a school teacher of German from a small Welsh town near his homeland. Almost everything we know about Lewis's later life is known from his letters to his wife.

The officer's life plunged Lewis into depression, he could no longer consider himself a "pacifist", he was burdened by rudeness and cruelty, to which he could no longer consider himself not involved.

Western critics, noting the incompleteness of the depiction of war in English poetry of 1939-1945 and the lack of deep drama in it, are trying to explain this phenomenon. Some see the reasons for poetry lagging behind the demands of the terrible time in the fact that poets who are able to answer them died in Spain. It seems that they are partly right: if Cornford, Bell, Caudwell, Donnelly had survived, their citizenship, their patriotic and internationalist spirit, and finally their political maturity, would undoubtedly have enriched English poetry. These poets would help bring English poetry closer to the French times of Resistance, to the Soviet poetry of the Great Patriotic War period. But the communist poets fell in the first battle with fascism. Nevertheless, this can only serve as a partial explanation, since it does not clarify the state of affairs in the large and healthy army of English poets of the late 30s.

Some critics, among them M. Davidson, author of the book "Compassion is Poetry" (1972), believe that English poets were spiritually unprepared for war. However, this assumption is refuted by A. Camfort and many poets of the war. "From our earliest childhood we grew up in full confidence that we would be killed in battle," writes Camfort.- Our generation was brought up on gloomy memories of the First World War, on reports about the war in Spain, on the increasing threat from Nazi Germany and on the expectation of the imminent — as we thought and wanted - collapse of imperialism."1 Although pacifist sentiments were strong among the youth of the 30s (the Oxford Students' Union even issued a resolution not to fight for the king and the fatherland), nevertheless, the approach of the Second World War was anticipated and foreseen by English poets. However, not everyone understood the difference between the first and Second World Wars. Some critics even now try not to notice these differences and assure that "the two wars were psychologically of the same quality, and the moods that permeate the best poems about the first and Second World Wars were the same"2. This clearly contradicts the truth: the characteristic poetic emotions of the First World War were compassion, horror and shame for humanity, as they were very correctly defined by the Soviet researcher of modern English poetry V. Skorodenko, now in poetry, both heroic and patriotic notes are distinguishable, as can be seen from the above verses, although their sound does not differ in power and richness of tones. The fact that some English poets did not realize what fascism was and what the difference between the new World War and the previous one is eloquently indicated by the recognition of one of the poets of the war, Charles Gumblett. In the preface to his anthology "I'm Burning for England" (1966), he writes that the youth of the 30s, taught by the bitter experience of the "lost

generation", was immune to the call of Glory, Duty and Patriotism, that with the beginning of a new war she felt trapped. And then follows the list of victims that, according to Gumblett, suffered young people during the war: "The educated youth experienced the war especially terribly. She wanted to see the Sistine Chapel, the Parthenon, the pyramids, she wanted love rides in gondolas, she wanted to try what it means to have a connection with these emancipated Swedes or what it means to have some dark-skinned mistress in Casablanca. Instead, the prospect turned out to be a real dump in Cardington, fits of seasickness on destroyers, the nonsense of barracks life. And in the end it is quite possible -"a bullet will cut off our song." It is not necessary to contrast the position of Hamblett with the position of young Soviet, Polish, French, Yugoslav poets, their experience of the war was different from the experience of the British, but how not to remember Hemingway? Who more openly than he condemned the jingoistic nonsense with which the government's soldiers were fed during the First World War? Who said goodbye to the weapon more decisively than him? However, during the Second World War, the writer (although he was far from the front line) forgets about bullfighting, hunting the red beast, and fishing — everything he loved so much for the sake of fighting fascism, because for him "fascism is a lie uttered by bandits." He does not keep records of what he had to give up, because he understands his civic duty.

The theme of "Man" and "War" became especially relevant in the military poetry of 1941-1945. In our work, we analyzed the most significant poems in the works of Jalil and Lewis, and identified 3 main artistic components of the theme "Man" and "War"

In the days of the war, the sense of Fatherland was especially aggravated. Russian grave poets gazed intently into the face of their native land, wrote about the village lanes, about the chilly aspen, about the simple crosses of Russian graves, about the three birches that stand on the native piece of land where he was born and grew up...

We read sad, very truthful lines about our native land in Musa Jalil's poem "Do you remember, Alyosha, the roads of the Smolensk region..." and the image of a Man who sincerely loves his Homeland arises in front of us

You know, probably, after all, the Motherland –
Not the city house where I lived festively,
And those back roads that the grandfathers passed,
Russian graves with simple crosses, -

Or let's turn our eyes to the poem "Motherland", written by Alun Lewis with special love:

Touching the three great oceans,
She lies sprawling cities,
Covered with a mesh of meridians,
Invincible, broad, proud.

A similar image appears before us in the works of M. Jalil. Many verses of the Moabite cycle show how difficult it was for Jalil in captivity. Melancholy and despair stuck in my throat like a heavy lump. No, it was not physical suffering, not even the proximity of death that oppressed the poet, but separation from his Homeland.

Forgive me, your private,
The smallest part of yours.

I'm sorry I didn't die

The death of a soldier in battle, -

The bitter lines in the poem "Sorry, Motherland!" by Jalil sound.

In M. Jalil's poem "Goodbye my clever Girl" of 1941, the image of a man appears—a soldier-defender who swears to preserve love for his native land. Here he puts his homeland and his beloved side by side.

So as not to give our happiness to the enemies,

I have left you, my dear...

I am wounded—I will fall forward with my chest,

Blocking the way to the enemy.

The lyrical hero of M. Jalil is not only a courageous man, but also firmly convinced of the victory of humanism.

The day of the triumph of freedom will come,

the Sword of justice will punish them,

The verdict of the people will be cruel.

It will include my last verse. (M. Jalil, "Before the court.")

A similar image of a Human Defender appears in the work of Alun Lewis in the poem "Glory" in 1942

There is a harsh freedom in us:

Condemning the mother to tears,

The immortality of his people

By his death to buy.

The image of a Human comrade appears in Lewis's work in the poem "The Death of a Friend" (1942), which becomes an integral part of the military poetry of not only this author

We bequeath love to our wives,
Memories to our sons,
But on the land burned by the war,
Go bequeathed to friends.
No one knows the means yet
From unexpected deaths.
The burden of inheritance is getting heavier,
Everyone is already a circle of your friends.

Alun Lewis writes that a friend who has survived all the hardships of the war with you is the closest, like a brother, a family member.

A similar image appears in the work of Jalil in the poem "In memory of a friend" (1941)

We've been through so much together,
Linked by frontline friendship!
To the end we would not be separated,
You and I should have gone through to the end!
Blood and flame sealed our friendship.
That's why she's so strong!
We will stand for each other to the death,
If we are destined to be separated.
(transition to the topic of war!!!)

And here is the theme of "War", which appears to us as a terrible event, raised in the poem "Barbarism" by M. Jalil. This poem is a terrible wartime document set out in verse. It describes the nature of the cruelty of the fascists. From the first words you understand the whole tragedy, the whole horror of that war. Fascists killed innocent people. Almost living women with children and old people were thrown into the ravine.

They drove the mothers with the children
And they forced me to dig a hole, but themselves
They were standing there, a bunch of savages,
And they laughed in hoarse voices.

Poems with a similar characterization of the theme "War" can be found in the poetry of Alun Lewis. So in the poem "It's like looking through an inverted binoculars", 1941, the war appears like this:

Something very big and scary,
On bayonets brought by time,
Doesn't let us see yesterday
With our angry vision today.

Lewis's personification of war is the image of a monster, a predator. So in his poem "Tank" we see how war pushes for the creation of defensive structures, which Lewis compares to wolf pits, thereby equating War with the life of predators.

This is where he was walking. There are three rows of trenches.
A chain of wolf pits with oak bristles.
Here's the trail where he backed up when
His tracks were blown up by a mine.

A similar image of war appears in Jalil's poem "Wolves" (1943), where wars are compared to real animals.

There is a bloody feast of war.
Forests are smoking, villages are burning.
In the middle of the midnight silence,
Sniffing, wolves roam.
The green meadow is crushed with iron.
The fields are empty - they breathe death.
The wolves' eyes are burning in the dark.
Their nostrils can hear the smell of blood.

At the same time, Lewis, like Jalil, emphasizes that war is a daily feat and hard work of the people at the front and in the rear in the poem "Do you remember, Alyosha, the roads of the Smolensk region", a new characteristic of the theme "War" arises

Do you remember, Alyosha, the roads of Smolensk,
How the endless, evil rains went on,
How the weary women brought us crinkles,
Clutching them to his chest like children from the rain,
How they wiped their tears furtively,
As they whispered after us:- The Lord save you! -
and again they called themselves soldiers,
As it used to be in great Russia.

Or let's turn to M. Jalil's poem "Without a Leg", which shows the feat of the people and their inflexibility before the fascists

I'm back! Meet me, my love!
Rejoice, let me be legless: I
did not kneel before the enemy,
He tore my leg off for it.
He hit a mine, knocked him to the ground.
- You bowed! - the enemy triumphed.
But immediately a wild fear seized him:
I got up without a leg and stood there.

CONCLUSION

Many young English poets clearly lack awareness of the true causes, scale, nature of the Second World War and the possible consequences of its outcome. In their approach to the war, the long-standing worship of Freud makes itself felt. War is viewed through his eyes as an inevitable evil rooted in human nature.

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