



ANALYSIS OF ALEXANDER FEINBERG'S WORKS FROM A CREATIVE APPROACH

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Abstract: *this article presents a comparative analysis of Alexander Feinberg's work and creative, translated works with a creative approach, with his great talent, a wide and endless world of creativity.*

Key words: *creative world, translation studies, skill, Feinberg method, talent, literature, linguistics.*

INTRODUCTION

Alexander was a wonderful young man with blue eyes and came from a dark-skinned family. The famous poet begins to show his potential from a young age. He entered the correspondence faculty of Tashkent University, Faculty of Journalism. He is also the author of works published in Tashkent, Moscow and St. Petersburg. There is no doubt that Alexander Feinberg is one of the most prominent figures of Uzbek poetry. His name and work are unchanging among Uzbek fans and poets. In Feinberg's poetry, historical and contemporary periods, West and East, nationalism and internationalism, West and East have united and created a separate aesthetic field. Feinberg's lyrical hero is a kind character who has preserved his human qualities even in historical and social calamities, is always ready to lend a helping hand, and suffers from the harsh conditions of the world. Feinberg's poetry is a synthesis of important aesthetic achievements of Russian and European poets. His creative approach is influenced by traditional Eastern poetry traditions. Feinberg's style is also distinguished by literary translation. Alexander also wrote scripts for about fifty documentaries and seven feature films. Based on Alexander Feinberg's screenplay, four feature films and more than twenty animated films were shot.

Keywords: Alexander Feinberg, poet, poems, books, epic, collection of poems, character, movies, animation, screenplay, literature, rhythm, writes, journalism, award, producer.

INTRODUCTION

The story of the Feinberg family began: his father was born in 1891 in Gatchina, near St. Petersburg, and his mother was born in 1904 in Moscow. His parents did not escape the atrocities of the so-called "mass repression". . In fact, the writer's parents were exiled to Siberia, where many people were exiled under the leadership of Stalin. When the smell of Kolyma reached Novosibirsk, the



poet's parents admitted that the surname Feinberg was not the right one to survive the German troops during the Second World War. The poet's three-year-old brother has two pieces of paper in his cap. In the first there are "Chisinau" and "Tashkent". The eldest son of the Feinberg family chose "Tashkent" and it made the whole Feinberg family safe. Consequently, they arrived in Tashkent in 1937, two years later, on November 2, 1939. Russian and Uzbek folk poet Alexander Arkadievich Feinberg was born in Tashkent.

Alexander was an intelligent, blue-eyed and handsome boy from a dark-skinned family. His childhood may have been spent on Zhukovsky street. Alexander Feinberg graduated from the seven-year school and studied at the Tashkent topographical technical school. After graduating from the technical school, he served in the military in Tajikistan to protect the masculinity of his country.

LITERATURE ANALYSIS AND METHODOLOGY

It so happened that my father was born in 1891 in Gatchina near Petersburg, my mother in 1904 in Moscow, and I in 1939 in Tashkent. In fact, my parents met in Siberia, where many were blown by the wind during the Stalin era. And there, in Novosibirsk, when Kolyma smelled, they threw two records into the hat of my three-year-old brother. One of them says "Chisinau" and the other "Tashkent". And my brother took away "Tashkent", which saved us all, because the last name "Feinberg" is not correct.

To survive in German-Russian Moldavia under the Nazi regime in World War II. So, in 1937, they arrived in Tashkent, where the stars rose so much that two years later I was born in this beautiful and angry world, as the great Platonov said.

Everything else is simple. Kindergarten, seven grades, topographic technical school, military service in the vast territory of Tajikistan. After the army, he left the printing house and worked part-time in the journalism department of the Faculty of Philology of Tashkent University, in the student newspaper, and in 1961 he met his future wife.

After the first book of poems was published, he was accepted to the Union of Writers of Uzbekistan. It was published in the magazines "Smena", "Yoshlik", "Yangi Dunya", "Sharq Stari", "Yangi Volga", periodicals of the USA, Canada, Israel... Books in Tashkent and along the circle of destiny - Moscow and St. - In Petersburg, as mentioned above, mother and father were born.

One day, due to my unconventional behavior, when the opportunity to publish was closed to me for seven years, I started writing film scripts. Four full-length feature films and eighteen animated films were released. Alisher Navoi and more translations of modern Uzbek poets into Russian. For now, I put my



poems on the table. Now everything is in place. What will happen next – only God knows.

In fact, the biography of any person can be summed up in two phrases:

“I was born of my own will. I will die of excess.’ I hope to live.

The Parable of the Cage of Liberty or the Talking Cat Hope is enough for me.

And the grave is not the end of the road...

Alexander Feinberg

DISCUSSION

Talking about Alexander Feinberg is a difficult task. It seems to be easier than writing about a poet? After all, the poet himself is always an open person – read, listen, think, wonder, mock, guess... let the knocker open! I think about him when I read Iskander’s last poems over and over again. And it’s a wonderful thing to think about, I must say. Join us...

What do you think we should think about it? Everything and anything like that appears in the palm of your hand, the painstaking path of a poet with extreme sincerity. Honest texts, like transparent fishing line, all its days and days, like beads, from childhood to maturity and between the lines (here, catch it, don’t miss it!) – the most vivid changing philosophy. The half-turns of love and passion and the non-boring vibration of the inner poetic world. His Life and even his Death is here in this volume... What more words or explanations are needed?

But, no ... You return to his books again – and you are immediately surprised to realize that you do not know anything about this person ...

Return to success and joy.

What whim is it to be friends with my misery?

For you – see – on a spring night A new month is born.

So take the green path.

Forget tears and sorrows.

What do you mean by my enchanted path?

What do you mean by my way?

Sometimes it seems to me that Alexander Feinberg is too simple, like a textbook, an alphabet, a truth, but if you turn the page, again the abyss reveals the loose places of poetry ...

So whose poem is this?

Drawing.



It rises from the fog.
Light shoulder cap
Ocean waves are receding.

It rises without promise
No glory, no immortality for souls.
And he denies himself
All authority was encroached on him.

So whose poem is this?
Drawing.
And don't be fooled anymore.
You and your candle – A moment of his freedom.

We lived in the same city, the city of our childhood, walked the same streets, breathed the same air. Despite the slight age difference, I think that Alexander and I are from the same generation, the same age. This field of ours has always been complex, conflicted, in some places plowed and plowed, in others as impenetrable as wild nature. I remember the Soviet years, when it was fashionable to engage in the poetry of a new star – at that time, Feinberg was listed among the famous poets between Andrei Voznesensky and Rimma Kazakova. Xshardi, few of his publications are read to people. His gills and his stage performances were burned with free thinking. Many did not dare to easily approach and meet the beautiful, intelligent, blue-eyed brunette. It's strange to remember it today, especially since the halo of the poetic Olympian oligarch was not created by Alexander Feinberg himself, but based on our general attitude to poetry at the time and to the people who produced this strange, complex fabric.

THE RESULT

Only many years later, our personal acquaintance happened in the last year of Alexander Arkadyevich's life. I was amazed at the extraordinary ease with which his life opened its doors for me. Now many of my compatriots say that he was an ordinary person... Not at all. The fact that he was easy to communicate with and unusually interesting does not mean that his nature is simple. Feinberg allowed himself to be different without wearing a mask. I think Alexander could have been anyone at all: he moved from layer to layer of his personal manifestations simultaneously and spontaneously, like a cat walking on a theoretically existing roof.

There is a cat by the oak tree. Flea is not rude here.
So you walk naked in front of people.
If you scroll right, you will start the song.



To the left - you are poisoning the fairy tale, sybarite.

Me too, bro, talking cat.

But I have other things to worry about.

Either the dogs are chasing, or the fleas are behind the ears.

Each person is naturally subject to his fate.

I can easily hunt mice.

You walk the chain day and night.

I admit, Alexander can be toxic at times, but in a wonderful and non-aggressive way to maintain his creative personal space.

I'm looking for a joint. I'm picking threads.

And you sit in the stands.

You threaten the world with condemnation.

Why this work?.. For fame? For a reward?

Well... you've earned a sonnet.

Take it, poor man, for Christ's sake.

CONCLUSION

What is immediately striking at first glance is that in his eyes, which lived according to the rules of his plot, some uncontrollable element of free consciousness was visible in all its absoluteness.

And cleanliness. I mean, purity that doesn't break from the beginning, no matter what tool you use. I fear that some contemporaries may now make a hand-painted glossy icon of Alexander Feinberg as a genius, a visionary, etc. Or, on the contrary, they will make him a victim of the Reconstruction era. I know for a fact that this man did not arouse affection in anyone, even in his worst years, when all local magazines and publishers ignored him. He survived, he survived like Brodsky's winter moth, he did not leave the homeland - and became a real Russian poet on Uzbek soil.

Losing hope, carrying two wings on my back,

My guardian angel says goodbye to me today.

I felt, I knew - it was given to me by fate

Go to the last row, like an animal, alone.



You are right, white angel. I'm sorry for caring for nothing.
But is it my fault that a foreign land is my homeland?

This is very strange. True, manuscripts are not turned on and hidden, if they are relevant to the reader, such manuscripts will come to you and me sooner or later. During his lifetime, Alexander became the People's Poet of Uzbekistan, although he himself never sought to enter the elite list, did not avoid luxury and did not achieve official achievements.

You can hang yourself.
Who am I here? A bitter thief?
I look to the right - there is a limit.
I look to the left - there is a fence.

Restrictions were legalized.
But is it legal for me? Not to any fence in the world I did not bow down.

Neither in cold nor in summer, Neither in dreams nor in reality He made
his own cage.
Here I live freely.

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