



THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ARTISTIC ANALYSIS IN ISAJAN SULTAN'S PROSE

Saymuratova Ijobat Tursunkulovna

Senior Lecturer of the Department of Uzbek Language and Literature at Gulistan State University

ANNOTATION

In this article, the story of writer Isajon Sultan's story "The Garden of Eram" is analyzed in artistic analysis. The artistic analysis reveals the full meaning of the story.

KEYWORDS: *story, legend, ideological-aesthetic task, human psyche, imaginary image, hero, storyteller, epic narrator, associative condition, internal speech, artistic detail.*

DISCUSSION

The story of "Garden Eram", the winner of the 2014 international literary competition for "Guncel Sanat", published in Alania, Turkey, was originally written in 1999. The story is written in the spirit and style of the legendary genre of folklore. It is well-known that folklore legends are often imaginative, but the artistic fabric in them is perceived by the speaker as well as the listener. In fact, most of their time and place are also indicated. Consequently, myths are not presented in the work of fiction simply as fabrication or illusory lies. They have a clear ideological and aesthetic role as a theme, a specific part of written literature, especially fiction, philosophical, religious, historical and ethical works. Examples include Yusuf Khos Hajib's "Kutadgu Bilig", "Devonu Lugotit Turk" by Mahmud Kashgari, "Hamsa" by Alisher Navoi, "Dante's Divine Comedy", "White Ship" by Chingiz Aitmatov, "The Rebellion of Souls" by Abdulla Aripov. In such famous works as myths, legends have served to enhance the artistic and aesthetic value and impact of this or that genre, and provide a deeper and more comprehensive picture of the human psyche.

The way in which the story of Isaac Sultan's "The Garden of Eram" storytelling seems to be based on an imaginary image or imagination. However, the specific heroes of the work, known as Mother, Holmuhammad's grandfather (Father, Son, Grandson of the Trinity), Friends, Children, his parents and friends, according to his age, experience and philosophy they are accepted as fellow villagers. Reality is also understood as something that has already happened or is inevitable. Interestingly, as in

the myths of the story, miraculous and magical elements appear.

Although the toponomical context of the story, the theme of the Eram Garden, makes it resemble myths, it is reminiscent of the fairy tales, tales and legends in terms of structure. It is about seven pages long and begins with a commemoration of about seven or nine years of childhood. The storyteller, "I", takes his mother's biscuits in proportion to her age, and dips with her friend in a ditch, which she views as a normal childhood game or a playful game. However, the writer observes the details of the bread that was dipped in the water from the other point of view - the grandmother's attitude towards her, her mental state when she saw the baked bread, which was not clear to the children at the time. That life situation is described in the story as follows: - "Why are you crying, grandma?" I asked.

The old man shook his beard and said:

"At one point, I used to melt my mother's bread and cry, remembering that, my child." Alas, I have run out like this bread in this ditch....-he said. I thought that he wanted the bread, but I remembered that I had taken my drunken bread and handed it to him. The old man took the bread and, with no shame, he began to cry.

We are taken aback. ¹

The reader also joins the epic narrator, who is suddenly caught up in the back of an old man who

¹ Isaac Sultan. Free. Novels and Stories. East NMAC, - Tashkent, 2012. - B. 367.



is suddenly on his way and with a sack of bread in his hand, sliding in tears. As he begins his process of reflection and deliberation, his imagination flies to distant memories.

So, it is clear that at such a time the reader disconnects from the real world for a while, the impetus of the aesthetic effect on the one hand, and the philosophy of his own life, which is not so much related to the realities of the story. Even though he is not a Kholmuhammad, he remembers some old man he was familiar with. He may even have imagined something close to his life. As a result, his existence is filled with a sense of bitterness and anxiety. At the same time it is in a broader sense of continuous processes such as birth, survival and aging; regardless of their nationality, race, or beliefs, mother and child begin to think of the separation of mother and child, and the feelings of sadness, bitterness, and bitterness, the rush and running of life in the ditch. One can feel how high the value of the moment is, the closeness between youth and old age. The irreversible beauty of youth is that of the virgin feelings of childhood. As the author perceives this, he shifts from an image of life to an associative state:

"...When I jumped over the ditch and the old man forgot, and I stared at something. What did I see? I saw myself in front of a garden with gold lids and crystal handles! Next to it, a boy holding a crystal ring, laughing at me and staring inside ... This garden was heavenly! It was beautiful! I can't find a suitable definition for this beauty."²

Indeed, you would like to believe that this garden is heavenly, where you can admire the golden dragonflies and talk to the dwarf Semurgh and admire the green trees with their branches in the clouds. However, in the story it is the mother of a child and all sorts of adults, and it is a place of great fear and fear. Because when one of these gardens invites the living or in a dream the child enters that celestial garden, it is regarded as a message from another world that is dangerous to his earthly life. The story thus introduces the reader's perceptions of the other worlds, the world of the dead, in the adjacent dimensions of the people's beliefs. Let's look at the worrying situation of a foster mother who has been experiencing fever and "disgust":

"What's wrong with you, baby?" You scared, baby!?"
"Did you see that?" -I said excitedly and my tongue turned into a barrel. "Did you see the garden?"
- What kind of garden? Said my mother, changing her color again. What kind of garden is my son?

"Did no one call you to that park?" When you saw it, did you go inside?"³

Years later, the storyteller grows up "I" and becomes a father himself. Mother says (now her grandmother) cares more for her grandson than for her son. When he sees the swing, he blinks. But the landscape of the epic narrator is changing and evolving, as it tells the age of the unseen. In fact, the second time the young man sees that mysterious garden, we meet the familiar porter at the door as a young man with a beard. In the eyes of the sculptor, in a moment the flower leaves sprout and the buds immediately bloom. We see that the name of the Father is written on the yellow leaf that was cut off from the giant tree. The garden mysteriously appears and disappears again, as well. The narrator unwittingly addresses his son (in the broadest sense of every reader):

"Did you see it too, sir?" she exclaims.

As the reader remembers the fallen leaf and the inscription on it, the coldness of anxiety in some part of his heart begins to fade. Yes, these concerns are not accidental. Indeed, a soul cut off from a magnificent tree of humanity (a giant tree in the story), or rather the comparison of nature and human fate, gives the reader some sense of awe and fear over the mysterious, synonymous garden. As we have seen, the right and the dream, the imagination and the memory, blend and blend. After all, the visions of the dream are on the right, while the impressions on the right continue to flow. Life goes on in its rhythm, and the narrator gradually forgets about the fear of the garden. Because daily anxieties outweigh the grief of separation.

The narrator sees the mysterious garden for the third time when he is old and his hair gray. Finally, the narrator feels that the odd reflections surrounding the "I" speak of the wisdom that human life is in a hurry. After all, the real truths we see are: the power of the human back, the most rewarding moments of his life, even his youth, when the Father gave his son a place where he could live a healthy, happy and prosperous life. It is the wisdom of ancestral exchanges that it is inevitable that it will lose its ability to maintain.

Therefore, the gardener of the garden depicted in the white of his hair and in the fall of the garden does not seem so mysterious. It is because we have a clear sense of the realities inherent in the exchange of material seasons and human generations. Therefore, the leaves that are cut off do not bother us as before. Indeed, the image is changing accordingly:

² Isaac Sultan. There. - B. 367-368.

³ Isaac Sultan. Free. Novels and Stories. East NMAC, - Tashkent, 2012. - B. 368-369.



“- I have never seen the beauty of autumn. The golden leaf from the tree at the gate was cut off with a sullen cry and landed on the ground.”⁴

When your peers and your peers start to leave the world, your heart is full of joy. So, in a "melancholy tone" that is spreading by the leaves, it refers to the same mood. The narrator speaks in sign language and signs. His mark on his "gray-haired" sign reveals signs of aging. That is why the hero speaks quietly when he speaks of his physical and mental state:

“- If a cloud overshadows my bones, it hurts. My eyes are full of tears. Often, I am warming up in the sun on the platform near my gate. I like the golden autumn sun. My heart is as clear as the autumn waters...”⁵

When the fourth story in the story tells “the Garden of Bliss”, the reader feels that what is happening is repeated for generations. After all, the narrator brings up two unidentified children who dump bread in the ditch, and unwittingly remembers his childhood, his parents, his friend, and the cheesy bread at the time. Children, to be precise, the old man, with a flash of tears, unable to keep up with his unforgettable childhood, reminds us of the image of Holmuhammad's grandfather at first sight. At the same time, the fear of the speed and rush of life on the wheel of life is awe-inspiring. The narrator entertains this way:

“- How hot was the bread they had. My mother's heart was as sweet as it was ... How were I ... Brothers?”⁶

The above images of the illuminating and happy moments of human life no longer belong to the narrator. Because he has made the reader a brother, and he has a feeling of compassion in every heart.

The old man's fatigue, agony, sadness, gratitude, and compassion are all sealed in his memory as he leans forward and leans forward. At the same time, we feel the same loaf of bread in our palm, which has been soaked in water, but has not lost its taste. This taft brings us to the fierce, long-winded memories of long, warm temperatures in our mother's womb. Unintentionally we hear the words "How I was ... How are we, brothers"?

It is understood that Isajad Sultan's inner speech is intended to open up the artistic psychology. That is why, whatever the thoughts, the sincerity of imitation of the thoughts and feelings in his mind, they are conditional. This is because the narrator strives not only to contemplate what is happening but

also to comprehend it. It also entertains you as you examine yourself, nature and people.

They will admit what they feel and understand. This means that his psyche is dramatized on the basis of variations, hesitations and some distractions. Although all thoughts are free mental processes - images of the "flow of consciousness" that goes without a writer's interference, the inner monologue⁷ is not completely free of any particular order.

The main content of the story is represented by the artistic detail⁸ of the Uzbek bread - water-dried Uzbek bread, which is typical of our everyday life and lifestyle. This detail has become an important ideological and artistic detail through repetition. Hence, this essential piece of artistic reality not only delineates what is described in the story, but also embodies the emotional perception. Therefore, we have a holistic image of the narrator as a living person. Though the mother's image is not directly involved in the story, the driving force behind her subconscious mind is the bread that was drawn out of her love, and by this essential detail she achieves a sense of longing and indebtedness.

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⁴ Isaac Sultan. Free. Novels and Stories. East NMAC, - Tashkent, 2012. - B. 371–372.

⁵ Isaac Sultan. There. - B. 371.

⁶ Isaac Sultan. Free. Novels and Stories. East NMAC, - Tashkent, 2012. - B. 372.

⁷ Kuronov D., Mamajonov Z., Sheralieva M. Literary Dictionary. - Tashkent, Academician 2010. - B. 126–127.

⁸ Kuronov D., Mamajonov Z., Sheralieva M. Literary Dictionary. - Tashkent, Academician 2010. - B.89-90.