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The Image of a Historical Figure in The Works of Iqbol Mirzo

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Abstract: Along with some brief insights into the poet's poetics, this article puts forward views on the depiction of historical figures in several of the creator's works. Examples from his poems are provided and subjected to a comprehensive analysis.

Keywords: Nation, value, Jadids, unity, sycophants (laganbardorlar), bloodhounds (iskab toparlar), hopes and dreams, heroes, hardworking, creators.

Introduction: The creative work of Iqbol Mirzo is enriched by perspectives inherent to the Uzbek character and temperament. In particular, feelings related to the upbringing of children, family spirituality, and national values play a leading role in the poet's poetry. He demonstrates his love for the Motherland through the symbols of hardworking, ordinary, and humble people in the countryside. In almost every line of the poet's poetry, pure feelings typical of Uzbeks, such as virtue, humanity, kindness, love for children, and forgiveness, are noticeable. In the process of examining several of the poet's poetic works, we became convinced that the main idea in most of his poems is a clear call for his people toward unity, harmony, peaceful living, and prosperity of the country.

DISCUSSION

Singing about unity—the eternal dream of mankind—has ensured that the poet's works are even more popular and closer to the people. Just as Erkin Vohidov acknowledged writers by saying, "The intention of writers, who are the expression of the whole society and the aspirations, goals, and dreams of this society, is one—to serve the people," [1] Iqbol Mirzo also considers it his goal to serve his people, to live and sing with their thoughts and hopes, and he manifests this feeling through his works.

In the poet's poetry, images of patriots and nation-devotees who served for the sake of the people, the nation, and its future are also frequently encountered. Dedications to individuals who made a worthy contribution to the development of our literature and nation are prominent. In particular, while remembering Alisher Navoiy, Zahiriddin Muhammad Bobur, and Ogahiy, he creates substantial creative works such as "Jadidlar" (The Jadids), "Samarqand. Sirli nigoh" (Samarkand. A Mysterious Glance), and "Boburnoma ilhomi" (The Inspiration of Baburnama). Through these works, the poet understands that expressing national history, traditions, and values in a vivid, natural way, depicting the glorious life path of scholars and commanders in various colors, and showing the determination and courage of our ancestors as a beacon provides strength and energy to future generations. In this way, he intends to remind our people that they have deep and strong roots, urges them to draw conclusions from their heroic deeds and glorious past, and encourages them to be worthy descendants.

In the work "Samarqand sirli nigoh", one can perceive that the poet sees the figures of Mirzo Ulugbek, Zahiriddin Muhammad Bobur, Bibikhonim, and Amir Temur. It is as if these historical figures put their hands on the poet's shoulder and walk him through Samarkand. From their sharp gaze:

"We built it, thank goodness, children,

It serves well for sightseeing and strolling,"

With cheeks turning into tulips from blushing—

Perhaps Bibikhonim is watching.

Through these lines, he portrays the image of Bibikhonim, who is both sad and somewhat embarrassed that the buildings they constructed today only serve for sightseeing. Through these monuments, the poet also emphasizes that both our great figures and our ancient values are gradually diminishing.

When talking about the creators of the past century, the poet also poses the question: What was their heroism? Their heroism manifested in their ability to speak justice in their time, and in their promotion of truth, honesty, integrity, and nobility; this process is visible through his works. Writing about the subsequent period, Iqbol Mirzo, of course, specifically highlights the names of those who led the nation to enlightenment, science, and progress at the dawn of the XX century: Abdulla Qodiriy, Abdurauf Fitrat, and Abdulhamid Cho‘lpon. Regretting that they were unjustly punished as "enemies of the people," he repeatedly emphasizes that they were the intellectuals and great minds of their time. Through the poem "Jadidlar", the poet expresses the longing and sorrowful wail in his heart, passing this longing and anguish onto his reader:

Girls and boys pampered by destiny

Stroll on the shore, smelling roses.

The martyred warriors look thoughtfully…

We lack Jadids, the Jadids are missing.

Tavallo, Qodiriy, where is Cho‘lpon?

Where is Khamzakhon, where is Usmon?

The mouths are huge, but hearts are tiny,

We lack Jadids, the Jadids are missing.

The interpretation of this very theme is also frequently observed in the works of Muhammad Yusuf. Writing about Cho‘lpon in one of his works, he extols and glorifies this poet, who embodied great virtues such as humanity and patriotism. He condemns the dark days that befell Cho‘lpon and many others like him, and creates another masterpiece, "Cho‘lponni qabrini ko‘rsating menga" (Show Me the Grave of Cho‘lpon):

He himself is a dervish, but his verse is a king,

He is grass on the ground and a bird in the sky.

To kill a poet is to set water on fire,

It is a task as difficult as breaking the earth.

Oh, you, mind your words when speaking to me,

Show me the grave of Cho‘lpon.

They killed Cho‘lpon's physical body, but his name continues to be reborn and live through the pens of such creators.

In many parts of Iqbol Mirzo's work, the land of Turkistan can also be observed. In fact, no representative of literature could bypass the injustices committed against the devotees of science and enlightenment at the beginning of the XX century. Creators do not remain indifferent to history from their point of view; in their writings, they recall the complex destinies of Tavallo, Abdulla Qodiriy, Abdulhamid Cho‘lpon, Khamza, and Usmon Nosir, and the difficult times they endured. The poet understands their creativity and their path in science and enlightenment, compares it with the present day, and examines its impact on the education of the young generation and the spirituality of his people. The creator deeply grieves that in order for our current prosperous life to be even more abundant and for the spirituality of the people to enrich, we lack figures like Ibrat, Abdulla, Erkin Vohidov, and Avloniy.

In Muhammad Yusuf's poem "Laganbardorlar" (The Sycophants), special attention is paid to the political environment of the early XX century through the method of exposure. We observe reflections on the tragic fate of the aforementi oned historical figures at the hands of ruthless people. In particular, we witness that those who stood by them and supported them approached this issue with a bit of caution in the subsequent period; throughout his life, the poet openly expressed his hatred for people whose words and deeds differed. In the course of reading their works, we

can see respect for the spirits of the heroes who sacrificed their lives and became martyrs for the freedom and liberty of our nation, for being educated, and for enlightening the people. The creator depicts each person's life in harmony with the nation, emphasizing that people who stray from this path will be unhappy. He calls those individuals who, out of ignorance, lack of knowledge, and self-interest, tore up and destroyed the flowers of the Homeland, "Laganbardorlar"(Sycophants):

Do not complain constantly calling Stalin a liar,

He, too, is the child of a human being.

If you want to know where his grave is,

Ask the sycophants for Cho‘lpon.

After closing the eyes of Otabek and Kumush,

And journeying after them himself,

Kissing the hands of Grandfather Qodiriy,

Those who pushed him into the pit were also the sycophants.

At this point, if we provide an explanation for the word "laganbardor"—it refers to a despicable, sycophantic person who, for their own benefit, acts very humbly before officials and tries to flatter them. In the work, the poet's unique feelings are embedded into the concept of "Sycophants." Unfortunately, despite being Uzbeks themselves, they helped eliminate the awakened intellectuals of the nation, thereby striking a blow to the key of the country's progress. Because of their impure deeds, it remains a dark chapter for us how many educated, intellectual young men and women, and scholars perished, along with our great thinker ancestors and the long history, science, and literature they created. In the subsequent lines of the work, Usmon Nosir—a young poet and a beloved son of our people whose life decayed while cutting trees in the forests of Siberia—is remembered with exceedingly painful laments:

Their tongues are partners with the devil,

They are faithful messengers to Azrael,

First selling out the Usmons, and later

Those who raised a cry of lament were also the sycophants.

In this stanza, the gravity of the word "sycophants" increases, expanding to be compared to Azrael (the Angel of Death). This serves to further reveal the poet's indignation toward sycophants. In the following lines, he states that "those who made Abdulla Qahhor suffer from diabetes and turned Oybek mute were also the sycophants," comparing them to the lowest representatives of humanity—"blood-sucking hounds."

Throughout his creative career, Iqbol Mirzo remembers and highly evaluates not only famous historical figures but also Muhammad Yusuf, Erkin Vohidov, Abdulla Oripov, and Shavkat Rahmon, who lived in his time and won a deep place in the hearts of readers with their versatile creative works. He dedicated the poems "Muhammad Yusuf", "Javob" (The Answer), and "Bulbul" (The Nightingale) to Muhammad Yusuf. He also points out that such modest, hardworking poets are becoming rare:

As sincere as an Uzbek, as pure as himself,

As pure as the eye of a baby in a cradle,

As pure as the word of an adolescent lover—

The poems of brother Muhammad remained.

Evaluating the spiritual world and verbal art of Muhammad Yusuf's creativity worthily, he addresses those "poets" who doubted his poetic talent and lived deprived of the miracles of the creator's heart:

Pardon, O you who say "I am a poet, I am great,"

Who eat the meat of an unsuitable calf,

Those unskilled in words but eloquent in speech—

The words of brother Muhammad remained.

Travel around the wide-hearted Uzbekistan,

Gently engage the pious farmer in conversation.

If you mention a poet, he will remember Muhammadjon—

The words of brother Muhammad remained.

Muhammad Yusuf's character as a possessor of human virtues was evident from his words, appearance, and inner world. For those who could not see or understand this, we come to the conclusion, as stated by the literary scholar Ulugbek Hamdam, that "they must have listened without the ears of the heart." It is commendable that the creator, through so much appreciation for a poet of his time, showed his respect

and managed to raise him to the level of a symbol of our nationality.

In the poet's repertoire, we also find examples depicting the heroes of today—the image of brave and courageous soldiers who serve day and night for the peace and tranquility of the country. In the poem "Botirlar" (The Brave), the heroes of today who sacrifice their lives for the Motherland are sung:

Brave men are guarding the country,

Heroes whose lives are sacrificed when the Motherland is mentioned.

They come having seen the highs and lows,

Are they eagles, falcons, or hawks—the brave heroes?

Understanding the hardships of these people, the creator intends to make us and the readers realize who is shedding sweat behind our happy life in a free and liberated land. He implies that we should live with a sense of gratitude and appreciation for their service every day. As the poet says, they are the heroes of our nation who "are capable of crushing mountains into dust, yet never extend a hand to anyone with a plea."

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, it can be understood that thanks to independence, high respect for our ancestors in the past, the bliss of freedom, faith in the future, and singing about the happiness and fortune of the people have become the main motifs of the poet's work. Most of the poems of the poet, who sang of his endless love for the Motherland and the pains and joys of the nation with his full voice, stir excitement in hearts. If by "Uzbek" one always understood a nation with a doppa on its head, whose black pot and black kettle are always boiling, and the warm, hot people of this sunny land, we are living in a time when we are proud of the services of our ancestors who united this people into a nation—services that are worth a whole century.

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