



## UNIT OF MEASUREMENT OF LOVE

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### From the booklet "Diary of Desires"

**Annotation.** In the article, if you achieve your love for the profession, life does not end, on the contrary, it begins. The pages of real life have begun for me. It's like a TV series. Events will continue to develop. It talks about connecting, connecting, endless features.

**Key word:** Love, life, director, play, actor, event, music.

When you find love, life doesn't end, it just begins. For me, the pages of real life have begun. It's like a TV series. Events keep developing. They connect, connect, and never end...

My family didn't know that I was studying acting. I chose the simplest way. I called my sister's office and said, "Sister, I've come to Tashkent. I'm studying to be an artist. Do whatever you want."

I only had a small amount of money, one shirt, and slippers with me. A person who is so attached to this art forgets about his own comfort. I wore only these clothes for 2 months. I wash them, dry them, and put them back on.

The cotton picking season has begun. Students are being recruited. I had to call home.

My mothers' pride outweighed their love. At first, they didn't want to come to me. But the neighbors, worried that the girl would be ruined by poverty, influenced them and were afraid, so my mother brought me all my clothes and said one thing:

– Okay, study, but I won't give you money...

They kept their promise, and I continued to study, providing for myself.

My classmates and I got to know each other better during the cotton picking season. Usually, it is difficult to get along between acting students, whether it is because of invisible competition or excessive arrogance. In fact, for 4 years, future actors are not only taught art, but also encouraged to be open-minded and sincere people.

Again, it's about money. Well, this "let it dry up" sometimes seems like a "red line" in our lives... I finished the semester with excellent grades, and a high scholarship was easily enough for me. True, we, like everyone else, faced sweet hunger. Saving money has become a "golden rule". I can't call the student menu royal. But it is unique. One day we would buy bread and cream. Another day bread and strawberries... After a delicious meal, we would drink water from the street tap and come back to study.

From time to time, we would go to the canteen and cheer ourselves up. We would buy meatless borscht, the bread was free, we would "load" tea to someone, and we would drink stewed cabbage soup with pleasure.

There would come a time when we would even be deprived of these blessings. Do you know the taste of stale bread soaked in water? We could make any flavor out of this food. If we wanted, it could be stewed

or turned into kebabs. We agreed. When we passed by the kitchen, we would walk past it with a smile, as if we were eating something. As if we were betting with our stomachs... We got used to it, and even when we received money, we became indifferent to the kitchen.

Everyone has needs. Is food the only concern for a person or clothes to wear? Especially for girls... Girls in all eras strive to look beautiful. When our classmates bought cosmetics in bulk, I simply did not pay attention. I was hoping that natural beauty would be covered with artificial means. This was another episode of pride. In fact, my needs had decreased significantly for the sake of money.

I think, what is this? So much suffering, always limiting yourself in life, giving up other small desires for the sake of some desire... We happily accepted such a life, it was not tiring to live like this. The Creator put this strength and strong vision into our hearts. If a person loves his desire, he will agree to any test.

I read like this. I admit, mothers from time to time provided food and clothing. I do not want to make a hero out of myself. I just wanted to talk about the power of desire. I bowed my head and followed its path. The main truth is that I did not act arrogantly on the path I chose. A person should probably learn to manage money, when these "colored pieces of paper" begin to manage a person, the look in the eyes, the step in the legs and the beat in the heart lose their identity.

I can boast that I have been able to manage money since my student days and have not let it take away my most human qualities.

Our future actors, have you ever measured the willpower of your love for art? Desires now do not give me peace for the rest of my life. I finally finished my studies. Life becomes more complicated. After graduating, even more intense events occur. I started working in the theater. We staged five plays, played the main roles.

We actors are very career-oriented. We choose this field and, if we believe in ourselves, we strive for greater goals. I think that my inner abilities and desires were not fully revealed in the theater. I even started to cry to myself. Why did I study for four years? Why did I run away from home? Was my goal to stay in this theater for life?

You see, what went through my mind was reflected in my steps. I arrived at my institute. Here I felt like a forgotten person. As they say, "A girl who leaves is a slut," no one paid attention to me at this institute. I realized another cruel philosophy of life: no era is eternal. In this building that had previously given me freedom and happiness, I was now starting to feel short of breath. I was increasing the anger and pain in my heart by observing the institute auditoriums one by one. At that moment, one of my familiar teachers came out to meet me.

We greeted each other and I burst into tears.

Someone had already found out about my short history. The prestigious theaters in the capital did not hire me. (Very interesting... They did not consider me a full-fledged theater student. Does everyone have to be humiliated first for success?!)

The teacher listened to my complaints in silence and offered me to study... I agreed.

I did not think about what awaited me. Just a step to take a risk or change my life...

I returned to the theater. Now my life consists of waiting, hope, dreams and theater...

My story may be long. But what I want to say is this. It is difficult to understand the character of an actor. It is difficult to understand what he wants and what decisions he makes. After a while, I was called to the institute.

I spread my wings and flew away. I was sent to Moscow. I did not know that there were various "truths" waiting for me there.

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