

THE LANGUAGE OF THE WORK AS AN IMPORTANT MEANS OF REFLECTING THE NATIONAL SPIRIT (on the example of the work "People Walking on the Moon")

Mamaziyoyeva Ozoda Batirali kizi

*Teacher, Department of Language and Literature Education,
University of Business and Science*

e-mail: omamaziyoyeva99@gmail.com

phone: +998 77 302 15 16

Annotation: This article, on the example of the work "People Walking on the Moon" by Togay Murod, provides an analytical approach to the artistic expression of the national spirit, values, traditions, moral and normative views of the Uzbek people through language. The naturalness of the language of the work, folk expressions and the tone of oral speech serve to awaken the national consciousness. The article presents analytical considerations on the educational, aesthetic and ideological function of the national literary language.

Keywords: Togay Murad, "People Walking on the Moon", national spirit, artistic language, loyalty, love, traditions, Uzbek mentality, moral education, image, language tool.

Togay Murod has a worthy place in the development of our national literature in the last quarter of the 20th century. Because he made a great contribution to the development of Uzbek literature with the unique expression of the national spirit in his works, he also introduced the Uzbek people to himself, made them understand their identity, and brought them to the world. In the works "The Evening of the Horse's Neighing", "The Fields Left by My Father", "The Stars Will Never Burn", "You Cannot Die in This World", "People Walking on the Moon", the qualities inherent in our people such as humility, hard work, generosity, simplicity, family spirit, and patriotism found expression in his sharp pen in a unique way. The story "People Walking on the Moon" deserves special attention and recognition, as the writer's creative research went in a completely different direction. The heroes of the story, Koplonbek and Oymomo, live together for days, months, and years in the pursuit of a child, one being the grandfather and the other the grandmother of the unborn child, and they respect and honor each other. The tragic fate of the heroes of the work, like a sad song filled with hope, shakes the reader's heart and is imprinted in the memories. [1] The work plays an important role in conveying the main symbols of our nationality, customs, traditions, and costumes - the relationships between love and affection, and the tender feelings - in such a sincere, pure, and inexhaustible way, enriching the reader's spiritual world, further expanding their worldview, and further increasing their sense of respect and pride for our ancient and rich history and people.

The work begins with the description of Koplonbek's matchmaking for Oymomo. According to our traditions, first, the elders of the young man's and the young woman's sides consult with each other and ask for seven generations. When the young woman's side comes to an agreement, especially the way the matchmakers use all the "art of speech" and thus gain their consent, it brings a smile to our faces and involuntarily reminds us of our ordinary weddings filled with village people:

"Then the suitors used their art of speech. One after another, they praised the butcher's father:

- Died father was a very good man...
- He was very brave...
- He was very talented...
- Esonboy did not care about his father...
- Don't be ungrateful. Esonboy cares about his father as if he had poured it...
- Come on, how much?...
- That's how it is. Islam is gradually...

The suitors brought the end of the story to such a son from such a father. Esonboy finally gave in." [2]

Also, here, along with the image of a suitors, the Uzbek girl's manners, tenderness, and thoughts are beautifully revealed in the conversation between Oymomo and her sister-in-law, who raised her and became like a mother to her:

- "Oymomo, who was sitting with her younger niece, leaned on her cheek.
- She looked at herself: she covered her Iraqi scarf that had slipped over her shoulders.
- She pulled up her dress, which had gathered up, and covered her knees.

The niece opened her ears, looked at her mother. The mother took the younger one in her arms.

She stared at her sister-in-law, laughing in her heart. Then, the sister-in-law put her hand to her heart:

- What are you saying?
- What am I saying?
- Don't be shy, say something. The suitors left.
- To whom?
- I wish it were me, and you too.
- Eb-ey, what have I done to you? Go away!

Oymomo is wrong." [2]

The intention conveyed by Oymomo's behavior and words is clear, but we are surprised to learn from the wordplay between the two young people after the wedding that they have been in love for a long time. We look for the above conversation again, read it carefully, and then we once again acknowledge the idiom, imagination, and thoughts of Uzbek girls.

The work is about pure love, invincible loyalty, unyielding patience, and strong will. Koplonbek's lifelong refusal to give up on Oymomo and his deep love for her is directly understood from his conversation with his father. However, Koplonbek goes so far in his dealings with his father that his father slaps him. But we cannot blame the father either, because his son is his only successor - and he is also childless. The writer here "kills two birds with one stone", that is, through the conversation, Koplonbek's undying love and loyalty to Oymomo, the father's sorrow for his son, and the relationship between father and child are highlighted. Today, with the introduction of Western culture, the lack of adequate treatment of parents, treating the child as if he is already an adult, and the child's failure to grow up as a result of their pain are raised as a major problem in the work:

- "I'm asking you to leave me alone!
- ...
- If you don't leave me alone, mother, the main street!
- His father was still in his mouth, in his throat.
- Ha-a-a!! Are you still driving me out of your house?! Me?!
- I'm not driving, I'm asking you to leave me alone!

— Ha-a-a!!! Me?! Your own father?! Hey, your nanny...

His father jumped up. He pulled the leopard by the ears and temples.” [2]

In an Uzbek household, husbands and wives address each other in a way that is worthy of admiration. The husband even hesitates to call his wife by her first name, and instead addresses her by the name of her eldest child or "mother," or "grandmother" if she has grandchildren. Although Koplonbek and Oymomo are childless, their calling each other "grandfather" and "grandmother" serves as an example of oriental morality for today's youth:

— Listen, grandmother, listen. A human voice is coming from somewhere... [2]

Oymomo's address to Koplonbek in the third person singular indicates that our writer did not ignore even the simplest things, that the story was told in the land of Surkhan, and that he approached it based on the mentality of the people of the oases:

Our mother tried to put henna on our father's hands the other night.

Our father waved his hand.

— Now, will you put a tattoo on my eyebrow? Yes! — he said.

Our mother laughed heartily.

— Let him think about his own health, let him say okay.

Our mother argued with our father in vain. Finally, he persuaded him. [2]

We are a very childish people. When we see a child, we cannot pass by without petting him, picking him up and kissing his face. If he is playful, we say, "He is still a child." This childishness is expressed in the language of the characters in the work, combined with such high qualities as generosity:

— Sometimes I sit in thought on purpose, grandma, the children think that I am not there, they climb over the wall. They go out to the orchards, eat until they are full. They fill their pockets. I look around... do you hear, grandma, the children are eating our orchards, the children! I wonder if we should plant fruit trees on these streets too, grandma. The mouth of the one who passes by touches them, and the children eat them... [2]

Koplonbek and Oymomo were consumed by thoughts like, "If we die, who will cry after us, saying, 'I can't bear it', 'I can't eat it', who will light a lamp, who will wear mourning clothes, who will mourn?" They were consumed by childlessness. They waited for a child until the end of their lives. They did not lose hope, even for a moment. However, Koplonbek was comforted by Oymomo's death and the entire village mourning, wearing black clothes, and crying, 'I can't eat it', 'I can't eat it'. Although they were childless, they were immensely happy that they had not passed away in vain. The writer also touched upon some traditions typical of the Uzbek people:

— We haven't turned on the TV or radio since our grandmother passed away.

— We haven't either.

— My grandmother wears black.

— My father was going to the city one day wearing his new clothes, and my grandmother was beaten, "Are you a man?" My father, out of his foolishness, dressed himself up and put on black again.

— We are also wearing our black clothes.

— My grandmother put her jewelry in a chest.

— My brothers used to sing and play in the evenings, and my grandmother was beaten.

We used to say, "What kind of people would you be if your grandfather heard that?"

— It will be like this until my grandmother is forty.

— Does my grandfather know that we come to visit these people? — said the lover.

— They probably don't know, — said the lover.
— Did you cry on the day my grandmother died?
— I cried...

In conclusion, there are many works in Uzbek literature that glorify our people and are full of stories about their nationality, but as the writer said, as long as this story lives, our people are also eternal, because the work is a monument to the Uzbeks, a hymn written to them, their long past, present, and future.

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