

Philosophical undertones in Feinberg's poems

University of World Languages

English philology second course student

Mirqodirova Zilola Shezod qizi

Mirqodirovazilola33@gmail.com

Abstract: In Aleksandr Feinberg's poems, philosophical undertones permeate the verses, offering profound reflections on the human condition. Through his lyrical exploration, Feinberg delves into existential questions, pondering the nature of existence and the meaning of life. His poetry serves as a platform for introspection, inviting readers to contemplate the complexities of existence and the mysteries of the universe. Feinberg's philosophical musings are woven seamlessly into his poetic tapestry, challenging readers to grapple with profound questions of morality and purpose. With each poem, he offers a glimpse into the depths of human consciousness, urging us to seek understanding amidst the chaos of existence.

Key words:

In the realm of literary exploration, the poetry of Aleksandr Feinberg resonates with profound philosophical undertones that enrich the reader's experience. Through his eloquent verses, Feinberg delves into existential questions, inviting readers to contemplate the complexities of human existence. Themes of mortality, purpose, and the nature of reality are woven intricately throughout his poetry, prompting introspection and deep reflection. Feinberg's philosophical musings challenge conventional wisdom and invite readers to question their own perceptions of the world. His exploration of the human condition transcends time and place, offering timeless insights into the universal struggles of humanity. Through vivid imagery and lyrical language, Feinberg captures the essence of existential angst and the search for meaning in a chaotic world. His poems serve as windows into the depths of human consciousness, illuminating the complexities of the human experience. Feinberg's unique blend of poetry and philosophy creates a rich tapestry of thought-provoking verse that lingers in the mind long after the pages have been turned. With each poem, he invites readers on a journey of intellectual and spiritual exploration, challenging them to confront life's most profound questions. In essence, Feinberg's poetry serves as a beacon of enlightenment, guiding readers on a quest for understanding amidst the existential uncertainties of life.

There, beyond the city limits,
There, beyond the line of human rumor
An unknown artist lives
Under the roof of an old workshop.
There, away from success,
Not with money, not on horseback,
He swears like a shoemaker
When something is wrong on the canvas.
Only that is created there.
There's a coat hanging on a nail there.

There's a sharpener on the floor, paints,
Planes, brushes, chisels.
He sometimes writes "shallow"
He calls his model,
She's getting beautiful
In his unheated paradise.
She can only be honest with him.
There's tobacco smoke on the ceiling,
And then the coffee gets cold in the mugs,
The candle burns for the two of them.
Everything is known in advance there –
The artist does not wait for exhibitions,
But a woman believes the law –
A hundred forever, it will not be lost.
The artist does not know you.
So what is tormenting you secretly?
How he draws his beloved,
How the rain sings to them outside the window.
There. Beyond the city limits
The lantern, swinging, shines dimly,
And the wind tears the leaf from the branch
Above the roof of an old workshop.

In this poem, the poet describes an unknown artist who lives beyond the city limits in an old workshop, away from the trappings of success and material wealth. The artist is portrayed as a dedicated and passionate creator who is committed to his craft, swearing like a shoemaker when things go wrong on the canvas. The imagery of the coat hanging on a nail, sharpener on the floor, paints, planes, brushes, and chisels scattered around the workshop paints a vivid picture of the artist's environment and creative process. The mention of the model he calls "shallow" suggests a sense of intimacy and vulnerability in his work, as he strives to capture her beauty in his art. The relationship between the artist and his model is depicted as honest and genuine, with the model only being able to be truly herself in his presence. The tobacco smoke on the ceiling, cold coffee in mugs, and burning candle create a cozy and intimate atmosphere in which the artist and his model share their creative space. The artist's lack of interest in exhibitions and the woman's belief in their eternal connection suggest a rejection of external validation and a focus on the enduring power of their bond. The repetition of "There. Beyond the city limits" emphasizes the

THE MULTIDISCIPLINARY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

VOLUME-4, ISSUE-3

secluded and intimate nature of their world, away from the distractions and pressures of urban life. The poem concludes with imagery of a swinging lantern, wind tearing leaves from branches, and the roof of the old workshop, creating a sense of nostalgia and fleeting beauty in this hidden sanctuary of creativity. The poem celebrates the purity and authenticity of artistic creation and the deep connection between the artist and his muse.

The rain went heavy. And the morning will not come.

Headlights rush along the highway.

Well, at least stop once, hitch a ride!

Take me with you from the night.

At least someone... Please... I'm good.

I shouldn't disappear among the forests.

Concrete wheels flying

They respond by spraying me in the face.

I shout to them. And my voice is cold.

I'm using obscenities, God forgive me.

Let no one need me today,

But tomorrow I will be needed on the road.

Cars hit the eyes with light.

They rush by, humming in their entire mass.

On my heart, swayed by the wind,

A wall of cold rain is flying.

She flies both steeply and gently.

And I stand there, wiping sweat from my forehead.

The cars are rushing. And as always, the road –

The same thing in life as fate.

In this poem, the speaker uses vivid and evocative metaphors to convey a sense of loneliness, longing, and existential contemplation. The rain is described as heavy, symbolizing the weight of the poet's emotions and the darkness of their current situation. The idea that "the morning will not come" suggests a sense of hopelessness and a feeling of being stuck in a perpetual night.

The head lights' rushing along the highway represent the passage of time and the relentless movement of life around the poet. The writer's plea for someone to stop and hitch a ride with them reflects a desire for connection and companionship in the face of isolation.

The concrete wheels flying and spraying the poet in the face symbolize the harsh and unforgiving nature of reality, as well as the sense of being overlooked or disregarded by others.

THE MULTIDISCIPLINARY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

VOLUME-4, ISSUE-3

The writer's use of obscenities and plea for forgiveness from God indicate their inner turmoil and desperation for some form of relief or understanding.

The image of cars rushing by, humming in their entire mass, highlights the impersonal and mechanical nature of modern life, where people are often reduced to mere cogs in a larger system. The wall of cold rain flying against the poet's heart symbolizes the emotional barriers and challenges they face, as well as the relentless onslaught of external forces.

The writer's act of wiping sweat from their forehead suggests a physical and emotional struggle, while the repetition of cars rushing and the road symbolize the cyclical and repetitive nature of life and fate. Overall, the metaphors in this poem create a sense of alienation, yearning, and existential questioning, capturing the complexities of human experience in a modern world filled with uncertainty and disconnection.

Death lays his eyes on every one of us,

And in vain I try to caulk my ears.

Some people shout that souls are immortal,

Others talk about oblivion.

Well, troubles! Some are rushing to heaven, some to hell.

And my neighbor is cutting up carcasses.

He lives in the butchers and doesn't bother.

There is a bone, there is meat – that's the whole situation.

I, as in the remote taiga, in this matter.

I'm standing like a stranger in the middle of the planet.

In this poem, the Feinberg grapples with the inevitability of death and the various beliefs and perspectives surrounding the afterlife. The metaphor of Death laying his eyes on every one of us conveys a sense of mortality and the universal experience of facing one's own mortality. The speaker's attempt to caulk their ears symbolizes a desire to block out or ignore the harsh reality of death.

The contrast between people believing in immortal souls and others talking about oblivion reflects the different ways individuals cope with the idea of death and what may come after. The mention of some rushing to heaven and some to hell highlights the diversity of beliefs and interpretations regarding the afterlife.

The image of the neighbor cutting up carcasses in a butcher shop serves as a stark reminder of the physicality and finality of death. The neighbor's indifference to the act of butchering suggests a sense of detachment or desensitization to the process of life and death.

The speaker's comparison of themselves to being in the remote taiga (a vast forest in Siberia) conveys a feeling of isolation and disconnection from the rest of humanity. Standing like a stranger in the middle of the planet symbolizes the speaker's existential contemplation and sense of alienation in the face of life's mysteries and uncertainties. The metaphors and symbolism in

THE MULTIDISCIPLINARY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

VOLUME-4, ISSUE-3

this poem explore themes of mortality, belief, indifference, and existential questioning, inviting readers to reflect on their own perspectives on life, death, and the unknown.

Not a stranger's house, but the moon's lair.

On the walls is the shadow of the owner's fence.

And you and I are two happy thieves.

And we have no guilt before anyone.

Two fugitives. Two singing strings.

Above the lunar bed are two criminal gazes.

But there is no shame in our kisses.

They are salty with tears of delight.

We steal love from death on the edge.

But we're not stealing someone else's, we're stealing our own.

So kiss me, my darling.

Blessed is the risky overnight stay.

We are thieves. And we will burn in the furnaces of hell.

But only because they didn't steal forever

In this poem, the speaker describes a clandestine and rebellious love affair that takes place in the moon's lair, a metaphorical setting that suggests a hidden and intimate space away from the prying eyes of society. The shadow of the owner's fence on the walls symbolizes the boundaries and restrictions imposed by others, which the speaker and their lover defiantly transcend.

The speaker and their lover are depicted as happy thieves, reveling in their forbidden love and feeling no guilt or shame for their actions. They are portrayed as fugitives and singing strings, suggesting a sense of freedom and passion in their relationship. The criminal gazes above the lunar bed symbolize the judgment and disapproval of others, but the lovers find solace and joy in their stolen moments together.

The kisses shared between the speaker and their lover are described as salty with tears of delight, implying a bittersweetness and intensity in their emotions. The act of stealing love from death on the edge conveys a sense of urgency and defiance in the face of mortality and societal norms.

The speaker emphasizes that they are not stealing someone else's love, but rather reclaiming and embracing their own love and desires. The declaration to kiss the beloved and embrace the risky overnight stay reflects a sense of passion, longing, and acceptance of the consequences that may follow.

The poem concludes with the acknowledgment that the lovers are thieves who may face punishment in the furnaces of hell, but they are willing to endure such consequences because they did not steal forever. This final line suggests a willingness to live in the present moment and cherish the fleeting nature of their love, even if it leads to eventual consequences. The poem explores themes of forbidden love, rebellion, passion, and acceptance of consequences, inviting

THE MULTIDISCIPLINARY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

VOLUME-4, ISSUE-3

readers to reflect on the complexities of human relationships and the pursuit of love in defiance of societal norms.

For everyone – Annette.

And for me you are Nyurka.

Where's your port? Where is the face with the bruise?

Where does the boar with the golden tusk come from?

Did you lure me into these alleys?

They bristled with their trunks.

In the Merc you drive to the villa with the breeze.

Your boar bought our public garden with a tavern,

Where you scattered cigarette butts between the tables.

Now the pool. And a massage in the morning.

In the evening – tennis. By night – makeup.

Seven dachas were leased to the French.

And I, as before, am cheerfully broke.

1. Aw! – I shout to the former dissidents, -

That's life.

In this poem, the poet addresses someone named Annette, referring to them as “Nyurka” in a more intimate and personal manner. The poem explores themes of social status, wealth, and the contrast between different lifestyles. The speaker questions the origins of Annette/Nyurka's wealth and luxury, symbolized by references to a port, a face with a bruise, a boar with a golden tusk, and a villa with a breeze. These images suggest a sense of mystery and intrigue surrounding his background and lifestyle.

The mention of alleys with trunks bristling implies a sense of danger or deception, hinting at the possibility that the poet may have been lured into a situation that is not what it seems. The reference to the Merc driving to a villa with a breeze conveys a sense of opulence and luxury.

The image of Annette/Nyurka buying a public garden with a tavern and scattering cigarette butts between the tables suggests a disregard for public spaces and a sense of entitlement. The mention of activities like pool, morning massage, evening tennis, and nighttime makeup further emphasizes the lavish lifestyle being described.

The leasing of seven dachas to the French highlights his business dealings and connections to high society. Meanwhile, the speaker contrasts this extravagant lifestyle with their own state of being cheerfully broke, indicating a sense of resignation or acceptance of their own financial situation. The final lines, where the speaker shouts to former dissidents that “That's life,” suggest a resigned acceptance of the inequalities and injustices present in society. The poem overall

THE MULTIDISCIPLINARY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

VOLUME-4, ISSUE-3

paints a picture of contrasting worlds and lifestyles, exploring themes of wealth, privilege, and the harsh realities of life for those who are not part of the elite social circles.

Your Leonardo is always in smoke.

Either he's dumb like a fish, or he gets drunk stupidly.

That's nudity again

Posing for him among the canvases.

Everywhere you look, everything is out of your mind.

Reinforcement sticks out from under the cornice.

It would be better to become a plasterer.

There is no joy or money in the house.

A squirrel grows old, turning a wheel.

A broken plate flies into the bucket.

And you cry, standing by the window.

Hey Leonardo! That's your luck.

Hurry up and paint the portrait while she is

She cries so beautifully by the curtain.

What is your Notre Dame to me? What is your Colosseum to me?

If snow falls on the graves of friends?

What, girl, I need a swimming pool? What do I need your limousine for?

If you have no one to go to the corner store with?

What do I care about your cell phone in restaurant smoke?

If there is no one else to call on it?

I will walk between the crosses on the January ice.

I will sweep the snow off the cold slabs with a broom.

You, friend, go. Don't feel sorry for me.

I will walk to my den.

To the yard where the jeeps are crowded in the morning

With businesslike faces, dud kids.

Where on the bare trees is the cathedral of crows,

Where is the den – and it's almost not mine.

THE MULTIDISCIPLINARY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

VOLUME-4, ISSUE-3

In this poem, the poet addresses Leonardo, who is depicted as constantly smoking and either appearing foolish or getting drunk. The reference to nudity posing among canvases suggests a sense of artistic inspiration and sensuality. The speaker expresses frustration with their own lack of joy and money, contrasting their mundane existence with Leonardo's artistic pursuits.

The image of a squirrel growing old while turning a wheel symbolizes the monotony and futility of daily life. The broken plate flying into a bucket and the speaker crying by the window convey a sense of despair and hopelessness. The poet urges Leonardo to hurry up and paint a portrait of someone crying beautifully by a curtain, highlighting the emotional depth and beauty in suffering.

The poet dismisses iconic landmarks like Notre Dame and the Colosseum, emphasizing the insignificance of grandeur and luxury in the face of personal loss and loneliness. The references to swimming pools, limousines, cell phones, and restaurants convey a sense of materialism and superficiality that the writer rejects in favor of simpler, more meaningful connections.

The writer resolves to walk among graves in the snow, sweeping cold slabs with a broom, symbolizing a sense of acceptance and resilience in the face of hardship. The imagery of jeeps crowded with businesslike faces and cathedral crows in bare trees evokes a stark contrast between the speaker's humble surroundings and the hustle and bustle of urban life. The poem explores themes of loneliness, disillusionment, and the search for meaning in a world marked by materialism and superficiality. The speaker finds solace in their own humble den, where they can retreat from the chaos and find a sense of belonging and identity.

Ultimately, Feinberg's philosophical insights add layers of depth and richness to his poetry, inviting readers to embark on a journey of intellectual and spiritual exploration.

References:

1. Work and life of Aleksandr Feinberg. <https://doi.org/10.5281/zenodo.10466255>.
2. Universalpublishings.com. <https://universalpublishings.com> › THE LIFE OF ALEKSANDR FEINBERG – Universal Publishings.
3. The life and works of Feinberg, an eminent personality in Uzbekistan.
4. Innovative Academy RSC. <https://in-academy.uz> › article › view ALEKSANDER FEINBERG IS A NATIONAL POET OF UZBEKISTAN
5. <https://www.kinopoisk.ru/name/290214/>.
<https://uzswlu.uz/ru/news/aleksandr-faynberg-buyuk-ijodkor-1697693372>.
6. <https://n.ziyouz.com/portal-haqida/xarita/jahon-she-riyati/rus-she-riyati/aleksandr-faynberg-1939-2009>.