

NATIONAL COLOR AND THE IMAGE OF RURAL PEOPLE IN THE WORK OF SOBIR ONAR

Dostbek Sulaymonov

an independent researcher at the Sharof Rashidov Samarkand State University.

Reading Sobir Onar's stories about rural life, mountain people, ancient customs that seem strange from the city, traditional ceremonies, mutual kindness, fate, and good neighborliness, and essays that lead the reader into the world of thought, one involuntarily feels as if one has traveled to a distant and mysterious village.

The same impression is left on a person who reads the collections "Mysterious Letters of Kunsuluv" and "The Lighthouse That Burned Before". They include village streets, low houses with their roofs covered with tulips in spring, hills full of flocks, mysterious paths, shepherds' meals, first love hidden behind a thousand curtains, when you get a cold if you go outside, weddings, battles, dances that are not found anywhere else, grandfathers' prayers, grandmothers' songs, brides' and grooms' dresses - in order for the reader to imagine how many more situations, one must be born in the village. One must spend one's childhood and adolescence in such a life, one must write a letter expressing love to a neighbor girl and receive a little beating from his brother.

Note that here there are feelings of longing from a writer who has almost become a city dweller: "I feel very far from my childhood. As time goes by, a feeling of longing grows stronger inside me. Now, when I tell my sons and daughters about the events that happened in my childhood, they will not believe me. Because the conditions in which I lived as a child probably remind them of the primitive collective system. I remember when I was three or four years old, my grandfather was dragged by an ox and paralyzed. He was a strong man until then. He would carry a load of fodder that a donkey could carry on his shoulders and throw it on top of the hayloft. They kept the fourteenth one until recently. I know that my uncle Ismat made a pair of boots for the rider and sewed it back on..." Of course, not everyone born in the village becomes a writer. The reason for this is that in order to retain what one has seen and heard in memory, one needs serious talent, an eye that sees, a heart that feels, and an understanding that understands its meaning. Even if someone who has read Shukur Kholmiraev's stories has not yet set foot on the land, he will imagine Baysun, the people of this strange land, their character, sometimes calm, sometimes fiery, their readiness to fight an unequalled "battle" for freedom, and some of the heroes will even seem familiar to him. He will have seen them somewhere, talked to them. This can be seen in the works of Erkin Azam, Usmon Azim, and Kochkor Norqobil. Sabir Onar was one of our writers of this type. His heroes were humble, grateful for everything they had, not demanding anything extra, far from greed, and their dreams and aspirations were in line with this. The reader will love them for these aspects as well. Literary critics can interpret his work in different ways. In the research, it is necessary to pay attention to the fact that Sabir Onar has a very sharp creative eye and a very strong sense of creativity.

"Village prose" also plays an important role in Sabir Onar's work. A cheerful spirit is observed in the writer's early stories. This is especially clearly manifested in the stories included in the writer's collection "The Secret Letters of Kunsuluv". The main theme of the stories included in this collection is rural life, the joys and sorrows, dreams and aspirations of the people of this land. The writer describes the life of the people of the mountainous villages of Kushrabot, because the writer knows these places very well, his childhood was spent in these places.



We know that rural people are by nature a little simple, arrogant, arrogant, but sincere. In the village, almost everyone knows each other, and human qualities such as kindness, compassion, and honor are also stronger among people. National characteristics, customs and traditions, and the local environment are also more clearly visible in the village.

Sabir Onar has a delicate sense of nature. According to his relatives, he was fond of music and singing. The writer imprints in his memory situations and circumstances that the ordinary human eye could not see. The diverse nature of human nature is also reflected in the images he creates, he draws the experiences of his hero like a painter.

If Shukur Kholmiraev and Erkin Azam Boysun, Tagai Murod Khojasoat, Nazar Eshankul Tersota, Abdukayum Yuldash Uzbekovul brought to our literature as a literary setting, Sabir Onar depicted the village of Kuvkalla, where he was born and raised, in his works. In almost all of his works, we encounter the image of the Kuvkalla people, their lives, thoughts, and dreams.

Sabir Onar loved his native village of Kushrabort, its vast fields, mountains, and steppes, and its people. The vastness of Kushrabort, the joys and sorrows of its people, their sorrows and sorrows, were vividly expressed in his works. The heroes of the writer were the villagers and people around him, with whom he lived, grew up, and grew up. The famous Russian writer Viktor Astafyev once said in an interview, "The writing that finds its theme is always alive." Just as he brought his village of Ovsenki into great literature, Sabir Onar boldly included the nature and people of Kushrabort in his works. was a brilliant writer who brought in. His writings always breathed the breath of Kushrabort.

The people's poet of Uzbekistan Khurshid Davron rightly admits: "...Sobir's work has long occupied a separate page in Uzbek literature. I will not be mistaken if I say that his stories and tales are known and loved not only by Uzbek readers, but also by the world of Turkish literature. I read each of his works with interest. The events and heroes in Sobir's stories remind me of my childhood. Perhaps because I was born in a village near the city, when I went to the villages where my paternal family lived a little further from the city as a child and stayed for weeks, I felt as if I had entered a completely different world. Sobir's stories seem to come from that world..."

