

## THEMES OF OYDIN HOJIYEVA'S PUBLICISTIC WRITING

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**Abstract.** Oydin Hojiyeva, People's Poet of Uzbekistan, is not only a poetess but also a distinguished publicist. The works comprising her artistic publicistic writing are written on socio-political, moral, literary, and biographical themes. This article provides an analysis of publicistic works written across various thematic domains.

**Keywords:** publicistic writing, theme, social, political, literary, philosophical, essay, sketch, article.

Publicistic writing, in terms of thematic characteristics, encompasses philosophical-political, economic, spiritual-moral, literary, and critical forms; and in terms of style, takes the forms of debate-discussion, propaganda-agitation, critical-analytical, and satirical expression.

Oydin Hojiyeva's artistic publicistic writing consists of essays, publicistic and literary articles, and sketches. The themes of her creative publicistic work are diverse. They are primarily composed of works with social, philosophical, spiritual-moral, literary, and critical orientations. These range from pure and sincere childhood memories contrasted with the present day and their moral lessons, all the way to the painful problems of the contemporary era. For instance, the prose piece "Chillik o'yin" (The Chillak Game) appears at first glance to be a collection of reminiscences about children playing chillak, tag, and other games in the dusty village lanes — yet within it, the author addresses the lifestyle and living conditions of village people of that era, the way hardworking adults with calloused hands would open their hearts by playing games with children, and the themes of love, care, unity, solidarity, and honesty among neighboring children. The prose piece "Ro'molcha" (The Handkerchief), in turn, tells of young women who have grown fond of embroidery, of a new bride distributing to her relatives and neighbors handkerchiefs she herself has embroidered, and of the Uzbek tradition of girls preparing embroidered items, patchwork quilts, sashes, and handkerchiefs for their dowry with their own hands [4].

In the article "Qishloqdoshlarim" (My Village Neighbors), the author writes about angelic women — singers, dancers, and musicians — who had many children and countless worries, and who may not have completed secondary school yet were remarkable individuals. These women, though unacquainted with cosmetics, themselves brought beauty and grace to the village and went about with cheerful spirits — yet in their hearts a leaden sorrow had been rusting away: the death notices that arrived from their husbands and sons had turned their eyes into inexhaustible fountains. Even so, they were not the kind to pour out their grief before the people and forget the community in their own sorrow. In truth, their very lesson lies precisely in that endurance, patience, and contentment. Women who, even nearing seventy, were equally quick to rush to fieldwork or wedding preparations, rendering service without expectation — they were also entertainers in the fields: they would take on the roles of old men and women and mock inharmonious households with satire; on autumn evenings they would stay up telling stories and riddles until dawn, husking cotton bolls. In summer they would patch clothes by day, knead dough at night, and bake bread at the crack of dawn. Some tended to infants not yet weaned from the breast in nurseries consisting of a single room and hallway. For such women, plowing fields and planting cotton seeds were as natural as beating the tambourine and singing folk couplets. They did everything with wholehearted sincerity. The women of Ro'zibiyon village, through

their selfless devotion, purity, conscientiousness, courage, and valor during the war years and the period that followed — standing as symbols of patience, contentment, compassion, and loyalty — have left an enduring legacy, says the poetess, who emphasizes that in today's fast-paced and prosperous times, we must learn from these "fate-incomplete" but valiant mothers: we must learn patience and contentment, kindness, loyalty, and the readiness to sacrifice oneself for the community.

In the article "Yo'qotganim topsamki shoyad" (Would That I Find What I Have Lost), the poetess laments that during seventy years of subjugation the people lost their identity, their true purpose, and the rich historical heritage of their forebears. She expresses regret that emotionless and high-flown slogans clouded the people's eyes; that the land which feeds and sustains one throughout one's entire life was left in a wretched state; and that, out of sorrow for warring nations whose arms were soaked in blood for the sake of their homeland, wagonloads of food and bread were sent to distant frontiers in the name of brotherhood — all of which now fills her with remorse. In reality, at home there were children with hollow bones, worn-out and helpless mothers exhausted by labor, orphanages overflowing with the fatherless, and the elderly languishing in poorhouses. As the poetess recalls her childhood memories, she lovingly and fondly calls to mind the vineyards of Vang'ozhi — known for its educated people — lying close to the earth, leafy and laden with grape clusters bursting with juice; its tall minaret; and the pure, healing waters of Zarmitan, clear as sumalak, and its pleasant, airy natural surroundings. Yet she mourns the trampling of the mysterious and enchanting architectural monuments and mosques of those territories. While wandering the cool, stone streets of Bulgaria, her native homeland passes before her eyes. She is astonished to find that the edges of the endless roads there are lined with almond and walnut trees, and that in front of every small gate there is a little garden. But what of our own sun-drenched land — our homeland like paradise, whose water and air are healing? Firs, acacias, and chestnut trees that have somehow arrived from some cold climate... beautiful, of course, in their own soil and climate. The poetess's aching sorrow is precisely this — the absence of apple orchards, apricot groves, and peach gardens in our sun-blessed, generous motherland that turns its fruits to sugar and its springs to honey! This, she says, is what drives some short-sighted mind to sell fruit at the market piece by piece, and to sell a slice of melon for such-and-such a sum. The problems that troubled the author in the 1990s have today been somewhat addressed, as our esteemed head of state Shavkat Mirziyoyev emphasizes that every home should have its own plot and its own garden, and encourages the entire nation toward the virtuous endeavor of planting trees and saplings. It can be said that Oydin Hojiyeva emerges before us as a publicist who was not indifferent to the social life of her era, who was genuinely concerned about the people's suffering, their living conditions, and their path toward a prosperous life. Cleanliness and tidiness have always been in the blood of the Uzbek people, whose hands and hearts are pure. Therefore, without turning every mahalla, square, bazaar, street, and roadside into mud, ditches, and rubbish dumps — let us preserve, as pure as our own hearts, the legends, proverbs, sacred stones, blessed springs, and holy pilgrimage sites of our homeland, where every brick is touched by sunlight and every tree breathes the breeze of paradise, implores the author.

In the article "Odamiylik saranjomlikdan boshlanadi" (Humanity Begins with Tidiness), the author writes of her joy upon seeing craftsmen, gold embroiderers, coppersmiths, artisans, weavers, and locksmiths at work in the madrasa cells being restored in Bukhara, and at witnessing a once-deserted place transformed into a flourishing, lively environment. Her attention is drawn to the ancient suzane embroideries, atlas robes, water pipes (chilyms), begging bowls (kashkul), ewers (obdasta), water pitchers (oftoba), and hand-washing basins laid out in some of the cells. Upon learning that these rare objects have been put out for sale in dollars, her enthusiasm dims. These suzanes and embroidered pieces — passed down from generation to generation, witnesses to so many historical days and moments of joy, still warm from dear hands

— are in truth the charm of households, ancestral heritage, and maternal wealth. Garments, various household items, gold and jewelry are living history that speak of this people's way of life, their talent, intellect, eloquence, and interests. Emphasizing the need to preserve such objects of the people and entrust them to museums, Oydin Hojiyeva expresses her wish that future generations may also see them and come to understand how deeply rich their ancestors were in national and spiritual values. One's attitude toward nature is also an inseparable component of spirituality. Not the person who sees a stone lying on the road and walks around it, but rather the one who moves that stone to the side and opens the way for others — that person can be called truly noble. If a person's threshold is covered in ash while the inside of their house is turned into a museum, that person's tidiness is incomplete and flawed. Adhering to the customs formed over the years by one's own people, and following the community's established traditions — this too defines the level of one's spirituality. Can a neighbor who holds a lavish all-night party with trumpets blaring while next door there is a house in mourning be called a wise and complete human being? Does the condolence visit of a woman who goes to a house of grief adorned in double layers of jewelry and with henna-stained fingers count as genuine sympathy? Such are the thoughts that trouble the poetess in this article.

Equally painful reflections are found in the article "Millatning qayg'usi nima?" (What is the Nation's Sorrow?): Members of the nation who witnessed the former Soviet authorities converting the sacred shrine of Hazrat Bahouddin — situated in the wing of Bukhara — into a stable could not utter a single word of protest against them. The spiritually blind who deprived the people of their own script and severed them from their historical roots committed an act no less than a slaughter of conscience when they turned into stables the places of worship where a human being bows their head in prayer. Converting the places where the people sought healing and consolation for their suffering into prisons, madhouses, or warehouses — or destroying them entirely — happened before our very eyes, before the children of our people. We did not know how to take pride before foreigners in our historical monuments and in the science of Sufism created by our forebears. Was this short-sightedness? Cowardice? Loss of self-identity? Museums and centers of enlightenment must gather, like rays of sunlight, the spiritual and cultural treasures that every nation has created since its historically constituted era, and radiate into the hearts of distant generations like the glow of life. Our museums, however, stand empty; the people have no enthusiasm for them. Let each people pardon the sins of their own children, punish them for their wrongs, and educate them themselves. Who will hold accountable those who once leveled hundreds of mosques, who had priceless books drowned in rivers or thrown onto bonfires because they were written in the Arabic script, and who had them buried in cemeteries? Are not the hands that sowed seeds of discord between nations the very hands of Qodiriy's killer? Today — understanding our own identity, collectively restoring our dignity, rebuilding our lives, clearing the names of the scholars and sages who fell victim to the dark repressions of the 1920s and 1930s, and returning our lost heritage to the people — this is our debt to history. The poetess's urgent words from the 1990s — "Only if we teach Alpomish, 'Yusuf va Zulayho', Rabg'uzi, Navoi, Fuzuli, Sufi Olloyor, Lutfi, Fariduddin Attor, and Jomi to children before their milk teeth have fallen out, and help them grasp their meaning, will a generation with an enlightened heart grow up"<sup>1</sup> — have not lost their relevance to this day.

The sketches included in Oydin Hojiyeva's book "To'rt tanho" (Four Solitudes) are dedicated to the memories of her mentors. These consist of "Baxtim shul — o'zbekning Zulfiyasiman" (My Happiness is This — I am Uzbekistan's Zulfiya), written about People's Poet of Uzbekistan Zulfiyaxonim Isroilova; "Yurtim, eslaysanmi Muzayyanani?" (My Homeland, Do You Remember Muzayyona?), written in memory of folklore scholar and poetess Muzayyona

<sup>1</sup>Hojiyeva O. Nazoqat. — Tashkent: Sharq, 2007. — P. 150.

Alaviya; "Odamlar, avaylang bir-biringizni" (People, Cherish One Another), dedicated to the memory of writer and poetess Saida Zunnunova; and "Suhbatlar guli, davraning ziynati" (The Flower of Conversations, the Ornament of the Circle), about translator and textual scholar Kibriyo Qahhorova. In these sketches, the poetess reveals both the human virtues and the creative, talented dimensions of the above-named poets, whom she regarded as her mentors and as elder sisters close to her heart. The poetess saw these women, thought alongside them at the shared table and at the writing desk, and benefited from their conversations. For this reason, the sketches are marked by an unmistakable combination of sincerity and truthfulness, a sense of kinship and closeness, and feelings of pride and admiration.

The sketch "Suhbatlar guli, davraning ziynati" tells of Abdulla Qahhor's wife, Kibriyo Qahhorova. The author writes that she was a gentle companion and intellectual partner to the writer, devoting to him all her love, knowledge, and refinement. She draws Kibriyoxonim's portrait in these words: "She was a woman beautiful in both outward appearance and inner character. When she smiled, did black lightning flash in her eyes? Her jet-black, joined brows lay smoldering. She always wore her curly hair in a bun that suited her perfectly. Over thirty years I came to know her in this elegant and upright, graceful appearance, and in her spirit of hospitality" [7, p. 146]. The author notes that Kibriyoxonim frequently invited Oydin Hojiyeva to her home for conversations, and that the author learned a great deal from her across many fields. She also writes about how Kibriyoxonim was not merely Abdulla Qahhor's life companion but also his colleague and intellectual partner — theirs was a relationship akin to that of teacher and student; about her mastery of three languages; about the excellence of her translation skill; about her dedication in preserving the writer's manuscripts; and about her energetic efforts in establishing the house-museum. Above all, she repeatedly recalls Kibriyoxonim's warm and open hospitality, her joy at receiving guests as if she would offer her very soul, her recitations of classical ghazals, and the way ghazals would flow into legends, and legends into anecdotes and words of wisdom. Reading these memoirs, we ourselves become people who have personally known and been close to Kibriyo Qahhorova — for they are distinguished by a fluid expressive style, truthfulness, and sincerity.

Our observations demonstrate that the essays within the poetess's publicistic writing are social and autobiographical in character; the articles are philosophical-political, spiritual-moral, literary, and critical in nature; and the sketches are biographical in orientation.

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