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QUALIFICATION PAPER

On “**Translation of the extract of the book “Echo of the World” (468-518 pages) written by Chingiz Aytmetov and Translation methods of Uzbek realities into English”**

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Introduction

As we know, as our country achieved the independence which began to develop. With foreign countries, economical, commercial, political and cultural relationships has been set. At the result of this, in our country interest in the English has been run up.

President Islam Karimov, in his speech of December 12, 2010, he pointed out that youth and every teacher should have knowledge in innovation technology and English.

Besides, Islam Karimov says in speech of January 21, 2011:

“At the present day, the life is approving and showing the we had chosen the model of economical development correctly “¹

The qualification paper entitled on **“Translation of the extract of the book “Echo of the World” (468-518 pages) written by Chingiz Aytmetov and Translation methods of Uzbek realities into English “** devoted to the translation of the extract and ways and methods of Uzbek realities into English.

The actuality of the theme. The following novel hadn't been translated into English. It is first actuality of the work, by the way, realities, on this matter, a lot of scientific researches had been done but there is no any works or investigations about Uzbek realities and their translation methods into English. It is second actuality of the work.

The aim of the paper is to translate the extract from the book “Echo of the World” into English and study the translation methods of realities.

The tasks of the paper are the followings:

- to study translation thoroughly;
- to survey on opinions of scientists on translation methods;
- to discover the types of translation methods;
- to learn the translation methods of realities;
- to show the problems and ways of translation methods of realities.

¹Karimov I.A. Mamlakatimizda demokratik islohotlarni yanada chuqurlashtirish va fuqarolik jamiyatini rivojlantirish kontsepsiyasi. – T.: O`zbekiston, 2010

The theoretical significance of the paper. This work is very useful to enrich a basis translation theory.

The practical significance of the paper. This work can be used in seminars, conferences, lessons, lectures on translation theory to debate on issues said above. Such kind of work has not been done yet, so that can be used not only in translation theory, but also may be useful in each seminars of translation theory

The structure of the paper. The paper consists of an Introduction, two chapters, conclusion and bibliography.

Introduction deals with the actuality, aim, tasks, theoretical and practical values and others of the theme.

The first chapter consists of translation of the extract from the book “*The Echo of the World*” from Russian into English.

The second chapter deals with the theoretical analysis of the work on topic “*Translation methods of Uzbek realities into English*”.

Conclusion gives the last opinion about the work.

Bibliography consists of literatures we have used.

**Chapter I. Translation of the extract of the book “Echo of the World” written
by Chingiz Aytmetov**

**1.1 Translation of the extract of the book “*Echo of the World*”
(468-518 pages) written by Chingiz Aytmetov**

Children plowmen had to leave the school for this extreme reason. Therefore, as horses were prepared since winter. The draft horse demands everyday leaving, differently, in the first days of a sowing, campaign will fail. Work with a plow is heaviest in agriculture. In the village it is known by everyone.

To keep up with plowing and sowing, that year the earliest spring visited the field. The life only and only began to breathe. It is possible to tell, the winter hasn't descended yet. I remember, how there was an end of February.

In the very first days I have gone to visit the companions in the field in the Cook-Sajisky steppe. When left in the morning, day was gray, cloudy. And when has arrived, snow has tumbled down suddenly. Has begun to whirl, has turned white. And here since then doesn't leave my imagination that picture small plugar in snow floating by air. Snow was large, dense, quickly thawing. It went on huge, deserted space, dimming a look on this entire world. Silence stood around, the deficiency, only strews silently falling snow. And only plugars weren't appeased, sending on errands horses. Along the black strip of a shelter thrown through a hillock one after another there were plows, as the ships in a fog on water steepness. They disappeared behind a hillock, and the exact waves. And then voices of children were heard. I have gone arable land edge on a meeting with them.

Plows come up from snow whirlwinds. Dropping to a furrow, were compressed in tension of the four of greedy breathing horses. Snow instantly thawed on their hot backs white steam. To hard horses, the earth under feet crude, becoming wet. And to children urging on not easier. On the heads at them the empty bags which have filled out from dampness... And about a locotok. To them in such weather in a warm corner to sit. But they are children of war, and they know that such is their share and responsibility.

It is snowing... In a white veil of snow black teams of plows creep. Plows go, without stopping... I recognize the children by their voices. Baytik, Tayrybek, Satar,

Anatay, Sultanmurat... My schoolmates. I don't long to come nearer to them, I do not want, that they saw, how I pay...

In the winter we endured a terrible case. The window was distributed by the strong blow at night. Having bent down from a saddle, someone shouted:

— Get up! Be quick! Horses have withdrawn!

I put on and ran. From houses, people jumped out, pulling under way clothes. Coming nearer to a stable, heard loud, uneasy voices. At midnight when the groom fell asleep on duty, unknown withdrew two best horses from a stall with edge from gate. The groom at first thought that horses got rid casually, and thought suddenly only when found out that together with horses saddles disappeared also. Jumped out, but was late...

It was necessary to catch up the horse thieves. Without saddles who on what horse was in time, we rushed in different directions, after. It is not known that we would do, if caught up. What horse thieves would be frightened of us, boys?. Till the dawn we ransacked on ravines, on buyurak, on the thrown winterings, isn't present anywhere, and a trace it is not visible. Skilled there were thieves. We very much worried: prepared horses for a spring, gave up study for the sake of it, but there were such people, which all at all...

I tried to write about everything as that and as was those years in our Sheker is possible more reserved and laconic for I will not keep within necessary borders of a genre if I will begin to state in detail, «. I will try to group somehow people and events. About the contemporaries fellows villager I could tell more many interesting and noteworthy for we appeared that generation of teenagers which the next day was stepped at once from the childhood world to the abyss of military life, in the distressful rear reality which has demanded from us is far not a children's maturity and courage.

Thinking of the contemporaries of that time, I now come to a conclusion that my generation appeared so durable and integral, probably, thanking this severe situation. It doesn't mean at all that modern conditions of material prosperity promote a youth a little. On the contrary. Only on thoughtlessness it is possible to wrap up the benefit in the evil to. At every time the demand from the person, the problems and requirements, and consequently life never is given

easily, if to it to approach seriously if to dare, instead of to try to discover careless life. Where the person found careless accommodation, there the person comes to an end as an integral nature. And for that matter, such possibilities of development of the personality as present, to us also didn't dream. But not about it, actually, speech. I simply want to tell that among my contemporaries of military years there is no such person with whom it would be now a shame to me. No, such isn't present. All of them long ago family people, almost at all already adult children, everyone is occupied with the business, and to me gives great pleasure to tell that their course of life — is a way of people of big human dignity. Whoever to take, for everyone it is possible to be charged. Brothers Taysariyevs — «пflugари» Baytik and Tayrybek — from those days and until now workers, not pokladayushchy the hands, respected in аиле people, communists. Baytik — zvenyevy, notable in the republic tabakobod. Tayrybek — equally necessary person both in field husbandry and in animal husbandry. I already spoke about Paizbek Mombekov — 33 years edified, died two years ago. Toktogul Usu-baliyev passed a way from the tally keeper to the chairman of collective farm. Now he directs in the next Bakair. Nuraliyev Abdalla — the former Komsomol worker, the collective-farm activist. Toktogul Mambetkulov, Batime Orozmatova here years and years studies at school of sheker children. Nuriya Dzholoyev, Orozgul Usubaliyev were too edify in the remote areas. Alymse-it Doolbekov — a animal doctor with a long-term experience. Zhaparbek Dosaliyev — the employer of timber enterprise. Turgunbay Kazakbayev — the chairman of one of the largest Kirghiz collective farms. In a collective farm economy "Russia" there are sheep more than 60 thousand heads. Mirzabay Dzholdosheva — the chief accountant, in very large collective farm in ours Kirovsk the area. Gapar Medetbekov became the leading actor of Naryn drama theater...

Here so there were our destinies. Difficult, very difficult, but it is not aimless.

At great Kazakh poet Abaya it is told that life — this movement of the sea when behind a ridge of waves the following ridge rolls, behind a wave of «the previous generation» follows new change, and it the subsequent and so endlessly... And the sea lives...

Reflecting about years of war, I come to the conclusion that in our moral formation, certainly, defining role «the previous wave» played the senior generation, generation of front participants. It would be possible to tell a lot of things about it. Certainly, all generations are always interconnected. In peace life this process proceeds the natural course of continuity of experience and traditions. In war everything sharply moved. Our silent Sheker at eternal Manas's bottom, being among mountains, suddenly it appeared in a rapid of the general events shaking the world. Our people called on protection of the Fatherland, rushed on fronts. And behind mountains, through the station Maymak connecting us with the outside world, through Dzhambul closest to them the city, went and there were day and night echelons about that and other party — to the west and to the east. Intense pulse of the fighting country here hooted...

Our well-known ail singer poet Myrzabay Ukuyev was one of the first who learned it on a personal experience who told us about war, about the front, about fights with tanks, about bombing gaps, about forest fires, about the person in battles, about hospitals, about military surgeons, about death and courage. Long ago already there is no it on light. And Myrzabaya Ukuyev's songs in Manas's district remember and sing to this day.

Myrzabay Ukuyev — the first wounded veteran whom we met all ail with pleasure and оторопью for it removed from a cart and put under hands crutches: it was without a foot. Such we never saw. Lame, curves were. But that absolutely there was no yoga above a knee, such, at least we, boys, never saw. It became terrible...

Once he was the young, beautiful teacher. Went by a gray ambler, a horse and called — «myrzabayevskiya djorga». Myrzabay liked to sing songs and itself composed, touching strings chertmak. And now it appeared without a foot, unnaturally pale after hospitals and echelons, stood on crutches, in an environment of fellows villager, smiling and crying together with all.

That evening at big gathering of people of Myrzabay sang the front songs composed by it in hospital. That was a big event for us. On all life it was remembered. All of us were grasped by the song of Myrzabaya, its story in verses on war. People listened, with bated breath, remembering about, left of the front,

listened, wiping tears... He sang about himself(himself), about the brother-soldiers, but he sang about each of us and as a whole about all people.

The improvisatory oral poetry is difficult for translating and retelling. Because salt of an "akyn" in the moment of creativity, in synchronism of execution and the composition. And still I will try. (Sons of the different people — Russian, the Kazakh, the Uzbek and the Kirghiz — we in army became more native than the native. One mother at us — our country, white milk raised all of us. As our heart will restrain, Dzhigits, if our mother in trouble! Whether it our support when uphill abrupt to go, whether it our hope when with the mountain abrupt to go down. Let's swear, as swore батыры if death, we will lie on one field if a victory, we will stand on one mountain. We so spoke each other, coming nearer in the woods to places of fights with fascists. And already the earth as though great earthquake was made hooted under feet. And already bombs fell from above, terrible we howl the expelling soul from a body and throwing up black soap to heavens. And we entered fight near Leningrad...)

Here so he sang the ail. Also that place in the history of Myrzabaya when the military echelon going from Novosibirsk on the front, probably, having changed a route, suddenly appeared on the line passing through our station Maymak was especially expensive and touching for us. At sunrise, without reducing a course, the echelon proceeded, without being late at station, through the Maymaksy gorge, through a tunnel, along Talassky ridge, by the mountain Manas. And, probably, the words which shaken us in singing of Myrzabaya and have become since then our ail song then were born. There were words of filial farewell, appeals to mountains Ala-Too:

Away from a look remained It is Ala-Too,

Dark blue and snow, It is Ala-Too.

Away from a look, there was our Manas.

Beloverkhy, fatherly mountain Manas.

Good-bye, dark blue and snow It is Ala-Too,

Wish to the sons of a victory over the enemy.

Good-bye, fatherly mountain Manas,

Wish the son: of a victory over a step.

I am the pupils, as in a mirror,
you I will take away with myself —
Dark blue and snow, chistovodny It is Ala-Too,
Beloverkhy, fatherly mountain Manas...

How many time then it was possible to us to sing this song at meetings and partings! And them was much...

In the winter of that year we saw off eighteen-year guys. Until recently we, apparently, "were found" together. Let is slightly more senior, but they were our ordinary friends, companions. Now these children left on the front. And among them Dzhumabay Orunbekov, my relative and the friend. It was absolutely young. Went to school, then worked in collective farm. Here and all life which it gave on the battlefield. It was remembered, as it by the first when children sat down on a cart, started singing this song:

I am pupil, as in a mirror,
You, I will take away with myself —
Dark blue and snow, Ala-Too,
Beloverkhy, fatherly mountain Manas...

And they drove down the street through ail. Seeing off ran behind a cart. And only Myrzabay remained on crutches to be at a stop, listening, as long after the journey the parting song with the homeland still reached.

Myrzabay Ukuyev used in ours айле really big respect and honor. There was no event — whether it be collective farm meeting, after return and up to the end the diene of the Ukuyev worked as the accountant, always consisted the member of a party bureau, whether it be family celebrations, at meetings and farewells — and in trouble and pleasures айла Ukuyev always was the desired, necessary, person. A wise word and the song it inspired to people hope, forced to trust and fight for a victory.

In ours айле all young and old were proud of it and knew its front biography. Knew on names with whom it served who they are and from where there were those people who ordered them for about all this it was told in its sung poem about war. Knew, as well as under what circumstances it was wounded and by whom is rescued.

There was it near Leningrad, in the woods, apparently, in the summer or autumn of 1941. In one of fights by a row the shell became torn. Remembers that something struck in pricked. When regained consciousness, fight still proceeded, around everything roared from firing and gaps. Bleeding profusely, it lay, not in forces to move, and already said goodbye to life when the nurse crept up to it. Russian girl Tanya. In аиле it called Tania. If she knew, our Tania as it admired and as it was loved by Myrzabaya Ukuyev's fellows villager. It is a pity that already not to establish, who is she was, Tanya as Myrzabaya Ukuyeva already isn't present in the live. It she managed to impose bandage and managed to take out it from a battlefield. It about it was sung by Myrzabay to us:

What mother gave birth to such girl.

More kindly which not to find on light.

That woman to me became more native than native mother,

What father brought up such girl,

More bravely which not to find on light,

— That person to me became more native than the father native...

These lines I bring, certainly, in very approximate transfer. The Skazovy poetry connected as those entirely with the moment of live execution ce of the creator in the presence of listeners to commit to paper, probably, it is not necessary. On paper she dies, as a flower dried between pages of the book.

Sheker's post-war youth was obliged by much to such veterans, as Myrzabay Ukuyez. He very much worried that we had to interrupt study at school. In the forty fourth year when already war was rolled to the west when soldiers and many wounded veterans, Myrzabay заторопил us with study began to come back work. The part from us already then returned for school desks. After war I went to study in the Dzhambul zooveterinary technical school. Time was, I will directly tell, very much difficult, hungry. Somehow in a break between occupations shout to me: you are looked for by any person on crutches. I run out in a yard — that there was Myrzabay-aka. Smiles, stroking moustaches. I too very much was delighted.

— On affairs came to the city, on base, give, I think, I will glance, as you here comprehend sciences.

I told it about our life-war. It is happy remained.

— Went on the street — it hobbled from a yard. —

I there brought something to you in a cart.

We went to gate.

— Here that — he told May then. — I know, гыт

hardly, here it is now very difficult. But don't take in head to give up study.

We now have no such right. War came to an end. If it is necessary very hardly, let know.

Let's think up in аиле something. Only study...

The first combine operator of ours аила, old communist Toylubay Usubaliyev was contemporary Myrzabaya Ukuyev, his friend and the same instructor for us at that time. Now, as we call him, Toyluke aksakal, the grandfather of numerous grandsons. His son — Saty Toylu-bayev — the shepherd of an elite flock in state farm "Cook-Si". At Saty children grow up a rank. In big respect at the descendants Toylubay Usubaliyev. But on the eve of the 30 anniversary of the Victory it would be desirable for me to remind moreover to them, young that to Toyluka in days of war was that rare person whom, despite his requests didn't send on the front — he was the unique combine operator on some collective farms. And how it worked at the combine, now a legend. And nobody will believe that such it is possible, nowadays won't undertake to repair at all such cars — will take out on a dump, and it installed the life in ruins of the combine and did the part... About its combine I wrote it to "Jamil's" stories. In the summer of 1944 during harvesting I worked for it as the assistant. When the combine was under way, let that day and night, rest we didn't allow ourselves... The front didn't wait, bread didn't wait... The most heroic summer in my life. Never I will forget those days...

And again song. Here already the grass turns green on roadsides, herds with an issue on slopes, on slopes wander. Fields went cut, as a mirror, winter, propashny. Again fields, propashny, winter.... Behind there was Dzhabul which is uncontrollably growing, sated modern rates of an urbanization, former karavanny Auliye-Ata. From here on echelons there left my fellow countrymen on the front, here, on the railway, we brought the bread for the front... And already ahead завиднелись under clouds of snow of Maias...

The first secretary of the Dzhambul regional committee of party Hasan Bekturganovich Bekturganov, the political leader of a company of skiers in defense near Moscow, somehow told in conversation that each soldier has a posthumous order of the fallen brother-soldiers — to make life such, to remember them, about fallen, with pride and with a clear conscience.

The same we could tell about ourselves, about an incalculable national host of the back of military years.

Of it was thought in a way, looking at snow of the fatherly mountain of Manas-At.

1975.

TO SPIRIT OF HELSINKI OF ALTERNATIVE IS NOT PRESENT

All of us understand — our ways met in Sofia far not casually. It is too much for this purpose in the world of the serious reasons. We gathered, in general, in intense if not to tell, during disturbing time — uncompromising struggle of human spirit with own contradictions accepted today the global and extremely become aggravated character. We arrived to devote here each other in the most intimate thoughts with which often you remain alone with yourself, reflecting on life, about the person, about destinies of modern society. Never before the world didn't reach such complexity, never before the person didn't test such stunning changes as today, never before before the person there were no such prospects of development and such threats to its existence as now.

All this inevitably finds the reflection in culture, in our art experience, in nature of our thoughts. After all outside of the book usually remains more many such that lives in us waiting for the form, the trope. Allow me to tell that me excites long ago that I would like to tell you. Allow me to testify the deep respect for the present.

Here gathered what lips speak modern literature, those who nowadays creates, creates it day by day, inhaling in it the lives and passions. Time will show, on what there were we capable, having ventured this heavy and inevitable way of searches of truth and beauty of spirit, with times it becomes clear that the pas this field of knowledge of reality on which to us many generations of great literary artists worked is open, time will show that we managed to add the to eternal crazy

the person about the person, and also that it was not possible to us to make that was beyond the power, to put it briefly, then will be found out time — to all the judge.

But there are things which we can't postpone for passionless court of history, things which demand that about them spoke now, with an indispensable assessment of an essence of the phenomena. Right now, if we want to be convinced that made during lifetime all depending on us — for is clear, it is a question of the most essential — about fight for peace. The figurative word of the artist which is standing up for preservation of life on the earth, can't be left for later — it demands the immediate action. Business today if we want to be up to the end true to calling and a duty of writers so is.

We write for people, for the contemporaries, that means of literature to cultivate those qualities, those lines of the personality which most correspond to cumulative experience of all times — to the main human ideals. Yes, in it was and there is a true, eternal purpose of literature. I understand, this approach to problems of literature of our days which have mastered the image of the most difficult movements of soul and intelligence in their discrepancy, in their deepest social conditionality, can seem at first sight a little simplified, and nevertheless it is immemorial and universal ideals — remains fundamental issue of literature and art. For literature functions can change and change, but its fundamental principle — reflection of human essence — remains invariable. And consequently, perhaps, now more important than when that was, first of all ability of literature to make recognizable a feeling of other person to teach each of us to think about other as of itself, to force to see that he, other person as loves life, fears death, suffers, worries, defends the right to a place in the sun.

From this that the fundamental principle of literature remains invariable, doesn't follow, however, that its forms are invariable. On the contrary, development and deepening of our representations about' the person, about society, about a universe as a whole and our place in it demand indispensable development of literature, development in the realistic course because the realism among all forms of reflection of reality is top of our art thinking. The realism of the modern world literature nowadays reached such perfection that it is distinct from realistic narrations of the past as Euclidean geometry from Lobachevsky's

geometry, More than ever before, literature takes a predominating place in spiritual human life. And one it to much obliges us.

Let's not press now in disputes that is passing and that there are eternal in literature, just as what ideological categories reflecting this or that economic practice, a political system, promote in the greatest way to art knowledge of reality and what act as forces of inertia on our way. It is a special question. Any conceiving person should know that the phenomenon of eternity consists in immortal beauty of idea and the spirit, hidden in an object of art.

And as to fight of ideas, all of us know: such is dialectics, such is an essence of social being — fight of ideas is immemorial and inevitable. In that a motive power of social progress.

I would like to suggest to talk that was the general feature for all of us, for our destinies, for our creativity as writers of the second half of the XX century that put before us singular creative problems with a special sharpness. Probably, it and more all obliges us to listen to each other.

Owing to a number of the historical reasons we for certain differ from our predecessors in literature, and it is necessary to hope that destinies of our followers will be others. What do I mean? That all of us were brought here by urgent need in the face of which all of us are uniform and are equally responsible — never in the history of mankind there was such general threat of life and culture of mankind as presently, and in the same communication never in the history there was such danger to the nature, to vital signs of Wednesday surrounding us. All of us well know it.

Just because on our share this feature of time dropped out, writers from the different countries, writers of the different traditions, the different cultures, different political and esthetic convictions here gathered.

But first of all I will try to answer myself, in what the exceptional circumstances which are doing us by distinct from other eras and inevitably uniting us not only in the face of the general danger, but also in the most deep essence of the present.

Certainly, we are united first of all by understanding of shared responsibility for destiny of human culture, for moral climate on our planet. We can tell safely now

ways on which development of human spirit will go get out, and our responsibility is thus especially great, because we can't postpone the solution of these questions for the future — the future itself in very considerable degree depends on that we can make today.

It is a question of, whether the reason, culture, art in the conditions of irreconcilability of contradictory, polar forces are capable, at a serious collision of different ideologies, in the conditions of comprehensive scientific and technical revolution settling human nature so that in it from time immemorial great immortal passions constantly prevailed: creation, extension and human race preservation, knowledge the person of and the appointment in life. For only in this case if it will be possible to stand in the face of destroying forces of brutality and immorality, having kept and having ennobled spirit of humanity — only in this case the person will justify the name of a conceiving being. And this way unique, another can't be.

I am not the historical fatalist, and I realize that if still is possible to mankind at the price of ongoing efforts and first of all — here I, I think, I will express the general opinion — in many respects thanks to peaceful actions of our country, the Soviet Union, to postpone threat of nuclear catastrophe, it is still far everything that could calm us that could reduce our alarms. It is necessary to put to all this still immeasurably more efforts to bridle, secure the social elements generating violence, cruelty, a humanity.

There is here one moment forcing us to speak about it as about direct threat. We don't separate ourselves from painful world problems, and all that negative what it is necessary to face nowadays to the West, we consider as the general trouble of mankind. Scientific and technical revolution gave the chance to modern people of instant communication on the scale of all planet through means of mass communications, physically pulled together the people through high-speed vehicles and by that made us much more dependent from each other than when that was. All of us today in one boat, and behind a board — space infinity.

But the same scientific and technical progress by the brilliant, universal successes which have intruded in life literally of each person, successes notable, subject, promoted together with from opinion of a way of life to distribution passionless, and sometimes and ruthless rationalism and on an estimation of the

person, the people, originality of cultures. So the convoked KPD-coefficient which has been taken out from technicians in spiritual, moral sphere, — has turned to the justification to what justifications aren't present and can't be, — to violence, humiliation, person. From the point of view of the KDP which have become by a criterion, the original stereotype, each person is interchangeable, with human лее the points of view each of us is invaluable and unique. Who will replace to Juliette Romeo who will replace the son of mother who will replace fallen in the war?

Only the stereotype easily also is simply replaceable. And their mass transformation by audiovisual and other means causes indifference and forces people to believe that all it is in the order of things. Here that is terrible and pernicious in spirit standardization, in cultural consumer goods of any genre and a kind. We have realized not at once that technical progress doesn't mean the same degree of moral progress.

The assessment of the person on his efficiency automatically includes disrespect for his identity, for its emotional life, does unnecessary our efforts in moral improvement of the person. As a result of people appears as the consumption car, and the culture receives only consumer value. From here a step to a romanticizing, a poeticizing of violence, cruelty. With chagrin it should be noted that in the monstrous industry of a cult of force and the cruelty, accepted frightening scope in modern culture of the western countries, we see threat to all mankind. So it happens, when society has nothing to fill vacuum of inspirituality, so зароняются in consciousness of a bacillus of fascism.

Thus the most terrible that we can allow — it is underestimation of potential danger which bears in itself accustoming to thought that the violence in the world is inevitable and it is even more terrible to confuse cruelty, ferocity to heroics. I would like to emphasize, pay attention that disdain which we are inclined to test at contact with cultural consumer goods, often prevents us to understand up to the end ominous communication of promotion, thoughtlessness with a real threat of war. It should cause concern first of all in us., writers, cultural figures.

From here, it is represented to me, the foremost problem of literature consists today in promoting improvement of moral climate on a planet that

nowadays as it is important, as cares of habitat without which there can not be a normal, healthy life.

This task puts forward before us for all of us a common problem which I conditionally call a problem of development of modern thinking. For contemporaries — it not only physically living in at one time people, but also — that is most important — these are people for whom common features of thinking are characteristic. It first of all ability and ability to think at level of the progressive, progressive ideas to think planetarno, of it, in essence, original internationalism, original respect for identity of cultures, national languages, the art values developed by all people. And, at last, this ability to think is perspective, distinguishing in today of a tendency of the tomorrow's. The understanding of the present in this aspect is extremely important, if it becomes the second human nature, its new nature. This that also is one of reliable guarantees of the world on the earth.

It is a task first of all literatures. I don't intend to attribute to literature any messianic role. Politicians fight for the world the methods, a crucial role behind them, but literature possesses own ways of the image of life and impact on human souls, and, naturally, we, writers, we interface the efforts, the creativity, the art vision to the progressive political aspirations directed to the greatest historical purpose at the heart of which ideas of peaceful co-existence lie, ideas of preservation of the main values on the earth — human life and culture.

I should emphasize thus (we speak about it with pride and hope), experience of the XX century convinces: among all achievements of world consciousness Lenin principles of peaceful co-existence showed» without exaggeration, reason and humanity top. With this belief and hope we address to the whole world.

Friends, companions, we live, and ecology of prompt changes. In Ancient India said, variability — the only thing that is invariable. It was never felt so really, as today. We change the world, the world changes us.

In modern conditions of more and more becoming complicated design of life literature hasn't enough to be simple" a mirror plainly reflecting surrounding subjects, it should be the many-sided prism which is truthfully recreating in the

stereospheres of depth of life and human destinies. We devote to it the days and works.

1977.

THE VIIth CONGRESS OF WRITERS OF THE USSR

One of these days I read the book of one scientist about longevity. This book grasped me how any best-seller. And I thought: here is how it is necessary to write, that the reader saw in your composition so vital business for itself that couldn't come off till a final line and would regret that the book came to an end, and long still thought then the read.

Utopia? Yes. But also without a utopia it is impossible to live. It is impossible to address to the person with the book which wouldn't intend for the Black as a revelation limit, as a certain new bible. And so each time. Even if it is unattainable. But such is there should be an art law, the law of work of the artist.

So than carried away and this scientific thing shook me? Philosophy poetry! And though I am far from thought to compare such book to fiction work — these are absolutely various elements — but there is one great property, more precisely, advantage of art. The original creation of art doesn't come to an end on the last page, doesn't settle a narration with the termination of history of heroes, it moves in soul and consciousness of the reader, it continues to live and influence as internal force, as a flour and light of never-dying conscience, as poetry of the truth which comprises not so cloudless, starry-eyed perception of the world, but also suffering, but also courage of overcoming of the tragedy which is inevitable in life of any person.

Here and this time, gathering for our congress everyone of us, undoubtedly, thought of time in which we live for there is on light nothing from Inherent in the world of the people, called long since in two comprehensive words "good" and "evil", there is nothing such in human lives and societies in the past and the present that wouldn't have the relation to literature and art. In this sense everything on light exists for us and we for all.

It is necessary to think of it constantly, infinitely as life is infinite, And from these thoughts the plan — idea, the contents, a work form as a result takes shape. From here our responsibility — responsibility of the artist of the time.

Memorizing about it, again and again verifying the supervision with reality'; with affairs, with the ideas proclaimed a socialism, and their embodiment actually, we wonder: how we live, where we move, what waits for us tomorrow how it is better to be to useful people in their tendency to create the most fair, cleverest and beautiful life on Earth? After all in it an essence — in immemorial, irrepressible, all the time escaping and arising, as a bird the Phoenix from ashes, great and sacred hope of happiness, for all both everywhere and forever. Such is it — immortal and mighty illusion of eternal spirit of fight.

And in this regard, your word in art, truthfully historically is how truthful and esthetically as far as it answers ideals and reality, the requirement of society in which you are a citizen, and first of all — as far as is promoted by it to those radical opening of an era that were put forward by October revolution.

To look opens everywhere motley merges of various vital manifestations, the personal, social, historical character, demanding the art research in aspect of all world poetic and philosophical experience.

And only if the artist acts not simply as a zarisovshchik of a life but also as the citizen as the judge, the respondent and the prophet at the same time, combining in the creative form and Iyeshua and Pontius Pilate, arises the prisoner on faces and actions experience of Time for long term for generations. Such is for us Tolstoy, these are Dostoevsky, Bitter, Sholokhov. And, I dare to think, only this way, developing and updating a basis of art traditions, without going back a step from revolutionary ideas for we announced a new era and we bear for it responsibility, we could satisfy spiritual needs of the modern person which and there is a carrier of complexity of the today's world and which again and again, inevitably and invincibly, comes to a usual question of the one who is he that it and as it became such what it is on the eve of the new millennium on Earth.

So the question as to me it is thought, as a whole, in any case is, I hope, for many of us — what to write, how to write, why to write.

Yes, writing there is many. Truly and that all of us start with good intentions. But not all from the printed concerns the real literature. Whether a plan urgency, whether importance of a subject can in itself be a certain worthiness for the sake of which it would be necessary to write the book. And it is necessary to speak about it directly, without giving out imaginary for the original.

Synthesis of problems and the conflicts — is that soil on which art on which characters of the present and the future grow is based.

When we neglect this regularity, in advance being going to sing, embellish something, proceeding from reasons purely thematic and other, thereby we assume flattery. This flattery generates also special style — grandiloquent and primitive at the same time, style of false romanticism.

The person wants to know about itself the truth. Sometimes, probably, and bitter for, directed to an ideal, he would like to know and against what the human spirit in itself from time immemorial fights. The I can transfer it only means of original realism.

I will tell about «rural prose», and here in what plan. So-called rural prose of which the criticism didn't manage to find the best definition, accused of all mortal sins, including in nostalgia on a patriarchal life, in limitation, oppositions to the city both other and other.

We simply stipulated ourselves, were afraid to burn fire and argued that this fire not fire. But now it is clear that the such prose in its best samples was caused by vital need to respond in literature to the drama events endured by the post-war village, need to keep and, moreover, to restore in new quality, in new historical conditions those spiritual, moral, ethical, labor traditions and values which were put on trial by time. This prose rural on geography and a way of life of heroes, but it universal on knowledge for it expresses people, and through them time, history and if want, lines of an era.

«The rural prose» became in some way the epos of our present.

I want to emphasize especially that circumstance that this prose carried to the category of rural with a shade of hidden snobbery, as a matter of fact, was the highest achievement of the Soviet literature of the 70th years as, I repeat, it intruded in the most sore problems of our days. It showed the person who is deeply

enduring pain, and perhaps, feeling of fault before the thrown arable land and not slanted meadows, before by itself, lost feeling of a rachitel of the earth, the keeper and the creator of national way of life.

Under a feather of "derevenshchik" — this fine galaxy of current writers — «the rural prose» increased to the esthetic and historical all-importance, and in that, should be, magic of art; this wave defined one of the main ways of development of modern literature, designated new level of realism, party membership people-lover creativity in authentic sense of this word.« The rural prose», narrating about national life, became concept of high civilization, great filial love of the artist to the people, his empathy and partnership in affairs and destinies of contemporaries. And if to tell about national properties of literature, it just experience of deep national penetration into an essence of characters, the relations and traditions without what there can not be the true, vital art turned to the big world. Who knows, perhaps, time when «the rural prose» will be meant by the name high quality of literature in general will come.

Together with it I should tell and that disturbs me. I have such feeling that is time to start drilling of new "wells" on fields of a rural subject for in old wells production, it seems, comes to an end. Probably, I am mistaken. In any case, the deep philosophical judgment a cart of born national life on the village is necessary.

Addressing to culture, cooperating with people, he acts as the person in general, instead of as the carrier of this or that profession. But, to see themselves from outside, it should rise by big height for the sake of what there is an art, but for this purpose, however, the top of narrow specialization within which our books about professions — about builders are written, about geologists and so on doesn't suffice.

— It is well to write our first duty. As Marquez told: it is a revolutionary duty of the artist — well to write. Seemingly simply and popyatno. But not so everything is simple. It is possible to declare as much as necessary the commitment to idea, but if the writer unable to express it with original art force and passion but only to illustrate, it is capable unless to discredit idea. But what means to write well? Hardly anyone can answer more exhaustively. It as it seems to me, both power of a plan,

and ideological conviction, and an exit thought in universal space where the most intimate thoughts of mankind meet in knot...

One of the main tasks of the writer — to make the diagnosis of a moral condition of society, to expect evolution in the spiritual atmosphere of time.

In this regard I would like to tell some words about a problem of the school teacher as tutor, the language and literature teacher, the preacher of culture, as main figure in the society, binding generations and forming shape of young citizens. Yes, such problem exists. And not because with the teacher in the country something wrong, no, it on a place, it educates. However education and education is far not same. Without excluding, certainly, a family, on the teacher depends, to what moral principles will adhere in the future of people, what he will read, whether can master Dostoevsky and Tolstoy or will be limited to reading detective novels in early youth?

And what he will read and whether can understand, make a choice in modern to it, current, literature? That the teacher was a teacher, surrounding people should respect him. In this sense the teacher got today to a difficult situation. To it it is necessary to be high authority, the instructor, an example, the carrier of the best qualities of the cultural person. Remember, what teacher in our school days what it was dear figure, especially on the village and especially in the east was. He was a teacher for all — both for small, and for adults.

Whether such is it now, the school teacher? I will not dare to argue. But alarm to hide there is no sense.

Teaching — great force of the country. The spiritual potential of a teaching defines a lot of things in our life. Sources of knowledge, cultures, patriotism are put in consciousness of children at a direct and daily radeniye of the teacher. But also it now faces such force, to overcome which not so simply.

The matter is that increase of a standard of living of the people the has also dialectic negative sides. It is necessary to improve life, certainly. It is necessary, that people lived simply, comfortably more richly. Not about it speech. Disturbs another. Izdavny illness. Not casually, should be, at us long since speak: «Ash if bolo kaadkop» — «Satiety is great — the arrogance» is great.

On a way of this creeping stream bearing with shift of truly human and moral values, there was a school teacher whom that can "get" nothing from deficiency and

consequently a little that means in the opinion of the inhabitant, feels not absolutely comfortably.

The teacher the first takes up this blow of inspirituality: attack of narrow-mindedness goes here day by day, and to it not to constrain it if all cultural public doesn't rise by the help.

Speech already goes not about process and quality of teaching of literature, all cultural public here should rise. As in the fine performance V. Abramov — here spoke about process and quality of teaching of literature,

It is a question about bigger — not of teaching, not about process, and about the teacher as about the personality.

All of us are obliged to help to lift professional and social prestige of the school teacher if we want that the teacher from capital letter, instead of the casual person who does not have callings, being weighed a burden of the teacher was the tutor. And therefore this question develops into a problem of reception, selection in teacher training Universities in general, finds out communication with all expenses, with all that is connected with enrollment of students.

Both journalism, and big literature in a duty to the school teacher. Let's not forget about it!

Here such affairs! — as Vonnegut's characters like to be expressed.

But over all these affairs and cares the most terrible problem hangs now. Never and anybody still didn't face such improbable, inconceivable, unimaginable danger menacing to us.

How to preserve the peace on the place?

The mankind was anxious long ago with a doomsday and at a dawn of consciousness tried to expect and even to draw it. In the Bible - is a great flood, in other works every possible spontaneous destructions. According to the Chinese mythology, there should be a huge crocodile who will absorb the sun, and there will come to all the end.

As though it was, the person was obliged to imagine a world outcome as it was allocated with imagination, but also thus it left to itself(himself) an opening, hoping, in particular, for the second coming.

But to us anybody and anywhere in the history couldn't present to itself (himself) — and to anybody such didn't come to mind — that the doomsday can be caused by self-destruction, suicide of the mankind which has saved up in the arsenal killing means of space volume.

Such seemed to nobody in former times. And in the second coming, leaves, need disappears. And it is valid, where and why to feast, if there will be that the people who have become proud from satiation of the power, military achievements and an unpunished manipulation public consciousness by means of domination over mass means of communication make oily. These people put themselves already above gods. And we should speak about it with all force, and let Americans will comprehend that their governors commit a crime against the America first of all. Such is logic an event.

Fighting for the world, on our Soviet initiatives, we should comprehend the expert only in publicistic performances, but also in big literature, in destinies and lives of people this circumstance, this tragic contradiction of the end of the XX century, consisting in boundlessness of the human genius and impossibility to realize it, impossibility to use his fruits because of the political, ideological, racial barriers generated by imperialism.

When economic and ecological needs of mankind demand implementation of this possibility for the sake of civilization extension on Earth, discord kindling between the people, wasting of material resources and brain energy on race of arms is the most criminal crime against recent people and their descendants.

If to ponder, the artist of our days should interface the forces in scales unknown in the history, to preach and put some idea to the person about need to feel, think, understand another as, to address to the whole world, to reach a word each individual.

Only provided that it is possible to hope that the person will avoid emotional impoverishment, the ozvereniya will avoid, will avoid technical unsociableness and won't dare to press that nuclear button to which all lives are connected.

The world stood waiting. The world rises, as a terrible, boiling ocean wave, but meanwhile alarm signals, turning, unfortunately, into rhetoric of habitual daily

situations, slide on consciousness of people, forcing them to prick up the ears only for an instant for their life, affairs, a family, daily cares and a life wait for them, the Person can lead momentary life. Literature and art are called these great ideas overweight! and from the global plan in the personal plan that each person understood, and thought of world problems, as about the own.

It is our mission, it is our task, this business of all figures of literature and art, and first of all the Soviet artists, for the precondition of a socialism consists in finding harmony of general welfare and happiness and satisfaction of requirements and the right fortunately each person.

It is our motto, and I think that we will adhere to it sacredly.

1981.

FRAGILE PEARLS OF ISSYK KUL

In the history of human society a certain internal conflict was since ancient times shown; the satisfaction of needs essential and prime often contradicted the requirements of the highest order which do not have nature of daily occurrence. Also can be, this contradiction is more notable than everything it was found in the relations between the person and the nature.

To the people occupied with the solution of actual tasks, in these affairs and cares, they seem shipped the most important and urgent. But we live not in vacuum, we live and we act in the nature world. And, carried away by cares of daily life, hypothetically we represent sometimes what to scoop from it is possible as much as necessary and when necessary.

However illusiveness of ideas of inexhaustibility of resources of the nature the last decades becomes more and more obvious. I will take the closest, and therefore, perhaps, the most painful for me an example: lake Issyk Kul.

It is called a blue pearl, meaning unprecedented beauty. Well, so it also is. Concluded in a frame from a ring of snow ridges, it differs indigo color of water and its crystal transparency. I could happen on some coast of Silent and Atlantic oceans. There often the muddy shaft of a terrible surf mixed with silt, sand, dirt, oil slicks, literally throws out the person, risked to enter into water. Such minutes to me our high-mountainous lake, too, by the way, possessing "sea" qualities was always remembered.

Blue pearl... Saying traditional this definition, we mean first of all external qualities seen to an eye. But after all is at pearls and other form — it is fragile and, split, crushed, any more doesn't represent any value.

It is fragile, gentle and as it appeared, the pearl of Issyk Kul is vulnerable. Not at one me at thought on the lake the feeling of bitterness and alarm is born. Lakes as a pebble-leather, everything is compressed and compressed. Further and further its water recedes from the coast. Only for the last decade its level went down almost on three meters.

By calculations of scientists, level of Issyk Kul in the next decades at such state of affairs will decrease by three-four meters. Thus only the economic damage giving in to the account, submitted a republic State Planning Committee, is estimated in hundred millions rubles. And in what currency to express an ecological, social, moral loss?!

The register of possible losses made by scientists, is quite extensive. The coastline can depart on five hundred — one thousand meters. Water temperature will go down on two thirds of degree. Almost for a month the swimming season becomes shorter, in summer camps in this regard there will be not three, but two changes. About two million tons of the curative dirt which education lasted thousands years, are doomed to death. The ring of sea-buckthorn berries and эфедры, the framing lake will dry. Spawning areas will disappear. The navigation situation will worsen. Natural beaches will be lost. Will lose sense functional and architectural solutions of already erected health resorts...

This list can be continued. But — it is enough. Annual deficiency of water in the lake reached already 400 — 500 million cubic meter, and by two-thousand year he promises to double. Emergence of this deficiency speaks simply: moisture more than hundreds rivers, small rivers and the streams from time immemorial running into Issyk Kul, doesn't reach presently a natural reservoir — almost is completely spent for an irrigation. The area of irrigation lands in a hollow of the lake exceeded already 150 thousand hectares.

To put it briefly, interests of people conflicted to needs of the lake. Paradox? After all Issyk Kul is very necessary to us! Actually, the arisen contradiction can be formulated differently: the person not against the lake, and against itself.

There is a dilemma: to go a way, with which attract us daily economic requirements, or from to seem from today's cares, to share with the nature the vital moisture for its existence?

It would be simplest to tell: let's stop increase in production of agricultural production and a lake hollow, we will redistribute tasks on other areas of the republic, and even the country — after all Issyk Kul is approved by the state documents as an all-Union health resort. The reason in it is: after all by 1990 the number of vacationers here can reach one million people, and they will come since all ends of the country. So, and providing with their food — business the general.

At the same time we should realize and that the lands which have been already mastered in Priissykkulye, can't be deleted from a crop rotation. Back the course isn't present. Another thing is that to focus them it is necessary on production which for vacationers from far away you will not bring and if you will bring, it will be unprofitable: fruit, vegetables, mountain honey etc.

In a word, to stop a water consumption and to give it completely to the lake it is impossible. Therefore, it is necessary to look for other exit. Projects and проектов rescue of Issyk Kul the last decades there was a set, but all of them didn't go further area of theories. And here we with a great relief, with feeling of sincere pleasure learned: in the Main directions of development of our country, CPSU approved by the XXVI congress, works on complex use of mineral and raw, ground, water and energy resources of Issyk kul area and regions of the Chuysky valley are provided.

For this reason it is necessary to provide and approve initially in all documents a share of replenishment of the lake as firm and inviolable size. Hundred millions cubic meter of water annually, the necessary lakes for preservation and stabilization of its level, should be legally stipulated and fixed legislatively that no official under any "objective" pretext would dare to use a share of Issyk Kul in others, let even the essential purposes. To tell about it I consider important and consequently that for a lake shallowing anybody personally doesn't answer, to

anybody for it doesn't threaten neither reprimand, nor removal from work. And here for default of plans ask...

We are obliged courageously and perspicacious to look for and find reasonable balance of future and daily needs. It, of course, is difficult, therefore the serious, guaranteed deterrents are necessary. The destiny of the Lake Issyk Kul should become some kind of sample of the correct relations of the nature and the person of society of the developed socialism, the new certificate of that the most progressive society on a planet is capable to find possibilities and resources for preservation of reasonable balance in an indissoluble link of people — the nature.

However, cares of preservation of Issyk Kul in porridge to the country aren't so unique. Let's remember Baikal, Sevan, Onega, the Belovezhskaya dense forest, a set of other pearls of the nature which are required to be kept for descendants.

Today we reached such tops of a civilization when the person should be not only "consumer" of the nature, but also her patron. Today any more only we depend by nature, and it on us. Our will and our reason — this greatest gift of Time and Space, the same Nature and History — we should resist to ecological disruption.

In fight for preservation and renewal of natural riches, for stability of ecological systems shouldn't be a barrier and frontiers. For imbalance emergence in one place painfully, and at times catastrophically "detonates" in other part of the globe. Issyk Kul in this regard not exception. The lake is on ways of flight of birds from Siberia to India. In this regard the Soviet Union took up certain obligations to the international organizations. So rescue of a rare reservoir once again will approve the noble and humane beginnings of a socialist way of life in minds of all mankind.

... The project of preservation of water balance of Issyk Kul is grandiose. Realization will occupy it not less than three-four five-years periods. This prospect inspires hopes, but also till that time we can't live in idle expectation. Issyk Kul appeals — the "Ambulance" carriage is necessary for it! Also conceal, as in medicine, the quicker, the better.

However to add waters in Issyk - the Sack - — only a part of a solution. The whole package of measures, protecting it from pollution ядохимикатами, and the air pool over it — from a gas contamination is necessary. It is necessary, that the industry in the coastal

cities didn't expand excessively. In a word, a lot of things needs to be thought over and provided...

Surely, with optimism we look in the future, steadily we prepare and we build it. Let the blue pearl of Issyk Kul will pass to palms of the Future untouched and shining, let becomes a precious gift to those who will come for us...

1981.

HOUR OF THE WORD

DIALOGUE WITH V. KORKIN

— *In due time, reflecting on literature — «that it such and why it» — you, Chingiz Torekulovich so answered the attention to the question brought to: «... it is represented to me, the foremost and most burning problem of literature consists today in promoting improvement of moral climate on a planet that now as it is important, as care of the ecological environment without which there can not be holes of malny, healthy life».*

What can you tell about it today? What common social and philosophical and moral problem is put forward by this task before the world literature?

— Conditionally I would call it a problem of development of modern thinking... It first of all ability and ability to think at level of the progressive, progressive, humanistic ideas that, in essence, means original internationalism, original respect for identity of cultures, national languages, the art values which have been saved up by all people. And, at last, this ability to think in time and space, distinguishing and hearing future call in day today's.

The perception of the present in this aspect is extremely important, if it becomes the second human nature, its new nature.

— *Someone from philosophers told what to think — means to adjoin universal thought. What to you, Chingiz Torekulovich, is represented now universal thought» without which the modern thinking is impossible?*

— *Today at mankind isn't present and the thought on the world can't be more main than anything, than.*

It is necessary, that this thought became understandable passion, idea, took control of minds and hearts of all and everyone, was esteemed by a moral measure of the personality in the person.

— *But it is possible to consider what "measure" as the highest when you learn about the amazing, stunning facts, how, for example, about such, described in one of popular scientific magazines?. Meanwhile there was a fine weather. Scientists didn't find any obvious the reasons with which it would be possible to explain the happened. What appeared? On their ancestral home the extraordinary drought stood out — and there the same flowers were lost.*

What in it a wise lesson and a bitter lesson for people!

But, maybe, the measure of the personality is equal to "children's conscience»? These are your words from «The white steamship».

— Well, probably, and so.

It is possible only to try to present, what would be mankind history, our today's life if we, the people esteeming «a creation wreath» as could feel each other and respond to sufferings or pleasure of other people, the certain person.

- *If... Whether something is possible similar in human society in principle?*

— Most likely it is a utopia. And whether, however, costed otherwise to leave" to the person an animal condition, if to deny this thought? To neglect such possibility? I believe in the person!

Unless it is possible to allow, the mankind which has passed a thousand-year distressful way of spiritual development and only now for the first time in history! — with such shrill sharpness and pride the realized greatness of movement of life and in its mighty stream, will agree on self-abasement and self-destruction... It would mean also crash of the great ideas reached by so expensive price of self-knowledge since people became the person...

Pessimism — lack of the purpose. And it, I am sure, death are worse.

— *What should the person living without the purpose test, in your opinion?*

— Since bible times it was esteemed most more awful by torture. Here is how it is embodied in language of ancient poetry: «Those days people will look for death, but won't find it; will wish to die, but the death will escape from them».

- *What will prompt us the purpose, following which person will find true meaning of the life what would relieve it of "bible" torments?*

— Life. It is necessary to think here of what: there would be no the prime target, life already would stop long ago, its tree withered, together with it its conceiving branch — mankind for without hope any our act would be not meaningful would be stopped.— *But, you see, finding of the purpose of life only for Fear...*

—... it would be self-deception! And would get to deeper deadlock of despair soon or rejected back, in a neolith.

The powerful peace movement which has captured today with unknown force many countries and the people — not campaign which, having arisen, apparently, is spontaneous, should come to an end, as soon as the ominous shadow of war will disappear. It is irreversible process of social awakening of masses, spiritual revival of the person. The mankind entered a new era. The beginning of its letoschisleniye — October. I think that never the person was and couldn't be such happy, as now for the first time he realized original advantage which, in my opinion, there is a mind inspired with freedom.

The people — the maker of history. This great fundamental idea of revolution tested in a hearth of terrible fight and an inspired constructive labor, became that extraordinary powerful sillon which united before the separated people in the power. In it and through it we learn, I would tell, and a new step of evolution of mankind on a way to self-improvement and comprehension of the highest meaning of the life. C | a real embodiment — a socialism. Ourselves — the new historical community, which name the Soviet people.

Our duty to responsibility for destiny of a planet, for the future is defined by it. Unless till the XX century there was something similar, than movement of the people for the world at which sources we with pride find the Lenin Decree on peace is now?

— So, fight for peace — it in a sense fight for planetary consciousness?

— Yes, for on other pole there is a madness — plans of nuclear war, every possible concepts and doctrines of a use of weapons of mass destruction of people: Fight against madness of that didn't yet use to know mankind which, disproving all

our most fantastic ideas of the evil and of in what image it could be, caused at the same time unusual reciprocal force of humanity what we didn't suspect of ourselves. Humanity which realizes itself in operation, in fight more and more.

In a peace movement as in anything the friend, specifically, instead of it is abstract, with all completeness it is reflected, tests itself and the modern thinking of mankind — lighting-up comprehension of greatness of historical creativity, idea of the world and a unification of the people in feeling of a brotherhood and friendship is realized.

— *The new thinking assumes release from the former. From what the person should be released, in your opinion?*

- From the general humiliating guard, with feeling of loneliness, from indifference or cruelty — from everything that is impudently inspired to it and on what it is provoked by the bourgeois promotion, serving to madness. This release occurs now from subjects bigger force, than more people understand, in what try to turn them and in what quality to use. In my opinion, it is impossible to offend more meanly than the person, offering it a role the marauder;!. I speak, in particular, about ill-intentioned attempt of the western promotion to calm and even to tempt the people of the countries with war, assuring that they will survive while all other people will be wiped out, and then it will be fully possible to take pleasure in fruits of their work.

— *It can have only return action.*

— I do not doubt. I am excited by another: how in general such thought could be born? It is a madness fruit!

The farther, the less people will agree on something other, except infinite and ineradicable movement to new, to preservation and life continuation. And that: who voluntary would refuse the finest gift of the nature which how Einstein believed, pleasure to see and understand?'

— *What means in this sense to "see"?*

— It, in my opinion, means — to see the world at the same time eyes of the child and the wise man.

Life — an eternal miracle. Us, adults, it is not necessary to convince that it is a gospel-truth. We know. But... whether we feel it now? How — selflessly and

disinterestedly — the child in which soul the world every time is born again feels without words? It opens its fine, as in the first day of "creation" when the whole world still plays in morning dew.

In it is in spontaneous and irresistible love to all real — involuntarily declares itself and with protogenic awe the human nature is shown. The nature which is eternally new.

The childhood isn't able to be surprised. It as it is paradoxical would sound, the serious time of life most truly. The child loves the whole world, all people. For it there are no unfamiliar, that is strangers. It out of time and in all times, and leaves it the childhood not earlier, than will pass in the spiritual development all human history. Represent, as how he sees?

By the way, this exciting secret not casually carries away today not only artists, but also scientists. Not long ago in one article I caught burning melancholy of the biologists, dreaming to "peep" the beginning of human life:

«If newborns could remember and speak, they would be born, telling stories, same wonderful, as at Homer. They would describe fertilisation magic a wavy choreography of the nervous cages, which billions «dance a pas grandfather», forming the connections filling usual substance with consciousness... All this seems by miracle. As though single dab of white paint suddenly turned into polichromatic magnificence of a ceiling of the Sikstinsky chapel»

In my opinion, it is the real poetry, without saying that contents in it is incomparable more than in thousand thousands verses.

— It is natural.

- Why?

— The scientist, aspiring to get into depth of live life to touch a miracle (about any case hands — differently it will be lost), can't be the true poet. And — the main thing! — he sees that, still anybody to Hero didn't see couples and didn't worry.

— Whether follows from this what today to be the poet — «to see unusual in ordinary and ordinary in unusual» — the privilege only the scientist?

— No. No way! We see faces of the people who were full of with pleasure and pride of creators.

— *It is amazing, when one person, and all people and each person who put the work and heart and soul in the general act admires work of the not. What, on yours, during this moment it is capable to worry and of what to think the person?*

— *Feeling of the people — feeling of history for it also is business of his hands. He is her conscious creator. That is the history is perceived as personal destiny. Destiny which the person gained in the heart.*

— *It seems to me, such zhiznevospriyaty distinguishes the hero of your novel «And more long centuries day», Burannogo Edigey lasts. By the way, there you represent and last, hard post-war time. However, it proceeds in imagination of the hero, flashes in images of memory. Than it is attractive for you?*

As to Burannogo Edigey's character if you remembered it, I can notice: he looks at life war eyes. He wants also the person to see such what he dreamed to be if the mortal bowl passes it. Edigey's real person made the inhuman tests, the countries which have fallen to a lot, the people which weight it divided as would accept on the shoulders any burden of national destiny.

God forbid similar test that the person learned to be the person. As God forbid that present people neglected a feat made for the sake of them, renounced a holy duty of memory.

- *Yes; Chingiz Torekulovich, today this most strict test given to us, living, history. Speak: if god wants to punish the person, it deprives of it mind. It is trouble. Let intolerably bitter but who will condemn or will laugh over misfortune? Worse if from the person take away memory. And not god, and people, turning the person into an effigy capable to kill native mother. I, of course, mean your legend about the mankurt. It after all not only history?*

— *And you that think?*

— *I and think. And that there are things even more terrible — a voluntary mankurtizm. Unless not such is Sabitzhan who has made for a choice to be the robot, instead of the person? It seems to me, the most dangerous in the phenomenon which it personifies, what delight, it appears, it is possible to test thus, trying besides to infect with it the others who yet haven't understood "benefit": «And there will come time when by means of radio will operate people, as those machine guns. You*

understand — people, all is universal, young and old. There are already such scientific data. The science and it achieved, proceeding from the highest interests».

And after all, among other things, Sabitzhan declares claims for self-affirmation as the new person, the up-to-date personality by which «the highest interests» are conducted.

— Well that it also is ridiculous. I aspired to show vulgarity and absurdity of its "philosophy", whose genealogy, in general, doesn't make a secret, it is clear: spiritual narrow-mindedness, consumer psychology...

— And as a result — a memory atrophy?

— Even, perhaps, as prime cause: memory — is ruthless our conscience. And conscience never will allow the person involuntarily and furthermore is free to betray the highest spiritual ideals. Sabitzhan should, is compelled, if want, to cease to be the person, quietly to indulge in passion of money-making, career making, etc. And desire to infect with "theory" also explainable on its logic — to turn "naive" people into the belief thereby to deprive of them the moral right to judge it. People disturb the robot. He is irritated even by their silent reproach; and Sabitzhan becomes flustered, fusses, flickers before the father and the more so before Edigey. He doesn't maintain their look.

The human life, adequately passed the way, given the work and all to people — before what the evil, what appearance it would try to accept, will inevitably find and will expose itself.

History and destiny of the people — memory in the face of which the person should address to thoughts about the world and about.

This test which don't choose. The person weak in spirit opposes to test, strong goes on

I will meet to this test. But it is allowed to avoid to nobody it.

— But you, Chingiz Torekulovich, quite often test the hero "blind" elements hostile to the person — the steppe, mountains, the ocean...

They blind while we look with fear, without understanding their nature. And everything that you do not understand, it seems hostile. But why the person from time immemorial irresistibly was attracted to themselves by elements? Why he wanted to comprehend their soul? Whether not therefore, what it elements

conceiving, what tries to remember, how is thought, with grief, time when understood language of birds and animals, seeing in them not "production", and "dumb animals"?

I don't call for vegetarianism. I against the brutality which has become norm, justifying destruction of all live to please to our belly. I for «a good relation to horses».

If we learn it, we will prove that we are people modern. The individual barbarous relating to the Mother Nature, so deprived of imagination that can't present shouldn't that be esteemed, it dooms to what poor, poor vegetation and loneliness in the future descendants who won't know that once sang birds, flowers blossomed and the white maral bewitched the person the regal grace.

Yes, the person is urged to transform the world. It will make it correctly if will always remember that is possible only as the poet told, «in a co-authorship with землёю and water».

I am sure, so it and will be. «The law on the nature» — the law of our state, met with national approval. Future generations, having accepted B inheritance the fine Homeland, will see in it us and will remember with gratitude as today we, looking at the former virgin soil, we admire those who warmed it heat of the hearts, revived the sleepless, self-denying work.

— *That is the person himself creates the immortality?*

In any case, one is doubtless: for the nature of people can always grieve about something that he didn't see that he should see, differently it won't be happy.

- *As in the Russian fairy tale: go there, I do not know where, find that, I do not know that?*

Exactly! It appears, the fantastic imagination is very real. In it the future was coded.

That and another together — poetically - a philosophical essence of modern thinking.

— But, maybe, before — modern vision?

- — Most likely here and "feedback": the more you see, the you understand more, and the more you understand, the you see more.

When ask that means today to write "in a new way", it, in particular (we still will return to this problem in more detail), I am sure, means to aspire to express being poured harmony of perception of life the person. That is to recreate a majestic picture of the world as what it appears at a delighted look of the contemporary or it is spontaneously reflected in his thoughts, feelings, the acts changing the person, turning finally his view and of.

— *It seems to me, Chingiz Torekulovich, this your thought in fact has something in common with that you wrote in the preface to the novel «I more long centuries day» lasts: «Fantastic — it is the metaphor of life allowing*

to see it under a new, unexpected point of view. Metaphors became especially necessary in our century not only because of invasion of scientific and technical fulfillments into area of a yesterday's fantasy, but rather because the world in which we live is fantastic...»

Whether you this tried most to prevent reproaches in the address, as if resorted to "fantasy" services to the detriment of the realistic image of life?

— By no means! I didn't consider and I do not consider it necessary to be insured From any opinions. On the contrary. All this is necessary for me, the writer and the person, as air. Means, you touched someone, excited, irritated soul, if the reader couldn't keep not to argue with you or the kind word is simple to tell. What can be more expensive? I am warmly grateful to all for their unindifference, for their friendship and for strict court.

In the preface speech there is nothing the friend as about my understanding of perception of reality the person (as it is accepted to speak due to a misunderstanding — "ordinary"), opened intimate beauty of the world in which before it stayed the millennia, without seeing it.

Unless it not the greatest tragedy from all conceivable tragedies!

Unless it doesn't concern and me personally?

It, I think, speaks that the deepest grief overtakes the person in a minute, apparently, the highest happiness for he always thinks of the whole world, about all people, recent and living long before it. It is sacred fear to offend by mad, carefree expression of the triumph of those who couldn't or can't feel now how, say, we.

I am sure, the person — willows it he will become more and more person — the alarm about bitter destiny of the people dragging pity, poor existence, in whatever point of a planet, whether it be Chile, the Republic of South Africa or the United States never should leave, they were.

This terrible fantasy of reality — torments of the person which torture, kill only that he doesn't want to be a slave. That he wanted to be a person.

And so terrible fantasy — a celebration of bad people which torment, kill.

At this "fantasy" there are a lot of names: apartheid, racism, colonialism... But there is also one general — imperialism.

— *Undoubtedly that the image of these monstrous phenomena in a solving measure defines the ideological and philosophical and moral maintenance of national literatures of those countries which were quite recently released from a colonial yoke or still are under its oppression.*

As one of heads of Association of writers of Asia and Africa, you, Chingiz Torekulovich, are familiar with the problems standing today before them. What main from them?

Among the general creative tasks I would like to allocate the most important mission of literatures of Asia and Africa at the present stage — psychological, moral liberation of the person from colonialism consequences.

To release the person from a centuries-old inferiority complex, to awaken in the person human dignity, to make natural to it spirit of a brotherhood and internationalism, it is necessary to comprehend consequences of the colonialism which has caused an enormous damage to development of human spirit. It is possible to guess only, what huge and long efforts be required finally to etch them from minds and souls human.»

The social and philosophical judgment of consequences of colonialism as experience of the "self-enslavement" transferred by mankind is necessary for the artist. Only then we with all definiteness can tell in the works about absurd and illogicalness of all and all concepts of national, state or racial exclusiveness.

— To me sees in destiny of literatures of Asia and Africa (in any case, in aspect social) reflection, in particular, problems of formation of consciousness

which should be solved to many national literatures of our country, including the Kirghiz. Whether so it?

— Not only so, but also can't be differently. «Ten days which shook the world» — at all only a poetic metaphor.

Historical experience of the first-ever country of a socialism practically proved advantages of a new public formation. 60 years which have passed since the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics, from the point of view of universal history — was formed an instant. But how many it contained huge events not giving in to transfer and fulfillments! And the main thing from them — the birth of the new person. Soviet.

It influence of the Soviet literature on formation and formation of young literatures speaks also. Certainly, and it, in turn, takes all the best, progressive that arises in other literatures.

— How from this point of view you, Chingiz Torekulovich, treat idea of "world literature"?

" — The mankind is uniform in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Balzac, Sholokhov, Faulkner, Garcia Marquez etc.

That, in turn, unites poets (I take in fact, instead of on a genre) in time and space in a uniform galaxy of sons human, in uniform and indissoluble poetic force, in the uniform and infinite Universe — it is revolutionism and a nationality of their creativity. Poetry — soul revolution. Poets as bridges, lie on our course of life. These are bridges thought and spirit. The bridges connecting generations of people, binding the world in the main moral and philosophical searches and problems of «a uniform human hostel» on a planet. Bridges on which there is an accumulation of cultural values and experience of the knowledge spiritualized by genetic, deeply gained idea of humanity.

Modern thinking of mankind including art, it would be impossible without that shrill melancholy for an ideal which, according to Belinsky, возжигается the highest idea in creativity of great artists, becoming a creed in inevitability of a wonderful life, the perfect person for it is obliged and should be happy. For this purpose he also is born.

— In your opinion, national literature in this case should follow what main criteria?

- I quite agrees with the thought stated on one of forums of writers of Asia and Africa by Bengalese critic Sarvar Murshid which noticed that today each literature should solve, whether consider it as component of all world literature or to be. "great" only at home.

The temptation of «own greatness» inevitably conducts to complacency. And from it to dogmatism.

Therefore each literature aspiring to progress, should judge itself the most maximum criteria. Ideological and esthetic. In it and only in this case it is possible to overcome isolation, to avoid provincialism.

Spiritual provincialism is alienation of people.

Meanwhile the world literature in the person of the ingenious creators created and continues to improve great language of art — truth poetry — clear and close to all mankind.

The true artist — a code of communication,

If I meet the person and I learn that he loves Chekhov, I find the friend.

If the person unfamiliar before, whatever nationality it was, listening for the first time "Manas"; it is capable to feel power and beauty of it океаноподобного the epos, — it my brother — it is terrible to present, Chingiz Torekulovich that could be and so: people of different nationalities not only would be afraid, but also wouldn't be able to understand each other.

The same as you, the Kirghiz, are grateful to revolution that it has rescued your people from slavery, and I, Russian, is ready to glorify till the end of the days October that it has released my people from sense of shame and fault before other people which were enslaved by imperial autocracy.

It is possible not to doubt, process of revival of the person for which there was natural a feeling of friendship and a brotherhood is however important for national literatures of the released countries идейно* moral and philosophical experience of national literatures of our country, reflected in the best products with all completeness «fine and furious». What do you suspect this account?

- Undoubtedly that many national literatures of our country have done an unknown way of art knowledge of the validity therefore we with pride can speak about creation unprecedented in the history of mankind of uniform multilingual and multinational Soviet art culture. This way wasn't a simple and easy ascension. For many nationalities it lay through difficult transitions from orally-folklore cultures, from is patriarchal-epic forms where the hero has not developed yet as the person, to socially-psychological comprehension of the person of our days.

And here I should emphasize that, attaching great value to national spirit of art, it is impossible to consider that the national originality plays any major role and can serve as a certain end in itself in creativity of the artist. Crucial importance for all national literatures has development of their socialist contents. It is quite certain, the general for all ideological and art principles of party membership, a literature and art nationality.

— Once you, Chingiz Torekulovich, told that it is impossible to create modern prose, without having absorbed experience of classical realism of Tolstoy and Chekhov. You couldn't stop on it in more detail?

— Experience of Russian art thought is extraordinary interesting also in itself, own wealth, is interesting and important that through means «great, mighty» Russian attaches to universal culture.

— What do you feel, when write in Russian?

— It is hardly possible to formulate this feeling. But, it seems to me, I express myself in absolutely special and unique way.

Should tell, at least proceeding from a personal experience that in the childhood of people can acquire integrally deeply two in parallel comers of language to it or maybe more if these languages were equally effective since the very first years.

For me Russian in not smaller degree native, than Kirghiz. Native since the childhood. Native on all life.

— Than you explain the reason of unknown interest to Russian which we observe today?

I will notice, Lenin deeply understood and appreciated Russian classical literature, seeing in it the carrier of great ideals and the passionate fighter for

mankind release. In its enduring present. In its irresistible influence and on us who have decided on difficult business — to continue eternal как the person about the person.

Epigraph to all Russian literature I would put shrill, to pain warm Alexander Radishchev's pressing words: «I looked expect me — soul washing with sufferings of mankind wounded became».

— Whether you think, what these words could serve as an epigraph to all world literature, for «expect» for us today — all planet?

— It agrees with you.

Hundreds years «the star melancholy» called mankind to boundless open spaces of space — not then whether that the person could see itself from outside?

As the certificate of the cosmonauts who have seen Earth — a mankind cradle — in an image of a blue star is unusually human and poetical.

— Hardly similar desire tested at least one person before, be it even the great poet.

This new feeling

Whether it, in particular, can become the subjects "genome" in which the second human nature is concealed?

— About that and speech. Earlier we is too careless and selfish (now it especially clearly) concerned the Earth, considering that she is obliged to feed, give to drink, dress, protect us, without demanding anything in exchange, besides, that we have only indulgently deigned at the nobility the fact of its existence.

Now, leaving in space, we suddenly with inexpressible tenderness and a pain have understood, as she needs protection...

— From us?

— Unfortunately. And fortunately, for today it still

Not late.

Literature - debt to support and expand this belief, not to allow the person to get used to thought that the violence in the world inevitably and that from it, the person, as if «depends nothing»: it the hostage who will be sacrificed sooner or later to madness.

— You after all mean not only the Soviet literature and the literature of the socialist countries, where

Any even a hint on war propagation, the sermon

Hatred or violence not only are punished by the law,

But first of all are incompatible with their nature and principles?

— Certainly. I rest hopes of all progressive world literature. Progressive artists of the West (I met many of them), maybe, sometimes more sharply and more painfully realize killing threat of antihumanism which is born in itself by bourgeois ideology, and resolutely rise against it. It not only their literary, but first of all a human feat. I am proud and admire their noble courage, contempt for fear.

— *That is any writer is by all means obliged to think and of the world reader?*

— *Tolstoy fixedly reflected on it, arguing that the major purpose and sense of literature in that you find the person to love life in all its manifestations. You doesn't confuse to "force"?*

— Why it should confuse me? I am convinced, Tolstoy didn't make a reservation for to force — means, on his expression, to infect with force of art, to shake imagination and to ennoble soul.

The great art world caused and created by his genius is huge. It is terrible to think, in fight with what monstrous force visible only to it, threatening to humiliate and destroy the person in the person, it should enter. He would decide on this feat, on this fight threatening, apparently, with inevitable defeat if it something directed other, except great love to the truth, to the person? No, certainly. However, then there would be no also Tolstoy of what it is impossible to think without horror, such gaping chasm would yawn in our soul as it is impossible to think without a deep flour and of that, how many gained this best of the best people to present us with belief in a good celebration over the evil.

— *But "good" and "evil" — concepts socially concrete. They don't exist out of time. As you noticed, the today's evil would seem to improbable people of the last centuries. What means the artist can represent today the nature and essence "is malicious" to "shake" imagination of the person of the XX century? You are*

right, reality a fantasy. And not only. It is more terrible than any fantasy, for... it is real.

— Yes, today not a current it is simple to shake the person by force of art — a pain threshold of the mankind which has tested horrors of war with fascism, passed through the tragedy of Hiroshima and Nagasaki knowing about everyday atrocities which are created in many points of the globe, considerably changed.

Take, for example, "Apocalypse". Still quite recently it shook imagination of the person, plunged it into sacred horror a picture of "doomsday" to what it was represented by the ancient poet prophet:

«By the form to the locust it was similar to the horses prepared on war; and on the heads at it as though the wreaths similar to gold, the face of her — as persons human.

And hair at it — as hair at women, and teeth at it were, as at lions.

On it were the reservation, as though the reservation iron, and noise from her wings — as knock from chariots when the great number of horses runs on war.

At it there were tails as scorpions, and in tails ce had stings...»

Certainly, the art purpose not in "frightening" the reader, but to help the person to overcome despair and fear before life, to wake up in his soul great feelings, testing which it can resist to the "evil", whatever forms and appearances it accepted. It seems to me, in this regard there is a tragedy problem as the genre capable with the greatest completeness to express today's attitude.

— *And you believe, what there will be new Shakespeare?*

— In due time I set such question to Dmitry Dmitriyevich Shostakovich. Me surprised and admired his thought that in the modern world much more chances for new Shekspirov for never the mankind in the development reached such universalization of spirit, And consequently when there will be such great artist, he will manage to express, as the music, the whole world in one itself(himself)... This conversation occurred under way, and only later, alone To itself, I understood value of the told: Shostakovich waited from literature of all-embracing, "musical" generalization of life.

The whole world in one itself...

Let it is unattainable a difficult task, but whether there can be greater dream for the artist!.

Great and noble mission of literature — I repeat Tolstoy's words — to force the person to love life, the world. In it a duty of each honest artist understanding that «hour of a word» when it is extremely essential, is necessary, punched. It that is to be the realist.

1982.

THE CONQUEROR CAN NOT BE THE HERO

To me honor to participate in the first our meeting has dropped out five years ago. Then I had possibility in detail to share the secret meditations with this ВЫСОХШИИ tribunes. Since then has passed not too not enough time. Now we see that our undertaking doesn't die away, and, on the contrary, the attention of writers of the world more and more draws to itself. From different directions in Sofia, owning a feather and consequently having possibility to influence the people writing gather for minds and hearts of contemporaries. It not only is fine, it is necessary.

If each published book could confirm in consciousness, in attitude of readers those noble ideas about which here there is a speech, we could consider that ours of unusual difficulty the problems offered on the XX-th century, are executed.

In the XX-th century there was absolutely new function of writers of the world if it is possible so to say, additional cargo, burden, their new mission. Before classics of our literatures acted as heralds of humanism, having possibility to live in quieter conditions. Even when in the recent past disturbing voices of Rollana, Bitter were distributed, Hemingway, wasn't still such danger, there was no position when the question stood; to be to us or not to be. The alternative is that — or we will keep all that the mankind created with such work and efforts throughout the long history, or all of us will lose it.

Chapter II. Theoretical Analysis of the work on the topic “Translation methods of Uzbek realities into English”

2.1 Translation as a communication process

The translator, before being a “writer” as such, is primarily a “message conveyor.” In most cases, translation is to be understood as the process whereby a message expressed in a specific source language is linguistically transformed in order to be understood by readers of the target language. Therefore, no particular adapting work is usually required from the translator, whose work essentially consists of conveying the meaning expressed by the original writer.

Everyone knows, for instance, that legal translation leaves little room for adaptation and rewriting. Similarly, when it comes to translating insurance contracts, style-related concerns are not paramount to the translating process; what the end reader needs is a translated text that is faithful to the source text in meaning, regardless of stylistic prowess from the translator.

Yet, in a number of cases, the translator faces texts which are to be used within a process of “active communication” and the impact of which often depends on the very wording of the original text. In these specific cases, the translator sometimes finds it necessary to reconsider the original wording in order to both better understand the source text (this also sometimes occurs in plain technical texts) and be able to render it in the target language. This is the moment when the translator becomes an active link in the communication chain, the moment when his communication skills are called upon to enhance the effect of the original message.

The translation process here becomes twofold: firstly, the translator needs to detect potential discrepancies and flaws in the original text and understand the meaning they intend to convey. To do this, the translator often needs to contact the writer of the text to be translated (or any other person who is familiar with the contents of the text) in order to clarify the ambiguities he has come across. Secondly, once this first part of the work is over, the translator will undo the syntactic structure of the original text and then formulate the corresponding

message in the target language, thus giving the original text added value in terms of both wording and impact. It is important to stress that this work will always be carried out in cooperation with the original writer, so that the translator can make sure the translated message corresponds to the meaning the writer originally intended to convey; remember, the translator is essentially a message conveyor, not an author.

In order to give an example of this value-added part of the translator's work, let us take the following excerpt, taken from a speech to be delivered by a local official working for a French "Mairie" (i.e., the local authority managing public services in French towns and cities) on the occasion of a visit from British partners as part of a twinning agreement (I could also have chosen an excerpt from a translated advertisement, for instance, in which the rewriting work of the translator is also of the essence). This translating assignment meant more than just converting information from one language into another: it involved paying particular attention to the point of view of the translation user (in this case, the listener speaking the target language), in addition to fully understanding the ideas to be transmitted. This is obviously accounted for by the fact that a speech, just as any other direct communication text, includes an extra dimension as compared to usual informative texts: this dimension could be referred to as the "listener-oriented" aspect of a text. Obviously, the text of a speech not only has a written dimension, a quality shared by all other texts whatever the field, but also an oral dimension. This double dimension obviously needs to be taken into account by the translator in his work: more than is the case with other types of texts, the viewpoint of the reader/listener should be kept in mind at all times.

Let us take an excerpt from the speech in order to better understand the above-described process. One section of the text reads: "Je me dis qu'il est bon aussi de formaliser de temps en temps ces rencontres pour créer une mémoire collective de nos correspondances." A rough translation in English would give the following result: "I feel it is useful from time to time to give these meetings formal expression in order to create a collective memory of our correspondence." The latter part of this sentence sounds rather funny and the reader/listener will probably find it difficult to see what it means exactly. This is why I thought the source text

needed a couple of clarifications; for one thing, the French “*moire collective*” has a historical dimension to it which I felt was inappropriate in a text meant to convey a positive, future-oriented message. In the mind of most French people, the collocative “*mémoire collective*” brings about images of the two world wars and of other vivid French historical events such as “*Mai 68*,” which as you probably know was a period of turmoil marked mainly by students’ demonstrations. Secondly, the French term “*correspondances*” is inadequately used (after consulting the author of the text, I found that it meant “all of the mutual achievements of the twinning partners since the signing of their agreement”). In short, the overall notion given by the French text is rather blurred, past-oriented, and the author fails to convey his ideas in a persuasive way.

After having analyzed these two inaccuracies with the help of the author, I came up with the following translation: “I feel it is useful from time to time to give these meetings formal expression in order to put on record our mutual achievements for better future cooperation.” This adapted translation is much more suitable for two essential reasons: it clarifies the original message, and consequently gives it greater power while also providing it with a positive dimension. I deliberately chose to add “for better future cooperation” in order to reinforce the cogency of the message, which the French original obviously failed to convey.

By making this choice, I decided to take an active part in the communication process by giving the message an extra dimension which it lacked in the original text: I simply chose to consider my work as a creative process in the best interest of the original message.

Let us look into another example taken from the same text. The first line of the last paragraph begins with the following words: “*Nous souhaitons ce renforcement des échanges...*,” i.e., literally, “We support this intensifying of exchanges...” When I first read this, I thought, well, who wouldn’t support a positive, fruitful exchange process? In order to avoid obtaining the same awkwardness in English, I therefore chose to stress the idea of support by inserting the adverb “fully,” which again causes the overall impact of the message to be

enhanced. The edited translation finally read as follows: “We fully support the idea whereby exchanges should be intensified....”

As these two examples show, the work of the translator often involves a great deal of creativity, as well as a wide range of communication skills. This aspect of translation was also the subject of an article by Steve Dyson which appeared in *Traduire* (2/96), the journal of the Société Française des Traducteurs (French Society of Translators). Dyson calls this creative process “interlingual copywriting” and defines it as “the necessity, where appropriate, to give effective communication priority over fidelity to the original.”

Professional translators, while giving the above issues a serious thought, should however never forget that most texts to be translated do not require “adaptation” or “reader-oriented rewriting”; a full understanding of the source text and accurate rendering in the target language usually prove enough to give the client satisfaction and make the task of the translator an intellectually gratifying one. As with all other communication skills, creativity is best appreciated and yields the best result when used appropriately.

2.2 Translation methods under the investigation of scientists

Various scholars have recommended an assortment of factors that a fine translation should take into consideration. For example, the French scholar, Dolet (1509-1546), suggests that, in order to produce an adequate translation, a translator should "*avoid the tendency to translate word for word*", since word for word translation, as Dolet explains, "*misinterprets the original content and spoils the beauty of its form*" (cited in Miremedi, 1993:74). Furthermore, Tytler (1790) substantiates that in a good translation "*the style and way of the exposition should be the same as in the original*" (cited in Miremedi, 1991:93).

Showeman (1916, as cited in Miremedi, 1991:34) considers translation as "*a sin*"; however, regarding translation as a necessity, Philimore (1919:4) considers it food for the development of a young language. Regarding the ideal in translation, Souter (1920:7) claims that, "*our ideal in translation is to produce on the minds of our readers as nearly as possible the same effect as was produced by the original on its readers.*"

Nevertheless, Belloc (1931:22) believes that a good translation must possess the potential of being evaluated "*like a first-class native thing*". He maintains that translation must "*consciously attempt the spirit of the original at the expense of the letter*" (p.153).

Concerning the importance of an adequate translation, Bates (1943:7) claims that, "*nothing moves without translation No change in thought or in technology spreads without the help of translation.*" Nevertheless, not all kinds of translations can lay claim to such importance. Edwards (1957:13) points out that, "*we expect approximate truth in a translation What we want to have is the truest possible feel of the original.*" Knox (1957:5) echoes the same viewpoint when he points out that translation should be "*read with the same interest and enjoyment which a reading of the original would have afforded.*" Therefore, it seems that both Edwards (1957) and Knox (1957) believe in 'equivalent effect' as a criterion of a good translation.

In the view of Foster (1958:6), the only good translation is one "*which fulfils the same purpose in the new language as the original did in the language in which it was written.*" A good or true translation, as Nabokov (1964: viii-ix) claims, is literal translation: "*rendering as closely as the associative and syntactical capacities of another language allow, the exact contextual meaning of the original*"; thus, he concludes that, "*only this [literal translation] is true translation.*"

Word for word translation does not seem to be considered as a good one by Nida (1964), since such renderings, "*generally make for a doubtful translation*" (p.14). Regarding correctness of a translation Nida (1971:185) points out:

Ultimately, however, the correctness of a translation must be determined not in terms of the corresponding sets of words, but on the basis of the extent to which the corresponding sets of semantic components are accurately represented in the restructuring. This is essential if the resulting form of the message in the receptor language is to represent the closest natural equivalent of the source-language text.

As Burton (1973:13) indicates, one type of translation, namely the literal translation, "*is a lie; it is a fake and fraud*"--rather than considered a good translation. However, in today's world we are fundamentally dependent on translation, even though it emerges in its literal form; since, as Chute (1978, as cited in Miremadi, 1391:21) points out, "*without translation, our world would narrow mercilessly.*"

Echoing the similar idea of Nabokov (1964), Newmark (1988a) points out that, "*Literal translation is the first step in translation, and a good translator abandons a literal version only when it is plainly inexact or . . . badly written. A bad translator will always do his best to avoid translating word for word*" (p.76).

Miremadi (1991) quotes Eastman to state that, "*almost all translations are bad*" (p.33). Furthermore, Newmark (1991:34) affirms what he calls Nida's (1975) "*classical definition of translation as 'the reproduction of the closest natural equivalent of the source language message,'*" and maintains that, "*in fact, this type of translation is distinguished by its elegance and concision, its attention to a natural word order, to the deployment of clauses and phrases more frequently used*

than their formal equivalents in the source language, to the occasional unobtrusive distribution of the meaning of important 'untranslatable' words (e.g. 'privacy', *éclat*, *sauber*, *casanier*, etc.) over two or three target language words or a clause: a good translation is *deft, neat, closely shadowing its original*". Nonetheless, Abdulla (1994:70) holds that a successful translation is one that attempts to preserve "*the appropriate stylistic resources of the target language.*"

Furthermore, a good translation, as McNamara (2002) notes, "*must use the same register*" (p.6). In this respect Warren (2004:1) points out:

The translated text has long occupied a relatively low status within the academic culture, due to its seemingly derivative and secondary nature. Lacking the 'originality' still valued by many teachers and students of literature, translations generally only gain firm purchase in literary history when they somehow manage to surpass their source and to function as 'autonomous' expressions. And yet translation is ubiquitous in medieval writing practices, literary and non-literary alike.

2.3 Classification of realities

Realities are culturally loaded words borrowed from another language due to language contacts.

Comparison of languages and cultures reveals the following types of culture-bound words:

- unique culture-bound words: *вытрезвитель*,
- analogues: *drug-store* – *аптека*, *дедовщина* – *hazing*;
- similar words with different functions: *cuckoo's call* (asked for by an American girl to find out how soon she will get married²) – *крик кукушки* (counted by a Russian to find out how long s/he will live)
- language lacunae of similar notions: *clover-leaf* = *автодорожная развязка в виде клеверного листа*.

According to the semantic fields, realities are classified into:

- toponyms, or geographical terms (*Munich, the Great Lakes, the Sikhote Alin, Beijing*);
- anthroponyms, or people's names (*Aristophanes, Victor Hugo, Alexander Hamilton*);
- zoonyms, or animal names (*kangaroo, grizzly, cougar*);
- social terms (*Государственная Дума, House of Commons*);
- military terms (*есаул, подполковник, lance corporal*);
- education terms (*junior high school, eleven-plus, child/day care; пионерский лагерь*);
- tradition and customs terms (*Halloween, масленица*);
- ergonyms, or names of institutions and organizations (*Heinemann, крайисполком, санэпидстанция*);
- history terms (*civil war, War of Independence, Великая Отечественная война*);
- words for everyday life (cuisine, clothing, housing, etc.) (*sushi, kilt, trailer, валенки, лапти*)

² Т о м а х и н Г. Д. Реалии-американизмы. – М.: высшая школа, 1982.

- titles and headlines (*Война и мир, Vanity Fair*).

Realities are characterized by a location and time. Based on the local coloring, their classification includes:

- exoticisms: *chinook, bonsai, kabuki*
- barbarisms, i.e. words partially incorporated into a borrowing language:

авеню, миссис, хобби.

Based on the time coloring, realities classification falls into the following groups:

- neologisms: *junk food, internet*
- historisms, or outdated words denoting realia that no longer exist: *Beat Generation, WASP; уезд, бурлак.* Historisms have no synonyms in a modern language.

- archaisms, or out-of-use words having synonyms in the modern language: *Sire = father, clime = climate and country; злато = золото, град = город.*

Realities are generally rendered in the borrowing language through **transcription**, **transliteration** and **calque** translation: *авеню, sputnik, Статуя Свободы*. As compared with transcription and transliteration, calques are more convenient. But at the same time, calques can be misinterpreted by a receptor. For example an English calque from the Chinese *Red Guard*, meaning ‘a member of an activist pro-Maoist youth movement in China’, is far more convenient than its transcription counterpart *Hongwei Bing*. However, a Russian receptor can easily confuse this calque with another one, referring to the Russian revolution: *красногвардеец*, whereas this word is known in Russian as a transcription borrowing: *хунвэйбин*. There are cases when a translator resorts to calque translation without thinking thoroughly of the meaning of a culture-bound word or, worse, without understanding it.

An **explicatory** translation reveals a culture-bound word meaning in full: *13 зарплата = annual bonus payment; breadline = очередь безработных за бесплатным питанием*. Explication of realities can be made in commentaries (both in-text and after-text), and in footnotes. The disadvantage of in-text notes is

that they distract a receptor's attention from the main text. However, after-text commentaries are not for a "lazy" reader. So the most convenient, probably, are footnotes which save a reader's time and effort.

Lexical substitutions can be used to have proper impact upon the receptor. For example, the main character of Harper Lee's novel "To Kill a Mockingbird" is called *Scout*. This name would call specific associations with a Russian reader. To avoid confusion, the translator substituted the girl's name by *Глазастик*, conveying her main feature to notice everything.

In news texts there can be possible analogue substitutions of official positions: *Under-Secretary* – *зам. министра*, *Secretary of State* – *Министр иностранных дел*.

There are known cases of reduction in translating culture-bound words. For example, Mark Twain's novel *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* is mostly known in Russian translation as *Янки при дворе короля Артура*, since the phrase "Connecticut Yankee", which originally meant "heady Americans who made wooden nutmegs and sold them for real ones", could, possibly, not make sense for today's Russian receptor.

What is most important in translating realities is the receptor's perception and reaction. A translator should be aware of the receptor's potential problems and, taking into account the receptor's background knowledge, choose the best means of translation.

2.4 Translation methods of realities into English

Reality is segmented differently by languages, which depends upon the environment, culture and other circumstances people live in. How can the translator make an African person, who does not know the beauty of the bright snowy morning, experience the same as Russians' feelings when reading Pushkin's immortal lines: *Под голубыми небесами великолепными коврами, блестя на солнце, снег лежит...* And, on the other hand, how to render in Russian or English the numerous shades of the white color in the speech of Northern people?

The loss of meaning may be attributed to the different language systems and structures. There is no category of noun gender in English, so the translation of the Russian sentence *Студентка пришла* by the English *The student has come* might be non-equal, since the English sentence is more generic and corresponds also to the Russian *Студент пришел*.

The loss of meaning can also be accounted for by idiosyncrasies, that is noncoincidence, of the individual uses of the speaker or text-writer and the translator. People speaking even the same language are apt to attach private meanings to some words. Hence various misunderstandings and communicative failures. (Can you guess what was meant in the sign written outside Hong Kong tailors shop? *Ladies may have a **fit** upstairs*. And what could the tourist understand from the advertisement for donkey rides in Thailand: *Would you like to ride on your own **ass**?*)³

Translators' scepticism and pessimism came to be known in the Middle Ages. Dante Alighieri (1265-1321) claimed that no poem can be translated without having its beauty and harmony spoilt. Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra (1547-1616) likened the works in translation to the wrong side of a Flemish tapestry: you can see only vague figures and cannot admire the bright colors of its right side.

Wilhelm von Humboldt (1767-1835), a German philologist and translator, stressed that "no word in one language is completely equivalent to a word in another language", and that "each language expresses a concept in a slightly

³ Ч у ж а к и н А. Мир перевода-2: Practicum. – М.: Валент, 1997. – С. 170-171.

different manner, with such and such a denotation, and each language places it on a rung that is higher or lower on the ladder of feeling.”⁴

No matter what reasons might be given by theorists, translation practice has been proving that this concept is groundless. Translators have always attempted to be not just a “window open on another world” but rather “a channel opened”, through which foreign influences can penetrate the native culture, challenge it, and influence it. So the concept of untranslatability is not shared by practical translators who help people of various countries to communicate.

Though sceptical and negative, the concept played its positive role in the history of translation. It has caused scholars to ponder over language and culture discrepancies and to give up the idea of one language mechanically overlapping another one to convey the message.

The possibility to impart meanings by means of another language for long was questioned and impeached by some theorists in the 60s. There had been a prejudice, that there were languages which are “highly developed and civilized” and languages “undeveloped, primitive, backward”, which due to their primitiveness are incapable of expressing all the meanings. This theory is absolutely wrong. Even the exotic languages of the aborigines of Africa and Australia are typically characterized by sufficiently developed grammatical system and the rich vocabulary. Under this theory the English language is also primitive, as here some grammatical categories are absent.

Vocabulary fixes the data of human experience, reality, which is reflected in consciousness. Indisputably, in the languages of nations, which are found on different stages of social and cultural development, such layers or vocabulary notions, as political, technical, scientific terms or abstract philosophical notions are absent or extraordinarily poor represented, because the corresponding objects and notions are absent at all in their practical experience. Every vocabulary is an open system, which is capable to continuously replenish and enrich itself. Grammar is comparatively closed system.

⁴ Translation / History / Culture – P.135-136.

Long ago in the Ukrainian the words *telephone, TV, cosmonaut, computer,* etc., were absent, however nobody will dare assure, that the language of T. G. Shevchenko, was less developed and civilized, than the contemporary Ukrainian. However bad we treat Karl Marx now, but his expression “Reality determines consciousness” is still valid and holds good. Existence, our vital encirclement, influences our consciousness, and, consequently, our vocabulary. Reality, in the first turn, influences our every day vocabulary — the most developed and homogeneous, similar layer of vocabulary in all nations. Nations of the North have more than forty words to designate states and shadows of snow, for it is their permanent environment, and nations of the South do not use this notion at all, as it is absent in their everyday vocabulary.

Two language systems resemble each other and differ from each other phonographically, in vocabulary and in grammatical constructions. The translation theory is based on the theory of language units, but not all the translational phenomena can be explained by it. The comparative grammar of any two languages will not help us to translate because it limits itself by studying similarities and distinctions of temporal verbal forms, remaining within the framework of morphological level in Ukrainian and English. But the most important thing is that in one of the languages compared, the meaning can be expressed not morphologically and even not grammatically, but through lexical-semantic means. The translation theory is quite a different thing. Here it is impossible to limit oneself within establishing correlation only in the system of morphological forms. It is necessary to exceed, overstep them and to understand, that certain meanings, expressed in one of the languages by grammatical means, in another can be expressed through lexical ones, as in the example mentioned above, where meanings in the source text are expressed by temporal verb forms, and in the target text — by lexical means — by the words „*раhиu*“ and „*менep*“.

In other words, the theory of translation, in general, is indifferent to the status of language units, which are compared, it is indifferent to whether they belong to grammatical, lexical or other means; their semantic identity is of the utmost importance for it.

2.5 The problems and difficulties of the realities in translation from Uzbek into English

Realities are words which can be not translated into language of present language because of they had no components and equivalents in that language. Typically, it is belonged to the national tradition of the present people and their ancient heritage.

In translating I came across much difficulties because of most of words in this novel were consisted of words belonged to Uzbek national heritage and backgrounds.

Because of I had studied the some translated books from Uzbek into English or vice versa by the famous translators. We can see some translation ways in the book of the professor O.M.Muminov “A Guide to Simultaneous Translation” and the famous translator I.Gafurov’s book “Introduction to the Specialty of translator”.

There are many realia words in the novel “Day by Gone” by A.Kadyri. Let’s analysis some of them:

After eating garlic on an empty stomach, people in the tea-house slowly absorbed by green tea and obviously bored, when suddenly came divana Kavak, sofa, at his belt hung gourds. It's all talk at once:

Och qoringa sarimsoq yeb, ko'k choy ichishdan zerikkan odamlar, choyhonaga Kovok devonaning kirishi bilan so'z qotdilar.

Qovoq devona is a nickname of man, so that I was forced to leave it at the same state, it is not and impossible to translate into English. Usually, proper names are not translated into language. I strove to leave it in Uzbek form and give definition under the text.

If we approach closer to this words they are not belonged to realia because of they have equivalents in English certainly. Qovoq is translated into English as “pumpkin”, it is exist in English, so we can translate it into English directly. Devona is mad man, which is also existed in English, there is equivalent. All the

time, I considered to give these words as realia because of they can be not translated into English.

- There exists, of a saint! Dance, now, as Bacha, and tea along with your bowl!

- Bor, bor, avliya, bitta bachcha bo'lsangiz idishi bilan sizniki.

Bachcha is really borrowed word from Tajik language, the meaning of it is a little boy. I left this word as realia here because of author tried to express and give other meaning, namely to be mock or joker. In this example, bachcha is not being used as a "boy". People wanted to laugh, because Kavak divana was joker man, so that they longed him to be joker with some cheerful and laughly words. If I translated this word into English like:

- There exists, of a saint! Dance, now, as joker (or be mock), and tea along with your bowl!

It would be correct variant but meaning, structure will be ruined. The basic better way to leave it with the state.

The man we called "Divana" or "Kavak, madman, was a lean, middle-aged man with a scanty beard, an old hat in spite of the hot sun on his head, dressed in a chapana (tattered robe quilted), from which the ideas came from everywhere wool, belted a few times a new calico belt on which hung a lot of different pumpkins - from Chilim-Kawaka.

Qovoq devona deganimiz o'rta yosh, siyrak soqol, qotma, kun issiqligiga qaramay o'chashkanidek boshiga eski telpak, egniga paxtasidan boshqasi tuzib ketgan guppi chopon kiyib, bekiga yangi buz belboqni besh-olti marta aylantirib bog'lagan va unga besh....

“Chapan” is national Uzbek dress, made of some cotton and fabric enough sewed like a robe but thicker than it. In Europe or other western continents is not existed. In English which has no equivalents too, English men do not understand the “chapan” because of they had never met it in their life. Reading or hearing about it they comprehend the robe only. So that I strove it to left as “chapan” and gave definition under the text.

2.6 Expressing the realities in translation of the extract from the book “*Echo of the World*” written by Chingiz Aytmetov

Наш тихий Шекер у подножия вечного Манаса, находясь среди гор, вдруг оказался в быстрине общих событий, потрясающих мир

Our silent Sheker at eternal Manas's bottom, being among mountains, suddenly it appeared in a rapid of the general events shaking the world.

И, видимо, тогда родились слова, потрясшие нас в пении Мырзабая и ставшие с тех пор нашей аильской песней.

And, probably, the words which shaken us in singing of Myrzabaya and have become since then our ailsky song then were born.

После войны я поехал учиться в Джамбулский зооветеринарный техникум.

After war I went to study in the Dzhambul zooveterinary technical school.

Теперь, как мы его зовем, Тойлуке-аксакал, дед многочисленных внуков. Сын его — Сатий Тойлу-баев — чабан элитной отары в совхозе «Кок-Сай».

Now, as we call him, Toyluke aksakal, the grandfather of numerous grandsons.

Позади остался Джамбул, неудержимо растущий, насыщенный современными темпами урбанизации, бывший караванный Аулие-Ата.

Behind there was Dzhambul which is uncontrollably growing, sated modern rates of an urbanization, former karavanny Auliye-Ata.

Conclusion

In conclusion it should be pointed out that our work devoted to study the methods of translation of realities and translating the given extract.

While translating the extract we came across the some difficulties. But we could find the best way to cross the following difficulties. In translating the extract we used all kinds of rules of translation theory.

Second part of the work is devoted to the scientific analysis of the work on topic “Translation methods of Uzbek realities into English”. In the beginning of this part work we have worked out on the matter of the translation and its methods. After that we turned our whole attention to the basic part of the work, the theme.

“Reality determines consciousness” is still valid and holds good. Existence, our vital encirclement, influences our consciousness, and, consequently, our vocabulary. Reality, in the first turn, influences our every day vocabulary — the most developed and homogeneous, similar layer of vocabulary in all nations. Nations of the North have more than forty words to designate states and shadows of snow, for it is their permanent environment, and nations of the South do not use this notion at all, as it is absent in their everyday vocabulary.

According to the semantic fields, realities are classified into:

- toponyms, or geographical terms (*Munich, the Great Lakes, the Sikhote Alin, Beijing*);
- anthroponyms, or people’s names (*Aristophanes, Victor Hugo, Alexander Hamilton*);
- zoonyms, or animal names (*kangaroo, grizzly, cougar*);
- social terms (*Государственная Дума, House of Commons*);
- military terms (*есаул, подполковник, lance corporal*);
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- history terms (*civil war, War of Independence, Великая Отечественная война*)
- words for everyday life (cuisine, clothing, housing, etc.) (*sushi, kilt, trailer, валенки, лапти*)
- titles and headlines (*Война и мир, Vanity Fair*).

Realities are characterized by a location and time. Based on the local coloring, their classification includes:

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- barbarisms, i.e. words partially incorporated into a borrowing language: *авеню, миссис, хобби*.

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- archaisms, or out-of-use words having synonyms in the modern language: *Sire = father, clime = climate and country; злато = золото, град = город*.

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