


**ARTISTIC SEARCHES IN THE FIELD OF THE HERO AND CONTENT IN THE
POETRY OF A. AKHMATOVA**

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Annotation

The article deals with one of the most important problems in the work of Anna Akhmatova - Anna Akhmatova's artistic search in the field of genre form, the search for the hero, content, means of expression.

Keywords: Genre searches, lyrical hero, A. A. Akhmatova, "If the lunar horror is splashing...", "That city, my favorite since childhood..."

Genre searches of A. A. Akhmatova and the movement to the poem in the 30s of the twentieth centuries is one of the most pressing issues of modern literary criticism. The poetess's genre thinking was formed through many factors: life circumstances (love – loss- death), ideological searches, compositional discoveries, language experiments, etc.

The thirties in her poetic destiny are the most unexpected, "fabulous" time. As you know, they were preceded by a long-term pause (which overtook both Mandelstam and Pasternak at about the same time). This was mainly due to the historical situation, to repression, to the inability to openly write and create.

For analysis, we have chosen the works of A.A.Akhmatova – these are poems written in 1928 and 1929, which are the harbingers of the poetry of the thirties.

One of them can be considered the first, distant approach to the "Poem without a hero" in the lyrics of the new period, is the poem "If the lunar horror splashes ...".

If the lunar horror is splashing,

The city is all in a poisonous solution. ..

Without the slightest hope of falling asleep

I see through the green haze

And not my childhood, and not the sea,

And not butterflies mating flight

Over a ridge of snow-white daffodils

In that sixteenth year...



and the dance, frozen forever

Your sepulchral cypresses

The second poem, written on the eve of the thirties, is "That city I have loved since childhood ..." — the source of the Akhmatova movement in defiance of the "running of time", "right under the feet of bullets, pushing the years". And this poem was to become the germ of an entire epoch and, in fact, a different poetry. Time and place of creation: 1929, Tsarskoye Selo.

That city I've loved since childhood,

In its December silence

My squandered inheritance

It seemed to me today.

Everything that was given into your hands by itself,

What was so easy to give away:

Spiritual gift, prayer sounds.

And the first song is grace —

Everything was carried away by transparent smoke,

Decayed in the depths of the mirrors...

And now about the irrevocable

The fiddler with no nose began to play.

But with the curiosity of a foreigner,

Captivated by every novelty,

I watched the sled race

And listened to my native language.

And wild freshness and strength

Happiness was blowing in my face,

As if a friend from forever dear

He came up with me on the porch ()

In these verses there is a prototype of future "little tragedies" united by the theme of lost time. Later they will make up a whole branch of Akhmatova's lyrics, and Akhmatova will call herself *kitezhan*.

But neither the name nor the mission have been revealed to the heroine of the poem yet. She is given the role of an heiress who discovers that she has nothing else. The squandered inheritance is the image of Lermontov's "Duma", which in turn relies on the Bible.

The harsh Lermontov stanza preserves the caustic bitterness of the source:

And our ashes, with the strictness of a judge and a citizen,



A descendant will offend with a contemptuous verse,
The bitter mockery of a deceived son
Over a squandered father.

The tragic expectation, which traditionally carries the image of a squandered inheritance, comes true for Akhmatova. The heroine discovers that everything has disappeared: the city, the gift, songs and even prayers... Clothed with masquerade flesh, the former world turns out to be decay. And even death itself (the noseless violinist) is devoid of greatness here (a hint of a bad disease; for example, in the "Poem without a Hero", the camp guards leading the heroine for interrogation are called messengers of the "Noseless Girl").

In 1928 Akhmatova's poetry enters the limits of memory. The night with which Akhmatova is always associated with the approach of the past. Memory, night and remorse are forever united for Russian poetry by Pushkin ("When a noisy day falls silent for a mortal...").

The night at Akhmatova's is deeply, painfully Petersburg. Already in the first line: "If the moon's horror is splashing..." — the city is flooded with the moon, whose light is called "poisonous solution" and "green mud". Note the color and quality of the lunar landscape: greenery and poison. Let's evaluate the completeness of the city's immersion in this element: the lunar horror is splashing, the city is all in a poisonous solution. The landscape is associated with poison, crime, non-existence. Akhmatova saw Petersburg at night as an element of nightmare, obvious, and yet undefined horror.

Here are the three components of Akhmatova's memory: night, Petersburg and horror.

And then - the goal, the final destination of the movement into the past. It consists of two layers. In the first there are memories - external, rejected. They are light, light, airy, their common beginning can be joy, or happiness, or charm.

Repeated denial encloses this watercolor in a black mourning frame: the past is forever left behind, it is not it that falls into the heroine's present day.

...And the dance of your Sepulchral cypresses frozen forever.

According to the description of the grave, it is clear that this is the Crimea.

In the cypresses surrounding the grave, it is not beauty that is emphasized. Their "frozen round dance" opposes the "mating flight" of butterflies on the basis of "movement—immobility", and the "ridge of snow—white daffodils" — on the basis of "light-dark". The grave, immobility, darkness — that's where the



memory leads, that's what rests at the bottom of memory, pushing apart the green murk of the present.

Happiness, physically tangible, like the wind of "wild freshness and strength", the happiness of returning home with a dear friend, is undoubtedly the apotheosis of joy, building bridges over the abyss. In 1929, during a rarely interrupted silence, the historical gap is overcome by love for the motherland.

The paradox of this "transitional" poem is that the phenomena that became the content of the poetry of the thirties are told in the language of the twenties, when Akhmatova's language is still classically elevated, full of poeticism. An acute historical drama cannot speak the language of the "White Pack": the turns of "prayers sounds", "captivated by every novelty" seem out of place here. The topic is looking for words.

There are four years left before the birth of the new Akhmatova...

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