



Zainiddin Mahmud ibn Abduljalil Wasifi

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3019

Abstract

Wasifi's real name is Zainiddin Mahmud ibn Abduljalil (1485-1566). The famous writer who lived in Tashkent for a long time was born in Khirat in a Munshi family. He mastered Arabic language literature, jurisprudence and other knowledge. Until 1511, when he studied at Shahrukh madrasa in Khirat, he was a secretary to Faridun Husain, the son of Husain Boykara, and tutored his other sons. Wasifi escaped from the persecution of Shah Ismail Safavi in Khirat and went to Movarounnahr, he was in Samarkand and Bukhara (1512-1515). From 1515 he lived in the villages of Farqat (now Parkent) and Nomdanak in the Tashkent region. Then Baraqkhan Navroz Ahmadkhan, the youngest son of Tashkent governor Suyunchhoja, was appointed as a tutor.

Keywords: writer, literature, poet, spirit, method, history.

DOI Number: 10.14704/NQ.2022.20.12.NQ77300

NeuroQuantology2022;20(12): 3019-3024

Due to internal conflicts in the palace, he left it and became an imam in one of the Tashkent neighborhoods. In 1518, Keldi Muhammad Khan from the Shaybanites invited him to Shakhruhiya and lived in Tashkent from 1525. From 1528 to 1540, Keldi took part in Muhammad Khan's campaigns. From 1540, he compiled state documents in the Baraqkhan palace. During this period, the influence of the Uzbek language in Tashkent increased, and documents began to be written in the Uzbek language. Wasifi, who died in Tashkent, was buried on the right side of the entrance to the Qaffol Shoshi mausoleum.

1. Uzbek Soviet encyclopedia 121 pages.

Wasifi's creative activity began at the age of 12-15, and he created well in many types of Prose (letter, application, story genre). It is especially popular in problem art. Badoe' ul waqae' (Rare events) of Wasifi reflects the scientific, literary, historical and cultural situation in Khurasan, Movarounnahr Turkestan and Iran in the period before 1532. Political events in Tashkent and its region, literary environment, especially poets and writers gathered and held discussions. Interesting

stories are told about the Kaikovus village. Charbog is outside the city fortress, and Wasifi also wrote that there was a hospital for khans and sultans. Information is provided about poets, artists, calligraphers and other famous people who lived in Tashkent and its surroundings, and about iron and turquoise mines used in the region. In the 83-verse masnavi of Badoe'ul-Waqoe', the beauty of Tashkent's garden, rivers, air, and clear water are depicted. "Badoeul-waqoe" includes events up to 1532. After that, Wasifi's life moved to Tashkent and he died there in 1566. This work of Wasifi is an important source for the history of the culture of the peoples of Central Asia. "Badoeul-waqoe" is not only a mirror that reflects the scientific, literary situation, cultural level and conflicts of Khurasan, Mavounnahr, Turkestan and partially Iran, it is a huge pictorial picture that can clearly show the historical situation before the eyes of the reader, Sadriddin Ainiy writes. Wasifi was a master in the art of "baroati istehlol", that is, when writing an ode, a letter or any other request, he mastered the skill of referring to it through rebuke, sarcasm, metaphors, and artistic colors before moving on to the original goal. It is



known from Wasify's memoirs that he thoroughly mastered the Arabic language and the sciences of his time, was physically strong and had excellent human qualities. After graduating from the madrasa in Khivot, he worked as a secretary to Faridun Husain Mirza, the son of Husayn Boykara, and tutored his other sons. At the beginning of the 16th century, mutual feudal wars that intensified in Central Asia and Khorasan brought heavy misfortunes to Vasifiya. In 1507, after the invasion of Khirrat by Shaybani Khan, the massacres and the invasion of Khurasan by Ismail Safavi, the king of Iran, Wasifi was forced to live in hiding in Iran and then in Khurasan. In the work "Badoeul waqae'", Vosifi does not directly describe or describe any event, he uses synonyms and other words. For example, he writes about bloodlust in Khorasan region as follows. "In Khorasan region... the waves of the sea of conspiracy have risen to the peak of the dome of the sky, and the clouds of trouble and hardship have blocked the sun of peace that illuminates the world with its veil of darkness. those poor people shed a veil of sorrow from their heads. The blood of the red heads is falling, and due to the redness of their crowns, the violets of the sky turn into tulips at every prayer. They want to say that the land where the red heads are located has become like a field of tulips as a result of their bloodlust, that is, there has been bloodlust and massacre. Wasify set out with several caravans, the people of the caravans become very friendly because they stay together for several days, because every evening they gather and recite poems and ghazals, so they become very close to each other. It so happens that the caravan will have to disperse after crossing the Amudarya, this dispersion is described by Wasify as follows. "The caravan stopped when it reached the river bank... It was inevitable that the caravan would disperse on the river bank. Some of them turned towards Kabul and Omul, and some of them turned towards Hisoru Huzar. A group of them raised the travel flag towards Samarkand and Bukhara. Hafiz Mir was asked to recite a ghazal during the farewell. It was a cloudy day.

The cloud was full of tears like the eyes of lovers. I read this ghazal of Hazrat Sheikh Sa'di, the sweetest takallum of the eloquent poets.

"Bigzor to bigiryam chun abru dar bahoron,

K-az sang girya xezod ro'zi vidon yoron."

"Don't worry, I'm shedding tears from my eyes like a spring cloud. 3020

When friends say goodbye, even the stones moan."

On the banks of the Jaihun River, the crying frenzy reached its climax. You thought that the Day of Resurrection was coming. Each of the nobles began to recite verses appropriate to the time, and this soul joined in the intercessory cry. One recited this rubai.

"Jam' omada budem chu parvin yakchand,

Chu iqdi javohir hama darham payvand.

Nogoh falak rishton on iqd burid

*Har dona ba go'shai jahoni afkand...." *

We gathered together like Parvin,

We were picked like a bunch of jewels

Suddenly the sky broke the thread of this joy,

He threw every piece to every corner of the world \.

A group of nobles of Samarkand visited the house of Khoja Amirko Shahi. One of the people in the meeting said that Vasifi is extremely incomparable in the art of essays and problem solving. An argument broke out, and finally, they invited Wasifi to a meeting and asked each of them to write a letter or an essay, and in this way, they wanted to know how knowledgeable Wasifi was. As soon as I entered that meeting, one of them said; "Makhdum, since you visited this city, the mention of our meritorious aspects and qualities has not stopped from the lips of the public. People's gentlemen started with the description of the definition and said that if you read every difficult problem, you can solve the unsaid name, and if you tell the content, you can write an essay in the style of Badeha with great eloquence and vocabulary. Some did not believe it, saying that these were imaginary



words. What would happen if you could remove the veil from the face of the veiled entertainment night in this meeting, and show the face of the target to the learners. I replied that it is up to you. Movlona Said Karakuli said; "I am very bald and poor. I was forced to leave my country to escape from debt collectors, Khoja Habib said to the Diwan, "if you can write something worthwhile on my behalf" he took a pen and wrote this letter to him:

*"Ey nazdi xudovu xalq maxbubi Habib
Boshad g'uraboro zi navoli tu nasib
in banda g'arib ast, agar binvoze –
uro ba kamoli lutfi xud nest g'arib". *

O Habib, who is loved by God and the people

Good luck with your donation to strangers.

This servant is a stranger, do him good
Please do this with your grace.

After the statement of slavery, we say that God is wise, this stranger is poor, and when it comes to white and black silver and black chaka, I have no wealth except the white and black of my eyes. In the eyes of people, I had no choice but to tear down my reputation. No matter where I go from my homeland, those who ask for a debt, like a shadow, stand at my feet. Out of necessity, I threw myself into the pain of alienation. As soon as I arrived in this region, where all the cabbage farmers are gathered, I heard from the people about your cabbage and good manners. I hope that people will act according to their faith and look at the plight of this poor man with mercy. \Vasifiy Badoeul baqoe' 31 – page\. After that, Mawlana Muhammad Kufuni obginagar \shishasoz\ Mawlana Mahmud Ubahi, Mawlana Ghiyasiddin Turbati, Mawlana Muhammad Khorazmi said: "If you write a letter to the spiritual tanburchi and send it, he would come to this meeting and please the people of the meeting." This letter was written for him.

*Yoron – ki ba bazmi ishq damsozi
tuand.*

Faryod kunon zi shivabu nozi tuand.

Barhezu biyo jonibi yoron,ki hama.

*Dida ba rohu go'sh ba ovozi tuand. *

The lovers who are in a love party,
You are flirting with the cries of love
Come on, get up quickly
Looking at your road - crying to your
voice.

In the face of the soul-opening opinion, we complain that all the friends, like the beggars, lay their heads on the knees of dusty sorrow on the day of sorrow, and scratch their chests with the nails of despair, as if they are walking away like a flute according to the rule of passion. If you are a circle of unity, you will be the slave of the ear ring of a singer, if you wipe the pattern of sadness from the mirror of the language of the singer with a rahavza saut, you are our governor. We hope you will follow these words and not have an excuse to come. Haji Shahmuhammad said, I had made a garden. There was a need for fruit trees and flower seedlings. In Farrohin, there is a sheikh named Abdulaziz, who knows more than essays. If you write a letter to him, he will send it. This letter was written for him. "Sheikh Abdulaziz, who is the noblest of the state and Iqbal budding flower of greatness, the nobleman of the greatest dynasty, the owner of respect in all things, who is characteristic of the grace of the dear rulers, whose glory is in the flower of happiness, whose virtues are shining in the flower of greatness and grace, and who is always pure and honorable with the drops of the cloud of the grace of the creator, the garden of happiness of his enemies is always covered and ruined by the thorns of impatience. The only thing that prevents me from conveying this to you is that this prayerful fan of yours has created a garden plot. He has been engaged in its repair work for some time. At the same time, I began to educate him with the hints and instructions of some friends. I heard that there are a lot of fruits and other sprouts on the other side. Those who are desired and expected to have a beautiful character are mentioned one by one. As much as you can, you will send the prayer letter from the courier. One example is the heart-catching figure of the beautiful siymintan \strong, powerful\ plant, which grows tall around the grass and throws hundreds of



thousands of branches into the water to torture the gardener after looking at his reflection on the bank of the stream \savr\.. Another plant, like a tent, its branches and leaves are connected to each other, and on the face of the garden beauty, the moon-faced ones cast the envy-inducing shadow of the barnyard. Sometimes, as if from the shadow and the light, they see musk in the trunk of a tree. Or the tachyadores throw their skins at the base of that tree \noju\.. Another sprout, like close friends, their branches embrace each other, and like beautiful flowers, they wear flowers on their heads in the spring season and start dancing. The buds are like green bottles, and in the spring, they are bloody nightingales, which have been sprinkled with pink flowers or hung on a flower branch. \rose\.. Another fruit sprout, lovers with an Afghan language, those who burn their lips with thirst, hoping for the bud of the flowery beauty, bring water to their mouths with dreams and imagination.\peach\.. Another thing is that fruit-bearing charmers tell of the beauty of the cheeks, and with their spirit-giving color, they give strength to the hearts of patients who have lost their feet, and fill them with joy. \apple\.. Another plant with the blueness of its fruit leaves reminds us of Khalil's fire. Reports a burning fire. It is as if the treasurer of destiny wrapped the red rubies around the necks of the young girls of the garden in Chinese silk and kept them in the aqiq durga, or threw the davran lal bribes into the burning fire pit for examination. Another fruit of the plant, the color of which is better than the fruits of the Garden of Eden, is the color of lovers. He thought that the ascetic wrapped in a veil was a patient whose color had broken after smoking, or the dust of foreignness had landed on his face. \quince\.. Another tree, the fruit of which is the cake of time \holvagar\ navvot selobo put in a bottle of halab, or obihayat mithara \water container\ that spring brought from the darkness of nothingness. No - no, the master confectioner of the creator \halvogar\ crushed the sugar balls uniformly and wrapped them in harir and hung them on tree branches like attars \pear\ in order to please the children

of spring. Another fruit of the tree is a clear evidence of the disease of the crown of the tree. \buttermilk\.. After these letters were written and the problems were found, the people of the assembly honestly opened their mouths to praise the work. They said that we have never seen or heard of such a case anywhere. "Then he gifted a horse with a saddle and harness to this fireplace," Mawlana Fathullo3022 and the people of the assembly expressed excitement and pleasure. Khoja Mirako Shahi gave me a skin made of Chinese satin and a hundred coins of Khani money. Wasif is very skilled in telling a story and using it in its place. Once upon a time, there was a good-natured and wonderful man, but because of the times, he became poor, he did not have the courage to earn a salary by doing some lowly job, and he went to the king of that time and said: "Shahim, "I know how to eat bread and yogurt." The king laughed, realized what was going on, and gave an order to bring bread and yogurt. The man poured some of the yogurt into the bowl and poured some water into it. Then they cut him bread, covered him with a scarf, and told the king interesting and sweet stories. When the story was over, he took the handkerchief over the cup. He ate bread and yogurt. Then he made long prayers in honor of the king. The king was very pleased with what he had done and ordered to give him a thousand khans of gold. His life began to continue as before. Being his neighbor, he was in a malicious mood. His neighbor is living a peaceful life. He asked; So-and-so was known about your condition. Where did you get this rich world? He said. I went to see the king. I gained this wealth by eating bread and yogurt. This man also went to the king. Nonu asked for yogurt. The king thought that this man had come before and ordered to bring bread and yogurt. They brought them. At one point, he touched the bread to the yogurt and ate it until it ran. He wrapped the rest under his arm. He also smeared some yogurt on his beard. The king asked, is this your business? "Yes," said the man. The tsar issued an order: ten lashes were applied to his neck, and he was kicked out of the royal meeting after another



ten lashes.\49 p.\. Vasify also writes about the meetings held by Amir Alisher and Khoja Majdiddin Muhammad, the words of the scholars there, and the jokes they made to each other. One day, the Great Amir Alisher met Majdiddin Muhammad, known as Miri Kalon, in Bogi Jahanoro and said: "We have heard the tariff of your heavenly ornate assembly. Mawlana Abdulwae's munshi made a funny joke. Maulana stood in front of them and defeated them all. If we remember this wonderful and strange event, we will be invited to such a conversation. UniKhoja put his hand on his chest and said, "Maybe my head will hang in the sky from such pride" and asked for a week to prepare for the meeting. The interview was to be held at Khoj's farm. All scientists, poets and musicians are invited here. But in order to make a joke to Abdulvose' Munshe, they put a lion called a lion at the entrance of the door and explain that they will not allow Abdulvose to enter. As soon as Maulana Abulvose' entered, Sher put his cane across his path and did not allow him to enter, and a fight started in the middle. Maulana punches Sher in the throat. The lion also takes the collar of Maulana. Maulana's program falls to the ground. The audience will be notified. The people of Majlis start laughing. The expected event happened. Maulana entered the meeting with the fury of a dragon. As soon as he heard it, everyone received it with a respectful bow. Amir Alisher gave a seat to Mawlana Abulvose. Khwaja Majiddin Muhammad, pretending to be unknown to the four, said: "Makhдум, it's been a long time since the officials told you that you visited the gate of the garden. What, did they stop there?" Mawlana Abulvose'khan said, "Ori, itsipat khoknikhod, hirstabiat Shercha, which you put at the door of the garden, showed us his teeth and snarled like a jackal. Our leopard fury stretched out its claws of wrath like a lion to spill its blood, It became known that this trick was yours", everyone was satisfied with this answer. Because Maulana was able to give an appropriate answer to those who wanted to ridicule him, all the scholars and scholars admired him, so he was rewarded with a golden

horse with a saddle and harness, twenty pieces of chakman and ten thousand gold coins. During Navoi's time, Maulana Hasan Shah was without salary for a while. Not knowing what to do, knowing that only A. Navoi would understand him, he wrapped his son in a blue turban and put on a blue tunic, saying, "Muslims wear this dress during mourning ceremonies." "When you go to Amir Alisher's house, if they ask you how3023 you are doing, tell them that my father has passed away. Amir Alisher will pay for your shroud and funeral expenses. Bring something from the market." Amir Alisher, seeing his son in this condition, let him in and asked what was going on. He says my father died. Mir was deeply saddened and said with regret that Mawlana Hasan Shah was one of the rare people of our time and gave him three hundred khans of gold. Maulana's son goes to the market and buys good things and returns home. The next day, Maulana Hassanshah comes to Amir Alisher's house. As soon as the Mir saw him, they laughed and said - O Mullah! You were dead! What is this? they say. O Mir! If it weren't for that gift, I would really be dead! says. The Mir will give him a suitable gift and a thousand dinars. One day, the ruler of Khurasan, Sultan Muhammed Bahadir Khan, asked Vasifi to tell him about Zalim Hajjaj, who prepares people for murder through a document. Hajjaj's real name was Muhammad Yusuf Saqfi and he used to kill people with documents. It is said that he imposes a condition on the person who comes to work. They say that if you answer intelligently to my satisfaction, you will live, if your answer is stupid, you will die. One day, a black man with white hair and a beard was brought to him. If you don't answer intelligently, you will die. - My hair grew when I was in my mother's womb. Seven years after my birth, my beard started to grow, my head is getting old and my beard is young. Hajjaj laughed and thanked him and said, "You survived." The next person entered: he was white with dark hair and a beard, and asked him why. He also emphasized to answer him intelligently. My hair is always closed, there is little exposure to air, my beard is washed



several times during the day and night, and there is an effect of water and air. You said the truth, you survived my touch, he said, and set him free. One day Hajjaj went hunting. He wants to take a bath away from his army and almost drowns. A man heard her cry for help and immediately came to save her. Hajjaj asked him what is your name and where are you from. He said. Hajjaj left without even saying thank you, and the next morning he came to Hajjaj's throne and killed him. "Bring such and such a person from such and such neighborhood," he ordered. As soon as they brought him, the pilgrim said to him: I will ask you some things, if you answer truthfully, you will be right, otherwise you will be affected by my policy. A man, who was tyrannizing and praying to God day and night for the people to get rid of him, fell into the vortex of destruction. He was about to die. What should be done if one person saves him from death and returns such a disaster to the people? He said that the man still understood him. "My king, I understand what you mean." You will be the oppressor who oppresses the people. You were in trouble, I saved you. Because your father was also a governor over us. They had committed endless oppression and were hated by the people. The people hoped that you, his son, would be better than his father. After his death, you came out a hundred times worse. I was afraid that if you died, your son would not be worse than you, so I saved you. Hajjaj laughed and said I forgave you and gave gifts. \204 pages\.

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