

아시아문학포럼

Asia Literature Forum

Asia Literature Forum
Dec. 8, 2005
Organized by Asia
Association of Writers
Topic: Voice of Asia
Representative
of Literature among
Presentation: Kim Jae-
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이야기, 2002)과 『Duniya(두니아, 2005)을 펴냈다. 1985년에는 유네스코 주최로 파리에서 열린 "여성과 창조성" 회의에 참석, 「내전 기간 중 레바논 여성의 창조성」이라는 글을 발표했다. 1990년부터 여성잡지 편집장으로 지내고 있으며, 여러 나라에서 열리는 문화 관계 회의에 참석했다.

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수유노프 아짐바이(SUYUNOV AZIMBAY)

우즈베키스탄 시인. 1948년생. 사마르칸스크 지방의 나쿠르트 마을 출생. 타슈켄트 국립대학 언론학부 졸업. 문화 활동가이자 우즈베크 의회의 의원이다. 노동자로 사회생활을 시작한 그는 이후 대학 신문에서 문학 부원으로 일했고 공화국 출판사에서 편집자로 일했다. 또한 정부 출판위원회에서 문학단원으로, 우즈베크 작가 연합에서 비서로, 〈할크 수지〉라는 의회 신문에서 편집부원으로 근무했다. 1993~2002년에는 우즈베크 공화국과 중앙아시아의 주요 신문인 〈우즈베키스탄 아버지〉와 〈우즈베크의 목소리〉를 이끌었다. 현재는 민족 잡지인 〈굴리스탄〉 주간으로 활동하고 있다. 우즈베크 기자-작가 협회, 세계시인협회 회원이기도 하다. 그의 시 모음과 책들은 노어, 영어, 아랍어, 투르크어, 카자흐어 등으로 번역되어 출판되었다. 그는 또한 많은 시인의 작품을 우즈베크어로 번역하여 이제까지 약 20여권의 책으로 출간했다.

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(Woman and Family Magazine) since 1990. Participated in many cultural conferences in different countries, Beirut, Cairo, Paris, Bahrain, Emirates, Amman... and shared her literature experiences about her writing and Novels. Participated in "Woman and creation" conference which was held in Paris, by the Unesco in 1985, her paper was about the "Lebanese Woman creativity during the war".

SUYUNOV AZIMBAY

Uzbekistan Poet. Born in 1948 at Nakurt village in Smarkant region. Studied Journalism in Tashkent National University. Acts as a cultural activist and a representative of Congress. Started his career as a laborer, but worked as a literary writer for a university newspaper and an editor for a republican publisher. Also worked as a literary part of the National Publishing Committee, as a secretary of Uzbekistan Writers' Association, and as an editor for the Congress newspaper. Played a leading part in <Uzbekistan Abazi> and <Voice from Uzbekistan>, two major newspapers in Uzbekistan and Middle Asia, in 1993-2002. Now acts as a chief editor for a national magazine Gulistan. Also a member of Uzbekistan Writers and Journalists' Association, and the International Poets' Association. His collections of poetry and works are published in Russian, English, Arabian, Turkish, Kazakhstani and so on. Furthermore, he has translated works of many other poets into about 20 volumes of books.

- Exactness, simplicity, conciseness and wisdom are corona and merit of both folklore and eastern poetry. It is not easy to develop permanent and everlasting literary traditions through renewal. There are some reasons why many authors remained under the high and great rock named classical literature... "Hey friend", a book by well known poet Azim Souyun is attractive with its new form and new style. Some authors were first to write ghazals, rubai(quatrain) or qit'a, impromptu or mansura. Later these genres developed into a separate literary genre. Azim Souyun was the first to write qayirma(windings A.A) in contemporary Uzbek literature. The word "qayirma" means a mature and ripe deed, action, craft and work. This beautiful word-notion again got back to language use. Besides, poet presents a qayirma(winding) to literary community as a new and separate genre. It is not a shaping; instead, it is a style resulted

literary reflection.(Qozoqboy YULDOSHEV, professor)

친구여!(Hey Friends!)

수유노프 아짐바이(Suyunov Azimbay)

Hey friend!

Be not extinct, my dream, and do not sweat,

Promise, lead a heavy life of mine.

Though they always try to bend its head,

But a tree grows only to the sky.

Hey friend!

Where is your face? It doesn't exist.

Where is your word? It doesn't subsist.

You would have face and word, but

Where are you yourself at first?

Hey friend!

Why do you watch closely my traces

All the time, as shadow, short and long?

Well, I recognize two of your faces,

You're a man who has tongue under tongue!

Hey friend!

Human being makes a man as person,

And a person makes the world as world.

But the world brings not a man to tension,

Only human may - a man - avoid.

Hey friend!

What for this hurt, for which of my misdeed?

This beauty doesn't face, it's every day,

Will a tomb of lovers be fed up,

In case one more lover passes away?

Hey friend!

I've met the fourteen-day moon in the sky,

I've met her in the ocean, she is my dream.

I flung myself to her embrace with fervor,

She widely spilt, I met her in a stream. Hey friend!

I'm a spoon of salt, I'll not be food,

To anyone I'm not a present - worth.

But sans me no meal for my beloved,

I never finish in her table-cloth.

Hey friend!

We went off in a swoon before a charming lady,

We're cast spell on us a golden bird we lost.

She smiled a happy smile and left us ashamed,

Today we parted with the sun almost.

Hey friend!

Amorousness is a bazaar too attractive,

Everyone is eager with each other in it.

Water flows among the lovers spinning round,

Both a seller and a buyer to purchase sit.

Hey friend!

By traces a hunter finds his prey, in fact,

Stars will speak to an astronomer at night.

Do not wait for beauty's mouth to speak

Talking to her eyes I feel delight.

He friend!

With plaited hairs disheveled around,

In a shady garden a girl sleeps.

I wonder: sitting down a butterfly

Begins to gently kiss her rosy lips.

Hey friend!

Though they wear simple and common garments,

Tidy women are attractive and lovely.

It's true that they come of lily family

As if in a small pond a charming lily.

Hey friend!

Woman's heart is the endless ocean of secrets,

None is able to know it as a whole.

When you look for a pearl, she gives a stone,

When you expect a stone, she grants a pearl.

Hey friend!

Whose horse is this? Of one who saddles,

Whose robe is this? Of one who covers.

Girls are not for married ones,

Whose girl is this? She is for lovers.

Hey friend!

What a soul is this, which looks for spring in autumn,

But in spring it searches a morning brilliant, clear.

It takes pleasure with paramour in festive mood,

When it is sick, it seeks for its own dear.

Hey friend!

You gave me eyes; I saw the world beauty,

You provided with mind; I became wise.

You gave a language, but it is too incapable

To comment still my heart's surprise!

Hey friend!

Take care today of a bud and immature,

Tomorrow in turn - love you will meet.

Tell the simple truth to children today,

Tomorrow they won't be able to cheat.

Hey friend!

Long live simple truth a long-standing tree!

Long live simple truth a never-ending tree!

One makes a cradle - from this tree - to rock,

Another one will make a butcher's block.

(Excerpt from [Hey Friends])