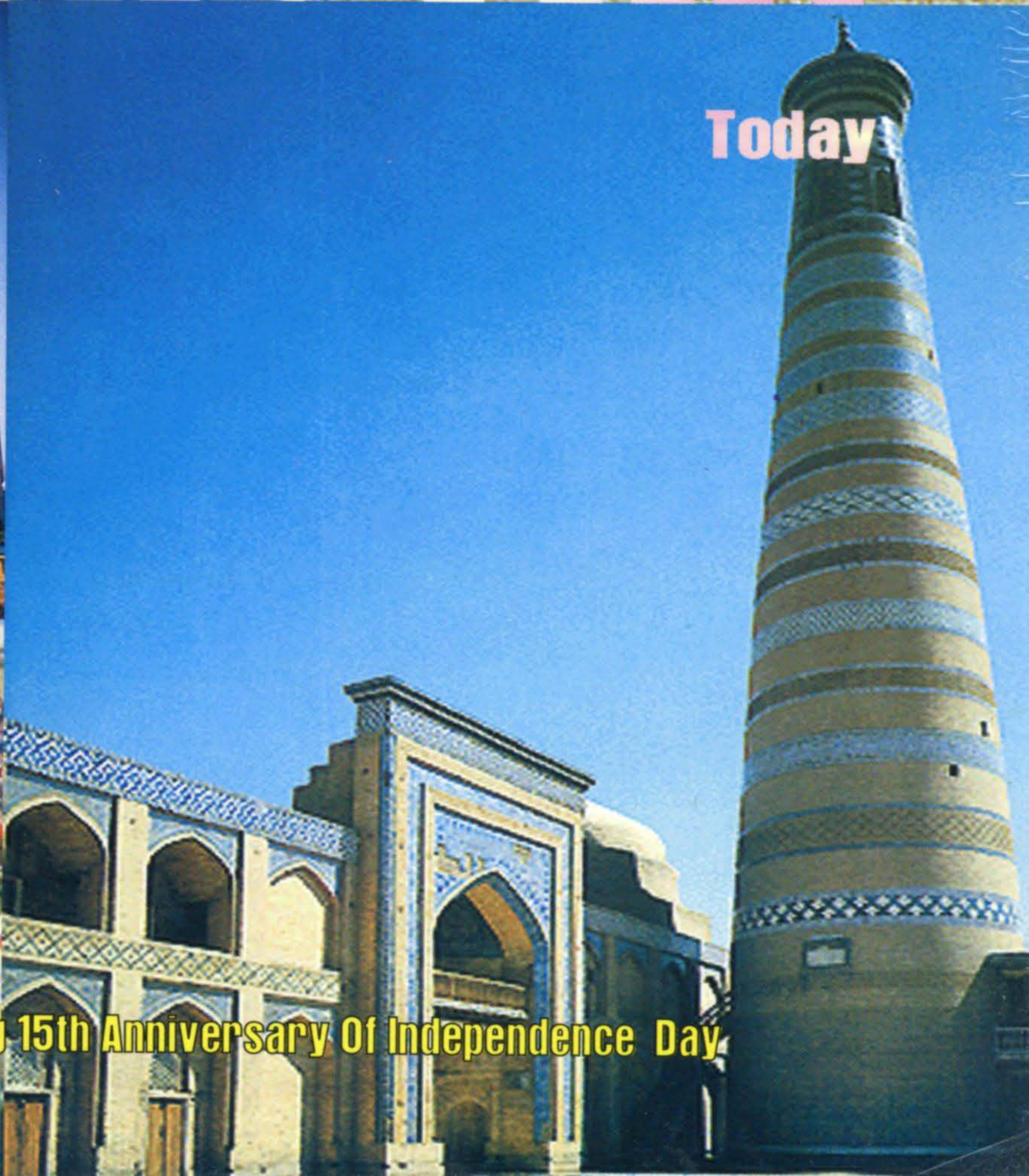


# UZBEKISTAN



Uzbekistan Celebrating 15th Anniversary Of Independence Day



Today

## **Sufi Conference: Sufi Traditions, Philosophy and Poetry (New Delhi – March 17-21, 2006)**

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In March, 2006 I was invited for the Sufi Conference organized by Foundation of SAARC Writers and Literature, the SAARC Literary wing of Academy of Fine Arts and Literature, the main theme of which was Rediscovering peace and reconciliation, love and compassion, respect for the otherness of the others, and secularism: Sufi solutions of contemporary turmoil.

The Conference was held at the Indian International Center in New Delhi. With literary translator Gary Dyck, I tried to make presentation on Alisher Navoi, father of the Uzbek Classic literature. We listened to many scholars, Sufis and researchers from all over the world, including, India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Turkey, Azerbaijan, Poland, Canada, USA, Italy and many other countries. There were interesting articles about Sufi traditions, Sufi poetry, influence of Sufism in today's instable situation, etc.

Gary presented a DVD-show on "The Language of the Bird", a play showed at the National Theatre of Uzbekistan, with English subtitle. He introduced Navoi and made a brief speech on his works. He said: "We don't have to read about God or love, instead, we have to read God or love!" Everyone enjoyed the show. Maria, a scholar from Poland delivered lecture on Attar's "Mantiqu-tayr". She was astonished learning "The Language of the Bird" by Alisher Navoi.

The next day a floor was given to me. Before going to New Delhi I prepared my paper on Alisher Navoi's ghazals. In particular, I creatively used commentaries to his ghazals ("Navoi's blossoming garden" made by Tursunoy Sodiqova, well-known Uzbek poetess and enlightener. I read about love in poetry. Some of the lines ran in the following way:

"Youthfulness is your spring. You are beautiful and green in this season. However, remember that abundance in your autumn depends on your spring. Do not think that err is human and man makes many mistakes in youth. If you feel that your work is not acceptable, so, you start to observe the Satan. Remember that you one day you will have to answer for your mistakes. All processes in our life live in harmony: we wear skullcap in order to protect our head from the sunshine and we put on our shoes in order to save our feet from cold. God created teeth so that our stomach will not fall sick, we have mind in order to perceive good things from the bad ones, etc. When people feel passion in their heart and step back from the previous position, they shift the blame to love at once. They say: "It is a trick of love but I am not to blame". Well, what is the color of love? What are the peculiarities of love?

Alisher Navoi writes

:

Lover is that man – hard to cure,  
Whose tongue, heart and eyes are pure.

Let's analyze these lines. When man falls in love, he becomes sad and thoughtful like a sick. His fell in love.

Voice and feature soften. He speaks to himself and always begs his beloved. It is the appearance of a man

What does "pure tongue" mean? Lover will never deceive and boast. He will never hurt somebody and gossip. He will never tells somebody's secret to another people. It is the pureness of tongue. If he does the opposite of these, he has not fallen in love yet!

What does "pure heart" mean? A true lover will never envy, complain and revenge. He feels hurt in his heart but he will never be jealous. If he suspects, avenges or envies, he has not fallen in love yet!

To do everything sincere is also one of the faces of pure heartedness. If a lover insists that he must have his beloved, there is no love there. The biggest interest left from amorousness is only LOVE! Because of this strong feeling of fondness, your tongue and heart will become pure, is there any better award to people? It means, you will always be in

Plentiful with this feature all life. It also means that the sun entered your heart, almond will forever flourish in your body and a national music "Cho'li iroq" will always sound in your veins, you will never be bored – a nightingale of your heart will continuously sing!

And then I asked permission for a second to wear Navoi's costume and wrapped up with robe and turban. Gary, my friend, added volume of a classical music. "Munjojot" began to play. From behind I stepped forward and commenced reciting the famous "Navoi's Monologue":





Tunes, ghazals, oh, scratch anew my sore,  
It reminded of ill-fated room once more.

"I've a favor, in a blooming garden  
When buds blossom with the look so ardent,

Call to mind a bud that passed away,  
Don't forget, make me glad everyday."

I never leave behind, while I'm safe  
As its heart a lively body 'll save.

For you five precious statues I'll bring in,  
Sometimes Leila, at others being Shirin,

In my poems you will live forever,  
In my orchards you're unfading flower.

But myself  
I'm crying bitter tears,  
And will pass alone with your cares.

Oh, again you're weeping, stop your wail,  
In the tear river do not sail.

This river's very risky, it may drown,  
Tears can't an ardent heart put down.

There isn't any calm day I regret,  
Heart is weeping but eyes have no wet.

What a pity, how we knew, it's fate,  
Oh dear, to be happy we were late.  
Spring begins afresh, in a blooming garden,  
All the suburbs, opened blossoms gladden,

Maybe flowers on my Guli's grave  
Opened now, as bindweed my sad sound  
Will not climb up heavens and wind round?

Tunes, ghazals, oh scratch anew my sore,  
It reminded of ill-fated room once more

So, everyone enjoyed this expressive staged reading. During the coffee-break we spoke about Alisher Navoi, his works, and Uzbek poetry. Some local newspapers took interview.

There were many beautiful words and speeches during the conference. Some of them I call to mind everyday: "All the messengers of God were Sufis", "Adam was the first Sufi", "Sufism is the song of a heart", "Sufism brings people together", "The man is nothing but a reflection of God", etc. I wanted to read "A poem of equality", a poem of mine, but there was not much time given, so the organizers took this poem to publish in the anthology of the conference. Here is the poem:

## A poem of equality

Who you are –  
A white man,  
black  
or red,  
You are a boon companion or a threat,  
To put you first  
how can you well afford,

But look here –

You're a human being from the Lord!

Who you are –  
A Muslim,  
Christian,  
Sikh,  
You adore –  
On man  
To play a trick,  
With the others  
will you not accord,

But remember,

You're a human being from the Lord!

You are my brother,  
You are my sister,  
darling,  
God will look at  
not your varied colors, -  
But at heart,  
And at your good intentions  
So, why to kill each other,  
Why to fight,  
We are equal  
and we all have  
the same right!

May God take  
in due course  
our lives,  
Just tell me,  
does friendship  
have a price?  
We were given time –  
Very short

Remember,

Once  
we all return back to the Lord!!

As a conclusion, I would say, that every human must purify himself by making good deeds and making friends with each other. There is no other way to rescue the world from tyranny, oppression and enmity. And I very much hope that Uzbek scholars will regularly attend such conferences and contribute to the spiritual improvement of mankind throughout the world.