The image of women's experiences in the stories of Jamila Ergasheva 
(On the example of Jamila Ergasheva's story "Death")

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ABSTRACT
This article describes the spiritual experiences in the works of Jamila Ergasheva. The study of the world and art of images is reflected.

Keywords. The story of “Death” is a world of hidden curtains, spiritual experiences and images.

1. Introduction
The study of the process of renewal and change in storytelling, the definition of their level, the awareness of readers of the perfect works of art, created at a high level, is an urgent task of today's literary criticism. Such stories are in the works of the versatile artist Jamila Ergasheva, and it is important to note that they exist in the field of literature even in today's rapidly developing science and technology, to study the contemporary aspects of the work, to get acquainted with the world of images and art.

"One of the important principles of the development of our national prose of the independence period is the expansion of the range of topics and the way of life of our people, their various psychological experiences, influenced by existing national traditions and best practices in world literature is doing.

We can see the same aspects in Jamila Ergasheva's story "Death". In this story, it is difficult to understand the writer’s purpose at first. Even the names of the protagonists of the work are not disclosed. This is, of course, the artist’s unique style.

2. Main part
The play depicts the life of a man who "worked in the public service" for many years (almost a lifetime). Although it is called "state work", it is not clear what kind of work it is. It doesn't matter. Maybe the creator will lead the reader to the main goal in this way so as not to confuse him ... Throughout the work, the writer describes in vivid examples, in vivid colors, the fact that destiny is true, that death is real, that it is inseparable from human destiny, that when death comes, he leaves all work and goes to the eternal world.

In this short story, human dignity, social relations, the contradictions of space and time, and the ideological pressures of the last century are reflected in "hidden veils." The story begins as follows:

"The more I felt sorry for him when I heard the news of his death, the more I worried about myself: "Yes, death is real! I have so much work to do! "

But when did death knock on the door? "We're here. Let's go in. Have you got your oil in order?"

Salt was sick, taking care of himself, taking medication, and barely dragging his corpse. He also knew that death was real. Sometimes it was as if his lungs were stuck in his mouth and Azroil was hanging by his legs as he climbed the stairs, but he had no time at all to think about death. Every day "Dad, what did you bring today?"

Oh, he would sometimes say, "Is it true that man is made of dust? I've been trying so hard."

The author, saddened by the death of his colleague, is deeply concerned about himself. Because the death of a colleague makes him think about the true meaning of life, too. He also has a lot of work to do. But, death does not wait. You don’t look young, you don’t look old. He doesn’t even sit around asking. "We're here. Let's go in. Have you got your oil in order?"

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You see, all his life he worked hard, but his life was spent living in a rented house. Even if he works for the state, it is impossible to get a car, just as it is not possible to get a private home! However, he had hope. In return for his many years of hard work, he went out to the office and went to his boss, claiming that he would give one of the spilled cars, which had not been used for years, cheaply. He could have asked for a new car. But here the breath of social inequality seems to be "blowing." In fact, it is. The boss laughed in his head, "If we don’t give it to you, who do we give it to?"

Just don't hurry, "he said, as if he were looking at the lowest person in society (would it be right to use the word" low-high "in relation to humanity?) As if he were nobody. Even when he approached his colleague, the author, to have a heart-to-heart conversation, he was not given enough attention. Then, after the
death of a man whose life no one has ever looked back to, or whose life has not even been felt, the act of "embarrassment" in front of mourning "adults" in a suit and trousers before observing the corpse to its final destination makes one laugh. No, it's better to cry than to laugh. After all, it is annoying that ideological pressures have penetrated even here.

If you pay attention during the reading, it was not in anyone’s mind to dress the corpse in a formal dress until Bahriniso arrived. He tried not to go beyond the line drawn by the "adults" even in the grief of his loved one. At first glance, he seems forced to do the same. However, the author makes no reference to this. As you read the story, these lines will refresh the reader a little:

"... After a while, the door opened and one of the men motioned for Bahrinisa. Its color was as white as sand. A housewife, whispering, turned into one ear and stared into the man's mouth ... ”

Is there anything about the corpse that the corpse has been hiding from people all his life from the reader's imagination at first? Or did something unexpected happen inside? Maybe ... it's natural for every reader to have such thoughts. However, the reason for such confusion is stated throughout the work ... again the same situation: you do not know how to laugh or cry.

3. Conclusion

It doesn’t matter how the corpse is placed. The important thing was to please the "big guys". At this point, one wonders: who is dead? It is as if he is asleep, waving his hand to all the worries of the world, whether it is handed over in the middle of the house, or walking around it to any position for formality, putting himself and his loved ones everywhere to please the "kottakon"s. Maybe an entire society in this era is a living corpse?

The stylistic skill of Jamila Ergasheva, an artist who reveals such flaws in the society with a unique sense of humor, and another aspect of it can be seen in this short story.

References: