

READING
OLZHAS SULEIMENOV

ARTWORKS



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I went through the first pages of this amazing collection, where poetry comes with the works by artists, in a few minutes. An hour later, I already delved into each new page for long. The creators of this amazing collection have done a work that I would not have been able to do. It makes you to get a grasp of artworks and gaze into poetry. It is gratifying that the album includes works not only by Kazakhstan artists, but masters from all over the Turkic world.

The literary content of this collection consists of four sections. The first one – "Earth, bow down to Man!" – is dedicated to the brightest year of my literary activity – the year of 1961 lit by the flight of Gagarin. And that April, a delight full of hopes for a triumphant future!

But in the same early years (until April), a scattered, multicolored outbreak of poetry writing was evolving, where light colors did not predominate at all. Which is correct, because a picture cannot be created with white paint alone. But no one comes to this comforting conclusion at a young age. Much later. But still early in life. About this is the second section – "The Poems of Different Years". The collector found in my first books the poems long forgotten by me. I was rediscovering their living colors and expressiveness. I found this section more meaningful. But an hour later, the third – "The Clay Book" – became the best, which, I realized, should to be reread over the years, in a colorful design. Antoine Vitez wanted to add "The Clay Book" special colors when he read it in French (translated by Léon Robel). He was a poet and director of the Comédie-Française, the main theater in Paris. He was going to give it a stage form and put on a play. He was fascinated by the intrigue – "love turns a barbarian into a man", and in every act, the hero of Ishpak had to appear on the stage in a new, colorful dress.

But then the section "The Language of Writing" became the best for me, where the collection authors tried to express the idea pronounced by me for more than fifty years ago, that each ancient word was at first the name of a graphic sign and original hieroglyph.

 **мұ-ұ-η** – "bull" and "Moon God" (this is how a young moon looks only at the equator, where moon worship was born 100 thousand years ago).

A negation sign, which is still used today: we still strike through a word or page, having long forgotten that this is how a javelin was depicted in the Paleolithic. Its name can be heard to this day, at javelin thrower practice. The

athlete runs up and releases the javelin with a sharp exhalation – ha! This word became the first name of the javelin and the negation line in the graphics.

When in the north of Africa they said goodbye to moon worship and recognized a warm luminary as a god, then the priests created a sign of denial of the "Moon God" and "bull" – the earthly representative of the "heavenly bull".

☪ **mũ-ũ-ŋ, -ha* > **muŋha* – 1) "not a bull" (hornless animal); 2) "not the moon" > means – "the sun".

This sacred sign once had two meanings. Only one has survived in the word *mucca* – "cow" (Italian).

The most ancient name for a cow: a female of cattle and small ruminants in nature are always hornless. While our domestic cows got their horns in the process of domestication and endless selection.

I am surprised, fascinated, and delighted with this magnificent workmanship of the creators of this unique collection of works by artists with many of whom I used to be friends, to argue, and admirably to agree with.

I gaze into the signatures following their works. The years of creation and the dates of life of some are in tragic brackets. And every such name resounds in my heart:

Yuri Mingazitinov is my unforgettable friend Mingaz (1924-1982).

Makum Kissametdinov (1939-1984).

Salikhitdin Aitbayev (1938-1982).

Yevgeniy Sidorkin (1930-1982).

Gulfairus Ismailova (1929-2013).

Tolegen Dosmagambetov (1940-2001). Tolegen did not just draw but created sculptured portraits of heroes. And what heroes they are!

Bauyrzhan Momyshuly defended Moscow in October-December 1941.

Rakhimzhan Koshkarbayev planted an assault flag on the Reichstag on April 30, 1945.

These soldiers, who rose to attack the machine guns, taught our generation to get up off our knees!

A wonderful generation of artists. We were lucky to create in the happiest decades of the XX century – the sixties and seventies, when art – painting, cinema, literature – was rapidly developing.

Neither before nor afterwards, there were such decades in the XX century.

Perhaps it is going to happen in the XXI century?

Olzhas Suleimenov



Amandos Akanayev,
1948
Olzhas Suleimenov.
Triptych.
The Poem About
Immortality.
Central panel,
1985

EARTH, HAIL MAN!

Dedicated to Yuri Gagarin

April, 1961



EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*...A riddle:
Why do men reach for the stars?
Why does the eagle soar
in our native songs?
Why anything beautiful
made by the human hand
we have called lofty?
Rivers nourish the fields,
cities rise up on riverbanks,
and the Earth like a heart bursts forth,
gripped by its watery veins.
It's not easy-blazing a trail
to the dim stars of the day before last.*

EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*Mother —
that's what we call our steppes,
Sweetheart —
we call our steeds,
everything that is dear to us
is called by your name,
woman.
Woman-motherland,
woman-history,
the artist has painted the woman Liberty,
grass, meadow, even weather —
all feminine,
sky is half-woman,
my courage-entirely.
This is probably why
women stand
by the beds of men.
Even the howling blizzard,
the sinking sorrow
are women.
Life, it is you I love,
because you are a lover true.*

Yuri Mingazitinov, 1924-1982.
An Illustration for the Poem by Olzhas Suleimenov "Earth, Bow Down to Man!"





Yuristanbek Shygayev, 1957
Earth, Bow Down to Man!, 2021

EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*I am in love with Beauty.
I had dreamt it
for millions of years,
stitching myself to the cross,
raising up and toppling gods,
I created these rivers,
set the winds raging
over the depths of the sea —
Earth, bow down before Man.
Here is your god —
I am.*

EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*You are the one that tore
man's destiny
from his dear, green planet,
lighting over it the dark
flame of cosmic mystery.
So it began —
the Second Great Age.*

*... A smile,
a wave of the hand —
like a signal flag
raised
at the starting line —
a deep breath
of the brisk April air.
An instant!
And all the air has shrunk
to a tiny blue ball.
Earth-on a monitor!
Earth-on a monitor!
Wreathed in smoke
or stardust.*

Alexey Stepanov, 1923-1989
The Hour of Glory, 1979







Yuri Mingazitinov, 1924-1982
An Illustration for the Poem by Olzhas Suleimenov "Earth, Bow Down to Man!"

EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*Lovers, Valia,
are always gazing up to the stars,
just like us.
Strange —
it is as if the stars are flying tonight.
Pilots' wives never ask
"When?"
How many pilots, Valia,
will pick up the signal
we send —
and pass it along
with a tip of their wing?
There are thousands of
paths in the April sky —
but Gagarin's points straight up,
like a granite peak
shooting up suddenly
in the hilly steppes.
No eagle can reach the top,
but the boldest will solemnly
circle its might.
Love.
He is loved.
He is sure of it.
He is calm.
Someone's heart aches for him.
Chosen, one out of thousands:
loved-meaning worthy.*

EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*Ah,
but I'd love to take to the skies with me
a fiery steed!
Speed! More speed! —
that swallows the road.
A man on the road,
speeding forth,
will hear the drone of his blood.
A galloping man
wants to lift up his wings
and fly, with an eagle's smile
smeared on his face,
roaring with laughter
over the abyss,
and believe in the colors below,
in the plunge,
and-in the radiance of the spring skies.
We have created ourselves
through the sum of all suffering
down the ages;
we will press our lips to regions
before us unknown.
The light of the earth,
like my memory,
flying beside me—
only the most audacious designs
are discernible
from this impossible height.*



Meirzhan Nurgozhin, 1971
Airplane, airplane ..., 2003



Kamil Mullaşev, 1944
*The Land and Time. Kazakhstan
Triptych. Central panel. Youth, 1978*



EARTH, HAIL MAN!

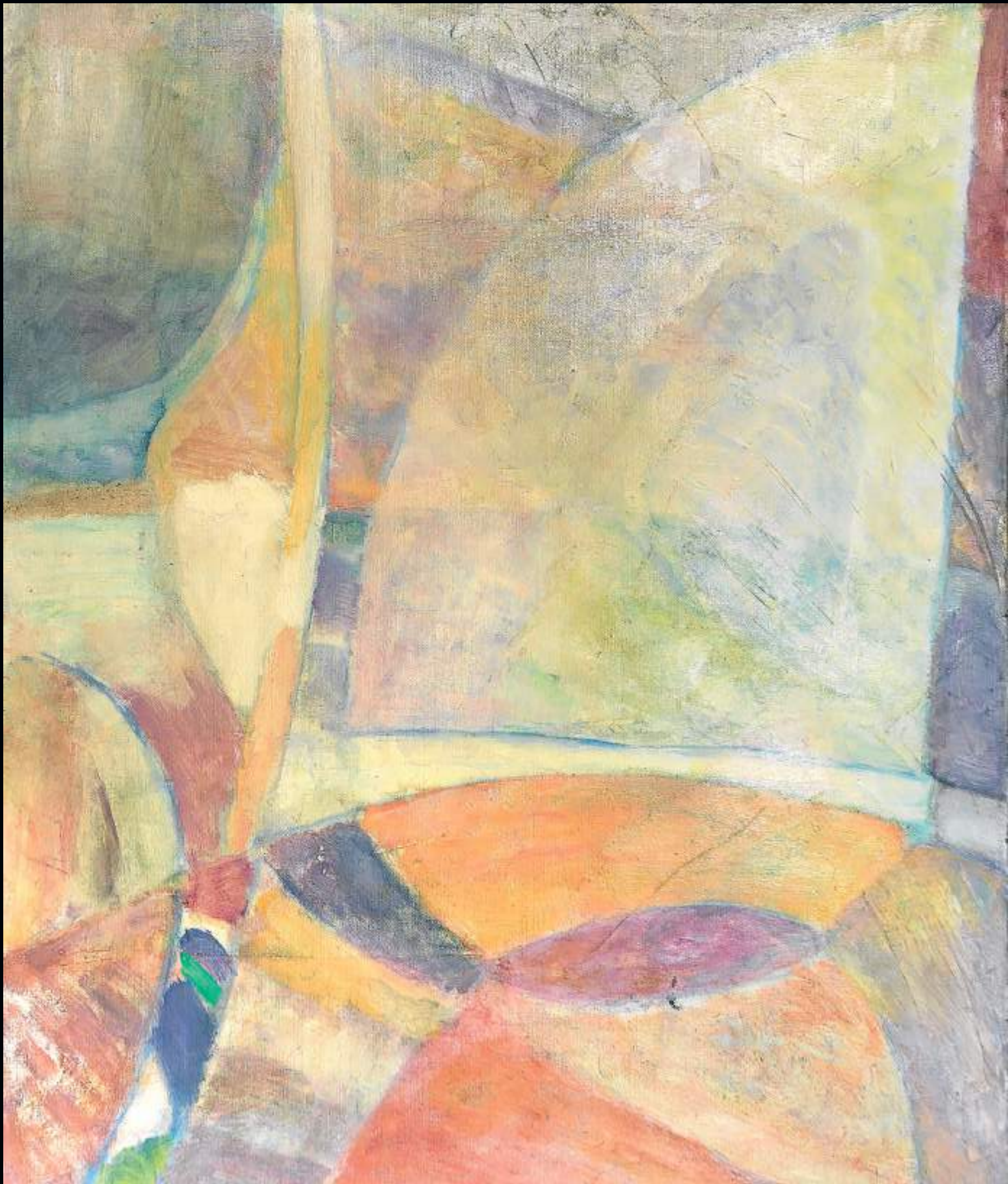
*I fall.
I am borne by the rumble,
twisted,
twirled like a baton,
My direction is gravity.
I slice through the soft
atmosphere of the highest peaks
and the world tumbles up
to the pilot.
Pop! — the parachute mushrooms
somewhere far, far over my head.
Snow — white cables
shoot up and solidify
in the air.
Silence.
Not a body around.
I am roaring with laughter,
shouting!
I am not afraid
of disaster!
I am sure!
I am right!
Here is-Earth!
The one I caressed
with the tip of my boot,
with my lips.
Look at it!
I had dampened her ardor
with a parachute.
In a meadow I sank.
Man on Earth!
In the grips of the best
of gravities!
I return with a triumph
to my beloved, my Earth,
sweetly conquered.*

EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*I am asking you, man,
not to forget
that on this day
you are one age older.
World,
 Earth,
 the terrestrial sphere,
the conjunction of words,
nations, swords,
and destinies —
how many steely hooves
flew over you!
Your deserts are judging us,
who were pitiless.
We, the iron rulers, trampled you,
we, the Khan's horde,
marching to Mesopotamia,
we, mighty warriors,
trod through the steppes,
conversing with you
in a fearsome dialect.
We razed Rome,
we destroyed Taraz,
ravished maidens yellow and white,
we looked at the world
through the slits of our eyes,
our hands came together
in combat.
Huns, Mongols!
Cumans and Persians!
Crusaders' jangles!
Hundred-year wars!
Standards of ancient cultures
 collapsing...*



Yuri Mingazitinov, 1924-1982
An Illustration for the Poem by Olzhas Suleimenov "Earth, Bow Down to Man!"



EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*...To calculate the velocity
of a dream in flight
men learned to count billions.
Swords had been swinging
for many trillions of seconds;
legions marched over this earth
in millions.
A hundred million bushy-headed
slaves. How many bombs?
How many slaves?
And cracks of the whip!
Calculate,
calculate the velocity of a dream —
with the arithmetic of history.*

*Here they are — Londons and Parises,
here they are — the lazy Madrids,
here are the Banns,
all tight lips and blazing hair.
Here is a world cut in two
by a street.
Here they are —
the distended continents,
stamped by a gentleman's boot.
Here is the writhing worm Mississippi —
the mighty river.
The West down below —
the Vostok on top.*

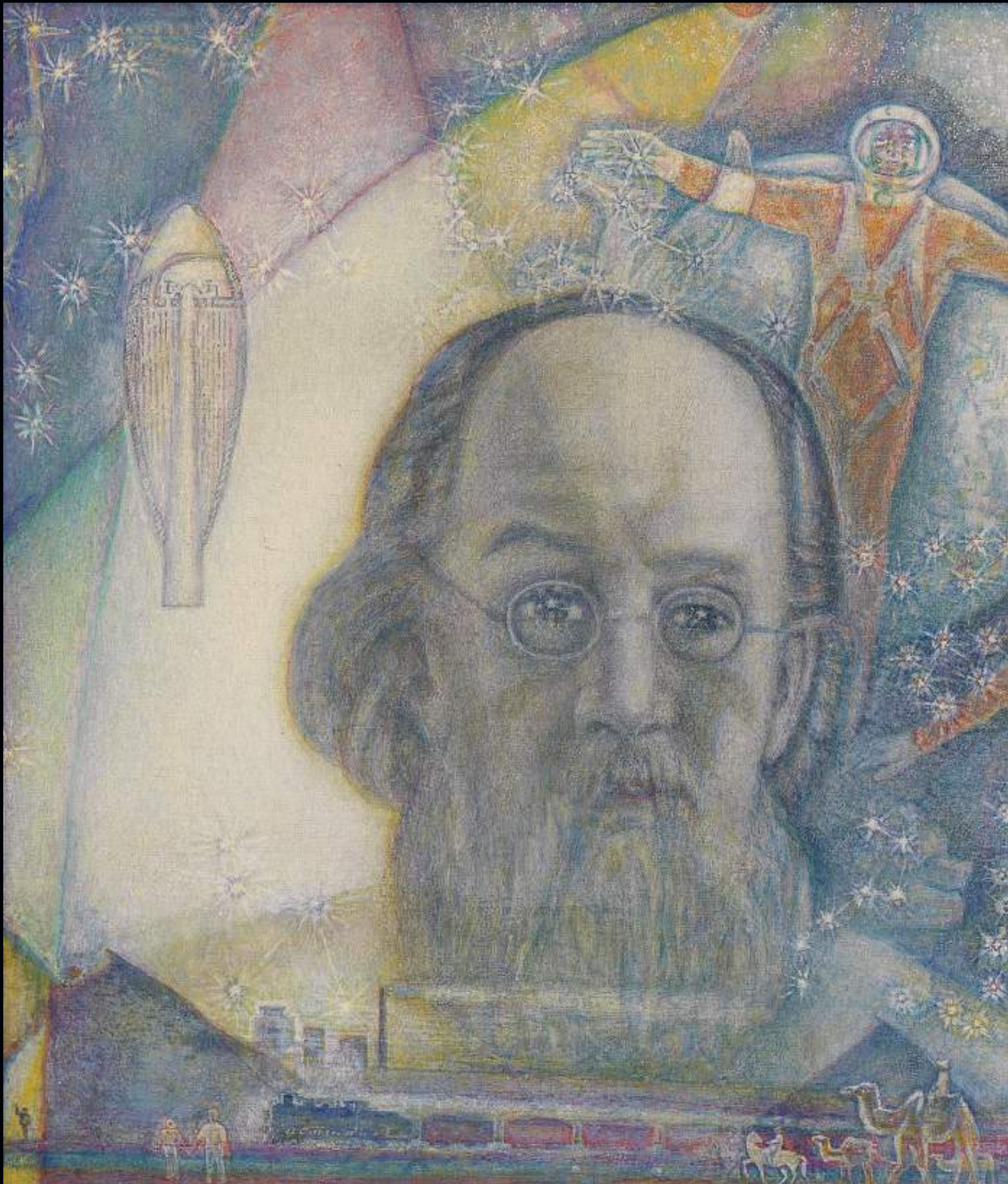
EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*It is life I love.
The spring,
the terror
and the rage.
It is life I love,
you, the momentary,
the great,
the wild freedom of ecstasy,
the grip of fear,
the risks you take.
It is life I love,
the Caspian brine,
man, consisting largely of protein
and, scrap of something called soul,
the proteins that fail us,
and the souls that fail
us sometimes —
that's when we can be quite
seriously good,
when the whole of the world
is down to just two.*

Zhanatai Shardenov, 1927-1992
Two on the Lake, 1988







EARTH, HAIL MAN!



Alexey Stepanov, 1923
Starry Sky, 1971

*The world lived in expectation.
The world knew: it will happen,
but even the most assured victory
is extraordinary
when it finally comes.
A painting is made
with a thousand inspired brushstrokes,
but the one after a thousand
suddenly gives it unimaginable
meaning and depth.
This was the final stroke we awaited.
The gates of the skies flung open:
"This is Radio Moscow!
Broadcasting on all the frequencies
of the Soviet Union!"*

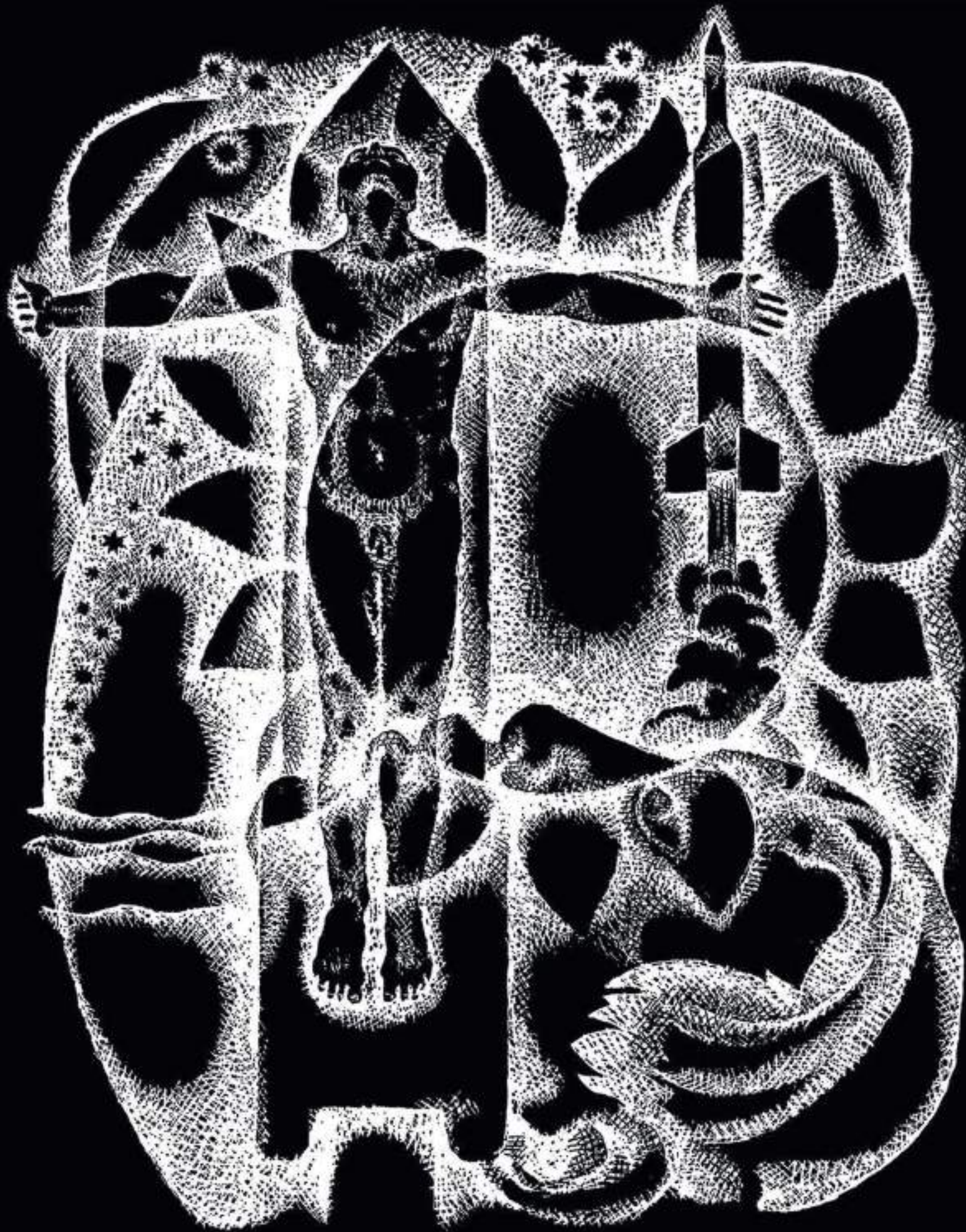
EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*People!
Citizens of the universe!
Guests of the galaxies!
Rulers of the terrestrial sphere!
You do not want to vanish
 without a trace!*

*Live then,
live,
live,
with all your might!
Live, my people!
Live, my good kind.
You have made the first leap —
conquered implacable gravity.
Now defeat the woes of this world,
that your children may remember you!
Rivers-nourish the fields!
Cities-rise up on riverbanks!
Let the Earth like a heart burst forth,
gripped by its watery veins!
We will find —
we must find! —
all the answers to that one question:
the terrestrial path,
the extension of the trail
to the stars,
conquered
this day.*



Nastar Mamai, 1962
Olzhas Constellation, 2021



Yuri Mingazitinov, 1924-1982
An Illustration for the Poem by Olzhas Suleimenov "Earth, Bow Down to Man!"

EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*We are born in late autumn,
warmed by the searing speed
of our distant journey,
tried by ice,
by the sword
and the ash.
We were first to drain the full cup
of sorrows
and joys.
Take a look at the might
that lifted you up
to immortality:
shepherds, smelters,
agents of a new history.
There is plenty yet to be made!
Many great deeds ahead!
Meanwhile,
rejoice in our victory,
Gagarin!
Hurray!
All the flowers!
All the smiles
of an Earth transformed!
All the posters!
All the flags of great uprisings!
Are yours!
All the veterans of the
world rise in your honor!*

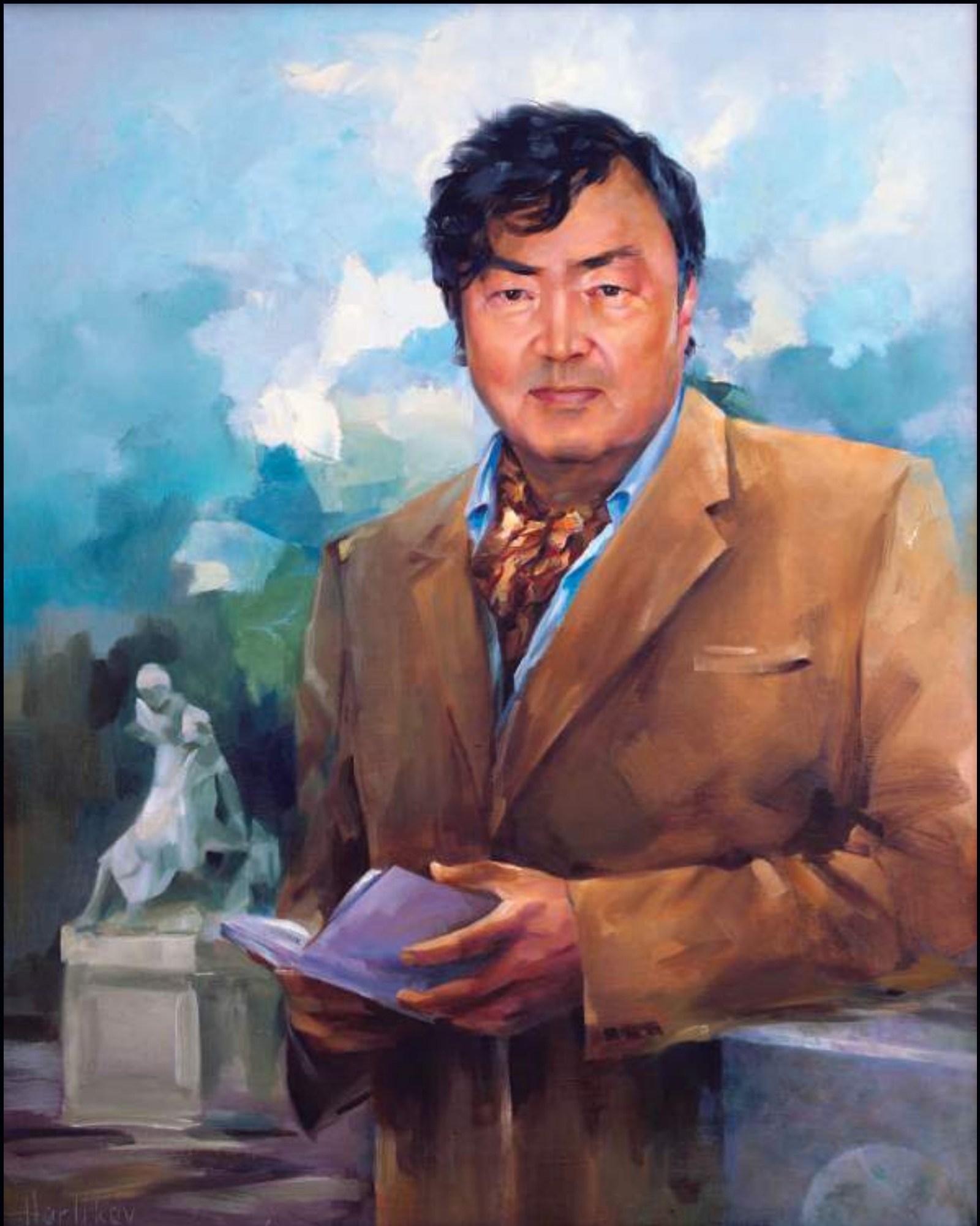
EARTH, HAIL MAN!

*And a barefoot boy, standing in
a dusty square of the wounded
African continent, turns his face up
to the skies. He is thinking of the
greatness, the dignity of mankind.
Is there a nation that will bring
the world to its knees?
There is a nation that will lift man
up from his knees and raise his face
to the blazing, wet April skies.*

GLORY TO THIS NATION!

Nikolay Gazeyev, 1948
The Sun, 2005





Stanislav Khorlikov, 1961
The Portrait of Olzhas Suleimenov, 2011

POEMS **OF DIFFERENT** YEARS

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

ARGAMAK

*Ho, Cu man land,
For herds of horses famous!
Look at the black steeds roaming
Through downpours of dry grass.
Give me a young horse,
My blood is rising.
To that land will I ride
Setting city and steppe aslant.
The wind shall fan the flame
In the blood
 of the Argamak,
Beneath us
 the grass shall burn,
Dust
 and the clacking of hooves.
Your Argamak shall learn
What it means
 to attack,
We shall throw
 hoofbeat
 thunder
In the face of the timid paths!*

1959

Ortikali Kozokov, 1960
Running Horses, 2021







Yelena Tyo, 1963
The Main Post Office, 2019



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

A CURSE ON THE POSTMASTER

*You write to me-that
much is certain.
You write to me every night.
Attach correct postage.
Drop box down on the corner.
And I don't know
why this so-called service
refuses to lift a finger for
two whole years!
I will return night
full days by the hottest bullet,
soon enough?
Carve out an hour,
an eternity,
and return to look for our door,
to rain down upon it with red fists,
and stand in its hush,
braced for the click of the lock.
I will come.*

Dead or living.

*Andi swear,
if you've grown two years
more beautiful,
if I don't recognize your
trembling voice...
God keep you,
yes, that's when I turn believer,
god keep you —
because I couldn't.*

1959

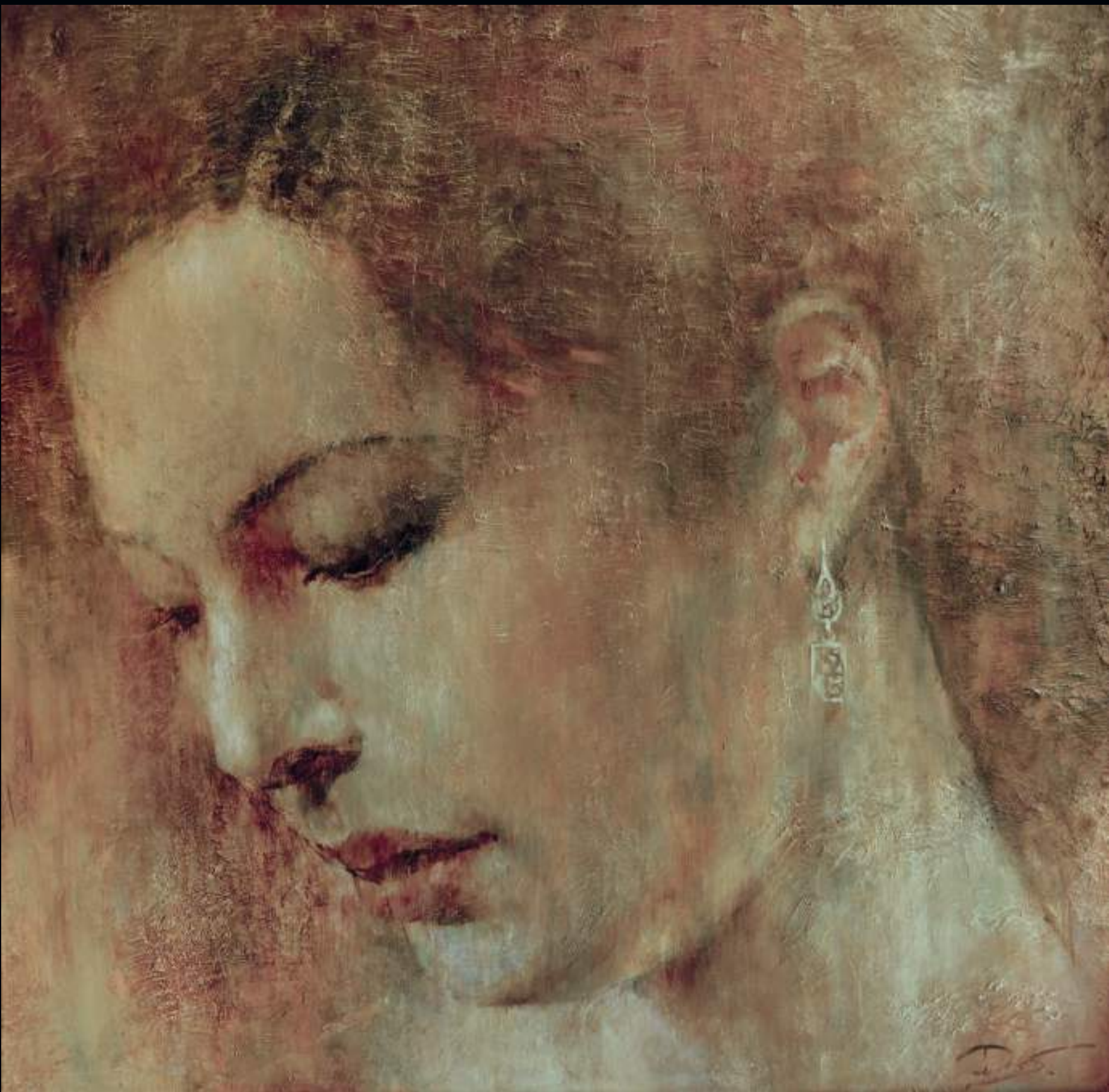
POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

CHILDHOOD, ORCHARDS, ARDOR ...

*I must have been eight.
Childhood, summer, back of the world,
a little cottage, rattle of horse-drawn
carts, orchards drowning in dust.
A woman's laughter in our front yard.
Our lodger,
 the old man called her.
My cheeks burning from sunrise on.
No, I had just turned eight.
Laughing whenever she laughed,
chattering before I knew words,
chasing boys from the brush
when she came to wash at the brook.
All those ages ago,
 but this is what I remember:
night, the old house with square,
 shutterless panes.
I stood, back pressed to the rough wall,
under the laughing window.
He came back from the war –
 that much I understood.
They embraced and he swept her up in his arms,
and kissed her.
For some reason my body was shaking,
all was quiet-just an occasional whisper,
and a stray sob ...
I couldn't stand it!
The stone shattered the glass.*

*Someone ran out –
– You!
I stared into her eyes.
Like in a dream
I tried to call out, but nothing came.
I cursed, like the blind beggar curses –
Beat it, you mother-such-and such ...
She pushed him aside. Go! she said,
this is the old man's boy,
and pressed me to her soft, open chest.
Why, you silly boy ...
I tore free,
 up on the roof threw myself
down on a thread-bare rug.
I will grow overnight!
Become a thousand times strong,
make them pay for her shame ...
I never forgot that child –
grown long ago,
and my heart is troubled
every time a neighborhood kid follows
us with a child's merciless gaze.
There he stands, back pressed to the
wall, eyes sullen and black –
his first pang of jealousy is yours,
his childhood,
 orchards,
 ardor.*

1960



Dosbol Kassymov, 1960
Touch, 2002



Abilkhan Kasteyev, 1904-1973
Issyk-Kol in the Foothills of Almaty, 1960

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS



ISSYK

*There is an eagle sea
in the mountains of Alatau,
shores of granite
and warm Tian Shan firs;
centuries storing
the sullen dew drop,
icy waves varnished
with the color of skies.
Climbing up,
heart in your throat —
Altitude! Altitude!
Drinking the viscous water,
(it only hurts),
or air, warm and fragrant as honey,
blood pounding in the temples,
just about fainting ...
Blood galloping, raging.
Suddenly the wind bursts through
voices borne in the distance,
and grasses grinding, and cries,
cymbals, stomping and crashing,
and trampled mat-grass ...
Someone pushes you forward,
"Don't think, jump..."
From rock to rock through the crack,
a few steps
and the trees give way to the eagles' sea ...
Marveling at the beauty
of its troubled shores —*

*narrow-hipped rock
washed by its water's splash.
Look closely and you will see —
once it was just a cliff,
and the wind rocking the lonely peaks
like pines,
and the eagles dancing and dying in the muti-
nous air,
and the spume jets bursting from the mouth of
the gorge.
And the waters sundered
into a thousand listless streams
in a narrow bed,
and they drew together
and drove the cliffsides apart,
cleansed by the sun
became a bottomless lake.
Prick your feet on the sharp edges of sand,
see how transparent turns its taut, sinuous
flesh,
bend down and take it in —
until your temples revolt —
and the icy flow sings in your steaming veins.
And then you will throw up your arms-
it will come at once-
your muscles will beg for work.
You walk,
you hurry down the immeasurable path,
sweat-spray caressing your salty cheeks...*

1960

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

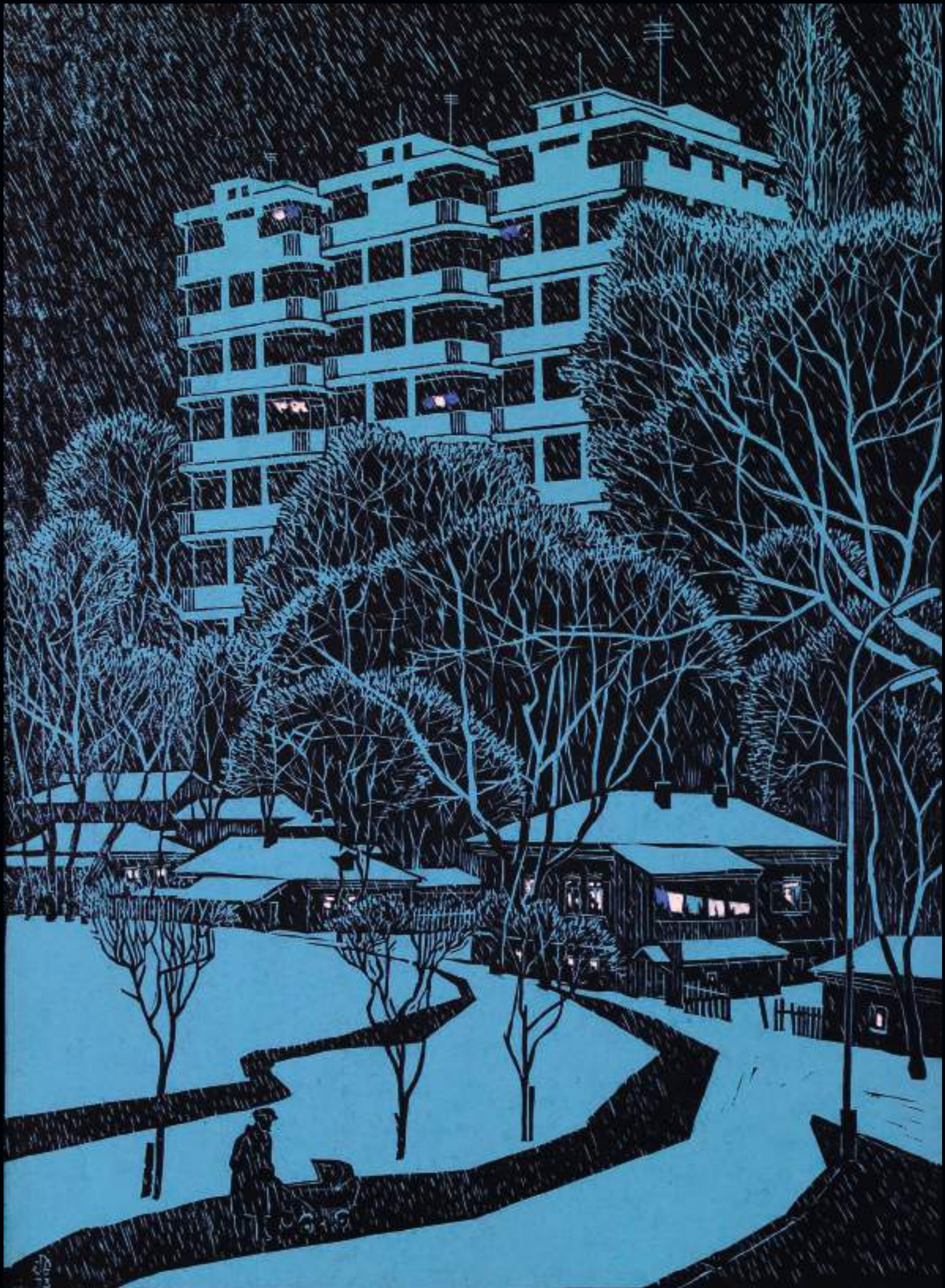
MIDDAY HEAT

*Now, I saw her sleeping 'neath
a dusty apple-bow.
What a beauty! Arms thrown
out and a murmuring brook.
There's a swollen honeybee
in the matted sage.
There were sun stains
wandering playing on her breast.
Down along the aryk-side
softly did I go.
What a beauty! honestly
braids stamped in the dirt.
My old horse is frowning, looking to one side.
There were sun stains
wandering wider than my palm.*

1960

Ortikali Kozokov, 1960
Under the Apple Tree, 2021





POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THESE WORDS ARE BORN OF THE NIGHT

*By day the beating heart is dull.
Peace.
Quiet.
Snowdrifts weave their rich tapestries
upon the branches' loom.
Snow dust drops softly
upon our destinies
like roaring time.
...Don't go into the streets today
snows swirling round
will ply their frozen strands into your hair.
Why, you've grayed overnight! my snow —
sweet love ... Don't go, I beg you ...
Bury your cheek instead in the hot pillow,
my breath caressing your hair.
Outside the wind is rising,
the frost is melting...
the frost is melting...*

1960

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

OH, YOU ARE PROUD

*Oh, you are proud,
proud with me alone,
meek with the others.
And the years go by.
How many now ...
You stay the same with me.
Still proud.
I'm glad.
I wouldn't want their lot.
I wouldn't want your pride to serve them.
Go on then-stay proud,
at least when at my side.
I could not love you meek.
The years go by. How many more ...
Your pride is mine —
all mine.
Stay proud.*

1960



Qabdyl-Galym Karzhassov, 1954
Golden Hair, 2002



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

NATIVE SOIL

*...One war replaced another.
My uncle, the engineer, went off ...
How? Volunteered? Perhaps.
Or driven-by insomnia, they said.
By midnight terror, white windows,
by brakes screeching ...
He walked along the aryk,
I ran beside and begged him:
take lots of Nazi prisoners!
 Refuses to surrender?
 then with your saber,
 with your bayonet,
 foot in his belly –
 make him feel pain,
 tear out his throat,
 blood gushing everywhere!...
He gave a sidelong look.
The old man, beside him, spat in the dust.
Three years we had letters
stamped through by wartime censors.
The last said:
your uncle, in the line of duty, fell.
...The old man, starving, barely literate
crossed half the country
to find the graveone
grave amid a thousand graves.
His sons would not lie in strange soil.
I saw:
old station houses, hunger, the beating sun,
soldiers hanging out the windows
of passing trains,
the shattered earth, tank carcasses,
gangs of starvelings in empty railway halls,*

*gutted villages and a bony cow
with a huge, swollen belly.
I saw: rivers, rivers, rivers, rivers,
under showers and downpours alike,
birch trunks and oak trunks rotting,
all knee-deep in mud.
We saw the grave
behind a tiny village
run through with hazy rains
lump of clay above a lazy stream.
The old man took off his beshmet,
chewed some naspai.
I stood, staring down at my feet –
It's not so different from ours back home,
wet-yes-and grassy, otherwise the same.
Some village folk stood by,
one among them, cheeks a little hollow,
but still fresh-I looked and looked at her.
The old man did not see them,
he prayed, circled the grey hillock once
then pierced it with his shovel.
Then women came.
One with the fresh cheeks
spoke softly, "It isn't right ...
Eighteen men lie here."
The old man understood a little Russian.
He drew the shovel gently,
then pressed the earth-wound with his palm
and dragged it sharply against his boot.
We sat all of that day beside the stream.
Children watching us till nightfall,
the old man chanting in Arabic
and I, twig in fingers, chasing ants.*

1961

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

INDEA

*I have seen the rainbow over Niagara
Falls; by daylight and by night
in tinted floodlights-the crimson bow.*

*Were I a chief,
and Keeper of the warrior's oath,
standing over Niagara
I would have said to you, old men,
"O children mine,
 ye hard bellied how lets!*

*Think of the grass Ayaganga
 upon the banks!*

*Think of the bonfires
 and the songs we sang.*

*The bones we gnawed,
 never lifting our heads,*

Ho!

*We cut them down!
Clawed at the dust,
horses nuzzling overturned flesh.
Our dreams are of grasses and mares
with bronze in their breath.
Sniffing at bronze-mauled faces
the horses sang out from fright.
The sickly ones stayed by the fire,
rejoining in their merciless howls.
A goodly fear crept in the soul,
the warrior felt the cold sweat upon him.
Stiff with fear, t*

*he cowards jumped to their feet:
Horses here! Horses!
O attack! ...
Women danced in silence
rocking their coarse bellies.
The howls were growing stronger
and the warrior dealt death everywhere.
The women could not understand
what the warrior half – understood!*

*...Softly we push off from the shore,
cast back to the rock.
Our deeds not atoned,
sung.*

*A flood? So much the better!
Let cities drink in their fill
of seaweed and silt.*

*Water! –
a yellow anchorite's dream.
Let us be tormented by the thirst
of our father sbathed
in hot crimson baths,
we've drunk that brew ever since.*

*Let their mighty trunks
lie stiffening in the fresh grass.*

*Let the heady nectar
be culled by young wasps.
The great halls stand empty and cold –
all morning the crows
pitching their plaintive caws.*

*Life, you are reckless like Niagara,
carving your path in the rock
to plunge into an abyss.*

*Do you look for your source?
O Niagara!*

Ah, Niagara!

A-a-ah!

And a plunge.

Falling?

*Rumble and water dust –
fall if you must,
but first, find the loftiest ledge.*

*Overlooking inferno
hangs the old crimson bow –*

O Niagara!

It is the envied lotto

*sow joy
as we drop.*

1961



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

AT NIGHT ВЕЧЕРОМ

*You defend me
from gossip and slander —
left your home
for the chill of anonymous rooms —
and not a word of reproach.
You sweeten our tea with your kindness.
I come home,
my heart is filled to the brim
with your cautious words.
My dear girl,
we are growing dreadfully old —
a crease in your eye,
a heaviness in the limbs.
You are burning,
and burning
you warm my flesh with your flesh.
My memory isn't the same —
say, how was it yesterday?
In a few years I will forget your weariness,
your kind words
and your sleepy warmth.
I will forget that you bore
my wounds, my defeats
when I was beaten-I beat ...
And when I forget,
when your creases are creased into my heart,
one day I will peer deep into a pair of eyes
untroubled with care,
and I will envy the man
whose face is suddenly lit
by their trembling light.
I would give all I have
for his place in that light
of sharp, adolescent eyes.
And I will forget
that you stand at my side,
twisting a faded strand
around your trembling finger.*

1961

Zhumakyn Kairambayev, 1953
Eternity (a portrait of his wife), 1993







POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

HO, WHITE-LOCKED WINTER

*Ho, white-locked winter —
I, dark-skinned, revel in your snows.
Come play with me,
come drive me mad,
spill blizzard strands
across my face.
I squint, and fight, and search
through the wrapping of your loosened hair f
or you — winter.
When I catch you I won't let go —
I'll take you
bound with white braid cords
into the April swelter,
to Karabulak, the raisin woods.
I'll cast you there — a white hare in the
cliffs. The sun, red fox, will smile on us,
from the height of Tengri,³
and by chance will bare her fangs.
"Hop to the sun!" you'll say,
"To the cliffs, and over
where it's easy to fall:"
"We'll go;" I say,
"but know you'll melt
in love with the dark blue mountains' flame."
"So what!"
you say, coyly ...
"My husband, snowstorm, is
good to me but cold.
I never melt in his white embrace.
And so, embittered,
I want to warm myself, oh and to melt!
Like a clear stream
fly down the vale,
I'll lie in its bed,
and draw the willows.
Men will raise a drawn-out song
about my fleeting youth.
...Ah, tender March winter!
The storm, sensing my triumph,
snorts in booted pursuit.
Chase on, old man —
any way I'll get away.*

1961



Nikolay Gazeyev, 1948
Winter Landscape



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

WOMAN

*When you strut down Broadway
for the first time
everything turns its head to look at you:
the crowds, the buildings,
 yellow taxis, shops,
the gaping bars and the women.
All Broadway is a stage,
each hungry for his fame and glory,
each for himself — no brother, father, son,
all equalized —
 the weak beside the strong —
in tragedy. The show must go on.
Each player must go on —
 so hurry, hurry —
look at the fool, the genius, the hero —
just look! Each bears a noble spark,
all of us actors
 when we come onstage
all talents —
 when
 they
 love
 us,
when all the world is hung upon our thread,*

*the audience explodes
 in peels of thunder —
our truth will dazzle — set them free.
Behold me —
 I am twenty!
Ah! Gotcha!
Caught you looking,
blue-eyed or blue-haired or what have you —
eyes painted
in subtle watercolors,
eyebrows in heavy oils — She looks!
Go on and look,
I'll square my shoulders, jaw
bulging out desperately.
The crowd swarms about me,
I whisper "watch it ..."
pride-color
rising to my face.
The looked — at must be larger
than life.
I saunter past. A proud nod.
You've made me so immodest,
you smile —
un-com-pre-hen-ding...*

1961

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

NIGHT AT NIAGARA

*What timid night!
Half-hidden in wood's deep shadow.
Moonbeamher —
her father's knife,
the pale road —
Christ's shadow.*

*...Trembles, palms pressed into the sod.
What thunderous silence!
Only a stifled moan —
she slips away,
becomes a rosy glow amid the pines!*

*She slips along the wet black rock.
I wake. I shout.
I cannot hear myself.
The jealous moon casts down
a fierce and brilliant eye.*

*My little girl!
Don't go! I' m coming! Wait!*

*She flashed her black eyes,
She tossed her black mane,
She laid her trembling hands upon her chest,
and stood beneath the moon,
imperious in her white shame.
Stood naked at the edge of an abyss.
I went to her.
The maiden night is-gray!
The waters rush white-whipping their black
manes,
confounding hours, meridians and dreams.
I am young —
but old beside her.
I embrace the night
as though an Indian maid
with the guttural name —
O Niagara!...*

1961





POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THE WHELPS

*Man made his way.
Day-and-day wandered.
Where bound?
What matter?
Steppe did not say.
Down in a hollow
spotted a body –
wolf-closer-she-wolf –
mother for short.
Thick of the sage brush,
its throat torn open,
pumping blood,
thicker than mud.
Rival? Wolfhound?
Uncomprehending
labored, groveled
her suckling pups.
Pressed to the wound –
imperious fennel
ruling over –
thick blood, growing cold,
drank in the whelps,
blood mixed with vengeance.
Where bound?
What matter?
Long as it lives.
Each makes its way –
looking for vengeance.
Meet one another –
fight to the death.
Man made his way.
Where bound?
What matter?
He was a huntsman.
He left them there...*

1961



Nurlan Bazhirov, 1964
The Indians, 2008



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

CHICAGO, MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

*The jasper pipe is preened
with the feathers of mountain owl.
The Peace Pipe resembles
the chukchi's chibook.
Dakota dummies
smoking and holding their Supreme Council,
broad-faced and narrow-eyed like Jochi.
On thick stilts
sits a canoe,
warriors in scalps —
heavy spears, knives in leather sheaths,
peering into the distance,
a wizened old man
resembles a soothsayer from Ghulja.
Drawing the steppes aside with his left,
squatting slightly on his bowed legs,
the chief gazes into the eyes of neon walls —
something troubles the heathen
in the foreign night.
Wandering through the halls,
silence in tow —
a brush of the hand will send my head reeling.
— Yellow antiques.
Ornamental hush.
Weaponry, weaponry, weaponry.
Graceful bows,
arrowheads made of quartz,
marvelous tomahawks
with silver niello!
Diamonds, rubies,
cudgels aplenty —
sophisticated skulls
wouldn't know what happened!
Everything settles to dust —
what shall we say to the dead?
That they would never see
the Peace Pipe,
howlet-preened,
perched in the glass
amid the gaudy riches of War.*

1961

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

HAPPINESS

*In the steppe I understood the need for water.
The state farm got its water from the district center.
This state farm had a thousand people —
working in the heat, working on the harvest —
with water by the cup.*

*For two weeks, I traipsed around the territory,
dug some pits, took some samples,
and noted that the bed outcroppings
were easy to see: the landscape itself helped me.*

*In five shifts, we drilled through those hundred meters
and fitting the casing tightly
punched through the bed.*

*A fountain.
Muddy at first.
Then clearer and clearer.*

*All of a sudden the excitement ended.
People fell silent.
And someone shouted:
"Why, it's salty!"
"Impossible!" I rushed to the fountain,
and buried my face inside the pillar of water—
The director lit a cigarette.
"Well, these things happen...
The land is not a book: it's hard to read it".*

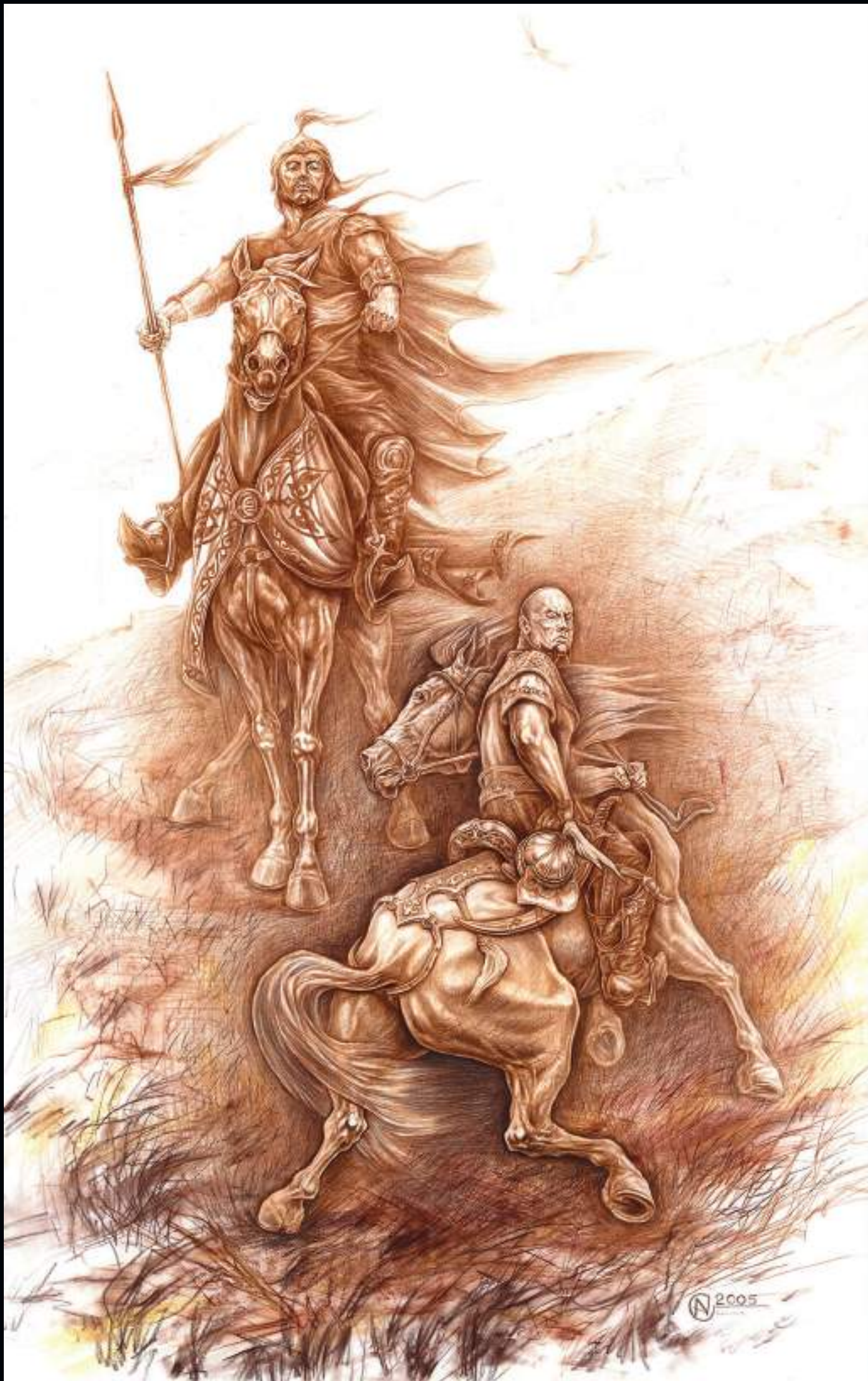
*The water was shooting up to a
height of fifteen meters.
It rose like the trunk of a birch tree
in the desolate, flat, scorched steppe
and a rainbow played in its spray.
Shameful, useless water!
Still, that one curious driver
finally got down from his combine —
dusty, sunburned —
made his way to the water, got soaked,
and gave me a happy,
blindingly child-like smile.
Everyone, everyone
suddenly, noisily, headed for the water
just as they were, in their caps and clothes.*

*And looking at the happy foremen,
I stood there wiping myself with my wet sleeve,
drying my salty face,
laughing, sobbing,
and loving these people,
who, not seeing that I was weeping,
were forgiving a sincere unlucky break
and thus just adding to the pain.
But every time that someone else's will
grabs me — not by the heart, but by the throat —
I still recall that weeping field
And the magnanimity of my people.*

1961



Salikhitdin Aytbayev, 1938-1994
The Land and People, 1974



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

WE ARE NOMADS

To A. Voznesensky

*Here is how I see it:
Makhambet is an arrow stuck in the Chinese wall,
head in the brick,
fringed pants for fletching.
Dread Makhambet,
I envy you not,
no more than a cutout in a hackneyed plot.
Don't try to make out our queer words,
climb out of that thrice-cursed wall:
you've made your hole,
and into the quivers of library stacks —
to live an epic in the kingdom of prose,
mending the world with your metaphor,
unbending the crook of the question mark.
Andrey! We are nomads, the two of us —
the spaces of cultures and eras
divide us,
we wander different routes,
like god and religion.
I would use my learning to test
the great faiths
that my poor old devil
never suspected.
I babble in Etruscan, you decipher
the cries and the destinies
of runes piercing brick —
some learned dullard shall keep
that annotated drivel,
learn wisdom,
discovering the perils of learning.
I roam the steppes, unbending
like the index finger
(the index finger is bent
by trigger alone).
Here is how I see it: Az +la= Asia;
correction:
we roam toward ourselves,
recognized in the other.*

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

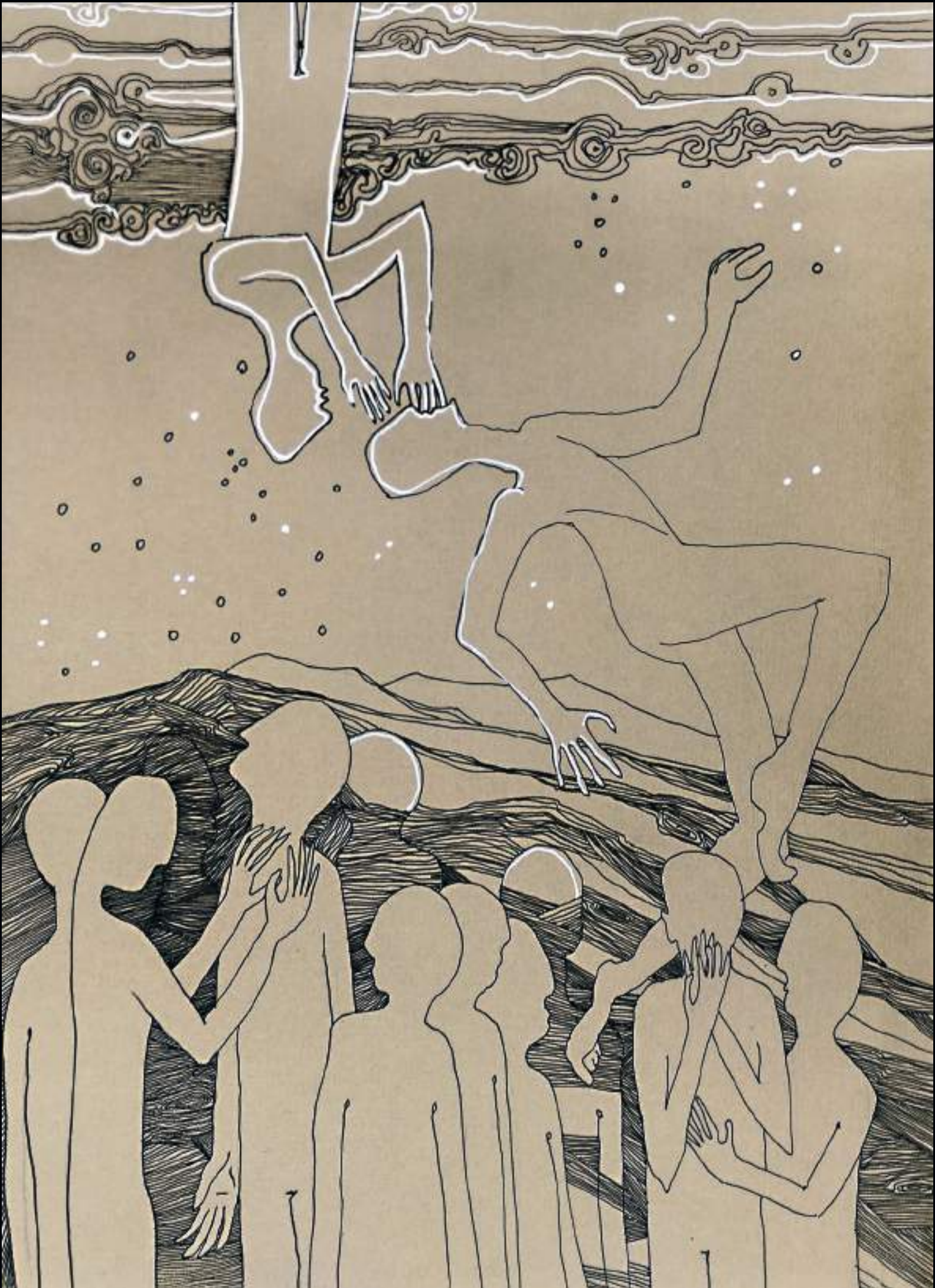
PICTURES FROM A MAGAZINE

*...A desert.
No sun visible. Shadows.
Short shadows on white ground.
Six shadows around one shadow.
And this one shadow is longer than the others.
Six strapping young men
And an old man, a thin man,
Inside the circle, like a drunk, going in circles.*

*Now they'll hit him.
Again.
Now in close-up.
The face.
The high forehead. The raised shoulders.
Where will they hit him?
In the teeth? In the temple?
Half-turned one young man stands
With his fists clenched, ready to hit,
His body wide open.
This is a completely careless young man.*

*The boxing he was taught is no good.
Only offense, no defense.
His jaw is open,
His body is open,
Hey, young man, you should be more careful!
Everyone who looks at this page
Can see your fragile jaw-wide open.
This is a completely careless young man
Facing the world with his fists clenched.*

*Oh, how he wants
To hit hard!
How he wants to deal a sharp blow!
You are completely defenseless, man!
You should look after yourself instead!*





POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

PICTURES FROM A MAGAZINE

*Mother!
Aren't you afraid to let
A son who can hit
Go off into the world?
Mother!
Don't you hear
People crying somewhere?
Mother!
Don't you know
That grief makes people old?
Mother!
Look on the other page
And scream as you screamed once
When you gave birth
To your murdered son.
There he lies
Buried in dust
With a bullet
In his heart.
He wandered too long in the world
Clenching his fists and opening your heart.
Mother!
Scream
As you screamed one night
Seeing your husband off to his death.
Remember,
He stood bruised, undressed,
With his shoulders raised, waiting to be hit...
They hit your husband —
You screamed.*

*They hit your son —
You screamed.
Mother!
Why?
Why were you silent
Feeling the pain of your son's blows,
Feeling
That someone had fallen
On his back, throwing apart
His thin, dark arms?
Mother!
Isn't this enough
To make you scream?
...On the walls of their houses
People hang quiet landscapes,
Beloved women's glances
Sung in gentle pastels.
Brothers killed in wars
Joyfully look from their portraits,
People want to get used
To the idea
That wars are a thing of the past.
Among canvases of blossoms
Hang you a page
Full of pitiful pain,
Full of sharp shadows,
Full of angry blows,
Blood, sorrow, contempt,
Full of humiliation,
Remember.*

1961

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

YOU'RE HONEST...

*"Know that, alas, timid hearts
Are shown no mercy as yet.
As rivers without strong storms
Dry up, only boulders left,
Fury dies without love
And without fury love is dead.
Success lies with fury and wrath,
And love. and victory's heat.
You haven't tasted them yet
And are already indifferent, poet.
How will you tell your grandsons
About our fathers' difficult path,
How will you substitute sweet wine
For warriors' bitter blood?
How will you tell your grandsons
About our own furious days?
About the flowers of morning
And moss on picturesque stumps?
And that its youth was trampled
By strangers' horses' hooves,
And that red horizons blazed
Around it, night after night?
And that we covered with it sweat,
Chopping the takyr of the steppe?
And that we have no desire
To grieve beside ancient stumps?
To live!
Oh, what a word! Once!
Like waving a sword! To live!
It seems, even in the sun
One can live one's life in the dark.
Here they are, then, like memory,
The stones of distant roads.
Are you, then, not ready
With us the threshold to cross?"*

*And now, my too-reasonable brother,
Have you really no fear
That we will be punished cruelly
With sorrow and grief by the years?"*

*"Yes, all that once sustained me
Is a heap, a useless dream!
Yes, the sky above me is a
small, dark parasol!
Yes, I wouldn't be able
To lift my gaze from the floor.
Yes, you have helped me to see!
But brother, how heartless you are..."*

1961

Askar Yesdauletov, 1962
Movement, 1991







POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THE THROAT OF THE MARAL

*Altai is the same as my Alatau.
Firs and pines.
Birches and maples.
The same sunsets leaping over
the same dense pheasant slopes.
I burrow through,
I hear them-leaving,
the birds are leaving, the chamois leaving,
I hear the rustling, my heart is sinking,
the panthers leaving, sensing my presence.
The trees would leave,
but the earth won't let them.
Grasses grimacing underfoot.
My throat-a desert,
my flask is empty,
a fickle stream slips under a rock.
I climb the rock.
I see a valley.
Someone has upturned the waterside.
Mud and dog rose.
Tear and trail.
A maral feasting, and a wild boar.
So, there you are!
The boar flinches,
raises his snout from the stream.
Grunts. (Was it to warn the maral?)
And plunges headlong into the brush.
A half-ton cannonball fired at the dog rose,
the racket died down after a time.
The pale maral flared his nostrils,
struggled, cut through the tangle of thorns
silently, desperately, majestically.
And then his breath failed.
The maral froze.
Thick veins swelling under his skin,
eyes bulging, nostrils flaring.
My hand slipped down to grasp the knife,
a wave of blood — overwhelmed me,
my heart rapped swiftly into my ear:
"This piece of flesh is filled with despair,
your teeth are pining after carrion!..."*

*His horns were deadlocked. I walked away.
My people were warriors...*

1962

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

NIGHT IN THE DESERT

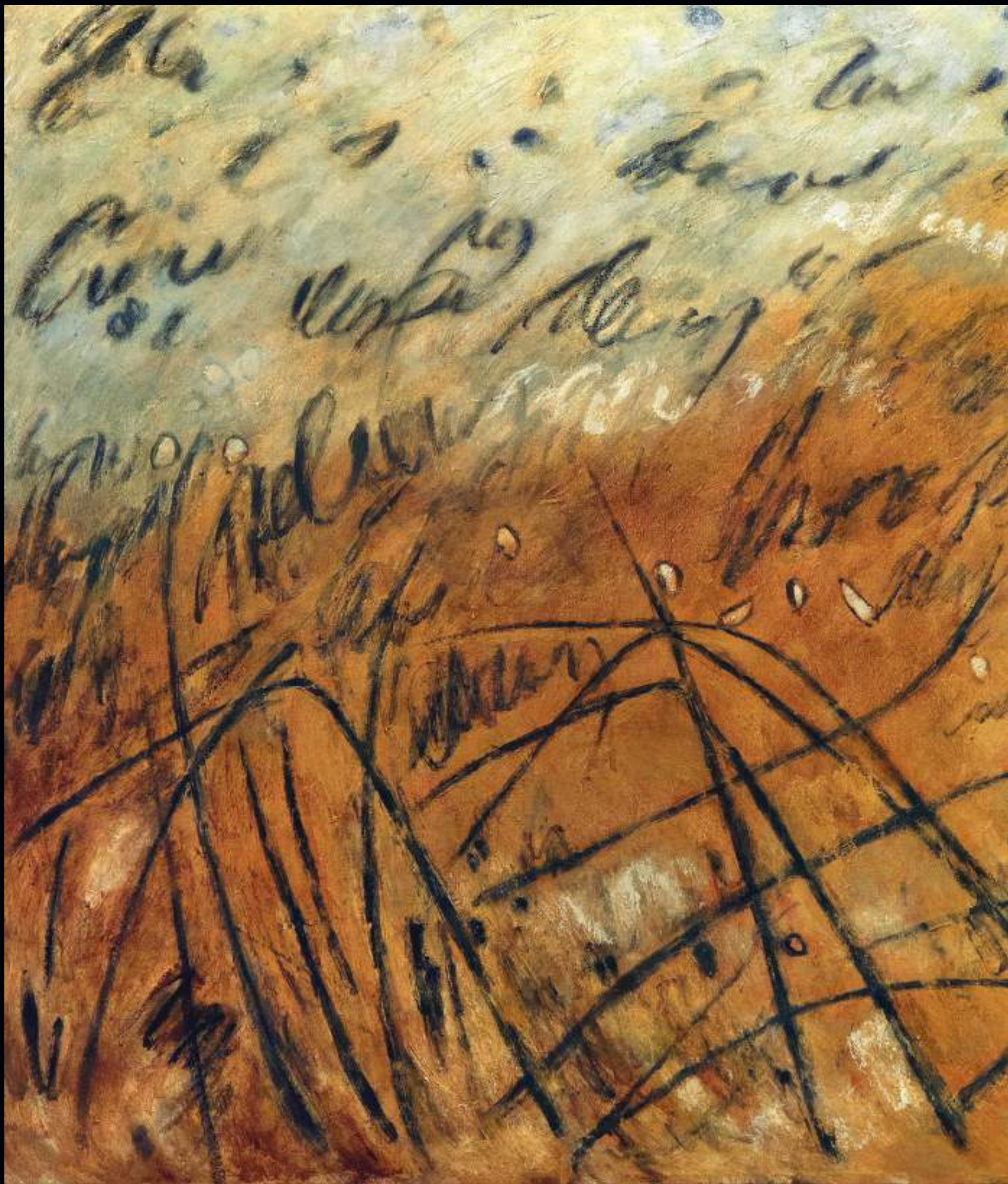
*Not a drop.
Incredibly, not a drop around,
on the listless sand,
on my face, on my bednot
a drop.
Only the clockwork calm
of pulverized rock
languishing in the heat of the midnight moon.
And not a drop.
Vagabond jackals howling in the dunes:
Not a drop!
Saxaul stripped to the bone, shrieking:
Not a drop!
In aluminum light
rolls the swollen breast of the desert,
and there isn't a sound
more alive than this longing — dune-shaped —
for a drop of dew.
The moon-heat will subside
and the distant fringe of dawn
will burst with the sun...
What for?
A dew drop on the face of a man all alone.*

1962

Rashid Khojaniyozov, 1989
The Song of Sands. 2021







POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS



SAMUM

*Kishlak falling
under a spell —
under layers, layers of powder.
I am frightened.
Nowhere to run-wail
all night from the minaret tower.
And the age — tumbles down with a scream.
And the age — thundering over the desert.
And a thousand trunks in its grasp,
a thousand — torn from the ground.
My mouth under my palm,
my eyes-sunk under eyelids,
I grieve and grieve for my kind,
for the wretched fruit of this island.
My lament-sinks where it stands.
crawling, clawing its crooked body,
hunting down the track in the sand,
hunting ground, the track-is bloody.
A crooked minaret stuck in the sand.
Like a wounded wolfhound — howling.
Kishlak falling — taranchi's land —
under layers,
layers of powder.*

1963

Yerzhan Kudaibergenov, 1961
Simoom, 2014

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

A DOWNPOUR IN NEW YORK

*Humid. Crowd. July.
Rainlines piercing concrete.
Yellowed streaks fused to my window panes.
City trudging along
knee-deep in the Hudson.
City wiping its mouth
leaning against a lamppost.
Like a jockey
I stare into its maw.
Yellow water streaks clawing
at my windows.
Going out. Wandering about.
Rain on Park Avenue.
I'm your guest.
You're soaked through.
I will be too.
Humid. Rain.
I am wading knee-deep,
and the muddy stream
stretches out its arms to me
like a steppe-child lost
in a city of stone.
America!
Is it you — that speck of a flame
stamped by the marching shades?
"Who are you?"
I can't speak, crushed
by the rumps of motorized corpses.
Yellow light. Downpour. Mudflow.
I am safe under a hotel canopy. Taxis
with a woman's shriek burst
from the yellow mass
and shudder like geese.
Winds swelling the cleft
between two high-rises.
Water whirls stomping my cheeks.
A blue automobile
fumbling like a wave —
a blue ocean wave
in a yellowing swamp.*

1963

Aigul Tegzhanova, 1986
Color Harmony, 2009







POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

MIDNIGHT CORRESPONDENCES

*You are honey,
 think of you-my teeth aching.
You're a howler,
 roaring with laughter.
Me – I'm nothing. Nothing can touch me.
Been through hell. Wouldn't mind
 some heaven.
There are others, you say?
There are always others.
Turn away dear –
you do not love them.
Grunting, growling, gagging
on their verses –
You say "men," sweetheart?
No, not men – horses.
And a tongue -
 about to smash its prison?
And a pair of eyes – burning through their veils?
How do you propose I keep from frowning?
How can I look on – and keep from turning –
and dissolving into a croaking chorus?
Need you
 like the frog needs croaking,
like a widow – wailing,
fishes – weeping,
thirsting for you -
 like a coward thirsts for glory,
like a pack mule-for its pasture,
sun – for heaven.
Spendthrift – you can live forever.
I – begged a breadcrumb from a beggar.
Like a child begging for its mother...
If my name was – for example – Khayyam,
if my cursed name was – something Hafez,
if they called me Makhambet – I could have!...
But all the verses-written, sung and printed.
Love you – like they love in the steppes,
in the mountains.
Love you like that love –
 weeping and laughing.
Love you...
 Is there any other?
Love you –
 like I love you.*

1963



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

YOU STRUCK A DOG

*Remember the sheepfold?
Remember the flock?
Remember we fired into the night?
 Wind and wolves
with their rock-hard skulls.
You shielded your face,
 groped for the knife,
fear binding your arms
 like rope,
as claws tore through the chapan.
Then the gurgling coil came upone
fell swoop, clamped to the hoary throat.
The horse bolted,
you dug yourself into the snow.
Blizzard stirring the cauldron,
overturning a wolf,
 a dog
 and a man .*

*...It was quiet by morning.
But the skies were grey.
Snowdrifts sweeping the ground,
squatting by the side of the pen
to look into her fading eyes
(she had crawled back from the steppe,
dragging the last of her blood
in the door).
And as we finished her off
she wanted to lick our hands,
like she licked her cubs,
the cubs that needed her — alive.*

*You came from the steppe,
led by her bloody track,
found your sled-and were gone...
And now you've struck a dog
as I looked on —
what did the dog do?
Know this:
I wish the shepherds
had seen that blow.
You don't hit children,
and you don't hit dogs —
that's the law of the steppes.
Now you know
why I look at you
like the wolf!*

1963

Nurlan Bazhirov, 1964
*Tazy (a sighthound
hunting dog), 2009*

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THE LAME MUSTANG

*Wild horses in the steppes of
Zhetysu! Stick to the valleys.
Then-up on the hills,
thunderclouds snarling,
driving the wind,
whe-ee-ee,
driving the horse-cry.
Rumbling thunder.
After the sun.
Stamping the solonetz.
Black in command,
limping and raging,
whe-ee-ee, boiling in blood.
Black in command,
kept his band alive through the dzhut,
leg smashed in battle,
hiding his weakness,
driving the koulans to water.
Night after night,
up on the barrow,
keeping his vigil,
leg up,
guarding the herd.
They swore to him on the Quran,
pledged eternal faith.
Curbing their step,
curving out their line,
mane after mane, after the black.
Heavy rumps, drenched in sweat-
nobody passes the black —
that is law.*

*Grasses beaten,
rivers churned,
the lame black marches first
in the water.
Drinks.
Resting his heavy eyelids.
Suddenly picks up his leg.
The others
testing the air. Fear.
Somewhere the scent of a wolf is born.
Drink! Do not fear.
The herd is on guard.
Whitewater like milk.
Savage, yes.
But stiff as an ice-block,
nascent sensation pricking their skin.
I will rope the mustangs for battle,
receive their grace.
He grew calm,
came up on the shore.
Shook his trunk, climbing the mound.
The others bolted —
incredible!-
waves rose to their throats
as they rose.
Steppe rivers are drying out —
downstream at watering time
whinny the steaming horses,
breathing
the waters of Tentek.*

1963





Bakyt Kyshkash, 1987
*Kui Anyz (a tale performed in the form of the kui
(instrumental musical composition) played on
national instruments), 2012*

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THEW ARRIOR MAKHAMBET PRAYS BEFORE EXECUTION

*Bismillah!
I'll forget myself in distant campaigns.
Warring all of my life,
drowning in strife.
Born in the saddle,
dying in chains,
marched like a dog through the streets.
I'll forget the scent of a winded steed,
down in the pit I'll forget the hoarse cries.
In the morning my flesh will be torn
and tossed into flames,
my crown rolled in the dirt.
I'll forget a woman's trembling,
I am a drawn sword
cut by the bent reed.
My heart in my throat
like a raging serpent.
No – my heart is a falcon plucked.
I'll forget it all.
Prayer – my salvation,
and the flames, the battles, I'll forget Allah...
Arouah!...
A clear moon stands over the desert –
and camels drift out into the dunes
in search of their mates...
Milk sputtering at the brim of a Kazakh cauldron...
Dogs tearing each other to shreds
from madness and boredom.
Deep in the zindan-pit, here I lie –
and the moon rolls down to me
like a last bread.*

1963

Makum Kisamedinov, 1939-1984
Series "Makhambet", "Makhambet", 1972







POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

HOMECOMING

At the Ukraine Hotel I emptied out a flower pot. The maid
couldn't understand what I wanted with all that dirt...

*...As I boarded the ship
my Arab friend held up a briefcase
packed with the Talmud, the Bible and the Quran.
I was delighted, and he
laughed, sensing my pleasure.
There was a sheik's robe
woven in gold,
and a green turban, and a neck scarf.
"Hajji!..." called out to me
his wife Khadisha,
lifting her veil.
Delighted is the word.
Both, the journey and the homecoming,
and the medieval sling I found,
and a dagger
of legendary damask steel.
In Moscow I realized —
I'd forgotten
a handful of sacred dust-from Allalis fields.
Old Zali's gift-she'll cry all night without it!
I threw a handful from the flower pot
into the holy briefcase,
a handful of yellow dust!
The way I see it: all earth is sacred.
I'm glad I kept my word.
(A hajji is a trickster, you know.)
No weeping, grandma, you'll wake the devil,
and no boasting,
you'll jinx your boy!
That holy Moscow earth will keep me
from evil eye and jealous kin,
deceit and injuryt —
hat dirt wrapped up as charms.*

1963

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THERE WERE WOMEN UP TO MY NECK

*There were women up to my neck,
there were others up to my chest,
but one came up to my heart –
just that one, she measured just right.
Everything suits this girl –
a crease in the eye,
and a shock of gray,
a heavy mouth,
and the icy glint of her smile.
Everything goes –
even her knuckles' crunch,
even her much too girlish build,
even her thirty-some years...
Everything passes,
but everything goes!*

1963



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

WHAT WILL REJOICE THE HEART?

Our history is a handful of flashes in the night of the steppe.
Songs of you are sung around campfires, among the ruins of the Seven
Rivers, beside the spiteful, slighted Syr Darya. Your cities arose as
a challenge to the flatness of nature and perished alone.
...I stand in silence beside a white boulder in the deserted steppe of the Turgai.
How did it get here? The tomb of an unknown batyr? Or a relic of the ice age?
I stand beside a monument to Pushkin. It's New Year's Eve and snow
is on the ground. I am a son of the city. To fight the steppe is my
duty. Old men, I want to know how my cities perished.

*...The lazy yellow waves
of the Syr Darya roll on.
Otrar, white city,
where are your high walls?
For half a year oil lightning
bolts struck these walls.
For two hundred days and nights
the violent siege went on.
The canals were cut off,
No bread, no meat, no hay.
People ate their dead
and drank their warm blood.
On a morning in May
the count of the nights of the siege
was cut short by treason
and corpses filled the winding moat.
Only the women were spared,
great ones, abused ones, proud ones.
They were rolled in bloody mud
beside the corpses of their children.
And as they writhed, into Mongol
throats they plunged
the delirious blades
of their thin, curved knives!
Books!
Books burned!
The heavy, first books,
which the scorched East
would later lament!
Not for them did the women
cry out, loud and long.
A seedling found a hiding place
the scorched roots among.*

Yevgeniy Sidorkin, 1930–1982
*Lamentation, from the series "From the
Darkness of Ages", 1979*





POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

WHAT WILL REJOICE THE HEART?

*O my Kipchaks!...
The steppe had no love for high mountains,
the flat steppe
had no love for trees that stick out.
For ten centuries ahead
I throw you a rebuke.
O my Kazakhs, young ones and ancient ones!...
The steppe drew men to itself,
making their legs bend under burdens,
making their cheekbones become slanted.
It compressed their hearts and made them fiercer
and flattened their eyes
so that the slits could smile with cunning.
The steppe could not tolerate
dear-faced, tall people.
If someone failed to surrender
it broke his back in a hurry
and piled stones high on his grave and
took pride in the tall pile
and coddled the children anew.
The short-it nurtured gently.
The tall-it hurt out of envy.
Even our horses are stocky,
even our hair won't stand on end,
even the Khans were afraid
to raise their walls high
and the kurgans are low
and the rivers in Kazakhstan are shallow. But
the snow on the ground in Moscow
is the same as the snow in the steppe.
I am standing beside the burial mound
of a tall, ancient youth —*

*a grandson of Africa,
the son of a blue-eyed woman,
Paris's drinking companion, and
the brother of torrid Spain.
Above the Moscow steppe
he stands like a ginseng root.
Such a one have I also been.
I could be an Indian Tagor!
...Thus will I stand, hiding my hands,
beside mass graves ...
I could be Shokan,
Confucius, Blok,
Tagore!
...Thus will I stand, hiding my teeth,
beside mass graves ...
I'm ready to be Buddha,
Sesshu, and the infidel Saul!
Thus will I remain silent
at the foot
of mass graves ...
I'm ready to be a skull,
Someone's ready to be a sword ...*

*Thus shall we stand!
We, Tall Ones, shall stand!*

*Ask me gently-and I will sing.
Cut me down-and I will fall silent.
Look, finally: the steppe is cursed
but it is mine —
all of its peaks are covered with rocks and char,
with burns from lightning.*

1963



Saule Suleimenova, 1970
Mullah's family, 2008



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

ARGUMENT BETWEEN A LECTURER AND A MULLAH

*...We come back to the kolkhoz club.
Are there any questions?
I read the newspapers out loud.
The mullah must enter in character
and so he enters in character, broad-
shouldered, thickheaded.
The mullah enters as a mule
would enter, knocking.
Abdul has summoned him for a circumcision.
Yesterday, Abdul swore that he would
slaughter a horse. Abdul and his little
son are celebrating in the hall.
Abdul has forgotten his duty. The hour of the
namaz passes. The mullah looks for Abdullah:
he had such big plans for this meat! ...
But how can you find him in this throng?
And up stand I-framed by the stage-I, round-
shouldered, prematurely bald, bow-legged,
I, nearsighted, angry, gangly.
"What's most important?" I shout
in the mullah's face.
He is floored.
I: "What's most important is science!"
And I yell in the presence of mullah:
"We do not come from God-
but from a monkey!
I myself am-look!-Adam Maimun-uly!³⁰
Mullah, what's the use of circumcision?
Mullah, you're not smart, you didn't sit
behind a school desk. Your great-grandfather
is god, while mine is an orangutan.
You will not see
Allah in a zoo, but my orangutan
is there to this day! Inside a bright, heated cage
my proud, red-faced ancestor lives for free.
We must think about the stages of evolution,
about the phases of its glorious leaps.
What he is now, I say, is what we were before.'
I convinced the mullah,
and he started crying.
"Oh," he exclaimed, "let him go
uncircumcized!"
He said it
and he bowed, as if to Allah.
I sat down on my chair, put on my glasses, and
continued reading the newspaper out loud.*

1963

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

STANDING BY THE WINDOW

*...People came
From two neighboring kolkhozes.
Over a hundred gathered.
The prize —
A black colt.
A hundred well-fed, dignified,
Mustachioed fighters
Shortened their stirrups
And silently plunged into battle.
Horsemen,
Horsemen —
In a motley throng
The horses stream!
Laughter,
Hoofbeats —
The kolkhozes
Walk around in one frenzied mass
And follow the sweaty, stinking
Carcass of a goat!
Among the bright chapans
The beshmets, the embroidered shirts,
In pointy half-boots
And a gray blazer,
On a skinny mare
With a cigarette between my teeth,
Happy ride,
Crouching
Like a jockey.
This is sport!
Damn it!
How the Argamaks run!
Without scratching the earth,
How they fly
As in a dream!
The bearded horseherd
Waves at me.
Calling, whooping
He rides straight toward me.
"Al!" he throws me a beshmet
And shrieks wildly: "Ride!"
And he whips my nag
With a kamcha
As with a saber.
Out of the dust, the whiskered riders
Bolted at me,
Through the dust, through the heat.*



Yerbolat Tolepbayev, 1955
Kokpar (a goat pulling sport), 1985





POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

STANDING BY THE WINDOW

*...She gave me a push,
Her shawl wrapped around her face.
A white skirt's quiet splash.
Clink-the bridle.
The clacking of hooves. Hurrying,
I climbed on the horse.
The good nag flew
Without a saddle.
The wretch had a backbone
Meaner than a rake
And the steppe
Beneath her hooves
Thrashed wildly,
Flowed wrathfully,
Scorching bare feet
With prairie grass heat.
Stop.
Stop, you!
The moon lay down
Among shreds
Of shrieking clouds.
The horse,
The hooves,
A maiden's eyes
And the face!...
Like spilled milk! ...
Slowly...
A woman three steps away,
Hot. In black grass-white.
My trembling fingers
On her cheeks.
She cowered
But did not push my hand away...*

1963

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

APPLES

To L. Martynov

*...I came to the land
 of firs and pines,
pines squatting under the weight of skies,
winds-spinning white yarn in the trees
over a hut-sunk to its knees.
I entered, half the blizzard in tow.
Men of the house, hay in the snow, gave me
nary a turn of the head. Augers and bores-four
weeks in bed. Sat by the fire, untied my sack —
and everyone turned,
everyone looked.*

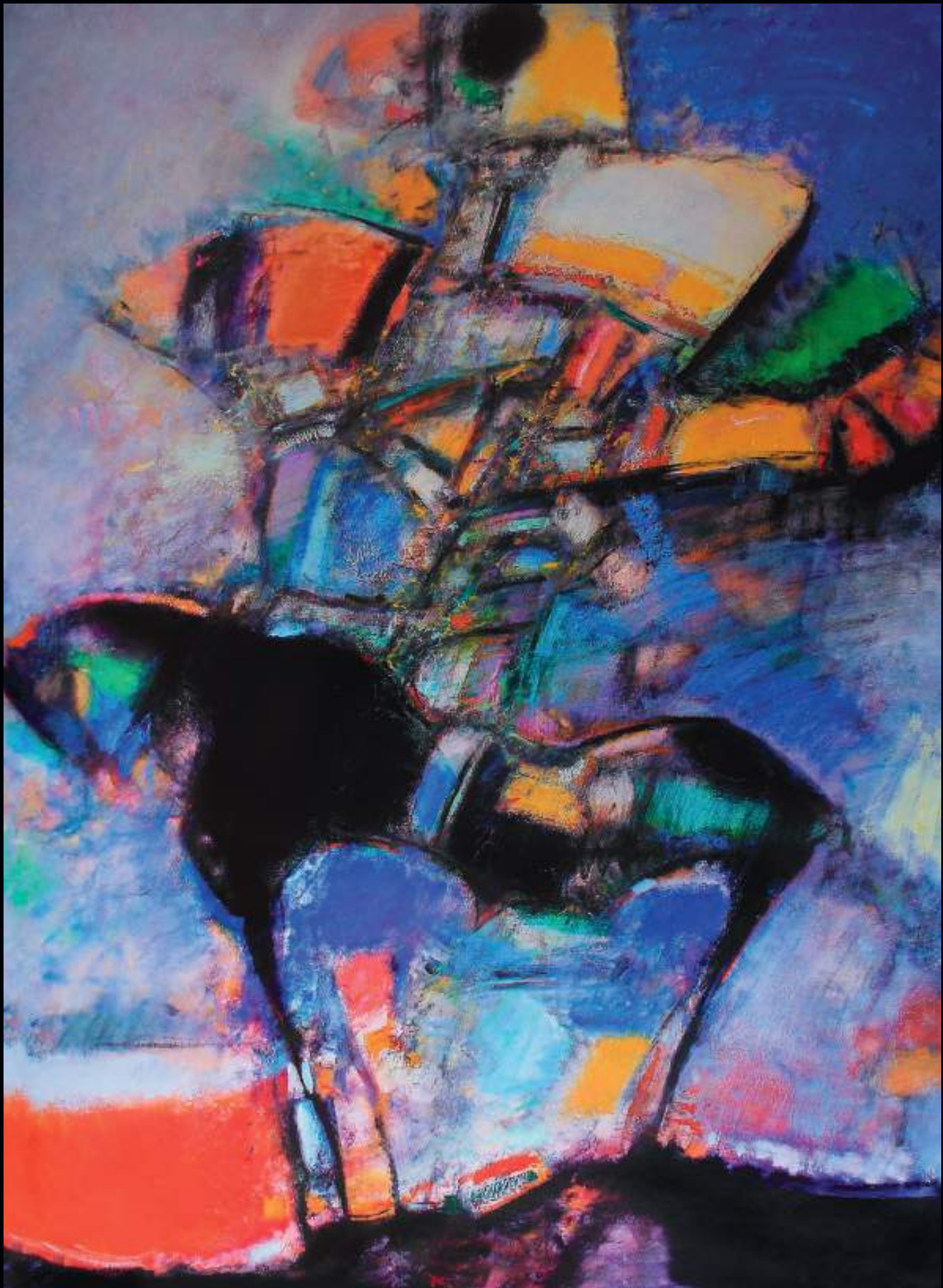
*Was it a sun peaked from its cradle?
Multiple suns lighting the cabin.
Brighter than embers-shimmering scent.
Men of the house-wrapped in felt.
Men of the blizzard, stacks of hay,
mad at the world for a month and a day,
cradled the apples with their rough hands,
gazed in their glowing, shimmering bands —
ditches and gorges and boulevards and lanes!...
Mama, they never glowed so bright
as on that stormy winter's night.*

1964



Alexander Rittich, 1889-1945
Apples, 1938





POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

RED RIDER, BLACK RIDER

*Cutting through thickets and hills,
horse gasping for breath,
gallops the happy red rider,
sweat stiffening into a salty crust on his face,
he's run down five steeds, five steeds, five steeds.
His helmet lost,
his leather shield-left far behind,
his sword in the sagebrush,
his spear in the spear-grass,
his Bukharian bow lies
in the Muyunkum sands,
cotton fields cradling his mail.
But the standard stays in his hand!
The mark of victory – the crimson flag –
that the warrior cannot drop.
That standard had bought him
seven steeds, seven steeds,
slender and tall,
it quenched his thirst with ayran,
slaughtered lambs for him
wherever he broke for the night,
the elders gave him
the best of their girls,
weeping, but never cross.
And the happy rider knew nights without sleep.
"Glory to you, o city, washed by aryks!
You are victorious!"
He fell to the ground, buried his face in his hands ...
O people, your victory is his glory!
His name will be spoken at hunting grounds.
Glory!
A rider's glory is mightier
than that of a warrior
dead in a nameless land, in freedom's name.
They gave him a pair of slavegirls,*

*"take three, if you want."
He stood, silently pressing his own to his side,
his rag-clad children crowding beside ...
Hush! Can you hear?
His horse is gasping for breath.
He's abandoned his road, his boots –
the village left far to the side,
gallops the black rider,
his pursuers long given up.
The flag on his shaft is black.
Will you rush to your death,
queries the flag?
Will you pay with your life
for segun's betrayal, for a craven pasha?
Is it your fault
that you've come out black?
Is it your fault?
The enemy marches on,
stomping out villages
with the stomp of a hundred thousand feet.
Sweat clawing your eyes, your horse panting.
Hero, you should have died
by your general's side!
You would be red,
you wanted it more than anyone else!
Clawing the earth from joy
at the feet of your women,
your mother and father!
Hide yourself, city of clay!...
Forgive me, mother!
Old man, be done with your life, don't wait,
fly like an arrow into your heaven;
women, wail, throw your babes from the wall,
drink poison, pour boiling
pitch over your heads!...*

1964

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

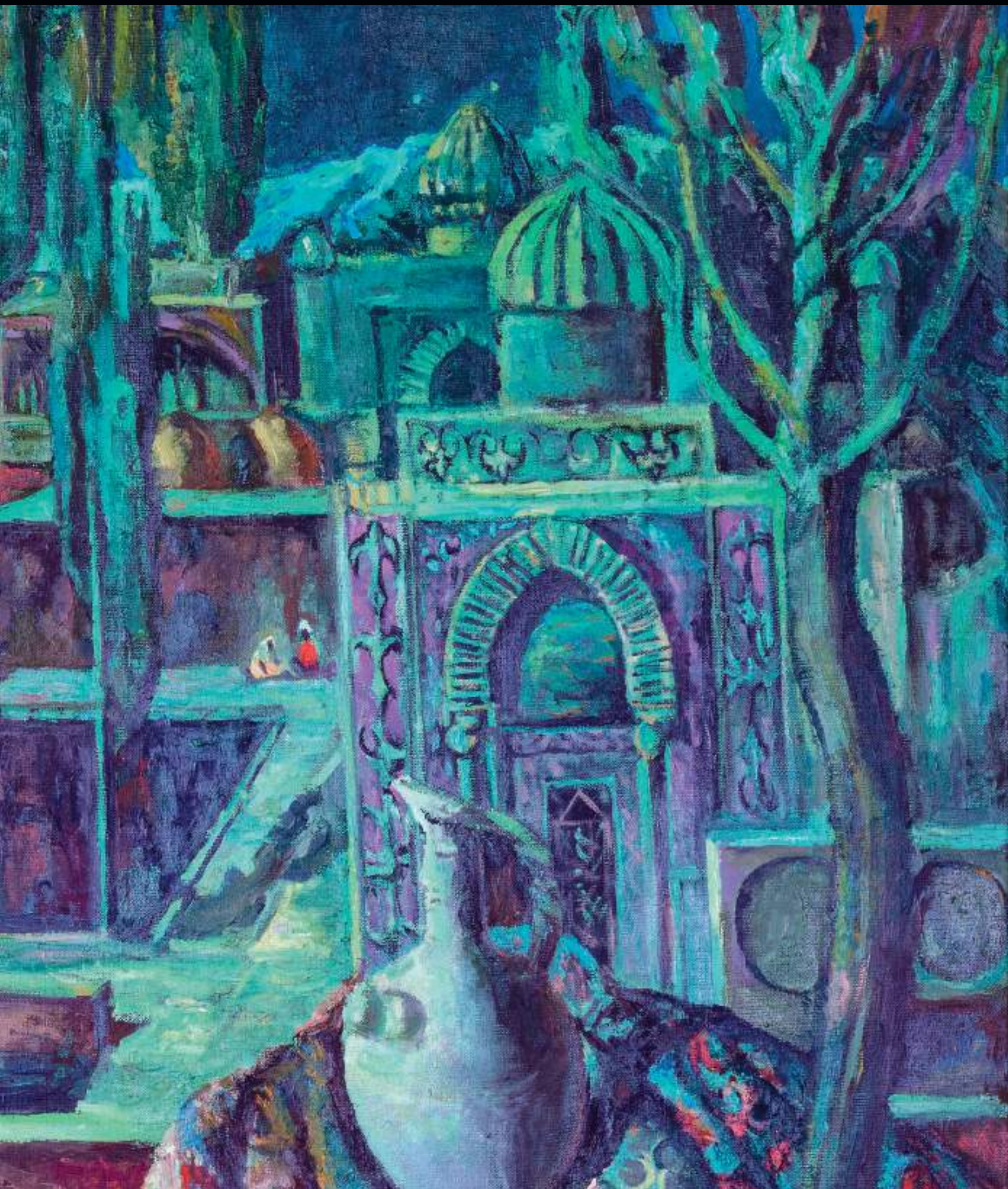
THE NIGHT WHEN WISHES ARE GRANTED

*The night is warm.
Old men muttering,
squatted down on their mats.
Moon raises its brow
in mock surprise.
Rocks in the maddening brook
perform interminable
ablutions. People bring to
Allah their lawful desires.
People ask to be granted
their midnight prayers.
On the night of Leila-uli-kadr
a Muslim covets
a speck of happiness —
light pours down upon the earth.
The dust of the streets
recedes imperceptibly.
People go up and down.
The walls of the mosque are still.
Children pass by like centuries.
The hoary fist of the minaret
trembles, grasping the crescent
shade of a sword.
Like a turban unfurled
lies a shimmering aryk.
Apple trees bathing their roots
in hoary water.
On the night of Leila-uli-kadr
I wander the concrete
mats of streets,
muttering like an old man
I mutter for you.
My wish may come true!*

1964

Vladimir Santalov, 1936-2007
With a Jug, from the series "Taraz at Night"







Pavel Zaltsman, 1912-1985
Asian Bonfires, 1965

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THE BONFIRES OF ASIA

We can remember that
 which levels all,
it is the stuff of human history.
One night the shamans came to us —
in righteous deed and in wise discourse.
They lit the fires, they taught
to guard the flame,
 to venerate the flame,
to heal with fire,
they taught to tame the horse,
to trust the Sun,
to read into the stars,
from them come your songs, your dances,
from them your rites of spring,
their plow, their bread, their oven.
Their carpets and their airplanes.
Their miners gave you diamonds.
Samoyeds torched them
 alive,
and they taught from the pyre.
The shamans
pressed light from blindness,
Beethovens from your deafness,
smelted Homer from darkness,
and did not know their fate.
They crushed the ore,

extracted talmuds and qurans
by the carat,
sorting a myriad saharas
in the gyrating pans of their myriad works.
All for your sake.
You pumped the nectar,
swarmed the dens, drank opium —
word's diamond,
golden promises paid for smoke.
Lolled on heated bunks,
 pipe in hand,
then in the gutter,
back to your roots —
dogs lie with dogs.
When asked to pay:
no poul, no tanga, no manat came,
you burned the shamans
 in their own flame,
paid smoke for smoke.
The world is full
of suffering? No, striving!
World born in strife!
O Asia, you've squandered thousands!
The bonfires blooming
 once more,
 make smoke.

1964



Pavel Zaltsman, 1912-1985
Five, 1963



Anatoliy Bichukov, 1934–2020
A Fragment of the Monument to Alexander Pushkin in Almaty, 1999

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

PUSHKIN SQ.

*A poet must be beautiful-a young god!
Have you seen god? You have, if you've seen Pushkin.
God is squat, black as a boot,
with heavy Moorish lips.
Though Dante was as tall as Satan,
snow-white and memory-pale.
The poet's wife – O divine Nathalie.
No one dares call her Natasha.
She stood upon his name
as on a glistening ballroom floor,
about her flitting courtiers – and he,
a servant, half-hidden by a portiere –
a dagger pressed into a glistening palm –
"My lord, you tarry most unwisely!
Take care, I too shall fall in love!
Why, she's bewitched us all, like rare poison!...That
snow-white throat, those shoulders,
that bust tall as a scaffold!
The servant stepped into the snow one night,
the god collapsed, clutching his bloodied belly...
And avenged himself
the way no duelist, brigand, emperor could –
but god alone –
fell silent.*

End of story.

*He ended-the bullet never stopped,
it travels still, it moves by force of evil –
one Pushkin is but little, it found ...*

*Too many targets in Russia –
we never knew them, but it found them out.
The street was lined with darkening crowds,
stepping into the squares of yellow light
pressed in the snow...
A century later another crowd stood
under another row of windows,
spoke of things lofty,
of the people's love.
The crowd hoards its praises
to squander them over graves.
His hat in hand, he towers,
stoops over us,
regards us grimly.*

1964

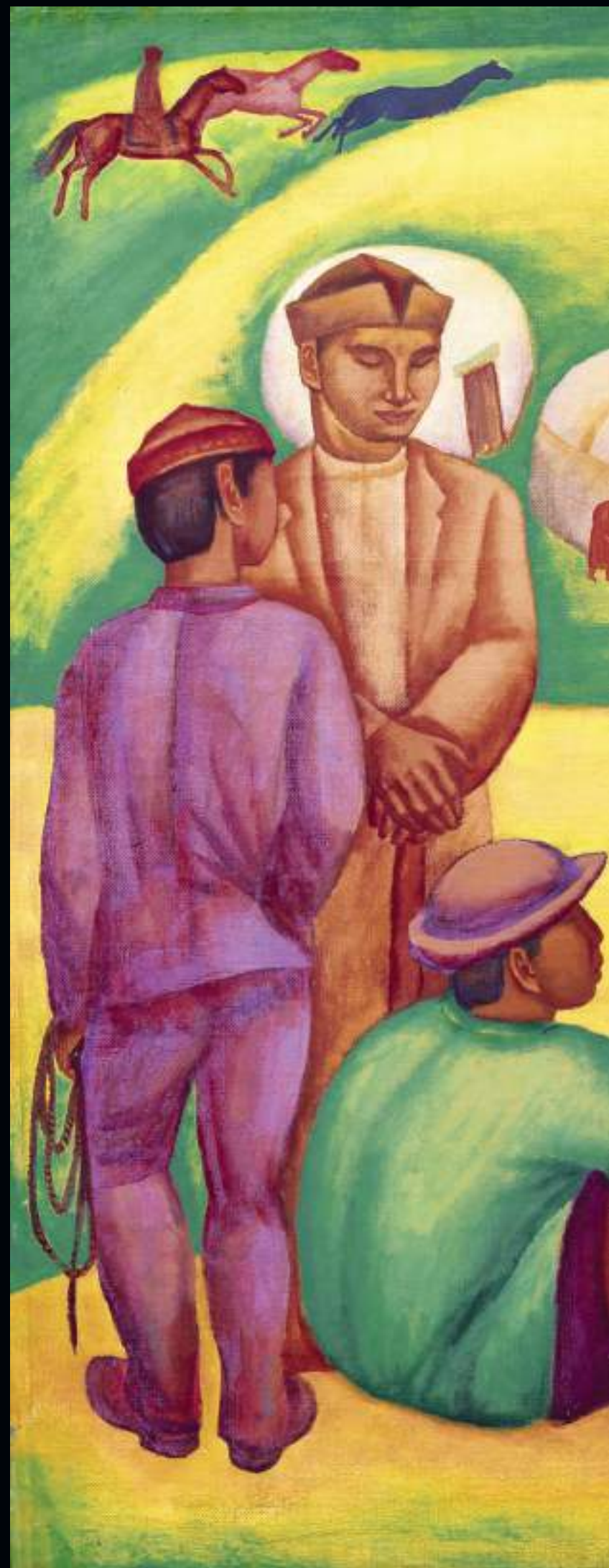
POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

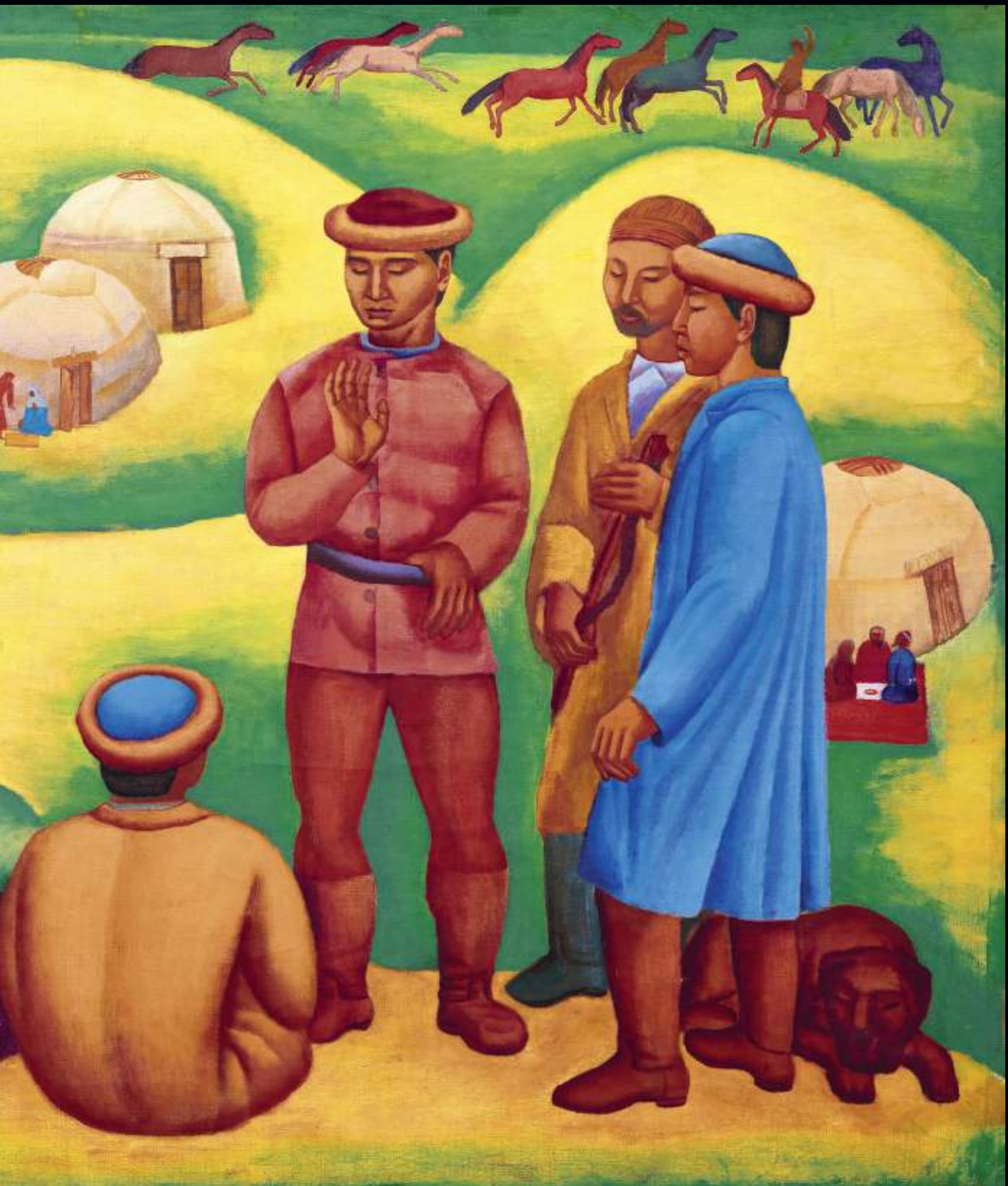
VALEDICTION

*My audience is still.
I've said my fill.
The grey, the groomed, the giddy —
all are silent.
Up with you then!
Up from your velvet chairs,
march out into the blizzard.
And all the best!
The best of smokes
to you, pipe-wielding captains.
The best of worlds. Eventually.
For now —
some pleasant dreams,
a few good meals,
a decent flat,
 a kitchenette, etc.,
good friends, kind neighbors ...
Here's a woman —
let her have good children.
A good man? That's up to you,
my dear. Behold the cabbie.
His dreams are mired in rubber.
The shepherd frowns —
lambing time draws near.
I say:
Good work to you!
Good Russia!
Good America!
You city boys and country boys,
good poets to you,
good prophets!
Love,
 understand
 each other,
you, future members
of ruling parties!
Think of it all,
dream of it all and more,
and live
a bit more cautiously than us!
Live by the valediction of your poets:
 they wish you
 all the best!*

1964

Salikhitdin Aitbayev, 1938-1994
Young Kazakhs, 1967







Sakhi Romanov, 1926-2002
Free From Shackles, 1970

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS



DOMBRA

*I will not ask my friends for a dombra.
There are no dombras left,
and I have no friends anymore.
I will find a double-barreled Tula shotgun;
I will pull my Pobeda out of the garage
and drive down the highway to Kyzyl Kum.
They have everything there.
The desert is the same as a supermarket.
They have music departments, roaming rams, oxen.
I will chop down a saxaul trunk at the root,
hollow it out, and give it a nut-tree finish.
My dombra will bring glory to my poor country.
I will couple the sinews of the swan
and the raven on my saxauliphone
and play strains that will make
contrabasses ashamed of their babbling
and violins blush at their crudeness ...
And the trunk will recall desert sunsets
and the raven will trumpet the desert wind
and the swan will crow for its mate.
My fingers play on vertebra:
The dombra, like a black swan, will stretch its neck,
beat its wings! Kick! —
Yell!...
Like a bedouin woman dancing around a campfire.
Burn, dombra!
But once again, you all are right and I am wrong —
the sinews of the ram, alas, are far more strong...*

1964





Faniya Islamova, 1954
Coast, 2018

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THE WAVE BY SAADI'S STONE

On the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, a stone stands in the sand. Beside this stone, according to legend, Saadi stopped for a minute. Once a year, after circling the earth, a wave that saw Saadi returns to this stone.

*The soul of the wave rises in mists,
in bloodless clouds
 in the south —
in firm wax figures,
in placid desert gods.
A wave is able
 to come back from the sky
when it gets tired
 of rolling around heaven,
to spill out in a downpour,
 to melt as snow,
and to become incarnated anew
 in a body in the sea.
And the fisherman? You drowned him.
While you were playing with
him and cuddling him,
you drowned him.
His heaven is a sandy desert:
he has grown sick of seas during his life.
There he remains.
But if a miracle happens,
he will return to earth
 only as an Arab —
to spit in the sand,
 to ride around on a camel,
to beg Allah for the wettest of all heavens.
And I, perhaps, was once a corsair,*

*ate salt meat
 and drowned in water,
and now I live in the most
waterless, the brightest
 of lands,
where all is dismal, where lizards crawl around
 like crocodiles
and camels are like dinosaurs in the steppe.
But
I shall return to the seas
where once I sailed
 feluccas,
and don't you drown me,
lazy one,
 green one,
 flowing one,
with a large jellyfish flower
 on your breast.
Fly, foam-born one, soar upward,
spin feluccas
 like weather vanes.
Grow tired along the way
 and swim into the bays of Sayda
(like eagles on your shoulder
 the power boats will rock)
and with the warm touch of Saadi
stroke women's bodies as you rise and fall.*

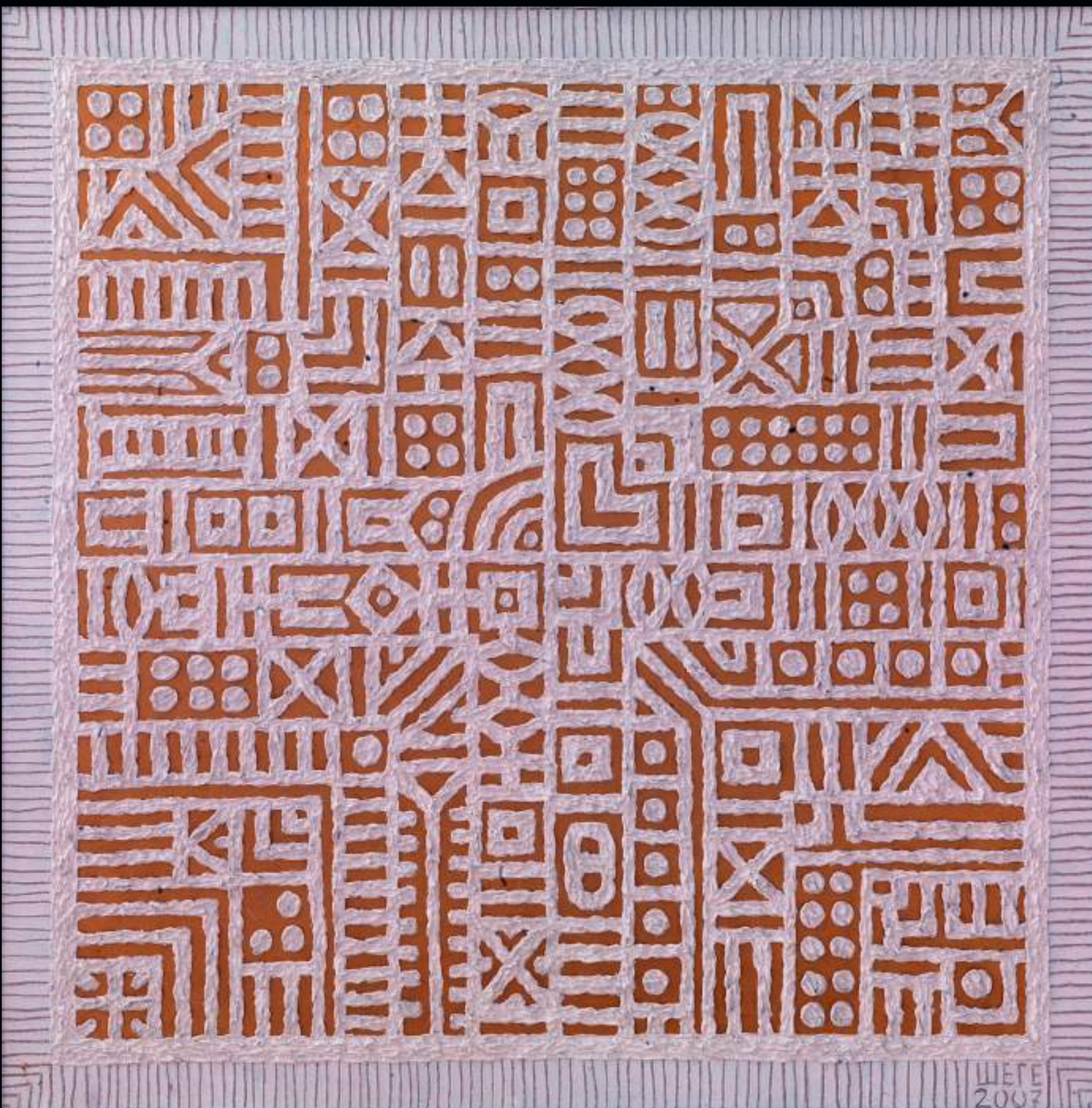
1967

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

A MINUTE OF SILENCE AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

*In asias I spoke with you, Blue Eye.
In europes one meets the Brown Eye
and the Black Eye.
They looked for me on the squares,
in the libraries' depths.
They generously augured
great deeds for me
in Asia's name.
They poured pain by the pages
into my soul
and Confucius
and the Aztecs
crept into my thoughts.
Isn't it better
 to abandon names?
To enter into the ornament
 of signs without origins?
To drink what is sweet
 without disturbing the bottom!
To love shengel
without betraying poppies!
Perceiving the world through intuition,
without burdening the color
of things with meaning,
out of pure sounds
we shall create an idol!
We will laugh by singing,*

*weep by whistling!
But the lash and the gunshot
replied: no!
Sound lays bare concealed confusion:
pain and anger
each have a color.
They cannot be separated —
the colors swarm!
Opening your breast,
baring your throat,
walk, while it's not too late,
toward simplicity.
And become sure of the vague truth
of those who no longer want
either revenge
or pity for their lot.
You step into the light,
become a target
and feel astonishingly light.
Out of the night
 of flames
 the squinting darkness stares,
glinting like a gun-sight lens.
And light is perceived
 as a whole,
Divided crisply into two —
your enemy and you.*



Vladimir Gvozdev, 1960
Hours. No. 15. 2007



Sirus Mirzazade, 1944
Reading Olzhas Suleimenov, 2011

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS



A MINUTE OF SILENCE AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

*They exist, Chatterji,
in every country,
in every district:
bastards.
They cannot be recognized
by the cut of their eyes,
by the hue of their skin:
it can shine like a Yakut diamond,
it can resemble a piece of coal,
it can glow like a bald spot,
and its hair can be straight or curled.
All the same:
bastard.
He's no fool.
He may be a professor.
He serves his faith not for
the sake of fame or money.
Sometimes he carries
a few volumes of Lenin
under his arm...
A bastard is no trifle:
he's a social phenomenon.
hey're not easy to spot.
Their distinctive color is:
gray.*

*Gray dissolves in white
and in black and in yellow.
Gray soars upward in bronze,
glistens in gold,
and in dark corners of the soul
gray grows like mold.
White shoots black?
Gray shoots.
Back shoots white?
Gray shoots.*

*The gray gaze
penetrates into the heart,
piercing, wolf-like.
I recognize you by your gaze
You gray race —
bastards.
I understand: for now,
in this most colorful of centuries,
even small tragedies
are impossible with you.
Without you are impossible
my cares, my laughter.
Without you are impossible
my victories, my death.
To you I owe-the attack!
In the light of noon
and in the chill of midnight
Jwalk,
we walk
toward you,
gray bastards-
through momentary mistakes,
through desperate self-despising —
so that one minute of silence
might become a time
for your enlightenment.
...The blue has grown dark.
The sepulchre of the great Gandhi
marks Asia's edge
with a white dome.
The moon has risen like a crimson eye
and upon wet stones
it has laid its shine
and in the palm trees the birds
have started making a din.*

1968

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

BALLAD

*... Roads in the steppe
are chronicles' lines.
I know how to read these paths.
The caravans stretched,
the camps trampled the
grass, the nomads passed,
 leaving metaphors
on the clay.
The writhing newsreel
disappears in piles of gravel —
trucks roar on the pavement,
adding their own share
to history's din -
the hustle and bustle
 of Mantyshlak blueprints.
And the piles of gravel turn black
like mountains of barren slag.*

In the sands of the Mantyshlak Peninsula lie the ruins of an ancient aul. Sun-dried and brick walls, houses without roofs. Travelers bypass it. The caravans never camped here. It is said that Shar-tag was a green aul. Only one tree still stands, a karagach. It can be seen from far away. How long its roots must be!... I rested in its shadow, leaning my back against its hard, smooth trunk. A lizard ran across a cracked mudbrick wall. Ceramic shards, faded from dust and time, lay by the threshold.





Issatai Issabayev, 1936-2007
Legend, 1980

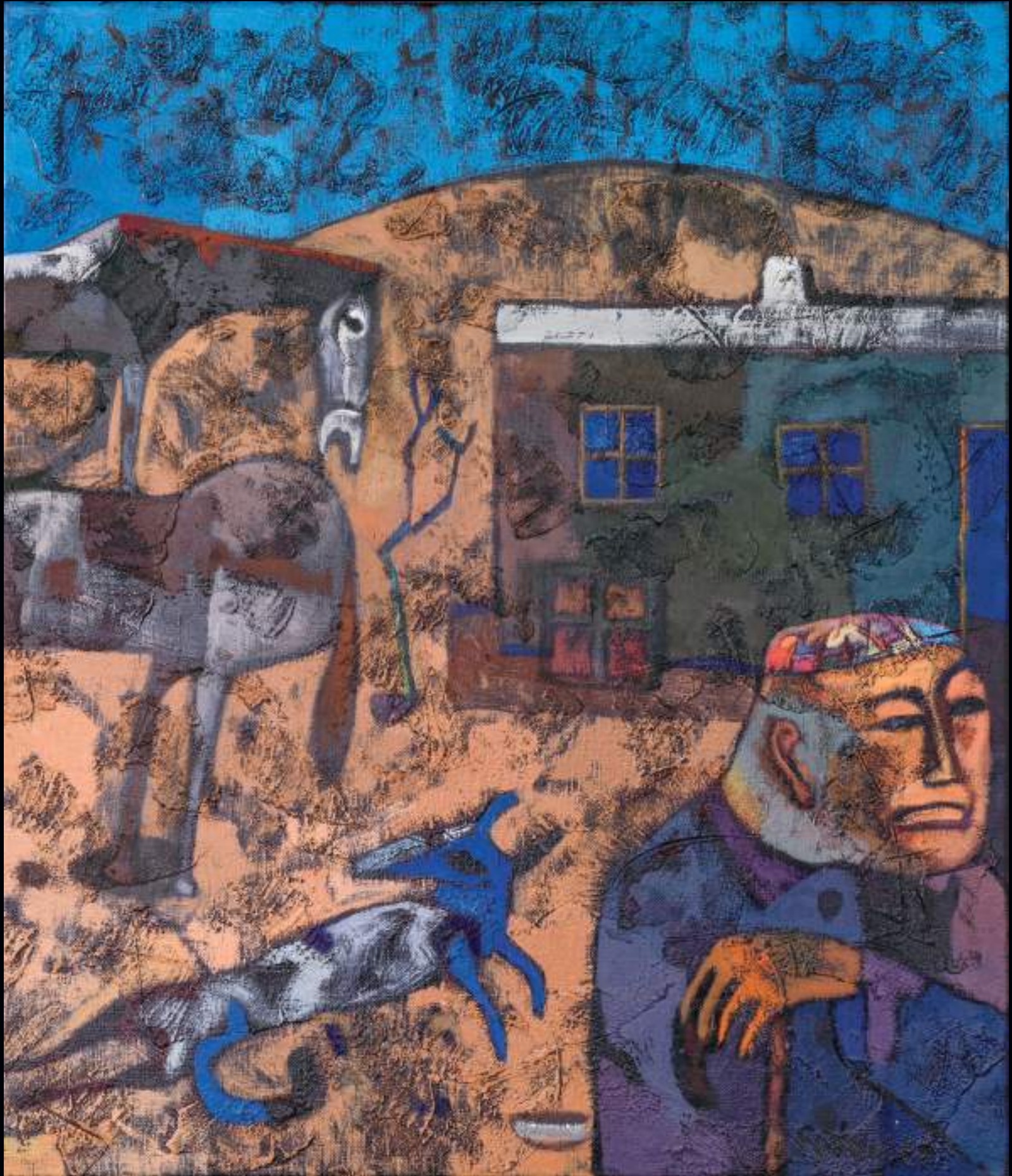
POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS



BALLAD

*At the end of the trail
in the takyr
they found a skeleton.
He never came back.
The aul of Shar-tag
died out.
Centuries of people
forgotten in an hour —
broken cups
lying on every threshold
Maybe to rummage in the past
is jackals' work.
The winds shall erase the hero's
tracks in the sand.
Yes, if no one reminds the world
that there was one
among the tribe
who understood
that he was no coward,
one who went forth
at the age of thirteen —
one who was great
(since there was no man
higher than he).
Let a single deed
justify you men.
Let this tribe be remembered
for giving me
an ancestor.
Let the takyr of Betpak
be a witness.
Do not bypass
the aul of Shar-tag,
children.*

1972



Askar Yesdaulet, 1962
From the series "Aul". No. 2. 2009

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THE VILLAGE COBBLER

*The cobbler in our village
cobbled all boots to his own size.
Makes them equal, he mused –
a man of Napoleonic stature.
We, the village giants, protested.
And every man thought,
the boot
is from God,
to make the faithful pray a lot.
(A Muslim takes his boots off to pray.)
Hence, prayer:
hymn of the pinched foot.*

*Run to the mosque
by dawn and by dusk.
The old and young call out as one:
(foot in a vise)
"Allah is great!"
Now praise the Prophet –
the boot commands.
Only the baretoot knows not god,
the tramp, the half-wit and the cad.
And the cobbler. His is just right.*

Allah is great! But he is far. And the cursed cobbler-
why, he's right over there, grinning away. Now the
whole village is praying for a cobbler that isn't so
small in the feet, for a tailor that isn't so fat, for a
hat maker that isn't so narrow about the temples.

1972

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

BULBUL

*...Omar Khayyam,
critics aver,
was a rake, an idolater,
as bad as the moon herself.
There are practitioners of love,
there are theoreticians of love –
he was a monk
and drank no wine.
And though coppersmiths in Herat
may labor over a hookah
for him
out of three joints,
out of four joints –
he did not smoke,
although doctors gave
him permission.
Let us forgive him –
he did not respect tobacco
and did not spend time
with the boys
in the tavern,
he did not like loud beasts
(not because!...)
but perhaps just because.
...But if he had said
that he didn't drink,
and if he had written
that he wasn't a crook,
that he was a bulwark
of knowledge and faith,
then people
wouldn't have believed him.
And write out his words, please,
in your book:
"Worthless is he who drinks
and he who does not drink
is twice worthless."
As you can see, I drink
through no fault of my own.
And ifl sometimes
write that I am sad,*

*then I am not sad at all.
And if I say
that my life is hard then
pay me no mind:
it's not ...
But if you, stubborn lady,
suddenly read
that a knife is not a knife
and that I'm as happy as I can be,
(such is my life!),
then, faithless one,
take heed.
... Ah, nightingale, you
happy polyglot,
the whole world understands
your trills.
The poet is no bird
nor are his words honey.
When he's not understood
he becomes mute.
He opens his mouth wide,
he wails,
and yet he's mute.
(He gushes like a nightingale,
rolls back his eyes.)
When he's not paid for his singing
he becomes incomprehensible –
even to his wife.
And yet, it's better
if he isn't understood.
Can you imagine what would happen
if he were suddenly understood?
People would pay attention
to his words, take him by the legs,
and by the arms
and drop him in a swamp
like a sack
to make him sound just
like a nightingale –
bubble bubble –
bulbul.*

1973



Yuri Zobak, 1957-2018
Meditation, 2009



Gulfairus Ismailova, 1929-2013
Nude, 1995

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

BY ISLAMIC TRADITION...

*By Islamic tradition
poets were kept from praising women's charms
above the ankle and below the neckline.
Once this prohibition was lifted
and the poet Islamkul said the following:*

*From holy mysteries
Almighty Allah bade us stray –
but cheeks and bosoms
are poet's stock and trade.
My quill would raise the hem of this beauty.
Praising your mighty hip-span is my duty.
Down with gazelles and almond-shaped everything,
braids coiling round the heart, et cetera...
Wandering, I met a beggar and told him my love,
and the beggar wept and embraced me
and slipped a coin into my palm.
And now, at last! Poets rejoice!
Here come the halcyon days.
Woman, disrobe!
Behold,
freedom-in the raw!
"Is everything now permitted?" queried a Byzantine,
and the answer was sweet as a dream.
Heart, go forth!
The dark ages finally past us.
My people shall know the scent of conquest.
The last drops of my reason dissolving in bliss!
I give my verses over to unbridled lust!
The idols have fallen. All hail transports of feeling!
We've snatched up those idols
and threw them from a cliff.
"Freedom; I shouted, overlooking serious slips.
Tore off my hat and pitched it over the rooftop!
...The years have passed.
I've forgotten my verses.
Hat still up on the roof.*

1975

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

RENAISSANCE

...but a blue bird..."
Emerging timidly upon the canvas of the doorway
(as two or three curves traced by a magic marker)
she
appeared by the grace of a trick
invented by a Flemish master.
To his descendants he bequeathed
a goatskin full of wine and a succulent cut of
meat, excess in things and in desires,
and rigorous attention to the oval –
commanding them to shun the cutting edges of diamonds,
to prize the fleshy rotundity of pearls.
On an angular, true-life screen,
like the cursive script of a Sufi Koran,
a woman
emerged,
appeared in a flash.
The curve of her back
had been foretold to me
and the outline of her hip
had long been promised.
Down a staircase the woman descended sideways
like the flowing Nastaliq
of Arabian tales.
She descended
(her body broke through),
her shoulders swelled, her breasts ripened,
she swam toward me like an avalanche of
flesh, rocking boulders like bells.

1979

Faniya Islamova, 1954
An Angel with a Bird, 2008





POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THEIR NAMES RUSTLE LIKE BATTLE STANDARDS

*Their names rustle like battle standards –
Bauyrzhan Momyshuly
Rakhimzhan Koshkarbaev.*

*...Like locust swarming –
the mole's domain
up in revolt:*

*enemy air.
Handful of dirt-seals the wound.*

"Get up!"

"Already?"

"It's time!"

*It's true ...
Machine-gun fire
pressed into earth
Momysh's men.*

*Eternal rest.
Dented and mangled –
your right flank.*

*Heaviest cargo?
Battle flag.*

*What does it matter –
perish or die?*

Easy to answer?

Many tried.

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

THEIR NAMES RUSTLE LIKE BATTLE STANDARDS

*Ever had to —
 down on your knees
 marvels of marvels —
 up from these.
A fleeting moment,
stroke of the quill,
a soldier's talent-
 to wait until —
to sense the moment —
a gift to bear...
It's time!
Take cover —
 in leaden fire.
Bandages streaming,
head thrown high —
the roar of Time!" —
the battle-cry.*

1981

*Tulegen Dosmagambetov, 1940-2001
The Monument to Rakhimzhan Koshkarbaev,
the Hero of the Reichstag Capture, 1985*



POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

KAZAKHSTAN

*Country,
You have gone through trial by Kazakhstan —
there is today a land
on which no crosses will grow.
Taras went through the trial
and Fyodor went through the trial.
Petrograd, forgive us.
Leningrad, forgive my land.
Kazakhstan stood for leave takings,
barbed wire.*

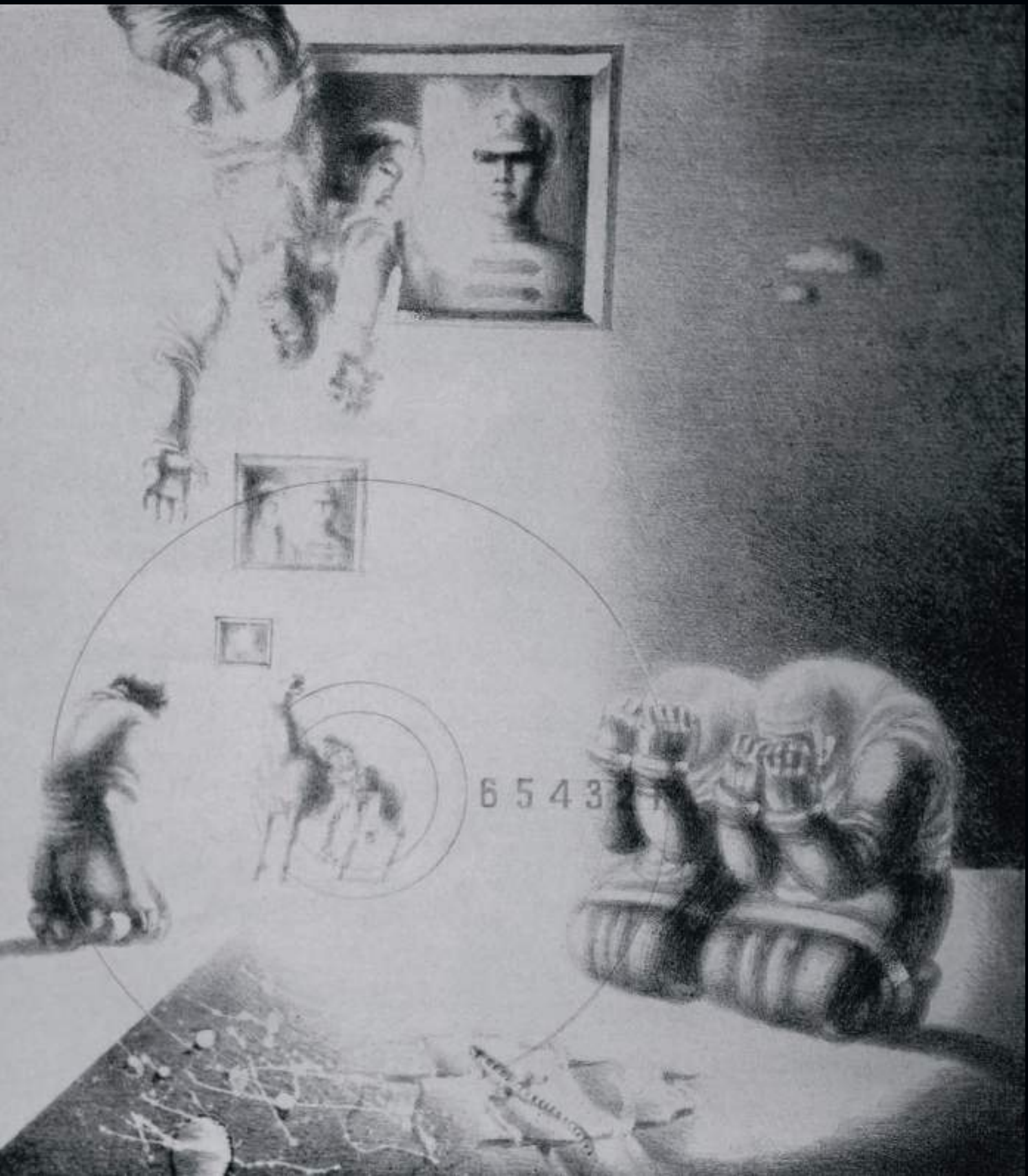
*It stood for
Saratov and Kiev, and again
Saransk.*

*It stood for references
to Marx,
encampments, theaters, and the finest
mines,
horses and blast furnaces.
Turksib58-is simply "Sib." And heat.
I could have been born in the mountains
and not called a Kazakh,
I could have lived in a little white hut
and let my cattle graze in the fields.
All the same-
they would have taken me
to Jezkazgan
in a prison train.*

*Ukraine, forgive us.
O Ingush, forgive my land!*

Adil Rakhmanov, 1942-1997
Series "Steppe", "20s", 1986







POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

KAZAKHSTAN

Kazakhstan, you are enormous –
five Frances –
 without Louvres, Montmartres –
you had enough room for the Bastilles
of all the sinful capitals.
As an enormous prison yard
you swam on a small map.
We, Kazakhs, were born
 in this prison yard.
We went through trial
 by campfire smoke and hooves,
and in night alleys
 our throats were tested
 by knives.
And as recruits
 we went through trial
 by black soil.
The joy of radium
 we have experienced
and the earth's gravity
 we have experienced.
Our whole land is in wires, launching sites,
 hectares,
 stations.
If it rains, it's a downpour,
 and if the wind blows,
 it's a drought.

Country, your people
who have suffered through everything –
call them Kazakhstanians –
your longest-suffering,
most devoted sons.
We are your faithful ones.
We protect, without swallowing,
 the right
 not to clench our teeth,
 the right
 not to be able to take it,
 the right
 to scream
with the breadth of the steppe, with the height
 of the Alatau ranges,
with the depth of the seas! ...
Not to remain silent –
 with the depth of graves.
Our people laugh,
our land and our grass are soft,
and Kiev revels in our train stations –
ai, the balalaikas of Kalugas,
ai, the sandy, sandy loam
that rocks the cliffs!
The sandy, sandy loam –
 it, too, wants to go
 under plowshares...

POEMS OF DIFFERENT YEARS

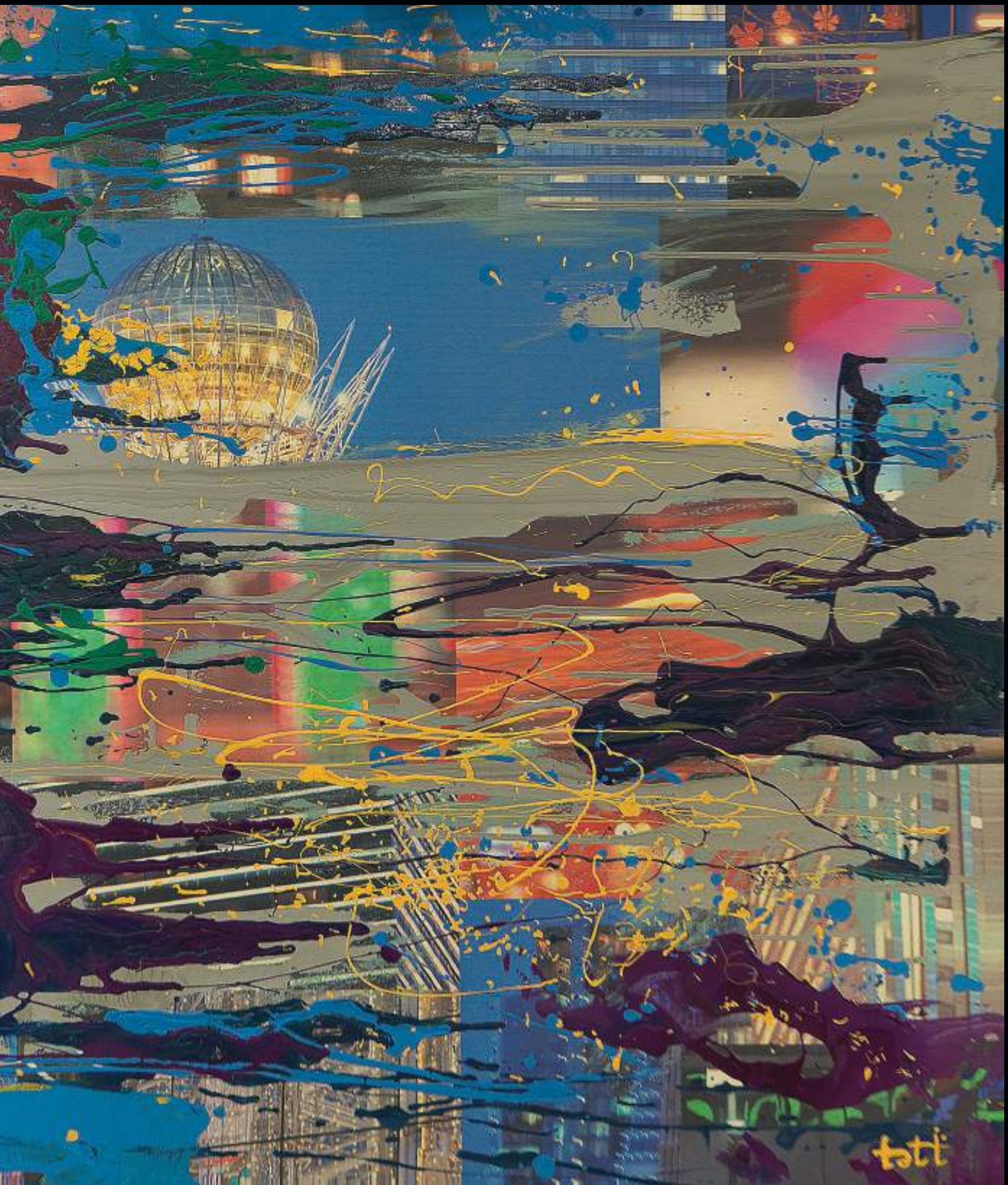
KAZAKHSTAN

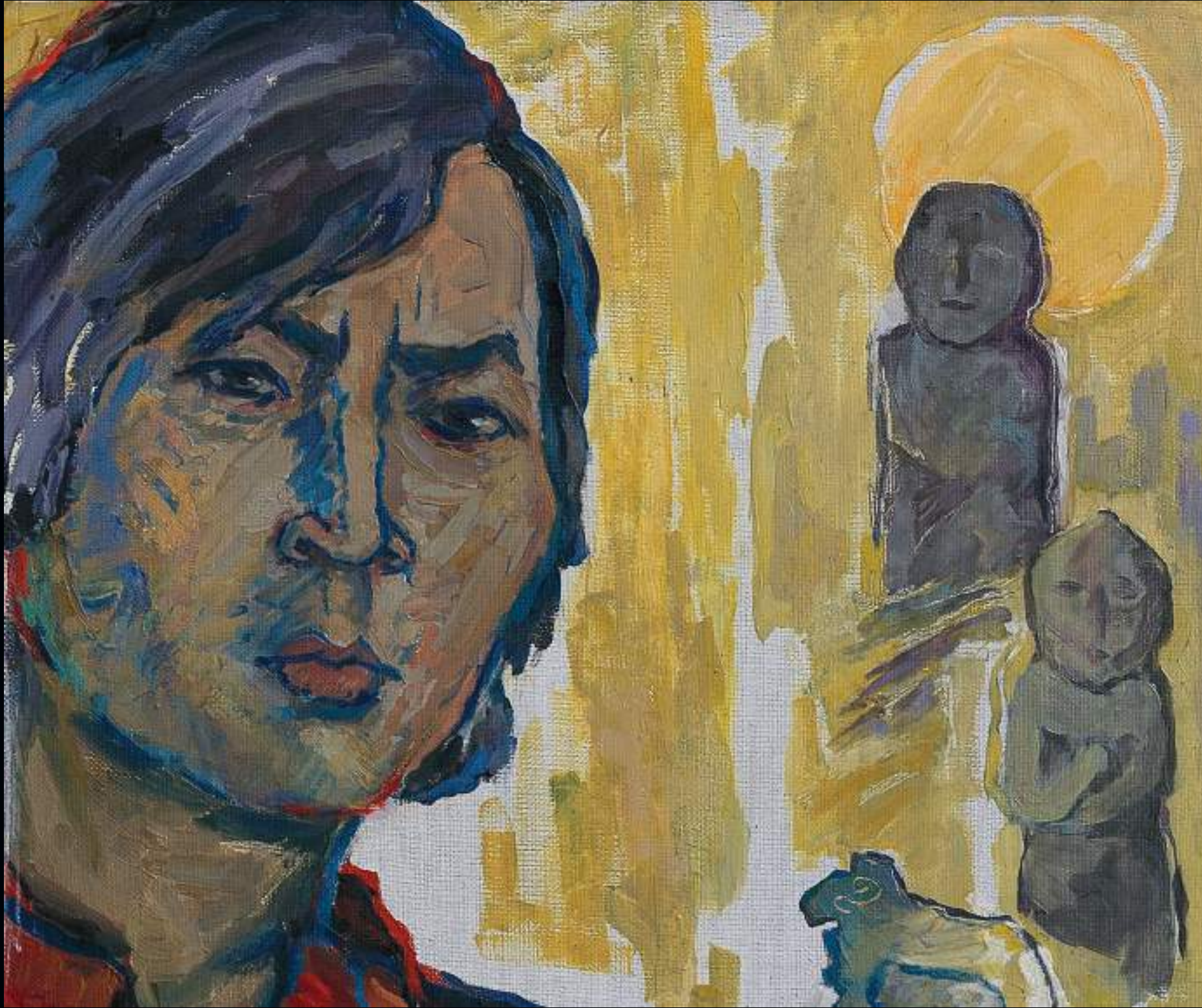
*A wild field is a wheat field!
The time has come.
If the world doesn't mourn,
then don't you, Kazakhstan, weep.
You have tried and tested the world.
Kazakhstan, if you can, then forgive
and
long live
bans on testing!*

1973

Gulmaral Tatibayeva, 1982
The Lights of Astana, 2016







Emilia Babad, 1912-1990
The Portrait of Olzhas Suleimenov, Triptych "Poets", 1980

THE BOOK OF CLAY

1969

THE BOOK OF CLAY

2700 YEARS LATER

In the snowy sands of Muyunkum grazed the flocks of the eminent chaban Ishpakai. The dog Izbagar marshaled its listless troops with a fearsome yelp. A wind blew.

And the Spirit appeared.

— Now I want to ask you, chaban Ishpakai of the tribe Ish-oguz: your wife Shamhat, is she beautiful?

— What can I say, arouah? She makes good kids. Cooks so-so. Helps with the flock.

— Now I want to ask you, chaban Ishpakai of the tribe Ish-oguz: do you love your wife Shambat?

— What can I say, arouah-murza? I always bring her something back from the district when I go. Chintz for pillows, silk for quilts. Came back last year with twenty pia[s] two of them broke in the hurdjum, so we glued them back.

— Now I want to ask you, chaban: phenomena, by their affinity sundered, could you bind back?

— What can I say...

— And what about her? the Spirit cleared its throat nervously.

— What can I say, arouah-murza? Makes kids so-so ...

— Suppose I come and live inside you, chaban? I will wait for the spirit of true Shamhat to enter your wife's body.

— No, murza, it won't do to have a whore for wife. What with the kids, you know. I'm still a little sore about that animal tech.

The chabari sighed, clapped his shoulders against the wind, buttoned his anorak and called out to his dog Izbagar.



Abdrashid Sydykhanov, 1937-2011
The Shepherd Badge, 1989





Dosbol Kassymov, 1960
Eternity, 2002



*And discovery is remembering
what has long been forgotten.*

*"Alas, the sounds of ancient
songs are stilled, I am alone
who wallows in them;" so said
an anonymous poet. The truth has
come down to us through the murk
of ages, lighting its path with blazing
imagery. It has reached us as a living
flower "delightful in its bloom".*

*"The further the Bronze Age slips
from us into the past, the more
acute the memory of the heart.
Not so long ago it seemed that the
very subject of the Scythians was
exhausted by numerous scholarly
monographs and Blok's poem "The
Scythians": "Yes, we are Scythians,
we are Asiatics ..." Today we can peer
down upon that difficult age from
the lofty heights of ancient poetry.*

THE BOOK OF CLAY

THE ORACLE

— *People of Ishkuz!*
The Earth is a circle,
 crossed out with a slender X,
(you are the ripest of apples,
tucked under a leaf),
four arcs,

 four faces turned to
a center dot, you are swept to the center,
 you open your eyes.

— *Each of us has a star*
ripening over his head.
Stars tumble down to the earth ...
— *Is that a fact?*
— *Yes.*
Mankind slumbers eternally,
but in every age
there was one that stood up
from the sleeping crush.
One of a hundred or thousand, startled up
by a burning blow when a star, dropped
from the sky, touched his brow.
So he knocks about an earth strewn
with slumbering folk, kicks at
some hollow shells not a soul
inside!
(But he gets to see a world
that would never be again
when he's gone.)
And the slumbering nations
drift on into the past,
but in another age one will stand up
to record or interrogate what is.
There is one more hole in the sky
with every turn of the stage.

Chingiz Nogaibayev, 1965
The Shaman, 2017





Adil Asadli, 1954
Inspiration of Olzhas Suleimenov, 2021

THE FIRST TRANSGRESSION

*One day Ishpaka, our hero,
wandered the earth,
and he saw her.
Couched in flowers, under
that great laurel,
beside the grave.*

*Those vanquished eyes,
half-parted lips,
soft tresses coiling at the neck...
She seemed the very
image of Ishtora —
goddess of the flesh.*

*Beloved-I cannot part from you.
From this day on my wandering is through.
The bull of lust has led me to this place.
Why don't we take a tumble in the glade?
My verses coil about your bosom as you go,
my hunger I cannot betray.
My couplets chime about
your ankles as you go.
Why don't we take a tumble in the hay?
The bull of lust has led me
to this orchard here
is the palm bathed by the brook
that swells its fruit with
thickly churned milk,
and I dare not put out my hand...*

THE BOOK OF CLAY

THE FOURTH TRANSGRESSION

*Okhan, the army grows dull in the cities,
soaked in fornication and worship.
Ishpaka, you have caused wolves
to lie down with sheep.
Their morale suffers.
They eat bread and fruit from the branch.
They are already mucking about in the sod.
Some have sown wheat.
Is it right for a reaper
to turn plowman?
Ishpaka, we must move on our
bones are soft from surfeit,
our flesh drips like honey,
our souls grow dim from pleasure.
Give us food fit for the dog,
dash us down from the ravenous cliffs.
Many are lands that pine for the strength
of our arms.*

*They await us.
Crops swell in the fields, untrampled.
Lead us to where the sunbeam
sports with the sword,
where grasses are more wholesome,
rich in magnesia.
Unfettered Libya cries out,
the Ethiopie in Napata,
much silver has piled up in Syria
for our tribute,
Phrygian women
are fat as locust
ripe for the platter —
their haunches and breasts
bare like the faces of harlots.
If you ask me your
choice is not sanctioned,
we have come full circle
and did not find Him.*

*This path leads nowhere,
it is wearisome...*





Tokbolat Togusbayev, 1940-1996
The Ornaments of the Steppe Songs, 1968



Vladimir Fomichev, 1955
A Scythian, 2016

*...He is a Persian dog,
his markings are plain.
When you see him
make sure he doesn't forget
that you are a heavenly pardand
he is a dog.*

*...A headache is quickly cured by the sword.
His head must roll.
That's my advice, anyway.
— Arouah, I am the dullest of blades!
I understand nothing.
— When the quick are silent
the spirits speak.
You have always understood One,
but today your One
is swallowed up by a Multitude.
Do not scorn the crowd
for the sake of One
and you shall be made spirit,
you will understand all,
for all is Spirit.
You will know the Persian
(as you call anyone that is not you).
The Persian has his wisdom and his vice,
his proem and his envoy.
You have the Law.
The Persian has the jewel of his soul.
You have the armor.*

*The Persian has the depths of the sea
and the heaven's abyss.
You have the killing steppes.
That is the difference
between him and you.
I was a spirit
long before I died...*

*You could not read my alphabet,
the priest's arabesques —
you possess the knowledge
of Scythian runes —
you refuse them.
You find it peculiar that
the world is full of
incomprehensible signs,
and you, conqueror,
have not the power to grasp them.
You are nothing.
You conquer husks,
but their immortal essence
slips from your hand.
You cannot see why blue
should be the symbol of blood,
that you yourself
stand in for a kind of wonder,
and he that comes to know you
believes he has possessed
this wonder...*

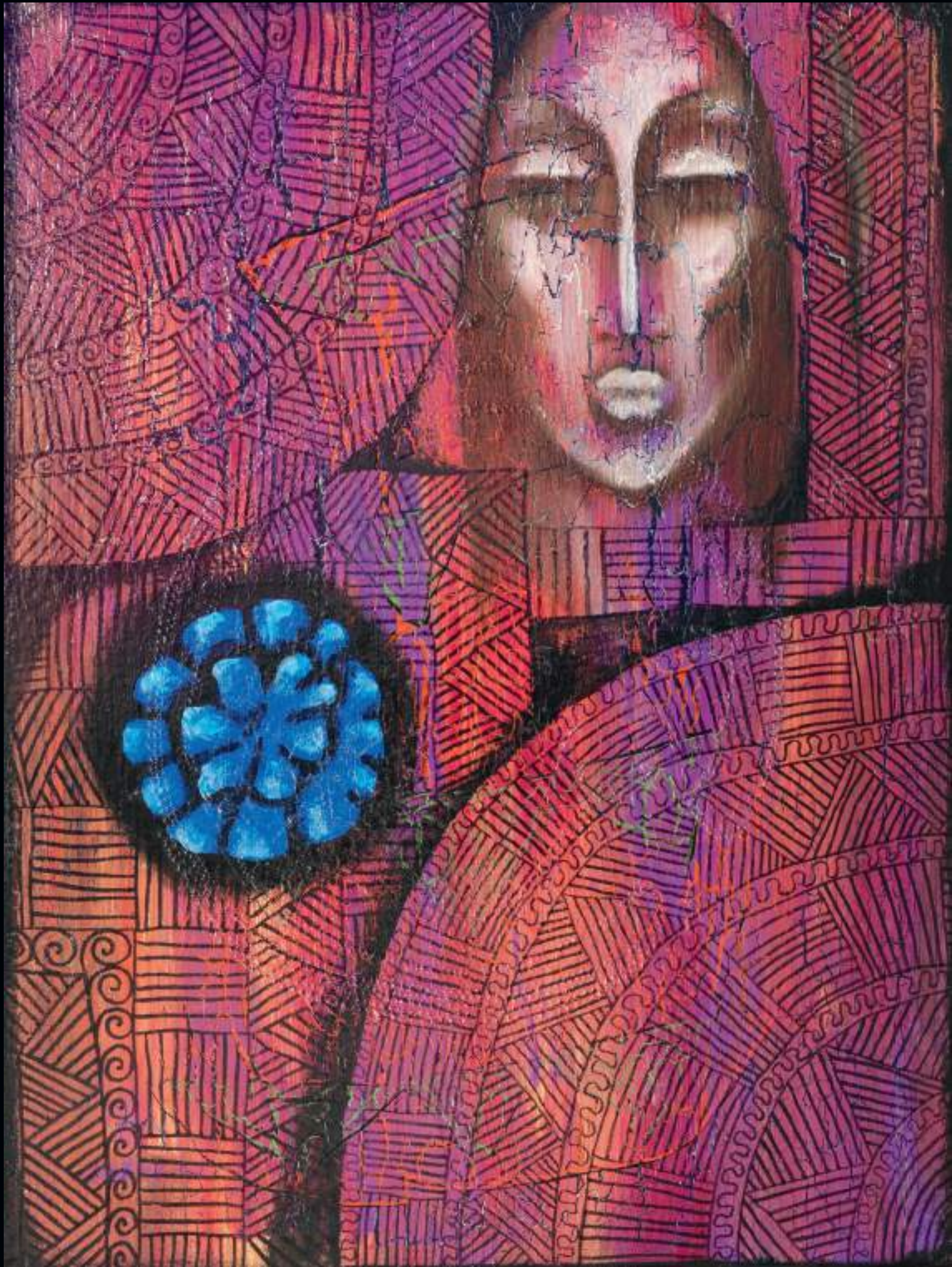
THE BOOK OF CLAY

*Wretched slaves she transformed
into rulers of men,
recouping all they had lost,
restoring their dreams.
Her beauty she granted
to the broken and bent,
perfectly free of charge,
never as tribute.
In this arbor or ardor
beauty possessed usor,
more accurately, she came - to me
in a sovereign's splendor,
a slave-girl to you:
mine was the fitful ecstasy
of absolute rule,
yours is humility.
Do not be angry: love
is a beggar's delight,
his freedom and bread.
I, a miserable elf,
was made a great alp, 93
worthy to die by my own hand.
I have completed both circles.
Now envy me!*





Yuristanbek Shygaev, 1957
Lingua. A Love-Protecting Totem, 2020



THE BOOK OF CLAY

THE THIRD TRANSGRESSION

*I know that the future is merciless
and the present cruel.
I work in charity give
give
freely of my flesh.
But - show me the needy!
You are eternal,
I am brief,
an instant.
You that will outlast the books of Sumer —
will you collapse upon a
hapless mouse — me —
a stack of tablets fired in a kiln?
I will feel nothing
but dead weight,
whoever will not read
disdains the sign,
your words, inscribed,
proffer millennia to the reader and
crush the ignorant fool,
destroy what little she has ...
O do not be angry,
do not threaten vengeance -
believe me, your honor lies
in iron-plated arm or,
your spear quivers in a merciless hand
shred of modesty is my sole protector.
Are you so short on conquests,
with all the world before you, naked?
Lift up your heel and take it.
You take your pleasure where you like,
your bolt will go on striking —
do not shut up my burrow
with a mountain.
Leave me the chink of freedom
to love whoever sinks beneath your blow.
Beat a fool with your tablets all you like
but he will never learn the wisdom
of your books!...*



Yuri Mingazitinov, 1924
An illustration for "The Clay Book" by O. Suleimenov, 1972



THE BOOK OF CLAY

*O Great Tribunal,
hear the poet's testimony:
he kept his sword
and spurned the hoe.
preserved his seed,
if you can believe it,
held fast to nomad's honor.
Cursed his god?
Well, who hasn't?
What rules may apply
when passions mount?
No kicking, no punching -
that's what counts.
Only a coward
dies by the word.
What is more important:
he understood shame.
He understood silence,
born of redeeming wrath.
All alone in this world, like a Persian,
all alone on this earth,
like Tengri in heaven.
The Persian proffered mysteries,
he accepted:
he kept on this side
of the howling abyss,
thundering his curses,
piercing the silence
of the universe that enveloped him.
Will you believe the poet, O Great Tribunal —
he kept his sword,
spurned the hoe,
wisdom
is inscribed in him, he cannot read it:
Sumerian tablets cannot know
what is written on them.
He sought his image
in a brazen mirror —
all he saw was
renunciation.
Whoever is not found
in the furnaces of triumph
may look about
the ash-heap of defeat...*

Boobek Arykov, 1965
The Galaxy of the Poet, 2020

THE BOOK OF CLAY

*— Men of Ishkuz!
I will lead you
to a place like no other!
We will burst into paradise
through the hedges,
stomp out honey-sweet meadows,
level the grounds.
We will march against heaven so
that the mounted soldier
could keep his steed,
the one that has watched
centuries pass our frontiers.
Forget the babble
of infidel priests:
there is no future in heaven —
it was revealed to me.
I that was mightiest of all,
that was made loveliest of all,
that was made wisest of all —
what did I get for it all?*





Vladimir Fomichev, 1955
The Path of the Nomad, 2021





THE SIXTH TRANSGRESSION

*The White Tent with a Black Top,
pitched in the torrid steppe,
where the Tigris roamed,
near Harappa.*

*The tent of justice —
a six-winged nest.*

*Inside the floor is laid
with the white circular rug lki-iz,
bisected twice by the arms
of a black cross.*

*At the center sat the accused,
his legs folded in a swastika,
awaiting his judges — thee lders
of the eight uruks, mighty of men.
The oppressive heat*

*of the day
made the White Tent with a Black Top
an oasis of cool.*

*The fishes sunk to the floor
of the mighty Tigris
are hardly better off,
their sweaty mugs
far from the whipping wind.*

Sakhi Romanov, 1926-2002
Khan's Yurt, 1955

THE BOOK OF CLAY

*The law of the Tent is clear:
deny
all accusations.
Defend yourself-and lie.
Knock down the dam,
let the waters fly.
We are here to judge your crimes,
not speeches.
We do not hunt you
like a beast of the fields.
We have swords,
but the shield
is yours. Take it.
Exercise your right
to wade in the sea of reflection,
and let not the source turn
muddy.
— A guiltless man has never stood
before you.
The law of the Tent would have it:
praise is plain,
blame is invisible.
Come now!
All of my triumphs lie buried
in the dark of night,
all my trespasses smite the judges' eye
like the Sun.*

Valeriy Prikhodko, 1949
The Steppe Formula, 2000

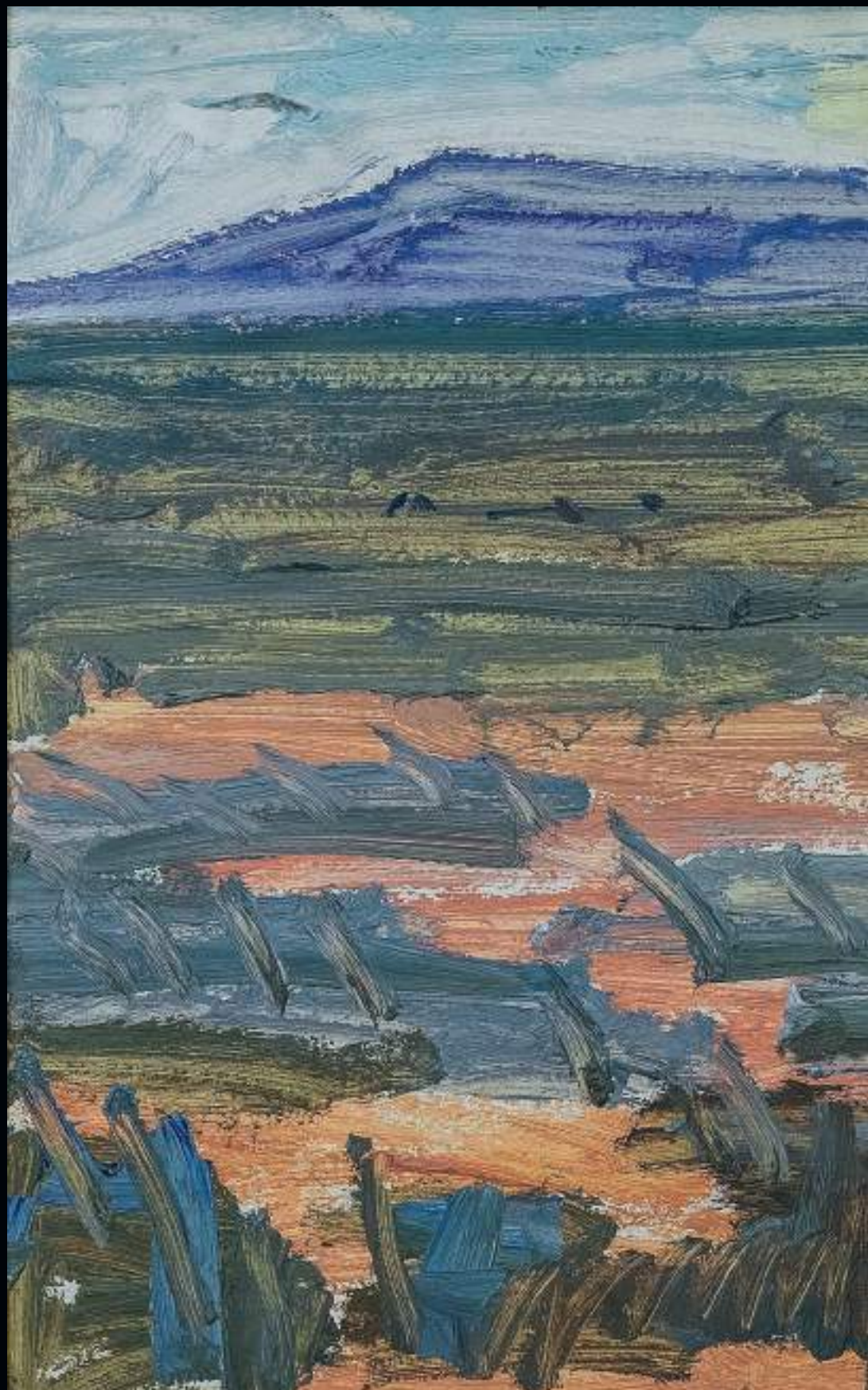






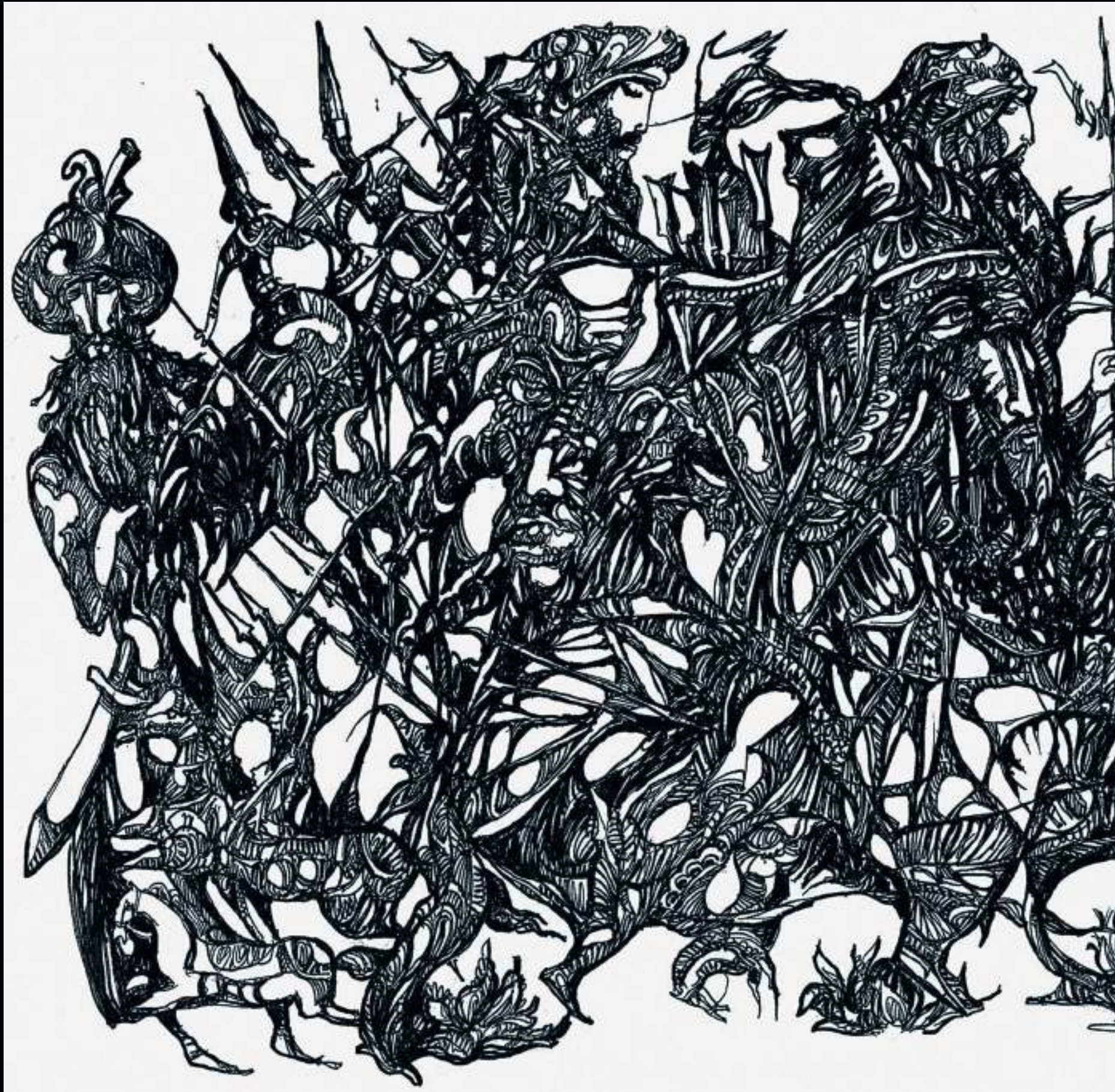
THE BOOK OF CLAY

*That way your native land lies,
snow-swept and crimson,
stiff grasses rustling
 under the wind,
a lank she-wolf prowling,
 not a heifer,
but no mother is more beautiful
than the one that bore you.
I have flung a thousand spears
 from my steed,
I have dipped a thousand arrows
 in blood –
only one did the wind hurl back
at me
like a howling echo,
Only one...
That way the ancestral graves,
Sar-Kene,
 mounted,
 stamped
in the rock face.
Let us fly back like that flock,
while we can,
like fingers taking up strings.
We will break through.
There is no boundary
 in the world
to contain a rearward drive.*





Zhanatai Shardenov, 1927-1992
A Summer Pasture, 1973



Adil Asadli, 1954
Turkish Invincibility
(dedicated to O. Suleimenov), 2020



Oskun!
I was never an infant,
and shall not see old age.
In top form
I will walk into heaven.
Here is how you kill me:
give me an avalanche of men
and a steed!
I will march through the walls
of Persian formations,
as one hastening through the woods,
crushing twigs underfoot.
Listen!
You will know the enemy is destroyed
when the sound of splintering bone
is through.
This word does not please you?
Hear another:
I will drive my men
like a flame through the bulrushes,
cities blazing anew,
highways howling like women
under the stamp of hooves,
horses snorting,
manes whipping men.
You say it is night? Good.
In the morning
you will march into battle.
There's a sound of kumys churning,
boys are milking their mares,
Ishpaka back in the saddle,
with a Persian writhing
on the end of his spear.
Men, prepare yourself for the coming
of glory,
mother of all who go with us,
prepare yourself, bang cans,
say your prayers,
I do not acquit you,
I lead you.

THE BOOK OF CLAY

THE FEAST OF THE CRIMSON EARTH

*The poet is drunk with blood.
After the battle
his troops
are in disarray,
his verses, like overturned chalices
lie scattered on the floor
(the feast is dying down).
Come, prophet,
wander out onto the field
where pride battled might the
dust has settled,
no bodies around,
only helmets,
like giant snail shells,
and every once in a while
a head pokes out of the grass
mud-covered, eyes squashed,
neck elsewhere.
Hey, oracle, hold on...
Go, find them, poet —
follow the horses' moan,
Your ear will lead you
beyond the hills where
the dead
have pitched their camp,
where the gates of the earth
lie open to receive them.*

Yerbolat Tolepbayev, 1955
The Battle of Symphonies. 1989







Yuri Mingazitinov, 1924-1982
An Illustration for "The Clay Book", 1972

*The khan was lonely without her,
and she was lonely.
If that is what she desired —
no one would stop her.
Down the steps
 she went,
 down
 into the grave.*

*Climbing over corpses.
From above
the Jiving followed her
with their eyes.
It seemed they knew:
Shamhat
 is traversing
 the space
between circle and circle.
She draws near the tent.*

*She lit the lamp ads, brimming with oil,
chased the flies
that settled on her lord's face.
Opened the tunduk —
letting air into the place,
checked the breads,
looked over the pitchers,
and made ready for bed.*

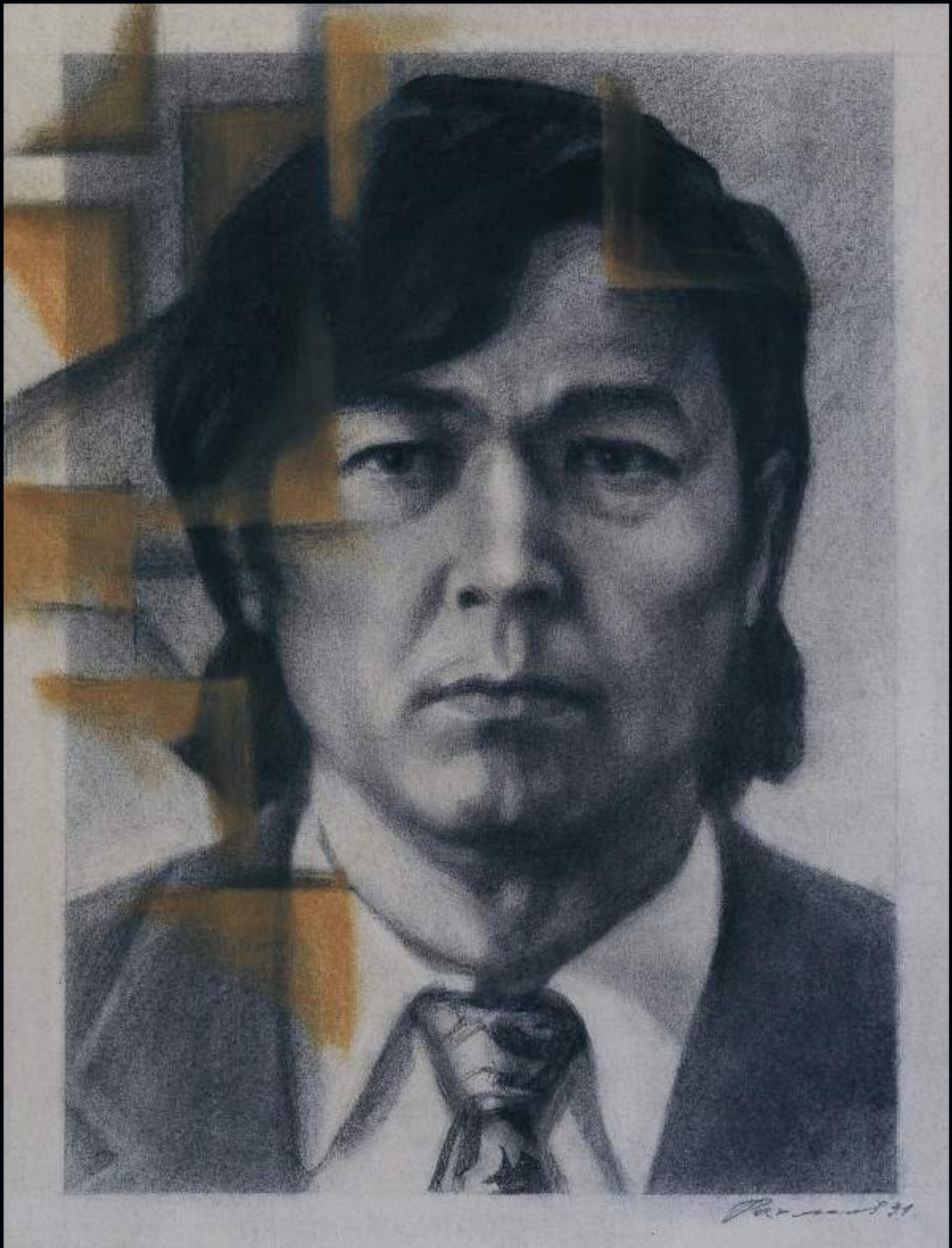
THE BOOK OF CLAY

*...A draft from the tunduk
troubled her —
knees drifting up to the belly.
Clumps of earth fell on the tent,
dropping the sputtering,
keening flames.
A hand slid down the broad
face with slanted eyes.
It lay there
plain as evidence, she muttered
— My roe deer...
beloved...
I was true...
Fluttering,
earth raining down
on the roof,
the convoy,
the shrieking corpses,
heroes vanishing
in the earth.
Get out of there, reader,
before you are swallowed up
in the sod —
that's not part of our plot.
While the spine is writhing in agony,
while the lamp still burns,
look on,
O reader,
remember
the flame
that died
by her husband's side,
a shy smile on her lips.
Steward, take note!
the dagger that grew
from her chest —
read
"Guilty."*

Gulnur Mukazhanova, 1984
Frost-Dew - Black Woman, 2007







Adil Rakhmanov, 1942-1997
The Portrait of Olzhas Suleimenov, 1991

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

1998



THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

This book is a preparation for the etymological dictionary "1001 words". It explains a method of word analysis, that differs from the traditional by the fact that the origin of a word is explained by a genetic linkage to the graphic sign-proto hieroglyph.


Any letter in the history is, first of all, an expression of a religious ideology. And only secondarily — of statehood and culture. All the latest religions were introduced to the world with their writing. Judaism — Hebrew writings, Christianity — Greek, Latin; Buddhism — Old Indian; Zoroastrianism — Avestan; Islam Arab...

The I millennium B.C. defined the crisis of the universal Sun worship, which became one of the main causes of the emergence of latest religious movements, prophetic beliefs, which were expressed mainly through alphabetic writing.


THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING


Sun worship which existed all over the earth for tens of the millennia, began with a proto-hieroglyph, accompanying up until the era of Prophets. From those ancient signs depicting the sun, symbols of sun worship, giving birth to the majority of the symbolical and drawn hieroglyphs which became the basis of the figurative writings of humankind.

The number of sun signs grew over time, but the initial meaning was kept only in some of them. This Ancient Egyptian hieroglyph is very familiar to paleographers.

 — *ra* — the sun. (III-I millennium BC)

Its origin is unknown. It is impossible to uncover the genesis of this well-known sign if it is considered in isolation, outside of the environment of related graphemes, which I attempted to collect and depict on one page for the first time.

 — *re* — the sun (Ancient Chinese) II-I millennium B.C.


 — *re* — the sun (Chinese) I millennium B.C.— our days.


May this be attributed to a mere coincidence of forms?

Or did the fiery sign travel from the south of the Mediterranean Sea to the coasts of the Pacific Ocean in a millennium, where it slowed down and came to stay?


Or perhaps it may have been carried away further on the waves.

This hieroglyph developed in mysterious ways. Graphic signs even further removed from the figure of the natural object help us understand the train of thought of the ancient signmakers.

 — *iai* — the sun (Old Turkic alphabet)

 — *lui* — the moon, crescent (Ancient Chinese) II millennium B.C.

And the sharp angle of the Sumer hieroglyph is quite far from the image of the contour of the sun:

 — *ud* — the sun (III millennium B.C).

...Graphemes similar and dissimilar from each other were unified by one poetic idea. This idea was also expressed by the signs: it was more important than external similarity. The protowriting, which was built upon sun symbols, after playing its role in language formation, gradually lost its initial functions and became one of the heraldic talisman-signs.

Abdrashid Sydykhanov, 1937-2011
The Flamingo Song, 2006





Nellie Bube, 1949
Scythian Culture, 2007

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING



The roots of moon worship have generated the growth of a mighty trunk of heliolatry, progressing to a magnificent tree crown of all the religions, which have inherited the symbolism of the first universal beliefs.

The signs have turned into ideographs, such as coats of arms, emblems, ornamental patterns. Those signs initially were the graphic symbols which had both divine, and subjective features based on which their names later became words. Interpreting the proto-hieroglyphs, which were passed down by generations, the priests of the Sign and the Word generated new concepts upon which the primigenial knowledge of myths, philosophies, sciences, and arts was built.

A graphic sign is a reflection of the causal meaning of the word.


But we left "in search of ancient signs", overcoming the slave consciousness of the desert truth, towards the flourishing cultures of Egypt, Sumer, and China!. And further still, to the places where belief in heavenly bodies coincided with the birth of mighty twins — the graphic Sign and the Word. The two creating and defining the human culture to these days.



THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING



Vladimir Gachinskiy, 1961-2005
Genesis, 1993

Figuratively speaking, each story follows the shape of the Globe, a tangle of intersecting threads of latitudes and longitudes. This is how I see the memoirs or writing, as the history of human thought .

Not a whole lot of books were published on the history of writing, and the conclusions in each of them are not dissimilar.

Not a single work dares to make the assumption of the possibility, that all writing systems on Earth originate from a single provenance.

We will try to hypothesise that there was an epoch of a single Origin.

Our hypothesis may be similar to the mythical Bible narrative about Adam and Eve, or Ancient Egyptian legend, according to which humanity descended from opposite-sex twins, who fell out of the Atum deity's mouth. But there has to be a beginning of this thread!...

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

Transformation of a Humanoid into a Homo Sapiens has not begun by the simple act raising their gaze towards the golden disc in the vast darkness of the African sky, it began from tracing this figure in the sand with a finger. Then repeating it in the clay with a stick. The moon is visually more expressive than the sun, which glares in the burned-out sky. It is possible to enjoy the image of the moon for a long time without tiring of it, without the need to squint. It is impossible to gaze at the sun.

In the epoch of the Origin, poets of the early humankind had already realised that the world consists of extreme opposites — night-day, top-bottom, cold-hot. In this paired relationship system, the role of the good genius, the All-father was allocated to the nightly celestial body.

The moon became a deity in the southern latitudes. It taught humanity to inscribe a circle, to create physical incarnations of the idol as discs of clay and stone. And to worship all the round objects on Earth because they are acceptable before God.

The moon created the opportunity to create several pictorial (variations of its image, from the crescent moon to the full moon, and further to the waning moon.



— "the moon (crescent) and a star".

Humans created a unit of time, a "week" (or "a quarter of a month") by dividing the moon into four parts.

The equation "full moon = month" became a



discovery, — which defined the development of the proto-hieroglyphic writing and forms of the material culture in many ways.



Faniya Islamova, 1954
The Moon's Day, 2010





Yuri Plotnikov, 1941
Taurus, 2001



It is impossible to reconstruct the first word uttered by humans (without following with tape recorders all the species of monkeys). It has disappeared, became a part of the sounds acquired by the humans in the process of choosing their ancestors: The Bull, the Bird (southern crescent), the Lion, the Tiger or the Wolf (northern crescent), and, respectively, calling the totems by their endonyms.

The onomatopoeic nature of the first name of the Crescent (and the full moon) is now indubitable for me. As well as the similarity between the symbol of a bull (horns) and the form of a crescent moon, which led to the view of the Bull as an Earthly embodiment of the divine star in moon worship. The bull became a totem-god, the forebearer of humankind. And next the Mother – Cow.



First, the Bull, and then the Cow.

The bull could vocally symbolize itself. ***Its natural word of speech became its endonym.***

Any three/four-year-old child from a village will tell you that the name of a bull and a cow is "Moo". It is universal. There were no alternate versions.

Thus, we can chalk a line:

1) The initial stage of the development of a language is onomatopoeic. 2) Writing allowed for the creation of names for voiceless objects, externally similar to the voiced graphic signs.

This led to the formation of the main word-building model: ***"sign + name + interpretation of the sign = word-notion"***.

Every language used this model. ***Each of them initially had a form of protowriting, it would have been impossible to actualize itself without it.***

Humans are genetically connected with Mother Nature with their whole being, and it would be strange to believe that they came to this world any different from the other creatures, blessed by evolution with a single word to express the whole scale of their feelings and instincts.

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

Each ceremony (ritual, custom) is not a random product of the "shamans" but has a reason underpinned by one of the signs.

The history of civilizations during the Sun era stemmed from the point left by the bow compass used by one of "engineers" of the Stone Age. This led to the beamed point becoming a line and a cross.

This new sign demanded interpretation. Everybody stopped on one poetic decision, that the line and its version are the signs of weapons — a spear, an arrow, the axe; The point was left by the sharp point of a "bow compass".

"The moon under the weapon sign" can only mean one thing: "murdered moon", meaning "non-moon". (We still cross out unnecessary places in texts. Like Indians drew a spear across the image of an animal in rock paintings. The reader understood that it was killed. A line and a cross as symbols of negation are not the only remnants of proto-hieroglyphics in today's writings but they are obviously in the number of the oldest graphemes) This interpretation allowed for improvement of the general sign. The vertical line was elongated, now crossing the line of the crescent moon. This led to a better reflection of the "moon wounded by a spear" concept:

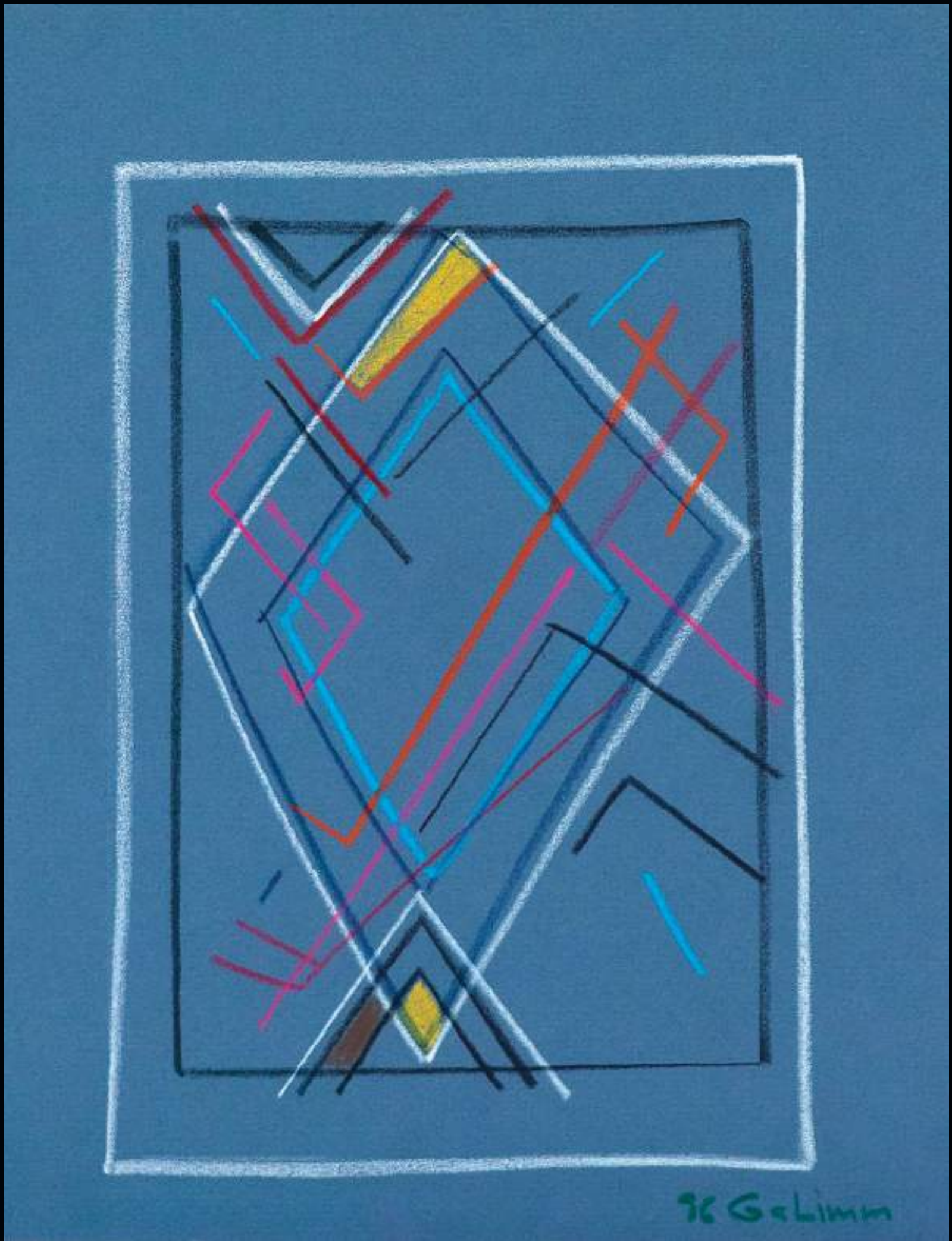


The same sign under the same name had different meanings in the various cultures of the Epoch of the Origin. Parallel lines come into contact in the course of hybridization of societies and this blending created syncretic imagery: Cow-Sun, Ram Sun, Fire-Steed, calf-Sun...






Albert Guryev, 1937-2012
*Sakā Tigraxaudā ("Saka with Pointy Hats"),
Battle, 1970*




Galim Madanov, 1958
Composition, 1996

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

The sign as a number spread throughout all of the prehistoric world. In the West we can find it in Roman writing —  But the name of u figure did not become a numeral, which can signify that it was a late loan.

Sumer writing kept the sign and its name, but with a meaning different to Western and Eastern cultures. In trying to find out the reason for this, we found another simple hieroglyph with a monophonemic name. In a way, it was already familiar to us. It was the "spear" — a vertical line *****ha**,

Inseparability of the angle and the line led to the idea that these hieroglyphs were used and as the **first main numbers — five and one.**



Quinary type of counting preceded decimal because it was suggested by nature. Our limbs have five fingers. Mankind still resorts to counting on fingers. On sticks. Even in writing in some systems it is still done with lines. To depict the first group number (five) the sign of crescent-horns, reminding of a hoof or foot trace, was adapted. The sharp-angled variant receives an interpretation of "hand bent in the elbow",  also — "five".

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

Knowledge and faith are the Adam and Eve of human consciousness. In learning and believing, expanding the mind and the soul, the creature became a human. In worshipping the moon, the stars, the sun, our ancestors mastered the high instruments of thoughts and acts. The history of humans, their culture began with faith, which was the first way to recognize the world and your role in it.

No matter how powerful our minds become, it will be impossible for them to deny the concept of "God", understood and felt by thousands of generations of ancestors.

Our time provided many examples of deification of individuals, even during their lifetime. Each of us is just a grain of sand in the ocean of time, but some were hidden in a shell and covered in with mother of pearl, becoming the jewel of the world Buddha, Moses, Christ, Mohammed, Zoroaster. Earthly embodiments of God.

The moon worship was the calmest religion: the connection between the heavenly deity and the earthly embodiment (bull) was obvious. The solar religion complicated relation of signs of the sky and earth: Cow, Ram, Horse, Camel, Dog, Scarab (scorpion), Cobra, Boar... And at the last stage — a Human. What sign connects him with the sun? A nimbus over his head is only a part of the hieroglyph.  The line however,  symbolizes the human (a face, a personality). Another direction is the deity in a circle Egyptians placed the names of Pharaoh-gods in cartouches — i.e. outlined with a circle, an oval. The longer the name, the more elongated is an oval. **The human on the cross** is also a god!



Shamil Guliyev, 1960
Crucifixion, 1997



Abdrashid Sydykhanov, 1937-2011
The Sheep Symbol, 1989




THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING



The worshipped animals were domesticated. They were revered as much as even now cows are treated in India. Neither their meat nor milk were eaten; the dead animals were burned on a ritual fire.

This single example can be a convincing reason for the idea that *humans tamed animals connected to the sign of the sun, not for utilitarian uses, but for the sake of worship.*


The ram was an earthly embodiment of the Sun-Fire. Originally the crossed-out horns (or in artistic interpretations — horns with a disk) meant either a Cow, or a Ram, or a Horse.

 =  =  — these are variations of the sun signs (Cow, Ram, Horse.).

In the middle of the first month, i.e. the first day of a new year, when sun worshippers skewered a black bull ("night star), representing the graphic symbol of the sun..

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

Our feelings and knowledge are quite enough to cognitively comprehend the scheme of infinity in both in regression and as a whole picture. From the moment of comprehension of the parity principle, human consciousness has been in a state of uncertainty between two extremes united by a circle like an infinite line of unstoppable movement from the beginning to the end and back again to the beginning. This was possibly what Vernadsky meant by the term noosphere (sphere of

Cognition), and Darwin called Evolution . Many generations of thinkers before them defined the figure located on periphery of infinite coordinates of consciousness and being with the original infinitive God.

No other form of culture expresses the binarity of cause and effect that begins from negation as accurately as language. Both Word and God were born in negation, and were revived by negation of negation...


This design is unnoticeable only to the "narrowly focused specialists" who isolate linguistics from the "sum of theologies" to the curb of senseless phonetic process. ***The one and true object of linguistics is language, learned in itself and for itself***. The third postulate of Saussure. Language and all of culture are a result of sun worship religion – this is the assumption from which linguistics should have begun from as part of cultural science. But linguistics is just beginning to understand this.


The time will come when comparativists will have to compare aside from dictionaries, forms of objects of worship, material culture, types of traditional clothes, religious rituals and architectural styles. The reason behind this is that everything created by humans is connected to outlines of sacred signs and their interpretations.

There was a relatively small number of Proto-hieroglyphs. And rules of their development were not infinite.






In the first place, signs of the sun  created as religious objects of sun worship were made in the form of shining disks with a hole in the center. This pictorial depiction of the metaphor influenced

the written sign, in which the hole was more prominent: . Sun worshippers (initially priests were the children of the sun) wore the shining sign, to draw attention of god to themselves.

Discovery of native metals such as gold, copper, and silver, first of all, was used for the religious aims. These new substances could shine, and sparkle like the great star. The name of the sign was transferred to objects, and after them to the materials they were made from. Heritage of this initial stage reached our era in the form of gorgets and coins. The original form of a coin was a metal or a stone disk with a hole. The hieroglyph was also interpreted by priests as the "sun" in the center of the sky, the sun itself seen as this point. The best example

of such interpretation given by a Mayan hieroglyph  — the sun. The "Celestial body" gains radiant beams. It started to designate a familiar concept, probably taking root in that era: **four corners of the world**.

The cross previously was a radiant point with beams.

We are able to approximate the dates of engineering inventions from the form of objects made in the likeness of the sign!

The moon and the sun were depicted in the form of a shining warm disk by those who created the first coins and garlands.

Some people warmed themselves with a material sign of the sun in the form of a poncho — a round piece of pelt or a cloth with a circle cutout in the center.

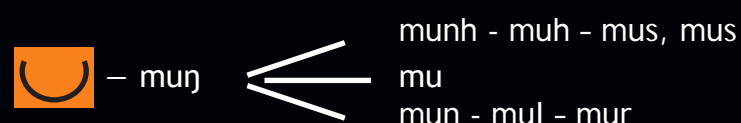
But when the human understood that the moon and the sun are spherical, he created a bead.

Drilled a golden bead, a transparent stone. Archeologists can tell when and during which cultural layers the bead appears.

...One extensive lexical community of names for **money** 1) *a coin, 2) money (English), **monet** (French), **монисто** (monisto) — gorget (Slavic), **monile** — beads, a necklace (Latin), **monole** — beads, a necklace (Tungusic), **мундзак, монжак** (mundzak, monzhak) beads (Karaim), **мончак** (monchak) (Kazakh), **мунчак** (munchak) (Tatar).

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

Linguistics could have become the real study of language in true meaning of this term a long time ago, if it did not give up on the search for the causality of a word in the beginning the century, if it restored the proto-hieroglyph from which writing and language started:



This magical sign could have also helped in understanding of the original reason behind peculiarities of languages and cultures. Even genetically related tribes, living in close vicinity for centuries, and having one graphic writing system, could create absolutely different words from the same sound combinations which served as the name for the general sign. Different in their forms and meanings. This also greatly depended on individual personalities of the priests — the keepers and interpreters of sacred sign-charms, on the levels of their "education", imagination, and intuition. Each word was a poetic creation of a specific author.

Interpretation of a priest became the law tribes acquired the pronunciations and meanings provided to them, The people did not invent, did not discover, did not compose This was done by one person. The people memorised, used and turned the gained word into a skill, a tradition which was transferred from generation to generation. And when we say "the Chinese invented porcelain, paper, compass, silk", we refer to the unknown geniuses of Ancient China. Chinese people are "the ethnic author" in these cases. But it is possible to discover even only the ethnic inventorship of such discoveries as "metal smelting", "first wheel", "bow", "writing"? It may be possible if the original names of these phenomena in history are discovered.




Abdrashid Sydykhanov, 1937-2011
The Symbol of Pluto. 1996



...Tumultuous Hellenic thought is demonstrated in the association which mystically soared:

  - *muz-a*.

The winged Muse, goddess of arts. Why? Maybe because  — **muz-ka* is the name of a string instrument? Music? A tambourine with beater?

Turkic peoples overturn the sign and in turn the word:

 — **ka-muz*.

Compare to *komuz* — the main string instrument (Kyrgyz) *kobyz* — a bowed string instrument (Kazakh).


Slavs borrow and create — **kovyš* — a ladle after this sign. And by turning it they receive:  — *kovyš-n* — a jug.

Now Turkic peoples adopt the sign of a ladle, and because always hangs handle down in a yurt, they reconstruct the sign.

And the name:

 — **köbiš*.

...One of the most ancient Kazakh tribes uysin was not called this way by accident — thoughtful, "wise". Chinese mentioned this tribe from 3 century B. C. Under the same name and in the same area where they are now. One of the most ancient and authentic ethnonyms in world history. Till the 20th century the uysin have retained their heraldic sign:

 — *šöbiš* — "ladle" (**kömiš = *köbiš*).

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

First abstract generalization prompted to humanity by nature — **parity**, generated the understanding of the law of paired relationships as a precondition for development. It became the design of a project of a language. Man and woman, day-night, light-darkness, top-bottom, sky-earth, rising-decline...

Alternation of mirror opposites, where one becomes possible only in negating another is the conflict of opposites. ("**or-or**" principle).

However, every phenomenon already contains a paired relationship within itself. The human face has two eyes, two nostrils, two cheeks. A nose divides a face into two halves — two cheeks, two temples.

Each living being is made up of two parts — left and right, which are not in fatal conflict, like night and day. Further understanding of the law of paired relationships leads to an awareness of the symmetry as **unity of opposites**. ("**and-and**" principle).

The paired relationship discovered in nature had to be reflected in language, because words reflect the essence of the names of objects and phenomena, combining both black and white, like in pictorial depiction.

In other words — ***all words are alternating. Each word has a mirrored pair. The most ancient formation system of language — antonymy.***



Vladimir Gvozdev, 1960
Female-Male Amulets. 2011



Rakhat Ittikeyev, 1966
A Nomad, 2020

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

About Kazakh people, I knew only the fact that before the revolution in 1917 we were under double oppression- tsarism and local feudal lords. There was nothing more in the educational program. And I wasn't that interested either.

Professor Sidelnikov, assigning this course work to me, might have hardly expected that the Lay of medieval knyaz Igor's march on the Polovtzy nomadizing by Don River unexpectedly would become a spark that would induce my primary interest in the history of the Kazakhs above all. When learned that the language of my ancestors belonged to the family of Turkic languages which once derived from one stem, I had a feeling of a special brotherhood of blood. Atavism, yes, but how it inspires a young person. Gaining Turkism, I felt the urge of previously unfelt feelings, I will not describe them, but they formed my identity and contributed to the development of the adolescent Turkic vision as a part of my philosophy. ...Back then I felt a conscious respect towards the Russian language. For its ability to conserve, without changing, the forms and meanings of Old Turkic words, many of which grew out of use in the languages they were created in.

This change should have brought other changes. And this form of dative case acts as a subjective. Most importantly, "e" appeared already because of Russian, and if it came as the ending of the borrowing, it would have certainly been substituted.

...Once "**kochshechsheii**" in common Russian was the name of steppe, steppe frontier region, people. Later Turkish complex word wins. Seljuk Turks appeared in the eastern borders of Rus in the XI century, in the period of conflict with Byzantium. Prior to that, the steppe frontier region was nomadized by Cumans – the ancestors of the Kazakh, the Tatar, the Kara-Kalpak, the Nogai and the Balkar. And in the eastern literature, it was called Desht i-Kipchak ("the land of the Kipchak"). When does "**koch-evi**" pushes "**kochsh-chshi**"?

"The Lay of Igor's Warfare (1185) uses "kochshei, "kochshievo" in its original meaning – nomad, nomadic. And folk tales brought this fairy-tale word to this day imbued with a negative meaning in the times of oppression, in the name of a highly negative character in the tragedy of agrarian Rus **Immortal Nomad**.

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

Languages are a treasure trove of historical data that did not remain in the fragmentary chronicles. Languages are archive which does not burn, wash out, grow moldy and is not subjected to the influence of ideologies. Main intellectual heritage passed on by countless generations of ancestors. They tasked us with becoming Knowledgeable for a good reason, in order to learn what they could not their past. We received a will- decode and read a great archive, where not only the past was encoded but also our present and future.

We see only parallel trunks in the garden of human cultures. But if we look down, pierce through a sod overgrown with grassy mundaneness, you see how root patterns intertangle and feel the noises of crowns above. Rub foliage and bloom, pollinating each other.

Past and present are mirror-like interconnected. A rootless tree- a dry pillar without crown and fruits where we can hang a loudspeaker or a Chinese lantern. Or it can be chopped down for firewood. With no regret. Convince any people that they have no past and use for firewood. How many derooted trunks we see in our dispersing forest!

Kadyrbek Kametov, 1952
Peace, from the series "The History of My People"





Dosbol Kassymov, 1960
Kultegin – the Warrior of the Light, 2003

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

I tried to limit the field of the Turkic word under scrutiny in regions of its common use Mongolian steppes, Altai, Central Asia, Volga River basin, South Caucasus, Crimea, Anatolia... But I was already convinced that the Old Turkic language in the Orkhon texts of the 8th century already had a complete dictionary, detailed grammar: this linguistic wealth could not be created over just one or two centuries. The language did not change within the next centuries. Any educated Turkic person will understand the text of an epitaph to the great kagan KulTegin inscribed on a stone obelisk in the bare Mongolian steppes near the Orkhon River. The wise vizier Bilga-Ton'yukuk ("Knowledgeable Tonyyukuk"), the author of the description of accomplishments of the creator of Turkic Khaganate in the steppe, which later became Mongolian, also wrote several words about himself in that epitaph:

*"Тунь удумадъм
куньдуз олурмадъм
кара таримди төктім,
къзъл канъмдъ югурдтім -
түрк будун учун"*

*«For nights I did not sleep.
for days I did not rest,
I wiped my brow covered in black sweat,
and drew the coursing of my red blood to run faster -
all this in the name of Turkic peoples»*

Year 726

Monuments of Old Turkic letter have survived only in Mongolia and wild Altai mountains, places with no Islam influence. All other places were scraped clean of this richest heritage of millennial writing. And only eleven centuries after islamisation did Turkic people learn of another writing prior to Arabic script. All thanks to Danish palaeographer V. Tomsen, who tried to find a connection of "siberian runes" with Old Scandinavian. Deciphered texts happened to have Turkic language.

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING



In the Baghdad museum, I studied the pages of "clay books". I was especially interested in tablets with the text of the Sumero Akkadian (Babylonian) dictionary, due to which Assyriologists managed to discover the peoples, which were undiscovered till the 19th century – Sumers, who habituated these lands before the arrival of Ancient Semites – ancestors of Babylonians. Phoenicians, Jews, Arameans, and Arabs. First of them adopted Sumer syllabic cuneiform writing and explained in syllabary dictionaries the names and meanings of some figurative signs, hieroglyphs used by Sumers before they evolved to syllabic cuneiform writing. In the oldest excavation layers of Babylon (IV millennium B.C) clay tables, with drawings which I considered to be pre-hieroglyphs, were found. Here are the most ancient depictions of a yurt.

How does it differ from the current Turkic or Mongolian nomadic dwellings? Objects and phenomena remained, which means that the names also should have been transferred with them through the layers of time. The house, a cow, a bull – are still present, were not lost on the way. And god was not lost...

"Шумер -не ме?" (Sumer – ne me?) – translated from Sumer language this phrase means: "Sumer – what is it?". We have the right to consider the phrase "ne me?" to be the most ancient phraseological unit out of the languages present nowadays on Earth. This permanent combination is heard in Turkic languages today: **nä mä?** – what is it? (Uzbek), **ne men?** what is it? (Turkmen), **ne mene?** – what is it? (Kazakh). For six millennia this question is asked by people. The answer to it is – **nama, name** – "history" (Iranian).



Oratbek Nurzhumayev, 1938-1996
A Moonlight Night, 1990




Tokbolat Toguzbayev, 1940-1996
The Birth of the Steppe, 1980

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

It is quite possible, that prior to Sumerian layers in ancient Western Asia, there was a "layer of Maya", and lunar signs with monophoneme names are their heritage in the cultures of Eurasia.

-  – *u* (Sum).
-  – *u* (Avest).
-  – *u* (Old Turk).
-   – *u* (Lat).
-  – *o* (лат.)
- *   – *o* (Greek).
- And derived:
-   – *oo* (Classic Greek).
-  – *oo* (Byzant. Greek)
-   – *kof* (*ha-u) (Phoen.-Aram).
-   – *kv* (*kov) (Lat).
-  – *f* [*(ho)-f] (Greek)
-  – *kv* (Goth).
-  – *wau, waw* (*a-u) (Phoen-Aram).
-  – *kaf* (*ha-u) (Phoen.-Aram).
-  – *uu* (Avest).
-  – *ü (ö)* (Old Turk).
- Quite possibly others were added to the number:
-  – *u* (*uu) (Ertusc).
-  – *u* (*uu) (Slavic-Cyrill).
-  – *y* (* ui, * iu, ü > i (Lat).



...A turned over sign had to be called as a crossed out one  – *uu*.

In a closed complex dialect, lexeme obtains a prothetic consonant: *uuk*. In Kazakh, a curve pole, forming a yurt dome is so named. It is attached to a combined wall lattice, by a wide carpet tape (*uuk bau*) with a special ornament, that ensures this tie is not confused with anything else. This pattern, repeated from century to century, is not understood by weavers, weaving it. But we will have to try. *Along a whole length of a tape, a word is weaved, name of an object, for which it is intended.*



Marina Sharipova
(MAKÉ), 1959-1993
The Flower of Love, 1992

The symbol of sun-cow, depending on its position, adds verblity to the name of god-parent, becomes a symbol, that shows method of divine proliferation.

The Sumerians already possess knowledge of multiplication, and by emphasizing the numerical value of the sign, designate it by the five pairs superstructure. Thanks to its addition to a Sumerian-Akkadian dictionary, we may see this wondrous Sumer hieroglyph. Not all hieroglyphs were honored thus, but luckily a triad **ud(gud) – ud(*ud) – du(tu)** fell into a number of selected signs. Not all form of hieroglyphs was supplemented by a naturalistic expression of numerical value. The reasoning behind selectivity is yet to be found out, but either way, hieroglyph



– **tu** – to give birth, is affirmed in Sumer writing.

Before the angle (**un > u**) turned into the ten, Turks knew the numerical ***tu** – 10. It survived as part of a complex, long denoting the limiting number of tumyn -ten thousand (with myn – 1000). In medieval times, nomadic troops were divided into armies of ten thousand horsemen, with mongols pronouncing it as tumen, Chagatai as tuming (ming means 1000 in uzbek).

The pose of a woman in labor probably appeared as an embodiment of the birthsign, borrowed from Sumerians. In far Kazakh auls, on the nomadic spurts, wives give birth while standing, holding the lasso stretched under the yurt dome. Women helping her accompany their actions with cries tu! addressing both the fetus and the mother – 1) give birth! 2) be born!


And when cries of a giving birth woman are replaced by newborn's first scream, midwife reports – tudy! – 1) gave birth, 2) was born!

The feast is called for such an occasion. It is possible, that such feast was once only celebrated on a birth of a new life. After that, word tui (toi) 1) "be sated", 2) "feast" was applied to all ritual feasts, that celebrated all sorts of events joyful and solemn, family and national, wedding and victory, an important date.


THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

Only the wisest, experienced, people with gifts of premonition and prescience could become chiefs. In Slavic societies, priests who represent the Eye of the Sky are called — **Ведьма** (ved'ma — witch) — "knowledgeable", "wise". The main enemies of the Christianity. Church incessantly fought "knowing" and "seeing people, forbid to use these terms in early Russian literature. The witch suffered most.

The epoch of wise priests that make up a top layer of society — the nobility will never end. Although nobility is seldom gained by knowledge nowadays. The Sumerians called their commoners — sag-gig — "blackheads". There will always be a more educated layer of society, the Light, as opposed to uneducated masses — the "black", "rabble". The quality and level of civilization of ethnos was measured by proportional relations between

these parts in a society graphic formula: .

Many societies have lost that shining radiant point within dark circle. "Knowledge is light, ignorance is dark". The knowledgeable, aware — светоч, светило (in Russian svetoch, svetilo — luminary, shining one). The seemingly logical and simple in its candor metaphor, cultures had to assimilate in sequence and simultaneously different meanings of the same symbol: "sun" > "light" > "to know" (to find out), "to see". A new name for a radiant point within crescent was born:


 — «**уз** (знака) **vet'**» → свет (svet — light) → **свеча** (svecha candle) → **свешта** (sveshta) → **звезда** (zvezda — star).



Abdrashid Sydykhanov, 1937-2011
The Sign of Venus, 1995


THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING


Our home-country – the world

Sumerian hieroglyph in ancient Western Asia  in all writings was used to designate a "country" determinative. Sumerian name – *kalam*.

If it was required to explain the name of some country in the cuneiform text, the name of the country was followed by this sign. And reader understood that it is about a name of the country, state.

...On earlier stages Turkic priests, adopting the sign, interpreted it accordingly to their understanding:



 – 'er – earth

 – sub – water.

Used as a heraldic sign, hieroglyph received curious meaning: *jer-sub* – "home country". In Old Turkic texts, there is a permanent combination: *yduk jersub* "sacred homeland", literally "sacred earth-water".

The reason for all these constructs was the sign:

 *'eleb > *'elem, (äläm).

I don't exclude probability of the birth of a Sumer legend about the Flood during poetic interpretation of signs  "water above the ground" and  "the earth over water".

The earth was transferred by the sign of the two-headed mountain. A multitude of images have generated these polysemantic hieroglyphs including the "bird over the two-headed mountain" in a bible plot.





Konush Moldogaziyev, 1959
Mother Earth, 2019



THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING




The acute-angled sign of the northern sun has played a role of universal figure. As the treble clef opens the first line of the score of the symphony, this outstanding hieroglyph by right is worthy to open "Difficult numerals" in the initial section of mathematics history.

It knew at least five editions millennia prior to the Sumer era. Being a graphic symbol of the Moon and Venus, it was interpreted later as the sign of the sun. It is due to a radiant star, (in time transformed as a sign of negation — a cross, and as a sign of multiplication — a cross) and received a lot of other interpretations.



It caused new interpretations of a sign, tilted as a bowl, or a horn.

The inclined five with a cross-two  falling out of it, one of the most successful explanations for this sign situation. The symbol of the sun receives numerical value — (5-2). Did this ambiguity make the sun worshipers deify the number "three"?

The result of this most Ancient arithmetic action had to be reflected in Sumerian as **uš* — 3 (remained in *uš-u* — 30), and in Turkic **uth'* > *"üč > üš*. Compare: *üş* — 3 (Kaz., K-kalp., Nog)., *üč* — 3 (Tat., Uzb., Bash., Tur., Korg., Alt. etc)., *its* (Karaim)., *vič, visse, viš* (Chuvash). The Mayans have carried this numerical into Americas: *oš* — 3. In no other language could I find similar forms for numerals).

Bektas Armat, 1966
Untitled, 2000

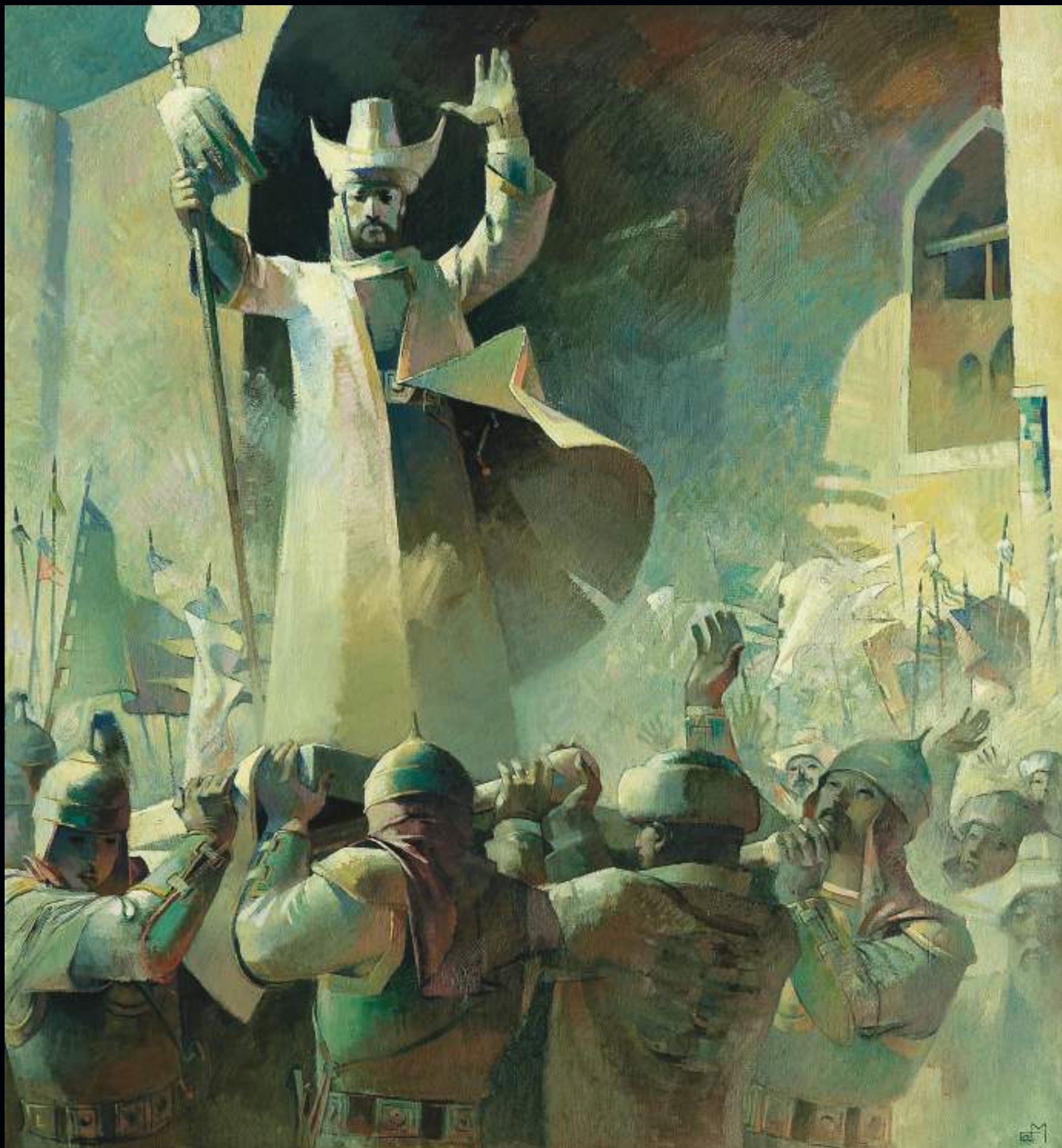
THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

Tür— throne (Tat). **tör**- the same (Kaz). Second meaning of ese words is — surprisingly exact description of the sign: **tür** — bend edges up (Kaz)., **tör** the same (Tat).

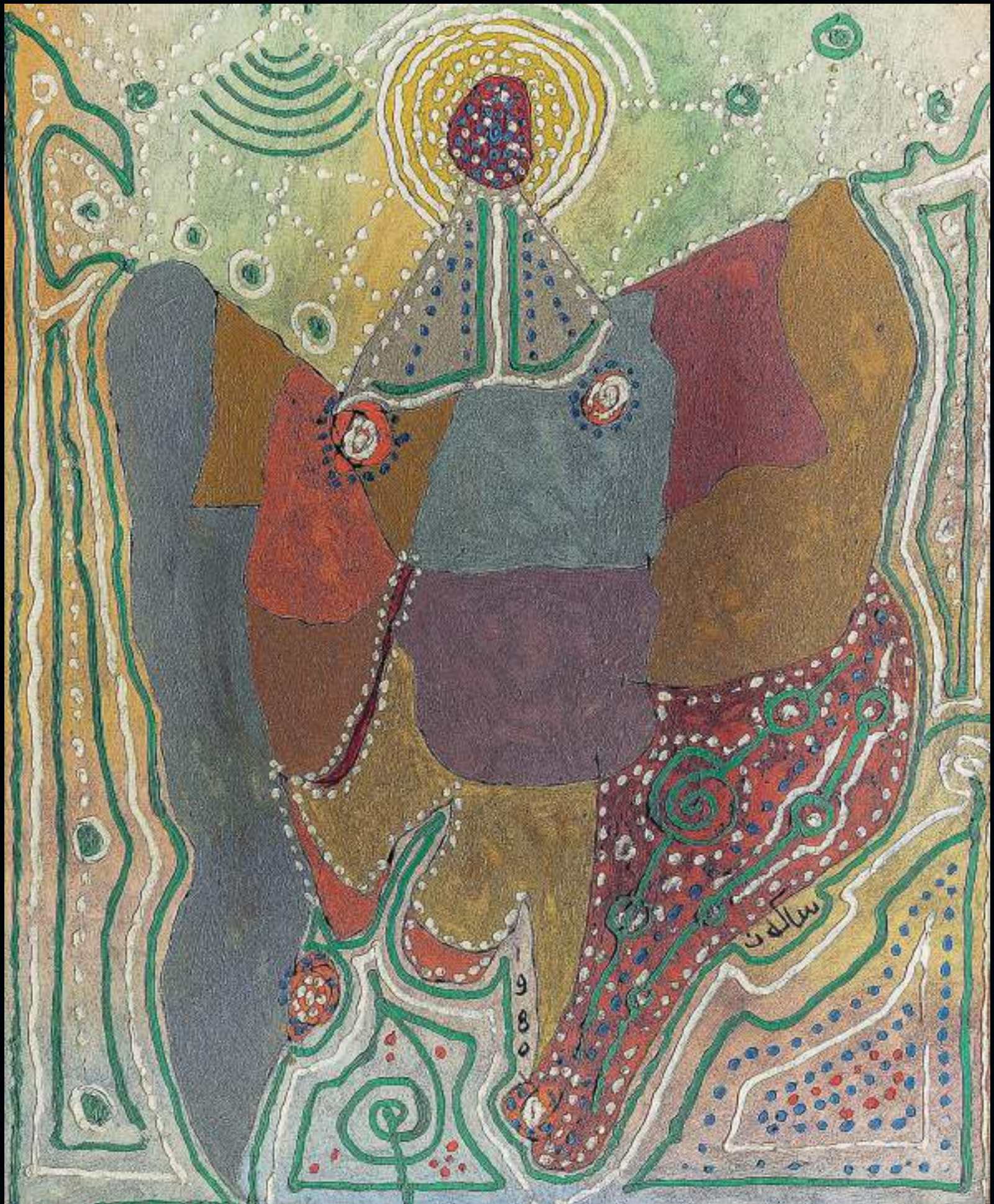
...By electing khan (töre), the Kazakh tribes' elders elevated him on a large white felt mat. And held on an outstretched hand, not to feel the burden of a new authorities, but to create material sign, repeating the Tor hieroglyph shape. A god on a crescent cloud, the sky throne.

It was obligatory for a felt mat to have its edges bent up.

Modern Kazakh painter depicted a scene of a legendary khan Ablai coronation. Apparently, he literally understood the word "throne" in a Russian meaning: under white felt mat he put something like a table, so that the lord would not drown in it, bending in a humiliating pose, but sat proudly on a solid foundation. While his intention is clear, the picture cannot be accepted. Even "ideologically" it is defective. Instead of the straight aksakals lifting the elected representative of the people to the sun, the author has been forced to depict crooked slaves trying to hold a very heavy table with a felt cloth with their backs, in the centre of which, sits not the great Ablai.



Bakytkhan Myrzakhmetov, 1953
Abylai Khan. The Ceremony of Proclaiming Khan, 2012



Saken Gumarov, 1937-1995
Vibrations, from the cycle "Astral", 1980

History of ethnonyms, titles, and attributes of royal value, that we are considering is just so god lord commoner On descending order. Etymology is impossible without restoration of history of subjects and customs. Anything that was created by the person was initially the material embodiment of a divine symbol. A mortar with a pestle, the boat with a pole (an oar, a mast), a hammer, two-sided axe, an inflatable ball on a thread, a kite, a trident, a broom — 1001 pieces of our material culture were generated by requirements of cults of the Sun.

Conclusion from material of this article. The coat of arms sign became a figurative formula of the union of country-state people (circle) and a sovereign (vertical line one). Therefore, there were several concepts of "head": "head" is the people, society, the state, and "head" — one — "neck", "hair", "thought"...

Therefore One, only in combination with the Nimbus, the Aura means — God > Lord. Without this wreath, a unit designates the smallest number. Like a king without his cantele.

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

Lunar and solar religions coexisted in societies until recently. Memories of it are saved in languages.

Moon-worshippers saw the sacred sign of the belief in a bend of the river and began to settle in such places. This physical charm except its spiritual function possessed a practical one — it gave drinking water, irrigation and also served as a natural barrier on the way of uninvited guests. Settlements, expanding, began to build artificial rivers — the ditches filled with water. With the development of engineering, humans were free to settle where they pleased now. He enclosed the settlement with a stockade: the god above saw that the people worshipping him are living in a circle charm anyway.

That, in my opinion, was ideology of the first hieroglyphic symbol of the city - "circle".

The terms which appeared during this period — **bur*, **pur*, **ur*, **burg* receive nominal sense — "strengthened settlement", "city". In this quality, we meet them in *burg* — fortress (Ger)., *pur* — city (Ancient Ind.). Common name turns into proper one in — *Ur* — the most ancient Sumer city on the Tigris.

...There was a temptation to attract a name of other great city of Mesopotamia here — *Uruk* (*urk?), which meant "community" in Sumer. *Uruk* — "clan", "tribe" (Turk)., *uruw* — the same (Kaz). well conforms with it. But a clearly visible morphological structure has stopped me: *ur-ik > ur-yk > uruk. The word is constructed according to the Oghuz scheme "imperative + ik = noun". Emergence of a diminutive-negating suffix was caused by the point which arose in moon ("hole"). Reaction to such complication of the sign was reflected in uruk, uryk — "seed" (Kaz). The hollow circle doesn't give reason for similar association.

In its pure form, circle is now represented only in Slavic word: *krug* (*urg > hurg > hrug). Emergence of a point-line causes softening of a whole name. At this stage "crescent" has changed its position, became northern, and the line below it forms a hook (crutch > stick, club).

Germans still saw a "southern month". Connection of "spear" with "horns" they interpreted in their own way: *krig* "war".



Yuri Zobak, 1957-2018
Horoscope, 2008



Sembigali Smagulov, 1963
Zoroastrian Motif, 1996

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

A letter former hieroglyph (except for late artificial alphabets), Letter is a hieroglyph, keeping its name, but losing figurative meaning and numerical value.

During transitory period, separate hieroglyphs were still used as **unpronounceable** ideograms in alphabetic letter. I am inclined to associate Old Scandinavian runic to this unique type of writing, named by first letters of alphabet **futark** (futhark).

Here is this inscription-alphabet:



It is considered, that futhark has first appeared in Denmark approximately in 3rd century AD, spreading to the Norway and Sweden at the same time.

It would seem, we have restored general meaning of an inscription. The following orded is shaped:

man — 5 (◀), women — 10 (↗). elder — 15 (↘), homeland — 20 (⊗).

A highest spiritual treasure — homeland. It is above the king and citizens. A shortest and most expressive constitution of all. A fundamental law of some Old Germanic society. A main principle that cultivated respect for a ruler and veneration of the homeland. It is not accidental, that in German poetry of 19th century, formula "Deutschland, uber alles — Germany above all", has appeared.


It was living in a spiritual culture of the people for centuries, it would seem, originating in Scandinavian antiquity. **The importance of this text explains its replication with no changes that allowed runologists to confuse these inscriptions for an alphabet.**

Ideological alphabet, a state. spiritual canon, known by all, was carved in golden medallions crests and other notable objects.

THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

But is it really necessary to be stuck on "European, "Asian or "American" consciousness? Isn't worldwide consciousness a better goal? Well, maybe not. National idea is simpler, closer and readily available for a man, than "regional", "continental". and much more, than "worldwide". Shocks caused by explosions of aggressive nationalism, based on primitive ethnocentrism, heavenly or earthly idolatry cults, *promote elaboration of organic, positive synthesis of pacifistic nationalism with the panhuman idea.*

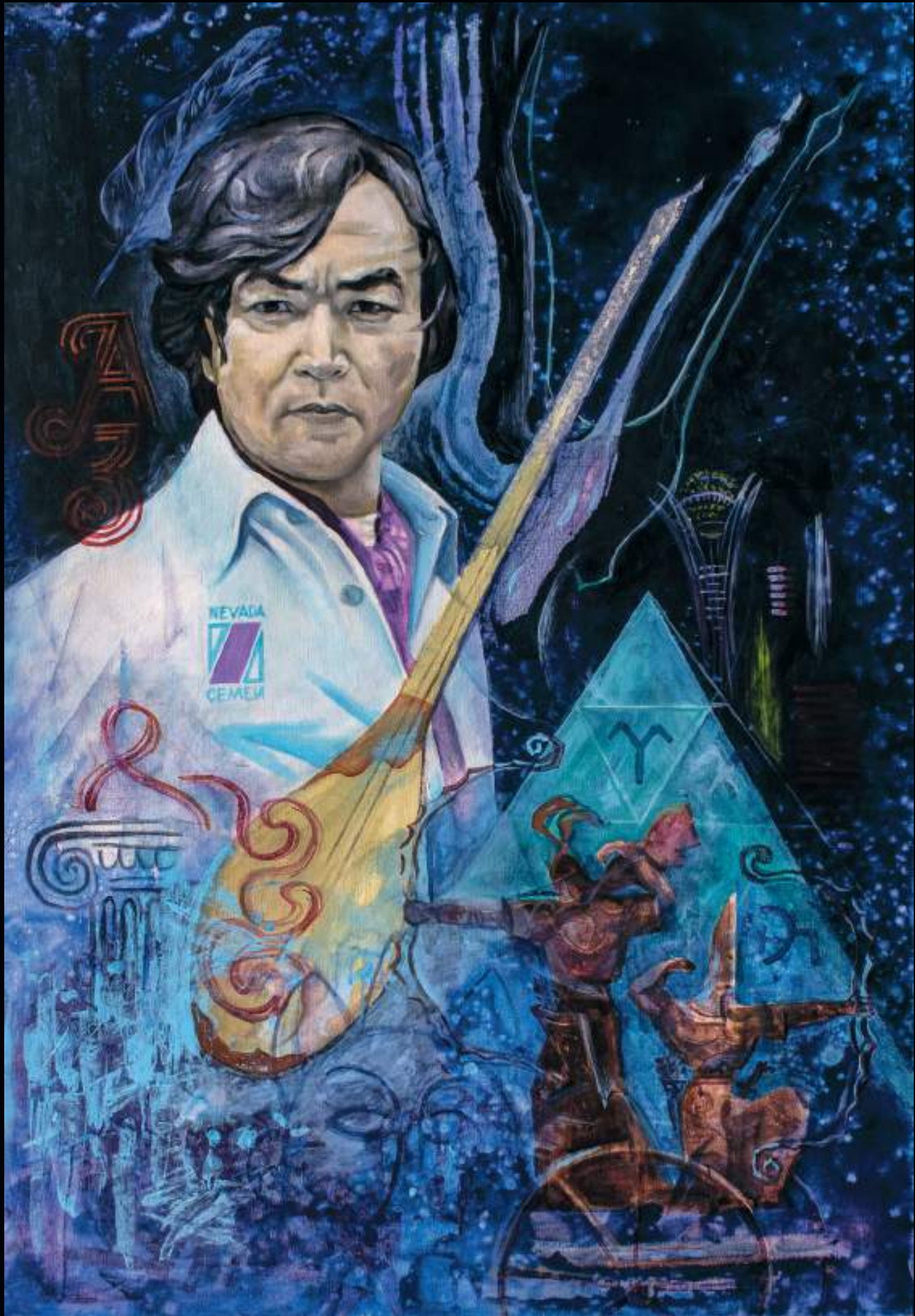
To love one's homeland and thus value peace in region and the world. "To ennoble the steppe, without humiliating mountains." Only peoples, equal in dignity can form humanity. I do not differ ethnoses on old and young, historical and unhistorical: all have appeared at their own time. Memories of this are preserved in languages. Etymology becomes a main genre of historical science — archeology of language. It — will provide countless data on ancient history, thousands of years of prehistory knowledge.

At the end of second millennium, according to Christian chronology, and, maybe, hundredth on Homo sapiens calendar, an added picture of our past comes to life. Newly shown, voiced screenshots of dark prehistory will appear. From this mute anthracite of time, new rays of solar signs are breaking through. They are a graphic code of a word and a speech. And within them, a principle of progressive duality, a cornerstone of language, writing, architecture, mechanics, and poetry — in each component of this complex culture organism, is clearly reflected .





Yuristanbek Shygaev, 1957
Nature the Teacher, 2015



THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING

...I would like to interrupt my story-argument here, written in justification of the *causality of graphic and oral signs version*. I motivate definition of the books genre by addressing Latin source: argumentus – 1) story, 2) idea justification, 3) truthfulness, 4) truth.



Gulfairus Ismailova, 1929–2013
The Portrait of the Poet O. Suleimenov, 1990



LIST OF ARTISTS

Salihitdin Aitbayev, 1938–1994

Since 1956, he took part in national and all-Union exhibitions. In 1961, he graduated from the Almaty Art School named after N.V. Gogol. In 1969–71, he held classes there. In 1966, he became a laureate of the Lenin Komsomol Prize. In addition to painting, Aitbayev was also engaged in illustration and collaborated with renowned Kazakh writers. Aitbayev's paintings are kept in the State Museum of Arts of Kazakhstan named after A. Kasteyev.

Amandos Akanayev, 1948

A member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan (1978). A member of the Board of the Union of Artists, the Chairman of the Painting Section (1980–1986). A member of the International Association of Critics and Art Experts at UNESCO (1986). An Academician of the Academy of Arts of Kazakhstan (2006). A laureate of the State Prize of the Republic of Kazakhstan in the field of Literature and Art (2010). He was awarded numerous certificates, and prizes of the Union of Artists of the USSR and certificates of honor of the Supreme Council of the Kazakh SSR. A scholarship holder of the USSR Academy of Arts. In 1968, he graduated from the Alma-Ata Art School named after N.V. Gogol. Throughout his creative life, he created a uniquely original style of "neo-traditionalism" by synthesizing the easel painting traditions of European art with the monumental plastic art of the artistic legacy of the nomads of Asia. The world of his paintings is a grandiose artistic chronicle of the culture of nomadic Asia presented in color and images.

Magauya Amanzholov, 1948–1995

A Kazakh artist-painter. He was born on August 20, 1948 in the village of Kainarbulak, Karkaraly District, Karagandy Region. In 1975, he graduated from the Graphic Arts Department of the Kazakh Pedagogical Institute named after Abai. A participant of exhibitions since 1972. A member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan since 1978. His works are in the funds of the State Museum of Arts of Kazakhstan named after A. Kasteyev.

Arykov Boobek, 1965

A sculptor, muralist. He was born in the village of Kyzyl-sai, Bakai-Ata area, Kyrgyz Republic. Studied in Almaty State Theatre and Arts Institute. Since 2001, a member of Artist's Union of the Kyrgyz Republic.

Adil Asadli, 1954

This artist is well known outside Azerbaijan. His works are kept in private collections in European countries, as well as in the United States. A native of Lankaran, Adil Asadli connected his whole life with his hometown. The pedagogical profile became dominant in this master's works. But he has always paid a lot of attention to his own creativity. Returning to his homeland with a Teacher's diploma, Adil Asadli headed the Art School in Lankaran. He is still its Director, but in recent decades, he has been teaching fine arts at a local university.

Emilia Babad, 1912–1990

A Kazakh artist, painter, and graphic artist. She was born in Kyiv. From 1930 to 1934, she studied at the Kyiv Art Institute under L. Kramarenko. Since 1937, she lived and worked in Alma-Ata. A participant of exhibitions since 1950. A member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan since 1957. The main theme of her work is still life. Her works are kept in the Atyrau Regional Museum of Fine and Decorative-and-Applied Arts, the East Kazakhstan Museum of Arts, and private collections.

Smail Bayaliyev, 1952

A graduate of the Tashkent Art School named after I. Benkov. A member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan, an Associate Member of the Academy of Arts of the Republic of Kazakhstan. Smail is one of the first members of the avant-garde Kyzyl Traktor (Red Tractor) Art Group. Since the beginning of his creative career, Smail's experiments with various techniques and materials, including felt traditional for nomads, have never ceased to delight art connoisseurs with their scale and ingenuity. Smail Bayaliyev is a participant of numerous exhibitions and art festivals in Kazakhstan, Russia, France, Slovenia, Italy, Germany, Uzbekistan, and Kyrgyzstan.

Nurlan Bazhirov, 1964

An artist, designer. Since 2000, a member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan. In 1984 - graduation from the Design Department of the Alma-Ata Art School named after N.V. Gogol as a Graphic Designer. From 1987 to 1994 – work in art-and-production workshops in Karagandy. A participant of international and national exhibitions in Kazakhstan, Russia and other countries.

Armat Bektas, 1966

An artist, sculptor. A member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan. In 1985, he graduated from the Miniature Painting Department of Almaty Art School, in 1992 - from the Monumental Painting Department of Almaty State Theater and Art Institute named after T. Zhurgenov. Since 2011, a teacher of Painting disciplines of the Painting and Sculpture Department of the Art Faculty of Kazakh National University of Arts. The works of Armat Bektas are in public and private collections in many countries of the world.

Anatoliy Bichukov, 1934–2020

A Soviet and Russian sculptor, teacher, and professor. A member of the Union of Artists of the USSR (since 1967), an Associate Member of the Academy of Arts of the USSR (since 1988), an Academician and the Vice President of the Russian Academy of Arts (since 2001). The People's Artist of the RSFSR (1980). A full member of the Academy of Arts of the Kyrgyz Republic. A graduate of the Moscow State Art Institute named after V. I. Surikov (1964). The artist created more than 50 monuments, memorial plaques, and monumental sculpture compositions, which are installed in Moscow and in many other cities of Russia and abroad.

Nellie Bube, 1949

She received her higher education as an artist in Alma-Ata. Since 1999, a member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan. The Honored Worker of Culture of the Republic of Kazakhstan. Her creative activity as a painter began in 1998 with her first personal exhibition dedicated to the animal ecology. The main themes of creativity: ecology and culture of life of nomads, criteria of spiritual morality, traditions and customs, petroglyphs and architectural monuments as the heritage of cultural eras in Kazakhstan. She is a participant in many international and republican exhibitions and competitions. A special place in works by Bube is occupied by the image of a nomadic woman: mother, toiler, skilled craftswoman, and keeper of traditions and customs. Currently, the artist lives and works in Almaty, continues to study the culture and history of Kazakhstan by embodying her ideas and findings in paintings and illustrations.

Aibek Begalin, 1963

A painter, graphic artist, a member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan, and the Honored Worker of Culture of the Republic of Kazakhstan. An Associate member of the Academy of Arts of the Republic of Kazakhstan (2006). The Honorary Professor of the Eastern International Art Institute of China (2007). A graduate of the Moscow State Art Institute named after V. Surikov (1989). Genre: thematic painting, portrait, book illustration. A trustee of the children's charity fund "Bota" (Colt) since 1998. Personal exhibitions: 1989 - Personal exhibition. Karagandy, Kazakhstan; 1993 - Personal exhibition. Karagandy, Kazakhstan; 1994 - Personal exhibition. KMIZO Karagandy, Kazakhstan; 1989 - Exhibition of Karagandy artists. Prague, Czechoslovakia; 1999 – Contest Exhibition of German and Karagandy artists. Worpswede, Germany; 2002 - Personal exhibition. Art Gallery, Karagandy, Kazakhstan; 2003 - Presidential Culture Center, Astana, Kazakhstan; 2007 - Personal exhibition. China.

Tulegen Dosmagambetov, 1940–2001

An artist, sculptor. He was educated at the Institute of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture named after Repin after graduating from the Alma-Ata Art School. A laureate of the State Prize of Kazakhstan, the Honored Art Worker of Kazakhstan. His name is widely known not only in Kazakhstan, but also abroad. A distinctive feature of his talent manifested in all of his works is the extraordinary monumentality of the image-bearing vision, which gives his works great content and extreme plastic composure. The artist worked in almost all genres and types of sculpture. For more than thirty years of his creative life, the sculptor made a number of monuments and sculptural portraits of prominent figures of the past and present. Monuments to Shokan Ualikhanov, Alibi Zhangildin, Gani Muratbayev, and Mukhtar Auevov. Sculptural portraits "The Eastern Head", "The Portrait of Olzhas Suleimenov", "The Portrait of Bibigul Tulegenova", "Plans of the Republic" (the portrait of Dinmukhamed Konayev), "The Portrait of a Poet", "The Portrait of B. A. Berimzhanov", "The Portrait of Professor S. A. Volmir".

Dulat Ussenbayev, Aidos Burkitbayev, Kanat Beguliyev

Young artists won an open republican competition among Kazakhstan sculptors, architects, and artists. Among more than 20 proposed works, the state commission chose their project - the sculpture "Mother".

Vladimir Fomichev, 1955

A graduate of the Stroganov School in Moscow. An Associate Professor of the Moscow State Academy of Art and Industry named after S.G. Stroganov. Since 1994, a member of the Union of Artists of Russia. A member of the International Art Fund. An Honorary Member of the Russian Academy of Arts. The works of this artist were acquired by the Ministry of Culture of Russia, museums of Langepas and Uryupinsk, the tourism department of the Embassy of Spain, Yugoslavia, Korea, Japan, Germany, Austria and many others, as well as by private collections in Russia and the CIS and by buyers from abroad.

Vladimir Gachinskiy, 1961–2005

After the Art School in Sverdlovsk, he joined the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan. He took part in more than 30 exhibitions; he is a laureate of the International Festival of the Master Class "Silk Road of Culture". Several personal exhibitions were held in the Almaty Gallery of Modern Art "Tengri-Umai" since 1999. Vladimir Gachinskiy is one of the first avant-garde artists of Kazakhstan in the mid-80s. The author's works are displayed in the Regional Art Museum of Petropavlovsk, in the State Museum of Fine Arts named after A. Kasteyev, in the Gallery "Tengri-Umai", in the Ministry of Culture of Kazakhstan, in the Union of Artists of Russia, and in private collections in many European countries.

Saken Gumarov, 1937–1995

A director, artist - attractivist. A member of the Union of Journalists of the USSR, a member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan. He graduated from the Leningrad Institute of Theater, Music and Cinematography and the State Institute of Theater Arts named after V.I. Lunacharsky (GITIS) in Moscow. He worked as a theater director and actor. The main theme of his works is ethnogenesis and culture in the cycle of works "Türkic". The series of works "Heads and Figures", "Astral", and "Thought Forms" are performed in the sense of time discreteness. The artist's paintings are also exhibited in the foyer of the Kazakh Drama Theater.

Albert Guryev, 1937–2011

A graphic artist. He was born in Arkhangelsk, Russia. In 1962, he graduated from Moscow Polygraphy Institute. He studied with the master of book graphics A. Goncharov. In 1963, he moved to Almaty where his creative paths had started. One of his first works was art decoration of Aitmatov's book "Tales of the Mountains and Steppes". "So well done for the first time" warmly responded Chingiz Aitmatov in respect to art decoration of the book from the rostrum of the International competition.

Nikolay Gazeyev, 1948

In 1970, he graduated from the Art School in Alma-Ata. In 1978 - from the Academy of Arts, workshop of Yu. M. Neprintsev, St. Petersburg. Since 1983, a member of the St. Petersburg Union of Artists. It is important for the artist to convey in paintings the length of space and its influence on sensations, the sense of color fluctuations and the environment with flowers, grass, and trees.

Shamil Guliyev, 1960

A native of Kabardino-Balkaria. He graduated from the Art School, then the Theater and Art Institute named after Zhurgenev. Most of his creative life, Shamil Guliyev works in graphics. He turned to sculpture about ten years ago. Among his works, there is also painting. The artist has had many personal and group exhibitions. In 2008 - Exhibition of contemporary art of Kazakhstan at Christie's auction house in London.

Vladimir Gvozdev 1960

A graduate of the Art Department of the Kazakh National Academy of Arts named after T. Zhurgenov (1991). He works in original styles (ethnosymbolism, decorative realism) of his own development. A member of the Creative Union of Artists of Russia. He has been into creative work for over 30 years. His paintings are in private collections and the Museum named after A. Kasteyev. Multiple solo exhibitions.

Rustam Khalfin, 1949–2008

A graduate of the State Architectural Institute in Moscow. After the Institute, Khalfin settled in Almaty, where, together with his wife Lidiya Blinova, he founded an art group and regularly held "apartment" exhibitions. He worked in the techniques of painting, installation, video, photography, and performance, developing the concept of nomad aesthetics through a tactile sense of the world. Khalfin was called the father of contemporary art in Central Asia; even during his lifetime, he had a large number of students and followers. Khalfin's works are kept in the collections of the Museum of Art named after A. Kasteyev, Pavlodar Regional Art Museum, Museum of Fine Arts in Arkhangelsk, National Center for Contemporary Art in Moscow, and Jane Voorhees Zimmerli Art Museum in New Brunswick.

Gulfairus Ismailova, 1929–2013

A Kazakh theater artist and painter, film actress. 1987 - the People's Artist of Kazakhstan, 1965 - the Honored Artist of Kazakhstan. A graduate of the Almaty Art School. 1944 - studies at the workshop of A. Cherkasskiy. Graduation from the Leningrad Institute of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture named after I. Repin, 1950–1956 - studies at the Theater and Decoration Department of the Painting Faculty under M. Bobyshov. She lived and worked in Almaty. She lectured at the Art School (1956–1957). Her works adorn the collections of leading Kazakhstan and Russian museums, including the State Museum of Arts named after A. Kasteyev.

Issatai Issabayev, 1936–2007

A graphic artist, the Honored Worker of the KazSSR and Republic of Kazakhstan, a laureate of the independent Tarlan Prize. In 1965, he graduated from the Moscow Polygraphy Institute. In 1966–1973, he was a senior lecturer at the Kazakh Head Academy of Architecture and Civil Engineering in Alma-Ata. In 1988, Issatay Issabayev was awarded the title of Honored Artist of the Kazakh SSR. In 1991, he was awarded the title of Honored Worker of Kazakhstan. He had a complete mastery over all types of prints, and is also the author of picturesque paintings. He is widely known as the author of book illustrations and graphic series. In 1991, he was awarded the Behzad diploma for the best graphics of the year (Ashgabat, Turkmenistan). In 2004, he was awarded the Tarlan Prize for his contribution to the fine arts of Kazakhstan. A member of the Union of Artists of the USSR and the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan, and a permanent participant in national and foreign exhibitions.

Faniya Islamova, 1954

A graduate of the Kazan Art School (1979), a painter, a member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan. Faniya Islamova creates symbolic and allegorical paintings where everything is unstable, space doubles and triples, and any image is infinitely multifaceted revealing itself in the intricacies of color and light. A personal exhibition "Dialogue" in Almaty. Gallery "Tribune", Kazakhstan, 2003. Group exhibitions: 1989 - exhibition of the Karagandy avant-garde dedicated to the memory of Salvador Dalí, Kazakhstan. 1989 - Exhibition of the youth avant-garde "Caravan", Karagandy, Kazakhstan; 1989 - Exhibition of Karagandy Artists, Prague, Czechoslovakia; 1990 - Exhibition "Artist and Model", Karagandy, Kazakhstan; 1990 - Exhibition of the youth avant-garde "Caravan P", Karagandy, Kazakhstan; 2002 - Exhibition "Autumn Salon", Almaty, Gallery "Inkar", Kazakhstan; 2005 - Exhibition of Karagandy Artists, Novosibirsk, Russia.

Kadyrbek Kametov, 1952

A member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan, graphic artist. Education: Almaty Art School named after N.V. Gogol, Moscow State Art Institute named after Surikov. The main merit of his works is the aspiration to organically combine the national originality of the worldview with the modern achievements of the graphic language. He works with equal success in posters and easel graphics. In 1986, the Grand Prix and the first-degree diploma from the city exhibition "The Biennale of the Caspian Republics". In the national exhibition competition "Baiterek 2005", he won the Grand Prix in the section of Graphic Art. In 2006, he received the first-degree diploma at the Best Book of the Year competition. In 2008, he took part in the illustration competition for M. Auezov's novel "The Path of Abai" to win it. In 2011, at the exhibition competition in the city of Nur Sultan dedicated to the 20th anniversary of Kazakhstan's Independence, he won the 1st place in the Graphic Art nomination and received a diploma from the Ministry of Culture of the Republic of Kazakhstan.

Zhumakyn Kairambayev, 1953

The Honored Worker of the Republic of Kazakhstan, the Honorary Worker of Education of the Republic of Kazakhstan, a member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan, a full member of the National Academy of Arts of the Kyrgyz Republic. A graduate of the Leningrad Institute of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture named after I.Ye. Repin, a Professor at the Kazakh National Academy of Arts named after T. Zhurgenov. The authoritative painter has brought up a whole galaxy of talented artists of Kazakhstan representing the Kairambayev School. 2007 - Medal "Yeren Yenbegi Ushin" (For Distinguished Labour); 2008 – the Honorary Worker of Education of the Republic of Kazakhstan; 2011 - First prize in the artwork competition dedicated to the 20th anniversary of the independence of the Republic of Kazakhstan; 2014 - "Golden badge" in the artwork competition dedicated to the 110th anniversary of A. Kasteyev.

Svetlana Kakotkina, 1979

She studied at the Classical Art Gymnasium and graduated from the Institute of Architecture. She has a wealth of experience in design and architecture. The artist worked as a teacher at the art school, was a designer in advertising agencies and magazines. Svetlana's works have been presented at both personal and collective exhibitions in various galleries. Svetlana uses ink and pen techniques. The main part of her compositions is made up of lines. In 2020, her personal exhibition was held at the Central Exhibition Hall, Almaty.

Qabdy-Galym Karzhassov, 1954–2016

A famous Pavlodar painter, a member of the Union of Artists, and an Academician of the Academy of Arts of the Republic of Kazakhstan. He graduated from the Alma-Ata Art School named after N.V. Gogol. The artist's works were exhibited in museums and exhibition halls in St. Petersburg, New York, Amsterdam, Warsaw, Wrocław, Berlin, Stuttgart, Munich, and Almaty. A regular exposition of the artist's works is presented at the State Museum of Arts named after A. Kasteyev, in the funds of Pavlodar, Semei, Atyrau, and Karagandy art museums. Some of his paintings are in the collections of galleries in Almaty, personal collections in Kazakhstan, France, Germany, and Canada. A Scholarship Holder of the President of the Republic of Kazakhstan (1997). A laureate of the international festival of arts "Master Class Kazakhstan" (2000). He was awarded with the Order of Kurmet (Honor).

Rashid Khojaniyozov, 1989

A member of the Artistic Union of the Academy of Arts of Uzbekistan. The winner of the painting competition "Egypt Through the Eyes of the Youth of Uzbekistan", 2004. The first place in the national competition "My Wonderful Homeland", 2007. The first personal exhibition "A Step Into Art", 2010. A participant of the Central Asian fair "Baysheshakter Guldegenide" (When the Snowdrops Bloom) of the Republic of Kazakhstan, 2014; competition "Children of the Great Earth", Tashkent, 2014; IV charitable action "One Step Into the Future", Tashkent, 2014; national festival "Youth Fashion and Design", Uzbekistan, 2015.

Abilkhan Kasteyev, 1904–1973

A Kazakh painter and watercolorist, the People's Artist of the Kazakh SSR, the founder of Kazakh fine arts. In 1929–1931, he studied at the art studio of N.G. Khludov. In 1934–1937, at the art studio named after N. Krupskaya in Moscow. 1954–1956 – the Chairman of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan. He was a Deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the Kazakh SSR of the 4-6th convocations. In 1967, Abylkhan Kasteyev was awarded the Prize of the Kazakh SSR named after Shokan Ualikhanov. Schools, streets, and museums in the country are named in his honor. In 1976, a memorial hall dedicated to the work of A. Kasteyev was opened at the State Museum of Arts in AlmaAta. In 1984, the State Museum of Arts of the Republic of Kazakhstan in Almaty, where a significant part of the artist's heritage is kept, was named after Abylkhan Kasteyev. Also, his works are in many museums in Kazakhstan, Russia, Ukraine and Kyrgyzstan, in private collections in the near and far abroad.

Dosbol Kassymov, 1960

A painter, the Honored Artist of the Republic of Kazakhstan. He was born in Schuchinsk, North Kazakhstan. In 1986, he graduated from the Almaty State Theater and Art Institute. His works can be found in the A. Kasteyev State Museum of Arts of the Republic of Kazakhstan, private collections in Kazakhstan, England, France, USA and other countries.

Stanislav Khorlikov, 1961

A mathematician artist. Stanislav Horlikov developed his own method of accurate mathematical calculations, but following the impulse of his heart, he traded mathematics for art. He painted on the streets of Russia, Hungary, and Germany, where he met the owner of one of the art galleries in Germany. Noticing the talent of the young artist, he offered Stanislav a job in his gallery. Currently, Horlikov's paintings are in demand and are exhibited in many galleries around the world.

Makum Kisamedinov, 1939–1984

A Kazakhstan graphic artist, a member of the Union of Artists of the USSR, a laureate of the Lenin Komsomol Prize of the Kazakh SSR. He graduated from the Alma-Ata Art School named after N. Gogol, in 1967 – from the Moscow Art Institute named after Surikov. He belongs to the group of artists of the 60s. For a series of graphic works dedicated to Makhambet, Makum Kisamedinov was awarded the title of the Laureate of the Lenin Komsomol Prize of the Kazakh SSR 1971-1972 in Literature and Art. A series of graphic works by the artist dedicated to Goethe's "Faust" received the highest award at an international competition in Leipzig.

Bakyt Kyshkash, 1987

A young Kazakh painter artist. A participant of exhibitions at the Central House of Artists on Krymsky Val, Moscow, 2012; Moscow International Art Salon "Central House of Artists-2013", Moscow, 2013.

Ortikali Kozokov, 1960

A painter. He is a lecturer at the National Institute of Arts and Design named after K. Behzod. The artist mostly works in the avant-garde style. A participant of over 80 international and Republican exhibitions. He has successfully passed his personal opening days in Russia, Turkey, Japan, Germany, India, Great Britain, South Korea, Greece, Italy and in many other countries. Most of his works are displayed in the museums and galleries abroad. For his creative success he was awarded the highest award - the "Gold Medal" of the Academy of Arts of Uzbekistan (1997) and for services to the Fatherland - the Honorary title "Honored Worker of Arts of the Republic of Uzbekistan".

Reshat Kozhakhmetov, 1951

An artist, sculptor-ceramist. He graduated from the Moscow Architectural Institute in 1976. A member of the Union of Artists of the USSR, a member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan, a member of WCC-Europe. A laureate of the State Prize of the Kazakh SSR. Kozhakhmetov started to study ceramics at the age of 45. In 1996, he won the first prize at the exhibition fair of arts and crafts in Islamabad, and the President of the WCC (World Crafts Council) invited him to join this organization. A participant of many private and international exhibitions held in the USA, France, Switzerland, Pakistan, China, Japan, Croatia, Australia, Belgium, and Germany. His works can be found at the National Contemporary Arts Center in Cairo, Egypt, at the Shigaraki Ceramic Cultural Park in Japan, at the Museum of Fine Arts of the Republic of Kazakhstan, as well as in private collections in Kazakhstan, Europe, Asia, and America.

Yerzhan Kudaibergenov, 1961

A sculptor, painter artist, photo artist, graphic artist, and a member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan. The author of numerous creative projects, including the famous "Garden of Stones" in Turkestan, the monument to the goddess Umai in the Congress Hall in Astana and other sculptural compositions in the capital. After the International Symposium on Sculpture and Ceramics in Issyk-Kul dedicated to Chingiz Aitmatov's works, he received the Grand Prix for his work "Confession at the End of the Century".

Alexey Leonov, 1934–2019

A No. 11 pilot astronaut of the USSR, the first person to go into outer space. A two-time recipient of the Hero of the Soviet Union (1965, 1975), Major General of Aviation (1975), a laureate of the USSR State Prize (1981). He showed his artistic talent early in designing wall newspapers. He wanted to enter the Riga Academy of Arts, but did not have the means to live there. Leonov is not only a professional astronaut, but also a professional artist. In the same 1965, when Alexey Leonov became the first person to cross the threshold of a spacecraft into open space, he was admitted to the Union of Artists. Alexey Leonov, in collaboration with the science fiction artist Andrei Sokolov, created a number of space-themed postage stamps of the USSR.

Galim Madanov, 1958

From 1973 to 1977, he studied at the Almaty Art School. A graduate of the All-Union State Institute of Cinematography (Moscow) in 1985. Between 1985-1990, he worked as a costume designer in cinema and animation at the Kazakhfilm studio. A participant of many international exhibitions, including "Artists From the CIS" (Switzerland, 1992). Personal exhibitions were organized at the US Embassy in Almaty (1992), in Chago de la Napoule (France, 1993), at the State Art Museum named after A. Kasteyev. Madanov's painting is elite, it opens up to those who are inclined to think and analyze. Rather, it is a philosophy embodied in paintings, which highly spiritual aesthetic qualities serve as a tuning fork in revealing its meaning.

Nastarbek Mamayev, 1962

The Honored Artist of the Kyrgyz Republic. From 2007 - to present - the Academy of Fine Arts Wien, (Austria) PhD. The Academy of Fine Arts Wien, (Austria), Gold Medal. Russian State University of Cinematography named after S.A. Gerasimov, Moscow (Russian Federation). Kyrgyz State Art School. S. A. Chuikov, Bishkek (Kyrgyz Republic). 2002 International Exhibition «Art of Silk Road», Bishkek (Kyrgyzstan) catalog, Gold medal. 2004 Exhibition, Fine Arts of Vienna, Diploma works, catalog, Gold medal.

Sirus Mirzazade, 1944

An Azerbaijani artist, a member of the Union of Artists of Azerbaijan, the People's Artist of the Republic of Azerbaijan. In 1966, he graduated from the Baku Art School named after Azim Azimzade. In 1972, he graduated from the Moscow Higher Art School. Since the 1970s, the artist has been working both in monumental and decorative painting and in easel painting. The artist is a well-known representative of the Azerbaijani school of painting. He has created many works of art. Since 1972, he has been regularly awarded many awards at national, all-union, and international exhibitions. Personal exhibitions were held in 1987 in Baku and Moscow, in 1995 in France and Turkey. Mirzazade's works have been exhibited in Azerbaijan, Russia, Iran, Turkey, Germany, the Netherlands, Norway, France, Cuba, Romania, Bulgaria, Hungary, Syria, United Arab Emirates, Great Britain, the USA, and Italy. His works are kept in museums and private collections. The artist is currently engaged in teaching activities at the Azerbaijan State Academy of Arts.

Konushbek Moldogazyev, 1959

A graduate of the Kyrgyz State Art School named after S. A. Chuikov and Ukrainian Polygraphy Institute named after I. Fedorov. Since 2011, a member of the Union of Artists of the Kyrgyz Republic. A participant of national and international exhibitions. His works are in private collections in Germany, England, USA, Turkey, Italy, and Russia.

Kamil Mullashev, 1944

A graduate of the Alma-Ata Art School named after N.V. Gogol; in 1978 - the Easel Painting Department of the Moscow State Art Institute named after V. I. Surikov. Since 1980, a member of the Union of Artists of the USSR. Since 1984, a member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan. Since 2002, a Professor of the Kazakh National Academy of Arts and Hanshan Pedagogical Institute (PRC). The Honored Art Worker of Kazakhstan, the People's Artist of Tatarstan, a laureate of the State Prize named after I. G. Tukay and the silver medal of the French Academy of Arts, an academician. He participated in all-Union and international exhibitions, a holder of diplomas of the Academy of Arts and the Union of Artists of the USSR. His thesis "Earth and Time. Kazakhstan" has become not only artist's hallmark, but also a romantic symbol of Kazakhstan. The works by Mullashev are in the funds of the State Tretyakov Gallery, in the State Museum of Arts named after A. Kasteyev, as well as in numerous private collections in the USA, France, Germany, and China.

Leila Makat, 1970

A contemporary Kazakhstan artist, public figure, gallery owner. She studied at the AlmaAta Theater and Art Institute, the Leningrad State Academic Institute of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture named after I. Ye. Repin (workshop of G. I. Suzdalevich), the Museum Academy of the City of Berlin, Free University of Berlin (Freie Universität Berlin). Associate Professor of the Department of Painting and Sculpture, Kazakh National University of Arts. Doctor of Philosophy in Fine Arts. Chairman of the Curatorial Council of the Kulanshy Center for Contemporary Art. Her paintings are kept in the following collections: State Museum of Fine Arts named after A. Kasteyev, Almaty, Kazakhstan; National Museum of the Republic of Kazakhstan, Astana; Museum of Fine Arts of the Ministry of Culture of Turkey, Ankara; Historical Museum of the Municipality of Uhlidingen, Germany; State Museum of Fine Arts, Chisinau, Moldova; Galleries "Saray", Berlin, Germany; Galleries "Five + Art", Vienna, Austria.; Collections of the Kisho Kurokawa Foundation, Tokyo, Japan; Center for Contemporary Art, Guangzhou, China.

Bakyt Khan Myrzakhmetov, 1953

A painter, the Honored Worker of Culture of the Republic of Kazakhstan, a member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan. He is the author of a number of portraits of great figures of Kazakhstan of both close and distant past: Kazybek bi, Abai, A. Baitursynov, G. Musrepov, I. Altynsarin, M. Dulatov etc. The last decade in the artist's work is almost completely devoted to large paintings on historical themes, among them: "Kosh" (Nomad Camp), "Zheti Zhargy" (the set of laws in the Kazakh Khanate), "Korkyt" (a Turkic songwriter and composer of the 10th century), "Guards", "Confiscation", "Makhambet" (a Kazakh poet and political figure best known for his activity as a leader of rebellions against Russian colonialism), "Zhekpe-zhek" (Battle), "Zhanbek Tarkhan" (a famous warrior, judge and, the first tarkhan (in the East - a military rank equal to field marshal)), "Khan Koteru" (Ascendance), "Disagreement", "Death of a Poet", and "Dedication to Kairat Ryskulbekov" (a participant in the Jeltoqsan riot of 1986).

Gulnur Mukazhanova, 1984

A graduate of the National Academy of Arts named after T.K. Zhurgenov, Almaty, Kazakhstan, and Weissensee High School of Arts, Berlin, Germany. She lives and works in Berlin. Gulnur's works are firmly associated with both her place of origin and her current residence; they combine traditional oriental materials and motives with a completely Western approach to exhibiting works of contemporary art. Using traditional Asian materials in her work, which are important for Gulnur from an aesthetic, symbolic, and historical point of view, but living in Europe, she turned to the problems of feminism, globalization, and ethnology.

Yuri Mingazhinov, 1924–1982

A graphic artist, film director, director. A member of the Union of Artists of the USSR. He created a series of illustrations (1959; paper, ink, pen) for the novel by Mukhtar Auezov "Abai". He made the "Portrait of Abai" (1953). The author of many illustrations for books: "Second Life" by Vasilii Vanyushin, "In Black Sands" by Moris Simashko, "The Dawns Here Are Quiet ..." by Boris Vassiliyev, "A House on the Volga" by Sergei Stepanyak-Kravchinskiy, and "Wild Happiness" by Dmitriy Mamin-Sibiryak.

Chingiz Nogaibayev, 1965

A set designer and a graphic artist; he works in the technique of lithography. A member of the Union of Artists RK, a member of the IFA of the International Federation of UNESCO Artists, a scholarship holder of the Presidential Program "Bolashak". In 1984, he graduated from the Almaty Art School. In 1993 - from the Art Institute named after V. I. Surikov (MGAHI). In 1995, on a competitive basis, he completed an internship at the Drama and Comedy Theater on Taganka. In 1996, he completed assistantship of the Moscow State Academic Art Institute named after V. I. Surikov and was enrolled as a trainee in theatrical and decorative art at the Russian Academy of Arts (RAA). He was the artist of the 2nd Central Asian Games in Almaty (1997). In 1998, he created a number of scenography for the Mukhtar Auezov Kazakh Drama Theater. At the festival of performances in Almaty, he was awarded the Special Prize "Best Set Designer". A participant of more than sixty group exhibitions in Russia and Kazakhstan, as well as international exhibitions in London, Glasgow, Prague, Hong Kong, Paris, Spartanburg, and Washington.

Meirzhan Nurgozhin, 1971

In 1990, he graduated from the Almaty Art School named after N. Gogol, in 1998 – from the State Art Academy named after T. Zhurgenov. A member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan. Nurgozhin's creativity is saturated with subtle national color, lyrical mood. Turning your gaze to the old days, heritage of ancestors, pristine nature of wide Kazakh steppes, he involuntarily recalls forgotten memories. A participant of international and national exhibitions. His works are in the Presidential Center of Culture in Nur Sultan, State Museum named after A. Kasteyev, and in private collections in Germany, Austria, Japan, USA, Italy, and Mexico.

Oralbek Nurzhumayev, 1938–1996

A graduate of the Alma-Ata school named after N.V. Gogol. A member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan, the Honored Worker of Arts of the Republic of Kazakhstan. He belongs to the galaxy of artists of the 60s, who continued the development of the national school of fine arts in Kazakhstan. A participant of exhibitions since 1962. In 2008, a memorial exhibition of the artist was held at the Museum of Arts named after A. Kasteyev. His works are kept in the State Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow, the State Museum of Arts named after A. Kasteyev, museums and galleries of Kazakhstan, Russia, and private collections.

Temirkhan Ordabekov, 1950

A graduate of the Graphic Arts Department of Abai Kazakh Pedagogical Institute (1971). Since 1984, a member of the Union of Artists of the USSR and the Republic of Kazakhstan. Since 2004, a Professor at Kazakh National Pedagogical Institute named after Abai. He published teaching aids: "Linocut" and "Exilibris". A permanent participant of republic and international exhibitions. Personal exhibition in Bulgaria, Sofia (1992). Personal exhibition in Germany, Bonn, Frankfurt-on-Main (1997). World art exhibition "Binale-98", Cairo. Moscow International Art Salon: CHA-98, CHA-2001, CHA-2001, CHA-2009. Awarded with the diploma "Zhiger" at the festival of youth creativity, Alma Ata (1983); Diploma for the decoration of the book "Song of the Steppes", Alma-Ata (1991); Honorary Badge of the Ministry of Culture and Information "Madeniet Qairatkeri" (Cultural Worker) (2000); badges "Qurmetti Qyzmetker" (Honorary Worker) and "Uzdik Ustaz" (Best Teacher) of the Kazakh National Pedagogical Institute named after Abai; a medal dedicated to the 80th anniversary of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan (2013); medal "Uzdik shygarmashylygyky ushin" (For Excellence in Creativity) of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan (2015).

Yuri Plotnikov, 1941

He was born in 1941 in Altai. A graduate of the Tashkent Art Institute. A participant of exhibitions since 1970. Lives and works in Almaty. For several decades, he taught painting at the Kazakh Pedagogical Institute. One of the first series of paintings that attracted the attention of viewers and foreign collectors to the artist was a series of original variations on the theme of M. Bulgakov's novel "The Master and Margarita". The paintings are original and recognizable in their style. Yuri Plotnikov's works are in galleries and private collections in Kazakhstan, Germany, Russia, Australia, USA, Austria, Great Britain, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, France, Hungary, Poland, Turkey, and Georgia.

Valery Prikhodko, 1949

He was born in 1949 in Murmansk. A graduate of the Krasnoselskiy School of Artistic Metalworking, Scan-Enamel Department (1970). He successfully works as a graphic artist and painter. A member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan. Since 2008, an Associate Member of the Academy of Arts of the Republic of Kazakhstan. A participant of regional, zonal, republican, all-union, and international exhibitions since 1969. His personal exhibition was held in the "Tengri-Umai" Gallery of Contemporary Art in 1997

Adil Rakhmanov, 1942–1997

A graphic artist, illustrator. A member of the Union of Artists of the Kazakh SSR. The Honored Art Worker of Kazakhstan. In 1962, he graduated from the Almaty Art School named after N.V. Gogol. In 1962-1965, he studied at the Moscow Polygraphy Institute; a member of the Union of Artists of the Kazakh SSR since 1967. Known as a book illustrator. He is considered one of the best graphic artist in the country. His illustrations for the novel "The Path of Abai" by Mukhtar Auezov are equivalent to the words of the writer.

Alexander Rittich, 1889–1945

A Russian and Soviet architect, artist and teacher. He graduated from the Moscow gymnasium, studied at the History and Philology Department of Moscow University. He received his art education at the Vienna Academy of Arts, where Franz von Stuck studied, and later – at the Munich Academy of Arts, combining painting lessons with the study of architecture at the Polytechnic Institute. Since 1933, Rittich settled in AlmaAta (Kazakhstan). That year, the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan was created, and the artist becomes its member and one of the most prominent and active artists in the country.

Sakhi Romanov, 1926–2002

A Kazakh graphic artist, film artist, painter. A member of the Union of Artists of the USSR. The Honored Art Worker of Kazakhstan. The People's Artist of the Kazakh SSR. He was awarded the Order of the Badge of Honor, the Order of the Red Banner of Labor and the Order of Parasat (Nobility). He began his art studies in Kuibyshev during the wartime. Then he studied at the Moscow Art School; in 1955, he graduated from the Art Department of the All-Union Institute of Cinematography in Moscow. Sakhi's illustrations to the folk tales "Aldar-Kose" (a main character of a Kazakh folk fairy tale representing the collective image of the sly but very kind man) and a series of drawings about the life and work of Kurmangazy, the folk composer of Kazakhstan, also received great fame. The artist made illustrations for the works of Mukhtar Auezov. A participant of exhibitions since 1949. He worked at the Kazakhfilm studio, was a production designer for many films, which was reflected in his easel works. The artist's works are in the State Museum of Arts of Kazakhstan named after A. Kasteyev and other museums of the country.

Pavel Zaltsman, 1912–1985

A Soviet artist, graphic artist, writer. The Honored Artist of the Kazakh SSR (1962). He worked as an illustrator for Leningrad magazines. Since 1928, a trainee at the film studio Belgoskino. From 1930, he worked at Lenfilm as an assistant to artists P. Betaki and F. Bernshtam; from 1931 to 1941, he was a Production Designer on the set of films. In Kazakhstan, Pavel Zaltsman worked as the Chief Production Designer of the Kazakhfilm film studio. Since 1948, he taught art history at the Art School, Architectural Academy, Pedagogical Institute, at the Philological Department of the Kazakh University, and at scriptwriting courses at the Kazakhfilm film studio in Almaty. Since 1957, a member of the Union of Cinematographers, since 1967 - the Union of Artists of the Kazakh SSR.

Vladimir Santalov, 1936–2007

He studied at the Art School in Bishkek and the Art School in Memory of 1905 in Moscow, where the glory of the second Levitan was prophesied to him. However, despite the prophecies and his admiration for the harsh beauty of Russian nature, the artist chose to remain Santalov. He returned to his homeland - Zhambul, where he worked continuously for 50 years. Obsessed with creativity and captured by the passion to write, he created his own world like no other - the world reflected in more than five thousand canvases, cardboards, and drawings scattered around the world. Santalov's works are well known not only in Kazakhstan, but also in Europe and the USA. In the municipality of the California city of Fresno, you will be proud to see two paintings by the artist Santalov, which adorn the mayor's office.

Zhanatai Shardenov, 1927–1992

A Soviet and Kazakh artist, painter. The People's Artist of the Republic of Kazakhstan. A member of the Union of Artists of the USSR. He was born in the village of Kovylenko, Tselinograd Region. In 1949, he graduated from the Almaty Art School named after N.V. Gogol. Attended the then Leningrad Institute of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture named after Repin as a non-matriculated student. Since 1955, he lived and worked in Alma-Ata. The first recognition to Zhanatai came thanks to the American artist Ronwell Kent who visited Kazakhstan in 1962. Further, already in Moscow, Zhanatai was highly appreciated by the famous artist Martiros Saryan. His works are presented in the State Museum of Arts of Kazakhstan named after A. Kasteyev, Museum of Modern Art (Astana), in the auction house BonArt, Art Gallery "Zhaukhar", and in private collections.

Marina Sharipova (MAKÉ), 1959–1993

She was born in Moscow and brought up in the family of a Kazakh father and a Russian mother. In the capital, she received an art education, but in 1992, she moved to the United States, where she fully revealed her talent. There Sharipova took the pseudonym Makeh in memory of her grandmother. The artist's life was tragically cut short in 1993. Sharipova was then only 33 years old. The artist's canvases demonstrate an unusual combination of colors and shapes, as well as a unique world of images. The peculiarity of Makeh's art is the subtle interweaving of Christian and Muslim motives. The main themes of her work are the relationship between a man and a woman, as well as a person's life path from birth to death.

Yuristanbek Shygayev, 1957

A graphic artist, painter, the People's Artist of the Kyrgyz Republic. He was born in Frunze, Kyrgyzstan. In 1984, he graduated from Repin St. Petersburg State Academy Institute of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, Graphics Department. In 1985, Shygayev also acquired a postgraduate degree at the painting workshop of the USSR Academy of Arts under the guidance of the USSR People's Artist T. Sadykov. His works are prevailed by Kyrgyz national motifs, folk ornaments, schemes, and signs.

Yevgeniy Sidorkin, 1930–1982

A Soviet graphic artist, since 1965 – the Honored Artist of the Kazakh SSR. In 1979 – a laureate of the State Prize of the Kazakh SSR named after Shokan Ualikhanov. In 1981 – the People's Artist of the Kazakh SSR. A graduate of the Kazan Art School named after N.I. Feshin, then the Academy of Arts in Riga, the Leningrad Art Institute named after I. Repin (1957). From 1957, he worked in Alma-Ata. In 1965, he was awarded a gold medal in Leipzig for a series of autolithographs "Reading Saken Seifullin". He also worked in the field of monumental and decorative art. His works are exhibited at the Tretyakov Gallery, the Museum of Fine Arts named after Pushkin, the Museum of Oriental Art (Moscow), in the Russian Museum (St. Petersburg), in the national galleries of Warsaw, Havana, Leipzig, Baghdad, Skopje etc.

Sembigali Smagulov, 1963

In 1992, he graduated from the Almaty State Theater and Art Institute. T. Zhurgenov. A Kazakhstan artist and sculptor. A member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan; a Professor at Nanjing Art University; a Scholarship Holder of the President of the Republic of Kazakhstan. He was awarded the honorary title "World Peace Artist" at the International Forum of Artists in Beijing. Sembigali Smagulov's paintings were acquired by the country's leading museums, becoming a national treasure of the Kazakh people. His work "My Father's Horses" (1987), made in his student years, is in the Museum of the Peoples of the East in Moscow. The author of the symbol of independence - the "Kazakh Eli" (Kazakh People) monument.

Alexey Stepanov, 1923–1989

The Honored Art Worker of the Kazakh SSR. The People's Artist of the Kazakh SSR. He studied at the Penza Art School named after K. A. Savitskiy, at the Leningrad Institute of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture named after Repin. He painted pictures on themes from the life and history of the Kazakh people and their friendship with the Russian people. The artist's work also reflected an acutely modern theme of that time associated with space, on which he began to work back in the 1960s. In Stepanov's works, the light-and-air environment combines colors into a single harmonious whole. But his creative legacy is not limited to only the cosmic theme, the artist was also attracted by "earthly plots", in which his creative imagination was based on the images of reality.

Saule Suleimenova, 1970

A contemporary Kazakhstan artist, painter, actress, lecturer. From 1988 to 1991, she participated in the first local underground exhibitions of the legendary group "Green Triangle". In 1996, she graduated from the Faculty of Architecture of the Kazakh Leading Academy of Architecture and Civil Engineering with a degree in Design of the Architectural Environment. Then she became the laureate of the 1st prize of the International competition of diploma projects, in Yekaterinburg, Russia. A Scholarship Holder of the President of the Republic of Kazakhstan (1998). Since 1990, a member of the Youth Association of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan. Since 1998, a member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan.

Abdrashid Sydykhanov, 1937–2011

A Soviet and Kazakh artist. A member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan. The Honored Art Worker of Kazakhstan. A laureate of the State Prize in the field of culture and art of the Republic of Kazakhstan. The Honorary Knight of the Order of Kurmet (Honor). In 1965, he graduated from the Alma-Ata Art School named after N.V. Gogol. For 25 years, he worked as a Production Designer at the Kazakhfilm film studio. During this period, he created over 1000 sketches for films. Awards: Order of Kurmet; State Prize of the Kazakh SSR in Art (1986); Tarlan Prize (2000).

Gulmaral Tatibayeva, 1982

A graduate of the Department of Decorative Arts and Design of the Kazakh National Academy of Arts named after T. Zhurgenov. Since 2015, she has been working as part of the KADMIIQZYLY art group. A participant of personal and group city, republican, and international exhibitions. A member of the Union of Artists of the Republic of Kazakhstan (2015). A member of the Eurasian Union of Designers (2017). A member of the Eurasian Creative Guild (2017).

Aigul Tegzhanova, 1986

In 2009, she graduated from the Eurasian National University named after L.N. Gumilyov, Architecture and Construction Department, Astana. Art Director of the Kulanshi Center for Contemporary Art. 2008 – a Diploma-recipient of the XI International Creative Festival "Shabyt", Astana: 2009 - "Fresh Air". Center for Contemporary Art "Kulanshi", Astana, 2010 - Exhibition of young artists "Here and Now" timed to the celebration of the Day of the City of Astana, Astana; 2012 - III place in the competition dedicated to the 20th anniversary of Independence of the Republic of Kazakhstan on behalf of Ernst and Young, Astana.

Yelena Tyo, 1963

A graduate of the art school named after N.V. Gogol and the Graphic Arts Department of ASU named after Abai. Studied under P. M. Kriushin, Yu. Ya. Plotnikov, N. L. Starichenko, and P. Zaltsman. She has been painting since 1988. She paints pictures on national themes. Most often this is an image of Kazakh traditions and rituals. Yelena actively participates in major exhibitions, her works are in collections across the world.

Tokbolat Toguzbayev, 1940–1996

A graduate of the Art School named after A. Kastejev, Shymkent and the State Theater and Art Institute named after T. Zhurgenov. A Professor and a Lecturer of Kazakh National Academy of Arts named after T. Zhurgenov. Since 2004, Head of the Department of Fine Arts. His works are kept in the fund of the State Museum of the Republic of Kazakhstan, in the fund of the First President of the Republic of Kazakhstan, in the National Museum of the Republic of Kazakhstan, in the Museum of Modern Art of Astana City, in the fund of the Academy of Art of the Islamic Republic of Iran, in the galleries of modern art "Tengri-Umai", "ARK", "Khas-Sanat", "Oyu", and in the personal funds of collectors in Belgium, Japan, Germany, Turkey, USA, and CIS countries.

Yerbolat Tolepbayev, 1955

In 1977, he graduated from the graphic arts faculty of the Kazakh Pedagogical Institute named after Abai. The Honored Art Worker of the Kazakh SSR. The Honorary member of the Russian Academy of Arts. A full member of the Kyrgyz Academy of Arts. A member of the Academy of Arts named after Masarik. He participated in exhibitions in 35 countries of the world, including Russia, France, Italy, Germany, India, China, Egypt, Philippines and other. He was awarded the State Prize of the Republic of Kazakhstan, 2004; Prize of the International Alliance named after Salvador Dali for special achievements in painting, Madrid, Prague, 2002; a bronze medal at the World Artists Biennale in Cairo, Egypt, 1998; the Order "Parasat" (Nobility), 2011; the highest prize "Tarlan Platinum", Kazakhstan, 2001; the highest award EUROUNION, Belgium, 2002; Medal "To the Deserving" for his contribution to the painting of Kazakhstan, 2001.

Askar Yesdaulet, 1962

In 1990, he graduated from the Almaty State Theater and Art Institute named after I. Zhurgenov. Since 1987, a participant in exhibitions. Since 1990, a member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan. A laureate of the 2002 National Independent Tarlan Prize of the Club of Patrons of Kazakhstan in the Fine Arts nomination. Lives and works in Almaty. Museum collections: the State Museum of Arts named after A. Kastejev (Almaty); the Directorate of Art Exhibitions and Auctions of the Ministry of Culture of the Republic of Kazakhstan (Almaty); the East Kazakhstan Regional Museum of Fine Arts named after the Nevzorovs' family (Semipalatinsk); the North Kazakhstan Museum of Fine Arts (Petropavlovsk).

Mels Yerzhanov, 1931–1992

A Soviet and Kazakh artist. The Honored Art Worker of Kazakhstan. In 1957, Yerzhanov graduated from the Alma-Ata Art School, since 1961, he became a member of the Union of Artists of Kazakhstan. Participated in all-union and inter-republican exhibitions of poster artists of the republics of Central Asia and Kazakhstan in Dushanbe. Famous works - "Central Asia", "Baltic", "Petersburg", "Vernyi - Alma-Ata". The artist worked on the latter from 1967 until the end of his life. Mels Yerzhanov opened two national galleries in the village of Bakanas and in the city of Kapchagai, donating about 100 of his works to them. His artistic works are in the State Museum of Arts of Kazakhstan named after A. Kastejev.

Yuri Zobak, 1957–2018

A Kazakhstan artist. Surrealist. In 1978, he graduated from the Alma-Ata Art School. He found the subjects of his paintings literally around him. The works by Yuri Zobak are filled with vivid images and fragments of reality collected in random order. The artist is one of the best surrealists in Kazakhstan. His paintings are widely known not only in our country, but also far beyond its borders. They are kept in private collections in Russia, Canada, USA, Germany, Italy, Israel and many others.

READING
**OLZHAS
SULEIMENOV**

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Translation THE LANGUAGE OF WRITING from the Russian language to English published by the project "Modern Kazakhstan culture in a global world" within the framework of the program "A glance at the future: modernization of public consciousness"

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