



Baku 2015
1ST EUROPEAN GAMES

MIR JALAL

Writer \ literary critic, 1908-1978

AZERBAIJANI LITERATURE



Ministry of Culture and Tourism
Republic of Azerbaijan





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M.F.Axundov adına
Azərbaycan Milli
Kütəbxanası

Azerbaijani Literature

Development and project management:
Ph.D of Philology, associate prof. Shamil Sadig

Consulting:
Vagif Bahmanli

Publishing:
Mushfig KHAN

Translation:
Konul Nasibova

Editor of Azerbaijani version:
Nargiz Jabbarli

Editor of English version:
Jahid Huseynov

Coordination:
Rovshan Yerfi, Jalala Aliyeva

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Teymur Farzi

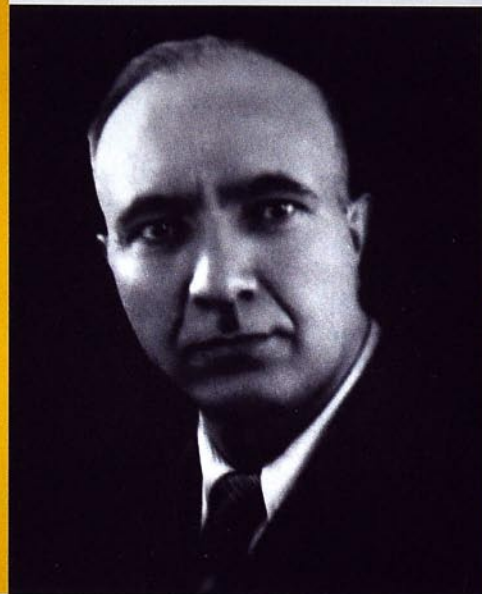
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Mir Jalal

Mir Jalal Pashayev, the prominent Mwriter and scientist was born on August 26, 1908 in the Andabil village of South Azerbaijan. As they moved to Ganja while he was child, Mir Jalal got his primary education here. In 1924-1928 he studied in the teaching department of Ganca Pedagogical College. Starting his pedagogical career in Ganja, the writer worked as school principal for some time. He worked as a teacher in Ganja and Gadabay. In 1930-32 he continued his education in the literature department of East Pedagogical Institute of Kazan, later in the post-graduate course of State Scientific-Research Institute of Azerijan. He also worked in ANAS and press for some time.

He had been teaching in the chair of Azerbaijani literature at the Azerbaijan State University since 1933 till the end of his life and had been head of that chair since 1961. His participation in Great Patriotic War was a real school of life and creativity for him.



*From personal photo-album
of Mir Jalal Pashyaev*

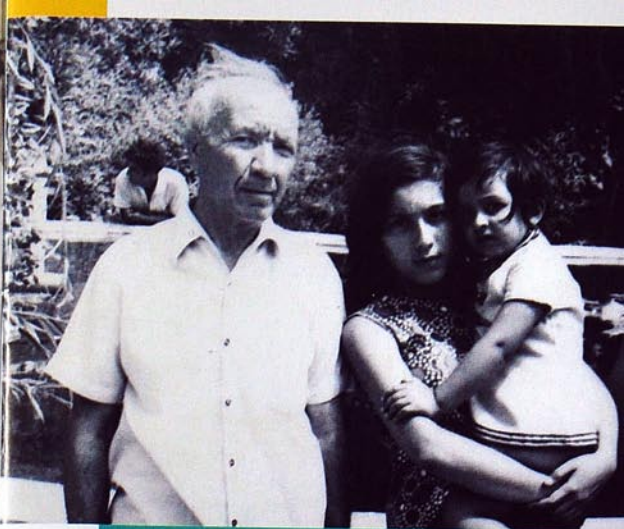


*Mir Jalal Pashayev
with his family members*





*Mir Jalal Pashayev
with his family members*



*Mir Jalal Pashayev
with his family members*

M.J.Pashayev began his literary career with poems at the end of twenties of 20th century, shortly after, he tried himself in prose. His first book "Sound Ways" was published in 1932. Having got actively involved in literary activity since 1950, the writer enriched the Azerbaijani literature with his proses. He is the author of nearly ten story books, as well as the novels "Resurrected Man" (1935), "Manifest of a Young Man" (1939), "Open Book" (1941), "My Age Mates" (1947), "New City", (1951). In the novel "Where Are We Going?" (1957) the writer depicted the educated layer of Azerbaijan at the beginning of 20th century by the fore type of Azerbaijan's great poet M.A.Sabir. He is one of the scriptwriters of "Family" movie shot in 1943.

КӨРКӘМЛИ АЗӘРБАЙЧАН
СОВЕТ ЖАЗЫЧЫСЫ
ВӘ ӘДӘБИЈАТШУНАС АЛИМИ

МИР ЧӘЛЛӘ
ӘЛИ ОҒЛУ
ПАШАЈЕВ

1908 – 1978

БУ ЕВДӘ ЈАШАЈЫБ-
-ЈАРАТМЫШДЫР.

*The prominent Azerbaijani writer
and literary scientist Mir Jalal Pashayev lived
and wrote in this house in 1908-1978.*

M. Jalal became the member of Writers' Union of Azerbaijan in 1934. He participated in the decade of Azerbaijani literature in Moscow and in the Congress of Writers. Making fame as a scientist, Mir Jalal Pashayev obtained Ph.D. degree in the theme of "Poetic peculiarities of Fuzuli's poetry" in 1940 and doctoral degree in the theme dedicated to the "Literary Trends in Azerbaijan" in 1947. He got scientific degrees of doctor of philological sciences and professor. The manuals "Essences of History of Azerbaijani Literature", "20th Century Azerbaijani Literature" were compiled under his instruction and authorship. He was awarded "Honorary Figure of Science" for his merits in science. M. J. Pashayev was awarded "Red Banner of Labour", "October Revolution", "Badge of Honour" orders, the medals "For Defense of Caucasus" and "For Hard Labour in the Great Patriotic War" and insignia of "Leading Figure of Enlightenment". The writer was the Laureate of Republican Komsomol Premium for the novel "Manifest of a Young Man."



From personal photo-album



The authors of the book The History of Azerbaijani Literature: from left M.Rafili, M.Tahmasib, H.Huseynov, M.Arif, H.Arasli, Mir Jalal, F.Gasimzadeh

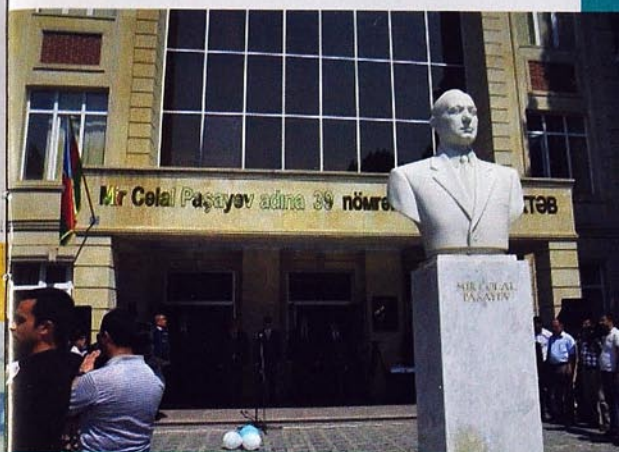


The carpet image of Mir Jalal Pashayev, the prominent scientist and writer

Mir Jalal Pashayev occupies an important place in the history of literary and scientific trend as a writer, well-known scientist and great enlightener with his diversified activity. He is one of the specific masters keeping alive and developing the traditions of "Molla Nasraddin" literary school in the complicated historical situation of 20th century. His short stories, publicity, stories and novels are valuable pieces of Azerbaijani literature.



Home-museum of Mir Jalal Pashayev



*The school N39 named after
Mir Jalal Pashayev in Ganja*



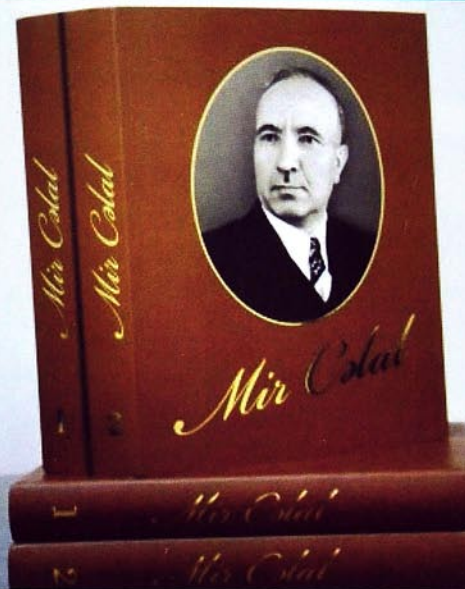


Mir Jalal Pashayev with his family members

■ Mir Jalal is compared with outstanding writers of Azerbaijani story in 20th century. His stories are considered a successful continuation of story mastership of J.Mammadguluzadeh and A.Hagverdiyev. He could enrich the genre of story with themes and subject of his historical epoch. Even in the frames of Soviet regime M.Jalal proved the possibility of creating valuable literary works out of such ideology with his real life stories. He is one of the prose-writers who brought new spirit to the literature – spirit of simple people selected from life, making the reader to think and moralizing. Taking this position enabled him to write life-fled stories. This is confirmed by the fact that the writer published his stories by grouping them in “Stories of Past Days”, “Stories of Day” and “Stories of Subject”.



The bust of Mir Jalal



The genre of novel also takes a specific place in the creative activity of the writer. As in his stories, in the novels also he wrote about the actual life truth he observed, but not the ideological subjects claimed by the regime. His novels set the general description of real life processes, events and people of the first half of 20th century.

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Mir Jalal Pashayev with close friend Islam Safarli



The 100th anniversary ceremony of Mir Jalal Pashayev, the outstanding representative of 20th century Azerbaijani literature, scientist and pedagogue, was held in the residence of UNESCO, Paris.



M.F. Axundov adına Azərbaycan Milli Kitabxanası

M.J.Pashayev, the prominent writer and honorary figure of science died on September 28, 1978 and was buried in the Honorary Cemetery. His works were published in Russian, English, French and Turkish. The streets both in Baku and Ganja were named after him. The 100th jubilee of Mir Jalal was celebrated in the level of UNESCO.



An oil tanker named after Mir Jalal Pashayev



Mehriban Aliyeva, the first lady of Azerbaijan Republic and the granddaughter of Mir Jalal Pashayev made speech in the 100th anniversary ceremony of Mir Jalal Pashayev, the outstanding scientist and pedagogue, in the residence of UNESCO, Paris.



The Memorial ceremony of Mir Jalal in Ganja

*Appreciative statements about
Mir Jalal:*

"Mir Jalal is great master of story. His stories are laconic and full of morals. The skillful simplicity, extraordinary naturalness and amazing sincerity of Mir Jalal's stories are praiseworthy."

Mammad Arif

"He would regard Fuzuli, Mirza Jalil and Sabir as examples of short and meaningful writing. The writer made himself known as a great poet of heart by the scientific research of summarizing the peculiarities of Fuzuli's poetry."

Firidun Huseynov



60 qep

2008

(M.Ə. Paşayev)

100

Mir Jalal

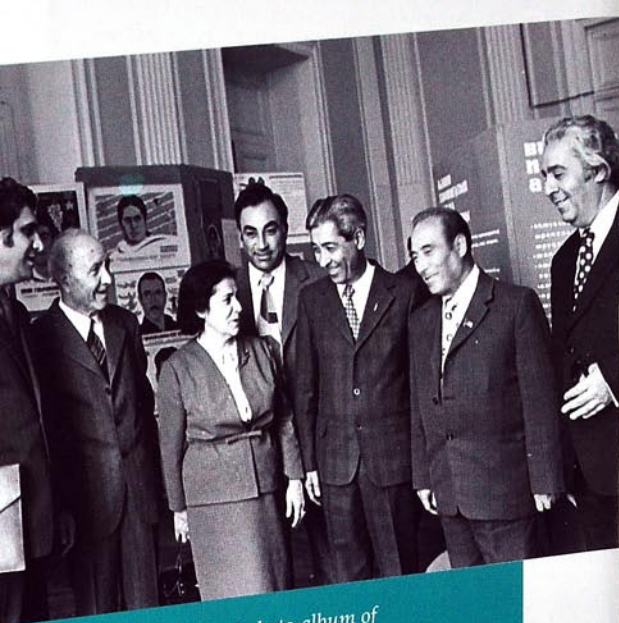
The post stamp dedicated to the 100th anniversary of Mir Jalal Pashayev, the prominent Azerbaijani writer.

"Mir Jalal is one of the writers with rich intellectual background and diversified style."

Abbas Zamanov

"No doubt, Mir Jalal has an ability to write funny story. Appearing in any way, this ability is always related to the development of great tradition. This is the powerful aspect of his activity."

I. Sats



*From personal photo-album of
Mir Jalal Pashyaev*

"Mir Jalal is the master of literature. Every single word of his novel is seemed as a part of his biography, the live and sincere excitement immediately impacts the reader..."

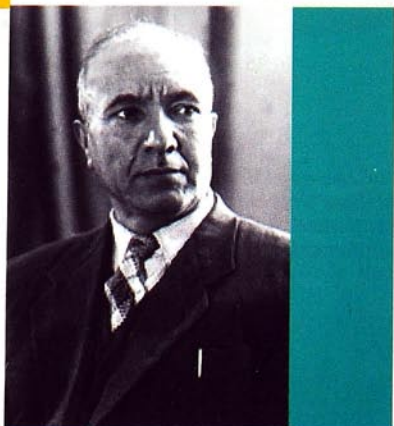
Jacques Rikachev



Mir Jalal Pashayev with his family

"One of the soldiers writes in his letter from front-line that having read Mir Jalal's "Wounds of Motherland", he became more vengeful and ruthless against the enemies."

Samad Vurgun



*Mir Jalal Pashayev with
his family members*



"The novel "Manifest of Young Man" is the combination of all perfect features of Mir Jalal. It could be considered the best piece of not only Mir Jalal, but also, I would say, of all prose.

Bakhtiyar Vahabzadeh



*Home-museum of Mir Jalal Pashayev
in Ganja*



*The scientific conference dedicated to the
100th anniversary of Mir Jalal Pashayev*



*The round-table conversation dedicated to the 106th
anniversary of Mir Jalal Pashayev was held in
Ataturk Center in Azerbaijan*

*From the book "Dried Up In Meetings"
Azerbaijan International 1998, USA*

Dried-up fig, dried-up apricot and dried-up wild berry- you often see these things, but a man dried up in meetings is rarely identified.

He's the one dried up and mummified from meetings who has lost his zest for life. You know the type even if you don't know his name. You know him well and often pass him in front of his office or on the stairs-He's the thin man, leaning forward taking long strides.

Where is he rushing off to? Another meeting. Under his arm, his gray worn-out attaché case is full of papers and notes untidily thrown together. What are all those papers? Protocols! All his life, immersed in thought, frowning, head bent down, face clouded, unaware of the world-that's the way he goes about his business.

For him, there's no difference between day and night, spring and fall, hot and cold, heaven and earth. None of them have any significance. One is amazed to see this sullen-looking man who is so distant from the sounds of spring, the fragrance of flowers, the songs of birds, or of music and joy! He doesn't enjoy these things. Do you think this man-the incarnation of bureaucracy itself-will be different in his private family life? Or that when he comes home and takes off his hat and meets his wife and children, his personality changes? That a light brightens up on his face and a smile appears on his lips?

If so, you're mistaken. No, he is a man of principle, steadfastness and directness. His own family life is like a meeting. He emphatically believes that all of us have been created for meetings. Our heads were given to us for making appointments, our fingers for writing regulations, our voices for making speeches

and our hands for applauding at meetings. To him, the whole universe has been created as the result of an important meeting and everything functions according to a single decree.

If you don't believe it, look up at the sky. See how millions of stars are gathered around the moon, who is chairing the meeting. For thousands of years such a heated discussion has been going on in the sky, and occasionally, its thunder-like sound is heard on earth.

Catch a glimpse of Dried-Up conversing with his wife, Mayransa. "Comrade Mayransa, it has been suggested that you wash my socks and hang them up to dry."

When his wife does not answer, Dried-Up gets up and taps the blunt end of a pencil against a table, insisting, "Answer is requested, Comrade Mayransa."

His not-so-easy-life that was usually spent in meetings, appointments and in giving speeches was shaken several times by his own family affairs. Let me explain. One evening 18 years ago when Dried-Up returned from a meeting, he was surprised at not finding his wife at home. He wondered what meeting she could be attending at such a time of night. A short while later, the neighbor's wife stopped by and congratulated him.

"Brother Dried-Up, Good news! You have a beautiful daughter. Mayransa Khanum is in the hospital waiting for you." Dried-Up didn't answer. His face only showed signs of anger and fear. It darkened even more when he asked, "Was this necessary? Who directed this order? What will they say at work?"

Then they brought the baby home all bundled up. Dried-Up did not leave his world of papers and notes to look at the child. Mayransa asked her husband to decide upon a good name. Dried-Up took the matter to the meeting of his club. Many names were suggested there, but he accepted none of them, insisting rather on his own ideas.

He suggested, "Ma'aruzeh," which means "Written Report." People in the meeting roared with laughter and then they applauded. And that's how his daughter's name came to be "Ma'aruzeh."

Ma'aruzeh grew up. She began to read. And, eventually, that's what drew her father's attention. Whenever Ma'aruzeh needed books or writing pads, Dried-Up would observe all the formalities.

First, his daughter would be required to write her father a request. Then the request would have to be sent to school to be approved by her teacher. After that, Mayransa, his wife, would have to sign it. Eventually, Dried-Up would get around to buying the book or the pad from a shop.

After getting his daughter's signature as receipt, he would assign a date for it, "until the second week of the coming month." He would then send a copy of this record to his office in order "to keep them informed," and he kept another copy in his own archives just in case anyone should ask him about it in the future.

The principal of the school spoke to Ma'aruzeh several times. "My child, ask your father to come to school, I have something important to tell him."

Dried-Up would always send back the reply, "I have a meeting to attend." When the girl grew up, Dried-Up's problems multiplied. He would give the same answer to all her would-be suitors. "Fill out a form. I'll look into it." The suitors, on hearing this, would disappear.

Eventually, Askar, a taxi driver who was very sincere in his intentions towards Ma'aruzeh, refused to give up his pursuit. And Mayransa was happy about the prospect of having Askar as her son-in-law so she tried to influence her husband.

"Dear, they're asking for the hand of Ma'aruzeh."

"Be more specific. Who wants her? And under what conditions?"

"The driver, Askar."

"Where is his letter of request?"

"There is no letter."

"Don't be ridiculous. If there is no request, no forms and no guarantee, why are you wasting my time?"

Mayransa pleaded. "Perhaps, whenever you don't have any meetings, you could meet this man—he could come and talk with you." Dried-Up repeated the name of the man several times and then shook his head at Mayransa. "His name is very old fashioned, very old fashioned. Whoever wants to marry Ma'aruzeh should have a name worthy of her." "If you mention it to him, he'll change his name." "I don't need him. If someone wants our daughter, he should send his description and photograph. I could get to know him, and then we could start to talk about it."

But Dried-Up only repeated his refusal. "I said he should send his job description, and then we could talk about it. There is no need for further discussion."

Mayransa said nothing further. Askar was told what Dried-Up had said. He replied, "If he wants my resume, let him go get it himself from my office, but I know an easier way than this so we won't have to bother him needlessly." That evening Dried-Up was arranging his minutes and official reports. Mayransa opened the closet door and was putting on some new clothes. When her husband looked up, he saw his wife in a rather happy and festive mood, quickly getting dressed. "Dear, where are you going?" he asked surprised. "Nowhere. There is a small meeting." "Where is Ma'aruzeh?"

"She is at her own meeting and has sent you a note." Mayransa took a small envelope from under a book on the table and gave it to her husband. "It seems that the kids have an appointment. Read and find out." When he read the letter, he became livid with anger.

Dear Father, We have discussed this extensively. We have thought about it and talked it over. We didn't want to bother you so we've gone

to the Notary. Tomorrow is our Wedding Day. It will be in the home of the bridegroom. If you have time after your meetings, please drop by. Your daughter, Ma'aruzeh.

Dried-Up dried up even more. He jumped up, saying, "What? What? They've issued a resolution without consulting me? Who has certified this?"

Mayransa, without losing her calm demeanor replied, "You must certify it!" Dried-Up lost his temper. "But I haven't read his request nor investigated his job. Without having some discussion, how can I approve of such a decision? What kind of insanity is this?"

Mayransa put on her boots and uttered her final words. "Whether you approve or not is your problem. I will be at Askar's house for the wedding. Look after the house. Don't leave the doors and windows open!"

And with those words, she slammed the door and stormed out.

For Dried Up, it was as if the whole house had begun to spin around him and a millstone had been tied around his neck.

Web Director: Betty Blair

Webmaster: Ulviyya Mammadova

Launched on AZERI.org: September 2003

*From the book "Dried Up In Meetings"
Azerbaijan International 1998, USA*

"Take one teaspoon of this medicine."
"Take these pills." "Place a wet towel on your ear twice a day and come back in two days."

To do what the doctor says isn't difficult, but it isn't easy, either there is neither the time nor the inclination. But, I'm a very patient person. Whatever a doctor has suggested, I've done. If I haven't benefited from a doctor's advice, at the very least I've been respectful

But one recommendation was always very hard for me. When the doctor finishes your examination, writes you a prescription and gives you advice, he then says, "Come back to see me in two days." Of course, the physician always wants patients. Treating patients is his job. But heading to the doctor's office isn't my job. If I spent two hours every two days with the doctor, how could I take care of my family? Who'd earn a living for them?

What I'm saying is true! Doctors ask you to return to the clinic, but who's about to go back? When people leave the clinic, they go without even looking back. If someone returns, he doesn't return on his own; it's the sickness that brings him back.

As is customary, I said good-bye to the doctor and left. Again, he told me to come back in two days. I said, "I will." But I didn't take the prescription to the drugstore, and I don't remember how many times, if at all, I put a wet towel on my ear. I do know that my earache was decreasing, little by little. Sometimes it wasn't noticeable at all.

Two or three days later, it was about nine or ten o'clock at night, and I was reading a book when the phone rang. When I answered the phone, a young and sweet-voiced girl said my name.

"Wait a moment, please. The doctor wants to talk to you."

Suddenly, Dr. Qaraguzov, the ear, nose and throat doctor, was screaming at me over the phone, "Hey Mister, I've been waiting for you! Why didn't you come for your appointment? Please come; you cannot leave the treatment unfinished!"

I didn't know how to respond; I couldn't say a word. Hurriedly, I wrapped a kerchief around my head and went to the doctor. On the way I began to think, "Yes, the world is not without good people, and there are good doctors, such as this one. I shouldn't think that he's a doctor working only for self-interest. This isn't true at all. First of all, I'm being treated at the government's expense. Secondly, Qaraguzov gets his salary whether he treats fifty patients or none at all. The fact that Qaraguzov was seeking me out and was paying so much attention to my treatment can only be attributed to his devotion and work ethics."

Having these thoughts made me appreciate Qaraguzov even more. I felt ashamed that he had to force me to come to be treated when all he wanted was for me to be completely healthy. Instead, I felt lazy and didn't want to go to his office, which isn't even far from my house.

At any rate, I did go to see the doctor. This time, he looked into my ear even more attentively than he'd done before. When he learned that my putting a wet towel on my ear had considerably decreased the pain, he became exceedingly happy. He pulled his instrument closer and adjusted his reflecting mirror. He began to examine my ear with the utmost attention.

"Comrade doctor, it seem as if you're drawing a picture of my ear."

Absorbed in his work, Qaraguzov didn't

answer me and continued probing. "Don't move, don't move!" he said, as he moved around me, readjusting his mirror and the light, sometimes kneeling in order to examine my ear. He handled my ear so vehemently that I thought its skin was going to come off. I suffered patiently, waiting for the examination to be over. I promised myself, "If I get away this time, I'll never put myself in the hands of any doctor."

When Qaraguzov turned the light aside and put down his instruments, I was indescribably happy. As if passing an arduous and dangerous test, I heaved a sigh of relief, wiped the sweat from my forehead and got up to leave.

"Why are you getting up?" he asked, surprised.

"Haven't you finished?"

"I think I should examine your nose as well."

He examined my nose in the same manner as he had my ear. I gathered all my strength and waited for him to finish. Qaraguzov asked me some questions and wrote down the answers my age, profession, address and my family situation.

"Comrade doctor, they ask you such questions when you are getting a job. How does one's family situation or profession affect one's earache?"

"Why are you so concerned?" he said. "These questions shouldn't scare you. We need these for scientific research. We want to know who our patients are, to which social class they belong. This knowledge will enable us to be useful to the people, and without such information the medical profession doesn't advance. If you were the only person with an earache, we'd have no problem, but this damn sickness is looking for ways to get into a thousand ears. It's our duty to fight it!"

I was in no mood to listen to what the doctor had to say. Sensing my impatience, he stood up, shook my hand and stated emphatically, "Come back in two days. I'll be waiting for you."

"But Comrade doctor, there's no pain left in my ear!"

"You can't feel it now. For five days there's no pain, but after five months it comes back and bothers you in such a way that you feel as if you want to die. I know your symptoms. I know them very well. You need treatment. You must come."

I went home disappointed and vowed to myself that I would not go back. That was it! Forgetting about my earache and about Dr. Qaraguzov, I went to work.

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MIR JALAL



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