

## THE ARTISTIC WORLD OF V. PELEVIN IN THE WORK "GENERATION "P"

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### ARTICLE INFO.

**Keywords:** surrealism, pop art, postmodernism, illusion, philosophy, fantasy, Pelevin V.O., "Chapaev and the Void", "The Recluse and Six-fingered", «Generation "P"».

### Annotation

The intellectual level and philosophical potential of apophatic theology and hesychasm will not yield to the best examples of Eastern wisdom. Why did Pelevin, collecting the most diverse, exotic religious systems and concepts far from us, ignore what is closest? Why is everything going around and around without even mentioning such a powerful religious tradition as Christianity, which has played a significant role in world spiritual history? There are two possible answers to this question. Either Christianity is so alien to Pelevin that he does not even want to mention it. Or it is hidden somewhere deep inside, kept secret, like a treasure.

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Is it possible to suspect Christian overtones in Pelevin? Probably not. Is a Christian understanding of Pelevin's work possible? Perhaps yes. Is an Orthodox response possible to his challenge? Possible and desirable. Moreover, we know the works of some authors in which there was a meeting of literary modernism and Christianity. For example, "Moscow - Petushki" by V. Erofeev.

Some of Pelevin's witticisms offend Christianity. However, the object of his irony is not Orthodoxy itself with its spiritual tradition, but the level of development of religious consciousness among many of our contemporaries, primarily among the prototypes of Pelevin's heroes.[1. p. 121]

Of course, Pelevin cannot replace spiritual literature for the Orthodox reader, but he can quite clearly and vividly show the world in which we live, its problems and illnesses. He can make a more or less accurate diagnosis, even if he does not know the Doctor.

Pelevin's texts can become a problem for the lazy mind. Of course, his books are a provocation, but it is dangerous only for those who are not confident in themselves, who do not have their own convictions and firm faith. For them, these books will become a temptation, a substitute, an obstacle, a barrier on the way to God. The reader can get carried away and forget what he really needs to correct his life, and who he needs to heal his soul.[1. p. 156]

Pelevin is not as scary as it may sometimes seem. There is no need to fight with him, he must be surpassed, transformed. It makes no sense to fight with children's fairy tales or horror stories, children need them. The child will grow up and learn something more and better than fairy tales. In a sense, fairy tales gradually prepare children for life in the adult world. Fairy tales contain evil and violence, pain and death. These are small doses of poison that strengthen the immune system. But there is also an antidote: in the same fairy tales there is goodness and love, mercy and self-sacrifice. In my opinion, it would be right to perceive Pelevin's books as fairy tales for adults, as "philosophy for growth." [2. p. 92]

The novel by V. Pelevin "Generation "P"", whose main pathos is the denial of the ideology of consumption, is of great interest in this sense. This is the story of the career growth of an "unclaimed era" graduate of the Literary Institute named VavilenTatarsky, who becomes an advertising worker - first a copywriter, then a creator. Then the creator of television reality, replacing the surrounding reality, and, finally, one step remains - a living god, the earthly husband of the goddess Ishtar. One of the important applied themes of the novel is humanistic and educational. Although most people already realize that advertising and politics (the boundary between which is very vague) are essentially unscrupulous things and that chewing Tampax without sugar is not at all the highest happiness in life, Pelevin is clear and professional, at the level of terminological and technical details, only slightly exaggerating, shows exactly how advertising and political lies are made. This novel touches one of the nerve centers of modern life.[3. p. 3]

The main structural element of "Generation P" is the trinity. It is formed by two groups of characters. Some of the characters in the novel are alternative mental states of the protagonist Tatarsky. At the moment of communication with Pugin and Khanin, Malyuta and Blo, Gireev and Azadovsky, he seems to bifurcate. Parts of his personality are in dialogue with each other. The other group consists of three - Hussein, Morkovin and Farseikin. They are needed to connect the plot. Morkovin acts as the main television presenter of the action unfolding in the novel. He completes all evolutions, having exhausted his function, at the very end of the story, when Tatarsky reaches the Golden Room, that is, the harmonious final state of the soul. It was at that moment that the role of the leader passes to Farseikin. Hussein leads the fate of the hero in the initial phase and tries once again to break into the narrative. But the road along which Tatar Hussein was going to lead was rejected both times. Thus, we see a combination in the form of a double trinity: three leading and three alternative pairs of states, from which the hero temporarily chooses one, and then overcomes both. The first pair of possible states of Tatarsky are Pugin and Khanin. The taxi driver who returned from America and the Komsomol functionary, as intermediate dependent states, alternately die in the soul of the hero. Their physical death as a result of gang warfare is, of course, an allegory. "... This virtual Pugin, like a heavy metal from the end of the periodic table, existed in Tatarsky's mind for a matter of seconds and disintegrated." AndKhanin lingered a little longer. Malyuta and Blo are the second pair of states. The west-oriented Blo and the soil-based Malyuta have similar features to the first pair (emigrant and official). They represent a longer state. Towards the very end, Malyutais removed from the "Beekeeping Institute". Such is the choice of Pelevin, one must think. They say that the universal has won over the national. "Kill the state in yourself." "Enter the civilized family of peoples." And other wonderful perspectives personified in the image of Blo. His brothers do business on coffins, the demand for which has increased due to banking squabbles (Debirsyan Brothers Funeral Home). The third pair of fortunes - Gireev and Azadovsky - symbolizes Tatarsky's social choice. The first personifies the free flight of the soul, to which the main character has been striving all his life. ButGireev's "traces of humiliating poverty" in his clothes and apartment (holes in his pants, cheap vodka) stop Tatarsky's progress towards this state. In addition, Gireev, despite his spirituality, is completely captive to the television monster, succumbs to other people's delusional advertising fantasies that the "Beekeeping Institute" masters. Azadovsky is himself a master of television delirium. Azadovsky is a state worth striving for. AndTatarsky reaches him. True, Tatarsky does not repeat Azadovsky, but reaches a new state, comprehends the Self and turns into the husband of the goddess Ishtar, that is, he himself is deified. Reflection of symbolic existence in the novel Everything rests on money, because money long ago rested on itself. V. Pelevin After the collapse of totalitarianism, the means of imitation cease to be obedient tools of dictatorship, but do not disappear, they acquire an autonomous existence. The protagonist of the novel, the clip-maker Tatarsky, cannot but assume that the "means of electronic communication" that govern the state are still the tools of some secret dictatorship, but, in the end, he is convinced that there is no dictatorship more powerful than the dictatorship of virtuality itself. The philosophical idea of the novel, expressed in the inset treatise, is that since television is made by people,

and the consciousness of people is shaped by television, then the essence of modern sociality lies in the self-sufficient, looped existence of a television image.[4. p. 1]

In the modern world there is no person, a person is reduced to a television image, which - in fact, in the end - also does not exist, since it only depicts, copies reality, but there is no reality. Having traveled the path from top to bottom in the structure of the media, the hero masters the goals and principles of this structure, the goals and principles of creating false names-symbols. The principle of creating false symbols is based on the principle of pandemonium, that is, the mixing of everything: languages (primarily Russian and English), cultures, religions, historical facts, personalities, etc. (everything is indiscriminate here: oriental symbols, Latin America with Che Guevara, Russian birches and blouses, cowboys in jeans, medieval romance, Christian symbols, etc.). The giant of advertising thought is the one who can rhyme his pants even with Shakespeare, even with Russian history. With the era of television comes the era of mixing times and spaces, in which there is only one measure - money, and everything else - goods. Even space and time become a commodity (they are rented and sold). Symbols, being torn from their cultural-historical paradigm, are deprived of their true content, as a result of which it becomes possible to interpret them on the basis of any associations. So Prophetic Oleg, symbolizing the national character, is interpreted as a symbol of materialism, and the slogan "How now Prophetic Oleg is going to Tsargrad for things. On that stood and stands the Russian land. Democracy (within the corporate string of television people) is treated as a demo version for tops. False symbols give rise to false styles. There are two main styles - Western and false Slavic. The essence of the Western style is propaganda through Pepsi-Cola of the victory of the new over the old, the victory of everything "cool" and capable of moving ahead. The essence of the false Slavic style is a play on the feeling of philistine patriotism and adherence to "our" traditions, the set of images used here is primitive: birch trees, churches, bells, red shirts, beards, sundresses, sunflowers, husks and some other similar ones. In general, all the heterogeneous and diverse set of advertising images creates one single image - the image of a happy person (moreover, a happy person is primitive - as a rule, this is bodily comfort, selfish security). Advertising shows people other people who managed to be deceived and find happiness in the possession of material objects. She seeks to convince that the consumption of the advertised product leads to a high and favorable rebirth, and not after death, but immediately after the act of consumption.[5. p. 2]

In those days there was a lot of dubious and strange things in the language and in life in general. Take, for example, the very name "Vavilen", which Tatarsky was awarded by his father, who united in his soul faith in communism and the ideals of the sixties. It was composed of the words "VasilyAksenov" and "Vladimir Ilyich Lenin". Tatarsky's father, apparently, could easily imagine a faithful Leninist, gratefully comprehending over a free Aksyonov page that Marxism initially stood for free love, or an esthete obsessed with jazz, whom a particularly drawn-out saxophone roudale will suddenly make him realize that communism will win. But this was not only Tatarsky's father - this was the entire Soviet generation of the fifties and sixties, who gave the world an amateur song and ended up in the black void of space as the first satellite - a four-tailed spermatozoon of the future that never came.

Tatarsky was very shy about his name, introducing himself as Vova. Then he began to lie to his friends that his father called him that because he was fond of Eastern mysticism and had in mind the ancient city of Babylon, the secret doctrine of which he, Babylen, was to inherit. And his father created the fusion of Aksenov with Lenin because he was a follower of Manichaeism and natural philosophy and considered himself obliged to balance the bright beginning with the dark.

Despite this brilliant development, at the age of eighteen, Tatarsky gladly lost his first passport, and received the second one for Vladimir.

After that, his life developed in the most usual way. He entered a technical institute - not, of course, because he loved technology (his specialty was some kind of electric furnace), but because he did not want to join the army. But at twenty-one, something happened to him that decided his future fate.

In the summer, in the village, he read a small volume of Boris Pasternak. Poems, for which he had not previously had any inclination, shocked him to such an extent that for several weeks he could not think of anything else, and then began to write them himself. He forever remembered the rusty frame of the bus, obliquely rooted into the ground at the edge of a forest near Moscow. Near this frame, the first line in his life came to his mind - "The sardines of the clouds are floating south" (later he began to find that this poem smells of fish). In a word, the case was quite typical and typically ended - Tatarsky entered the Literary Institute. True, he did not pass the poetry department - he had to be content with translations from the languages of the peoples of the USSR. Tatarsky imagined his future like this: during the day - an empty auditorium at the Literary Institute, an interlinear from Uzbek or Kyrgyz, which must be rhymed by the next date, and in the evenings - works for eternity.[5. p. 4]

Then, imperceptibly, one significant event for his future took place. The USSR, which began to be updated and improved around the same time that Tatarsky decided to change his profession, improved so much that he ceased to exist (if the state is capable of falling into nirvana, this was just such a case).

Therefore, there could no longer be any talk of any translations from the languages of the peoples of the USSR. It was a blow, but Tatarsky endured it. There was work for eternity, and that was enough.

And then the unexpected happened. With eternity, to which Tatarsky decided to dedicate his work and days, something also began to happen. This Tatarsky could not understand at all. After all, eternity - so, at least, he always thought - was something immutable, indestructible and in no way dependent on fleeting earthly alignments. If, for example, a small volume of Pasternak, which changed his life, had already fallen into this eternity, then there was no force capable of throwing him out of there.

It turned out that this is not entirely true. It turned out that eternity existed only as long as Tatarsky sincerely believed in it, and, in essence, it did not exist anywhere outside of this belief. In order to sincerely believe in eternity, it was necessary that this faith be shared by others - because a faith that no one shares is called schizophrenia. And with others - including those who taught Tatarsky to keep the alignment for eternity - something strange began to happen.

It's not that they've changed their old ways, no. The space itself, where these former views were directed (the gaze is always directed somewhere), began to curl up and disappear until only a microscopic speck remained of it on the windshield of the mind. There were completely different landscapes all around.

Tatarsky tried to fight, pretending that nothing was really happening. At first it worked. Closely communicating with other people who also pretended that nothing was happening, it was possible for a while to believe this. The end came unexpectedly.

Once, during a walk, Tatarsky stopped at a shoe store that was closed for lunch. A plump, pretty-looking saleswoman, whom Tatarsky for some reason immediately called Manka to himself, floated around in the summer heat, and among the collapse of multi-colored Turkish handicrafts stood a pair of shoes, undoubtedly of domestic production.

Tatarsky experienced a feeling of instantaneous and piercing recognition. They were pointed, high-heeled boots made of fine leather. Fawn-yellow, stitched with blue thread and adorned with large gold harp-shaped buckles, they weren't just gaudy or vulgar.

They clearly embodied what one drunken teacher of Soviet literature from the Literary Institute called "our Gestalt", and it was so pitiful, funny and touching (especially the harp buckles) that Tatarsky had tears in his eyes. There was a thick layer of dust on the boots - they were clearly not in demand by the era.[6. p. 3]

Tatarsky knew that he was also not in demand by the era, but he managed to get used to this knowledge and even found some bitter sweetness in it. It was deciphered for him by the words of Marina Tsvetaeva: "Scattered in the dust in the shops (Where no one took them and does not take them!), My

poems, like precious wines, will have their turn." If there was something humiliating in this feeling, it was not for him - rather for the world around him. But, frozen in front of the shop window, he suddenly realized that he was gathering dust under this sky not like a vessel with precious wine, but like shoes with harp buckles. In addition, he realized one more thing: the eternity, in which he previously believed, could exist only on state subsidies - or, something the same, as something forbidden by the state. Moreover, it could exist only as a semi-conscious memory of some Manka from the shoe store. And to her, just like to him, this dubious eternity was simply inserted into her head in the same container with natural history and inorganic chemistry. Eternity was arbitrary - if, say, not Stalin killed Trotsky, but vice versa, it would be inhabited by completely different people. But even that didn't matter, because Tatarsky clearly understood: in any case, Manka was simply not up to eternity, and when she finally stopped believing in her, there would be no more eternity, because then where would she be?

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