

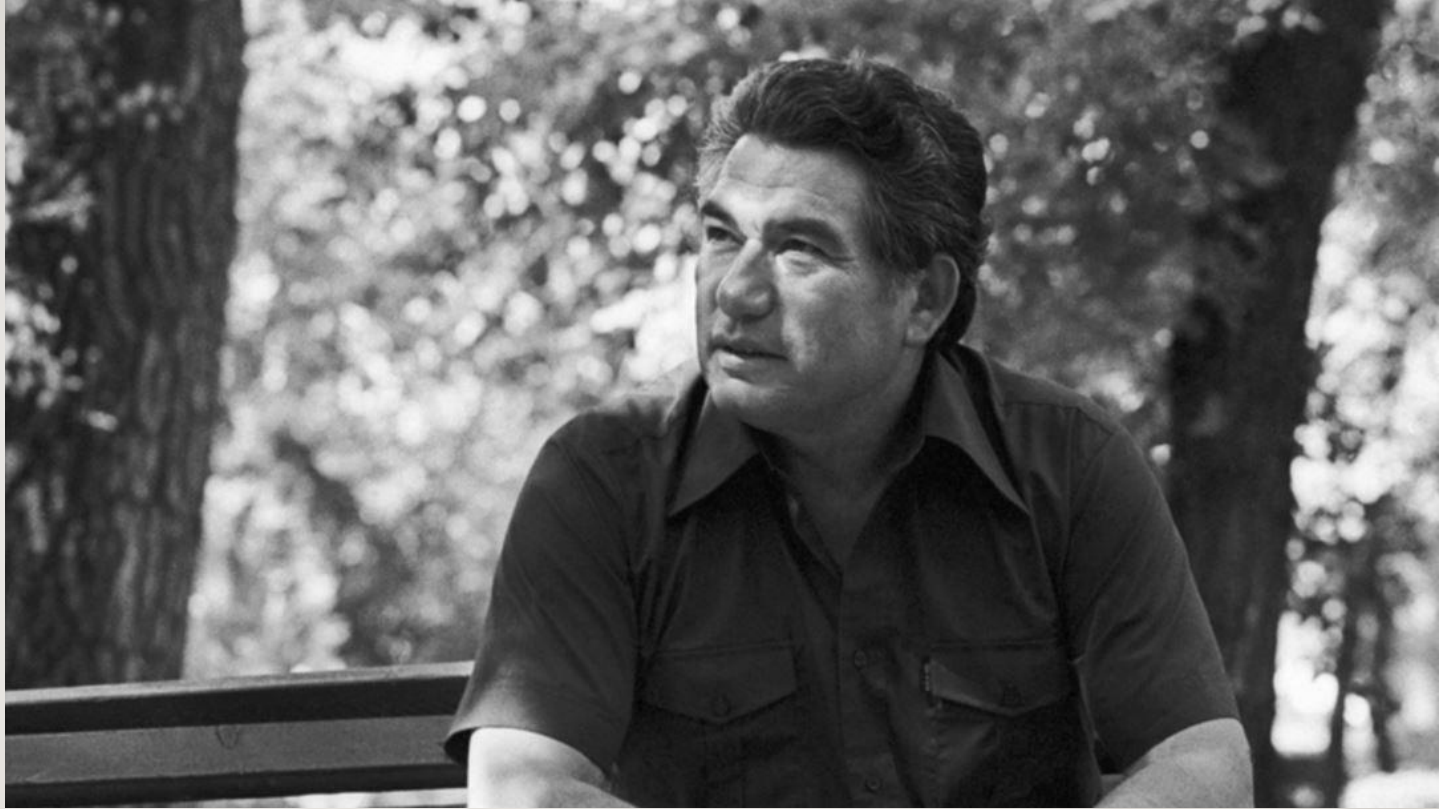
# **CHYNGYZ AITMATOV**

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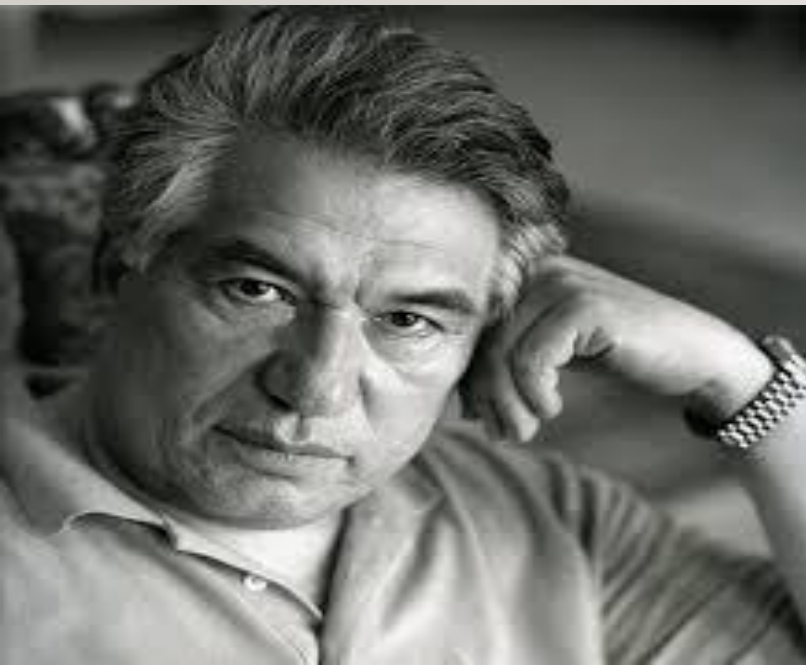
**DONE BY:KERIMKUL KYZY AINAGUL**

Chyngyz Aitmatov was born to a **Kyrgyz** father and **Tatar** mother. Aitmatov's parents were civil servants in **Sheker**. In 1937, his father was charged with "**bourgeois nationalism**" in **Moscow**, arrested, and executed in 1938.



**AITMATOV LIVED AT A TIME WHEN KYRGYZSTAN WAS BEING TRANSFORMED FROM ONE OF THE MOST REMOTE LANDS OF THE **RUSSIAN EMPIRE** TO A REPUBLIC OF THE **USSR**. THE FUTURE AUTHOR STUDIED AT A SOVIET SCHOOL IN SHEKER. HE ALSO WORKED FROM AN EARLY AGE. AT FOURTEEN, HE WAS AN ASSISTANT TO THE SECRETARY AT THE VILLAGE **SOVIET**. HE LATER HELD JOBS AS A TAX COLLECTOR, A LOADER, AN ENGINEER'S ASSISTANT AND CONTINUED WITH MANY OTHER TYPES OF WORK.**



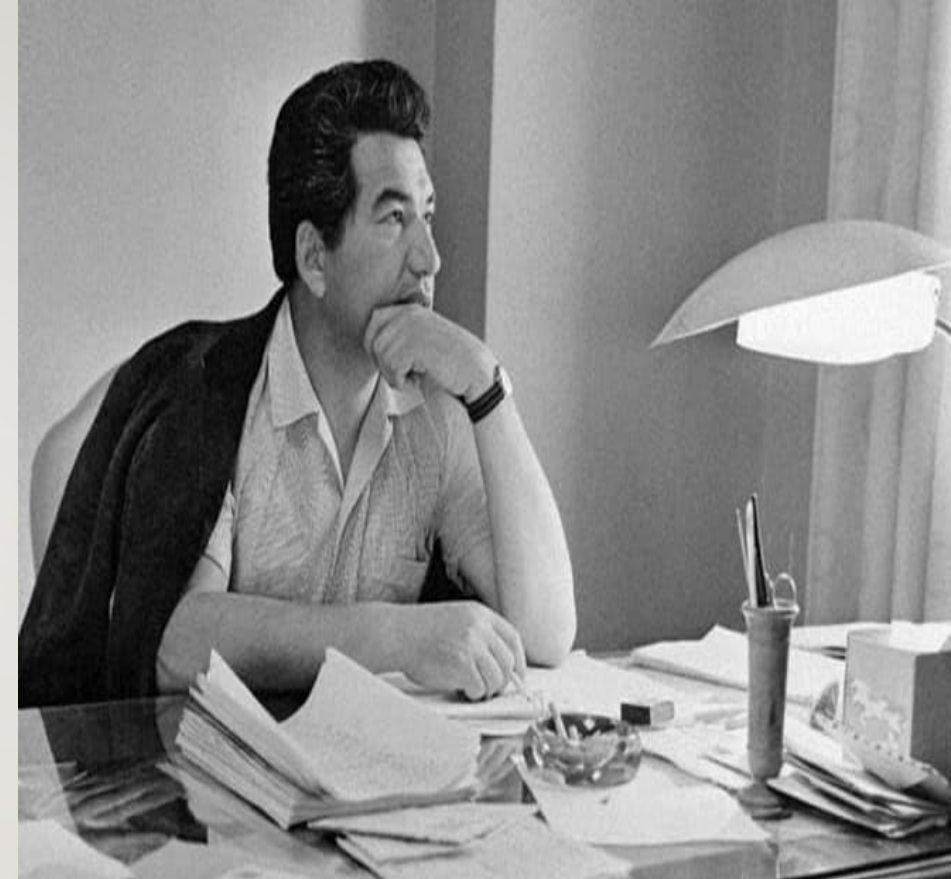


In 1946, he began studying at the Animal Husbandry Division of the Kirghiz Agricultural Institute in Frunze, but later switched to literary studies at the Maxim Gorky Literature Institute in Moscow, where he lived from 1956-58. For the next eight years he worked for Pravda. His first two publications appeared in 1952 in Russian: "The Newspaper Boy Dziuiio" and "Ашым." His first work published in Kyrgyz was "Ак Жаан" (White rain, 1954), and his well-known work "Jamila" (Jamila) appeared in 1958. In 1961, he was a member of the jury at the 2nd Moscow International Film Festival.<sup>[4]</sup> In 1971, he was a member of the jury at the 7th Moscow International Film Festival





HIS OBITUARY IN THE NEW YORK TIMES CHARACTERISED HIM AS "A COMMUNIST WRITER WHOSE NOVELS AND PLAYS BEFORE THE COLLAPSE OF THE SOVIET UNION GAVE A VOICE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE REMOTE SOVIET REPUBLIC OF KYRGYZ" AND ADDS THAT HE "LATER BECAME A DIPLOMAT AND A FRIEND AND ADVISER TO THE SOVIET LEADER MIKHAIL GORBACHEV.



Aitmatov suffered kidney failure, and on 16 May 2008 was admitted to a hospital in Nuremberg, Germany, where he died of pneumonia on 10 June 2008 at the age of 79.<sup>[1]</sup> After his death, Aitmatov was flown to Kyrgyzstan, where there were numerous ceremonies before he was buried in Ata Beyit cemetery, which he helped found<sup>[8]</sup> and where his father most likely is buried,<sup>[9]</sup> in Chong-Tash village, Alamüdün district, Chüy oblast, Kyrgyzstan

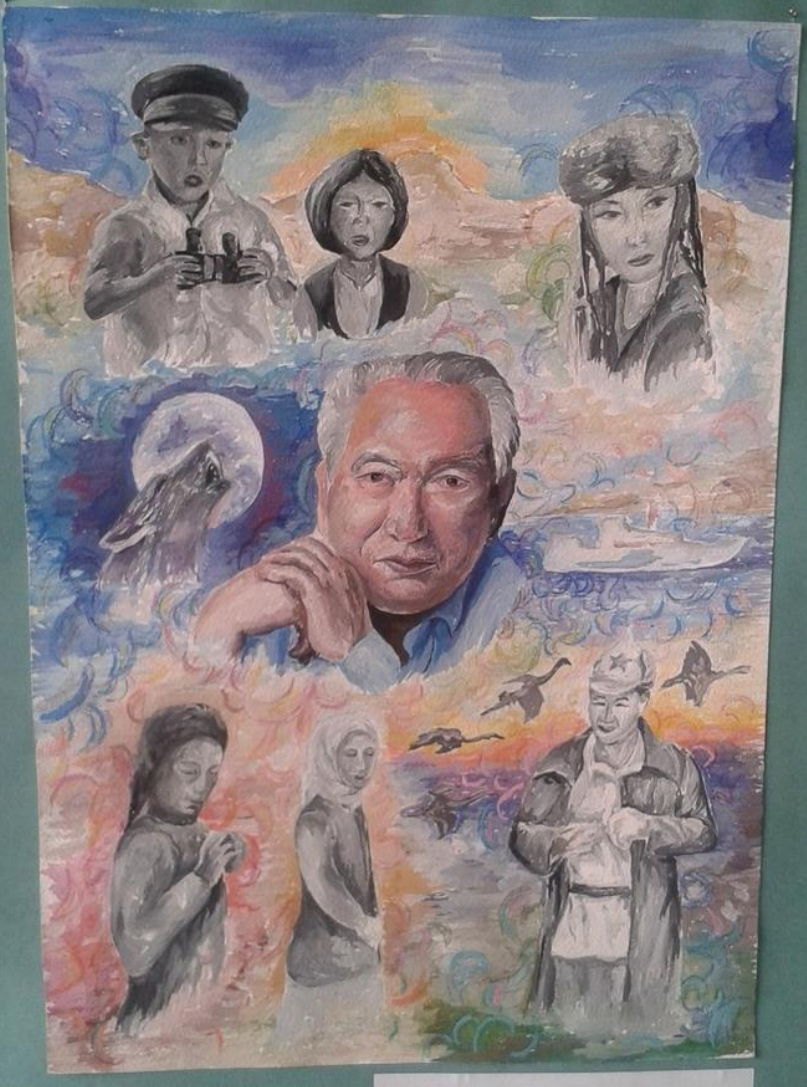


# His work

Chinghiz Aitmatov belonged to the post-war generation of writers. His output before *Jamila* was not significant, a few short stories and a short novel called *Face to Face*. But it was *Jamila* that came to prove the author's work. Seen through the eyes of an adolescent boy, it tells of how Jamila, a village girl, separated from her soldier husband by the war, falls in love with a disabled soldier staying in their village as they all work to bring in and transport the grain crop. Aitmatov's representative works also include the short novels *Farewell, Gulsary!*





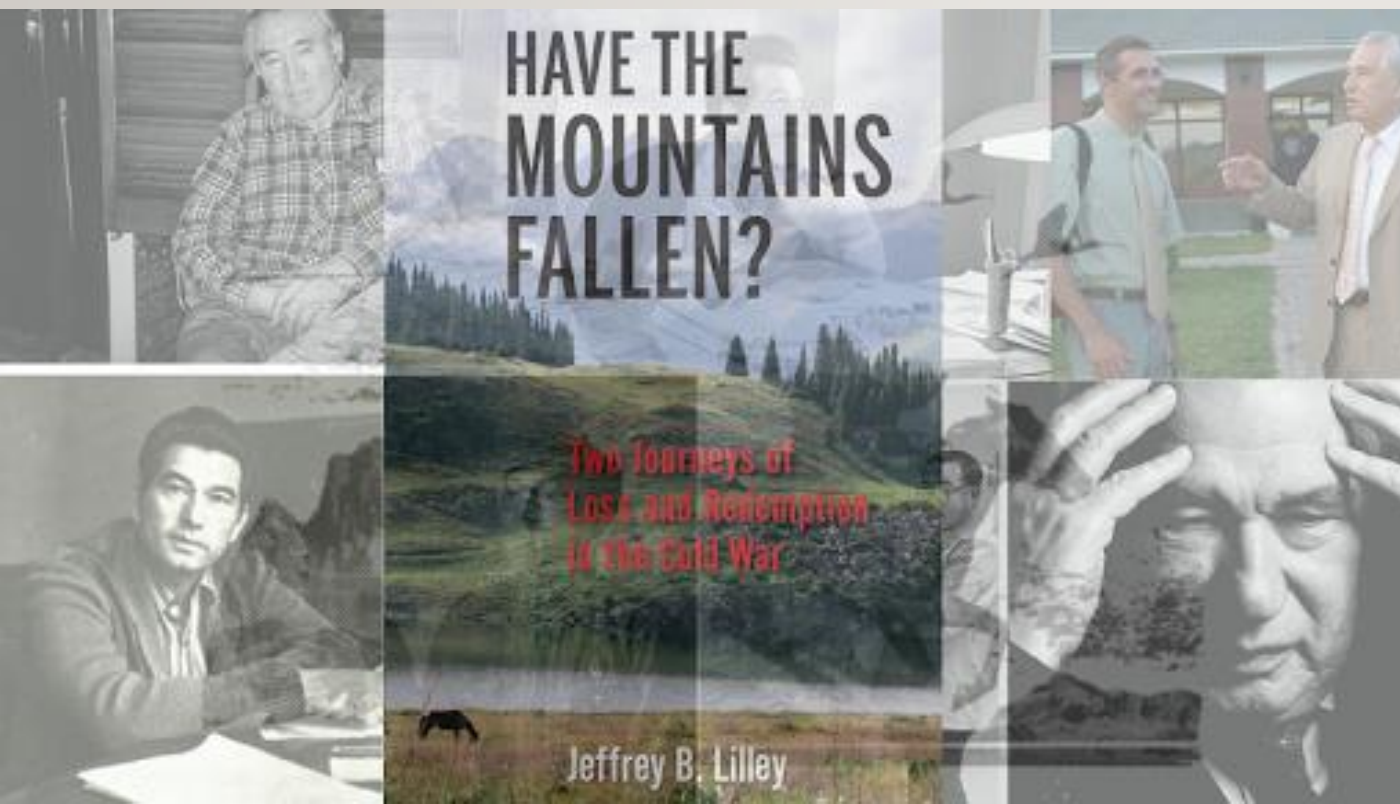


Aitmatov was honoured in 1963 with the [Lenin Prize](#) for *Tales of the Mountains and Steppes* (a compilation including *Jamila*, *The First Teacher* and *Farewell, Gulsary!*) and was later awarded a State prize for *Farewell, Gulsary!* Aitmatov's art was glorified by admirers.<sup>[14]</sup> Even critics of Aitmatov mentioned the high quality of his novels.





**As many educated Kyrgyzs, Aitmatov was fluent in both Kyrgyz and Russian. As he explained in one of his interviews, Russian was as much of a native language for him as Kyrgyz. Most of his early works he wrote in Kyrgyz; some of these he later translated into Russian himself, while others were translated into Russian by other translators. Since 1966, he was writing in Russian.**



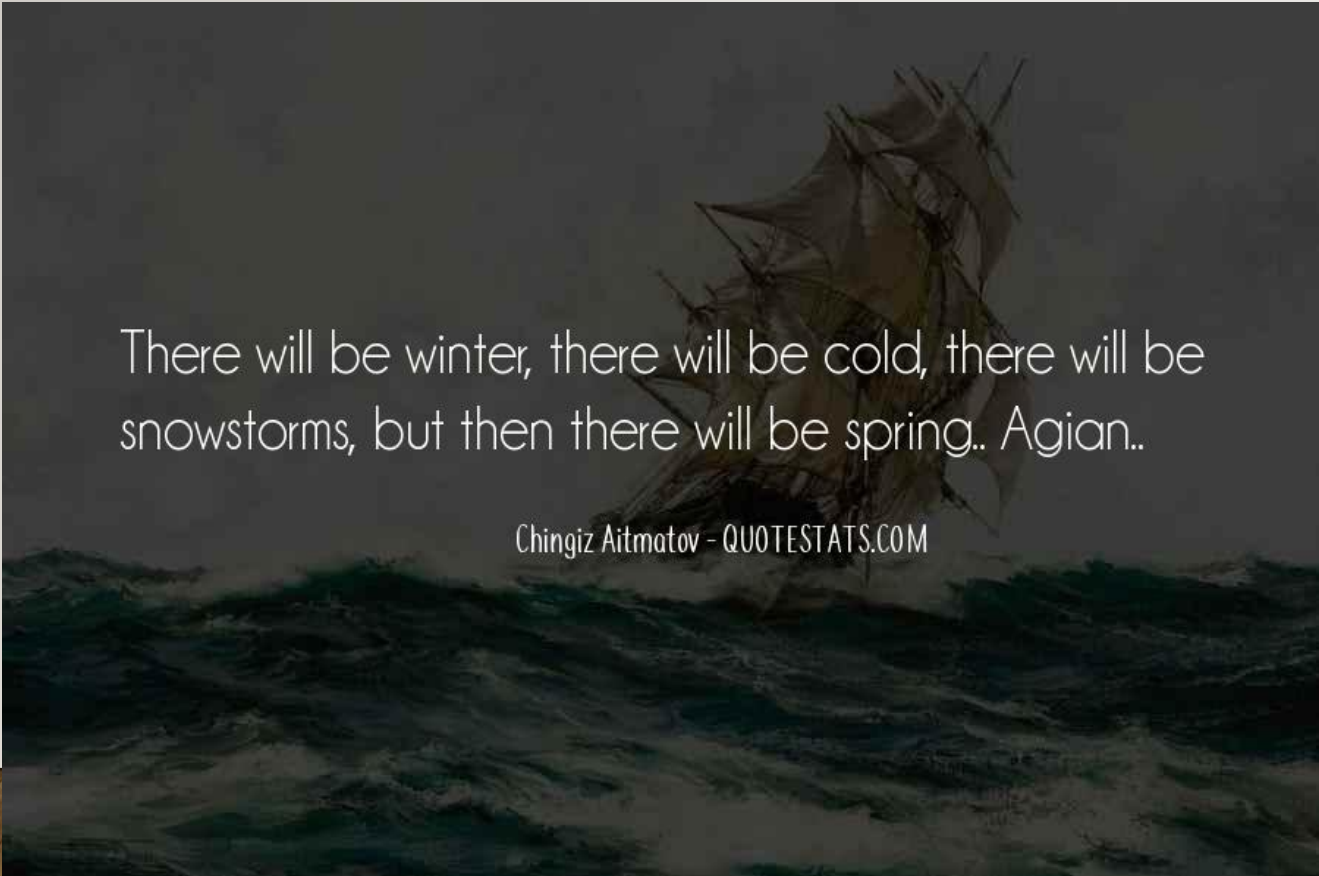


# CHINGIZ AITMATOV QUOTES



It is a pity the spirit does not grow old too. ~Chingiz Aitmatov

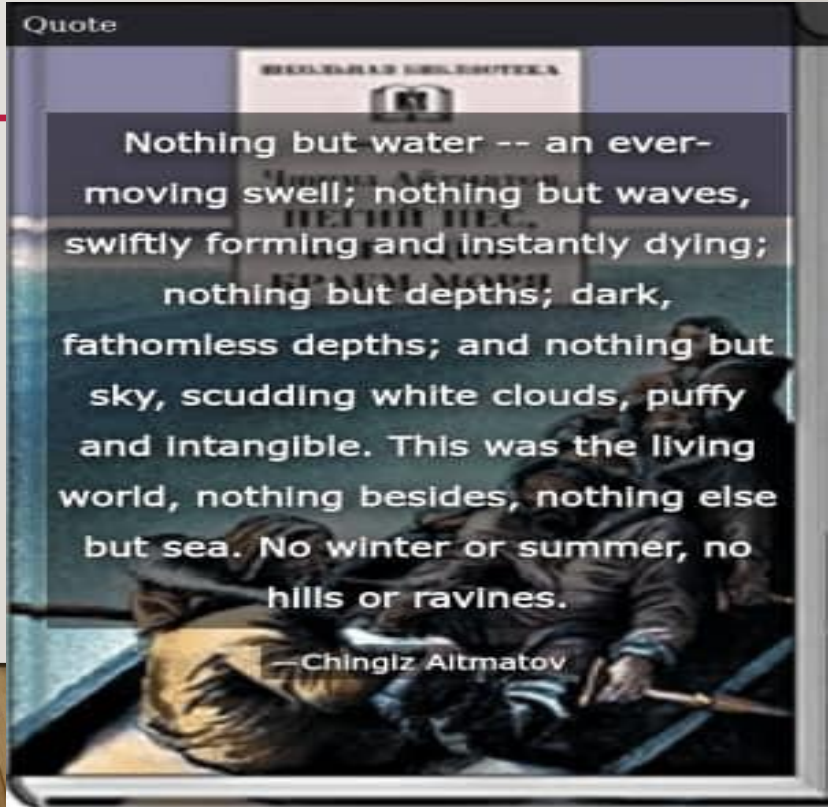
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There will be winter, there will be cold, there will be snowstorms, but then there will be spring.. Agian..

Chingiz Aitmatov - QUOTESTATS.COM

Quote



Nothing but water -- an ever-moving swell; nothing but waves, swiftly forming and instantly dying; nothing but depths; dark, fathomless depths; and nothing but sky, scudding white clouds, puffy and intangible. This was the living world, nothing besides, nothing else but sea. No winter or summer, no hills or ravines.

—Chingiz Aitmatov



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**THANK YOU FOR YOUR ATTENTION!**

