

LANGSTON HUGHES AND HIS POETRY

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Abstract : *I have covered briefly in this article about the great works of Langston Hughes, one of the famous American writers. He was a very famous poet of literature and left many of his works as a legacy to his descendants.*

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Langston Hughes was a central figure in the Harlem Renaissance, a flowering of black intellectual, literary, and artistic life that occurred in many American cities, especially Harlem, during the 1920s. Hughes was a noted poet who also wrote novels, short stories, essays, and plays. He strove to honestly depict the joys and hardships of working-class black life, avoiding both sentimental idealization and negative stereotypes. As he writes in his essay "Black Artists and the Mountain of Race," "We, the young black artists who are creating now, intend to express our individual dark-skinned selves without fear or shame." If white people are happy, we are happy." If not, no problem. We know we are beautiful. And ugly too. "This approach was not without criticism. Many of Hughes's early works were heavily criticized by many black intellectuals for presenting views on black life that were considered unappealing. Hughes commented in his autobiography, *The Big Sea: Dressing Properly for a Jew* (Hughes' second book) was well received by literary magazines and the white press, but black critics were not impressed at all. The Pittsburgh Courier ran a big headline at the top: "Langston Hughes Poetry Book Goes in Trash." The headline in the New York Amsterdam News was "Langston Hughes, Sewer Dweller." The Chicago Whip called me "Harlem's low-class poet."

Some said the book was a racial disgrace, a return to dialect tradition, and a public display of all our racial flaws. ...Black critics and many intellectuals were very sensitive about their race in their books. (And they still do.) In everything white people will read, they want their polite, well-groomed, cultured side, and only that side, to be front and center. I was thinking. In fact, the title "Beautiful Clothes for Jews," which was misunderstood and rejected by many, comes from the people in Harlem who Hughes saw pawning their clothes. Most of Harlem's pawnshops and other businesses at the time were owned by Jews. Novelist Lindsay Patterson, who worked as Hughes' assistant, believed that Hughes: She was the most criticized poet in America. ... Serious white critics ignored him, less serious critics compared his poetry to the self-paced poetry of Cassius Clay, and most black critics only reluctantly praised him. Some, like James Baldwin, were downright malicious towards his poetic work. But I think Hughes' poetry will continue to attract attention long after Baldwin and the rest of us are recognized as geniuses. Hughes...he was unashamedly black at a time when blackness was denied. He had the wit and intellect to explore black humanity to different depths, but his tastes and selectivity were not always precise, and the pressures of surviving as a black writer in a white society (and it is strange that he did it for so long) came at great creative cost. But Hughes, more than any other black poet or writer, faithfully recorded the nuances of black life and its setbacks. In Hughes' own words, his poems are about "the workers, the migrant workers, the singers, the seekers of New York's Lenox Street, Washington's Seventh Avenue, Chicago's South State, who get up today and leave tomorrow; It's about "people at work over the past week." And then..." he fired the next suit, was stunned by the beating but didn't intend to give up completely, bought furniture in installments, filled his house with roommates to pay the rent, and by Easter he had a new suit in hand. I was hoping to get in -- and pawned the suit before the fourth game of July and quote.

Hoyt W. Fuller pointed out that Hughes chose to identify with ordinary black people precisely because he saw more truth and deeper meaning in them.

Perhaps he was adversely influenced by his father, who was dissatisfied with being an object of contempt in his homeland and rejected his compatriots. Perhaps it was the poet's reaction to his father's flight from America's racial realities that led him to embrace it with special enthusiasm. (Langston Hughes' parents divorced shortly after his birth, and his father moved to Mexico. The older Hughes had a deep hatred and hatred for others.) Although Hughes had problems with both black and white critics, he was the first black American to earn a living solely from writing and public lecturing. He was able to do this in part because of the phenomenal recognition and love he received from the average black person. A critic from the *Negro World* stated in 1970 that "though those whose privilege it is to determine the status of a writer have never held him in high esteem, if we take public reaction as the yardstick, Langston Hughes ranks among the pinnacles of black literary prominence." The poet holds such a place in the national memory precisely because he recognized that "we have within ourselves a great storehouse of physical and mental strength" and used his art to reflect this to the people.

Hughes brought a diverse and colorful background to his writing. He had lived in six different American cities by the age of 12. By the time his first book was published, he had already been a vegetable farmer, a cook, a waiter, a college graduate, a sailor, and a bouncer in a Parisian nightclub, and had visited Mexico, West Africa, the Azores, the Canary Islands, Holland, France, and Italy. As David Littlejohn puts it in his book *Black on White: A Critical Examination of Writing by African-Americans*: "There was no obvious hypocrisy, no pretensions, no self-deception. But there was so much fun, so much laughs, and so much irresistible wit." Even if he is likely to be momentarily overshadowed by angrier people and more complex artists, if in these difficult times of racial war "different views" inevitably become our If that's any concern, he may outlive them all and still be there when the war is over.

Hughes' [greatness] seems to be based on his anonymous solidarity with his people. He seems to speak for millions of people, which is difficult. Hughes influenced many people through his popular fictional character, Jesse B. Semple

(Simple for short). Simple is a poor man living in Harlem, a kind of comical loser, a stereotype that Hughes exploited. In exchange for drinks, he tells his story to his story partner Boyd, a writer similar to Hughes. His stories about his struggles with work, women, money, and life in general often reveal, through his simplicity, the conflicts of being a poor black man in a racist society. "White people are the cause of many problems in my life," Simple once commented. Simple's observations first appeared in 1942 in a column Hughes wrote for the Chicago Defender and then the New York Post, "From Here to Yonder." I have written. Their original goal, according to a Kirkus Review critic, was to "convince black Americans to support the U.S. war effort." These were later published in several volumes. A more recent collection, 1994's *The Return of Simple*, includes previously unpublished material, but the themes are current, according to a Publishers Weekly reviewer. He pointed out that "Simple" deals with issues such as political correctness, children's rights, and the racism behind birth control and birth control. Sterilization addresses suggestions. In his biography of Langston Hughes, Donald C. Dickinson wrote, "The appeal of simplicity lies in its unrestricted pursuit of two universal goals: understanding and security." Like most other people, he usually fails to achieve any of these goals, and sometimes is disappointed after achieving them....However, simplicity has a strong resilience that does not allow failure to continue for long....Simple is a well- developed character who is both believable and likable. The situations he encounters and discusses are so realistic that everyone can participate.

Unlike most non-black poets, with the exception of Walt Whitman, Vachel Lindsay, and Carl Sandburg, he was a people's poet. ...until his death, he continued to humorously - though always seriously - spread his message to a national audience, having his poems read by (perhaps) more people than any other American poet. is. Hughes died of complications from prostate cancer on May 22, 1967.

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