



## **Water Kingdom: Lachin**

Life is a piece of memory. Years pass, and in exchange for this memory, the moral and spiritual capacity of life comes into view, the time that passes in the blink of an eye puts everything in its place. Woe to the day when the memory of blood, the memory of generation and nobility, the memory of childhood and youth are separated from their destruction and become a relative memory. Every meeting I had with people who had lost wigs from the unique healing corners of Zangezur - the Lachin mountains, where I was born, where my childhood imagination and sense of the world were formed, ended with a sad, painful ending. Our conversation begins with the moral values that those mountains instilled in our elders, the memories of our 25-30-year-old children from their ancestors pulled us in, and we were filled with a terrible sense of fear. After all, generational memory is broken, the sense of a great Elinoba, its own life habits disappeared in a bitter period of time.

When it comes to my peers in my fifties, I say: you were orphaned once without Lachin. And I longed for Lachin in the happy days of Lachin - from the day I was brought to Baku to study in 1960. The village of Ahmadli, where I was born, was at the foot of the Isikli mountain range. From there, the plains of Chalbair, Isikli, and Alyetmaz began. It seemed to me that the world begins and ends in this village. I counted every school year day by day, month by month. From the moment I opened my eyes, I had memorized every bend, ups and downs of these roads. The roads leading from one end of our homeland to the other end brought me to our village in the evening when the strangeness had settled down. For three months, I stayed face to face with the white nights of Turshsu, Aqibatikheyir creek, İşikli, soaked in my blood and soul, and boasted about my relative's happy days. Just before the first of September, the world was shrinking in my head. When the moment of separation from the mountains and villages came, I would retreat to a secluded place and weep bitterly. When I saw an article about Lachin in the newspapers and magazines I read during the years I was studying in Baku's schools No. 21, 19 and 111, my heart went out of place. Most of my classmates shared this "strangeness" of mine, if I was one day late for the new school year, they wouldn't give up our apartment, they would worry about me being late in Lachin.

In 1974, the 50th anniversary of the city of Lachin was celebrated. We were happy watching a 2-minute information on TV. There was a strange indifference to the beauty of Lachin - the mountain eagle, and there were people who frowned at my impressions of Lachin. I always wished that if there was an opportunity, I could get to know and love Lachi as much as I wanted. As luck would have it, "Academy-Studio" was established under ANAS in 1991, on the initiative of academician Eldar Salayev. I was appointed editor-in-chief. We filmed the "Azerbaijani emigration literature" symposium, recorded the live speeches of dozens of emigrants who are no longer alive, and prepared it as a documentary film. We decided to make a documentary about Lachin. The former head of the district, Mr. Khanlar, solved the financial issues and sent a car to take us to Lachin. In early July 1991, we left for Lachin. After the Karabakh events began, Lachin was remembered by both the superiors and the inferiors. Those were bumpy but lucky days for Lachin. Our family had made a good living for themselves. In 1991, the Lachin-Shusha road was closed. We were going to



## *Qarabağ Azərbaycandır!*

Lachin along the Zangilan-Gubadli road. My brother, Huseyn Kurdoğlu, the beloved poet of these lands, treated us with greatness along the way, he instilled a romantic tone in our trip with his poems written on every rock, stone, and spring of these places he visited. We stopped near the spring in the middle of the village to drink water in Khanliq village of Gubadli. The people recognized Hussein, they were in a good mood. I knew that Huseyin finished the 10th grade in Khanlig and I had seen the vignette. In the village of Ashagi Molla, my father's friend Nemet lives in Kishigil, he used to come to the Khanal for lessons every day.

When we reached the territory of Lachin, the village of Gülabird, it was dusk. It was suggested that we spend the night in this village, visit the grave of Sarı Ashığ, and film it. It was my second visit to Gülebir. Two years ago, I came to the opening ceremony of the monument erected to Sarı Ashığ. I remember it was September 1989. We came to the opening of the Sarı Ashığ monument with a large group of distinguished intellectuals of our republic. At that time, the Shusha-Lachin road was dangerous, so we went along the Gubadli road. My joy and happiness could not fit into the sky. Elder folklorist Mirali Seyidov, Khalil Reza, Akif Huseynov, Mukhtar Imanov, Vladimir Gafarov and other colleagues, Lachin intellectuals Huseyn Kurdoglu, Malik Farrukh were dear guests of the Lachin community. The late Sabahaddin Rustam contributed greatly to the construction of the Sarı Ashığ monument, the creation of the "Bayati" museum, and the beautification of the grave of the master craftsman's lover, Good. We started shooting the film from Gülabird. The cemetery in the bosom of the ancient Gülabird village, surrounded by lush green gardens, became a shrine for the great classic of our 17th century literature, the poet of poets, the grandfather of great grandfathers, Sarı Ashığ and his lover Goody. From time to time, those who came to visit this hearth found the immortal spirit of the Lover of Truth, the sublimity of music and words. Day and night, Hekari used to read the old song about the relative fate of Sarı Ashığ and Good.