

HUSSEINBALA
MIRALAMOV

**THE ROAD
OF TRIUMPH**

BAKU-2003

*We all have one Motherland.
It is Azerbaijan!*

HEYDAR ALIYEV

HUSSEINBALA MIRALAMOV

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OF TRIUMPH**

AN ESSAY

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This essay is dedicated to the 80th anniversary of Heydar Aliriza oglu Aliyev, the President of the Republic of Azerbaijan, world-wide known political and public figure who began leading Azerbaijan very successfully in the most complicated period of the nation.

The author Husseinbala Miralamov is known in Azerbaijan as a writer and playwright. In this work he speaks about the difficult life way of H. A. Aliyev with great love, as if thanking him in literary way on behalf of the Azerbaijani people.

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THE ROAD OF TRIUMPH

An Essay

With great gratitude to the name of our respectable President Heydar Aliriza oglu Aliyev, the Great Son, wise elder of our People and the Father of the Nation is dedicated.

The Great Man was emerging from the top. He was looking proudly at the State Palace named Azerbaijan - being seen already from all corners of the world, which has been elevated by the warmth of his architectural hands, light and wise wit and inexhaustible energy during a lot of years brick by brick and inch by inch.

This Palace was covered by the color with thousands of beams created by the morning sun in the nature. The grandeur of the State

Palace made his fist-size heart be touched. The Palace which had been created thanks to the way of the Great Man during years who has passed with belief and obstinacy by his endless efforts and forces, which stood against all kinds of constraints and was full of the sacred desires and longings. The delight of blossomed desires was shaking his heart swelling his having run high chest.

...But a lot of seasons have changed till the blossoming of the desires! Icy mountains being heaped up have melted, clouds had come into collision with each other, pouring heavy rains and torrents have washed the nature mother. The lips of the land full of cracks under the sultry sun demanded water because of thirst. Untimely fall winds blew. A lot of shoots peeled of their roots before growing up. Cold northern winds sifted snows to the hair of the Mother named Motherland and thinned them tearing out, as if without the will of fate. Cold breath of

black winds caused flowers with buds to fade.

That Great Man heard and felt the screams of the Motherland-Mother. These screams severely caused his soul to ache and drilled his breast.

The Great Man was in his road with his heavy and balanced steps and full of patience glances. He was going ahead towards the changing time of the wheel of history by his determination and will. After all, waiting for the changing of history with the arms under his bosom not facing difficulties with an open forehead meant an utter defeat the knight before the life-and death battle. The Great Man was struggling. He was struggling with all his determination and will. As He was going towards the time of decisive fights the time itself was coming towards him as well.

The Great Man saw all of these with his sharp mind and phenomenal sense. He could see all these though he was in

compulsion of living and working in the limits of strict laws of the regime being able to perish him in the thoughts and brains severely as soon as he left the stage of the history. He as if wasn't the same person who hiked up to the top of the Olympus under the stormy applauds but then left it by the order of the God.

Is one life enough for a man?

Everybody knows well that one can live only once the life being given to him. So, one life must be enough for a man. But what about desires being not reached or wishes, which couldn't be put into practice? After all each of us knows well that though our desires pass through our souls and thousands of sorrows of our present life, all of them can't be reached. These desires remain being only desires longing for the coming of new days.

After all the Great Man is also a human being. He also wants to be glad as we do and he also exposes to tortures and torments.

So living the presented by God life as exact as masterly done watch, deriving advantage from the light and energy of the sun being shared in the space and giving breath to the live desires depends on a man himself. A

man must be thankful to the God of Almighty only for His giving him natural abilities - the sense, which is considered the throne of all abilities. Changing the sense into strength, might, belief, obstinacy and determination is in the hands of a man himself. However, all the same, it's very difficult mission. Very few of men is able to do it. Those who can are being selected ones. They are men of an international value.

The Great Man could do it!

Oh, how easy are sounded the words "could do"! A whole life stands behind these words. When looking at those words from the height of the life with eighty years of length having been passed through many storms and fires, gaining victory in the most

tense psychological fights one can openly see that those words can't express the whole essence of the long way.

Was masterly passing through the problems, which amaze even the most strict and maybe cruel opponents, deriving advantages from complicated moments, opening of the knots of life sometimes being tangled insidiously by the force of the reason and unusual intuition easy for the Great Man? There is not need for the answer. When men can't approve the truth openly, they reconcile with it in their hearts and inner worlds. The Great Man has right to look proudly from the top of the mountain. Relying upon its wings, eagle flies up to the depth of the sky passing through the dense clouds it meets the top of the mountain and if the peak suits the bird's spirit, he makes that height its eternal dwelling. And then begins observing the valleys remaining far below and vast plain lands running far away with its sharp glances.

When looking at the full of victory ways having been passed and joined to the history the lines in his luminous face and the sense colors replacing each other in his eyes affirm that his roads weren't even at all. Before getting up the steps full of victory garlands one had to build and to construct it. The life road isn't an unbreakable chain being tied together. Sometimes such traitors appear that without hesitation during a moment they bare their swords for breaking that chain into pieces being merciless as executioners.

The Great Man was ready to all these suddenness. Though a man is an extraordinary being and the most honorable one being created by the God, nevertheless he lives for his aim and sacred desires. All his bloody struggles and fights are for putting of these desires into practice. Otherwise he would get tired and remain in a half way. The life and living would mean nothing then. The

senselessness of struggles, tortures and pangs would bore the Man. After all, aims and desires make the Man to live.

The Great Man has decided to fight for being by the Highest One. And this was a desire changed into the aim. Its credo, criterion and measures leaned back against the spiritual values. The source of his inexhaustible strength and energy must be looked for namely here.

These feelings, ruling over his soul since the early youth and the most seething periods of his life, didn't allow him - the Great Man to get tired. They called him to new morrows and joining together of the sacred wishes of the Mother - Motherland, with whose bread and water He grew up and lived breathing its fresh air.

This is the one changing the will into the shield. And this is the one presenting to the Great man an unbreakable endurance and

stability and forcing him to overcome all trials.

And namely this made a man the most honorable one on the earth defining his eternal place on the top of the highest ones and changing them into the beloved one of the God and people as well.

The place where the Great Man has calmed himself is the top of victory. Nobody can tell that as if the Great Man is looking out from that top only to the past. Never! He had lived that past in such a way that it would be a vice if he simply observed it. From the height of the top one must for seeing the roads of the future and for learning of the science how to continue the struggle for sacred desires. This science is the one with the length of eighty years being created bit by bit sacrificing all life. Not placed to any volumes of works science, which the most reliable universities of the world need to learn. It's the science of state

establishing. This is the science dedicated to humane values, to the ability of respect of the nation, people, land, literature, art history, diplomacy, ability of forgiving and seeing future without forgetting the past. This is the science of seeing the light of a way out in the size of a needle eye during the most complicated and hopeless moment. The only author of this science is the Great Man himself.

The Great Man could mobilize his strength and might, which were absorbed to his soul during his life, was never shaken even in the most terrible moments, didn't think about defeat even in time of slander's singing of a triumph hymn and rejected it by all his might. His ideas and principles being formed according to the values of spiritual background secured his life rhythm and he leaned against the order of his heart and the will of his wit never falling under the strange influence and the words of chattering of

moral tellers. And because of this he didn't lose his way and get lost in the most eddy and dense foggy periods of the history.

Each decade of a century being expressed by cold figures keeps a mirror to the changes in the lives of societies. Such time passes had gone away from his fate by moments, minutes, hours, days, months and years. He could step over the narrowest and terrible passes amazing the world and endlessly surprising his contemporaries. He opened his way out from the tracks built around him and seen in fact hopeless nets and darkness by the bright light of his wit and sense.

Yes, the Great Man is on the top. But that top isn't foggy and cloudy. From the bottoms of the top up to its peak, areas are covered with spring flowers. As the twin brother of the same aim the sun doesn't deny giving him its light and heat.

The Great Man is glad. This is not only his joy reflecting the sweetness of his

personal life. This is the joy of the selfless one who leading the army passed through thirsty deserts and joined the men to their desires and being proud of because of it. This is the joy of holiness presenting his spirit, having been got from the God, as the truth to the people. This is the joy of the Great Man sharing the sayings of the God to those who believe him generously in order to rescue the people from ignorance and sparseness.

The Great Man has the right of being glad. Even his most violent opponents and evildoers with the being closed eyes can't help accepting it.

Being the owner of a rich and large spiritual world the Great Man always carried the beating worried heart in his breast. This heart was his Motherland. He knew well that once this heart with its eternal rhythm would join the worldwide harmony. He moved his country to his soul.

He heard that voice inside his soul clearly in spite of his being in every corner of the world, holding any post and speaking according to the available laws. Namely that voice lightened his way ahead. The stones, land, surface and subsoil riches, rocks, forests, sea, lakes, and at last, the people of the Motherland had been soaked into his soul. And looking at the living freely and easily citizens of the countries of the world, he desired of giving his people the same right of living without chains, shackles and spiritual fetters. He considered all of them being his own particles. If there were any wounded, being under attempt, stolen or robbed ones, he felt all the aches of them in his soul and body. He preserved all these feelings inside him as a sacred love in order to make his people to live a well-to-do life once. All these were for the happiness of his people. How could he carry such kind of as heavy as spaces load on his shoulders as

Atlas-kind strength? It was not an easy for the Great Man. He managed it only thanks to total mobilization of his life energy, sense and strength.

The Great Man was the first one of his country. He remained to be the first thanks to his authority and influence even being behind the curtains of the life stage. Thanks to his authority and deriving maximum advantages from the possibilities of the regime, he directed all gained to the future of Azerbaijan.

When sending young ones to the science centers and famous high educational schools of the Far north, the Great Man was sure that those young men would be the builders of future. He could make the preachers of regime be silent with his exact logic and well-grounded answers, when they reacted strictly against the opportunities being created for Azerbaijan. He could prove that, Motherland - Azerbaijan having





been built a nest in his trembling heart had absolute right for it. He understood very well that in order to protect the Motherland, one didn't have to go against the regime but being the owner of its power control panels. He knew very well that those cruel, fraud and senseless ideologists being not able to catch him in a net now would be against him as the time permitted. He knew well that those hands decorating his breast with orders and medals would keep a sword having a chance. The defeat of those who tried to annihilate him physically in the moments of the mixing of the world was connected with the Great Man's knowing of these truths since former times.

The Great Man knew well what could be done by toil. As he considered toil the sense of his life, he took care, protected and inspired men relying on toil, wishing to live thanks to their efforts. He used to say that the way running to the eminence began

namely from the place, where the first drops of sweat fell and that way is lightened by the purity of sweat drops.

All these were the life principles of the Great Man. He was going to become true of his aims and desires with these principles and he was doing that in such a way in order not to fear the empire executioners being the owners of the half world. These principles weren't in contrast with his personal interests and family advantages - as the advantages of his people and Motherland came together in his fate.

He had chosen the only road in his political struggle history - the straight way grounded on maximum objectivity! While the time passed on he added the principles of publicity and democracy to this road. He could feel in time the directions and sources of the strongest political storms being brought by the life.

The Great Man is the captain who is able to convey a solitary ship sailing in the open

ocean to the shore. In this way he is able to protect the ship from unexpected events of all kinds. He could feel beforehand what icebergs and waterspouts could procreate, could see all imperfections and shortcomings of the huge system.

The Great Man couldn't be understood by the mentality of those who stood in the same line with him in the big political echelons. Namely they couldn't understand him up to the end and that's why, they bewared him and if it's possible to say, were afraid of him.

They wanted to save the huge Soviet dragon when he was dying and to prolong his lifetime by the way of softening of his nature. By this they perhaps had chosen the way of protecting themselves and their fame. They saw the Great Man who felt all innovations in time as a barrier to them. That's why they wanted to move him away from the stage of the history. Yes, they were

thinking namely this way. But the time worked for the advantage of the Great Man. They who were shaken by the new political storms and lost their heads couldn't preserve control panels of the power. The XX century entered the history by the birth of the new huge empire. Namely the XX century will be remembered thousands of years as the fall of that huge empire. In the days, when new storms began buzzing in the womb of the society those who removed the Great Man from the great politics were mistaken and were mistaken severely.

The sense and wit of the Great Man had stepped to the new blossoming period. And fruit comes after flowers!

The history put to the test the Great Man. Would his volition, endurance and determination undergo hardships one more?

The Great Man cast covetous eyes upon the changing of criterions, measures and orders. And he considered all of these as

law-governed. The only thing that he didn't reconcile himself was an iniquity, injustice, perfidy and cruelty carried out towards his country - his heart. Suffering of these injustices meant opening the way for new ones.

...The Great Man saw those days having been joined to the history up to their smallest particles clearly with his far-seeing glances. Now in his memory one after another woke up the glowing horizons of those days and white winter being swaddled in blood.

Poignant wrinkles formed lines in the forehead of the Great Man. These were more painful. Though being the symbol of loyalty and honesty and living far from the Motherland under the cold winds, in addition he was bored by the winds blowing from the Motherland. The winds having been poisoned with ill will and perfidy. This was already such a perfidy that extraordinary strength was demanded in order not to be shaken before it. The organizers of signed and

unsigned letters were national traitors. The opponents of the Great Man, of course, knew him well and believed that he would find strength in himself again and present the truth to his nation lightening the darkest corners. That's why, they addressed treachery acquittal of what would never be possible.

The light of the Great Man was more brisk. But they - his opponents were afraid of light as bats. Slanders, blackmails, threatening of his close ones and relatives and those who were devoted to him couldn't bar the re-branching out of the roots having been preserved in the souls of the people.

Who were they organizing all of these? If all these had been done by ordinary ones working day and night at plants, factories and behind machine-tools in the heat of summer or in the cold of winter, even those trading in the markets, one could understand that they were being deceived. They couldn't

see the way out of complicated mechanism of life. No, the Great Man believed the purity of the hearts and loyalty of simple and ordinary people. He knew very well that those traitors were been deceived to the ruse of the weaving of sedition net against Azerbaijan. The most terrible thing was that it wasn't simply deceiving. Their rotten conviction was connected with the fair of losing of not deserved control levers. As thanks to those posts they earned riches and became owners of properties. That's why, knowing of the irreconcilableness of the Great Man to gained on dishonest ways things, they were afraid of rendering of account to him. Those, whom he had conferred power, were being demanded to eat the bread with the honestly gained way only. As his having been passed way was the sample of it!

The Great Man valued the situation correctly. Though he had to live among the strange men of all sides in the cold climate

far from the Motherland facing needs and pursuits, nevertheless he didn't even for a moment forget of returning to the Motherland once.

Oh Motherland with misfortunes, oh ill-fated Motherland!

But the Motherland was in the hands of dullard windbags, at the same time stingy persons being the prisoners of their greediness and avid for posts ones. The ones who had been dullard in the political fighting square. As the result, the people was lost in hopelessness, spiritual values exposed to etching and high-handedness with the lack of restraint acted as freely as they wanted. The most tragic and terrible was that when the tooth of greedy enemy was hungry for the earth of the Motherland there was engaged life and death struggle for the power. Though that life and death struggle had to go on in the frontiers of the Motherland being threatened, speaking

concretely, in Garabagh against the Armenian fascists. Everywhere - from the east to the west and from the north up to the south one could hear bullet sounds.

The Great Man's heart cracked. This crack was the echo of unanswered screams of the Motherland - Mother. How unbearable was the losing of the devoted wife in one of those hard days! Pains and torments took him to a sick bed. When he opened his eyes he saw nobody but his daughter and son, some relatives and a few devoted men.

The Great Man didn't deserve this indifferent and coldness. He deserved to heat himself in the love light and with the warmth of the hearts of people. After all the number of men who he had given the heat, could be counted by thousands and hundreds of thousands. He was amazed by the staying beside him men, whom he had never seen before - by their pure and clean conviction. No doubt, the Great Man always valued

highly the devotion. He knew well that very often the devoted ones protected the balance of the life. Namely those men always valued and held the truth highly.

It's not accidental that the Great Man is loved and coddled by the people as the sacred heroes even in the time of the Great Man's life. He is beloved as he always protects the truth and justice. And that's why he never forgets anybody's nobility, devotion and manliness getting great pleasure of seeing each person in his deserved place.

But all of these would happen some time later. There still were terrible trials and heavy blows of fate in the future. He could see far away with the eye of his sense even in the hard moments of his health and life. But that what he could see was an illusion even for his close ones - without base and never changing into reality dreams. Yes, many of men being around him thought namely this way. But he saw the freedom of Azerbaijan

with clearness and believed if by all his being. The men though few but devoted ones came to be the props to him. The Great Man got his strength from his young children - the ones who had lost the mother's caress very early and from the devoted men, but most of all from the love of Motherland! He didn't lose his confidence saving poor, oppressed, being the refugees from their hearths, losing their warm nests and lands men from the sharp teeth of the calamity finding never coming to an end and unconquered strength in himself.

The Great Man had to suffer. He had suffered. Merciless fights were waiting for him in the future. He wasn't afraid of those fights and the clash of thoughts. And he disarmed his physical and corporal defeat beforehand turning them back.

Though the light of hope was far away but it was incandescing. The Great Man turned his face towards that light as he

knew well from where it was glowing. He heated the souls of his children too and turned all his activity to that direction. He mobilized the might and strength of all those who believed him. He had got such a nature. His unconquered character through all his lifetime demanded to be prepared always. Yes, the Great Man was in the habit of being ready spiritually-psychologically to any news being brought by any moment, any hour and day.

He didn't return to his Motherland in order to become a president or the head of the power. He didn't have a power pretension. He was returning to his Motherland as he had to. His initial and eternal cradle was here.

The Great Man was returning in order to share his rich experience as the spiritual father, famous political figure, diplomat, state man and social figure having been gained during a lot of years. He wanted to encourage, protect and to show the right

way to those who were facing a dilemma. He wasn't legendary Bahram Ghur taking a throne being between two lions. For rescuing of the Motherland a social chair in the Motherland itself was too enough for him.

Cowards, hiding themselves from the sunlight as bats ones were terrified not only of his returning but also even the mentioning of his name. As they knew well that his only one speech was enough in order to open the faces of false heroes and to tear their nasty masks. Not having national self-esteem and selling the honor of the Motherland and the rectitude of the land and people for pennies ones would be called by their names and addresses. His one speech would be enough in order the people who knew him well and kept him in their memories as the man of iron will, fearless, mighty man with a sharp wit, would give being, energy, warmth and strength to the Great Man and to follow him.

...The Great Man fixed his eyes to further points. He turned round the flushing bloody sky days of the Motherland. After all the people wouldn't meet that accident. Not seeing of the destroying of the empire was the last stage of political blindness. The people needed the son or military leader in order to pass the transitions carefully and to direct the getting exited crowd to the right course. But they detained the returning of this son by all means not understanding of being dullard, obtuse and slow-witted ones. The political earthquake of the world had given the condemnation of the empire. Not understanding of this was a double tragedy for those who named themselves leaders and leaded the country.

.. .The speech having been made in the center of the empire, in the very nuclear, where intrigues and discords were being prepared, exposing the executioners without deviate astonished the world. The executioners fell

into fright. All strength of the Great Man shows itself again. The world hears this voice. The world sees Azerbaijan in his face. The Great Man saw well to what shores were being beaten the waves of raged emotions in the Motherland as the political harmony of the life wasn't rightly set there. He did know well that after entering that huge men's sea, he would be able to direct that flow to the right turn.

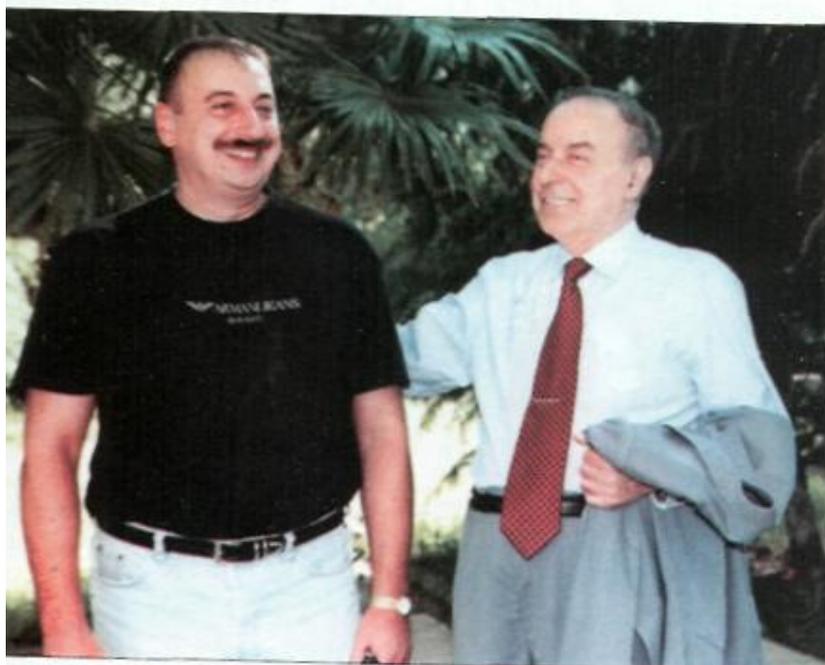
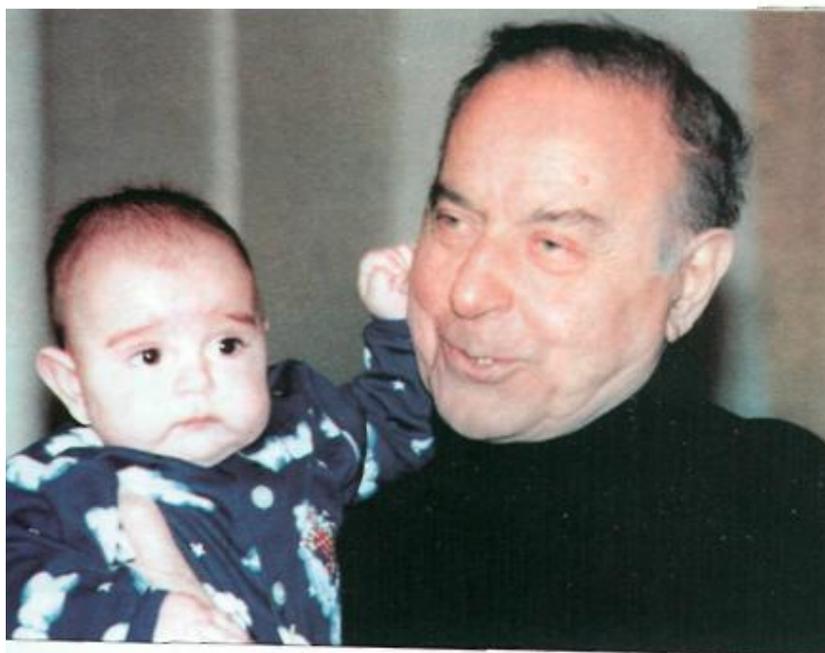
With these feelings the Great Man was returning to the Motherland - to the people who he knew well, showed the right direction and encouraged, to his political colleagues and fellow-citizens many of whom he considered his like-minded persons. He was returning for to ensure his ordinary civil rights and to live. Anyhow it was high time of protecting the Motherland.

The Great Man had studied the lessons of wisdom of the life sufficiently. The road, what he had passed, was namely the school

of rich wisdom and knowledge. That's why he was ready to coldness and indifference of any kind. There couldn't be any talk about special privileges and regard. At the same time he did know what kind of the mood would appear in power greediness ones when he returned to the Motherland as the leading figure of the politics.

The Great Man had seen much how his having noticed events thanks to his observations, sharp wit and sense became true during his life. And now he believed that his thoughts and imaginations would become true. Of course, he wouldn't desire this way as a human being. But who would prohibit him his brilliant sagacity? At last anxious moments remained behind. The iron will and cold mind had barred these alarms.

The Great Man wasn't allowed to the city. This was injustice never seen in the history. They didn't allow him to come to the capital of the Motherland, where he had





been the leader more than ten years being built by him and having more right for living than others. Though there were his youth memories in this city. He spent sleepless nights for prosperity, security and comfort of the people leaving the most healthy and hale days of his life in this city. Now they who barred his way in even didn't explain the motive of their actions. These were the tasks of those people who saw only goodness from the Great Man. But once namely those men tried to understand each glance and each line of his face making their best to carry out his orders. Their present actions contrasted the past ones. How would one name it? Perhaps there wasn't any need to write those words here, where we praise the Great Man's might. But keeping silence about those facts for the sake of the future of the humanity simply doesn't go into any measure. Let the future generations know well that what kind of

fires had the Great Man to pass for bringing this nation to the prosperity. He had to stand such spiritual blows! How he was wounded! A bitter laugh appeared on his lips. He didn't laugh upon himself. He was laughing to the mercilessness of the life.

The Great Man wasn't naive. He was sorry for the men not standing against the difficulties of the life and breaking down. And his laughter was a tragic one. As he himself was in the condition of a tragedy hero. Only one man's character had to fight against the whole social environments. Everything as if began from the beginning. He understood well that not only struggling, but simply living since that time would be a problem. His laughter was an answer to going on events. This laughter was the affirmation of the firmness of his completeness, character, strictness and personality. Being ready for the sharp turns of the history the Great Man couldn't be absorbed in

weakness or spiritual depression. He had thought reserve versions for desperate situations as he was a genius tactician and strategist. And this also was the share of the fate. They didn't give him any chance to help and to protect his Motherland what he loved better than his own soul and to be close to his nation. That's why he had to come to the deserved top from very bottoms according to the insistence and demands of ordinary men who he loved and felt sympathy for always.

The joining of cowards and emaciated ones resembles a flock. This unity is founded for waste aims. The organizers of this unity - if one can name it as "unity" - are very merciless and wild as a rule. This is the back to front side of cowardice and emaciation. The Great Man felt sure that the inner worlds of such queer fellows would become known soon and attained the deserved punishments. He wasn't mistaken

in this supposition as always. He knew that life never forgave unfairness and injustice. Though law sometimes is late for punishing of unfair and injustice ones, but the God punish them and the life brands with imprecation.

That, what is out of the man's will, can't get over the limits of time and place. In order to settle a lot of truths down he needed time. Scoundrels or if we say more exactly, bat-featured ones though wanting to save from the light of the Great Man, nevertheless it won't be possible. But time was also needed for this. It was necessary to wait for the time indicating the end of those who were giving sweet promises to the people for destroying the positive image of I the Great Man. That wasn't the waiting I motionless with the hands under our bosoms that in the needed moment time itself would catch your hand helping to get up.

Such inertness was strange to the Great Man's nature. Till that time he would stay in the first line of the struggles for the truths, what he considered right as the natural flow of his fate. His sense and wit had shown themselves with their phenomenal and extraordinary strength in such tense situations more than once.

He was met with endless love in the father's hearth, in the land where his parents were buried. The kindred and full of love attention of ordinary people, killing sacrifices for him in every step showed that this land would protect him up to the end and give him courage for his future struggles. If an eagle had come down off the top but his heart is beating for the heights again and if he has got strong wings, he will fly up to that top again. In general, as wise men told, those who were created for flying can't creep. His evildoers had forgotten such urgent life condition. They forgot that

nobody could prohibit this eagle to fly in the sky, what had learned flying namely in the space of Azerbaijan and high tops of the Ancient Caucasus. As his flying skies and perching tops were out of reach. The Great Man conquered that high top thanks to his strength, might, also respect and love coming from the people.

A sacred light is splashed to the face of the Great Man. The light flow brightening in his eyes made our way clear and smooth. The bases of the columns of the state palace having been built by him are established firmly. The deeds make the architecture to live. Did those poignant days, remaining behind named-past side of the time, cost anything to remember in every detail?

The Great Man was thinking. He was looking at the capital from that far province attentively. He was following the processes going on there till their most tender points choosing supporters, opponents, or sincere

and insincere ones. New morrows were coming and called him to stay together with the people and to join the just struggle. There was a point of the prop. As the wise ones say if you have the prop point you can move the world from its place.

...There was being laid down the foundations of great events of the future.

The Great Man's new alarms, fragile feelings or maybe extraordinary senses informed him about the future life's abysses, terrible canyons and difficulties never being lived in his fate. These feelings remained as the heritage of the past to men from their ancestors, and from the men themselves who remained face to face with the merciless nature millions years ago. This was somehow a protection reaction of a man against possible forthcoming dangers.

The Great Man considers the loyalty one of the supreme qualities of a human being. He would remember more than once

showing of the ordinary people loyalty towards him, when he would return to the top of the political Olympus. And he would preserve it as the floor of high esteem in his heart. The Great Man always value highly those men who are with pure morality and who protect dignity, talent and loyalty to manhood and human values.

The Great Man's new life was beginning in the far province. Meetings, pilgrimages and short resting days defined him an activity program with a strict regime. He had planned the close tactical problems never putting aside problems with special significance or seen insignificant from the first sight or with less significant ones. He proved useful in his works the knowledge of different fields of sciences, especially history and politics, having been learnt since his early youth years and renewed them thanks to the abilities of his phenomenal memory. Even though had less time in speaking or in

sincere meetings, nevertheless, his personality and bright image made a deep impression. The one being in touch with him only once would never be able to forget him. The people admired his rich knowledge and extraordinary memory. His remembering events connected his youth period with exactness having been happened nearly 50 years ago and his going into details of remembering even separate names astonished the people meeting him.

The Great Man specifies from where and from what he has to make the first steps. He cleared up barriers to be met ahead.

Everything, which can be a problem, is analyzed more than once. One must look for the roots of his going on to the triumphs road, making his name eternal during his life, making him the rescuer of his people and bringing fame to the Motherland namely here. No doubt, that all moments and minutes of his life must be learned. His whole political activity is the original

history book and indelible, uncrossed monument for young ones and for future generations.

Investigating of all these deeply, of course, is the duty of future historians, politicians, philosophers, psychologists - in general, of all investigators. It must also be mentioned that the Great Man's life standing against storms will be accordingly praised, songs will be sung to his honor and the invincibility and independence of the grandiose State Palace will be eternal. This State will gain the right of eternal life as the architect of the Palace.

There is nothing insignificant in the stage of the political activity for the Great Man. In this stage he sees well the friends as the foes. He leaves in inattention neither the ill-wishers, nor rivals. Settling down or losing of vigilance because of successes is strange to his nature.

That's why he learned the political atmosphere up to the details. He learned

with attention a lot as who was who, their pretensions, aims, representing of what forces, abilities and opportunities, to what and whom they were supported... In some months he already solved very complicated problems with extraordinary exactness. His analytical mentality had been enough armed for new conditions.

The people found shelter in him in the far from the capital province. They lived the most difficult and hard days together. He shared all misfortunes of the province being strangled in the vice of the blockade by crisis, material difficulties, threatening of the enemy. He stood against the lowest life level's pressures together with the people believing him.

He came to the capital as the having authority person. All Azerbaijan already was ready to listen to him. In addition, nobody could hide the chair for his speech. The bats frightening of light again were in

fear. But the Great Man didn't refrain from his suggestions connected with the demands of the new time and declaring of his principle position. It's very pity that the heads of the country being in tense terms with neighboring states not only gave him a chance to speak up to the end but also began new attacks against him. But he was ready for that too. Nothing could turn the Great Man from his road already.

The Great Man also saw that those feeble ones of honor and riches did not worry about any national advantages. They had gone far away from the common sense.

Quite clear rudeness of many of his former companion-in-arms not towards to him in person but also against the truth and justice through his person was the view causing to ache of his heart. It was at least their turning back to the spiritual values of the nation, whom they belonged.

Though the Great Man expressed his exactly grounded thoughts with arguments and proofs clearly, nevertheless he didn't get into argument with the unprincipled and spiritually invalid men. In general, arguments are carried out with the ones who can respect themselves as the men of some definite knowledge and the ones who are with sacred values. As ancient philosophers said, the truth came out in arguments. The real truth is very heavy burden. Men without moral-psychological preparatory can't stand it. They who could do nothing but set up a clamor don't deserve arguing with the genius. That very speech of the Great Man in the Milli Majlis - Parliament was as the brightest page of the political history of the world, could be considered the peak of the orator mastering as well. In the real sense of the word, that day there was speaking the defender of the people. Wishes and desires of the nation were expressed in his bright

speech. Years will pass but that speech will be as an example of the most valuable piece of enunciation for mastering an orator's art people.

They were telling him that he was playing with fire. The time had changed. He maybe not to interfere of anything? But the Great Man couldn't reconcile himself to putting stones into the mouth of conscience. It was impossible for him not to see how the Motherland, what he had built putting the most energetic and powerful periods of his life, was falling into an abyss. He couldn't turn his back to the common moral principles having been gained during his life. His heart forced him to speak - the Motherland-Mother, what he had moved to his heart! If the son didn't hear the screams of the Motherland being ascended to the spaces because of wounds having been beaten one after another, then who would come to help it?

But the time-train was tearing along. The child of a human being couldn't stand against its without stop motion towards the coming of the new millenium. He lived through the strict continental climate of the province in political and economical crisis constraints together with his rich political experience. The province began breathing already. But the whole country - Azerbaijan stood against difficult problems in a depressed condition.

The cold summer of 1993 was beginning. The people felt cold. The people were being strangled in the eddy of hopelessness. The people understood that they who shouted "my nation" were worthless and dullard. The nation understood that it was deceived. Strangling inside regrets the nation didn't see the way out of approaching disaster storm. The people were being frozen up to their marrow. The child of a human being never felt cold as in the heat of that summer.

From the aged to the little ones - all eyes were fixed on him. His most merciless competitors, friends and even foes believed that only he could come out of the chaos and confusion not having such an analogue in any place of the world. The traitor ones kept silence shrinking into their shells. They couldn't make a voice because of the reproach and reproof of the people. "If he is able, let him come and take the country off this condition." The Great Man was once again tested by it in addition. The situation was too complicated and mixed up-to-down eating as wild animals the belief and will of the people for the future.

The Great Man wasn't able not to hear the call of hope of the people. He came face to face with the disaster, which had already seized the Motherland by the throat, according to the call of his people who kept his name highly and wanted to see him on the deserved height.

The history was putting a new mission before the Great Man. There was beginning the most merciless and at the same time glorious struggle of his life. The dangerous roads from the airport to the supreme palaces, from there to Ganja and then again to the capital - and all roads long the people were shouting, "Save us from this misfortunes. Great Man!"

But the Great Man was walking on. The fingers of emaciated, traitor and ill-doer ones were on the triggers. Their target was the seeing eyes, thinking and making to think sense, beating heart, saving fire of the people and nation's Father of Ataturk likeness. But he didn't deviate from going to the most complicated areas without any guarding in order to hear the people's voices and to see the bitterest and terrible truths with his own eyes feeling the spiritual protection of the people. Emaciated and traitor ones with their fingers on targets

could see the great love to him and were afraid of the rage of the people. Passing through the fires the Great Man caught the arm of the Motherland - the Great Mother. Light came to the eyes, strength - to the knees, force - to the arms of the Motherland - Mother.

Armed groups being created according to the laws of highhandedness and tyranny improved their last chance - the basest perfidy. They left the lands, peaceful population and unarmed people alone with the rabid enemy and run away. Being the refugee population of the having been surrendered one after another districts had to run away found shelters in the camps situated in the waterless, full of snakes fields.

Everywhere the people branded those treacherous men with anathema. This was the exposure of the traitors. Perhaps, the leaving of the history stage and political

stage with such kind of shameful ignominy will be never repeated again.

The Great Man suffered all these tests together with his nation relying upon him and setting great hopes on him. He protected the independence of the Motherland in the contrary of ill-doer and being blind ones. He declared that he would never gibe the Motherland to the talons of the empire. He came out to the open struggle, breaking the teeth of enemies from abroad making as if strike, by the force of his diplomacy, political experience and wit. The enemy saw that this shield is unbreakable. The Great Man was fighting in several fronts at the same time. He found time to answer to those ones who didn't pass away because of shame and again began prattling. He looked for the way out in order to protect becoming homeless people from the forthcoming severe winter. He called the people to mobilize their last strength. He called rich

men to charity and humanism. He made known the truths of Azerbaijan in the world. Relying on publicity, democracy and supremacy of the laws he showed firmness when needed. Catching all control panels to his hands took the initiative to himself. Gradually he gained the superiority of position. He had made decisive steps in order to get rid of highhandedness and tyranny and to establish of the legal power.

Though seeing the misfortunes of people fighting inside tragedies and hopelessness he became sensitive, nevertheless, he didn't lose his belief and supposition that the people who he knew well would revive at the last moment.

The Great Man took an oath that he would expense all his strength and fight up to the last breath for the sake of the happiness of his country. He lifted up the Constitution over his head. He put his hand on the Holy Koran. Kneeling down he

kissed three-colored flag. The same flag, what they, who couldn't see further than the tops of their noses, didn't accept it once. The Great Man raised that flag in the province then...

In order to take his country and nation to the road of the civic world he opened the way for great works, which could be understood only by mighty men. In the places of highhandedness, tyranny, robbery and taking criminal way armed men's mass he began forming a regular army building. The only basic was his sense, experience and the protection of the people believing him.

The Great Man began structuring the Palace of the State. Having been shaken up to the fundamentals, remaining from the joined to the history structure old walls in cracks... nearly nothing remained for the period of new thinking. In spite of all of these he considered himself the owner of great economy. He considered the intellect

and strength of intellectuals and devoted men who had come to him, accepted his program and protected him a year before as the riches belonging to himself.

He had to look for the means and ways of changing of the material riches to the property of the people in the being destroyed country. In order to gain it there was needed to go far from the Soviet thinking manner, which was not corresponding with the principles of the market economy. Great reforms, even facing resistance reforms had to be carried out in the country. He called everyone, in the first turn the builders of the new state to be ready for it from the moral-psychological point of view.

He concluded oil treaties - the treaty of the century. It meant the beginning of recovering of the country economically. It was the bringing into reality the new oil strategy and the most courageous, huge step of the Great architecture for taking

Azerbaijan out of the economical crisis. The Great Man broke the resistance of suspecting and chattering wastefully men. He took the people to the making them the owners of their riches road.

The Great Man took into account everything. He knew well that those greedy ones who wanted to come to the power again and to torture the nation would use all means. Yes, they say, "murder will come out", and wise men say, "only grave can make a hunched one even" will protect its truth for all times. Black forces inside living with the idea of "maybe it will be returned" - oh Mirza Jalil, God bless you for these words - tried to tear the country and to stir up waters. Azerbaijan being divided into pieces according to the regulations of khanates wouldn't be able to find its place in the setting of the new politics of the world. A year before during that cold summer days The Great Man forced to be silent them

who threatened the country with their owl sounds from the north and south of the country. Now the new ones, once retired into their shells wanted to re-appear again. They stood ready with a sword in their hands for sticking if heavily into the Great Man's heart or back of shoulder. If the heart is wounded the life goes away. In fact, being threatened heart was the Motherland itself. The Great Man addressed the people. The people with already open eyes and ability of choosing the right color couldn't be deceived once again. The people joined their voices to him with all existence. Relying to this mighty crowd the light of the Great Man had cut the darkness coming up to the Motherland.

In order to secure the tranquillity and social-political stability in the country the Great Man made mate ill-doer ones who didn't have wit but strength and arms with the most unexpected political deeds. He

exposed those, who protected that strength inside the people and wanted to use it against them. The country had already got enough strong power ministries, and the army being built on strong bases. Exposing the ones who addressed terror or provocation of every kind and being ready to carry out more terrible crimes the Great Man rendered harmless. He defeated the evildoer ones being ready to pour blood even during the Novruz holiday giving them to the lesson of history.

...The Great Man was looking at the future. The roads of the future had been coming from the same choppy, stormy, painful and poignant past. The same past, when they who didn't even know the ABC of the politics, considered themselves as famous figures of the big policy. They tried to touch our spiritual values having been formed thousands of years putting experiments to the language, which is the main defining the nation thing, even attempting

to change its name. On the grounds of humanism and democratic values the Great Man called the scientific figures, intellectuals and specialists for exchanging of the ideas. Without any pressure he involved them to understand the great truth connected with the name of our language. This way he protected the virginity of our language being the one joining us together.

The Great Man had become the guarantee of the free word. He gave development to democracy. He showed humanism towards his enemies being ready to make an attempt upon his life. He forgot all malice. But warned everyone that there won't be any mercy for those who would be a traitor to his Motherland - Mother.

The Great Man didn't forget his parent duties as well. He grew up children loving Motherland, relying on the spiritual values of the people, representing the nation to which they belong with dignity wherever of

the world they were. Not only his own children all nation considered him the father. He created rich moral values. In the very bases of these values stands the love of the Motherland and the nation. Remembering 1300-year anniversary of "Kitabi-Dada Gorgud" ("The Book of Father Gorgud"), thinking about the love-poet Fuzuli with love and esteem, being organized forum for bringing Azerbaijanis living in different sides of the world together, the Great Man's heart was beating in joy.

The Great Man doesn't get tired and bored. He thinks about the peak passages over which the caravan named Azerbaijan coming from the far past and going towards the eternal future will pass. He knows that the only medicine for his heart's pain can be only the unity and integrity of the Motherland. He saved his people from hunger, poverty and carried to law and order. He prepared a political background

for restoring of the historical justice, for freeing the lands of Garabagh being under the feet of Armenian invaders. And the Great Man had declared his people that he would free our lands with peaceful manners. If the mean enemy doesn't step aside from his invading intentions, the Great Man will take his people to the last and decisive battle as the Supreme Commander-in-chief.

The Great Man walked around the world. He delivered the real truth to the peoples - the owners of others religions and languages. He made them understand who was right, who - not. He scraped his signature in the most valuable documents with the signatures of other nations. He brought fame not only to himself, but also to his nation and Motherland by his historical and worldwide deeds as well.

His state building science will never lose its value and will be learnt reaching the future generations as the unchanged riches. Taking

advantages of this science and learning it political heirs' generation grew up even now. The Great Man's son's being among them makes glad not only him but the people too. If the people have a pride and relying place then that nation is unconquered and proud. From the top the Great Man sees the full of light and love faces of men turning towards the morning sun. The Great Man sees clear tomorrows of the going to the eternity having cut the brains of far roads. From the top is being seen clearly the time roads running to the far future.

As the Great Man has saved his nation from the eddy of calamity and make them to get up, the people in their turn will never let him down the peak. We have asked the question which a lot of philosophers and wise men have been asking for thousands of years, "Is one life enough for a man?"

The time itself answers this question for the life living by the Great Man...

* * *

Higher of high God preserved him. The God protected him for the sake of the Motherland, the lands of what are under the foe's feet and for the sake of sinless people whose fate was ordered by ignorant ones.

The Great Man is on the top. History and time pass through this peak. The world is seen with all its variegation from the peak. The life road with the length of 80 years has raised the Great Man to this top.

Times will pass off, the warmth and coldness of seasons will replace each other. Many springs and falls will change. The field and lawn of the Great Man's peak will never grow dim. Drinking water from the human love and the love of the Motherland this top will preserve its spring color and eternal spring freshness.

Rising from the peak the sun lightens all sides of Azerbaijan. This light will pass

through continents and oceans cutting them as meridians and parallels will reach the souls of our fellow-countrymen having been spread about all sides of the world giving the their light portion.

A traveler is on a road, said our fathers.

May your road become successful, the Great Man!

We are going towards the future with your light!

Your light is brisk, the Great Man!

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