

willow-thicket, followed by a man of middle height in a thread-bare blue coat, canary waistcoat and *gris de laine* or *bleu d'amour* trousers, the ends of which were carelessly stuck into a pair of leaky boots, with a red handkerchief round his neck, and a single-barrelled gun over his shoulder.

While our dogs, with the Chinese ceremonial which is the special custom of their kind, exchanged sniffs with their new acquaintance, who in evident alarm had lowered his tail, thrown back his ears, and kept circling rapidly round, with knees stiff and teeth bared, the stranger came up to us and made us an extremely polite bow. He looked about twenty-five; his long reddish hair, which was fairly soaked in kvass, stuck out in solid tufts, his small brown eyes had a friendly twinkle in them, his whole face, which was bound up in a black handkerchief as though from toothache, was set in the sweetest of smiles.

'Allow me to introduce myself,' he began in a soft wheedling voice. 'I am Vladimir, a sportsman of these parts. . . . Hearing of your arrival, and learning that you were bound for the banks of our pool, I decided that, if you had no objection, I would offer you my services.'

Vladimir's turn of language was exactly that of a young actor who plays the part of leading man in the provinces. I accepted his offer and, while still on the way to Lgov, managed to find out his history. He was a house-serf who had been given his freedom. In tender youth he had learnt music, had then served as a valet, knew his alphabet, had read — so far as I could make out — a few trashy books, and now lived, as so many do in Russia, without a farthing in his pocket, with no steady employment, more or less subsisting on manna from on high. He expressed himself with extreme refinement and was clearly enchanted with his own manners; he was doubtless also a terrible flirt and, in all probability, a successful one, too: Russian girls like fine language. Amongst other things, he gave me to understand that from time to time he visited the neighbouring landowners, went calling in town, played Prefecture, and had friends in the capital. He was a master of the

Lgov

'LET'S GO to Lgov,' Ermolai, who is already known to the reader, said to me one day. 'We'll shoot all the duck we want there.'

Although wild duck present no special attraction to a real sportsman, the temporary lack of other game (it was the beginning of September: the woodcock had not yet arrived, and I was tired of tramping the fields after partridges) led me to take the advice of my hunter and to make my way to Lgov.

Lgov is a big village in the steppe with a very old single-domed stone church and two mills on the marshy stream of the Rosota. Five versts from Lgov this stream turns into a broad pond with thick rushes covering the banks and growing here and there in the middle. This pool, its creeks and the still depths of its rushes, were the hatching-place and haunt of a countless multitude of duck of every possible kind: mallard, half-mallard, pintail, teal, pochard and so forth. Small flights were continually circling and hovering over the water, but a shot would put up such clouds that the sportsman involuntarily held his hat with his hand and let out a longdrawn 'pew!

Ermolai and I walked along the pool, but, in the first place, the duck, which is a canny bird, keeps well away from the bank, and secondly, even if some straggling inexperienced teal should expose itself to our fire and fall a victim, our dogs would not have been able to fetch it from the thick rushes: even with the noblest degree of self-denial, they would have been able neither to swim nor to walk on the bottom, but would only have cut their precious noses to no purpose on the sharp edges of the reeds.

'No,' said Ermolai at last. 'It won't work, we must get a boat. . . . Let's go back to Lgov.'

We set off. We had gone only a few paces when we were met by a rather mongrelly pointer which came dashing out of a

most different types of smile; what suited him best was the modest, restrained one which played on his lips when he was listening to someone else. He would hear you out, agree with you absolutely, but all the same he would never lose the sense of his own dignity and it was as if he wished to let you know that he too, on occasion, had his own opinion to give. Ermolai, like the none too well-educated and in no way subtle fellow that he was, began to address him in the second person singular. You should have seen the mocking smile with which Vladimir said to him: 'You, sir ...'

'Why do you wear a handkerchief round your face?' I asked him. 'Have you got toothache?'

'No, sir,' he replied. 'It's something more serious, the result of carelessness. I had a friend, a good man, sir, but, as some people are, he was far from being a sportsman. Well, sir, one day he says to me: "My dear friend, take me out shooting, I'm curious to find out wherein the fun of it lies." As a matter of course, I didn't want to say no to my friend: I myself found him a gun and took him out shooting. Well, sir, we duly had our shooting and finally we decided to take a rest. I sat beneath a tree, but he, on the contrary, started fooling about with his gun and taking aim at myself. I begged him to desist, but he had too little experience to take my advice. A shot rang out, and I lost my chin and the index finger of my right hand.'

We had reached Lgov. Vladimir and Ermolai had both decided that it would be impossible to go shooting without a boat.

'Suchok has a punt,' observed Vladimir; 'but I don't know where he has hidden it. I must run round to see him.'

'Who is he?' I asked.

'A man who lives here, nicknamed Suchok.'

Vladimir and Ermolai set off to find Suchok. I told them that I would wait for them by the church. As I was looking at the gravestones in the churchyard, I came across a square and blackened urn with the following inscriptions: CI-GÎT THÉO-PHILE-HENRI, VICOMTE DE BLANGY; on the second side: BENEATH THIS STONE IS BURIED THE BODY OF A FRENCH

SUBJECT, COUNT BLANGY; BORN 1737, DIED 1799, AGED 62; on the third side: PEACE TO HIS DUST; and on the fourth:

BENEATH THIS STONE LIES A FRENCH ÉMIGRÉ;
A MAN OF TALENT AND ILLUSTRIOUS BIRTH.
MOURNING THE MASSACRE OF WIFE AND FAMILY,
HE FORSOOK HIS COUNTRY, THE PREY OF TYRANTS;
REACHING THE SHORES OF RUSSIA,
HE FOUND A HOSPITABLE ROOF FOR HIS OLD AGE;
HE TAUGHT THE YOUNG AND SOOTHED THE OLD ...
THE SUPREME JUDGE LAID HIM HERE TO REST.

My reflections were interrupted by the arrival of Ermolai, Vladimir and the man of the strange nickname, Suchok.

Suchok, a bare-legged, shock-headed tatteredmalion, was, I thought, probably a retired house-serf, aged about sixty.

'Have you got a boat?' I asked.

'Yes,' he answered in a hoarse and broken voice. 'But it's a very bad one.'

'How so?'

'It's come unstuck; the bolts have come out of their sockets.'
'That's nothing,' Ermolai put in. 'You should caulk it with oakum.'

'One could, of course,' agreed Suchok.

'And what do you do?' I asked.

'I am the master-fisherman.'

'How is it that you are a fisherman and have a boat in such bad repair?'

'Because there are no fish in our river.'

'Fish don't like brackish marsh water,' observed my hunter importantly.

'Well,' I said to Ermolai. 'Go and find some oakum and mend the boat for us, only be quick about it.'

Ermolai went off.

'So we are likely to go to the bottom, it seems,' I said to Vladimir.

'God's mercy on us,' he answered. 'In any event we may presume that the pool is not deep.'

'No, it is not deep,' observed Suchok, who had a strange sleepy way of talking. 'There's slime and grass at the bottom, it's all covered in grass. There are pot-holes, too, of course.'

'But if the grass is so thick,' observed Vladimir, 'it won't be possible to row.'

'And who rows a punt? You have to pole it. I'll go with you, I have got a pole there — or you could use a spade as well.'

'It's awkward with a spade, as I suppose that often you can't reach the bottom,' said Vladimir.

'It's certainly awkward.'

I sat on a tombstone and waited for Ermolai. Vladimir went a little way off, for correctness' sake, and sat down too. Suchok continued to stand where he was, hanging his head, his hands folded behind his back in the traditional attitude.

'Tell me,' I began, 'have you been a fisherman here for long?'

'It will soon be seven years,' he answered, with a start.

'And what was your job before?'

'I was a coachman before.'

'And who reduced you from the rank of coachman?'

'The new lady.'

'What lady?'

'The lady who bought us. You don't know her, sir: Alena Timofeyevna, a stout lady . . . and not young.'

'What gave her the idea of making you into a fisherman?'

'God knows. She came to us from her own estate in Tambov, called the whole staff together and came out to speak to us. First we went and kissed her hand, and she was all right: she didn't get cross . . . Then she began to ask us one after the other what we did and what our jobs were. My turn came, and she asked me what I was. "A coachman," I said. "A coachman? Why, what sort of coachman are you, just look at yourself, what sort of coachman are you? It's not right for you to be a coachman; you must shave your beard and be my fisherman. When I come, you must provide me with fish for my table, do you hear? . . ." So

since then I have counted as a fisherman. "And see that you keep my pond in order." . . . But how am I to do that?'

'Whose were you before?'

'We belonged to Sergei Sergeich Pektirev. He inherited us. He was not our master for long, either, only six years altogether. It was with him that I was a coachman . . . Not in town — he had other coachmen there, but in the country.'

'Had you been a coachman since you were young?'

'No, indeed. I became a coachman under Sergei Sergeich. Before that I was a cook — not a town cook, either, but just in the country.'

'Whose cook were you?'

'My former master's, Afanasy Nefeditch, the uncle of Sergei Sergeich. He bought Lgov, Afanasy Nefeditch did, and Sergei Sergeich inherited it from him.'

'From whom did he buy it?'

'From Tatyana Vasilyevna.'

'Which one?'

'The one who died last year near Bolkhovo . . . That's to say, near Karachev. She died an old maid . . . she never married. Did you not know her, sir? We came to her from her father, Vasily Semyonich. She had us for a long time . . . Twenty years or so.'

'You were her cook?'

'Yes, first I was cook, and then I became coffee-server.'

'You became what?'

'Coffee-server.'

'What kind of job is that?'

'I don't know, sir. I stood by the sideboard and was called Anton instead of Kuzma. It was the mistress's order.'

'Your real name is Kuzma?'

'Yes.'

'And you were coffee-server all the time?'

'No, not all the time: I was an *achtyeur* too.'

'Indeed?'

'Certainly I was . . . I acted in the theatre. Our mistress had a private theatre.'

'What sort of parts did you play?'

'I beg your pardon, sir?'

'What did you do in the theatre?'

'Oh, don't you know? They would take me and dress me up; then I would walk, all dressed up, or stand, or sit, as the case might be. They'd tell me what to say - and I'd say it. Once I played the part of a blind man... They put a pea under each of my eyelids... Yes, that's how it was.'

'And what were you after that?'

'Then I became a cook again.'

'Why did they make you a cook again?'

'Because my brother ran away.'

'And what were you when you were with the father of your first mistress?'

'I had various jobs. First I was a page, then I was a postilion, then a gardener, then a whipper-in.'

'A whipper-in? ... and you went out hunting, too?'

'Yes, I did, and I hurt myself badly: I was thrown and damaged my horse. Our old master was very strict; he had me beaten, and sent me to a cobbler in Moscow to learn a trade.'

'How was that? You couldn't have been a child when you became a whipper-in?'

'I was twenty-something at the time.'

'Fancy teaching you a trade at that age.'

'It must have been all right, it must have been possible, if the master ordered it. Luckily he soon died and they brought me back to the country.'

'And when did you learn your skill as a cook?'

Suchok raised his thin, yellowish face and chuckled: 'What, lessons for that, too? ... Why, even women can cook!'

'Well,' I said. 'You've seen a thing or two, Kuzma, in your time. What are you doing now as fisherman, if you haven't got any fish?'

'I don't complain, sir. In fact it's a mercy that they have made me a fisherman. Why, the mistress ordered them to put another old chap like me - Andrei Pupyr - into the paper

factory as a pulper. It's wicked, she says, to eat bread without working for it. And Pupyr had hoped for some special favour: he had a young cousin who worked as a clerk in the mistress's office, and promised to speak to the mistress about him and to remind her of him. And a fine way he reminded her! ... And with my own eyes I had seen Pupyr going down on his knees to this cousin of his.'

'Have you a family? Did you get married?'

'No, sir, I did not. The late Tatyana Vasilyevna - may God rest her soul! - allowed none of us to marry. "God forbid," she used to say. "Don't I live unmarried? What's all the fuss about? Whatever do they want to get married for?"'

'What d'you live on now? D'you get any wages?'

'Wages? Certainly not, sir... they give me food - and I am quite content, thank God. May God give the mistress a long life!'

Ermolai returned.

'The boat is mended,' he announced sulkily. 'Go and get the pole, you! ...'

Suchok ran off for the pole. Throughout my conversation with the poor old man, the sportsman Vladimir had been gazing at him with a contemptuous smile.

'A stupid old man,' he said, when Suchok had left us. 'Completely uneducated, a peasant and nothing more, sir... Not fit to be called a house-serf... and yet how he boasted... Just fancy him as an actor! I ask you! You need never have bothered with him, sir, or troubled to talk to him!'

Within a quarter of an hour we were sitting in Suchok's punt. (We had left the dogs in a hut in the care of Yegudil the coachman.) We were not very comfortable, but sportsmen are an uncomplaining race. Suchok stood in the blunt stern-end and 'poled'; Vladimir and I sat on the thwart; Ermolai installed himself forward, right in the bows. In spite of the oakum, water soon appeared under our feet. Luckily it was a calm day and the pond lay as if asleep.

We made fairly slow progress. The old man had difficulty in pulling his long pole out of the sticky mud, as it was all tangled

with green strands of water-grass; masses of round water-lily leaves further hindered the course of our boat. Eventually we reached the rushes, and the fun began. The duck rose noisily and fairly wrenched themselves from the surface, startled by our unexpected appearance in their realm; shots rang out together after them, and it was fun to see the short-tailed fowl turn a somersault in the air and come splashing down heavily on to the water. We did not manage to pick up all the duck we had shot, of course: the lightly-wounded ones dived away; others, killed outright, fell so deep in the rushes that even the lynx eyes of Ermolai could not make them out; but all the same, by dinner-time, our boat was filled to the gunwales with game.

Much to Ermolai's satisfaction, Vladimir shot far from well and, after every miss, expressed astonishment, inspected his gun, blew through it, looked perplexed, and finally explained to us why he had missed. Ermolai, as he always did, shot triumphantly; I, fairly badly, as usual. Suchok looked at us with the eyes of a man who has been in domestic service since his youth, occasionally shouted: 'Look, look, there's another one!' — and constantly scratched his back — not with his hand, but with a wriggle of his shoulders. The weather remained splendid; round white clouds floated quietly past overhead and were clearly mirrored in the water; the reeds rustled around us; here and there the pond glittered like steel in the sun. We were on the point of turning back to the village when suddenly something rather unpleasant happened. For some time we had noticed that the water was slowly rising inside the boat. Vladimir had been given the task of bailing it out with a scoop which my far-sighted hunter had spirited away, against possible emergencies, from an unsuspecting peasant-woman. All went well, so long as Vladimir remembered his duties. But at the end of our shoot, as if by way of farewell, the duck began to rise in such masses that we hardly had time to load. In the heat of the fusillade we paid no attention to the condition of our punt — until suddenly, at a violent movement by Ermolai, who was trying to reach a dead bird and leaning across the gunwale

with all the weight of his body, our ancient vessel listed over, took a plunge, and solemnly went to the bottom, luckily not in deep water. We shouted, but it was already too late: within a moment we were standing with water up to our throats, surrounded by the floating bodies of dead duck. To this day I cannot remember without a chuckle the pale, startled faces of my companions (probably my own face was not particularly ruddy at that moment either); but, at the time, I confess that it never occurred to me to laugh. Each of us held his gun over his head, and Suchok, doubtless from a habit of copying his masters, lifted his pole in the air. The first to break the silence was Ermolai.

'The devil and all! he muttered, spitting into the water. That's a fine thing to happen! And you, you old scoundrel!' he added with feeling, turning to Suchok, 'what sort of boat is this of yours?'

'I'm sorry,' whispered the old man.

'And you're a good one, too,' continued my hunter, turning in Vladimir's direction. 'What were you looking at? Why weren't you bailing? . . . you . . .'

But Vladimir was in no state to reply: he was trembling like a leaf, his teeth chattered without meeting, and he wore a completely witless smile. What had become of all his eloquence, his feeling for the finer shades of decency, his sense of his own importance?

The wretched punt wobbled feebly beneath our feet . . . In the moment of shipwreck the water seemed to us extremely cold, but we soon became used to it. When the first shock had passed, I looked round; on all sides, ten paces from us, the reeds began; in the distance, over their tops, the bank could be seen. It looks bad, I thought.

'What shall we do about it?' I asked Ermolai.

'Well, we'll see; this is no place to spend the night,' answered he. 'Here, you, hold the gun,' he said to Vladimir.

Vladimir obeyed without demur.

'I'll go and look for a ford,' continued Ermolai confidently, as if a ford was bound to exist in every lake — took the pole from

Suchok, and set off in the direction of the bank, carefully sounding the bottom as he went.

'Can you swim?' I asked him.

'No, I can't,' came his voice from behind the rushes. 'Very well, then, he'll drown,' observed Suchok indifferently. From the beginning he had been afraid, not of the danger, but of our wrath, and now, completely reassured, simply let out a puff from time to time and, so it seemed, felt in no way impelled to change his situation.

'And will perish to no avail,' added Vladimir mournfully.

Ermolai did not return for more than an hour. That hour seemed to us an eternity. At first we and he exchanged cries with a good heart; then he began to answer our shouts less often, and finally he was completely silent. In the village the bells were ringing for evening service. We didn't talk, and tried not to look at each other. Duck flew over our heads, some prepared to settle beside us, but suddenly shot straight up into the air, quacked and flew away. We began to feel numb. Suchok blinked as though he was getting ready to go to sleep.

Finally, to our indescribable joy, Ermolai returned.

'Well?'

'I got to the bank; I found the ford. Let's go.'

We were all for setting off at once; but first Ermolai put his hand under the water, brought a line out of his pocket, made the dead duck fast to it by the legs, took both ends of the line between his teeth and set off ahead, with Vladimir behind him, and me behind Vladimir. Suchok brought up the rear. It was about two hundred yards to the bank and Ermolai went boldly and unhesitatingly forward (so well had he made out the way), with only an occasional cry of 'Keep to the left - there's a pot-hole on the right!' or 'Keep to the right, you'll sink in if you go to the left.' ... At times the water rose to our throats and twice poor Suchok, who was shorter than the rest of us, choked and gave off bubbles. 'Hey, hey, hey!' Ermolai shouted at him menacingly, and Suchok scrambled and floundered and jumped and somehow escaped to a shallower place, but even in these extremities could not make up his mind to take hold of

the skirts of my coat. Exhausted, dirty, dripping, we reached the bank at last.

Two hours later, having dried ourselves to the best of our ability, we were all sitting in a big hay-shed preparing to have supper. Yegudil the coachman, an extremely slow, phlegmatic, deliberate, sleepy fellow, stood in the gateway and diligently plied Suchok with snuff. (I have noticed that in Russia coachmen very soon make friends with each other.) Suchok sniffed with frenzy, to vomiting point: he spat and coughed and was clearly enjoying himself. Vladimir looked sad, leant his head on one side, and said little. Ermolai was cleaning our guns. The dogs were wagging their tails at top speed, in anticipation of their groats; the horses were stamping and neighing in the shed ... The sun was setting; its last rays ran out in broad crimson stripes; the sky was full of golden clouds that grew ever more fine-drawn, like a rinsed and combed-out fleece ... From the village came the sound of singing.

IVAN TURGENEV BIOGRAPHY



Ivan Turgenev was a novelist, poet and playwright, known for his detailed descriptions of everyday life in 19th century Russia. Although Turgenev has been overshadowed by his contemporaries, Fyodor Dostoevsky and Leo Tolstoy, he remains one of the major figures of 19th century Russian literature.

Turgenev realistically portrayed the peasantry and the rising intelligentsia in its attempt to move the country into a new age. There is perhaps no novelist of foreign nationality who more naturally than Ivan Turgenev inherits a niche in a library for English readers.

Turgenev came from a family of wealthy landowners in Orel Province. When Ivan's father died, his abusive mother oversaw the running of the farms and their serfs, and her two sons, Nikolay and Ivan. Turgenev's cruel, domineering mother was a great influence in his life; her strong personality left traces on his later works. Turgenev portrayed his mother in his fiction as a tyrannous and unreasonable domestic despot. Yet Turgenev understood her real tragedy – that she desperately wanted to be loved by her sons, but the actions to which her warped character drove her repelled them. An entry in her diary, made shortly before her death, suggests that she had realized this herself: “Mother of God, my children, forgive me. And you, oh Lord, forgive me as well – for pride, this mortal sin, was always my sin.” Ivan was even afraid of her as she beat him constantly. She was eager that Turgenev should make a brilliant official career. And later, when he resigned from the Interior Ministry, she showed her disapproval by cutting down his allowance, thus forcing him to support himself by the profession he had chosen.

When his mother died, the estates were settled, and with an income of about \$5,000 a year, Turgenev became a wanderer. He had, or imagined he had, very bad health, and the eminent specialists he consulted sent him from one resort to another, to Rome, the Isle of Wight, Soden, and the like.

Turgenev first attended the University of St. Petersburg. Later, at the age of 19, he traveled to Germany and entered the University of Berlin. On his way to Germany, the steamer he was traveling on caught fire and rumors spread in Russia that he had acted cowardly. This revealing experience, which followed the author throughout his life, formed later the basis for his story “A Fire at Sea.” In Germany he concentrated on studying history and philosophy, mainly the works of Georg W. F. Hegel.

After a time working as a civil servant, he met French opera singer Pauline Garcia Viardot with whom he had a lifelong platonic relationship. He lived near her or at times with her and her husband and traveled extensively with them. Viardot remained Turgenev's greatest and unfulfilled love. In his youth he had one or two affairs with servant-girls and fathered an illegitimate daughter, Paulinette.

Turgenev set up residence in France and it was here that he began writing in earnest. With the short-story cycle "A Sportsman's Sketches," he made his reputation. Turgenev was an enthusiastic hunter. It was his experiences in the woods of his native province that supplied the material for "A Sportsman's Sketches." It is said that the work contributed to Tsar Aleksandr II's decision to liberate the serfs. The short pieces were written from the point of view of a young nobleman who learns to appreciate the wisdom of the peasants living on his family's estates. Traveling often between Europe and Russia, Turgenev was arrested and imprisoned for suspicious revolutionary activities. Turgenev's opinions brought him a month of detention in St. Petersburg and 18 months of house arrest.



The first of "A Sportsman's Sketches" appeared in 1847, and in the same year he left Russia in the train of Pauline Viardot. For a year or two he lived chiefly in Paris or at a country house at Courtavenel in Brie, which belonged to Madame Viardot. In 1850 he returned to Russia. There he found Dostoevsky banished to Siberia and Belinsky dead. Turgenev himself was under suspicion by the government on account of the popularity of "A Sportsman's Sketches." For praising Gogol, who had just died, he was arrested and imprisoned for a short time, and for the next two years he was kept under police surveillance. In the meantime he continued to write. The end of the Crimean War made it possible for him to travel to Western Europe again and by that time he had become recognized the foremost living Russian author.

Though Turgenev never graduated from any university, while studying in Berlin he became convinced that Russia needed to be Westernized. Lacking an interest in religious issues like his two great compatriots, Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, he represented the social side of the reform movement. In 1855 he met Leo Tolstoy, who had returned to St. Petersburg from the siege of Sevastopol. Tolstoy had not become a famous writer yet, but Turgenev recognized his literary genius. "I'm not exaggerating when I say that he'll become a great writer," he wrote to Tolstoy's sister. In 1857 he traveled with Nikolay Nekrasov and Tolstoy to Paris, and showed the younger novelist all the sights. "Turgenev is a bore," Tolstoy recorded in his diary in Dijon. The relationship between these two great writers remained tense, although they never broke contact and also had family ties. Turgenev's mother had given birth in 1833 to a daughter, whose father was rumored to be Dr. Andrey Bers, who became Tolstoy's father-in-law.

Once Turgenev visited Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana Estate and demonstrated a can-can to Tolstoy's children. "Turgevev's can-can... sad," was Tolstoy's reaction.

During the period of 1853 - 1862 Turgenev wrote some of his finest stories and novellas and the first four of his six novels: "Rudin" (1856), "A Nest of Nobles" (1859), "On the Eve" (1860) and "Fathers and Sons" (1862). The central themes in these works were the beauty of early love, failure to reach one's dreams, and frustrated love, which partly reflected the author's lifelong passion for Pauline.

Turgenev's masterpiece "Fathers and Sons" deals with nihilist philosophy and personal and social rebellion.

"Whatever a man prays for, he prays for a miracle. Every prayer reduces itself to this: Great God, grant that twice two be not four." (from "Fathers and Sons")

Hostile reaction to "Fathers and Sons" (1862) prompted Turgenev's decision to leave Russia. As a



consequence he also lost the majority of his readers. The novel examined the conflict between the older generation, reluctant to accept reforms, and the idealistic youth. In the central character, Bazarov, Turgenev drew a classical portrait of the mid-nineteenth-century nihilist – the word was invented by the author.

"A nihilist is a man who does not bow to any authorities, who does not take any principle on trust, no matter with what respect that principle is surrounded." (from "Fathers and Sons")

Later the temperament of a nihilist found a number of different manifestations: the terrorist, the anarchist, the atheist, the materialist, and the communist. "Fathers and Sons" was set during the six-year period of social ferment, from Russia's defeat in the Crimean War to the Emancipation of the Serfs. The central character is the young medical student and nihilist Evgeny Bazarov, who has been described as the 'first Bolshevik' in Russian literature. "I share no man's opinions; I have my own." These words became central in Turgenev's life. The figure of Bazarov was conceived on the Isle of Wright, where Turgenev had spent three weeks in 1860.

In "Virgin Soil" Turgenev embodied the 'positive hero' Vasily Solomin. This was a new type of character, who would liberate Russia from her backwardness. At the heart of the book, full of discussions about literature, aesthetic life, emancipation, beauty and patriotic principles, is a love story in which a young woman must choose her way in life...

"You have only to look at Solomin - a head as clear as the day, and a body as strong as an ox. Isn't that a wonder in itself? Why, any man with us in Russia who has had any brains, or feelings, or a conscience, has always been a physical wreck. Solomin's heart aches just as ours does; he hates the same things that we hate, but his nerves are of iron and his body is under his full control. He's a splendid man, I tell you! Why, think of it! Here is a man with ideals, and no nonsense about him; educated and from the people, simple, yet all there... What more do you want?" (from "Virgin Soil")

After "Fathers and Sons" failed, Turgenev lived first in Germany, and then he moved to London, where "Fathers and Sons" had had great success. He settled finally in Paris, where he lived until his death. He became a corresponding member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in 1860 and a Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford University in 1879.

"The whole life of Andrey Nikolaevich was passed in the prompt performance of all the ceremonies established from remote times, in strict conformity with all the customs of the ancient, orthodox, holy Russian existence. He rose and went to bed, ate and drank and bathed, was merry or angry (though the second, in truth, rarely happened), even smoked his pipe and played cards (two great innovations!), not as it occurred to him to do after his own fashion, but after the law and ordinance of his fathers -- exactly and formally." (from Turgenev's "Desperate," written in Bougival in 1881)

Among Turgenev's close friends in France was the writer Gustave Flaubert, with whom he shared



similar social and aesthetic ideals. They both rejected extremist right and left and stuck to a nonjudgmental, if somewhat pessimistic, depiction of the world. Struggling with his last, unfinished work, Turgenev wrote to Flaubert: "On certain days I feel crushed by this burden. It seems to me that I have no more marrow in my bones, and I carry on like an old post horse, worn out but courageous."

Turgenev's later works include the novellas "A King Lear of the Steppes" (1870) and "Spring Torrents," which rank with "First Love" (1860) as his finest achievements in the genre. His last published work was a collection of meditations and anecdotes, entitled "Poems in Prose" (1883).

The writings of Turgenev have been made familiar to those unacquainted with Russian by French translations and almost all of Turgenev's works are available in English. There are many versions in English, among which we may mention the translation of the "Nest of Nobles" under the

name of "Lisa," by Ralston, and "Virgin Soil," by Ashtoil Dilke. There is also a complete and excellent translation by Mrs. Garnett.

For example, to the English reader "On the Eve" is a charmingly drawn picture of a quiet Russian

household, with a delicate analysis of a young girl's soul, but to Russians it is also a deep and penetrating diagnosis of the destinies of the Russia during the fifties of the 19th century. From this novel on, Turgenev creates a special female character known now as "Turgenev's young woman."

Elena, the Russian girl, is the central figure of the novel. In comparing her with Turgenev's other women, the reader will remark that he allows us to come into close spiritual contact with her. When Elena stands before us, we know all the innermost secrets of her character; her strength of will, her serious, courageous, proud soul, her capacity for passion, all the play of her delicate idealistic nature troubled by the contradictions, aspirations, and unhappiness that the dawn of love brings to her - all this is conveyed to the reader by the simplest and the most consummate art of Turgenev.