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IVAN TURGENEV

FATHERS AND SONS

THE AUTHOR ON THE NOVEL
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"Did you notice how shy he is?"

Arkady shook his head as though he himself were not shy.

"It's something astonishing," pursued Bazarov, "these elderly romantics! They develop their nervous systems to the breaking point . . . so balance is lost. But good-night. In my room there's an English washstand, but the door won't fasten. Anyway, that ought to be encouraged—an English washstand stands for progress!"

Bazarov went away, and a sense of great happiness came over Arkady. Sweet it is to fall asleep in one's own home, in the familiar bed, under the quilt worked by loving hands, perhaps a dear nurse's hands, those kind, tender, untiring hands. Arkady remembered Egorovna, and sighed and wished her peace in heaven. . . . For himself he made no prayer.

Both he and Bazarov were soon asleep, but others in the house were awake long after. His son's return had agitated Nikolai Petrovich. He lay down in bed, but did not put out the candles, and his head propped on his hand, he fell into deep thought. His brother was sitting long after midnight in his study, in a wide Hambs armchair before the fireplace, on which there smouldered some faintly glowing embers. Pavel Petrovich was not undressed, only red Chinese slippers without heels had replaced the patent leather shoes on his feet. He held in his hand the latest issue of *Galignani*,[3] but he was not reading; he gazed fixedly into the grate, where a bluish flame flickered, dying down, then flaring up again. . . . God knows where his thoughts were rambling, but they were not rambling in the past only; the expression of his face was concentrated and surly, which is not the way when a man is absorbed solely in recollections. And in a small back room there sat on a large chest a young woman in a blue dressing jacket with a white kerchief thrown over her dark hair, Fenichka. She was half listening, half dozing, and often looked across towards the open door through which a child's crib was visible, and the regular breathing of a sleeping baby could be heard.

V

The next morning Bazarov woke up earlier than any one and went out of the house. "Oh, my!" he thought, looking about him, "the little place isn't much to boast of!" When Nikolai Petrovich had divided the land with his peasants, he had had to build his new manor-house on the acres of perfectly flat and barren land. He had built a house, offices, and farm buildings, laid out a garden, dug a pond, and sunk two wells; but the young trees had not done well, very little water had collected in the pond, and that in the wells tasted brackish. Only one arbor of lilac and acacia had

3. A daily newspaper, *Galignani's Messenger*, published in English in Paris.

grown fairly well; they sometimes had tea and dinner in it. In a few minutes Bazarov had traversed all the little paths of the garden; he went into the cattle-yard and the stable, routed out two farm-boys, with whom he made friends at once, and set off with them to a small swamp about a mile from the house to look for frogs.

"What do you want frogs for, sir?" one of the boys asked him.

"I'll tell you what for," answered Bazarov, who possessed the special faculty of inspiring confidence in people of a lower class, though he never tried to win them, and behaved very casually with them; "I shall cut the frog open, and see what's going on in his inside, and then, as you and I are much the same as frogs, only that we walk on legs, I shall know what's going on inside us, too."

"And what do you want to know that for?"

"So as not to make a mistake, if you're taken ill, and I have to cure you."

"Are you a doctor, then?"

"Yes."

"Vaska, do you hear, the gentleman says you and I are the same as frogs—that's funny!"

"I'm afraid of frogs," observed Vaska, a boy of seven, with a head as white as flax, and bare feet, dressed in a grey smock with a stand-up collar.

"What is there to be afraid of? Do they bite?"

"There, get into the water, philosophers," said Bazarov.

Meanwhile Nikolai Petrovich, too, had waked up, and gone in to see Arkady, whom he found dressed. The father and son went out on to the terrace under the shelter of the awning; near the balustrade, on the table, among great bunches of lilac, the samovar was already boiling. A little girl came up, the same who had been the first to meet them at the steps on their arrival the evening before. In a shrill voice she said—

"Fedosya Nikolaevna is not quite well; she cannot come; she gave orders to ask you, will you please to pour out tea yourself, or should she send Dunyasha?"

"I will pour out myself, myself," interposed Nikolai Petrovich hurriedly. "Arkady, how do you take your tea, with cream, or with lemon?"

"With cream," answered Arkady; and after a brief silence, he uttered interrogatively, "Daddy?"

Nikolai Petrovich in confusion looked at his son.

"Well?" he said.

Arkady dropped his eyes.

"Forgive me, dad, if my question seems unsuitable to you," he began, "but you yourself, by your openness yesterday, encourage

me to be open . . . you will not be angry . . .?"

"Go on."

"You give me confidence to ask you. . . . Isn't the reason Fen . . . isn't the reason she will not come here to pour out tea, because I'm here?"

Nikolai Petrovich turned slightly away.

"Perhaps," he said, at last, "she supposes . . . she is ashamed."

Arkady turned a rapid glance on his father.

"She has no need to be ashamed. In the first place, you are aware of my views" (it was very sweet to Arkady to utter that word); "and, secondly, could I be willing to hamper your life, your habits, in the least thing? Besides, I am sure you could not make a bad choice; if you have allowed her to live under the same roof with you, she must be worthy of it; in any case, a son cannot judge his father,—least of all, I, and least of all such a father who, like you, has never hampered my liberty in anything."

Arkady's voice had been shaky at the beginning; he felt himself magnanimous, though at the same time he realised he was delivering something like a lecture to his father; but the sound of one's own voice has a powerful effect on any man, and Arkady brought out his last words resolutely, even with emphasis.

"Thanks, Arkasha," said Nikolai Petrovich thickly, and his fingers again strayed over his eyebrows and forehead. "Your suppositions are just in fact. Of course, if this girl had not deserved. . . . It is not a frivolous caprice. It's not easy for me to talk to you about this; but you will understand that it is difficult for her to come here, in your presence, especially the first day of your return."

"In that case I will go to her," cried Arkady, with a fresh rush of magnanimous feeling, and he jumped up from his seat. "I will explain to her that she has no need to be ashamed before me."

Nikolai Petrovich, too, got up.

"Arkady," he began, "be so good . . . how can . . . there . . . I have not told you yet . . ."

But Arkady no longer listened to him, and dashed away from the terrace. Nikolai Petrovich looked after him, and sank into his chair overcome by confusion. His heart began to throb. Did he at that moment realise the inevitable strangeness of the future relations between him and his son? Was he conscious that Arkady would perhaps have shown him more respect if he had never touched on this subject at all? Did he reproach himself for weakness?—it is hard to say; all these feelings were within him, but in the state of sensations—and vague sensations—while the flush did not leave his face, and his heart throbbed.

There was the sound of hurrying footsteps, and Arkady came

on to the terrace. "We have made friends, dad!" he cried, with an expression of a kind of affectionate and good-natured triumph on his face. "Fedosya Nikolaevna is really not quite well to-day, and she will come a little later. But why didn't you tell me I had a brother? I should have kissed him last night, as I have kissed him just now."

Nikolai Petrovich tried to articulate something, tried to get up and open his arms. Arkady flung himself on his neck.

"What's this, embracing again?" sounded the voice of Pavel Petrovich behind them.

Father and son were equally rejoiced at his appearance at that instant; there are touching positions, from which one nevertheless longs to escape as soon as possible.

"Why should you be surprised at that?" said Nikolai Petrovich gaily. "Think what ages I have been waiting for Arkasha. I've not had time to get a good look at him since yesterday."

"I'm not at all surprised," observed Pavel Petrovich; "I feel not indisposed to embrace him myself."

Arkady went up to his uncle, and again felt on his cheeks the touch of his perfumed moustache. Pavel Petrovich sat down to the table. He wore an elegant morning suit in the English style, and a gay little fez on his head. This fez and the carelessly tied little cravat carried a suggestion of the freedom of country life, but the stiff collars of his shirt—not white, it is true, but striped, as is correct in morning dress—stood up as inexorably as ever against his well-shaved chin.

"Where's your new friend?" he asked Arkady.

"He's not in the house; he usually gets up early and goes off somewhere. The main thing is, we mustn't pay any attention to him; he doesn't like ceremony."

"Yes, that's obvious." Pavel Petrovich began deliberately spreading butter on his bread. "Is he going to stay long with us?"

"Perhaps. He came here on the way to his father's."

"And where does his father live?"

"In our province, sixty-five miles from here. He has a small property there. He was formerly an army doctor."

"Tut, tut, tut! To be sure, I kept asking myself, 'Where have I heard that name, Bazarov?' Nikolai, do you remember in our father's division there was a surgeon Bazarov?"

"I believe there was."

"Yes, yes, to be sure. So that surgeon was his father. Hm!" Pavel Petrovich twitched his moustaches. "Well, and what precisely is Mr. Bazarov himself?" he asked, deliberately.

"What is Bazarov?" Arkady smiled. "Would you like me, uncle, to tell you what he really is?"

"If you will be so good, nephew."

"He's a nihilist."

"How?" inquired Nikolai Petrovich, while Pavel Petrovich lifted a knife in the air with a small piece of butter on its tip, and remained motionless.

"He's a nihilist," repeated Arkady.

"A nihilist," said Nikolai Petrovich. "That's from the Latin, *nihil, nothing*, as far as I can judge; the word must mean a man who . . . who accepts nothing?"

"Say, 'who respects nothing,' " put in Pavel Petrovich, and he set to work on the butter again.

"Who regards everything from the critical point of view," observed Arkady.

"Isn't that just the same thing?" inquired Pavel Petrovich.

"No, it's not the same thing. A nihilist is a man who does not bow down before any authority, who does not take any principle on faith, whatever reverence that principle may be enshrined in."

"Well, and is that good?" interrupted Pavel Petrovich.

"That depends, uncle. Some people it will do good to, but some people will suffer for it."

"Indeed. Well, I see it's not in our line. We are old-fashioned people; we imagine that without *principes*, (Pavel Petrovich pronounced the word softly, in the French way; Arkady, on the other hand, pronounced it harshly, "*pryntsip*," emphasizing the first syllable), without *principes* taken as you say on faith, there's no taking a step, no breathing. *Vous avez changé tout cela.*[4] God give you good health and the rank of a general, while we will be content to look on and admire, worthy . . . what was it?"

"Nihilists," Arkady said, speaking very distinctly.

"Yes. There used to be Hegelists, and now there are nihilists. We shall see how you will exist in a void, in a vacuum; and now please ring, brother Nikolai Petrovich; it's time I had my cocoa."

Nikolai Petrovich rang the bell and called "Dunyasha!" But instead of Dunyasha, Fenichka herself came on to the terrace. She was a young woman about three-and-twenty, all soft and white, with dark hair and eyes, red, childishly pouting lips, and little delicate hands. She wore a neat print dress; a new blue kerchief lay lightly on her round shoulders. She carried a large cup of cocoa, and setting it down before Pavel Petrovich, she was overwhelmed with confusion; the hot blood rushed in a wave of crimson under the delicate skin of her pretty face. She dropped her eyes, and stood at the table, leaning a little on the very tips of her fingers. It seemed as though she were ashamed of having come in, and at the same time felt that she had a right to come.

4. "You've changed all that."

Pavel Petrovich knitted his brows severely while Nikolai Petrovich looked embarrassed.

"Good morning, Fenichka," he muttered through his teeth.

"Good morning to you," she replied in a voice not loud but resonant, and with a sidelong glance at Arkady, who gave her a friendly smile, she went gently away. She walked with a slightly rolling gait, but even that suited her.

For some minutes silence reigned on the terrace. Pavel Petrovich sipped his cocoa; suddenly he raised his head. "Here is Sir Nihilist coming to honor us," he said in an undertone.

Bazarov was in fact approaching through the garden, stepping over the flower-beds. His linen coat and trousers were besmeared with mud; clinging marsh weed was twined round the crown of his old round hat; in his right hand he held a small bag; in the bag something alive was moving. He quickly drew near the terrace, and said with a nod, "Good morning, gentlemen; sorry I was late for tea; I'll be back directly; I must just put these captives away."

"What have you there—leeches?" asked Pavel Petrovich.

"No, frogs."

"Do you eat them—or breed them?"

"For experiment," said Bazarov indifferently, and he went off into the house.

"So he's going to cut them up," observed Pavel Petrovich. "He has no faith in *principes*, but he has faith in frogs."

Arkady looked compassionately at his uncle; Nikolai Petrovich shrugged his shoulders stealthily. Pavel Petrovich himself felt that his witticism was unsuccessful, and began to talk about husbandry and the new bailiff, who had come to him the evening before to complain that a laborer, Foma, "was deboshed," and quite unmanageable. "He's such an Æsop," he said among other things; "in all places he had protested himself a worthless fellow; he's not a man to keep his place; he'll walk off in a huff like a fool."

VI

Bazarov came back, sat down to the table, and began hastily drinking tea. The two brothers looked at him in silence, while Arkady stealthily watched first his father and then his uncle.

"Did you walk far from here?" Nikolai Petrovich asked at last.

"Where you've a little swamp near the aspen grove. I started some half-dozen snipe; you might slaughter them, Arkady."

"Aren't you a hunter?"

"No."

"Is your special study physics?" Pavel Petrovich in his turn inquired.

"Physics, yes; and the natural sciences in general."

"They say the Teutons have lately had great success in that line."

"Yes; the Germans are our teachers in it," Bazarov answered carelessly.

Pavel Petrovich had used the word "Teutons" instead of Germans, with ironical intention; no one noticed it, however.

"Have you such a high opinion of the Germans?" said Pavel Petrovich, with exaggerated courtesy. He was beginning to feel a secret irritation. His aristocratic nature was revolted by Bazarov's absolute nonchalance. This surgeon's son was not only unintimidated, he even gave abrupt and indifferent answers, and in the tone of his voice there was something coarse, almost insolent.

"The scientists there are a clever lot."

"Quite so. But you probably have a less flattering opinion of Russian scientists?"

"Very likely."

"That's very praiseworthy self-abnegation," Pavel Petrovich declared, drawing himself up; and throwing his head back. "But did not Arkady Nikolaich tell us just now that you recognize no authorities? Don't you believe in them?"

"But why should I accept them? And what is there to believe in? They talk sense, I agree, that's all."

"And do all Germans talk sense?" uttered Pavel Petrovich, and his face assumed an expression as detached, and remote, as if he had withdrawn to some cloudy height.

"Not all," replied Bazarov, with a short yawn. He obviously did not care to continue the discussion.

Pavel Petrovich glanced at Arkady, as he wanted to say to him, "Your friend's polite, I must say." "For my own part," he began again, not without some effort, "I am so unregenerate as not to like Germans. I won't even mention Russian Germans; we all know what sort of creatures they are. But even German Germans are not to my liking. In former days there were some here and there; they had—well, Schiller, to be sure, *Goetthe* . . . my brother —he takes a particularly favorable view of those two . . . But now they are all some sort of chemists and materialists. . . ."

"A good chemist is twenty times as useful as any poet," broke in Bazarov.

"Oh, indeed," commented Pavel Petrovich, and, as though falling asleep, he barely raised his eyebrows. "You don't recognize art then, I suppose?"

"The art of making money or of 'shrink hemorrhoids'!" cried Bazarov, with a contemptuous laugh.

"Indeed, sir indeed. You are pleased to jest, I see. You reject everything, then? Granted. That means you believe only in

science?"

"I have already informed you that I believe in nothing; and what is science—science in the abstract? There are sciences, as there are trades and vocations; but abstract science doesn't exist at all."

"Very good. Well, and do you maintain the same negative attitude in regard to the other conventions accepted as social customs?"

"What is this, an examination?" asked Bazarov.

Pavel Petrovich turned slightly pale. . . . Nikolai Petrovich thought it his duty to interrupt the conversation.

"We will discuss this subject in greater detail some day, my dear Evgeny Vassilyich; we will get to know your views, and express our own. For my part I am very glad you are studying the natural sciences. I have heard that Liebig has made some wonderful discoveries in soil fertilization. You can be of assistance to me in my agricultural work; you can give me some useful advice."

"I am at your service, Nikolai Petrovich; but Liebig is far beyond our heads! You have to learn the alphabet and then begin to read, but we haven't started our ABC's yet."

"You certainly are a nihilist, I see," thought Nikolai Petrovich. "Still, you will allow me to apply to you on occasion," he added aloud. "And now, brother, I think it's time for us to have a talk with the bailiff."

Pavel Petrovich rose from his chair.

"Yes," he said, without looking at any one; "it's a misfortune to live five years in the country like this, far from mighty intellects! You turn into a fool directly. You try not to forget what you've been taught, but there—poof!—it turns out that it's all rubbish, and you're told that sensible men have nothing more to do with such foolishness, and that you, if you please, are an antiquated old fogey. What's to be done? Young people, of course, are cleverer than we are!"

Pavel Petrovich turned slowly on his heels, and slowly left. Nikolai Petrovich went after him.

"Is he always like that?" Bazarov coolly asked Arkady, as soon as the door had closed behind the two brothers.

"Listen, Evgeny, you really were too sharp with him," remarked Arkady. "You offended him."

"Yes, I'll pamper them, these provincial aristocrats! Why, that's all vanity, dandy habits, fatuity. He should have continued his career in Petersburg, if that's his bent. But there, enough of him! I've found a rather rare species of a water-beetle, *Dytiscus marginatus*, do you know it? I will show you."

"I promised to tell you his story," began Arkady.

"The story of the beetle?"

"Come, don't, Evgeny. The story of my uncle. You will see he's not the sort of man you fancy. He deserves pity rather than ridicule."

"I don't dispute it; but why are you so concerned about him?"

"One ought to be just, Evgeny."

"How does that follow?"

"No; listen . . ."

And Arkady told him his uncle's story. The reader will find it in the following chapter.

VII

Pavel Petrovich Kirsanov was educated first at home, like his younger brother, and afterwards in the Corps of Pages. From childhood he was distinguished by remarkable good looks; moreover he was self-confident, somewhat ironical, and amusingly caustic; he could not fail to please. As soon as he received his commission as an officer, he began to be seen everywhere. He was much admired in society, and he indulged himself, played the fool, even gave himself airs, but that too was attractive in him. Women went mad about him; men called him a fop, and were secretly jealous of him. He lived, as has been related already, in an apartment with his brother, whom he loved sincerely, though he was not at all like him. Nikolai Petrovich was a little lame, he had small, pleasant rather melancholy features, small, black eyes, and thin, soft hair; he enjoyed loafing, but he also enjoyed reading, and was timid in society. Pavel Petrovich did not spend a single evening at home, prided himself on his audacity and agility (he was just making gymnastics fashionable among young men in society), and had read in all five or six French books. At twenty-eight he was already a captain; a brilliant career awaited him. Suddenly everything changed.

At that time, there was occasionally seen in Petersburg society a woman who has even not been forgotten today, Princess R——. She had a well-educated, well-bred, but rather stupid husband, and no children. She used to go abroad suddenly and suddenly to return to Russia, and in general led an eccentric life. She had the reputation of being a frivolous coquette, abandoned herself eagerly to every sort of pleasure, danced to exhaustion, laughed and jested with young men, whom she received in the dim light of her drawing-room before dinner; while at night she wept and prayed, found no peace anywhere, and often paced her room till morning, wringing her hands in anguish, or sat, pale and cold, reading the Psalms. Day came, and she was again transformed into a grand lady; again she went out, laughed, chattered, and simply