CONTENTS

Introduction, by Jonathan Daly
Introduction, by Richard Pipes
Senilia, or Poems in Prose
Endnotes
Appendices
  Chronology
  Corrections
  Bibliography
  Research Notes
Introduction to Richard Pipes’s edition of Ivan Turgenev’s

Senilia, or Poems in Prose.

By Jonathan Daly

Richard Edgar Pipes was born in 1923 into an assimilated Jewish family in Polish Silesia and grew up in Warsaw.¹ At age 16, his family fled Poland and settled in the United States. After several years of study at a Midwestern college, military service during World War II, and specialized Russian area studies training at Cornell University, Pipes began doctoral study in Russian history at Harvard University in 1946, where, as Pipes later recalled, the intellectual “atmosphere was electrifying.”² He studied under the mentorship of the prominent Russian émigré scholar, Michael Karpovich, along with a pleiade of brilliant doctoral students who later founded the field of Russian historical study in the United States.³ Pipes remained at

¹ For more biographical details, see Jonathan Daly, “Introduction,” in Pillars of the Profession: The Correspondence of Richard Pipes and Marc Raeff, ed. Jonathan Daly (Leiden, The Netherlands, and Boston: Brill, 2019).
² I am grateful to Alla Zeide for sharing with me the notes from her unpublished interview with Pipes, “Pipes: interview, August 7, 2006.”
³ On this illustrious cohort, see Jonathan Daly, “The Pleiade: Five Scholars Who Founded Russian Historical Studies in
Harvard for the rest of his career, retiring in 1996 and serving as Frank B. Baird Research Professor Emeritus for many years thereafter.

He worked and published in numerous subfields of Russian history on such topics as nationalities policy, the intelligentsia, Russian conservatism, Russian liberalism, Russian political culture, the Russian Revolution, the early Bolshevik state, and the institutional foundations of freedom. Many of his two-dozen books, starting with his classic The Formation of the Soviet Union (1954), remain in print and have been translated into a dozen languages.\(^4\) Beyond his scholarship, Pipes also reflected throughout his life on the nature and meaning of the historian’s craft.\(^5\)

Pipes was also an expert in U.S.-Soviet relations and Soviet foreign policy and served as an advisor to senior elected and appointed government officials beginning with testimony before the Subcommittee on Strategic Arms Limitation Talks of the Senate Committee on Armed Services in 1970 and continuing through his two years as Director of East European and Soviet

---

\(^4\) For a bibliography of Pipes’s scholarly works, see Daly, ed., Pillars of the Profession, 366-86.

Affairs in President Ronald Reagan’s National Security Council (1981–1982). He influenced U.S. government policy in regard to the Soviet Union most markedly in proposing and shepherding through the bureaucracy National Security Decision Directive 75, which articulated a multifaceted grand strategy for challenging the USSR diplomatically, militarily, culturally, politically, and intellectually. This important document was signed into effect by President Reagan a few weeks after Pipes returned to Cambridge.

Pipes understood the Soviet leadership as xenophobic, uncompromising, and driven to expansionism by the underlying Russian political culture, which he traced deep into Russia’s past. He also considered the regime illegitimate, because the Soviet people had no say in government, no means to express their approval or disapproval of Soviet policies. At the same time, he was far from considering the USSR unreformable. On the contrary, he believed that opposing the Soviet grand strategy with our own was likely to bring reformers to power in the Kremlin, the more so as the extraordinary challenges facing the country mounted and accumulated: economic decline, rampant alcoholism, a high birth rate of Muslim minorities and a low birthrate of Slavs, a falling life expectancy, and so on.

Many Russian nationalists, including the celebrated dissident author Alexander Solzhenitsyn, denounced Pipes as
anti-Russian or “Russophobic.” The core of the dispute had two facets. First, on what foundation can a well-ordered polity be constructed? For Dostoevsky and Pobedonostsev, the principal advisor to the arch-reactionary Tsar Alexander III, and the entire lineage of Russian conservatives stretching back to Novikov and Karamzin, as well as Solzhenitsyn, what mattered most in government is the quality of rulers, leaders, and statesmen. Most important for Russian Westerners, by contrast, and Pipes might have added, the Founders of the American Republic, were good laws and institutions. Indeed, Pipes quotes Turgenev asserting through his radical protagonist of Fathers and Children, Bazarov, that “in a well-constructed society it will be quite irrelevant whether man is stupid or wise, evil or good.” Second, what was the source of Soviet oppression and aggression? Solzhenitsyn and his supporters linked it almost exclusively to Marxism-Leninism. For Pipes, however, it was “no service to Russia to blame all the suffering that she has

6 See, for example, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, “Misconceptions about Russia Are a Threat to America,” Foreign Affairs 58 (Spring 1980): 797-834. See also Wladislaw G. Krasnow, “Richard Pipes’s Foreign Strategy: Anti-Soviet or Anti-Russian?” Russian Review 38, no. 2 (April 1979): 180-91;
experienced and inflicted since 1917 on a scapegoat, a German writer, long dead.” It would be more honest to acknowledge inherent faults within Russian political culture, as had countless Russian patriots stretching back to “Nil Sorskii, Maxim the Greek, Peter the Great, Novikov, Chaadaev, Turgenev, Saltykov-Shchedrin, Struve,” all of whom had been excoriated as “anti-Russian.”

While Pipes did castigate the Russian government and most of its leaders for oppressing the Soviet people, enjoying privileged access to goods and services unavailable to the vast majority of citizens, keeping them walled off from the outside world, and denying their civil and political rights, he was a great friend to many Russian dissident intellectuals who appreciated his support, both moral and material, throughout the Cold War. Also, Pipes admired Russian high culture and believed in the creative brilliance of its leading members. As he wrote in his memoir,

> I draw a sharp distinction between Russian governments and the Russian people, and further between educated Russians and the population at large. I have immense admiration and sympathy for Russian intellectuals (even as I criticize the

---

When I read the prose of Turgenev, Tolstoy, or Chekhov, the poetry of Pasternak and Akhmatova, when I listen to the songs of Okudzhava or Vysotsky, when I observe the heroism of a Sakharov, I am at home. Indeed, I almost feel Russian.\(^\text{10}\)

Pipes’s attraction to Turgenev and Chekhov continued to the end of his life. In his final months, he devoted some leisure time to re-reading Chekhov in the original Russian, delving into his personal ten-volume collection.\(^\text{11}\)

The interest started fairly early. In an interview in 2006, Pipes recalled that, upon arriving at Harvard in 1946, he had read the major classics of Russian literature, including Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, and Chekhov. He admitted that, like his graduate advisor, he disliked Dostoevsky, and his favorite Russian authors were Turgenev and Chekhov. He also believed that Karpovich preferred these authors as well. Indeed, he was right. As four former graduate students, colleagues, and admirers recalled in their appreciation of Karpovich after his

---

\(^{10}\) As quoted from Richard Pipes, *Vixi: Memoirs of a Non-Belonger* (New Haven, CT, and London: Yale University Press, 2003), 62.

death, Mikhail Mikhalovich considered the “golden age of Russian civilization”

the world of the Pushkin Pleiade, of the Decembrists, of the idealist “circles” of the ‘thirties and ‘forties, of Turgenev, and even of Oblomov; the gentry world of which the young Tolstoy saw the decline and whose prime he later so subtly romanticized in War and Peace. This was the only period of Russian history about which M.M. permitted himself—and then only in most guarded terms—to become just a little sentimental. But this predilection had a deeper significance than mere sentiment. For this world represented the first great achievement of what may be called Russian humanism, of a profound liberalism and a diversified civilization in the lives of a minority if not in the political and social institutions of the country as a whole.  

His love for this era and its achievements made Karpovich a Europhile and a “Westerner,” in the Russian sense of a devotee of European values, social patterns, political institutions, and

---

cultural ways as models to inspire the further historical evolution of Russia.

Pipes certainly would have agreed with his old mentor in regard to Turgenev’s sympathetic attitude toward Europe. In a presentation he made in Salzburg, Austria, under the auspices of the United States Information Agency in 1973, Pipes recalled his visit to Egypt where his son Daniel had been studying Arabic. As they strolled around near the great pyramids of Giza, Daniel remarked on older Egyptians feeling attracted to the West but knowing relatively little about it. “This was very true in late Imperial Russia,” as well, Richard Pipes noted. Only very few Russian intellectuals admired the West—“Turgenev, Chicherin, and a few others.”

Pipes found several things troubling in the work of Dostoevsky, including his negative attitude toward Jews, Poles, and Catholics. “He was anti-everything,” according to Pipes, “except he idealized Russia.” Yet beyond that, Pipes considered him a sloppy writer and one that emphasized unusual, even strange human types, although he appreciated his profound “insight into the revolutionary psyche.”

---

14 Alla Zeida, “Pipes: interview, August 7, 2006.”
Out of scholarly and intellectual obligation, Pipes read Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, but not for leisure and enjoyment. Indeed, as he later recalled, “When I go on a trip and want to take a Russian book with me, I take Chekhov or Turgenev.”

Thus, as Pipes wrote to Isaiah Berlin from the British West Indies island of Nevis, in 1969, he was amusing himself by translating Turgenev’s short story “The Man in the Grey Spectacles” (“Chelovek v serykh ochkakh”), which Pipes described as a marvelous story, taken from Turgenev’s experiences during the 1848 revolution in Paris—an encounter with an embittered but remarkably prescient reactionary who foretells the fall of Louis Philippe and the coming of the Bonapartes and makes very incisive remarks about all kinds of subjects.

Pipes must have taken with him one than one tome from the 15-volume set of Turgenev’s complete works and letters, because he mentioned to Berlin that he had discovered in a footnote to volume 14 that “I. Berlin” had published a translation in 1957.

---

15 Alla Zeida, “Pipes: interview, August 7, 2006.”
of Turgenev’s “Fire at Sea” (“Pozhar na more”), and, being aware that Berlin had also translated “First Love,” he “wondered whether, by any chance,” he had “also translated the story I am working on.” Berlin wrote back a week later that he knew the story, considered it a marvelous piece, was unaware of any English translations, and encouraged Pipes to continue with the project.\(^{19}\)

Pipes seems not to have completed the translation, or at least did not preserve it among his voluminous archives,\(^ {20}\) but he added in his letter to Berlin that he was always overawed by Turgenev’s ability to delineate character from purely external characteristics. In a recent issue of Literaturnoe nasledstvo,\(^ {21}\) there are numerous drawings done by a German painter,\(^ {22}\) Turgenev’s friend—


\(^{19}\) Isaiah Berlin to Richard Pipes, January 27, 1969, MS. Berlin 181 (fols. 274), Berlin Papers.

\(^{20}\) This documentation totals 30.9 cubic feet at the Harvard University Archives and 15 additional cubic feet at the Pipes residence in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Nearly all of the latter materials will eventually be transferred to the Harvard University Archives.

\(^{21}\) A journal of literary studies founded in 1931 and still being published in Moscow.

\(^{22}\) Probably Ludwig Pietsch (1824–1911), a prominent German painter, art and fashion critic, and newspaper illustrator and feature writer.
Turgenev and M-me Viardot amused themselves by trying to reconstruct from these sketches the background and personality of the given person. This ability is most striking in Turgenev’s stories.

So, Pipes esteemed Turgenev for four principal reasons: his admiration for Western civilization and belief that Russia needed to follow a Western path, his literary mastery, his avoidance of tortured psychologising, and his skill at delving into human personality and predicament.

Pipes drew upon the writings of Turgenev in his teaching and public commentary. For example, he was invited to give four lectures on nineteenth-century Russian intellectual history in spring 1962 at the University of Leningrad. In one lecture, he quoted from an 1862 letter to Herzen, in which Turgenev rejected categorically the idea that Russia had some special capacity to avoid wrenching political and social turmoil, which the more

---

23 Pauline Viardot (née Garcia) was a Spanish-born French opera star, to whom Turgenev devoted all his passion from the age of 25 until the end of his life, with only three years of amorous bliss (1847–1850). See Nicholas N. Sergievsky, “The Tragedy of a Great Love. Turgenev and Pauline Viardot,” American Slavic and East European Review 5, no. 3/4 (November 1946): 55–71. These years coincided with Turgenev’s creation of one of his masterpieces, a collection of short stories about ordinary Russian peasants, published in the monthly “thick” journal The Contemporary (“Sovremennik”) in 1847–1851 and brought out as a single volume in 1852 as Sketches from a Hunter’s Album (“Zapiski okhotnika”).

13
developed Western countries had been suffering through. “The audience knew as well as I,” Pipes intimated, “that I was talking not about the nineteenth century, but about the whole modern myth of Russia, allegedly able by virtue of some special qualities inherent in her history or form of government to bring salvation to mankind.”

Turgenev was an invaluable guide to late Imperial Russian political, intellectual, and cultural life. As Isaiah Berlin, Pipes’s friend and mentor (he dedicated the first volume of his biography of Peter Struve to Berlin), argued in his contribution to the prestigious Romanes Lecture at Oxford for 1970, Turgenev’s novels constitute the best account of the social and political development of the small, but influential, elite of the liberal and radical youth of his day—of it and of its critics. But unlike Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, he was not

---

24 This account derives from an unfinished article on his trip to USSR, “Russians on Russia,” 1962, HUG(FP)98.45, box 2, 15 pp. [here: 12], Papers of Richard Pipes, Harvard University Archives.


26 The lecture was entitled “Fathers and Children,” after the title of Turgenev’s most famous and still-popular novel, and subtitled “Turgenev and the Liberal Predicament.”
a preacher and did not wish to thunder at his generation. He was concerned, above all, to enter into, to understand, views, ideals, temperaments, both those which he found sympathetic and those by which he was puzzled or repelled. He possessed in a highly developed form what Keats called negative capability, an ability to enter into beliefs, feelings, and attitudes alien and at times acutely antipathetic to his own.27

Pipes doubtless also deeply valued Turgenev as an extremely perceptive observer of Russian life.

On the question of Turgenev’s political stance, however, he seems to have parted ways with Berlin. Indeed, a long-time close acquaintance of both Pipes and Berlin, the intellectual historian Andrzej Walicki, later recalled that Berlin closely identified with the liberal Hamlet-like stance of Turgenev.28 As Berlin reasoned in an essay on the gentry radical, Alexander Herzen,

---

At the heart of Herzen’s outlook (and of Turgenev’s too) is the notion of the complexity and insolubility of the central problems, and, therefore, of the absurdity of trying to solve them by means of political or sociological instruments. But the difference between them is this. Turgenev is, in his innermost being, not indeed heartless but a cool, detached, at times slightly mocking observer looks upon the tragedies of life from a comparatively remote point of view; oscillating between one vantage point and another, between the claims of society and of the individual, the claims of love and of daily life; between heroic virtue and realistic skepticism, the morality of Hamlet and the morality of Don Quixote, the necessity for efficient political organization and the necessity for individual self-expression; remaining suspended in a state of agreeable indecision, sympathetic melancholy, ironical, free from cynicism and sentimentality, perceptive, scrupulously truthful and uncommitted.²⁹

The “middle ground,” Berlin admitted, “is a notoriously exposed, dangerous, and ungrateful position.”³⁰

This was decidedly not what drew Pipes to Turgenev. In November 1970, Berlin described to Pipes his lecture on Turgenev as an effort “to show that he was the original guilt-ridden liberal intellectual, who hated the Right and was upset by the Left which he disapproved of, but could not bring himself to raise his arm against, except privately among his real friends.”\(^\text{31}\) Pipes found little to admire in this aspect of Turgenev, agreeing that, like with modern liberals, he displayed “weakness of character and masochistic tendencies.”\(^\text{32}\)

Years later, Pipes seems to have recognized, to his own dismay, this paralyzing attitude of ambivalence in his old friend and mentor. Thus, although Berlin deserved admiration for his intellect and his intellectual accomplishments, Pipes was disappointed that he refused to adopt clear political positions in an age when the Soviet threat placed the very fate of humanity in jeopardy: “He seemed emotionally detached from events of our time, so full of tragedy. . . . I knew that he despised the Soviet regime, yet he avoided criticizing it in public.”\(^\text{33}\)


\(^{33}\) As quoted from Pipes, Vixi, 69.
It may have been significant that Berlin translated Turgenev’s “Fire at Sea,” a posthumously published autobiographical story of a young traveler aboard a steamer that catches fire off the coast of Germany who displays extraordinary cowardice (rumors of which followed and plagued the author for the rest of his life).\textsuperscript{34} Was Berlin not troubled that such existential cowardice might have contributed to Turgenev’s (and his own) inability or unwillingness to take a principled political stand in one of the major conflicts of his time?

As a social and political thinker, Berlin should have, according to Pipes, taken sides in the Cold War, adopted a political position, and specifically the one that Berlin’s devotion to liberty demanded. Turgenev, as a writer of imaginative literature, however, had no such obligation. As Pipes wrote in a letter to the editor in 1960, “The fact that classical Russian literature enjoys to this day an intense and widespread popularity all over the world indicates that its impulse and aim are universal, and that it cannot be explained by the political environment in which it had arisen.”\textsuperscript{35} This


\textsuperscript{35} Quoted from Richard Pipes, “Tolstoy or Dostoevsky,” Times Literary Supplement (April 22, 1960): 257.
assessment should have been especially true of the work of Turgenev. Yet it was not.

As John Bayley, the then Warton Professor of English Literature at the University of Oxford, remarked, “One feels that Turgenev’s novels should have increased in stature by virtue of their wise and civilized impartiality, while those of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky should appear more and more clearly as having been written by opinionated fanatics.” Unfortunately for Turgenev, “art does not work that way.” Instead, “Turgenev’s humanity now looks like weakness.” Berlin himself admitted also that the “gentle genius” Turgenev had been “overshadowed by the gigantic figures of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.” Or as Morten Høi Jensen has opined more recently:

Though once eagerly feted abroad (he was admired by the likes of Flaubert, James, and Jacobsen), Turgenev became an object of scorn at home even during his own lifetime. Conservatives and nationalists loathed his European cosmopolitanism; radicals scorned his caution and liberalism. Above all else, it was Turgenev’s ability to

---


38 The Danish novelist Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847–1885).
sympathize with both sides of an argument that riled his critics.\textsuperscript{39}

Pipes certainly understood that ambivalence, for example in regard to the main characters of \textit{Fathers and Children}. He also mentioned in his letter of December 1970 to Berlin “that puzzling statement about revolutionaries in Senilia.” As Pipes discussed in his Introduction below, he probably had had in mind “Threshold,” in which a young woman is described as willing to commit crimes and even throw her life away on behalf of a revolutionary cause. At the end of the piece, voices declare her to be either a “fool” or a “saint.” As Richard Freeborn, then Professor of Russian Literature at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of London, noted, Turgenev was the only major nineteenth-century Russian writer who personally witnessed and experienced the Revolution of 1848 in Paris. His experiences powerfully marked him and his outlook for the rest of his life, for they impressed upon him “both the ephemeral ecstasy that can suddenly transform life completely and the poignancy of lives sacrificed in the name of a revolutionary

ideal.” While Pipes would probably have agreed with the first point, he undoubtedly would not have rejected the second. That was not what he prized in Turgenev, whose work nevertheless Pipes cherished.

* * *

The reasons for Pipes undertaking his translation of Turgenev's final literary creation are undoubtedly many. As he revealed in his Introduction, he believed the Poems in Prose grant us “the unique privilege of getting to know the most intimate thoughts and feelings of a major Russian writer.” Presumably Pipes simply always liked the work, had enjoyed translating Turgenev in the past, and wanted to try his hand at making it more accessible to readers. But there was also a much more practical motivation, which he intimated to me more than once in personal conversation: at his advanced age of nearly 90 years, he had been growing tired of shuttling back and forth between his office and the stacks of Widener Library and yearned for a project he could undertake in his study at home. Of

course, the voluminous endnotes to Pipes’s Introduction shows that he could not engage in a purely literary undertaking.

Although Pipes worked steadily and completed the translation, he found it hard going. As he wrote to me in the course of the work, “it has turned out to be a more difficult undertaking than I had anticipated.” 41 Unfortunately, according to the distinguished literary scholar John Bayley,

Turgenev’s Russian style, far from going easily into other languages, is exceedingly difficult to translate: The ordinary sort of faithful rendering, which will do nicely for Tolstoy or Dostoyevsky, quite fails to do him justice. The translator must understand, from inside, the wonderful supple intimacy of his Russian and evolve a comparable kind of ease in English idiom. 42

Ronald John Meyer, Adjunct Associate Professor of Slavic Languages at Columbia University, where he also directs the MA Program in Russian Literary Translation, found Pipes’s translations “accurate, but very stilted” and, against Bayley’s recommendation, “follows the Russian syntax very closely.” He

41 Richard Pipes to the author, June 27, 2015.
42 As quoted from Bayley, “The Strengths of his Passivity,” 246.
also found the *Poems in Prose*, as translated by Constance Garnett (1861–1946), the prolific English translator of Russian prose, “much, much better.”

Perhaps unsurprisingly, Pipes encountered difficulties publishing the piece. In April 2012, Pipes sent the manuscript of Turgenev’s “Senilia or Poems in Prose” to his literary agent, Andrew Wiley, and suggested proposing it to either Princeton or Harvard University Press. “Five of my first seven books were published by HUP,” he added, noting also that his translation, when published, would “be the only complete edition in print.” Wiley submitted the manuscript in 2012 to a host of publishers, though without success, as he later informed Pipes’s son Daniel: “Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Northwestern, UChicago, Dalkey, Copper Canyon Press, The Overlook Press, Persea Books, and Penguin.”

These standard options having proved fruitless, Pipes turned to a friend in the community where his family has had a summer home since 1960 in the Keene, New Hampshire, region. As Pipes wrote to me in the summer of 2015, a friend had been planning on establishing a publishing business and was intending to bring out the Turgenev translation when personal matters

---

required her to turn her attention elsewhere (a turn of events she herself confirmed to me in May 2019).\textsuperscript{46}

In this way, Pipes’s labor of love came to languish among his personal papers. It is hoped that making it available on Harvard’s open-access repository, Digital Access to Scholarship at Harvard (DASH) will prove valuable both to scholars interested in the intellectual evolution of Richard Pipes and to those seeking a fresh translation of a major work.\textsuperscript{47}

\textsuperscript{46} Richard Pipes to the author, June 27, 2015; personal conversation with Elisabeth Atmer, May 17, 2019.

\textsuperscript{47} The body of the text below, beginning with the Introduction and including the translation and interspersed Russian originals, were found in typescript form upon Pipes’s decease in May 2018. Subsequently, his son Daniel also discovered a series of related files on his father's computer and made all these materials available to me. Most of them have been slightly reformatted and combined into a single document inserted at the end of the main text. But note: the endnotes do not fully correspond to the notes interspersed throughout the main text.
IVAN TURGENEV

SENILIA

OR POEMS IN PROSE

Translated and edited by

Richard Pipes
Introduction
"Poems in Prose"

PART ONE
To the Reader
The Village
A Conversation
An Old Woman
The Dog
The Rival
The Beggar
You shall hear the
Judgement of a Fool
A Contented Man
The Rule of Life
The End of the World
Masha
The Fool
An Eastern Legend
Two Quatrains
The Sparrow
Sculls
A Common Worker and
the Man with White Hands
The Rose
In Memory of Iu. P. Vrevskaia
The Last Encounter
The Threshold
A Visit
Necessitas, Vis, Libertas
Alms
The Insect
Cabbage Soup
The Azure Kingdom
Two Rich Men
An Old Man
The Journalist
Two Brothers
The Egoist
Feast of the Supreme Being
The Sphinx
Nymphs
Friend and Foe
Christ
A Stone
Doves
Tomorrow! Tomorrow!
Nature
"Hang him!"
What Will I be Thinking?
"How Lovely, how Fresh
were the Roses..."
A Sea Voyage
N.N.
Stay!
The Monk
We will Fight!
A Prayer
The Russian Language

Part II
An Encounter
I Pity
A Curse
Twins
A Thrush (1)
A Thrush (2)
Without a Nest
The Cup
Who is Guilty?
A Rule of Life
A Reptile
Author and Critic
With whom to Argue
"Oh, my youth! Oh, my freshness!"

To ***
I Walked in the Midst of Tall Peaks
When I am no more...

   The Hour Glass

I Got Up at Night...
When I am alone...

The Path to Love
A Phrase
Simplicity
The Brahmin
You wept...

Love
Verity and Truth
Partridges
Nessun maggior dolore
Falling under a Wheel
A Baby's Cry

My Trees
Turgenev's "Poems in Prose" have been translated into English several times since first published in 1882 (see the bibliography below). Only one of these translations is presently still in print. Furthermore, none of them provided the reader with information about the origins of this work or its reception, and none explained obscure passages. I have undertaken to fill this gap, using the definitive Russian edition published in 1967 in Volume XIII of Turgenev's Collected Works in 28 volumes.

In translating, I tried to follow as closely as possible the Russian original without violating the canons of the English language — which was not always true of my predecessors, some of whom were more concerned with producing a fluent, colloquial text than rendering accurately Turgenev's prose. Turgenev's "Poems" were jotted down in haste, their style is sometimes telegraphic and not polished, hence it is wrong to translate them into fluent, literary English.

Richard Pipes

— M. P. Alekseev, ed., Polnoe Sobranie Sochinenii I.S. Turgeneva v 28 tomakh (Moscow-Leningrad, 1960-68). The first fifteen volumes contain Turgenev's literary works and will be referred to as PSS-Sochineniiia. The second thirteen volumes hold his letters. They will be referred to as PSS-Pis'ma.
INTRODUCTION

In 1877, Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev published in the Russian "fat" monthly, Vestnik Evropy (The Messenger of Europe) his ninth -- and as it turned out, last -- full-length novel, Virgin Soil (Nov'). He had carried it in his mind for several years but drafted it, in Paris where he was then living, in three months' time. The novel dealt with Russia's revolutionary movement known as "Going to the People" which in the early 1870's inspired several thousand university students to abandon the classroom and head for the village in order to rouse the peasants to revolt. Turgenev's attitude to the radical youths was ambivalent. He admired them for their selfless courage which often ended in arrest, incarceration and even execution but, at the same time, thought their effort quixotic and therefore senseless. This attitude alienated both left- and right-wing critics.

The novel was poorly received. Radicals were offended by Turgenev's rejection of their cause while conservatives felt outrage at his sympathetic treatment of the radicals. Thus one V. Chuiko wrote in the periodical Pchela:

The entire "Virgin Soil" which appears in the novel apparently was not observed, or the scope of
observation was exceedingly narrow: the characters of these young people are to such extent pallid, untypical, false—not only in conception but also in execution; the language which they speak is not their language; the conditions in which they live are not their conditions; the characters are incomprehensible, distorted. ¹

V. G. Avseenko wrote in Russkii Vestnik that Turgenev, having left Russia in the 1860's, had lost touch with it. ² The well-known populist writer, N. Mikhailovskii, told the readers of Otechestvennye Zapiski that Turgenev in his novel had made numerous mistakes and failed to trace the psychic development of his characters. ³ And so it went. Turgenev said that no previous novel of his had received such severe criticism in the periodical press. ⁴

Embittered, he vowed to write no more full-length works. He kept his pledge: in the seven years which he had left to live, he wrote short items, occasional reminiscences, and a series of fragments which came to be known as "Poems in Prose" (Stikhotvoreniiia v proze). This was a genre of literature previously unknown in Russia although quite familiar in France. ⁵ They were disconnected segments linked only by certain impressions and moods. The most famous of these were Charles Baudelaire's Petits Poèmes en Prose, printed occasionally while
Baudelaire was still alive, but published in book form only in 1869, after his death. Although Turgenev never referred in any of his writings to Baudelaire, it is virtually certain that he got the idea of "Poems in Prose" from the French author. It has been also suggested that he was influenced by similar writings of the Italian poet, Giacomo Leopardi, notably his Canti (1831). Turgenev borrowed from Baudelaire the format and the title, but otherwise struck out on his own. His "poems" differ from Baudelaire's since they do not deal with urban life, they are more morose, more based on dreams, and more concerned with death but they also deal with some of the same themes such as nature and beggars.

In his youth, Turgenev wrote poetry. He gave it up, however, and in his old age even came to despise his early poetic efforts. His fame rested on prose works, the first of which was Zapiski Okhotnika (Sportsman's Sketches). After the failure of Virgin Soil he began to jot down on scraps of paper, whichever came handy, his thoughts, impressions, visions and dreams. He had no intention of publishing them while alive. He did, however, read selections from this work to friends. One of them was the radical intellectual, P. L. Lavrov, to whom he read it in Bougival in the summer of 1882. To a German friend he described what came to be known as "Poems in Prose" as "the last deep sighs (to speak politely) of an old man."
In March, 1882 Turgenev fell gravely ill with spinal cancer which was to cause his death the following year. He suffered a great deal and the suffering intensified his depression. In August, 1882 he had a visit from M. M. Stasiulevich, the editor of the *Messenger of Europe*, the journal in which Turgenev customarily published his novels. This is how Stasiulevich described their encounter:

During our conversations I asked Turgenev whether he had not read in English newspapers the agreeable news that he was finishing a major novel. He vigorously denied this rumor... "By the way," he added, having given it some thought, "do you want me to prove to you in fact that I not only am not writing a novel but that I will never write one?" Following which he bent down and extracted from the side box of the writing table a briefcase out of which he removed a large packet of pages of various sizes and colors covered with writing. In response to my expression of surprise -- what could this be? -- he explained that this was something like what artists called studies, études from nature, which they later used when painting a large canvas. Exactly like this, whenever a conspicuous event occurred, under the live impression of the fact or of a flashing thought, Turgenev wrote it down on whatever piece of
paper happened to be handy and put it in the briefcase. "These are my materials," he concluded, "they would be used if I undertook a major work. But to prove to you that I am writing nothing and will write nothing, I will seal all of this and will give it to you for safekeeping until my death." I confessed to him that even so I didn't understand well what kind of "materials" these were and asked him whether he would not read at least something from them. To begin with, he read "The Village," then "Masha." The masterly way he read the latter affected me in such a way that it was not necessary for me to add anything. He then read two or three more pieces. "No, Ivan Sergeevich," I told him, "I don't agree with your proposal. If the public must await your death to become acquainted with this splendor then one must wish you to die soon. I don't agree with this. And we will simply print all of it now." He then explained to me that among these fragments were some that should never or for a very long time not see the light of day: they were too personal and intimate. Our discussion ended with his agreement to copy only those which he considered suitable for publication. And, indeed, two weeks later he sent me fifty, carefully copied in his own hand, as
was always the case with his manuscripts. When I returned, visiting him on September 5/17 [1882] for the last time, Turgenev expressed doubts only about a single item, especially remarkable ["The Threshold"], and ended by removing it in proof and replacing it with another. 12

The 50 "Poems in Prose" -- the exact number that Baudelaire's executors had published 13 years earlier -- were set in print in early October, 1882 and published in the December, 1882 issue of the Messenger of Europe. 13 Concurrently, thirty of them appeared in French translation made jointly by Turgenev and Madame Pauline Viardot in Revue Politique et Littéraire. 14 Initially, Turgenev asked The Messenger not to pay him an honorarium for the Poems, but before long he changed his mind: he requested and received it. 15

He retained 32 of the Poems in Prose, which he judged too personal and intimate. They were discovered in 1929 by the French Slavic scholar André Mazon among Turgenev's papers held by the descendants of Madame Viardot whom Turgenev had bequeathed his manuscripts, and published the following year both in the original Russian and in French translation. 16

Turgenev initially intended to call this work either Senilia or Posthuma, but Stasiulevich persuaded him to call them "Poems in Prose" and thus they appeared in print.
In early October, Stasiulevich sent the proofs of the "Poems in Prose" to Turgenev in France and concurrently to his friend P.V. Annenkov in Baden-Baden, without whose advice Turgenev did not like to publish. The latter was delighted with them, writing Turgenev from Baden-Baden on October 2/14, 1882:

their cumulative character blinded me: I had dark circles in my eyes, and from these circles emanated a remarkably sympathetic portrait of the author: what humanity, what warm words uttered with simplicity and cheerful hues; what sorrow, what submission to fate and joy at his human existence. You have written yourself an eulogy with these verses, Ivan Sergeevich, and you were very wrong thinking that there is in them nothing personal, nothing subjective. The personal plays in them a prominent and most brilliant role, the personal makes up their aroma and charm. Some of the tales seemed to me barren or I failed to understand them -- such were "The Rival" and "The World's End." But may the Lord beware lest we touch them or remove them; the whole lovely chord would be harmed; they are as necessary, perhaps, as an irregularity in some face which often makes up its beauty. And yes, for their language alone they should remain where they stand; from them emanates this charming note, as from all the
The surprising feature of the Poems is that although a number of them, such as those dealing with peasant life, convey the immediacy of instantaneous impressions, in fact the vast majority of them were written from memory in France. Of the 83 Poems only a dozen were put down on paper while Turgenev visited Russia: Two brothers" in Part I, and eleven in Part II from "The Path to Love" to "Falling under a wheel."

There are a dozen or so recurrent themes in the "Poems in Prose."

The most conspicuous of them is death: at least 28 or nearly one-third of them deal directly or obliquely with it. The noun "death" and the verb "die" appear repeatedly in the Poems. Turgenev was obsessed with death and morbidly afraid of it: it was always on his mind. He had his first brush with it at the age of 19, when sailing from St. Petersburg to Lübeck on the vessel "Nicholas I" with the intention of enrolling at the University of Berlin. As it approached Lübeck, the ship caught fire. Panic broke out in which Turgenev participated: he seized a sailor and promised him 10,000 rubles if he would protect his life. 18 The incident ended well, with the passengers safely evacuated.

Turgenev sometimes envisioned death as an old woman who stalked him (she appeared to him in a dream). He wondered what
would be on his mind as death approached ("What will I be thinking?") He asked his beloved Pauline Viardot to remember him occasionally after he was gone. ("When I will no longer be...") In the story Prizraki (Phantoms) he wrote as follows about it:

[Death] is a force which cannot be resisted, which dominates all, which -- without eyesight, without picture, without sense -- sees everything, knows everything, and, like a predatory bird, chooses its victims, chokes them like a snake, and licks them with its dead pity. 19

Surprising about this obsession with death was the fact that in his older age when he wrote the Poems in Prose Turgenev found no enjoyment in life, treating it as meaningless tedium. He emulated Schopenhauer who thought life an "endless and excruciating delusion." 20 Here is an excerpt from his diary, the bulk of which did not survive:

17/15 March [1877]. Midnight. I again sit at the table... below, my poor friend [Paulina Viardot] sings something with her completely shattered voice. My soul is darker than dark night... The grave literally hastens to swallow me up; the day hurries by in an instant, empty, pointless, colorless. You look and again drop into the bed. There is no right to live nor desire to live: there is nothing more to be done,
nothing more to expect, nothing even to desire. 21

In the Poem "Tomorrow! Tomorrow!" appears the following passage:
"How empty, dull, and insignificant is almost every day that one
lives through! How few traces it leaves behind! With what
mindless stupidity have the hours flown!." Those are sentiments
of a deeply depressed individual.

Turgenev had the misfortune of possessing both a highly
observant eye and a penetrating intelligence and yet lacking
belief in God which made life a hollow riddle. His "Poems in
Prose" attest to this conundrum. As one Russian critic observed,
this work is "full of the tragedy of an atheist seeking the gift
of prayer." 22

The second most frequent theme of the Poems is literary
criticism. As previously noted, his last novel, Virgin Soil, was
unfavorably received by Russian critics and Turgenev had his
revenge on them in the Poems. He repaid the critics with scorn.
In one poem, a dunce who denigrates everyone of note becomes a
literary editor ("The Fool"). In another, a newsman who is being
beaten is deemed not worth saving ("The Journalist") In yet
another, critics are called reptiles.

Then there is love. This requires explanation. In November,
1843, a French soprano by the name of Pauline Viardot visited St.
Petersburg to perform at the opera. She was not a beauty: indeed
some thought her downright ugly but she did possess great charm.
During her long life, she befriended such artistic eminences as Frederick Chopin, Franz Liszt, Charles Gounod, Hector Berlioz, and Peter Chaikovsky. Turgenev, then 25, instantly fell in love with her. It was a love that was to last until his death forty years later. Viardot was married to a man 21 years older than she with whom she apparently was not in love. In the 1850's, after his mother had died and he was at last in money, Turgenev moved to France and became an inseparable companion of the Viardots: he lived in a Paris apartment in the same house as they and spent summers in the picturesque village of Bougival a few miles west of Paris, where he built himself a cottage next to their villa. He regularly dined with them. He and Pauline Viardot sometimes worked together, as when, with her help, he translated thirty of his Poems into French. He also got well along with her husband who seems to have tolerated what the French call their *amitié amoureuse*, although there are indications that the relationship was not purely Platonic. In his will, Turgenev left his manuscripts to Pauline Viardot.

In one of the most touching of the Poems, not published during his lifetime ("When I no longer will be..."), he addresses Pauline and begs her to remember him after he had died. She outlived him by 27 years, dying in 1910.

On the subject of love there is also a moving Poem called "Masha" which describes an incident in Turgenev's life when he
heard a simple peasant lad bemoan the death of his beloved wife.

Turgenev felt keen sympathy for Russian peasants, paupers and animals.

There are half a dozen of Poems devoted to peasants in all of which they appear in an admirable light. His sympathy for them was expressed in his very first book, *Zapiski okhotnika* (A Sportsman's sketches). In "Village" they lead a contended life far from the din and artificiality of the city. In "Cabbage soup," a dignified peasants woman who has just lost a son and is visibly crushed by this tragic event, calmly eats her soup, to the amazement and disgust of her landlady, because it is salted and salt is expensive.

Turgenev sees in filthy, squalid beggars human beings capable of generosity. Indeed, in one Poem ("Alms") he believes that a pauper has enriched him.

Even though he was an avid hunter, Turgenev felt that animals were not different creatures from humans but kin. He looks into the eyes of his pet ("The Dog") and discerns in it the same emotions as in himself. He is full of admiration for a bird ("Sparrow") which risks death to protect a fledgling that has fallen out of its nest. In his loneliness, he experiences happiness at the sight of a couple of doves. And while travelling on a ship, his only companion is a monkey, as lonely as he ("A
Sea voyage").

As stated previously, his attitude toward radical intellectuals was equivocal: he admired their self-sacrificing courage while convinced that it was utterly futile. He portrays a woman revolutionary as a "saint" ("Threshold") while describing the workers for whom a revolutionary was sacrificing his life as eager to get hold of the rope with which he will be hanged since it is reputed to bring good luck ("A Common Worker and a Man with White Hands"). As a solution to Russia's problems he advocated enlightenment, civilization, and a gradual rapprochement between the common people and the intelligentsia. The "Going to the people" was for him a "tragi-comic farce." 25

*****

Turgenev did not expect much of a public reaction to his Poems. More than once he told friends that they dealt with very private matters of interest only to a limited circle. And indeed the reaction was muted. When one reader complained that he understood nothing of this work, Turgenev commented in a letter to a friend: STOP

You write Gregorovich says that he does not understand my "Poems in Prose." The expression "I do not understand" is nothing but a polite use of the words "I don't like this." The opinion of
Gregorovich very likely is shared by a large majority of the Russian public -- and this is how it should be. I wrote the "Poems in Prose" for myself and also for a small circle of persons who sympathize with such things. The public will be entirely right in ignoring them. I was horrified when I heard that some of these "poems" were going to be read in public. This would have been a fiasco...

But this judgement of Gregorovich's reaction is not quite fair. Some of the "Poems" are indeed inscrutable, as for instance "Friend and Foe," "An Eastern Legend, or "To..."

Turgenev was much gratified by a letter from Leo Tolstoy (a letter now lost) which expressed admiration for the Poems.

Of the posthumous evaluations of the Poems, especially interesting are those by the literary historian, Leonid Grossman, published in the midst of the Russian Civil War. Grossman made two claims: that the "Poems," despite their prose-like format, were written in a poetic manner and that they were not unrelated fragments but a cohesive work. The first contention he demonstrated by showing how many passages in the Poems were written in meter (mostly iambics, but also anapests and amphibrachs). This argument was convincing and taken up
subsequently by other literary historians.\textsuperscript{29}

Grossman's second thesis held that "in the seeming fragmentariness of these Turgenev sketches there prevails an organic unity and complete unity of the parts around firm cores of basic ideas."\textsuperscript{30} He saw in the Poems several "triptychs": Russia, Christ, nature, love, ancient shadows, atheism, old age, death. This contention could not be sustained and has not gained general acceptance.\textsuperscript{31}

We will conclude with a perceptive summary written in the late nineteenth century by Evgenii Zelinskii:

With ["The Poems in Prose"] Turgenev was bidding farewell not to readers, not to Russia, not even to his own life, but to life altogether, to the life of all animate creatures that have ever suffered and rejoiced on earth. In the best of these verses the earth appears to him already dead, dead under a block of ice, which is mindlessly and aimlessly plunging through infinite space. All is silent; not a sound over this grave of mankind, and the mountains alone converse with menacing whisper. And these mountains celebrate their triumph. Now they are at peace. They have had their fill of people. People annoyed them with their noise, crying, laughter, their ceaseless activity. Such small creatures and, at the same time, so filled with
conceit! They imagined that the earth was created for them and they spread out on it as if they were its masters, its tsars! But now it is fine. The eternal silence of the tomb, eternal radiance of the ice, eternal cold..." 32

Thanks to the "Poems in Prose" we have the unique privilege of getting to know the most intimate thoughts and feelings of a major Russian writer.
К ЧИТАТЕЛЮ

Добрый мой читатель, не пропадай этих стихотворений сподряд: тебе, вероятно, скучно станет — и книга вывалится у тебя из рук. Но читай их вразброс: сегодня одно, завтра другое, — и которое-нибудь из них, может быть, заронит тебе что-нибудь в душу.
PART I

To the Reader

Dear reader, do not race through these verses: this will probably be boring to you, and the book will drop from your hands. Do read them one at a time: one today, another tomorrow -- and perhaps some of them will touch something in your soul.

* Baudelaire said something similar in the preface to his Poems in Prose addressed to a friend: "We can cut wherever we want... Remove one vertebra, and the two pieces of that tortuous fantasy will reunite without difficulty. Chop it up into many fragments, and you will find that each one can exist separately."

ДЕРЕВНЯ

Последний день июня месяца; на тысячу верст кругом Россия — родной край.
Ровной синевой залито всё небо; одно лишь облачко на нем — не то плывет, не то тает. Безветрие, теплень... воздух — молоко пырное!
Жаворонки звонят; воркуют восточные голуби; молча решают ласточки; лошади фыркают и жуют; собаки печаляют и стоят, смирно повивая хвостами.
И дымком-то пахнет, и травой — и детям маленько — и маленько кожей. Конопляники уже вошли в силу и пускают свой тяжелый, но приятный дух.
Глубокий, но пологий овраг. По бокам в несколько рядов головастые, книзу исчещенные ракиты. По оврагу бежит ручей; на дне его мелкие камешки слегка дрожат сквозь светлую рябь. Вдали, на конце краю земли и неба — синеватая черта большой реки.
Вдоль оврага — по одной стороне опрятные амбарчики, клетушки с плотно закрытыми дверями; по другой стороне пять-шесть сосновых изб с тесовыми
THE VILLAGE

The last day of June: for thousands of miles around stretches Russia -- the homeland.

The sky is flooded with unbroken blue: there is on it but a single cloud -- it floats, it melts. No wind, warmth... the air resembles fresh milk!

The larks trill; fat-throated pigeons coo; the swallows dart silently; the horses neigh and nibble; the dogs do not bark but stand, quietly wagging their tails.

It smells of smoke and hay -- and also a bit of tar -- and a bit of leather. The hemp has ripened and emits its dense but agreeable odor.

A deep but gently sloping ravine. On its sides several rows of large-headed, weather-beaten willows, with cleft trunks. Along the ravine runs a brook; at its bottom, small pebbles quiver through the bright ripple. Far away, where the land and sky meet, can be seen the bluish streak of a large river.

Along the ravine, on one side tidy barns, little storehouses with tightly shut doors; on the other side, five or six pinewood huts with boarded roofs. Above each roof looms a high pole with a pigeon house; over every pole, a carved iron horse with a stiff mane. The uneven window panes reflect the colors of the rainbow. Pots of flowers are painted on the shutters. In
крышами. Над каждой крышей высокий шест скворечници; над каждым крылецом вырезной железный крутогривый конек. Неровные стекла окон идяя в цветами радуги. Кувшины с букетами намалеваны на ставнях. Перед каждой избой чинно стоит исправная лавочка; на завалинках кошки свернулись клубочком, насторожив прозрачные ушки; за высокими порогами прохладно темнеют сени.

Я лежу у самого края оврага на разостланной подушке; кругом целые вороха только что ошкоженного, до истомы душестого сена. Догадливые хозяева разбросали сено перед избами: пусть еще немного посохнет на припеке, а там и в сарай! То-то будет спать на нем сладно!

Курчавые детские головки торчат из каждого вороха; хохлатые курицы ищут в сене мошек да букашек; белогубый щенок барахтается в спутанных былинках. Русокудрые парни, в чистых низко подпоясанных рубахах, в тяжелых сапогах с оторочкой, перекидываясь бойкими словами, опершись грудью на отпрянженную телегу, — зуускалят.

Из окна выглядывает круглолицая молодка; смеется не то их словам, не то возне ребят в наваленном сене.

Другая молодка сильными руками тащит большое мокрое ведро из колодца... Ведро дрожит и качается на веревке, роняя длинии огнестые капли.

Передо мной стоит старуха-хозяйка в новой клетчатой паневе, в новых котах.
front of each hut stands a neat bench; on the mound of earth the kittens curl up in a ball, pricking up their transparent ears; beyond the high threshold is the cool dark of the interior.

I am lying on the very edge of the ravine on a spread out horse-blanket; around me, whole stacks of oppressively fragrant freshly cut hay. The shrewd owners have spread the hay in front of the huts: let it dry out a bit in the very hot sun and then, into the barn! There it will be great to sleep on!

Curly children's heads stick out from under every heap of hay; crested chickens look in the hay for flies and beetles; a white-muzzled puppy wallows in the tangled blades of grass.

Lads with light brown, curly hair, in low-belted, clean smocks, in heavy, trimmed boots, bandy about smart words, while leaning on an unyoked cart, showing their white teeth.

A young, chubby woman looks out of the window; she laughs -- either at the words of the boys or at the children frolicking in the hay.

Another young woman with powerful arms draws a large dripping pail from the well... The pail quivers and swings on the rope, spilling long, sparkling drops.

Before me stands an old woman in a new striped petticoat and new shoes.

Three rows of large, hollow beads encircle her dark, thin neck. Her gray head is bound in a yellow kerchief with red dots.
Крупные дутые бусы в три ряда обвивались вокруг смуглой худой шеи; седая голова повязана желтым платком с красными крапинками; низко навис он над потускневшими глазами.

Но приветливо улыбаются старческие глаза; улыбается всё морщинистое лицо. Чай, седьмой десятак доживает старушка... а и теперь еще видать: красавица была в свое время!

Растопырив загорелые пальцы правой руки, держит она горшок с холодным нессятым молоком, прямо из погреба; стенки горшка покрыты росинками, точно бисером. На ладони левой руки старушка подносит мне большой ломоть еще теплого хлеба. «Кушай, мол, на здоровье, заезжий гость!»

Петух ядруг закричал и хлопотливо захлопал крыльями; ему в ответ, не спеша, промычал запертой теленком.

— Ай да овес! — слышится голос моего кучера.

О, довольство, покой, избыток русской вольной деревни! О, тыши и благодать!

И думается мне: к чему нам тут и крест на куполе Святой Софии в Царь-Граде и всё, чего так добивается мы, городские люди?

Февраль, 1878
It hangs low over her dimming eyes.

But her aged eyes smile cordially; the whole wrinkled face beams. The old woman is probably living her seventh decade... and still one can see, in her day she was a beauty!

Spreading wide the sunburnt fingers of her right hand, she holds a bowl of cold, creamy milk, fresh from the cellar. The sides of the bowl are covered with dew-drops, like beads. On the palm of her left hand the old woman offers me a slice of still warm bread. "Eat, she says, to your health, passing guest!".

A cock suddenly crows and restlessly bangs its wings; in reply, a calf shut in the barn slowly bleats.

"My word, what oats!" says my coachman.

Oh, the contentment, the quiet, the abundance of the Russian countryside! The blessed quiet!

Ad I think to myself: why do we need the cross on the cupola of St. Sophia in Constantinople and all that we strive for, we people of the cities?

February, 1878
РАЗГОВОР

Ни на Юнгфрау, ни на Финстерааргроне еще не бывало человеческой ноги.

Вершины Альп... Целая цепь крутях уступов... Са- мая сердцевина гор.

Над горами бледно-зеленое, светлое, немое небо. Сильный, жесткий мороз; твердый, искристый снег; из- под снегу торчат суроные глыбы обледенелых, обвет- ренных скал.

Две громады, два великаны видимыся по обеим сторонам небосклона: Юнгфрау и Финстерааргрон.

И говорит Юнгфрау соседу:
— Что скажешь нового? Тебе видней. Что там внизу?

Проходят несколько тысяч лет — одна минута. И гро- хочет в ответ Финстерааргрон:
— Сплошные облака застилают землю... Погоди!

Проходят еще тысячелетия — одна минута.
A CONVERSATION

Neither on the Jungfrau nor on the Finsteraarhorn has there set a human foot.

The summit of the Alps...A whole chain of steep ledges...
The very heart of the mountains.

Above the mountains hovers the pale green, bright, silent sky. Strong, harsh frost; firm, sparkling snow; from underneath the snow protrude the austere peaks of ice-covered, weather-beaten mountains.

Two bulks, two giants rise on both sides of the horizon: the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn.

And the Jungfrau says to its neighbor:
"What's new? You see more. What's below?"

A few thousand years go by -- one minute. And the Finsteraarhorn thunders in reply:
"Solid clouds cover the earth... Wait!"

Thousands more years pass by -- one minute.

---

Finsteraarhorn (4,275 mtrs) is the highest mountain in the Bernese Alps. The Jungfrau is a trifle lower (4,166 meters). Unfortunately, judging by the maps in Baedecker, the two peaks are not within sight of each other. Turgenev was mistaken in asserting in 1878 that neither mountain had been climbed: in fact the Jungfrau had been climbed in 1811, and the Finsteraarhorn in 1829.
— Ну, а теперь? — спрашивает Юнгфрау.
— Теперь внизу; там внизу всё то же: пестро, мелко. Воды синеют; чернеют леса; сереют груды скученных камней. Около них всё ещё копошатся козячки, знаешь, те двуножки, что ещё ни разу не могли осквернить ни тебя, ни меня.

— Люди?
— Да; люди.
Проходят тысячи лет — одна минута.
— Ну, а теперь? — спрашивает Юнгфрау.
— Как будто меньше видать козяков,— гремит Финстерааргорн.— Яснее стало внизу; ссушились воды; поредели леса.
Прошли еще тысячи лет — одна минута.
— Что ты видишь? — говорит Юнгфрау.
— Около нас, близко, словно прочистилось,— отвечает Финстерааргорн,— ну, а там, вдали, по долинам есть еще пятна и шевелится что-то.
— А теперь? — спрашивает Юнгфрау, спустя другие тысячи лет — одну минуту.
— Теперь хорошо,— отвечает Финстерааргорн,— опять стало везде, бело совсем, куда ни глянь… Везде наш снег, ровный снег и лед. Застыло всё. Хорошо теперь, спокойно.
"Well, and now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now I can see: down below it is all the same: mottled, fine. The waters are blue; the forests dark; dense piles of rocks are turning grey. Around them still swarm small insects -- you know, those bipeds who were never able to defile either you or me."

"Humans?"

"Yes; humans."

Thousands of years pass by -- one minute.

"Well, and now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"It is as if fewer small insects are to be seen," roars the Finsteraarhorn, "It is clearer below; the waters have shrunk, the forests have grown thinner."

More thousands of years go by -- one minute.

"What do you see?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Around us, nearby, it is as if cleaned up," responds the Finsteraarhorn,"but there, in the distance, there are still patches and something is stirring."

"And now?" asks the Jungfrau after more thousands of years -- one minute.

"Now it is good," responds Finsteraarhorn, "it is tidy everywhere, all is white wherever you look...Everywhere is our snow, even snow and ice. Everything is frozen. Now it is good, quiet."
— Хорошо,— промолвила Юнгфрау.— Однако до- 
волено мы с тобой поболтали, старик. Пора вздре- 
мнуть.
— Пора.
Спят громадные горы; спит зеленое светодое небо
над наныгда замолкшей землей.

Февраль, 1878
"Good," utters the Jungfrau, "But we have chatted enough, old man. It is time to doze."

"Yes, it is time."

The huge mountains sleep; the green bright sky over the earth that has grown forever silent also sleeps.

February, 1878.
СТАРУХА

Я шел по широкому полю, один.
И вдруг мне почудились легкие, осторожные шаги за моей спиной... Кто-то шел по моему следу.
Я оглянулся — и увидел маленькую, согбленную старушку, всю закутанную в серое лохмой трех. Лицо старушки одно виднелось из-под них: жестое, морщинистое, востроносое, беззубое лицо.
Я подошел к ней... Она остановилась.
— Кто ты? Чего тебе нужно? Ты нищая? Ждешь милостыни?
Старушка не отвечала. Я наклонился к ней и заметил, что оба глаза у неё были залпанны полупрозрачной,
I was walking along a spacious field, alone.
And suddenly I seemed to hear light, cautious steps behind my back... Someone was following my tracks.

I turned around and saw a tiny, bent old woman, all bundled up in gray rags. Only the face of the old woman was visible from under them: yellow, wrinkled, sharp-nosed, toothless.

I approached her... She stopped.

"Who are you? What do you want? Are you a pauper? Do you expect alms?"

The old woman did not reply. I bent over her and noticed that both her eyes were covered by a semi-transparent, whitish membrane or a film such as can be seen in some birds: they protect their eyes from dazzling light.

But in her, the membrane did not move or open the pupils... from which I concluded she was blind.

"Do you want alms?" I repeated my question. "Why are you following me?". But the old woman, as before, did not reply; she only shrunk a bit.

беловатой перепонкой, или плевой, какая бывает у иных птиц: они защищают её свои глаза от слишком яркого света.

Но у старушки та плева не двигалась и не открывала зениц... на чего я заключил, что она слепая.

— Хочешь милостыни? — повторил я свой вопрос.— Зачем ты идешь за мною? — Но старушка по-прежнему не отвечала, а только сжималась чуть-чуть.

Я отвернулся от нее и пошел своей дорогой.

И вот опять слышу я за собою те же легкие, мерные, словно крадущиеся шаги.

«Опять эта женщина! — подумалось мне.— Что она ко мне пристала? — Но я тут же мысленно прибавил: — Вероятно, она сослалась сблизилась с дороги, идет теперь по слуху за моими шагами, чтобы вместе со мной выйти в жилое место. Да, да; это так».

Но странное беспокойство постепенно овладело мною мыслями: мне начало казаться, что старушка не идет только за мною, но что она направляет меня, что она меня толкает то направо, то налево, и что я невольно повинуюсь ей.

Однако я продолжаю идти... Но вот впереди на самой моей дороге что-то чернеет и шептится... какая-то яма... «Могила! — свернуло у меня в голове.— Вот куда она толкает меня!»
I turned away from her and went on my way.
And again I heard behind me the same soft, measured, as if stealthy steps.
"Again this woman!," I thought. "Why has she attached herself to me?". But then I added in my mind: "Probably, being blind, she had lost her way and walks now by ear following my steps so as together with me to reach an inhabited place. Yes, yes; that's it."
But a strange uneasiness gradually overcame my thoughts; it began to seem to me that the old woman was not just following me but directing me; that she was driving me once to the right and once to the left and that I involuntarily obeyed her.
Yet I continued to walk... Then suddenly in the front of my road something turned black and large... a kind of pit... "A grave!" flashed through my mind. "That is where she is driving me!".
I abruptly turned around... The old woman was again before me... but she saw! She looked at me with large, evil, sinister eyes... the eyes of a bird of prey... I bent down to her face, to her eyes... Again the same membrane, the same blind and dull look...
"Ah," I thought... This old woman is my fate. That fate that man cannot escape!"
"No escape! No escape! What madness?... One must try." And I
turned to the side, in a different direction.

I walked quickly... But the light steps, as before, rustled behind me, closely, closely... And in front again darkened the pit.

I once more turned in a different direction... And the same rustle behind me and the same dreaded blur in front.

And no matter where I turned like a hunted hare... it was always the same, the same!

"Stop," I thought. "I shall fool her! I won't go anywhere!" and I promptly sat down on the ground.

The old woman stood behind me, two paces away. I did not hear her but felt she was there.

And suddenly I saw: the blur of darkness that glimmered from the distance, floated, crept by itself toward me!

God! I turned around... The old woman stared straight at me -- and the toothless mouth was twisted in a smile...

"You won't escape!".

February, 1878
СОБАКА

Нас двое в комнате: собака моя и я. На дворе веет страшная, неистовая буря.
Собака сидит передо мною — и смотрит мне прямо в глаза.
И я тоже гляжу ей в глаза.
Она словно хочет сказать мне что-то. Она немая, она без слов, она сама себя не понимает — но я ее понимаю.
Я понимаю, что в это мгновенье и в ней и во мне живет одно и то же чувство, что между нами нет никакой разницы. Мы тождественны; в каждом из нас горит и светится тот же трепетный огонек.
Смерть налетит, махнет на него своим холодным широким крылом...
И конец!
Кто потом разберет, какой именно в каждом из нас горел огонек?
Нет! Это не животное и не человек меняются взглядами...
Это две пары одинаковых глаз устремлены друг на друга.
И в каждой из этих пар, в животном и в человече — одна и та же жизнь жмется пугливо к другой.

Февраль, 1878
THE DOG

There are two of us in the room: my dog and I. Outside howls a dreadful, frenzied storm.

The dog sits in front of me - and looks me straight in the eyes.

I also look into its eyes.

It seems to want to tell me something. It is mute, it has no words, it does not understand itself -- but I do.

I understand that at this instant the dog and I share the same feeling, that between us there is no difference. We are identical: in each of us burns and glows the same anxious flame.

Death will come flying, striking it with its cold, broad wing...

And it will be the end!

Who will then make out what kind of a flame glowed in each of us?

No! this is not an animal and a man exchanging glances...

These are identical pairs of eyes riveted on each other.

And in each of these pairs, the animal and the human, one an the same life presses timidly against the other.

February, 1878
СОПЕРНИК

У меня был товарищ-соперник; не по занятиям, не по службе или любви; но наши воззрения ни в чем не сходились, и всякий раз, когда мы встречались, между нами возникали неслыханные споры.
Мы спорили обо всем: об искусстве, о религии, о науке, о земной и загробной — особенно о загробной жизни.
Он был человек верующий и восторженный. Однажды он сказал мне:
— Ты надо всем смеешься; но если я умру прежде тебя, то я являюсь к тебе с того света... Увидим, засмеешься ли ты тогда?
И он, точно, умер прежде меня, в молодых лентах еще будучи; но прошли года — и я позабыл об его обещании, об его угрозе.
Раз, ночью, я лежал в постели — и не мог, да и не хотел заснуть.
В комнате было ни темно, ни светло; я приселся
глядеть в седой полумрак.
И вдруг мне почудилось, что между двух окон стоит мой соперник — и тихо и печально качает сверху вниз головой.
Я не испугался — даже не удивился... но, приподнявшись слегка и опершись на локоть, стал еще приственно глядеть на неожиданно появившуюся фигуру.
Тот продолжал качать головой.

Но мой соперник не шептал ни единого звука — и только по-прежнему печально и покорно качал голову — сверху вниз.
Я засмейлся... он исчез.

Флеровъ, 1878
I had a comrade who was a rival: not professionally, not in the service, and not in love; but our opinions coincided in nothing and every time we met we engaged in endless disputes.

We argued about everything: art, religion, science, life -- terrestrial and afterlife -- especially afterlife.

He was a believer and an enthusiast. He once told me:

"You laugh at everything; but should I die before you, then I will appear to you from the other world... We shall see whether you will laugh then?"

And, indeed, he died before me, while still young. But years passed and I forgot about his promise, his threat.

Once, at night, I lay in my bed: I could not, and actually did not want to fall asleep.

The room was neither dark nor bright. I stared at the gray twilight.

And suddenly I had the feeling that between the two windows stood my rival, and silently, sadly nodded his head up and down.

I felt no fright, I was not even surprised, but raising myself a bit and leaning on my elbow, began still more intensely to gaze at the unexpected apparition.

He continued to nod his head.
"Well?" I said at last, "do you feel triumphant? Or do you feel sorry? What is this: a warning or a reproach?... Or do you admit that you were wrong? or that both of us were wrong? What are you experiencing? The torments of hell? The blessings of paradise? Say at least one word!

But my rival uttered not a single sound -- and only, as before, sadly and humbly kept nodding his head up and down.

I burst out laughing... he vanished.

February, 1878
НИЩИЙ

Я проходил по улице... меня остановил нищий, дряхлый старик.
Воспаленные, слезлиевые глаза, посинелые губы, першавые лохмотья, нечистые раны... О, как безобразно обглодала бедность это несчастное существо!
Он протягивал мне красную, опухшую, грызную руку... Он стонал, он мучал о помощи.
Я стал шарить у себя во всех карманах... Ни коселька, ни часов, ни даже платка... Я ничего не взял с собой.
А нищий ждал... и протянутая его рука слабо колыхалась и вздрагивала.
Потерянный, смущенный, я крепко пожал эту грызную, трепетную руку...
— Не взьщи, брат; нет у меня ничего, брат.
Нищий уставил на меня свои воспаленные глаза; его синие губы усмехнулись — и он в свою очередь стиснул мои похолодевшие пальцы.
— Что же, брат,— прошептал он,— и на том спасибо. Это тоже подаяние, брат.
Я понял, что и я получил подаяние от моего брата.

Февраль, 1878
THE BEGGAR

Once, while walking on the street, I was accosted by a beggar, a decrepit old man.

Bloodshot, tearful eyes, blue lips, coarse rags, dirty wounds... How ugly seemed the poverty of this unfortunate being!

He held out to me his red, swollen, filthy hand... He groaned, he mumbled for help.

I groped in all my pockets... No purse, no watch, not even a handkerchief... I had taken nothing with me.

And the beggar waited... his outstretched hand swayed and shook feebly.

Abashed, embarrassed, I firmly pressed that filthy, trembling hand...

"I can't give you anything, brother... I have nothing, brother"

The beggar fixed on me his bloodshot eyes; his blue lips smiled -- and he, in turn, pressed my chilly fingers.

"So what, brother," he mumbled, "and thanks for this. This, too, is alms."

And I understood that I had received alms from my brother.

February, 1878
«УСЛЫШИШЬ СУД ГЛУПЦА...»

Ты всегда говорил правду, великий наш певец; ты сказал ее и на этот раз. «Суд глупца и смех толпы»... Кто не изведал и того и другого?
Всё это можно — и должно переносить; а кто в силах — пусть презирает!
Но есть удары, которые больше бьют по самому сердцу. Человек сделал всё что мог; работал усердно, любовно, честно... И чистые души гадливо отворачиваются от него; честные лица загораются негодованием при его имени.

— Удались! Ступай вон! — кричат ему честные молодые голоса.— Ни ты нам не нужен, ни твой труд; ты оскверняешь наш жилище — ты нас не знаешь и не понимаешь... Ты наш враг!

Что тогда делать этому человеку? Продолжать трудиться, не пытаться оправдываться — и даже не ждать более справедливой оценки.
Некогда земледельцы проклинали путешественника, принесшего им картофель, замену хлеба, ежедневную пищу бедняка. Они выбивали из протянутых к ним рук драгоценный дар, бросали его в грязь, топтали ногами.
Теперь они питаются им — и даже не ведают имени своего благодетеля.
Пускай! На что им его имя? Он, и бессильный, спасает их от голода.
Будем стараться только о том, чтобы принесшее нами было чисто полезной пищей.
Горька неправая укоризна в устах людей, которых любишь... Но перенести можно и это...
«Бей меня! но выслушай!» — говорил афинский вождь спартанскому.
«Бей меня — но будь здоров и сыт!» — должны говорить мы.

Февраль, 1878
"YOU SHALL HEAR THE JUDGEMENT OF A FOOL..."  

Pushkin

You have always told the truth, our great bard; you have told it this time, too.

"The judgment of the fool and the laughter of the crowd" -- who has not experienced the one and the other?

All this can and should be borne; and whoever is strong enough, let him treat it with contempt!

But there are blows which inflict pain on the very heart. A man has done all he could: he has worked hard, lovingly, honestly... And honest souls turned away from him in disgust; upright persons burned with indignation at the mention of his name.

"Go away! Be off!" shout at him honest young voices. "We have no use either for you or your work; you defile our dwelling places -- you don't know us, you don't understand us... You are our enemy!"

---

Turgenev lifted this title from Pushkin's sonnet "To the poet" in which Pushkin urged bards, as "tsars," to ignore the judgement of the crowd. The "poem" was Turgenev's reaction to the unfavorable reviews of his most recent novel, Virgin Soil. "Beat me, but listen" are the words Themistocles, the Athenian, shouted to Eurybiades, the Spartan, before the battle of Salamis, when, according to Plutarch, they quarrelled and Eurybiades was about to strike Themistocles with his staff.
What should this man do? Continue working, desist from justifying himself? -- and not even await a fairer judgement?

There was a time when tillers of the soil cursed the traveler who had brought them the potato to replace bread, the daily food of the pauper. They cast from the proffered hands the precious gift, tossed it into the mud, trampled it with their feet.

Now they feed on it and don't even know their benefactor's name.

So be it! Why do they need his name? And he, nameless, has saved them from hunger.

We will strive only that the food we bring is truly wholesome.

Bitter, unjust reproach on the lips of people whom you love... But one can endure that too...

"Beat me! But listen!" said the Athenian leader to the Spartan.

"Beat me -- but be healthy and well fed" we ought to say.

February, 1878
ДОВОЛЬНЫЙ ЧЕЛОВЕК

По улице столицы мчится вприпрыжку молодой еще человек. Его движения веселы, бойкие; глаза сияют, улыбается улыбка, приятно алеет умилённое лицо... Он весь — довольство и радость.

Что с ним случилось? Досталось ли ему наследство? Повысили ли его чином? Спешит ли он на любовное свиданье? Или просто он хорошо позавтракал — и чувство здоровья, чувство сытой силы взыграло во всех его членах? Уж не возложили ли на его шею твой красивый осямнугольный крест, о польский король Станислав!

Нет. Он сочинил клевету на знакомого, распростра

нил ее тщательно, услышал ее, эту самую клевету, из уст другого знакомого — и сам ей повериц.

О, как доволен, как даже добр в эту минуту этот милый, многообещающий молодой человек!

Февраль, 1878
A CONTENTED MAN

On the street of the capital city tears along a young man. His movements are merry, bold; his eyes sparkle, his lips grin, his nice face is flushed... He is all contentment and joy.

What had happened to him? Did he secure an inheritance? Was he promoted? Is he hurrying to a love tryst? Or has he simply had a good breakfast -- and the feeling of health, the feeling of satiety is at work in all his limbs? Perhaps they have placed on his neck the lovely, eight-pointed cross, oh Polish king Stanislaus!

No. He had concocted slander about an acquaintance, has assiduously spread it, heard the same slander from the lips of another acquaintance -- and has come himself to believe it!

Oh, how contented, how even good at this instant is this amiable, promising youth!

February, 1878

* The order of St. Stanislaus, adopted from Poland, was the customary first award bestowed on Russian officials.
ЖИТЕЙСКОЕ ПРАВИЛО

— Если вы желаете хорошо несольить и даже повредить противнику,— говорил мне один старый пройдоха,— то упрекайте его в том самом недостатке или пороке, который вы за собою чувствуете. Негодуйте... и упрекайте!

Во-первых — это заставит других думать, что у вас этого порока нет.

Во-вторых — негодование ваше может быть даже искренним... Вы можете воспользоваться укорами собственной совести.

Если вы, например, денегат,— упрекайте противника в том, что у него нет убеждений!

Если вы сами лакей в душе,— говорите ему с укоризной, что он лакей... лакей цивилизации, Европы, социализма!

— Можно даже сказать: лакей безлакейства! — заметил я.

— И это можно,— подхватил пройдоха.

Февраль, 1878
THE RULE OF LIFE

"If you want really to annoy an opponent and even to harm him," told me an old knave, "then reproach him with the very failing or vice of which you are conscious in yourself. Express indignation... and reproach!"

"To begin with, this will persuade others to think that you don't suffer from this vice."

"Secondly your indignation may even be sincere... You can use the pangs of your own conscience."

"If, for example, you are a turncoat, reproach your opponent with lacking convictions!"

"If you yourself have the soul of a toady, tell him reproachfully that he is a toady... the toady of civilization, of Europe, of socialism!"

"One can also say that he is the toady of the non-toadyists," I observed.

"This too can be done," the knave picked up.

February, 1878
КОНЕЦ СВЕТА

сон

Чудилось мне, что я находюсь где-то в России, в глухо, в простом деревенском доме.

Комната большая, низкая, в три окна; стены вымазаны белой краской; мебели нет. Перед домом голая равнина; постепенно понижаясь, уходит она вдаль; серое, одноцветное небо висит над нею как полог.

Я не один; человек десять с ними в комнате. Люди всё простые, просто одетые; они ходят вдоль и поперек, молча, словно крадучись. Они избегают друг друга — и, однако, беспристрастно меняются тревожными взорами.

Ни один не знает: зачем он попал в этот дом и что за люди с ним? На всех лицах беспокойство и уныние... все поочередно подходят к окнам и внимательно оглядываются, как бы ожидая чего-то извне.

Потом опять принимаются бродить вдоль и поперек. Между нами вертится небольшого росту мальчик; от времени до времени он пишет тонким, однозвучным голосом: "Татьянишка, беюсь!" — Мне тоска на сердце от этого ниску — и я тоже начинаю бояться... чего? не знаю сам. Только я чувствую: идет и близится большая, большая беда.

А мальчик нет, нет — да запишите. Ах, как бы уйти отсюда! Как муcho! Как тосно! Как тяжело!.. Но уйти невозможно.
I imagined that I was somewhere in Russia, in the wilds, in a simple village house.

The room was large, low, and had three windows. The walls were whitewashed. There was no furniture. In front of the house, a barren plateau. Gradually sloping downwards, it stretched into the distance. A gray, monochrome sky hung over it like a curtain.

I was not alone; there were ten other people in the room. They were simple folk, simply dressed; they walked up and down, silently, stealthily. They avoided one another, and yet, constantly exchanged fearful looks.

None of them knew why he has found himself in this house and who were these people? On all faces there was anxiety and despondency... all, in turn, walked up to the windows and intently gazed about as if expecting something from the outside.

Then again they strolled up and down. Among us wandered a small boy. From time to time he whimpered in a fragile voice "Daddy, I am afraid!" My heart was weary of this whimper -- and I, too, began to feel fear... of what? I did not know myself. But I did feel: some terrible, terrible disaster was drawing near.

And the lad kept up his whimper. Oh, how to get away from here! How stifling! How torpid! How heavy!... But it was
Это небо — точно саван. И ветра нет... Умер воздух, что ли?
Вдруг мальчик подскочил к окну и закричал тем же жалобным голосом:
— Гляньте! гляньте! земля провалилась!
— Как? провалилась?!
Точно: прежде перед домом была равнина, а теперь он стоит на вершине страшной горы! Небосклон упал, ушел вниз, а от самого дома спускается почти отвесная, точно разрытая, черная крucha.
Мы все столпились у окон... Ужас леденит наши сердца.
— Вот оно... вот оно! — шепчет мой сосед.
И вот вдоль всей далекой земной грани зашильвилось что-то, стали подниматься и падать какие-то небольшие круглые бугорки.
«Это — море! — подумалось всем нам в одно и то же мгновение. — Оно сейчас нас всех затопит... Только как же оно может расти и подниматься вверх? На эту кручу?»
И, однако, оно растет, растет громадно... Это уже не отдельные бугорки мечутся вдали... Одна сплошная чудовищная волна обхватывает весь круг небосклона.

Она летит, летит на нас! Морозным вихрем несется она, крутится тьмой кромешной. Всё задрожало вокруг — а там, в этой налетающей громаде, и треск, и гром, и тысячегортанный, железный лай...
impossible to get away.

That sky -- like a shroud. And no wind... Has the air died?

Suddenly the boy ran to the window and shouted with a
mournful voice:

"Look! Look! The earth has collapsed!"

"How? collapsed?!"

Precisely: previously, in front of the house had stretched a
plain, and now it stood on the peak of a terrible mountain! The
horizon has sunk, it has fallen down, from the house there hang a
steep, scooped out, black cliff.

We all crowded at the window... Horror froze our hearts.

"There it is... there it is!" whispered my neighbor.

And there, along the distant earth's edge, something
stirred, some kind of small, round hills began to rise and fall.

"It is the sea!" we all thought at one and the same time.
"It will soon drown all of us... Yet how can it grow and rise up
to this cliff?"

However it did grow, grow mightily... These were not
separate hills that heaved in the distance... A single, enormous
wave covered the entire circle of the sky.

It flies, flies toward us! It is propelled by an icy
whirlwind, reeling in outer darkness. Everything around us shakes
-- and there, in this approaching mass, there is crackling, and
thunder, and the wail of thousands of throats...
Га! Какой рев и вой! Это земля завыла от страха...
Конец ей! Конец всему!
Мальчик пискнул еще раз... Я хотел было ухватиться за товарищей, но мы уже все раздавлены, погребены, потоплены, унесены той, как чернила черной, льдистой, грохочущей волной!
Темнота... темнота вечная!
Едва переводя дыхание, я проснулся.

Март, 1878
Ah! What a roar and howl! The earth has roared from fear...
It is its end! It's the end of everything!
The child has whimpered one more time... I wanted to cling
to my companions, but we were already crushed, buried, drowned,
carried off by the water -- black like ink, icy, roaring wave!
Darkness... eternal darkness!
Scarcely breathing, I woke up.

March, 1878
МАША

Проживая — много лет тому назад — в Петербурге, я, всякий раз как мне случалось нанимать извозчика, вступал с ним в беседу.

Особенно любил я беседовать с ночными извозчиками, бедными подгородными крестьянами, прибывшими в столицу с окрашенными вохрой саниками и плохой клячонкой — в надежде и самим прокормиться и собрать на оброк господам.

Вот однажды нанял я такого извозчика... Парень лет двадцати, рослый, статный, молодец молодцом; глаза голубые, щеки румяные; русые волосы вьются колечками из-под надвинутой на самые брови заплатанной шапочки. И как только налез этот рваный армяшко на эти богатырские плечи!

Однако красивое безбородое лице извозчика казалось печальным и хмурым.

Разговорился я с ним. И в голосе его слышалась печаль.

— Что, брат? — спросил я его.— Отчего ты не велел? Али горе есть какое?

Парень не тотчас отвечал мне.
When many years ago I lived in Petersburg, every time I hired a cabby. I engaged him in conversation.

I especially enjoyed conversing with the nighttime cabbies, poor out of town peasants, who came into the city in their little ochre-painted sledges and with wretched horses in the hope of getting something to eat and earning money to pay their masters quit-rent.

One day I hired such a cabman... He was a youth some twenty years old, tall, stately, a splendid lad. He had blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, light brown hair curled in little ringlets under the patched cap that covered his eyebrows. And how did he ever draw this torn smock over those heroic shoulders!

But the handsome, beardless face of the cabby appeared sad and sullen.

"What's the matter, brother?" I asked him, "Why aren't you cheerful? Have you had some trouble?"

The youth did not answer right away.

— Есть, барин, есть,— промолвил он наконец.— Да и таковое, что лучше быть не надо. Жена у меня померла.
— Ты ей любил... жену-то свою?

Парень не обернулся ко мне; только голову наклонил немного.
— Любил, барин. Восьмой месяц пошел... а не могу забыть. Глежит мне сердце... да и ну! И с чего ей было помирать-то? Молодая! здоровая!.. В один день холера порешила.
— И добрая она была у тебя?
— Ах, барин! — тяжело вздохнул бедняк.— И как же дружно мы жили с ней! Без меня скончалась. Я как узнал здесь, что ее, значит, уже похоронили,— сейчас в деревню поспешил, домой. Приехал — а уж за полночь стало. Вопшел я к себе в избу, остановился посреди и говорю так-то тихошенько: «Маша! а Маша!» Только сверчок трещит. Заплакал я тут же, сел на избяной пол,— да ладонью по земле как хлопну! «Ненасытная! говорю, утроба!.. Сожрала ты ей... сожрала ж и меня! Ах, Маша!»
— Маша! — прибавил он внезапно упавшим голосом. И, не выпуская из рук веревочных вожжей, он выдавил рукавицей из глаз слезу, стряхнул ее, сбросил в сторону, повел плечами — и уж больше не произнес ни слова.

Сказав с саней, я дал ему лишний пятиалтынный. Он поклонился мне низкошенько, взявши с обеими руками за шапку,— и понесся шажком по снежной скатерти пустынной улицы, залитой седым туманом язварского мороза.

Апрель, 1878
"Yes, sir, I have," he said at last, "And such trouble that it could not be worse. My wife has died."

"You loved her... this wife of yours?"
The youth did not turn around but only nodded slightly.

"Yes, I loved her, sir. Eight months have passed... and I can't forget. My heart is in torment... yes! And why did she have to die? She was young, healthy!... And in one day cholera carried her off."

"And was she good to you?"

"Ah, sir," gravely sighed the poor fellow, "And how we lived in friendship! She died while I was away. And as soon as I learned that they have buried her, I hurried to the village, home. I arrived -- it was after midnight. I went into my cottage, stopped in the middle and whispered softly: "Masha! Masha!". Only a cricket chirped. I cried, sat down on the hut's floor -- and began to pound it with my hand! "Greedy earth!" I said, "You swallowed her... Swallow me too! Ah, Masha!"

"Masha!, " he said suddenly with a sinking voice. And without letting go of the cord reins, with his sleeve he wiped from his eyes a tear, shook it off, threw it aside, shrugged his shoulders, and did not utter another word.

Having gotten out of the sledge, I gave him a fiver above his fare. He bowed low to me, having put both hands to his cap, and drove off at a slow pace over the snowy surface of the
deserted street covered by the gray mist of a January frost.

April, 1878
ДУРАК

Жил-был на свете дурак.
Долгое время он жил припеваючи; но постепенно стали доходить до него слухи, что он всюду слышен за безмозглого поплека.
Смутился дурак и начал печалиться о том, как бы прекратить те неприятные слухи?
Внезапная мысль озарила наконец его темный умшок... И он, нимало не медля, привел ее в исполнение.

Встретился ему на улице знакомый — и принялся хвалить известного живописца...
— Помилуйте! — воскликнул дурак. — Живописец этот давно сдан в архив... Вы этого не знаете? Я от вас этого не ожидал... Вы — отсталый человек.
Знакомый испугался — и тотчас согласился с дураком.
— Какую прекрасную книгу я прочел сегодня! — говорил ему другой знакомый.
— Помилуйте! — воскликнул дурак. — Как вам не стыдно? Никуда эта книга не годится; все на нее давно махнули рукой. Вы этого не знаете? Вы — отсталый человек.
И этот знакомый испугался — и согласился с дураком.
THE FOOL

Once upon a time there lived a fool.

He had long lived in peace and contentment, but gradually rumors reached him that he had everywhere the reputation of a vulgar fool.

This saddened him and he began to wonder gloomily how to put an end to these unpleasant rumors.

A sudden idea illuminated his dull brain... And without delay he put it into practice.

He met on the street an acquaintance who began to praise a well-known painter.

"Upon my word!," the fool exclaimed, "This painter has long ago been out of date... You don't know it? I did not expect this of you... You are behind the times."

The acquaintance got frightened -- and promptly agreed with the fool.

"What a splendid book I read today!", told him another acquaintance.

"Upon my word!", the fool exclaimed, "Are you not ashamed? This book is worthless; it has long been repudiated. You don't know it? You are behind the times."

And this acquaintance also got alarmed and agreed with the
— Что за чудесный человек мой друг Н. Н.! — говорил дураку третий знакомый.— Вот истинно благородное существо!
— Помилуйте! — воскликнул дурак.— Н. Н.— заведомый подлец! Родию всю ограбил. Кто ж этого не знает? Вы — отсталый человек!
Третий знакомый тоже испугался — и согласился с дураком, отступил от друга.
И кого бы, что бы ни хвалили при дураке — у него на всё была одна отповедь.
Разве иногда прибавит с укоризной:
— А вы всё ещё верите в авторитеты?
— Злюка! Желчевик! — начали толковать о дураке его знакомые.— Но какая голова!
— И какой язык! — прибавляли другие.— О, да он талант!
Кончилось тем, что издатель одной газеты предложил дураку заведовать у него критическим отделом.
И дурак стал критиковать всё и всех, нисколько не меняя ни манеры своей, ни своих восклицаний.
Теперь он, кричащий некогда против авторитетов,— сам авторитет — и юноши перед ним благоговей и боятся его.
Да и как им быть, бедным юношам? Хоть и не следует, вообще говоря, благоговеть... но тут, поди, не возблагоговей — в отсталые люди попадаешь!
Жить дуракам между трусами.

Апрель, 1878
fool.

"What a splendid fellow is my friend N.N.!!" a third acquaintance said to the fool. - "Here is a truly noble being!!."

"Upon my word!!," exclaimed the fool, "N.N. is a notorious scoundrel! He has robbed all his relatives. Who does not know that? You are behind the times!!"

The third acquaintance also got frightened and agreed with the fool, forsaking his friend.

And no matter whom and what they would praise to the fool he always responded the same way.

Sometimes he would add, reproachfully:

"And you still believe in authorities??"

"What a nag! What a malignant man!!," his acquaintances began to say about him, "But what a brain!!"

"And what a tongue!!," others would add, "Oh, yes, he has talent!!"

It ended that the publisher of a newspaper offered the fool the management of the reviewing department.

And the fool began to criticize everything and everybody in no way changing his manner or his exclamations.

Now he, who had once declaimed against authorities is himself an authority and youths treat him with reverence and fear him.

And, indeed, what can they do, the poor youths? Even though
one shouldn't, as a rule, venerate anyone... but, I dare say, if you don't venerate him you find yourself among people who are behind the times!

Fools have a good time among cowards.

April, 1878
ВОСТОЧНАЯ ЛЕГЕНДА

Кто в Багдаде не знает великого Джаффара, солнца вселенной?

Однажды, много лет тому назад, — он был еще юношей, — прогуливаясь Джаффар в окрестностях Багдада.

Вдруг до слуха его долетел хриплый крик: кто-то отчаянно взывал о помощи.

Джаффар отличался между своими сверстниками благоразумием и обдуманностью; но сердце у него было жалостливое — и он надеялся на свою силу.

Он побежал на крик и увидел дряхлого старика, притиснутого к городской стене двумя разбойниками, которые его грабили.

Джаффар выхватил свою саблю и напал на злоодеев: одного убил, другого прогнал.
Who in Baghdad does not know the great Jaffar, the sun of the universe?

Once -- many years ago, when he was still a youth -- Jaffar took a walk in the outskirts of Baghdad.

Suddenly he heard a hoarse cry: someone was desperately calling for help.

Jaffar was renowned among his contemporaries for prudence and thoughtfulness; but he had a compassionate heart and relied on his strength.

He ran toward the cry and saw a decrepit old man pressed against the city wall by two bandits who were robbing him.

Jaffar drew his sabre and attacked the bandits: he killed one and drove away the other.
The freed old man fell to the feet of his savior and, kissing the hem of his garment, exclaimed:

"Brave youth! Your magnanimity will not be left without reward. To look at -- I am a poor beggar; but only to look at. I am no ordinary man. Come tomorrow, early in the morning, to the main bazaar. I shall be awaiting you at the fountain and you will be convinced of the justice of my words."

Jaffar thought: "To all appearances he really is a beggar. But everything is possible. Why not try?" - and replied:

"Very well, my father. I shall come."

The old man looked into his eyes and went away.

The following morning, when it was barely light, Jaffar set out for the bazaar. The old man was awaiting him, leaning with his elbow against the marble basin of the fountain.

He took Jaffar's hand in silence and led him to a small garden surrounded on all sides by high walls.

In the very center of this garden, on a green lawn, grew a tree of unusual appearance.

It resembled a cypress except that its foliage was blue.

Three fruits -- three apples -- hung from the lean, upward-bent branches. One was of medium size, longish, milky white; the second was large, round, bright red; the third was tiny, wrinkled, yellowish.

The whole tree slightly stirred although there was no wind.
Освобожденный старец пал к ногам своего избавителя и, обняв края его одежды, воскликнул:
— Храбрый юноша, твое величие не останется без награды. На вид я — убогий нищий; но только на вид. Я человек не простой. Приходи завтра ранним утром на главный базар; я буду ждать тебя у фонтана — и ты убедишься в справедливости моих слов.
Джинаффар подумал: «На вид человек этот нищий, точно; однако — всяко бывает. Отчего не попытаться?» — и отвечал:
— Хорошо, отец мой; приду.
Старик заглянул ему в глаза — и удалился.
На другое утро, чуть забрезжил свет, Джинаффар отправился на базар. Старик уже ожидал его, обложившись на мраморную чашу фонтана.
Молча взял он Джинаффара за руку и привел его в небольшой сад, со всех сторон окруженный высокими стенами.

По самой середине этого сада, на зеленой лужайке, росло дерево необыкновенного вида.
Оно походило на кипарис; только листва на нем была лазоревого цвета.
Три плода — три яблока — висело на тонких, кверху загнутых ветках; одно средней величины, продолговатое, молочно-белое; другое большое, круглое, ярко-красное; третье маленькое, сморщенное, желтоватое.
Всё дерево слабо шумело, хотя и не было ветра. Оно звенело тихо и жалобно, словно стеклянное; казалось, оно чувствовало приближение Джинаффара.
— Юноша! — промолвил старец.— Сорвис любой из этих плодов и знай: сорвешь и съешь белый — будешь умнее всех людей; сорвешь и съешь красный — будешь богат, как еврей Ротшильд; сорвешь и съешь желтый — будешь правиться старым женщинам. Репайся!...
— Не мешай. Через час и плоды завянут, и само дерево уойдет в темную глубь земли!
Джинаффар посмотрел голову — и задумался.
— Как тут поступить? — проникся он вполголоса, как бы рассудя сам с собою.— Сделаешь съешь умным — пожалуй, жить не захотется; сделаешься богаче всех людей — будешь все тебе завидовать; лучше же я сорву и съем третье, сморщенное яблоко!
Он так и поступил; а старец засмеялся беззубым смехом и промолвил:
— О мудрейший юноша! Ты избрал благую часть! На что тебе белое яблоко? Ты и так умнее Соломона. Красное яблоко также тебе не нужно... И без него ты будешь богат. Только богатству твоему никто завидовать не станет.
— Поведай мне, старец, — промолвил, встрепенувшись, Джинаффар,— где живет почтенная мать нашего богоспасаемого халифа?
Старик поклонился до земли — и указал юноше дорогу.
Кто в Багдаде не знает солница вселенной, великого знаменитого Джинаффара?

*Апрель, 1878*
It rang delicately and mournfully, as if made of glass. It seemed to sense Jaffar's approach.

"Young man!," the old man said, "pick any of these fruits, and know: if you pluck and eat the white -- you will become wiser than all humans. If you pluck and eat the red one -- you will be as rich as the Jew Rothschild. If you pluck and eat the yellow fruit -- you will appeal to old women. Decide! and do not loiter. In an hour the fruits will wither and the tree itself will sink into the silent depth of the earth!"

Jaffar hung his head and pondered.

"What is to be done?" he uttered under his breath, as if debating with himself. "If you become too wise very likely you will not want to live. If you become richer than everyone, then everyone will envy you. Better that I pull down and eat the third, the wrinkled apple!"

And that's what he did. And the old man laughed with toothless mirth and said:

"Oh, you wisest of youths! You have chosen the fortunate part! Why do you need the white apple? You are already wiser than Solomon. You also don't need the red apple... Even without it you will be rich. Only no one will envy you your wealth."

"Tell me, old man," said Jaffar, rousing himself, "where lives the venerable mother of our blessed caliph?"

The old man bowed to the ground and showed the youth the
road.

Who in Baghdad does not know the sun of the universe, the great, the renowned Jaffar?

April, 1878
ДВА ЧЕТВЕРОСТИШИЯ

- Существовал некогда город, жители которого до того страстно любили поэзию, что если проходило не
сколько недель и не появлялось новых прекрасных
стихов,— они считали такой поэтический неурожай
общественным бедствием.

Они надеялись тогда свои худшие одежды, посыпали
пеплом головы — и, собираясь толпами на площадях,
проливали слезы, горько роптали на музы, покинувшую
их.

В один подобный желополудный день молодой поэт
Юний появился на площади, переполненной скорбев-
шим народом.

Пронзярыны шагами валялся он на особенно
устроенный амфон — и подал знак, что ждет произ-
нести стихотворение.

Ликторы тотчас замахали жезлами.

— Молчание! внимание! — зычно возопили они —
и толпа затихла, выжидаля.

— Друзья! Товарищи! — начал Юний громким, но
не совсем твердым голосом:

Друзья! Товарищи! Любители стихов!
Поклонники всего, что стройно и красиво!
Да не смущает вас мгновенье грусти темной!
Придет желанный тют... и свет рассеет тьму!

32А
TWO QUATRAINS

There once was a town whose inhabitants so loved poetry that if several weeks passed and no new beautiful verses made their appearance they treated such poetic dearth as a public calamity. They dressed then in their worst clothes and sprinkled ashes on their heads, and gathered in crowds on the square. They shed tears, bitterly complaining about the muse that had deserted them.

On one such ill-starred day the young poet Junius appeared on the square, crowded with the grieving populace.

With nimble steps he climbed the specially constructed pulpit and gave a signal that he wished to recite a poem.

The lictors at once waved their staffs.

"Silence! Attention!" they loudly shouted, "and the crowd fell silent, expectant.

"Friends! Comrades!" began Julius with a loud but not quite firm voice.

"Friends! Comrades! Lovers of verse! Admirers of all that is orderly and fine!

Do not despair at this moment of gloom! The desired moment will come... and light will banish darkness!"
Юний умолк... и в ответ ему, со всех концов площади, поднялся гам, свист, хохот.
Все обращенные к нему лица пылали негодованием, все глаза сверкали злобой, все руки поднимались, угрожали, сжимались в кулаки!
— Чем вам удивить! — ревели сердитые голоса.— Долой с амвона бездарного рифмоплета! Вон дурак! Навешенными яблоками, тухлыми яйцами шуто горохового! Подайте камней! Камней суда!
— Кубарем скатился с амвона Юний... но он еще не успел прибежать к себе домой, как до слуха его долетели раскаты восторженных рукоплесканий, хвалебных возгласов и кличей.

Исполненный недоуменья, стоя на месте, однако, не был замеченным (ибо опасно раздражать зацветшего зверя), возвратился Юний на площадь.
И что же он увидел?
Высоко над толпою, над ее плечами, на золотом пласком щите, обложенном пурпурной хламидой, с лавровым венком на взвышенных кудрях, стоял его соперник, молодой поэт Юний... А народ вопил кругом:
— Слава! Слава! Слава бессмертному Юнии! Он утешал нас в нашей печали, в нашем горе великом! Он
Julius fell silent... and in response from all sides of the square rose a din, whistling, mirth.

All the faces turned to him expressed indignation, all eyes sparkled with anger, all hands went up, threateningly, pressed into fists!

"What he thought to amaze us with!" bellowed angry voices.

"Down from the pulpit with the inept rhymester! Down with the fool! Throw rotten apples, rancid eggs at the buffoon! Give stones! Stones here!"

Julius rushed from the pulpit head over heels... but he had not yet reached his home when he heard peals of enthusiastic applause, shouts and cries of praise.

Astonished, trying, however, to be unnoticed (because it is dangerous to provoke an infuriated beast), Junius returned to the square.

And what did he see?

High above the crowd, above its shoulders, on a flat golden shield, crowned with a purple mantle, with a laurel wreath on his flowing locks, stood his rival, the young poet Julius... And the people shouted:

"Glory! Glory! Glory to the immortal Julius! He has comforted us in our sorrow, in our great grief! He gave us verses that are sweeter than honey, more sonorous than cymbals, more fragrant than roses, purer that heavenly azure! Carry him in
подержал нас стихами, слаще меду, звучнее кимвала,
душевнее розы, чище небесной лазури! Несите его
с торжеством, обдавайте его вдохновенную голову мягкой
волной филянов, прохлаждайте его холодным
колебанием пальмовых ветвей, расточайте у ног его
всё благовония аравийских мирр! Слава!
Юний приблизился к одному из славословящих.
— Поведай мне, о мой согражданин! Какими стихами
осчастливил вас Юний? Увы! меня не было на
площади, когда он произнес их! Повтори их, если ты
их запомнил, сделай долю!
— Такие стихи — да не запомни! — ревно ответствовал вопрошенный. — За кого ж ты меня прини-
маешь? Слушай — и ликуй, ликуй вместе с нами!
«Любители стихов!» — так начал божественный
Юний...
Любители стихов! Товарищи! Друзья!
Поклонники всего, что стройно, звучно, нежно!
Да не смущает вас мгновенье скорби яркой!
Желанный мыг придет — и день прогонит ночь!
— Каково?
— Помилуй! — возопил Юний,— да это мои стихи! Юний, должно быть, находился в толпе, когда я
произнес их,— он услышал и повторил их, едва изме-
нив,— и уж, конечно, не к лучшему,— несколько вы-
ражений!
— Ага! Теперь я узнаю тебя... Ты Юний,— возо-
разил, насущив брови, остановленный им гражда-
ни.— Завистник или глупец!.. Сообрази только одно,
triumph, crown his inspired head with the soft breath of incense, cool his brow with rhythmic waves of palm leaves, spread under his feet all the fragrances of Arabian myrrh! Glory!"

Junius approached one of the applauding enthusiasts.

"Tell me, fellow citizen! With what verses did Julius make you happy? Alas, I was not on the square when he pronounced them! Repeat them, if you remember, do me a favor!"

"Such verses -- how can one not remember them?" ardently replied the person asked. "For whom do you take me? Listen -- and rejoice, rejoice together with us!"

"Lovers of poetry!" thus began divine Julius,

"Lovers of poetry! Comrades! Friends! Admirers of all that is orderly and nice!

Let not trouble you the instant of gloom!
The desired moment will come... and the day will banish night!"

"Well, what do you think of this?"

"Heavens!," Junius cried, "Those are my verses! Apparently Julius was in the crowd when I recited them. He has heard and repeated them, with hardly a change in a few expressions -- and, of course, hardly for the better!"

"Aha! Now I recognize you... You are Junius," objected, knitting his brows, the citizen whom he had stopped. "Envious man or fool!... Consider only one thing, you unfortunate! Julius
нечастный! У Юлия как возвращенно сказано: «И
dень прогонит ночь...» А у тебя — чепуха какая-то;
«И свет рассеет тьму»?! Какой свет?! Какую тьму?!
— Да разве это не всё едино...— начал было
Юний...
— Прибавь еще слово,— перебил его гражданин,—
я крикну народу... и он тебя растерзает!
Юний благоразумно умолк, а слышавший его раз-
говор с гражданином седовласый старец подошел к
бедному поэту и, положив ему руку на плечо, про-
молвил:
— Юний! Ты сказал свое — да не вовремя; а тот
не свое сказал — да вовремя. Следовательно, он
прав — а тебе остаются утешения собственной твоей
совести.
Но пока совесть — как могла и как умела... до-
вольно плохо, правду сказать — утешала приживше-
гося к сторонке Юния,— вдали, среди грома и плеска
ликований, в золотой пыли всепобедного солнца, бли-
стой пурпуров, темней лавром сквозь волнистые струи
обильных фимиамов, с величественной медленностью,
подобно царю, шествующему на царство, плавно двига-
лась гордо выпрямленная фигура Юлия... и длинные вет-
ви пальм поочередно склонялись перед ним, как бы выра-
жая своим тихим вздыханьем, своим покорным накло-
ном — то непрестанно возобновляющееся обожание, ко-
торое переполняло сердца очарованных им сограждан!

Апрель, 1878
sublimely said "And the day will oust the night!..." And you said some nonsense: "light will banish darkness?!" What light? what darkness?!

"But isn't it all the same..." Junius began...

"Say another word," interrupted him the citizen,"and I shall shout to the people... and they will tear you to pieces!".

Junius prudently fell silent and a gray-haired old man who had overheard his conversation with the citizen approached the poor poet and, having rested a hand on his shoulder, said:

"Junius! You said what you had to say out of turn; and he said what was not his in good time. Hence he is right -- and you will have your conscience to console you."

But while his conscience had been able to console Junius, who had moved to the side -- rather poorly, to tell the truth -- in the distance, among the thunderclap and splash of rejoicing, in the golden fervor of the all-conquering sun, resplendent in purple, his brow shaded with laurel through the wavy clouds of undulating incense, with grand slowness, like a tsar entering his kingdom, smoothly advanced the proudly erect figure of Julius...

And the long branches of palms duly bowed to him as if expressing with their humble bows that ever-renewed adoration which overfilled the citizens whom he had charmed!

April, 1878
ВОРОБЕЙ

Я возвращался с охоты и шел по аллее сада. Собака бежала впереди меня.
Вдруг она уменьшила свои шаги и начала красться, как бы зачахнув перед собою дичь.
Я глянул вдоль аллее и увидел молодого воробья с желтазой около клюва и пухом на голове. Он упал из гнезда (ветер сильно качал березы аллеи) и сидел неподвижно, беспомощно растопырив едва прорастшие крылышки.

Моя собака медленно приближалась к нему, как вдруг, сорвавшись с близкого дерева, старый черногрудой воробей камнем упал перед самой ее мордой — и весь взверошенный, искаженный, с отчаянным и жалким писком прыгнул раза два в направлении зубастой раскрытой пасти.
Он ринулся спасать, он заслонил собою свое детице... но всё его маленькое тело трепетало от ужаса, голосок одичал и охрип, он замер, он жертвовал собою!
Каким громадным чудовищем должна была ему казаться собака! И все-таки он не мог усидеть на своей высокой, безопасной ветке... Сила, сильнее его воли, сбросила его оттуда.
Мой Трезор остановился, попятился... Видно, и он признал эту силу.
Я поспешил отозвать смущенного пса — и удалился, благоговея.
Да; не смейтесь. Я благоговел перед той маленькой героической птицей, перед любовным ее пылком.
Любовь, думал я, сильнее смерти и страха смерти. Только ею, только любовь держится и движется жизнь.

Апрель, 1878
I was returning from a hunt and walking along the garden path. My dog ran ahead of me.

Suddenly, it slowed its steps and began to slink as if scenting game.

I looked down the path and saw a young sparrow with a yellow spot around its beak and down on its head. It had fallen from the nest (the wind was violently shaking the birches along the path) and sat motionless, helplessly flapping its barely sprouting wings.

My dog slowly approached it when, suddenly, having darted from a nearby tree, an old black-throated sparrow fell like a stone before its snout, and dishevelled, distorted, with a despairing and pitiful chirp, hopped twice in the direction of the toothy open jaw.

It had sprang to save, it shielded its child... but its entire tiny body quivered with fright, its voice had turned frenzied and hoarse, it was dying, it was sacrificing itself!

What a monster the dog must have seemed to it! And yet it could not rest on its tall branch, out of danger... A force stronger than its will hurled it from there.
My Trésor stopped, drew back... Apparently, he too acknowledged this force.

I hastened to recall the disconcerted dog, and moved away, reverentially.

Yes, do not laugh. I felt reverence for this tiny heroic bird, for its loving impulse.

Love, I thought, is stronger than death and the fear of death. Only by love is life preserved and fostered.

April, 1878
ЧЕРЕПА

РОСКОШНАЯ, ПЫШНО ОСВЕЩЕННАЯ ЗАЛА; МНОЖЕСТВО КА-ВАЛЕРОВ И ДАМ.

ВСЕ ЛИЦА ОЖИВЛЕНЫ, РЕЧИ БОЙКИ... ИДЕТ ТРЕСКУЧИЙ РАЗГОВОР ОБ ОДНОЙ ИЗВЕСТНОЙ ПЕВИЦЕ. ЕЕ ВЕЛИЧАЮТ БОЖЕСТВЕННОЙ, БЕССМЕРТНОЙ... О, КАК ХОРОШО ПУСТИЛА ОНА ВЧЕРА СВОЮ ПОСЛЕДНЮЮ ТРЕЛЬ!

И ВДРУГ — СЛОВНО ПО МАНИЮ ВОЛШЕБНОГО ЖЕЗЛА — СО ВСЕХ ГОЛОВ И СО ВСЕХ ЛИЦ СЛЕТАЛА ТОНКАЯ ШЕЛУХА КОЖИ И МГНОВЕННО ВЫСТУПИЛА НАРУЖУ МЕРТВЕННАЯ БЕЛИЗНА ЧЕРЕПОВ, ЗАРЯБИЛИ СИНЕВАТЫМ ОЛОВОМ ОБНАЖЕННЫЕ ДЕСНЫ И СКУЛЫ.

С УЖАСОМ ГЛЯДЕЛ Я, КАК ДВИГАЛИСЬ И ШЕВЕЛИЛИСЬ ЭТИ ДЕСНЫ И СКУЛЫ, КАК ПОВОРАЧИВАЛИСЬ, ЛОСЬЯСЬ ПРИ СВЕТЕ ЛАМП И СВЕЧЕЙ, ЭТИ ПИПКОВАТЫЕ, КОСТЯНЫЕ ШАРЫ И КАК ВЕРТЕЛИСЬ В НИХ ДРУГИЕ, МЕНЫШЕ ШАРЫ — ШАРЫ БЕССМЫСЛЕННЫХ ГЛАЗ.

Я НЕ СМЕЛ ПРИКОСНУТЬСЯ К СОБСТВЕННОМУ ЛИЦУ, НЕ СМЕЛ ВЗГЛЯНУТЬ НА СЕБЯ В ЗЕРКАЛО.

А ЧЕРЕПА ПОВОРАЧИВАЛИСЬ ПО-ПРОЖИМУ... И С ДРЕЖНЫМ ТРЕСКОМ, МЕЛКИМИ КРАСНЫМИ ЛОСКУТОЧКАМИ ИЗ-ЗА ОСКАЛЕННЫХ ЗУБОВ, ПРОВЕРНЫЕ ЯЗЫКИ ЛЕПЕТАЛИ О ТОМ, КАК УДИВИТЕЛЬНО, КАК НЕПОДРАЖАЕМУ БЕССМЕРТНАЯ... ДА, БЕССМЕРТНАЯ ПЕВИЦА ПУСТИЛА СВОЮ ПОСЛЕДНЮЮ ТРЕЛЬ!

Апрель, 1878
SCULLS

A sumptuous, brilliantly lit hall. A multitude of gentlemen and ladies.

All the faces are animated, the talk is lively... here is a high-flown conversation about a famous lady singer... She is extolled as divine, immortal... Oh, how well she sung yesterday her last trill!

And suddenly -- literally as if by the wave of a magical wand -- from all the heads and faces fall off the thin coats of skin and instantly there appears the deadly pallor of the skulls, with here and there the bluish shimmer of bare jaws and gums.

I watched with horror how the jaws and gums moved, the turning, the glistening in the light of lamps and candles, these bony balls and how in them rotated other, smaller balls -- the sockets of the senseless eyes.

I did not dare to touch my face, I did not dare to look at myself in the mirror.

* These morbid thoughts occurred to Turgenev when he was sick. As he told N.A. Ostrovskaiia: "I had some illness. These skeletons persecuted me for entire months. I recall as if it had happened now -- it occurred in London -- I visited a certain pastor. I sat down with him and his family behind a round table, engaged in conversation, and meanwhile it seemed to me all the time that through the skin, through the flesh, I saw bones, the skull.. It was torment. Then it passed." (646) from Piksanov, Turgenevskii Sbornik, 78.
And the skulls turned from side to side as before... And, with their previous clamor, peeping like red rags behind the bared teeth, agile tongues prattled how remarkably, how inimitably, the immortal... yes, the immortal singer! -- had sang her last trill!

April, 1878
ЧЕРНОРАБОЧИЙ И БЕЛОРУЧКА

РАЗГОВОР

ЧЕРНОРАБОЧИЙ

Что ты к нам лезешь? Чего тебе надо? Ты не наш... Ступай прочь!

БЕЛОРУЧКА

Я ваш, братцы!

ЧЕРНОРАБОЧИЙ

Как бы не так! Нам! Что выдумали! Посмотрите хоть на мои руки. Видишь, какие они грязные? И навозом от них несет и лягтег — а твои вот руки белые. И чем от них пахнет?

БЕЛОРУЧКА (показывая свои руки)

Понюхай.

ЧЕРНОРАБОЧИЙ (показывая руки)

Что за притча? Словно железом от них отдает.

БЕЛОРУЧКА

Железом и есть. Целых шесть лет я на них носил кандалы.

ЧЕРНОРАБОЧИЙ

А за что же это?

БЕЛОРУЧКА

А за то, что я о вашем же добре заботился, хотел освободить вас, серых, темных людей, восставал против притеснителей ваших, бунтовал... Ну, меня и засадили.
A COMMON WORKER AND THE MAN WITH WHITE HANDS

A CONVERSATION

The worker: "Why did you come to us? What do you want? You are not one of us... Get lost!"

Man with white hands: "I am one of you, brothers!"

The worker: "One of us! Ours! What you have thought up! Look at least at my hands. See how dirty they are? You can smell manure and pitch. And your hands are white. And what do they smell of?"

Man with white hands (raises his hands). "Smell them."

The worker (having sniffed them): "What is the meaning of this? They smell of iron."

Man with white hands: "It is iron. I wore for a whole six years shackles on them."

The worker: "And for what?"

Man with white hands: "For caring about your well-being, for wanting to liberate you, gray, ignorant folk, I rose up against your oppressors... For that they locked me up."

* The notion that a hangman's rope brings luck was not known to Russian tradition. Turgenev borrowed it from French folklore. Baudelaire also wrote a poem on this subject. Adrian Wanner in Comparative Literature Studies, Vol. 34, No. 1 (1997), 33.
Чернорабочий
Засадили? Вольно ж тебе было бунтовать!

Два года спустя
Тот же чернорабочий (другому)
Слышь, Петр!.. Помнишь, позапрошлым летом один такой безобразка с тобой беседовал?

Другой чернорабочий
Помню... а что?

Первый чернорабочий
Его сегодня, слышь, повесят; такой приказ вышел.

Второй чернорабочий
Всё бунтовал?

Первый чернорабочий
Всё бунтовал.

Второй чернорабочий
Да... Ну, вот что, брат Митрий; нельзя ли нам той самой веревочки раздобыть, на которой его вешать будут; говорят, ба-альше счастье от этого в дому бывает!

Первый чернорабочий
Это ты справедливо. Надо попытаться, брат Петра.

Апрель, 1878
The worker: "Locked you up? Why did you rebel?"

Two years later
(The same worker talks to another worker)
"Listen, Peter! Do you remember two summers ago a chap with white hands talked to you?"
Second worker: "I do... so what?"
First worker: "Listen; today they will hang him; such an order has been issued."
Second worker: "He kept on rebelling?"
First worker: "He did."
Second worker: "Yes... So you know what, brother Mitrii, let us get hold of the rope with which they will hang him. They say
this brings good luck to one's home!"
First worker: "That's right. Let's try."

April, 1878
РОЗА

Последние дни августа... Осень уже наступала. Солнце садилось. Внезапный порывистый ливень, без грома и без молний, только что промчался над нашей широкой равниной.

Сад перед домом горел и дымился, весь залитый пожаром зари и потопом дождя.
Она сидела за столом в гостиной и с упорной задумчивостью глядя в сад сквозь полуоткрытую дверь.
Я знал, что совершалось тогда в ее душе; я знал, что после недолгой, хоть и мучительной, борьбы она в этот самый миг отдавалась чувству, с которым уже не могла более саботать.
Вдруг она поднялась, проворно вышла в сад и скрылась.
Пробил час... пробил другой; она не возвращалась.
Тогда я встал и, выйдя из дому, отправился по аллее, по которой — я в том не сомневался — пошла и она.
Всё потемнело вокруг; ночь уже надвинулась. Но на сыром песку дорожки, ярко алея даже сквозь разлитую мглу, виднелся кругловой предмет.
Я наклонился... То была молодая, чуть распустившаяся роза. Два часа тому назад я видел эту самую розу на ее груди.
THE ROSE

The last days of August... Autumn had come.

The sun was setting. A sudden violent downpour, without thunder or lightning, has just swept over our wide plain.

The garden in front of the house glowed and steamed, shrouded by the fire of the sunset and the rain's flood.

She sat at a table in the living room and with stubborn absorption gazed at the garden through the half-open door.

I knew what at that time was passing in her soul. I knew that after a brief but agonizing struggle, she was at that instant surrendering to a feeling which she could no longer master.

She suddenly got up, swiftly went into the garden and disappeared.

An hour passed... so did a second hour. She did not return.

I rose and, having left the house, stepped onto the alley which -- of this I had no doubt -- she had also taken.

All around everything grew dark; night was approaching. But on the damp sand of the path, clearly shining red even through the mist, could be seen a roundish object.

I bent down... It was a fresh, barely opened rose. Two hours earlier I had seen the same rose on her bosom.
Я бережно поднял упавший в грязь цветок и, вернувшись в гостиную, положил его на стол, перед ее креслом.

Вот и она вернулась наконец — и, лёгкими шагами пройдя всю комнату, села за стол.

Её лицо и побледнело и ожило; быстро, с веселым смущением бегали по сторонам опущенные, как бы уменьшенные глаза.

Она увидела розу, схватила ее, взглянула на ее измятые, запачканые лепестки, взглянула на меня — и глаза ее, внезапно остановившись, засияли слезами.

— О чем вы плакете? — спросил я.

— Да вот об этой розе. Посмотрите, что с ней стало.

Тут я вздумал выказать глубокомысле.

— Ваши слезы смогут эту грязь,— промолвил я с значительным выражением.

— Слезы не моют, слезы жгут,— отвечала она и, обернувшись к камину, бросила цветок в умиравшее пламя.

— Огонь сожжет еще лучше слез,— воскликнула она не без удаль,— и прекрасные глаза, еще блестевшие от слез, засмеялись дерзостью и счастливо.

Я понял, что и она была сожжена.

Апрель, 1878
I carefully picked up the flower from the mud, and, returning to the living room, laid it on the table in front of her chair.

At last she returned, and with light steps, having crossed the room, sat down at the table.

Her face was both paler and more animated. Her eyes, as if diminished, rapidly, in happy confusion, strayed from side to side.

She noticed the rose, picked it up, looked at its crumpled, dirtied petals, glanced at me -- and her eyes, suddenly stopping, filled with tears.

"Why are you crying?" I asked.

"Because of this rose. Look what has happened to it."

At this it occurred to me to utter a profundity.

"Your tears will wash away this dirt," I said with a meaningful expression.

"Tears do not wash, tears burn," she replied, and, turning to the hearth, tossed the flower into the dying flame.

"The fire will consume it even better than the tears," she exclaimed spiritedly, and her lovely eyes, sparkling from the tears, laughed boldly and happily.

I understood that she, too, had been scorched.

April 1878.
ПАМЯТИ Ю. П. ВРЕВСКОЙ

На грязи, на вонючей сырой соломе, под навесом ветхого сарая, на скорую руку превращенного в походный военный госпиталь, в разоренной болгарской деревушке — с лишком две недели умирала она от тифа.

Она была в беспамятстве — и ни один врач даже не взглянул на нее; больные солдаты, за которыми она ухаживала, пока еще могла держаться на ногах, поочередно поднимались с своих зараженных ложев, чтобы поднести к ее защемившимся губам несколько капель воды в черепке разбитого горшка.

Она была молода, красива; высший свет ее знал; об ней освеводмались даже сапожники. Дами ей завидовали, мужчины за ней волочились... два-три человека тайно и глубоко любили ее. Жизнь ей улыбалась; но бывают улыбки хуже слез.

Нежное кроткое сердце... и такая сила, такая жажда жертвы! Помогать нуждающимся в помощи... она не ведала другого счастья... не ведала — и не изведала. Всякое другое счастье прошло мимо. Но она с этим давно помиралась — и вся, нынешняя огнем неугасимой веры, отдалась на служение ближним.

Какие заветные клады скрыли она там, в глубине души, в самом ее тайнике, никто не знал никогда — а теперь, конечно, не узнает.

Да и к чему? Жертва принесена... дело сделано.

Но горестно думать, что никто не сказал спасибо даже ее трупу — хоть она сама и стыдилась и чудила всякой каким.

Пусть же не оскорбится ее милая тень этим поздним цветком, который я осмеливаюсь возложить на ее могилу!

Сентябрь, 1878
In filth, on stinking raw straw, under the shelter of an old barn hastily converted into a military hospital, in a ruined Bulgarian village, she lay dying for over two weeks from typhus.

She was unconscious -- and not one doctor even so much as looked at her. Sick soldiers, whom she had cared for as long as she could stand on her feet, one after another rose from their infected litters to bring to her parched lips a few drops of water in a broken pot.

She was young and beautiful, known to high society, even high officials inquired about her. Ladies had envied her, men had courted her ... Two or three people secretly and deeply had loved her. Life had smiled at her; but there are smiles that are worse than tears.

A tender, gentle heart... and such force, such craving for sacrifice! To help those who needed help... she knew no other happiness... she knew not ... and had never known it. Every other happiness had bypassed her by. But she had long ago reconciled herself to this -- and gave all of herself, burning with the fire

---

Baroness Iulia Petrovna Vrevskaia (1841-1878) was a friend of Turgenev's. In his own words, Turgenev wanted to enjoy with her what the French call "une passade" or a brief intimacy but believed she would not consent to it. (PSS-Pis'ma, XII, 77). The two knew each other for four years. In 1877 she left for the Balkans where Russia was at war with the Ottoman Empire to serve as a nurse. She died soon afterwards of typhus.
of unquenchable faith, gave herself to serve her fellow-men.

What hidden treasures she preserved there, in the depth of her soul, in its innermost recesses, no one ever knew -- and, now, of course, no one will ever know.

And, yes, for what? The sacrifice has been made... the task is done.

But it is sad to think that no one has said thanks even to her corpse, though she herself was embarrassed by and a stranger to all gratitude.

May her dear shade not be offended by this late flower which I dare lay on her grave!

September, 1878
ПОСЛЕДНЕЕ СВИДАНИЕ

Мы были когда-то короткими, близкими друзьями...
Но настал недобрым миг — и мы расстались, как враги.
Прошло много лет... И вот, заехав в город, где он жил, я узнал, что он безнадежно болен — и желает видеться со мной.
Я отправился к нему, вошел в его комнату... Взяры наши встретились.
Я едва узнал его. Боже! что с ним сделал недуг!
Желтый, высокий, с лысиной во всю голову, с узкой седой бородой, он сидел в одной, нараочно изрезанной рубахе... Он не мог сносить давление самого легкого платья. Порывисто протянул он мне страшно худую, словно обглоданную руку, усильно прощупал несколько невнятных слов — привет ли то был, упрек ли, кто знает? Изможденная грудь заколыхалась — и на сжатые враги загоревшиеся глаз скатились две скучные, страдальные слезинки.
Сердце во мне упало... Я сел на стул возле него — и, опустив невольно взоры перед тем ужасом и безобразием, также протянул руку.
Но мне почудилось, что не его рука взялась за мое.
Мне почудилось, что между нами сидит высокая, тихая, белая женщина. Длинный покров облегает ее с ног до головы. Никуда не смотрят ее глубокие бледные глаза; ничего не говорят ее бледные строгие губы...
Эта женщина соединила наши руки... Она навсегда примиряет нас.
Да... Смерть нас примирит.

Апрель, 1878
We were once intimate, close friends... But a bad time had come and we parted enemies.

Many had years gone by ... And it happened that having visited the city where he lived, I learned that he was incurably ill and wished to see me.

I went to him, entered his room... Our eyes met...

I scarcely recognized him. God, what disease had done to him!

Yellow, desiccated, his head completely bald, with a sparse grey beard, he sat in nothing but a shirt purposely slit open... He could not bear the pressure of the lightest clothing. He jerkily stretched out to me his terribly lean, bare-boned hand, with an effort whispered a few unintelligible words -- whether this was a welcome or reproach, who could tell? The emaciated chest heaved and on the dwindled pupils of the inflamed eyes rolled down two miserly, anguished tears.

My heart sank... I sat on a chair near him and, having

---

Turgenev describes here his last meeting with the dying poet and editor, N.A. Nekrasov, which occurred in June, 1877 in the company of P.V. Annenkov. It was their first encounter since they had broken relations in the early 1860's. Their quarrel had been partly political, partly literary and editorial in nature.
involuntarily lowered my eyes before this horror and ugliness, I also extended my hand.

But I had the feeling that it was not his hand that took mine.

It seemed to me that between us sat a tall, quiet, pale woman. A lengthy shroud covered her from head to foot. Her deep pale eyes looked nowhere; her pale, stern lips said nothing...

This woman joined our hands... She had forever reconciled us.

Yes... Death has reconciled us.

April, 1878
ПОРОГ

Я вижу громадное здание.
В передней стене узкая дверь раскрыта настежь; за дверью — угрюмая мгла. Перед высоким порогом стоит девушка... Русская девушка.

Морозом дышит та непроглядная мгла; и вместе с леденящей струей выносится из глубины здания медлительный, глухой голос.
— О ты, что желаешь переступить этот порог,— знаешь ли ты, что тебя ожидает?
— Знай,— отвечает девушка.
— Холод, голод, ненависть, насмешка, презрение, обида, тюрьма, болезнь и самая смерть?
— Знай.
THE THRESHOLD

I see an enormous building.

In its outer wall, a narrow door stands ajar. Beyond the door a gloomy mist. In front of the high threshold stands a girl... a Russian girl.

The impenetrable mist emits frost, and along with the icy current from the interior of the building can be heard a slow, faint voice:

"You who wishes to step over this threshold -- do you know what awaits you?"

"I know," the girl responds.

"Cold, hunger, hatred, ridicule, scorn, insult, prison, illness and death itself?"

"I know."

* The self-sacrificing woman in this poem is almost certainly Vera Zasulich, a young revolutionary who in January 1878 shot and wounded the Governor of St. Petersburg as punishment for the whipping he had ordered administered to a radical prisoner who allegedly had not shown him adequate respect during his visit to the prison. Zasulich was tried by a jury in March of that year and to general astonishment acquitted. Writing from France, Turgenev reported that "the story of Vera Zasulich has agitated absolutely all of Europe": PSS-Pis'ma, XII, 312. Turgenev wrote this poem in May, 1878, shortly after Zasulich's trial. Stasiulevich feared that the censors would not pass this poem and persuaded Turgenev to omit it from the Vestnik Evropы. Although it circulated in manuscript from the late 1870's on, the poem was first published in 1883 in the revolutionary periodical Narodnaia Volia. In the legal press it first appeared in 1905.
— Отчуждение полное, одиночество?
— Знаю. Я готова. Я перенесу все страдания, все удары.
— Не только от врагов — но и от родных, от друзей?
— Да... и от них.
— Хорошо. Ты готова на жертву?
— Да.
— На безымянную жертву? Ты погибешь — и никто... никто не будет даже знать, чему память почтить!
— Мне не нужно ни благодарности, ни сочувствия.
Мне не нужно имени.
— Готова ли ты на преступление?
Девушка потушила голову...
— И на преступление готова.
Голос не тотчас воспринял свои вопросы.
— Знаешь ли ты,— заговорил он наконец,— что ты можешь разувериться в том, чему веришь теперь, можешь понять, что обманулась и даром погубила свою молодую жизнь?
— Знаю и это. И все-таки я хочу войти.
— Войди!
Девушка перешагнула порог — и тяжелая завеса упала за ней.
— Дурал! — проскрежетал кто-то сзади.
— Святая! — принеслось откуда-то в ответ.

Мая, 1878
"Complete ostracism, solitude?"

"I know. I will endure all sufferings, all blows."

"Not only from enemies, but also from family, friends?"

"Yes... also from them."

"Good. Are you prepared to make the sacrifice?"

"Yes."

"An anonymous sacrifice? You will perish -- and no one... no one will even know whose memory to honor!"

"I need neither gratitude, nor compassion. I do not need a name."

"Are you prepared to commit a crime?"

The girl bows her head...

"I am also prepared to commit a crime."

The voice resumes its questions but not at once.

"Do you know," it speaks up at last, "that you may lose faith in that which you now believe, that you may come to realize that you had deceived yourself and given up your young life for nothing?"

"I know. And even so I want to enter."

"Enter!"

The girl crosses the threshold and a heavy curtain falls behind her.

"Fool!" says the harsh voice of someone behind.

"Saint!" resounds from somewhere the answer.

May 1878
ПОСЕЩЕНИЕ

Я сидел у раскрытого окна... утром, ранним утром первого мая.
Заря еще не занималась; но уже бледнела, уже холодела темная теплая ночь.
Туман не вставал, не бродил ветерок, всё было одноцветно и безмолвно... но чувилась близость пробуждения — и в поредевшем воздухе пахло жесткой сыростью росы.
Вдруг в мою комнату, сквозь раскрытое окно, легко позывая и шуршая, влетела большая птица.
Я вдрогнул, вгляделся... То была не птица, то была крылатая маленькая женщина, одетая в тесное, длинное, книзу волнистое платье.
Вся она была серая, перламутрового цвета; одна лишь внутренняя сторона ее крылышек атела нежной алою распускающейся розы; венок из ландышей охватывал разбросанные кудри круглой головки — и, подобные усикам бабочки, два павлиных пера забавно колебались над красивым, выпуклым лобиком.
A VISIT

I was sitting at an open window... in the morning, the early morning of the first of May.

The dawn had not yet broken, but the dark, warm night was already growing pale and cool.

The mist had not yet risen, but a breeze was roaming, everything was colorless and still... yet one could feel the approach of the awakening and the rare air smelled of the harsh humidity of dew.

Suddenly into my room, through the open window, lightly and rustling flew in a large bird.

Startled, I looked at it... It was not a bird but a tiny winged woman, dressed in a tight, long robe that flowed to her feet.

She was grey all over, the color of mother-of-pearl. Only the inner side of her wings shone with the tender redness of a half-opened rose. A wreath of lilies of the valley clasped the scattered curls of her round head. And, like antennae of a butterfly, two peacock feathers amusingly waved over her lovely,

* Turgenev tried his hand at poetry in his youth but then gave it up and devoted himself fully to prose. He came to believe that poetic inspiration was accessible only to the young.
Она пронеслась раза два под потолком; ее крошечное лицо смеялось; смеялись также огромные, черные, светлые глаза.
Веселая резвость прихотливого полета дробила их алмазные лучи.
Она держала в руке длинный стебель степного цветка: «царским жезлом» зовут его русские люди,— он и то похож на скипетр.
Стремительно пролетая надо мною, коснулась она моей головы тем цветком.
Я рванулся к ней... Но она уже выпорхнула из окна — и умчалась.
В саду, в глуби сиреневых кустов, горлинка встретила ее первым воркванием — а там, где она скрылась, молочно-белое небо тихонько закраснело.
Я узнал тебя, богиня фантазии! Ты посетила меня случайно — ты полетела к молодым поэтам.

О поэзии! Молодость! Женская, девственная красота! Вы только на миг можете блеснуть передо мною — ранним утром ранней весны!

*Mai, 1879*
rounded brow.

She fluttered twice under the ceiling. Her tiny face was laughing; her large, black, shining eyes were also laughing.

The merry frolic of her whimsical flight made them shine like diamonds.

She held in her hand a long stalk of a steppe flower: it is called by Russians "the tsar's scepter" -- and it does resemble a scepter.

Impetuously flying over me, she touched my head with it. I rushed toward her... But she had already darted out of the window and flown away.

In the garden, in a thicket of lilac bushes, a turtle-dove greeted her with its first cooing, and there, where she disappeared, the milk-white sky quietly flushed red.

I recognized you, Goddess of Fantasy! You visited me by chance -- and were off to the young poets.

O poetry! Youth! Female, maidenly beauty! You can shine before me only for an instant -- in the early morning of the early spring!

May, 1878
NECESSITAS, VIS, LIBERTAS 1

Барельеф

Высокая костлявая старуха с железным лицом и неподвижно-тупым взором идет большими шагами и сухою, как палка, рукою толкает перед собой другую женщину.

Женщина эта огромного росту, могучая, дебелая, с мышцами, как у Геркулеса, с крохотной головкой на бычьей шее — и слепая — в свою очередь толкает небольшую, худенькую девочку.

У одной этой девочки зрачие глаза; она упирается, оборачивается назад, поднимает тонкие, красивые руки; ее оживленное лицо выражает нетерпение и отвагу... Она не хочет слушаться, она не хочет идти, куда ее толкают... и все-таки должна повиноваться и идти.

Necessitas, Vis, Libertas.
Кому угодно — пусть переводит.

May, 1878
NECESSITAS, VIS, LIBERTAS

A Bas Relief

A tall, bony old woman with an iron face and an immobile, vacant look moves taking long strides and with a hand as dry as a stick pushes before her another woman.

This woman is enormous, powerful, plump, with Herculean muscles, with a tiny head set on a bull's neck -- and blind. She, in turn, pushes before her a small, lean girl.

This girl alone has eyes that see. She digs in her heels, turns backwards, raises her thin, delicate arms. Her lively face expresses impatience and daring... She does not want to obey, she does not want to walk where she is being pushed... and yet, she must submit and go.

Necessitas, Vis, Libertas.

Whoever feels so inclined, let him translate.

May, 1878

"Necessity, Power, Liberty." The reference here is apparently to the sculptures of M. M. Antokolskii with which Turgenev was familiar and which strongly impressed him. (See below "Khristos.") Antokolskii settled in Paris in September, 1876 and was in steady contact with Turgenev.
МИЛОСТЫНЯ

Вблизи большого города, по широкой проезжей дороге шел старый, больной человек.
Он шатался на ходу; его исхудальные ноги, путаясь, волочась и спотыкаясь, ступали тяжко и слабо, словно чужие; одежда на нем висела лохмотьями; непокрытая голова падала на грудь... Он изнемогал.
Он присел на придорожный камень, наклонился вперед, облокотился, закрыл лицо обеими руками — и сквозь искривленные пальцы закапали слезы на сухую, седую пыль.
Он вспоминал...
Вспоминал он, как и он был некогда здоров и богат — и как он здоровье истраил, а богатство роздал другим, друзьям и недругам... И вот теперь у него нет куска хлеба — и все его покинули, друзья еще раньше врагов... Неужели же ему унизиться до того, чтобы просить милостыню? И горько ему было на сердце и стыдно.
А слезы всё капали да капали, пестря седую пыль.
Вдруг он услышал, что кто-то зовет его по имени; он поднял усталую голову — и увидел перед собой незнакомца.
Near a large city, on a wide thoroughfare, walked an old, sick man.

He swayed while walking. His emaciated, wasted legs dragged and stumbled. They strode heavily and weakly, as if they belonged to someone else. His clothes hung on him like rags. His uncovered head drooped on his breast... He was exhausted.

He sat down on a roadside rock, bent forward, leaned his elbows, covered his face with both hands... and through the crooked fingers tears fell on the dry, grey dust.

He reminisced...

He reminisced how once he had been healthy and rich, and how he had wasted his health and lavished his wealth on others, friends and foes... And now he had not a crust of bread, and everyone has forsaken him, friends even sooner than the foes...
Should he debase himself to the point of begging for alms? And his heart felt bitter and ashamed.

And the tears kept on falling, staining the grey dust.

Suddenly he heard someone calling his name. He lifted his weary head and saw before him a stranger.

His face was calm and dignified but not stern. His eyes were not radiant but bright. His gaze was piercing but not evil.
Лицо спокойное и важное, но не строгое; глаза не лучистые, а светлые; взор проницательный, но не азой.
— Ты всё свое богатство роздал,— послышался ровный голос...— Но ведь ты не жалеешь о том, что добро делал?
— Не жалею,— ответил со вздохом старики,— только вот умираю я теперь.
— И не было бы на свете нищих, которые к тебе протягивали руку,— продолжал незнакомец,— не над кем было бы тебе показать свою добротел, не мог бы ты упражняться в ней?
Старик ничего не ответил,— и задумался.
— Так и ты теперь не гордись, бедняк,— загово- рил опять незнакомец,— ступай, протягивай руку, до- ставь и ты другим добрым людям возможность показать на деле, что они добрь.
Старик встрепенулся, вскинул глазами... но незна- комец уже исчез; а вдали на дороге показался про- ходный.
Старик подошел к нему — и протянул руку. Этот проходный отвернулся с суровым видом и не дал ни- чего.
Но за ним шел другой — и тот подал старику маль- лую милостыню.
И старики купил себе на деньги гротки хлеба — и сладок показался ему выпрошенный кусок — и не было стыда у него на сердце, а напротив: его осенила ты- хая радость.

May, 1878
"You have given away all your wealth," he said in a steady voice..."But you do not regret that you did good?"

"I do not regret," responded the old man with a sigh, "but now I am dying."

"And if there had been in the world no beggars to extend to you their hand," continued the stranger, "then to whom could you have shown your kindness. You could not have been kind?"

The old man did not respond and became thoughtful.

"So don't be proud now, poor man," the stranger spoke up again, "go forth, stretch your hand, give also other good people the opportunity to show in deed that they are good."

The old man roused himself and looked around... but the stranger had already vanished. And at a distance on the road appeared a passerby.

The old man approached him and extended his hand. This passerby turned away with a surly look and gave him nothing.

But behind him came another man and he gave the old man small alms.

And for these pennies the old man bought himself some bread. And it tasted sweet, this morsel gained by begging. And there was in his heart no shame -- on the contrary, it was struck by gentle joy.

May, 1878
НАСЕКОМЫЕ

Снилось мне, что сидит нас человек двадцать
в большей комнате с раскрытыми окнами.
Между нами женщины, дети, старые... Все мы го-
ворим о каком-то очень известном предмете — говорим
щумно и невнятно.
Вдруг в комнату с сухим треском влетело большое
насекомое, вершина в два дюйма... влетело, покружи-
лось и село на стену.
Оно походило на муку или на осу. Тулowiще гриз-
во-бурого цвету; такого же цвету и плоские жесткие
крылья; растопыренные мохнатые лапки да голова
угловатая и крупная, как у коромыслов; и голова эта
и лапки — ярко-красные, точно кровавые.
Странное это насекомое беспрерывно поворачивало
gолову вниз, вверх, вправо, влево, передвигало лапки...
потом вдруг срывалось со стен, с треском летало по
комнате — и опять садилось, опять жутко и противно
шеявалось, не трогаясь с места.
Во всём нас оно возбуждало отвращение, страх,
даже ужас... Никто из нас не видел ничего подобного,
все кричали: «Гоните вон это чудовище!» все махали
платками издали... ибо никто не решался подойти...
и когда насекомое взлетало — все невольно сторо-
нились.
I dreamt that some twenty of us were sitting by the open windows in a large room.

Among us were women, children, old men... We discussed a very well known subject. We spoke loudly and indistinctly.

All of a sudden into the room flew, with a dry crackle, a large insect some three inches long... it flew in, circled about and sat on the wall.

It resembled a fly or a wasp. Its torso was dirty brown. Its flat, stiff wings were of the same color. It spread its hairy claws and large, angular head like a dragon fly. Its head and claws were bright red, as if blood-stained.

This strange insect constantly rotated its head up, down, to the right, to the left, moving its claws... then it abruptly tore itself away from the wall and noisily flew around the room. Then it again settled down, again stirred eerily and unpleasantly without moving from its place.

All of us felt revulsion, fear, even horror... None of us had ever seen anything like it, all shouted: "Drive that monster away!", all waved kerchiefs at it from a distance... because no one dared to approach it... and when the insect flew by, everyone gave way.
Лишь один из наших собеседников, молодой еще, бледнолицый человек, оглядывал нас всех с недоумением. Он пожимал плечами, он улыбался, он решительно не мог понять, что с нами стало и с чего мы так волнуемся? Сам он не видел никакого насекомого — не слышал зловещего треска его крыл.

Вдруг насекомое словно уставилось на него, взялось и, прижавшись к его голове, ужало его в лоб повыше глаз... Молодой человек слабо ахнул — и упал мертвым.

Страшная муха тотчас улетела... Мы только тогда догадались, что это была за гость.

Май, 1878
Only one of our party, a pale youth, looked at us with perplexity. He shrugged his shoulders, he smiled, he absolutely could not understand what had happened to us and why we were so agitated? He himself saw no insect and did not hear the ominous clatter of its wings.

Suddenly the insect fixed its eyes on him, flew up and attaching itself to his head, stung him above the eyes... The young man feebly groaned and fell dead.

The terrible fly at once darted away... Only then did we realize what it was that had visited us.

May, 1878
У бабы-вдове умер ее единственный двадцатилетний сын, первый на селе работник.
Барышня, помещица того самого села, узнав о горе бабы, пошла навестить ее в самый день похорон.
Она застала ее дома.
Стоя посреди избы, перед столом, она, не смея, ровным движением правой руки (левая висела плетью) черпала пустые щи со дна закоптелого горшка и глотала ложку за ложкой.
Лицо бабы осунулось и потемнело; глаза покраснели и опушили... но она держалась исково и прямо, как в церкви.
«Господи! — подумала барышня.— Она может есть в такую минуту... Какие, однако, у них у всех грубые чувства!»
И вспомнила тут барышня, как, потеряв несколько лет тому назад девятимесячную дочь, она с горя отказалась нанять прекрасную дачу под Петербургом и прожила целое лето в городе!
А баба продолжала хлебать щи.
Барышня не вытерпела наконец.
— Татьяна! — промолвилла она.— Помилуй! Я удивляюсь! Неужели ты своего сына не любила? Как у тебя не пропал аппетит? Как могешь ты есть эти щи!
— Вася мой помер,— тихо проговорила баба, и на бедные слезы снова побежали по ее впалым щекам.— Значит, и мой пришел конец: с живой с меня сняла голову. А вам не пропадать же; ведь они поселеньные.
Барышня только плечами пожала — и пошла вон. Ей-то соль доставалась дешево.

Май, 1878
CABBAGE SOUP

A widow's only son, a twenty-year old youth, and the best worker in the village, died.

The lady who owned the village, having learned about the woman's woe, came to visit her on the very day of the burial.

She found her at home.

Standing in the middle of the hut, in front of the table, the old woman, without haste, with an even motion of the right hand (the left hand listless at her side) scooped up the weak cabbage soup from the bottom of a sooty pot and swallowed it spoon after spoon.

The face of the old woman was pinched and dark; her eyes were red and swollen... but she stood as decorously and straight as if she were in church.

"Lord!" thought the landlady, "She can eat at such a time... After all, what coarse feelings they all have!"

And the landlady recalled how, having lost a few years back a baby daughter who was nine months old, she, out of grief, refused to rent a beautiful country house near St. Petersburg and spent the entire summer in the city!

But the old woman continued to gulp down the cabbage soup.

Finally the landlady could no longer stand it.
"Good heavens, Tatiana!", she said, "I am surprised! Did you not love your son? How is it that you did not lose your appetite? How can you eat this soup?"

"My Vasia is dead," the old woman responded in a low voice, and painful tears again rolled down her hollow cheeks. "This means that my end has also come; my head has been cut off while I am still alive. But the soup should not be wasted; it is salted."

The landlady only shrugged her shoulders and left. She got salt cheaply.

May, 1878
ЛАЗУРНОЕ ЦАРСТВО

О лазурное царство! О царство лазури, света, молодости и счастья! Я видел тебя... во сне.
Нас было несколько человек на красивой, разукрашенной лодке. Лебединый грудью вздымался белый парус под резными вымпелами.
Я не знал, кто были мои товарищи; но я всем своим существо чувствовал, что они были так же молоды, веселы и счастливы, как и я!
Да и не замечал их. Я видел кругом одно безбрежное лазурное море, всё покрытое мелкой рябью золотых чешуек, а над головою такое же безбрежное, такое же лазурное небо — и по нему, торжественным, словно смеясь, катилось ласковое солнце.
И между нами по временам поднимался смех эйфорийный и радостный, как смех богов!
А не то вдруг, с чьих-нибудь уст слетали слова, стихи, выполненные дивной красоты и вдохновенной силы... Казалось, самое небо звучало им в ответ — и кругом море сочувственно трепетало... А там опять наступала блаженная тишина.
Oh. azure kingdom! Oh, the kingdom of the azure, of light, youth and happiness! I saw you... in a dream.

There were several of us in a beautifully bedecked boat. The white sail was raised like a swan's breast above its playful pennants.

I knew not who my comrades were. But I felt with my whole being that they were as young, merry and happy as I!

And I did not look at them. I saw around me only the boundless azure sea, dimpled with specks of gold. Overhead was the same boundless, azure sky. And on it, triumphant and seemingly smiling, rolled the tender sun.

And among us, from time to time, resounded laughter, ringing and joyful, like the laughter of gods!

Now and then, from someone's lips, drifted words, verses, filled with strange beauty and inspired force... It seemed the sky itself responded and around the sea quivered in sympathy... Then again followed blissful silence.

Our speedy boat glided lightly over the petite waves. It was driven not by the wind but by our own playful hearts. Wherever we

---

This poem was actually written in June 1879. The sea is apparently that surrounding Sicily.
Слегка выряя по мягким волнам, плыла наша быстрая лодка. Не ветром двигалась она; ею правили наши собственные играющие сердца. Куда мы хотели, туда она и неслась, послушно, как живая.
Нам попадались острова, волшебные, полупрозрачные острова с отливами драгоценных камней, яхонтов и изумрудов. Успокаивающие благовония носились с окружающих берегов; один из этих островов освещали нас дождем белых роз и ландышей; с других внезапно поднимались радужные длиннокрылые птицы.
Птицы кружились над нами, ландышами и розами таяли в жемчужной пены, скользившей вдоль гладких боков нашей лодки.
Вместе с цветами, с птицами прилетали сладкие, сладкие звуки... Женские голоса чудились в них...
И всё вокруг: небо, море, колыхание паруса в вышине, журчание струи за нами — всё говорило о любви, о блаженной любви!

И та, которую каждый из нас любил,— она была тут... невидимо и близко. Еще мгновение — и вдруг зацветут ее глаза, расцветет ее улыбка... Ее рука возьмет твою руку — и увлечет тебя за собою в неувядаемый рай!
О лазурное царство! я видел тебя... во сне.

Июль, 1878
wanted it to go, there it went, obediently, as if alive.

We ran into enchanting islands, semi-translucent, with precious stones, rubies and emeralds, cast up by the tide. Intoxicating fragrances drifted from the rounded shores. Some of these islands showered us with a rain of white roses and lilies of the valley. From others, suddenly rose iridescent, long-winged birds.

The birds circled above us, the lilies of the valley and the roses melted in the pearly foam which slid down the smooth sides of our boat.

Along with the flowers and birds we heard sweet, sweet sounds... Female voices seemed to resound in them... And everything around -- the sky, the sea, the swaying of the sail above, the murmur of the water at the rudder -- all spoke of love, blessed love!

And she whom each of us loved was here... invisible and near. One instant more and her eyes will shine, her smile will blossom... Her hand will take your hand and she will draw you with her into the eternal paradise!

Oh, azure kingdom! I have seen thee... in a dream.

June, 1878
ДВА БОГАЧА

Когда при мне превозносят богача Ротшильда, который из громадных своих доходов уделает целые тысячи на воспитание детей, на лечение больных, на призрение старых — я хвалю и умиляюсь.

Но, и хваля и умиляясь, не могу я не вспомнить об одном убогом крестьянском семействе, принявшем сироту-племянницу в свой разоренный домишко.

— Возьмем мы Катьку, — говорила баба,— последние наши гроши на нее пойдут,— не на что будет соли добыть, похлебку посолить...

— А мы ее... и не соленную,— ответил мужик, ее муж.

Далеко Ротшильду до этого мужика!

Июль, 1878
TWO RICH MEN

When I am told about the wealthy Rothschild who, from his immense income, allots whole thousands for the education of children, the healing of the sick, and the care of the elderly, I admire and am moved.

But while praising and feeling moved, I cannot help recall a poor peasant family which took in a related orphan into their ruined home.

"If we take in Kat'ka," the woman said, "our last pennies will go for her. There will be no money to buy salt, to salt the soup..."

"We will eat it unsalted," replied the peasant, her husband. Rothschild is a long way behind this peasant!

June, 1878
СТАРИК

Настали темные, тяжелые дни...
Свои болезни, недуги людей мильных, холод и мрак
старости... Всё, что ты любил, чему отдавался без-
возвратно,— никнет и разрушается. Под гору пошла
dорога.
Что же делать? Скорбеть? Горевать? Ни себе, ни
другим ты этим не поможешь.
На засыхающем, покоробленном дереве лист мельче
и реже — но зелень его та же.
Сожмись и ты, уйди в себя, в свои воспоминаньи,—
и там, глубоко-глубоко, на самом дне сосредоточенной
dуши, твоя прежняя, тебе одному доступная жизнь
blesнет перед тобою своей паухей, всё еще свежей зеленью и лаской и силой весны!
Но будь осторожен... не гляди вперед, бедный старики!

Июль, 1878
AN OLD MAN

Dark, difficult days have come...

Your own illnesses, the ailments of people dear to you, the chill and gloom of old age... All that you have loved, to which you have committed yourself irrevocably disappears and is wrecked. The road has gone down hill.

What is to be done? Grieve? Complain? This will help neither yourself nor others.

On a desiccated, withering tree the leaves are smaller and fewer but they are equally green.

Withdraw also within yourself, go into yourself and your recollections and there, very, very deeply, at the very bottom of the concentrated soul, your previous life, accessible only to you, will flash before you with its aromatic, still fresh greenness and the grace and force of spring!

But beware... don't look forward, poor old man!

July, 1878
Корреспондент

Двое друзей сидят за столом и пьют чай.
Внезапный шум поднялся на улице. Слышен жалобные стонь, ярые ругательства, варены злорадного смеха.
— Кого-то бьют,— заметил один из друзей, выглянув из окна.
— Преступника? Убитцу? — спросил другой.— Слушай, кто бы он ни был, нельзя допустить бессудную расправу. Пойдем заступимся за него.
— Да это бьют не убийцу.
— И не вора.
— Не вора? Так кассира, железнодорожника, военного поставщика, российского мецената, адвоката, благонамеренного редактора, общественного жертвора—.. Все-таки пойдем поможем ему!
— Нет... это бьют корреспондента.
— Корреспондента? Ну, знаешь что: доньем сначала стакан чая.

Июль, 1878
THE JOURNALIST

Two friends sit at a table and drink tea.

Suddenly from the street comes a din. Audible are plaintive moans, vivid swear words, outbursts of malicious laughter.

"Someone is being beaten," remarks one of the friends, looking out of the window.

"A criminal? A murderer?", asks the other, "I say, no matter who he may be, one cannot allow summary punishment. Let us go to protect him."

"But they are not beating a murderer."

"Not a murderer? Then a thief? No matter, let us go to wrest him from the crowd."

"And not a thief."

"Not a thief? Then a cashier, a railroad official, a military supplier, a Russian art patron, a lawyer, a reactionary editor, a public benefactor?... All the same, let's go and help him!"

"No... they are beating a journalist."

"A journalist? Well, you know what: let's first finish the glass of tea."

July, 1878
ДВА БРАТА

То был видение...
Передо мною появилось два ангела... два гении.
Я говорю: ангелы... гении — потому что у обоих на обнаженных телях не было никакой одежды и за плечами у каждого вздымались сильные длинные крылья.
Оба — юноши. Один — несколько полный, гладкокожий, чернокудрый. Глаза карие, с поволокой, с густыми ресницами; взгляд вкрадчивый, веселый и жадный. Лицо прелестное, пленительное, чуть-чуть дерзкое, чуть-чуть златое. Альве пухлявые губы слегка вздрагивают. Юноша улыбается, как власт имеющий — самоуверенно и лениво; нынешний цветочный венок слегка поконится на блестящих волосах, почти касаясь бархатных бровей. Пестрая шкура леопарда, перекинутая золотой стрелкой, легко повисла с круглого плеча на вынутое бедро. Перья крыльев отличаются розовым цветом; концы их ярко-красны, точно омочены багряной, свежей кровью. От времени до времени они трепещут быстро, с приятным серебристым шумом, шумом весеннего дождя.
It was a vision...
Before me stood two angels... two genii
I say: angels... genii -- because on their bared bodies there was no clothing and behind their backs rose powerful long wings.

Both were young. One was rather plump, smooth-skinned, dark-haired. His eyes were dark brown and full, with thick eyelashes. His gaze was ingratiating, merry and eager. His face was charming, captivating, somewhat impertinent. The full crimson lips quivered slightly. The youth smiled as if he had power -- self-confidently and languidly. A luxurious flower wreath sat lightly on his shining hair, almost touching his velvety eyebrows. A speckled leopard skin, fastened with a golden arrow, lightly hang from the round shoulder to the curved thigh. The feathers of the wings were tinged through with pink; their tips were bright red, as if drenched in scarlet fresh blood. From time to time they quivered rapidly, with a pleasant silvery noise, the sound of spring rain.

The other was lean and his skin yellowish. His ribs were faintly visible as he breathed. His hair was fair, sparse, straight; his eyes huge, round, pale gray... His gaze was restless and strangely bright. All his features were sharp. A
Другой был худ и желтоват телом. Ребра слабо видны при каждом вдохании. Волосы белокурые, золотистые, прямые; огромные, круглые, бледно-серые глаза... взгляд беспокойный и странный-светлый. Все черты лица заостренные; маленький полуоткрытый рот с рябымими зубами; орлиный нос, выдающийся подбородок, покрытый беловатым пухом. Эти сухие губы ни разу, никогда не улыбались.

То было правильное, стряпое, безжалостное лицо! (Впрочем, и у первого, у красавца, — лицо, хоть и милое и сладкое, жалости не выражало тоже.) Вокруг головы второго зацепилось несколько пустых поломанных колосьев, перевитых побледневшими булавками. Грубая серая ткань обивала чресла; крылья за спиной, темно-синие, матового цвета, двигались тихо и грозно.

Оба юноши казались неразлучными товарищами. Каждый из них ощирался на плечо другого. Мягкая ручка первого лежала, как виноградный гроздь, на сухой ключице второго; узкая кисть второго с длинными тонкими пальцами протянулась, как змея, по коже-добой груди первого.

И послышался мне голос... Вот что произнес он: «Перед тобой Любовь и Голод — два родных брата, две коренных основы всего живущего.

Всё, что живет — движется, чтобы питаться; и питается, чтобы воспроизводить.

Любовь и Голод — цель их одна: нужно, чтобы жизнь не прекращалась, собственная и чужая — всё та же, всеобщая жизнь».

Аустин, 1878
small, half-opened mouth with fish-like teeth. A pinched, aquiline nose, a prominent chin covered with whitish down. These dry lips did not smile even once.

It was a well-shaped, terrible, pitiless face! (By the way, the face of the first youth, the handsome one, although nice and sweet, also did not express pity). Around the head of the second youth were twisted several empty, broken ears of corn, entwined with pale blades of grass. Coarse gray cloth girt his loins. The wings behind his back were dark blue, dull colored. They moved silently and menacingly.

The two youths seemed to be inseparable companions.

Each leaned on the other's shoulder. The soft hand of the first, rested, like a cluster of grapes, on the bony neck of the second; the slender hand of the second with its long, slim fingers coiled, like a snake, on the effeminate chest of the first.

And I heard a voice... This is what it said: "In front of you stand Love and Hunger, two brothers, two fundamental bases of all that is alive. All that lives moves in order to feed itself, and it feeds itself in order to reproduce. Love and Hunger have the same goal. Life must not cease -- the life of the individual and that of others -- 'the same universal life.'"
ЭГОИСТ

В нем было всё нужное для того, чтобы сделать бичом своей семьи.
Он родился здоровым; родился богатым — и в течение всей своей долгой жизни, оставаясь богатым и здоровым, не совершил ни одного проступка, не впал ни в одну ошибку, не обмолвился и не промахнулся ни разу.
Он был безукоризненно честен!.. И, гордый сознанием своей честности, давил ею всех: родных, друзей, знакомых.
Честность была его капиталом... и он брал с него ростовщичьи проценты.
Честность давала ему право быть безжалостным и не делать неуказанного добра; и он был безжалостным — и не делал добра... потому что добро по указу — не добро.
THE EGOIST

He had all he needed to become the scourge of his family.

He was born healthy and rich and in the course of his entire life remained both rich and healthy. He committed not a single misdemeanor, not a single error, he never once made a slip or a blunder.

He was impeccably honest!... And his pride in his honesty crushed all: relatives, friends, acquaintances.

Honesty was his capital... and he collected from it usurious interest.

Honesty gave him the right to be merciless and to abstain from doing good except that decreed by law. And he was merciless and did no good deed... because good that is dictated is not

The subject of this "poem" is Louis Viardot, the husband of Pauline; this is known because on one of its manuscripts Turgenev wrote "Viardot." See Turgenevskil Sbornik, Vol. IV. In 1853, i.e. a quarter of a century earlier, the same Ivan Turgenev had written the same Louis Viardot from Russia as follows: "My dear friend, what especially distinguishes you from the others is your reasonableness and common sense. Whether you speak Spanish or French, all the same, your opinions are always correct. We will meet when it will be convenient to God, not sooner. Let us hope this will occur in not too distant times." Turgenev, PSS-Pis'ma, II, 111. Louis Viardot died in May, 1883, four months before Turgenev. There is no satisfactory explanation why Turgenev would write such a vicious slur on a man who was his lifelong friend and the source of endless hospitality.
Он никогда не заботился ни о ком, кроме собственной — столь примерной! — особы, и искренно возмущался, если и другие так же старательно не заботились о ней!

И в то же время он не считал себя эгоистом — и пуще всего порицал и преследовал эгоистов и эгоизм! Еще бы! Чужой эгоизм мешал его собственному.

Не ведая за собой ни малейшей слабости, он не понимал, не допускал никакой слабости. Он вообще никого и ничего не понимал, ибо был весь, со всех сторон, снизу и сверху, сзади и спереди, окружен самим собою.

Он даже не понимал: что значит прощать? Самому себе прощать ему не приходилось... С какой стати стал бы он прощать другим?

Перед судом собственной совести, перед лицом собственного Бога — он, это чудо, этот изверг добродетели,

возводил очи горе и твердым и ясным голосом произносил: «Да, я достойный, я нравственный человек!»

Он повторил эти слова на смертном ложе — и ничего не дрогнет даже и тогда в его каменном сердце, в этом сердце без пятнышка и без трещин.

О безобразие самодовольной, непреклонной, дешево доставшейся добродетели, ты едва ли не противней откровенного безобразия порока!

Декабрь, 1878
goodness.

He never worried about any person but his own -- so exemplary! -- and was sincerely indignant when others were not concerned about it with equal diligence!

And at the same time he did not consider himself to be an egoist, and above all condemned and persecuted egoists and egoism! And how! The egoism of others disturbed his own.

Perceiving in himself not the slightest weakness he did not understand, did not tolerate any weakness in others. He altogether did not understand anyone and anything because he was from all sides, from the bottom and the top, from behind and the front, surrounded by himself.

He did not even understand what it meant to forgive. He did not have to forgive himself... Why forgive others?

Before the tribunal of his own conscience, before the face of his own God, he -- this marvel, this monster of virtue -- raised his eyes, and with a firm and clear voice pronounced: "Yes, I am a worthy and honorable man!"

He will repeat these words on his deathbed and nothing will move even then in his heart of stone, this heart without stain or blemish.

Oh, the ugliness of self-satisfied, inflexible, cheaply bought virtue, almost the antithesis of the frank ugliness of vice!

December, 1878
ПИР У ВЕРХОВНОГО СУЩЕСТВА

Однажды верховное существо вздумало задать великий пир в своих лазоревых чертогах.

Все добродетели были им позваны в гости. Одни добродетели... мужчин он не приглашал... одних только дам.

Собрались их очень много — великих и малых. Малые добродетели были приятнее и любезнее великих; но все казались довольными и вежливо разговаривали между собой, как приличествует близким родственникам и знакомым.

Но вот верховное существо заметило двух прекрасных дам, которые, казалось, вовсе не были знакомы друг с дружкой.

Хозяин взял за руку одну из этих дам и подвел ее к другой.

«Благодетельность!» — сказал он, указав на первую.

«Благодарность!» — прибавил он, указав на вторую.

Обе добродетели несказанно удивились: с тех пор как свет стоял — а стоял он давно,— они встречались в первый раз!

Декабрь, 1878
The Supreme Being once conceived the notion of giving a great feast in His azure mansion.

All the virtues were invited. Only the virtues... He did not invite men... only ladies.

There were a great many of them, large and small. The lesser virtues were more agreeable and courteous than the large ones. But all appeared content and politely chatted with each other, as befits close relatives and acquaintances.

But then the Supreme Being noticed two beautiful ladies which, so it seemed, did not know each other at all.

The Host took one of these ladies by the hand and led her to the other.

"Beneficence!" He said, pointing to the first.

"Gratitude!" He said, pointing to the second.

Both virtues were astounded beyond words. From the day the earth was created -- and that happened long ago -- they met for the first time!

April, 1878

* In the French translation, which Turgenev prepared with the help of Pauline Viardot, the poem is titled "Une fête chez le bon Dieu."
СФИНКС

Изжелла-серый, сверху рыхлый, исподину твердый, скрыпучий песок... песок без конца, куда ни взглянешь! И над этой песчаной пустыней, над этим морем мертвого праха выстаскивается громадная голова египетского сфинкса.

Что хотят сказать эти крупные, выпяченные губы, эти неподвижно-расширенные, вздернутые ноздри — и эти глаза, эти длинные, полусонные, полувнимательные глаза под двойной дугой высоких бровей?

А что-то хотят сказать они! Они даже говорят — но один лишь Эдип умеет разрешить загадку и понять их безмолвную речь.

Ба! Да я узнаю эти черты... в них уже нет ничего египетского. Белый низкий лоб, выдающиеся скулы, нос короткий и прямой, красивый белозубый рот, мягкий ус и бородка курчавая — и эти широко расставленные небольшие глаза... а на голове шапка волос, рассечённая прорезом... Да это ты, Карн, Сидор, Семен, ярославский, рязанский мужичонок, соотчитель мой, русская косточка! Давно ли попал ты в сфинксы?

Или и ты тоже что-то хочешь сказать? Да, и ты тоже — сфинкс.

И глаза твои — эти бесцветные, но глубокие глаза говорят тоже... И так же безмолвны и загадочны их речи.

Только где твой Эдип?

Увы! не довольно надеть мурмоку, чтобы сде- латься твоим Эдипом, о всероссийский сфинкс!

Декабрь, 1878
THE SPHINX

Yellowish-gray sand, on top porous, below grating and hard... endless sand, wherever one looks!

And above this sandy desert, above this sea of dead dust, towers the huge head of the Egyptian sphinx.

What do they want to say, these thick, protruding lips, these immobile, extended, snub nostrils -- and these long eyes, half-asleep, half-attentive under the double arched, high brows?

What do they want to say! They even do talk but only Oedipus knows how to solve the mystery and understand their mute speech.

Well! I recognize these features... there is in them nothing Egyptian. The white, low head, the prominent cheek-bones, the short, straight nose, the lovely, white-teethed mouth, the soft mustache and curly beard -- and these widely-spaced, small eyes... and on the head the cap of hair divided by a parting...

But this is you, Karp, Sidor, Semen, a Iaroslavi, a Riazan peasant, my countryman, Russian flesh and bone! Is it long since

* According to Greek legend, Oedipus -- he who had murdered his father and married his mother -- on his journey to Thebes encountered a Sphinx who stopped all travellers to pose them a riddle. If they answered wrongly, they were killed and eaten; if correctly, they were allowed to proceed. Oedipus was the first to answer the riddle correctly which so astounded the Sphinx that it committed suicide, freeing the people of Thebes of its harsh rule. This Poem is directed at the Slavophiles who affected Russian peasant dress and manners.
you have become a sphinx?

Or do you, too, want to say something? Yes, you too are a sphinx.

And your eyes, those colorless but deep eyes also talk...
And their speech is equally mute and enigmatic.

Only where is your Oedipus?

Alas! It is not enough to put on a peasant smock to become your Oedipus, you Russian sphinx!

December, 1878
НИМФЫ

Я стоял перед цепью красивых гор, раскинутых полукругом; молодой зеленый лес покрывал их сверху донизу.

Прозрачно синело над ними южное небо; солнце с вышины играло лучами; внизу, полузакрытые травою, болтали прозорные ручьи.

И вспомнилось мне старинное сказание о том, как, в первый век по рождестве Христове, один греческий корабль плыл по Эгейскому морю.

Час был полуденный... Стояла тихая погода. И вдруг, в высоте, над головою кормчего, кто-то явственно произнес:

— Когда ты будешь плыть мимо острова, возови громким голосом: «Умер Великий Пан!»

Кормчий удивился... испугался. Но когда корабль побежал мимо острова, он послушался, он воззвал:
I stood facing a chain of lovely mountains spread out in a semi-circle. A fresh green forest covered them from top to bottom.

A transparent southern sky shone blue over them. The sunbeams played on their summits. Below, half-hidden with grass, babbled swift streams.

And I recalled the old tale how, in the first century after Christ's birth, a Greek ship sailed on the Aegean sea.

It was midday... The weather was calm. And suddenly, high up, over the head of the pilot, someone distinctly called:

"When you sail by the island, shout in a loud voice: "The Great Pan in dead!"."

The pilot was surprised... and frightened. But when the boat sailed by the island, he obeyed and shouted:

---

* Pan was a minor god in Greek mythology, half-man and half-goat, the god of the wilderness. "A legend recorded by Plutarch (Moralia, 419b-d) tells of the 'death of Pan'. During the reign of Tiberius (AD 14-37) passengers on a ship sailing along the western coast of Greece heard a mysterious voice apparently calling to the pilot... that 'Great Pan (Pan megas) is dead.' ... Christians took the statement to relate to the death and resurrection of Christ, and to signify the death of the pagan gods and the end of the pagan era." Jenny March, The Penguin Book of Classical Myths (London-New York 2008), 118-19.
— Умер Великий Пап!
И тот же, в ответ на его клик, по всему протяжению берега (а остров был необитаем) раздались громкие рыданья, стоны, протяжные, жалостные взгляды:
— Умер! Умер Великий Пап!
Мне вспомнилось это сказанье... и странная мысль посетила меня. «Что, если я кликну клич?»
Но в виду окружающего меня лихования я не мог подумать о смерти — и что было во мне силы закричал:
— Воскрес! Воскрес Великий Пап!
И тот же — о чудо! — в ответ на мое восклицание по всему широкому полукружью зеленых гор прокатился дружный хохот, поднялся радостный говор и пение. «Он воскрес! Пап воскрес!» — шумели молодые голоса. Всё там впереди внезапно засмеялось, ярче солнца в вышине, игрище ручьев, бодливших под травой. Посыпались торопливый топот легких шагов, сквозь зеленую чашу замелькала мраморная белизна волнистых туник, живая алоть обнаженных тел... То нимфы, нимфы, дриады, вакханки бежали с высот в равнину...
"The Great Pan is dead!"

And at once, in response to his shout, along the entire length of the shore (although the island was uninhabited) there resounded loud sobs, groans, drawn out, mournful shouts:

"He has died! He has died! The Great Pan!"

I recalled this story... and a strange thought struck me:

"What if I, too, were to utter a cry?"

But in view of the rejoicing that surrounded me, I could not think of death, and with all my might shouted:

"He has risen from the dead! He has risen from the dead, the Great Pan!"

And at once -- oh miracle! -- in response to my shout along the entire broad semi-circle of green mountains there rolled peals of joyous laughter, there rose merry talk and the clapping of hands. Young voices clamored: "He has risen! He has risen!". Everything in front suddenly was laughing, brighter than the sun above, more playful than the stream bubbling under the grass. One could hear the hasty tread of soft steps. Across the green thicket there gleamed the marble-like whiteness of flowing tunics, the living flush of naked bodies... These were the nymphs, nymphs, dryads, bacchantes dashing from the heights into the valley...

They suddenly appeared on all openings. Curls twined around their divine heads, shapely hands raised wreaths and tymbrels,
Они разом показались по всем опушкам. Локоны вьются по божественным головам, стройные руки поднимают венки и тимпаны — и смех, сверкающий, олимпийский смех бежит и катится вместе с ними...

Впереди несется богиня. Она выше и прекраснее всех,— колчан за плечами, в руках лук, на поднятых курчах серебристый серп луны...

Диана, это — ты?

И вдруг богиня остановилась... и тотчас, вслед за нею, остановились все нимфы. Звонкий смех замер.
Я видел, как лицо внезапно охваченной богини покрылось смертельной бледностью; я видел, как опустились

и покрыли ее руки, как окаменели ноги, как невыразимый ужас раскрыл ее уста, расширил глаза, устремленные вдаль... Что она увидела? Куда глядела она?

Я обернулся в ту сторону, куда она глядела...

На самом краю неба, за низкой чертой полей, грея огненной точкой золотой крест на белой колокольне христианской церкви... Этот крест увидела богиня.

Я услышал за собою нервный, длиний вздох, подобный трепетанию лопнувшей струны,— и когда я обернулся снова, уже от нимф не осталось следа...

Широкий лес зеленел по-прежнему,— и только местами сквозь частую сеть ветвей виднелись, таяли ключики чего-то белого. Были ли то тюльки нимф, поднимались ли пар со дна долин — не знаю.

Но как мне было жаль исчезнувших богинь!

Декабрь, 1878
and laughter -- glittering, Olympian -- run and rolled along with them...

In front, a goddess was borne. She was taller and lovelier than anyone -- on her shoulder a quiver, in her hands a bow, on the floating locks the silver crescent of the moon...

"Diana, is this you?"

But suddenly the goddess stopped and instantly, following her, all nymphs stopped too. The ringing laughter died. I saw how the face of the goddess suddenly grown silent was cloaked in deathly pallor, her legs turned to stone, how an indescribable horror opened her mouth, distended her eyes fixed on the distance... What has she seen? Where was she gazing?

I turned in the direction in which she was staring...

At the very edge of the sky, beyond the low strip of fields, there blazed with a fiery point a golden cross on the white belfry of a Christian church... This was the cross the goddess had seen.

I heard behind me a broken, long sigh, like the quiver of a broken string -- and when I again turned around, the nymphs were all gone... The wide forest was green as before and only in spots, through the thick net of branches could be seen patches of something white. Whether they were the tunics of the nymphs or mist from the bottom of the valley, I do not know.

But how I missed the vanished goddesses!

December, 1878
ВРАГ И ДРУГ

Осужденный на вечное заточенье узник вырывался из тюрьмы и стремглав пустился бежать... За ним по пятам мчалась погоня.
Он бежал изо всех сил... Преследователи начали отставать.
Но вот перед ним река с крутыми берегами, узкая — но глубокая река... А он не умеет плавать!
С одного берега на другой перекинута тонкая тонкая доска. Беглец уже занес на нее ногу... Но случилось так, что тут же возле реки стояли: лучший его друг и самый жестокий его враг.
Враг ничего не сказал и только скрестил руки; зато друг закричал во всё горло:
— Помилуй! Что ты делаешь? Опомнись, безумец! Разве ты не видишь, что доска совсем сгнила? Она сломится под твою тяжестью — и ты неизбежно погибнешь!
— Но ведь другой переправы нет... а погоню слышал? — отчаянно простонал несчастный и ступил на доску.
A prisoner sentenced to lifelong confinement escaped the prison and ran headlong in flight... On his heels raced the pursuers.

He ran with all his might... His pursuers began to fall behind.

But there appeared before him a river with steep shores -- narrow but deep... And he could not swim!

From one shore of the river to the other stretched a flimsy rotten plank. The fugitive already placed a foot on it... But it so happened that by the river stood his best friend and his most bitter enemy.

The enemy said nothing and only folded his arms. But the friend shouted at the top of his voice:

"For heaven's sake! What are you doing? Come to your senses, madman! Don't you see the plank is wholly rotten? It will break under your weight and you will perish for sure!"

"But there is no other crossing... and don't you hear the pursuers?" -- groaned the unfortunate in despair and stepped on the plank.

"I won't allow it! No, I won't let you to perish!" cried out the zealous friend and snatched the plank from under the
— Не допущу!.. Нет, не допущу, чтобы ты погибнул! — возопил ревностный друг и выхватил из-под ног беглеца доску. Тот мгновенно бухнулся в бурные волны — и утонул.

Враг засмеялся самодовольно — и понёс прочь; а друг присел на берегу — и начал горько плакать о своем бедном... бедном друге!

Обвинять самого себя в его гибели он, однако, не подумал... ни на миг.

— Не послушался меня! Не послушался! — шептал он уныло.

— А впрочем! — промолвил он наконец. — Ведь он всю жизнь свою должен был томиться в ужасной тюрьме! По крайней мере он теперь не страдает! Теперь ему легче! Знать, уж такая ему выпала доля!

— А все-таки жалко, по человечеству!

И добрая душа продолжала неутешно рыдать о своем алломучном друге.

Декабрь, 1878
fugitive. The latter instantly dropped into the stormy waves -- and drowned.

The enemy laughed complacently and went away. The friend sat down on the shore and began bitterly to cry for his poor... poor friend!

But not for an instant did it occur to him to blame himself for his friend's death.

"He would not listen to me! He would not listen!" he whispered despondently.

"But!," he said at last, "He was to pine all his life in a terrible prison! At any rate, he is no longer suffering! He is better off now! This means that such was his fate!"

"And still, speaking as a human being, it is pity!"

And the kind soul continued disconsolately to cry for his ill-starred friend.

December, 1878
ХРИСТОС

Я вижу себя юношей, почти мальчиком в низкой деревенской церкви. Красными пятнышками теплились перед старинными образами восковые тонкие свечи.

Радужный венчик окружал каждое маленькое пламя. Темно и тускло было в церкви... Но народу стояло передо мною много.

Всё русые, крестьянские головы. От времени до времени они начинали колыхаться, падать, подниматься снова, словно зелёные колосья, когда по ним медленной волной пробегает летний ветер.

Вдруг какой-то человек подошёл сзади и стал со мною рядом.

Я не обратился к нему — но тотчас почувствовал, что этот человек — Христос.

Умиление, любопытство, страх разом овладели мною. Я сделал над собой усилие... и посмотрел на своего соседа.

Лицо, как у всех,— лицо, похожее на все человеческие лица. Глаза глядят немного ввысь, внимательно и тихо. Губы закрыты, но не сжаты: верхняя губа как бы покойится на нижней. Небольшая борода раздвоена. Руки сложены и не шевелятся. И одежда на нем как на всех.
CHRIST

I saw myself as a youth, almost a small boy, in a low-pitched village church. The slim wax candles flickered with red before the old pictures.

An iridescent ring surrounded each small flame. It was dark and dim in the church... But in front of me stood many people.

They were all Russian, peasant heads. From time to time they bowed, fell, rose again to their feet, literally like ripe ears of wheat when the summer wind in a slow wave rolls over them.

Suddenly a man came up from behind and stood beside me.

I did not turn to him but at once felt that this man was Christ.

Tenderness, curiosity, fear came over me. I forced myself to look at my neighbor.

His face was like all faces... a face resembling all human faces. The eyes were slightly upturned, attentive and quiet. His lips were closed but not compressed, the upper lip as if resting on the lower. The small beard was parted. The hands were folded and still. And his clothing was like everyone else's.

Written under the influence of Antokolskii's sculpture "Christ before the judgment of the people" exhibited in Paris in 1878. See E. V. Kuznetsova, M. M. Antokol'skii: Zhizn' i Tvorchestvo (Moscow, 1989), 90-103.
«Какой же это Христос! — подумалось мне. — Такой простой, простой человек! Быть не может!»

Я отвернулся прочь. Но не успел я отвести взор от того простого человека, как мне опять почудилось, что это именно Христос стоит со мной рядом.

Я опять сделал над собою усилие... И опять увидел то же лицо, похожее на все человеческие лица, те же обычные, хоть и незнакомые черты.

И мне вдруг стало жутко — и я пришел в себя.

Только тогда я понял, что именно такое лицо — лицо, похожее на все человеческие лица,— оно и есть лицо Христа.

Декабрь, 1878
"What kind of a Christ is this!" I thought, "Such an ordinary, ordinary man. It can't be!"

And I turned away. But I was unable to redirect me eyes from that simple man when again it seemed to me that it was Christ who stood beside me.

And again I forced myself... And again I saw the same face resembling all human faces, the same common although unfamiliar features.

And I suddenly felt awestruck and came to myself. Only then did I realize that such a face -- a face resembling all human faces -- is indeed the face of Christ.

December, 1878
КАМЕНЬ

Видели ли вы старый серый камень на морском прибрежье, когда в него, в час прилива, в солнечный весенний день, со всех сторон бьют живые волны — бьют и играют и ластятся к нему — и обливают его миштую голову рассыпчатым жемчугом блестящей пены?

Камень остается тем же камнем — но по хмуру его поверхности выступают яркие цвета.

Они свидетельствуют о том далеком времени, когда только что начинали твердеть расплавленный гранит и весь горел огненными цветами.

Так и на мое страдное сердце вдруг со всех сторон нахлынули молодые женские души — и под их ласкающим прикосновением зарделось оно уже давно поблекшими красками, следами бывшего огня!

Волны отхлынули... но краски еще не потускнели — хоть и сушит их резкий ветер.

Май, 1879
A STONE

Have you seen an old gray stone on the sea shore at high tide, on a sunny, jolly day? Live waves break on it on all sides -- they break, and frolic, and fawn upon it, and sprinkle on its mossy head scattered pearls of sparkling foam?

The stone remains unchanged but on its sullen surface appear colorful blossoms.

They tell of those remote times when the molten granite had began to harden and was ablaze with fire.

And so, not long ago, on my old heart from all sides crowded young female souls -- and under their caressing touch it flushed with colors that had long paled, traces of one-time fire!

The waves have receded... but the colors have not yet grown dim even though they are dried by the harsh wind.

May, 1879

\*This poem is believed to refer to Turgenev's visit to Russia in the spring of 1879 when his public lectures were enthusiastically received, especially by the women in the audience. See A. E. Gruzinskii, I.S. Turgenev (Moscow, 1918), 230.
ГОЛУБИ

Я стоял на вершине пологого холма; передо мною — то золотым, то посеребренным морем — раскинулась и нестrella спелая рожь.

Но не бегало зяби по этому морю; не струился душный воздух: взвивала гроза великая.

Около меня солнце еще светило — горячо и тускло; но там, за рожью, не слишком далеко, темно-синяя туча лежала груznой громадой на целой половине небесного."—

Всё притаилось... всё изнывало под зловещим блеском последних солнечных лучей. Не слыхать, не видать ни одной птицы; попытались даже воробы. Только где-то вблизи упорно шептал и хлопал одинокий крупный лист лопуха.

Как сильно пахнет полынь на межах! Я глядел на сию громаду... и смутно было на душе. Ну скорей же, скорей! — думалось мне,— сверкни, золотая змейка, дрогни, тром! двинься, покатись, пролейся, алая туча, прекрати тосливое томление!

Но туча не двигалась. Она по-прежнему давила безмолвную землю... и только словно нухла да темнела.
DOVES

I stood on the top of a gently sloping hill. In front of me spread out, in a golden and silver sea, ripe rye.

But no little waves spread over this sea; no stifling air flowed; a great storm was brewing.

The sun was still shining around me, hot and growing pale. But there, beyond the rye, not far off, a dark blue storm cloud rested like a heavy mass on the full half of the horizon.

Everything was hushed... everything appeared faint under the malignant rays of sun's last beams. One could neither hear nor see a solitary bird. Even the sparrows hid themselves. Only nearby stubbornly whispered and slapped a lonely single large leaf of a burdock.

How strongly smelled the wormwood in the hedges! I gazed at the blue mass... and felt sorrow in my soul. "Faster, faster!" I thought, "flash, you golden serpent, evil storm cloud, break into floods, stop the melancholy languor."

But the cloud did not move. As before, it throttled the mute earth... And it only swelled and darkened.

And, behold, on its monochrome blue, something darted in even and smooth flight, like a white kerchief or a snowball. This was a white dove flying from the direction of the village.
И вот по одноцветной ее синеве замелькало что-то ровано и плавно; ни дать ни взять белый платочек или снежный комок. То летел со стороны деревни белый голубь.
Летел, летел — всё прямо, прямо... и потонул за лесом.
Пропало несколько мгновений — та же стояла же- стокая тишь... Но глядь! Уже два платка мелькают, два комочка несутся назад: то летят домой ровным по- летом два белых голубя.
И вот, наконец, сорвалась буря — и пошла потеха!
Я едва домой добежал. Взят ветер, мечется как бешеный, метает рыжие, низкие, словно в ключи разорванные облака, всё закрутилось, смешалось, за- хлестал, закачался в естественных столбами рывший ливень, молнии слепят огнестной зеленью, стреляет как из пуший отравленный гром, запахло серой...

Но под навесом крыши, на самом краюком слухо- вого окна, рядом сидят два белых голубя — и тот, кто летал за товарищем, и тот, кого он привел и, мо- жет быть, спас.
На хохлялися оба — и чувствует каждый своим крылом крыло соседа...
Хорошо им! И мне хорошо, глядя на них... Хоть я и один... один, как всегда.

Mай, 1879
It flew, and flew, straight on, straight... and vanished beyond the forest.

A few moments passed - the same cruel silence prevailed...

But look! Already two kerchiefs can be glimpsed, two handfuls of snow fly back. Two white doves are flying back home in an even flight.

And then, at last, the storm broke out -- and the tumult has begun!

I barely made it home. The wind was roaring, rolling like a madman, the reddish, low clouds, rushed as if torn into shreds. Everything has twisted, mingled, pouring, the zealous downpour began to shake with steep pillars, the lightnings blinded me with green fire, the abrupt thunder shot as if from a cannon, it smelled of brimstone...

But under the awning of the roof, at the very edge of the dormer window, sat side by side two white doves -- the one which flew to the comrade and the one whom it had brought and perhaps saved.

They fluffed their feathers and each felt with his wing the wing of his neighbor...

They were happy! And I felt happy looking at them... Even though I am alone... alone, as always.

May, 1879
ЗАВТРА! ЗАВТРА!

Как пуст, и яд, и ничтожен почти всякий прожитой день! Как мало следов оставляет он за собою! Как бессмысленно грубо пробежали эти часы за часами!
И между тем человеку хочется существовать; он дорожит жизнью, он надеется на нее, на себя, на будущее... О, каких благ он ждет от будущего!
Но почему же он воображает, что другие, грядущие дни не будут похожи на этот только что прожитой день?
Да он этого и не воображает. Он вообще не любит размышлять — и хорошо делает.
«Вот завтра, завтра!» — утешает он себя, пока это «завтра» не свалит его в могилу.
Ну, а раз в могиле — поневоле размышлять перестанешь.

May, 1879
How empty, dull, and insignificant is almost every day that one lives through! How few traces it leaves behind! With what mindless stupidity have the hours flown!

And yet man wants to live. He values life, he rests his hopes on it, on himself, on the future... Oh, what blessings he expects from the future!

But why does he imagine that future days will be different from the day that has just passed?

No, he does not imagine this. He altogether does not like to think. And he does well.

"Tomorrow, tomorrow!," he consoles himself until that "tomorrow" thrusts him into the grave.

And, once in the grave, willy-nilly he stops thinking.

May, 1879

* Turgenev expressed similar sentiments in his diary under the date 17/5 March 1877, a copy of which he sent to a friend: PSS - Pis'ma, XII, 135.
ПРИРОДА

Мне снись, что я вошел в огромную подземную часовню с высокими сводами. Ее всю наполнял какой-то тоже подземный, ровный свет.

По самой середине часовни сидела величавая женщина в полной одежде зеленного цвета. Склонив голову на руку, она казалась погруженной в глубокую думу.

Я тут же понял, что эта женщина — сама Природа, — и мгновенным холодом внедрился в мое душу благоговейный страх.

Я приблизился к сидящей в часовне — и, отдав почтительный поклон:
— О наша общая матушка! — воскликнул я,— О чем твоя дума? Не о будущих ли судьбах человечества размышляешь ты? Не о том ли, как ему дойти до возможного совершенства и счастья?

Женщина медленно обратила на меня свои темные, грозные глаза. Губы ее шевельнулись — и раздался вычурный голос, подобный лаяту железа.

— Я думаю о том, как бы придать большую силу мышцам ног блохи, чтобы ей удобнее было спасаться от врагов своих. Равнодушие нападения и отпора нарушило. Надо его восстановить.
I dreamt that I had entered an enormous underground temple with high vaults. It was suffused with some kind of underground, steady light.

In the very center of the temple sat a majestic woman, in a loose green dress. Having rested her head on her hand she seemed immersed in deep thought.

I realized at once that this woman was nature herself and an instant shiver invaded my soul with reverential fear.

I approached the sitting woman and having given her respectful homage, said:

"Oh, our common mother! What are you thinking? Are you thinking about the future destinies of humanity? Or how humanity can attain possible perfection and happiness?"

The woman slowly turned on me her dark, stern eyes. Her lips stirred and I heard a ringing voice, resembling the clang of iron.

"I am thinking how to strengthen the muscles of a flea's legs so that it will find it easier to escape its enemies. The balance of attack and defence has been upset... It should be restored."

"How?" I stammered in response, "This is what you are
— Как? — пролепетал я в ответ.— Ты вот о чем думаешь? Но разве мы, люди, не любимые твои дети?
Женщина чуть-чуть наморщила брови:
— Все твари мои дети,— промолвила она,— и я одинаково о них заботлюсь — и одинаково их истребляю.
— Но добро... разум... справедливость...— пролепетал я снова.
— Это человеческие слова,— раздался железный голос.— Я не ведаю ни добра, ни зла... Разум мне не закоп — и что такое справедливость? Я тебе дала жизнь — я ее отниму и дам другим, червям или людям... мне всё равно... А ты пока защищайся — и не мешай мне!
Я хотел было возражать... но земля кругом глухо застонала и дрогнула — и я проснулся.

Август, 1879
thinking about? But aren't we, humans, your favorite children?"

The woman slightly knitted her brows.

"All creatures are my children," she said, "And I am equally concerned for them. And I equally exterminate them."

"But goodness... reason... justice..." I stammered again.

"These are human words," resounded the iron voice, "I know neither right nor wrong... Reason is no law for me -- and what is justice? I gave you life. I will take it away and give it to others, worms or men... For me it is all the same... And until then defend yourself and don't disturb me!"

I wanted to object... but the earth around me groaned and trembled -- and I woke up.

August, 1879
«ПОВЕСИТЬ ЕГО!»

— Это случилось в 1805 году,— начал мой старый знакомый,— незадолго до Аустерлица. Полк, в котором я служил офицером, стоял на квартирах в Моравии.

Нам было строго запрещено беспокоить и притеснять жителей; они и так смотрели на нас косо, хотя мы и считались союзниками.

У меня был денщик, бывший крепостной моей матери, Егор по имени. Человек он был честный и смиренный; я знал его с детства и обращался с ним как с другом.

Вот однажды в доме, где я жил, поднялись бранчливые крики, вошли: у хозяйки украла двух кур, и она в этой краже обвиняла моего денщика. Он оправдывался, призывал меня в свидетели... «Станет он красть, он, Егор Автамонов!» Я уверял хозяйку в честности Егора, но она ничего слушать не хотела.

Вдруг вдоль улицы раздался дружный конский топот: то сам главнокомандующий проезжал со своим штабом.

Он ехал шагом, толстый, обрюзглый, с попурой головой и свислыми на грудь апоплетами.
"HANG HIM!"

"This happened in 1805," began my old acquaintance, "not long before Austerlitz. The regiment in which I served as an officer was quartered in Moravia."

"We were strictly forbidden to molest and oppress the inhabitants: they looked askance at us anyway even though we were supposed to be allies."

"I had a servant, Egor, a one-time serf of my mother's. He was an honest and peaceful fellow. I had known him since childhood and treated him like a friend."

"Once in the house where I lived there broke out quarrelsome shouts and wails. Someone had stolen from the landlady two chickens and she accused my servant of this theft. He tried to defend himself, called on me as witness... 'He, Egor Avtamonov, a thief?!' I assured my landlady of Egor's honesty but she would not hear of it."

"Suddenly on the street resounded the friendly clatter of horses' hoofs. It was the very Commander in Chief with his staff."

"He rode at a walking pace, a fat, flabby man. with a drooping head and epaulets on his chest."

"The landlady spotted him, and, falling in front of his
Ловишка увидела его — и, бросившись наперекрёст его лошади, пала на колени — и вся растерзанная, просто-волосая, начала громко жаловаться на моего девчонка, указывала на него рукой.
— Господин генерал! — кричала она,— ваше сиятельство! Рассудите! Помогите! Спасите! Этот солдат меня ограбил!
Егор стоял на пороге дома, вытянувшись в струнку,
с шапкой в руке, даже грудь выставлял и ноги сдвинул,
как часов,— и хоть бы слово! Смутил ли его весь
это остановившийся посреди улицы генералитет,
окаменел ли он перед налетающей бедой — только
стоит мой Егор да мигает глазами — а сам бел, как
глина!
Главнокомандующий бросил на него рассеянный и,
угрюмый взгляд, промычал сердито:
— Ну?...
Стоит Егор как истукан и зубы осколил! Со сто-
роны посмотреть: словно смехется человек.
Тогда главнокомандующий промолвил отрывисто:
— Повесить его! — толкнул лошадь под бока и
движался дальше — смертъ-таки шагом, а потом
шквой рисью. Весь штаб помчался вслед за ним;
один только адъютант, повернувшись на седло, взгля-
нул мельком на Егора.
horse, dishevelled and bareheaded, began loudly to complain about my servant, pointing at him with her hand."

"General!," she shouted, "Your Excellency! Judge! Help!, Save! This soldier has robbed me!"

"Egor stood on the threshold of the house, straight as an arrow, hat in hand, even expanding his chest and bringing his legs together like a sentinel. And not a word! He was confused by all this brass in the middle of the street. He was petrified by the looming trouble: my Egor stood and blinked with his eyes, white like clay."

The commander cast on him a vacant and sullen look, and bellowed angrily:

"Well?"

Egor stood as if frightened and bared his teeth! To look at him from the side, the man was laughing!

"Then the commander said curtly:

"Hang him!". He spurred his horse and went on, first at a walking pace and then at a quick trot. The entire staff followed. Only one adjutant, turning in the saddle, cast a glance at Egor.

"It was impossible to disobey. Egor was promptly seized and taken to be executed."

"Now he grew completely numb."

---

* Turgenev explained to his editor that in Orel province the clay was white. Turgenev, PSS-Sochineniia, xiii, 666.
Ослушаться было невозможно... Егора тотчас схватили и повели на казнь.
Тут он совсем помертел — и только раза два с трудом воскликнул:
— Батюшки! батюшки! — а потом вполголоса: —
Видит Бог — не я!
Горько, горько заплакал он, прощаясь со мною.
Я был в отчаянии.
— Егор! Егор! — кричал я, — как же ты это ничего не сказал генералу!
— Видит Бог, не я, — повторил, всхлипывая, бедняк.
Сама хозяйка ужаснулась. Она никак не ожидала такого страшного решения и в свою очередь разрезалась! Начала умолять всех и каждого о пощаде, утверждая, что куры её отсыкались, что она сама готова всё объяснить...
Разумеется, всё это ни к чему не послужило. Военные, сударь, породная Дисциплина! Хозяйка рыдала всё громче и громче.
Егор, которого священник уже исповедал и причастил, обратился ко мне:
— Скажите ей, ваше благородное, чтоб она не убивалась... Ведь я её простил.
Мой знакомый повторил эти последние слова своего слуги, проронил: «Егорушка, голубчик, праведник!» — и слезы заливали его старые щеки.

Август, 1879
"Fellows! fellows!" and then, in a murmur, "God knows, it was not I!"

He cried bitterly bidding me farewell. I was in despair.

"Egor! Egor!," I shouted, "How come you said nothing to the general!"

"God knows, it was not I," he repeated, sobbing, the poor fellow.

"The landlady herself was horrified. She had not expected such a terrible decision and, in turn, began to howl! She begged one and all for mercy, she assured them that she had found the chickens, that she was ready to explain everything..."

"Of course, all this was of no use. These were, dear sir, war-time conditions! Discipline! The landlady cried louder and louder."

"Egor, who had already made his confession to the priest and was given the last communion, turned to me: "Tell her, your excellency, not to grieve... I have forgiven her."

My acquaintance repeated these last words of his servant. He whispered "Egor, my dear, you righteous man!" and tears rolled down his aged cheeks.

August, 1879
ЧТО Я БУДУ ДУМАТЬ?..

Что я буду думать тогда, когда мне придется умирать,— если я только буду в состоянии тогда думать?

Буду ли я думать о том, что плохо воспользовался жизнью, проспал ее, пропустил, не сумел вкушать от ее даров?

«Как? это уже смерть? Так скоро? Невозможно! Ведь я еще ничего не успел сделать... Я только собирался делать!»

Буду ли я вспоминать о прошедшем, останавливаться мыслями на немногих светлых, прожитых мною мгновениях, на дорогих образах и лицах?

Предстанут ли моей памяти мои дурные дела — и найдет на мою душу жгучая тоска позднего раскаяния?

Буду ли я думать о том, что меня ожидает за гробом... да и ожидает ли меня там что-нибудь?

Нет... мне кажется, я буду стараться не думать — и насильно займусь каким-нибудь вадором, чтобы только отвлечь собственное мое внимание от грозного мрака, чернеющего впереди.

При мне один умирающий всё жаловался на то, что не хотел дать ему погрызть каленых орешков... и только там, в глубине его потускневших глаз, билось и трепетало что-то, как переплывшее крыло насмерть раненной птицы.

Август, 1879
WHAT WILL I BE THINKING?

What will I be thinking when I am about to die, if I will be able then to think?

Will I be thinking that I have lived my life badly, that I had slept through it, dozed through it, that I did not know how to savor its gifts?

"How? is death here already? So soon? Impossible! I have not been able as yet to get anything done... I have only began to do it!"

Will I recall the past, fix my thoughts on the few bright moments I have lived through, on the dear images and faces?

Will my bad deeds appear to my memory and will my soul feel the burning longing of late remorse?

Will I be thinking what awaits me in the grave... and does anything await me there?

No... I fancy that I shall try not to think and force myself to think of some nonsense so as to divert my attention from the terrifying gloom that darkens ahead.

In my presence, a dying man once complained that they would not give him roasted nuts to nibble... and only in the depth of his faded eyes something beat about and quivered, like the fractured wing of a fatally wounded bird.
«КАК ХОРОШИ, КАК СВЕЖИ
БЫЛИ РОЗЫ...»

Где-то, когда-то, давно-давно тому назад, я прочел одно стихотворение. Оно скоро позабылось мною... но первый стих остался у меня в памяти:

Как хороши, как свежи были розы...

Теперь зима; мороз зашумел стекла окон; в темной комнате горит одна свеча. Я сижу, забившись в угол; а в голове всё звенит да звенит:

Как хороши, как свежи были розы...

И вижу я себя перед низким окном загородного русского дома. Летний вечер тихо тает и переходит в ночь, в теплом воздухе пахнет резедой и лилией; а на окне, опершись на выпрямленную руку и склонив голову к плечу, сидит девушка — и безмолвно и пристально смотрит на небо, как бы выжидая появления первых звезд. Как простодушно-вдохновенно задумчи-
Endnotes

1 V. Zelinskii, Sobranie kriticheskikh materialov dlia izuchenii proizvedenii I. S. Turgeneva, II, Part 2 (Moscow, 1905), 23.
2 Ibid., 25
3 Ibid., 50
4 I. Ivanov, Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev (St. Petersburg, 1896), 80
5 Its history is the subject of Suzanne Bernard's, Le poème en prose, (Paris, 1959). As a Russian scholar discovered, however, the term itself was used in Russia at least two years before the publication of Baudelaire's book: I. S. Chistova in Turgenev i ego sovremenniki (Leningrad, 1977), 149n.
6 Chistova in Turgenev i ego sovremenniki, 142-52.
7 His surviving poems are reproduced in Turgenev, PSS, I, 11-187.
8 Vestnik Evropy, Vol.103/V (1883), 849-50. "The Threshold" which provided a sympathetic portraits of a revolutionary woman, was first published in 1905.
9 16 December, 1882, and 23 December, 1882 (pp.769-76, and 809-16, respectively)
10 Tourguénev, Nouveaux poèmes en prose (Paris, 1930).
12 Turgenev told the story 45 years later, in June 1883: PSS-Sochineniia, XIV, 186-202.
14 PSS-Pis'ma, XII, 135.
16 The story of Pauline Viardot and her relationship with Turgenev is told in April Fitzlyon's The Price of Genius: A Life of Pauline Viardot, (London, 1964)
17 Ivanov, Turgenev, 321.
18 Pervoe sobranie pisem I. S. Turgeneva, 1840-1883 (St.Petersburg, 1884). This is in PSS, XIII/2, 108
22 Ibid., 57.
25 Vladimir Zelinskii, ed., Sobranie kriticheskikh materialov dlia izucheniiia prozivedenii I.S. Turgeneva, I (Moscow, 1902), 111.
APPENDICES
Chronology

From: Pervoe sobranie pisem I.S. Turgeneva; 1840-1883
(St.P., 1884) Slav 4354.3.807 + PSS

   July: Bougival
   *August-Spasskoe: Moscow, Spasskoe
   Late September-December: Bougival, Paris

1879: January-15 February: Paris
   *March: Moscow, Petersburg (death of brother)
   April-12 June: Paris
   13 June-November: Bougival
   December: Paris

1880: January: Paris
   *February-early July: St.P., Moscow, Spasskoe
   July: Bougival
   September-December: Bougival, Paris

1881: January-May: Paris
   *June-August: Spasskoe; visits Tolstoy in Iasnaia Poliana
   September-October: Bougival
   November-December: Paris

1882: January-May: Paris -- March: falls ill
   End of May-early November: Bougival
   November-December: Paris
1883: January-April: Paris; January has surgery

May-June: Bougival

22 August -- dies
Corrections

#10 Check Stankevich reference

#11 Fill from VE for 1882

#14 Soch or Pis'ma?

p. 9 Recheck how many were written in Russia

#17 Find "Prizraki" in PSS

p. 11 Check text of "Tomorrow!"

p. 11 "Snakes"?

#24 Soch or Pis'ma?

p. 24* Polanskii initials

p. 51* Piksanov?

"The Egoist": see Turgenevskii Sbornik, IV

p. 81 Check French translation for the title

"white as clay": Turgenev, IX, 126
BIBLIOGRAPHY


6. The novels and stories of Ivan Turgenev, NY, Scribner, 1903-04, Vol. 16

\(^1\)Denotes the Harvard University Library.
7. Senilia, Bristol, 1890.

8. Senilia, Macmillan's Magazine, xlv (November-December, 1883)


USE THIS EDITION FOR THE RUSSIAN TEXT?

German translations:


Iwan Turgeniew, Gedichte in Prosa. Transl. by R. Loewenefeld, Breslau, 1883.

PSS, XIII/2, 368.

First edition in Dec. 1882 issue of Vestnik Evropy. pp. 475-520, had 50 "poems."

*V. Zelinskii, Kriticheskie razbory romana I.S. Turgeneva "Nov'." Moscow, 1905. Slav 4354.3.828²

² Bolded letter-number combinations refer to the Harvard University call-number system.

**F. Rauhut, Das französische Prosagedicht** (Hamburg, 1929).

*Philol* 376  Vol. 2

Mazon's article in *Revue des Deux Mondes* IV, 15/xi, 1929, 289-311.

*Charles Baudelaire, "Petits Poèmes en Prose," in* *Oeuvres Completes*, IV (Paris, 1869), 1-151. 41522.5 (4)

**M.M. Antokol'skii: ego zhizn', tvoreniia, pis'ma i stat'i** (St.P. 1905). *Microfiche W 4738.2*

Reactions to PiP³

*Krasnyi arkhiv*, No. 1 (1929), 205.


³ Poems in Prose.


Adrian Wanner, *Baudelaire in Russia* (Gainesville, FL, 1996). *PQ 2191 Z5 W26  NOT ON SHELF*

A. A. Kuprievich on T and Leopardi's PiP in *Minerva*, I (Kiev, 1913). *NOT MH*


**E.V. Petukhov on PiP in Slavia, Vol.13, No. 4 (1934-35), 699-717. PSlav 78.20

*P. Pustovoit, Turgenev (M., 1957), 130-34. Slav 4354 .3 .925

S.M. Petrov, Turgenev (M., 1968), 312-18. NOT MH


CHECKED OUT TIL MAY


Loeb Music MUS 5613 .15 .28
Turgenev, PSS, XIII, 597 ff.

The mss are in Biblioteque Nationale, Slave 86 (597). First publication in VE, No. 12 (1882), minus "Porog" which left out for censorship reasons (598), Original title "Posthuma" which suggests Turgenev did not intend to print them during his lifetime (600).

Part I ends in November 1879, following which is interval of one and a half years.

In August 1882, Turgenev promised Stasiulevich these verses (608). Stas visited T in Bougival 12 August 1882 (NS) [on the Seine, abt an hour's trip west of Paris] (villa shared by him and Viardots).

Stasiulevich recollections of this in VE, No. 10 (1883), 849–50. T tells him he will write no more major novels and showed him "Poems" which he jotted down on whatever scrap of paper he chanced on (608). T agrees to have 50 published (609) under title "Senilia" (610).

Turgenev wrote to L. Pietsch that they are nothing else "but the last deep sighs (to speak politely) of an old man." (611).

Mazon found the remaining PiP among papers of Viardot's heirs (613), He published a few of them initially in 1927 in
Prague in work dedicated to V. Tille. See Mazon's article in

*Revue des Deux Mondes* IV, 15/xi, 1929, 289-311 (613)

Leopardi's *Dialogues* compared.

Stasulievich's recollections:
During our conversations I asked Turgenev whether he had not read in English newspapers the welcome news that he is finishing a major novel. He vigorously denied this rumor... "By the way," he added, having given it some thought, "do you want me to prove to you in fact that I not only am not writing a novel but that I will never write one?" Following which he bent down and extracted from the side box of the writing table a brief-case out of which he removed a large packet of pages of various sizes and colors covered with writing. In response to my expression of surprise —what could this be? -- he explained that this is something like what artists call studies, etudes from nature, which they later use when they paint a large canvass. Exactly like this, whenever a conspicuous event occurred, under the live impression of the fact or of a flashing thought, Turgenev wrote on whatever piece of paper happened to be handy and put it in the briefcase. "These are my materials," he concluded,
"they would be used if I undertook a major work. But to prove to you that I am writing nothing and will write nothing, I have sealed all of this and will give it to you for safekeeping until my death." I confessed to him that even so I didn't understand well what kind of 'materials' these were and asked him whether he would not read at least something from them. To begin with, he read "The Village," then "Masha." The masterly way he read the latter affected me in such a way that it was not necessary for me to add anything. He then read two or three more pieces. "No, Ivan Sergeevich," I told him, "I don't agree with your proposal. If the public must await your death to become acquainted with this splendor then one must wish you to die soon. I don't agree with this. And we will simply print all of it now." He then explained to me that among these fragments were some that should never or for a very long time not see the light of day: they were too personal and intimate. Our discussion ended with his agreement to copy only those which he considered suitable for publication. And, indeed, two weeks later he sent me fifty, carefully copied by his own hand, as was always the case with his manuscripts. When I returned, visiting him on
September 5 [3/15] (1882) for the last time, Turgenev expressed doubts about a single item, especially remarkable ("The Threshold"), and ended by removing it in proof and replacing it with another."

Turgenev died a year later (22/viii, 1883)

Turgenev, PSS, XII

T toiled on Virgin Soil for six years (1870-76) (??) [mentally] (478). He meant it as his major achievement (481).

Polemics began as soon as VS published (524). VS was met with a flood of critical appraisals (526). Public believes that T had lost touch with Russia (526). Katkov, Meshcherskii condemn (527). Radicals accuse him of superficiality (531).

December 31, 2011

Lit. Nasl. Vol. 73/1 (1964) Own copy

The issue of VE with PiP came out. Grigorovich said he understood nothing. Very likely the public will have the same reaction (393). A few days later T says they are very successful (394). Tolstoy's reaction was very helpful (394)

30 PiP have been translated into French by T with help of Pauline Viardot and published in Revue politique et litteraire in December, 1882. Turgenev thought they were too "Russian" to
be liked in Europe (400).

Stasiulevich to Pypin on how he obtained the PiP (410).

Annenkov's reaction (411). He writes from Baden 2/14 October 1882 abt PiP (still not printed):

their cumulative character blinded me: I had dark circles in my eyes, and from these circles emanated a remarkably sympathetic portrait of the author: what humanity, what warm words with simplicity and cheerful hues; what sorrow, what submission to fate and joy at his human existence. You have written yourself an eulogy with these verses, Ivan Sergeevich, and you were very wrong thinking that there is in them nothing personal, nothing subjective. The personal plays in them a prominent and most brilliant role, the personal makes up their aroma and charm. Some of the tales seemed to me barren or I failed to understand them -- such were "The Rival" and "The world's end." But may the Lord beware lest we touch them or remove them; the whole lovely chord would be harmed; they are as necessary as, perhaps, an irregularity in some face which often makes up its beauty. And yes, for their language alone they should remain where they stand; from them emanates this charming note, as from all the others. (411)
T especially gratified by (lost) letter of Tolstoy: see 
*Tolstoi i Turgenev. Perepiska* (1928), 110.

Other reviews (411-12). LOOK UP!


In *VE* favorable review (1-8).

V. Chuiko in *Pchela*, Nos. 3-5 for 1877 (9-24):
"The entire "Virgin Soil" which appears in the novel, apparently was not observed, or the scope of observation was exceedingly narrow: the characters of these young people are to such extent sallow, untypical, false not only in conception but also in execution; the language which they speak is not their language; the circumstances in which they live is not their circumstance; the characters are incomprehensible, distorted." (23)


After leaving Russia in the 1860's, T lost touch (25). Ignored Great Reforms and got stuck on the nihilists (25-26).
N. Mikhailovskii in *Otech. Zapiski*, No. 2 (1877), 48-53.

It is about "Going to the People" (48). He makes mistakes. He does not show the psychic development of radicals (50). He concentrates on stupid characters (52-53).

K. Grigorev in *Delo*, No. 1 (1884) (67)

He who spent 15 years abroad dares to describe events which we Russians have difficulty understanding (67). He fears nothing.


It is T's largest book (68). Admirable (68)

Iu. Nikolaev in *Turgenev*, Moscow, 1894 (72-78).

Unlike his other books, VS lacks spirit, "it does not flow from his soul... here acts only the mind." (72) This is why it produces almost no impression -- hence its lack of success (72).

I. Ivanov in *Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev* (StP., 1896) (78-920)

In letters, T worried abt reception of VS even though he pretended not to care (78). He wrote that he had never been so criticized in journals (80)
[He wrote VS in 3 months (93). The book has 84,000 words, ie. if he wrote in 90 days he wrote c., 1,000 words a day.]

Reviews of PiP

Russkoe Bogatstvo, No. 1 (1883) by L. E. Obolenskii (200-4)
Too much abt imminence of death (200). Does not believe in Russia's future (202).

Zelinskii, Vol. I (1902)

Evg. Soloviev: His favorite writer was Schopenhauer (104)

In PiP

In these poems bade farewell not to his readers, not to Russia, not even with his own life but to life altogether, to the life of all that is vital, that ever suffered and relished on earth. (111). See XEROX

Pervoe sobranie pisem I. S. Turgeneva, 1840-1883 (St.P., 1884)

Slav 4354.3.807

From Paris 13/ix, 1882 to D.V. Grigorovch. PiP not suited for public reading -- they "can have some success only in an intimate circle" (514)

518 - XEROX

3/xii, 1882 to Grigorovich (522). When he gave PiP to Stasiulevich he insisted he not be paid for them. PSS, xiii/2,
7/xii, 1882 to A. V. Toporov: the public and critics are indifferent or suspicious of PiP (528).

Letter to Ia.P. Polonskii of 22/xi/4/xii, 1822 (518)

"You write Gregorovich says that he does not understand my "Poems in Prose." The expression "I do not understand" is nothing but a polite use of the words "I don't like this." The opinion of G[rigoro]vich very likely is shared by a large majority of the Russian public -- and this is how it should be. I wrote the "Poems in Prose" for myself and also for a small circle of persons who sympathize with such things. The public will be entirely right ingoring them. I was horrified when I heard that some of these "poems" were going to be read in public. This would have been a fiasco, such as, judging by the newspapers, met the reworking of the "Steppe King Lear" for the Moscow stage. But, thank God, they gave up this venture".

This is in PSS, XIII/2, 108.

---

4 But 8/20 Jan 1883 he thanks Stasiulevich for 5,124 Franks (PSS, xii/2, 150), apparently for PiP (ibid.,361)
In February, 1878 T was in Paris -- so the early PiP are not fresh impressions but recollections. He was also in Paris in March and April, 1878. He is first in Russia in late July, 1878. And again in France in 13/25 September, 1878. He remains there to the end of 1878.

Evgenii Soloviev:

"With ["Poems in Prose"] Turgenev was bidding farewell not to readers, not to Russia, not even to his own life, but to life altogether, to the life of all animate creatures that have ever suffered and rejoiced on earth. In the best of these verses the earth appears to him already dead, dead under a block of ice, which is mindlessly and aimlessly plunging through infinite space. All is silent; not a sound over this grave of mankind, and the mountains alone converse with severe?? whisper. And these mountains celebrate their triumph. Now they are at peace. They have had their fill of people. People annoyed them with their noise, crying, laughter, their ceaseless activity. Such small creatures and, at the same time, so filled with conceit! They imagined that the earth was created for them and they spread out on it as if they were its masters, its tsars! But now it is fine.
The eternal silence of the tomb, eternal radiance of the ice, eternal cold..." (111)

Zelinskii, I (M., 1902).

PSS, Letters, XII/2.

Letter to Tolstoy from Paris, 15/27 XII, 1882. (133-34).

Thanks him for saying nice things about his PiP (133).

Tolstoy used two PiP -- "Morskoe plavanie" and "Vorobei" in his "Krug Chteniia." (352)

In a letter to Polonskii of 28.vi/8/vii, 1883 Turgenev castigates him for the "indiscretion" of telling a Mr Sachs about unpublished PiP (179). They are too personal to be read in public.

Writes Pietsch that his PiP are "nothing but the last strenuous sighs (to speak politely) of an old man." (250)

He believes that the PiP are not for Europeans - Viardot translated them at her wish, not his (252). And after publication he realized that she, not he, was right (252).

January 4, 2012

Ivan Ivanov, Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev (StP., 1896).

Slav 4354.3.894
T wrote VS faster than any other major work (39), but he worried about it (309). He sent it to his permanent first reader, Annenkov (309). Reaction: T wrote that "he never was subjected to such unanimous censure in journals" (311). T did not believe in propaganda among the people (318). Instead of revolution he advocated enlightenment, civilization, gradual rapprochement between the people and intelligentsia (321). The "Going to the people" was for him a "tragi-comic farce." (321).

He last wrote verse in his youth (353). The poem about the old woman appeared to him in a dream (355). He had no French friends (360).

Early 1879 gets Oxford doctorate (361). February 1879 visits Russia and gets warm welcome in StP and Moscow (361).

A. G. Ostrovskii, Turgenev v zapisiakh sovremennikov (M., 1999)

DEPOSIT

T tells a friend how terrible death is (282)

Febr 1879 comes to Moscow because of death of brother (288)

In Oxford he was awarded title Doctor of Common Law (299)

He asked everyone what they think of PiP "and every tendentious remarks irritated him." (361)

L.S. Utevskii, Smert' Turgeneva, 1883-1923 (Petr., 1923) DEP
In "Prizraki" T wrote:

[Death] is a "force which cannot be resisted, which dominates all, which -- without eyesight, without picture, without sense -- sees everything, knows everything, and, like a predatory bird, chooses its victims, chokes them like a snake, and licks them with its dead pity. (9) This from PSS, Sochineniia, IX, 107

Acc. to Polanskii, "Old woman" was a dream (15)

My Baedeker describes Bougival as "a pretty village on the left bank of the Seine much frequented by rowing parties." (369). 7 1/2 miles from Paris.

In fact, acc. to the Internet, it was a favorite place for impressionist painters (Monet, Sisley, Renoir). Bizet composed Carmen here. Known as "cradle of Impressionism."

Ivanov. Turgenev, 43

His trip abroad as a youth (42). Fire on steamship "Nicholas I." (43). As he recalled it, he grabbed a sailor and promised him 10,000 rubles if he would save him (43), He was 19. He behaved badly, lost his head, Claimed he was only son (43).

He had an amitie amoreuse with her (245). She was the widow of a general; she was 32 when T met her in 1873, "a woman of great charm and beauty, intelligence and spiritual depth." (255) Friendship lasted 4 years till her death. 50 letters survived from her to him, flirtatious, occasionally erotic (255).

Granjard, Ivan Tourgenev

VS reminded readers that revolutionaries were sympathetic but suffered from "unforgivable lightness of spirit." (437)

Leopardi’s Poems and Moral Works (1880).

January 7, 2012

Tourguénev, Nouveaux poèmes en prose (Paris, 1930), Russian text published by André Mazon. Slav 4354.3.781

Introduction by Mazon.

He got them from granddaughters of Pauline Viardot. (14) T wanted to call them "Senilia" but was dissuaded by Stasiulevich (14). Tolstoy also wrote PiP in Four books of reading (21) T met Tolstoy in Iasnaia Poliana on August 8-9, 1878 (22).
N. Engelgardt says that Stasiulevich took idea of PiP from Baudelaire (PSS, Soch., XIII, 610).

THEMES:
1. Fear of death: very dominant
2. Love of nature, esp. animals
3. Hatred of literary critics

SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES FROM BAUDELAIRE
1. Similarities
   a. Casual thoughts and impressions
   b. Attention to paupers and beggars
   c. 50 "poems in prose"
   d. Both were gravely ill when writing them
2. Differences
   a. B talks abt city life; T ignores it
   b. Turgenev more pessimistic and morbid
   c. Turgenev had many dreams and visions
   d. B's have no rhyme or meter

January 8, 2012
Leonid Grossman, "Poslednia poema Turgeneva: Senilia" in Venok Turgenevu: 1818-1918: Sbornik Statei (Odessa, 1919), 57-90. Grossman argues that Senilia were written in a poetic
manner and that they are not casual but inherently united. "In fact, in the seeming fragmentariness of these Turgenev sketches there prevails an organic unity and complete unity of the parts around firm cores of basic ideas." (57). He sees meters and rhythms throughout. Turgenev remembered his early versifying (58) He carefully studied poets (59) and also music (60). In his PiP the iamb predominates (61) but also anapests and amphibrachs (64). Esp. in his "End of the world" (65-66). PiP are "an integral philosophical poem" (74).

He sees 10 "triptychs" (74-76): Russia, Christ, nature, love, ancient shadows, atheism, old age, death.

He was a positivist and an admirer of Littre (81). The PiP are full of the "tragedy of an atheist seeking the gift of prayer." (83).

From Schopenhauer he learned that life is an "endless delusion" (86). Art is truth (88).

*****

January 9, 2012


DEPOSIT

Author is an "impecunious urban writer and a lonely,
compassionate man who yearns for affection." (viii). He is about 40 years old (ix). B says that "art can foster community." (xiv)

There are 50 of them! (xviii). First PiP published in 1861 (xviii).

These "poems" are different from Turgenev's because less gloomy, less based on dreams, less concerned with death but they also deal with some of the same themes such as nature and beggars.

Georgii Shengeli, Traktat o russkom stikhe (Moscow-Petrograd, 1923), 178-81.

PG 2505.S53

On Turgenev's "rhytmical prose" (178-81)

Asserts briefly that much of T's prose is rhytmical.


Author gives many examples of poetry in T's prose but dismisses PiP for "poverty of melody and relative prosaism" (34). "his 'Senilia' has poorer rhytms than works written during the flowering of Turgenev's creative powers." (62)
Franz Rauhut, Das französische Prosagedicht (Hamburg, 1929)

**Philol 376**

Baudelaire: most symbolists wrote PiP and followed him (35). He wrote most between 1855 and 1865: he died before they could be published (35). They appeared in Vol. 4 of Oeuvres completes of 1869 (35). Originally were to be called *Le spleen de Paris* (35) One of them deals with "the end of the earth" (36). Baudelaire is the poet of the modern large city (36). He has nothing to do with the village or small town (36). Deals with paupers (37). No Parnassian created PiP (46).


**PQ 2191.S63 K3**

Baudelaire considered PiP as equal to *Le Fleurs du Mal* (x). Acc to author the prose poems have a "coherence" (x). He was ill when he wrote them. January, 1860 had first brain hemorrhage (xiii).


Introduction by Daniel-Rops. B first conceived idea of PiP in 1857 (vii) but published one of them already in 1853 (vii). Works on PiP when ill (viii). 1852 20 PiP published (ix). They are poetry of "the capital city" (xxiv). Deal with pity (xxv). There is in them no rhythm of rhyme (xxvi). Talks of human misery, dreams, revolt against chains of earth (xxvii).


Themes which recur: vanity of human affairs, pity. old age, death, forgetfulness (290). There follow all the 31 Poems in Prose in French. (294-311)

In *Revue Politique et Litteraire* of 16 December, 1882 and 23 December, 1882 (pp.769-76 and 809-16, respectively) Turgenev published in French 30 PiP. That is, they came out simultaneously with the original Russian edition.
"Pozhar na more" in PSS-Soch XIV, 186-202. Written June 1883. The incident occurred in May, 1838, i.e. 45 years earlier. He did offer a sailor 10,000 rubles for saving him (187). Fire occurred 3 days after sailing (502).

Leonard Schapiro, Turgenev: His Life and Times (NY, 1978) Own copy

T set sail for Germany from StP on May 15, 1838. He dictated his account to Viardot shortly before his death (17-18) (In June, 1883 - p. 316)

His break with Nekrasov was political (169). Sudden break with Tolstoy (171) in May 1861. Tolstoy challenged T to a duel (172).

His attitude to rev's: "they are for the most part and good and honest... [but] their very enterprise is so untrue and remote from life that it can only lead them to a complete fiasco" (267) Hostile reaction to VS (269ff).

69 of 83 of the PiP were between 1877 and 1879 (286). T told Goncourt abt the Masha incident (286). Turgenev visited the dying Nekrasov with Annenkov at the beginning of June 1877 (291). Turgenev was first novelist honored by Oxford (294)

Senilia published in Leipzig in 1883 (333).

T's advice not to read PiP in sequence echoes advice B gave his readers (32).  

In his "Rope" B refers to French belief that "avoir de la corde de pendu" brings good luck (33). No such saying in Russia hence T borrowed it from B (33).

Baudelaire, *The Parisian Prowler*, "The Rope", 77-80. Story told B by Manet about a boy model who hanged himself and how his mother and others wanted a piece of the rope.


**Slav 4354.3.925**

Cites letter to Polonskii of 7/iv, 1877:  

This is from his lost diary:

"17/5 March [1877??]. Midnight. I again sit at the table... below, my poor friend [Paulina Viardot] sings something with her completely shattered voice. My soul is darker than dark night... The grave literally

---

5  See Baud's *Oeuvres completes* (Paris, 1975), I, 275

6  Iakov Petrovich Polonskii - a major poet, b. 1820.
hastens to swallow me up; the day hurries by in an instant, empty, pointless, colorless. You look and again drop into the bed. There is no right to live nor desire to live: there is nothing more to be done, nothing more to expect, nothing even to desire."

_PSS-Pisma_, XII, 135.

E. Petukhov in _Slavia_, No. 4, Vol. XIII (1934-35), 699-717

**PSlav 78. 20**

Grossman had purely formalistic approach (702). PiP are not integral, says author (703).

Now there are 82 PiP (708). T looked at his PiP as an "artistic diary" (708). The basic theme is human mortality (709); next to it, old age (709). Love is humans' greatest happiness (710). He idealizes peasant life (712) but there is nothing about urban workers (713) -- in fact, next to nothing about city life (713).


[Rue de Douai was in the 9th arr]

T's early poems are in Vol I of _PSS_, 11-187. They are from 1838. He felt almost a "physical antipathy" to his early poetry (507) Most are lost (504). Some were published (504).
The great majority of PiP, including "Village" were written in France. Exceptions are "Two brothers" (August, 1878), "Put' k liubvi" and all the rest up to and incl. "Popalsia pod koleso".


Her years: 1821-1910. She retired from the stage in 1863.

Her father, Manuel Garcia, was foremost tenor in Paris, full of charm (17). Pauline was a splendid swimmer, horse-woman, painter (32). She wanted to be a pianist but her father compelled her to become singer. Debut December 1837 (43). Voice not perfect (64). Louis was Director of the Italian theater in Paris (67). Pauline lacked beauty (70) but had immense charm. Louis Viardot had sterling qualities; 21 years older than Pauline (80). She was not in love with him (81). When they married she was 18 and he 39 (83).

Her debut in Russia was on November 3, 1843 (149). Turgenev was then 25, 3 years older than she (158). He met her in Nov., 1843 (159). On his part, it was love at first sight (162). He told everyone of his love for her (178).

She learned quite a lot of Russian quickly. T was friendly with her husband, they had a lot in common (181) In winter 1844-45 T and Pauline became more intimate (185). 1845 T resigns from the ministry (185). Spring of 1845 he departs for Europe, madly
in love (187). He become member of family (190). She loves him too (191). He had a lot in common with Louis: politics, literature, sport (197).

Friends think he is Pauline's slave (208). He was desperately short of money because his mother kept him so (220). Louis built a house at 50, Rue de Douai (232) -- they kept it until 1883 (232). Pauline found her relationship with T "claustrophobic" (267). Her voice begins to deteriorate when she is only 30 (274).

In 1850, when T's mother dies, he suddenly acquires money (275). It enables him to follow Pauline in Europe (275). She had deep affection for Louis (279).

August, 1856 T arrives in Europe (307) after not seeing her for three years (308).

T told Polonskii that Pauline exerted witchcraft over him (312). 7

Viardot's first rented a villa in Bougival but in 1875 bought large villa Les Frênes. In garden, T built himself a Swiss-style chalet (417). In Paris, he had his own apt on the top floors of Viardot's house (417). He always dined with them (417). Louis was a man of "utmost moral dignity" (445). Louis died in May, 1883 (444-5).

_____________________
7 See Istoricheskii Vestnik, No. 12 (1912), 1,026-7
In his will, T left everything to Pauline (453), incl his mss.

A. E. Gruzinskii, I.S, Turgenev (M., 1918) Slav 4354 3.1125

PiP were known in Europe but in Russia they were a new genre (228).

Haumant in his Turgenev says that "Nymphs" were modeled on H. Heine's "Germania" (231).

Isn't it strange how Turgenev thought life uninteresting and futile and yet dreaded death?


PG3439.T8 "Turgenev i Leopardi", 142-54.

He was obsessed with death and had a morbid fear of it. The theme recurs in the Poems in Prose time and again. Once death is depicted as an old woman who stalks and directs him, then he wonders what -- if anything -- he will be thinking about when about to die, then again he looks at his dog and realizes that they have in common the prospect of death. Curious about this fixation on death is the fact that when he wrote the Poems he was deeply depressed and got no enjoyment from life.

His concern with death began when he was a mere 19 years
old and sailing from St. Petersburg to Lübeck to attend Berlin university. The ship on which he was travelling, the "Nicholas I" caught fire. Panic broke out. Turgenev was beside himself with fear and, as he recalled many years later, grabbed a sailor whom he promised 10,000 rubles if he would save him. It proved unnecessary as all passengers were taken ashore in lifeboats, but his fear remained.

THEMES

1. Death: "Old woman," "Rival," "Skulls," "Last encounter," "Insect"
   "Tomorrow, tomorrow," "What will I be thinking?" "Thrush I"
   "Without a nest" "When I will no longer be..." "Hourglass."
   "I got up at night..." "When I am alone." "Partridges." "U-a, u-a"
   "The Writer and the Critic"
   "Encounter" "When I will no longer be..." "Love"
5. Russia and Russian peasants: "Village," "Cabbage soup," "Rich
men", "Oedipus," "Hang him!"; "Thrush II"

6. End of the world: "Conversation," "End of the world"

7. The Viardots: "Egoist," "N.N." "Stop!" "When I will no longer be..."

8. Paupers: ""Beggar," "Alms"


10. Life: "I pity"

11. Sickness: "Partridges" "To fall under a tree"

1931 Academia edition (ILL from Chicago)

"K istorii 'Stikhotvorenii v proze'," 129-76.

Turgenev read 2-3 PiP in Spasskoe in the summer of 1881 to Polonskii and Mariia Savina. (134) He told her he was going to burn them (136). iii Then he read them to P. L. Lavrov in the summer of 1882 in Bougival. iv

Originally, PiP were to be published anonymously and without honorarium (138).

Editor K. K. Arsenev enthusiastic (138).

The PiP were set in print by October 9 (141) and proofs sent concurrently to Turgenev in Bougival and Annenkov in Baden-Baden (141), Tur published nothing without Annenkov's advice (141)
ii  Ivanov, Turgenev, 43
iii  Turgenev i Savina (Peterburg, 1918), 73-74.
iv  See Lavrov's article in Vestnik Narodnoi Voli, No. 2 FILM A160 Reel 41, No. 10581 1983-86