



Fyodor Dostoevsky  
Crime and Punishment

A new translation by Nicolas Pasternak Slater

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## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

FYODOR MIKHAILOVICH DOSTOEVSKY was born in Moscow in 1821, the second in a family of seven children. His mother died of tuberculosis in 1837, and his father, a generally disliked army physician, died in apparently suspicious circumstances on his estate two years later. In 1843 he left the College of Military Engineering in St Petersburg and devoted himself to writing. *Poor Folk* (1846) met with great success from the literary critics of the day. In 1849 he was imprisoned and sentenced to death on account of his involvement with a group of utopian socialists, the Petrashevsky circle. The sentence was commuted at the last moment to penal servitude and exile, but the experience, described in *Memoirs from the House of the Dead* (1861–2), radically altered his political and personal ideology. In 1857, while still in exile, he married his first wife, Maria Dmitrievna Isaeva, returning to St Petersburg in 1859. In the early 1860s he founded two new literary journals, *Time* and *The Epoch*, and proved himself to be a brilliant journalist. He travelled in Europe, which served to strengthen his anti-European sentiment. Both his wife and his much-loved brother, Mikhail, died in 1864, the same year in which *Notes from the Underground* was published; *Crime and Punishment* and *The Gambler* followed in 1866, and in 1867 he married his stenographer, Anna Snitkina, who managed to bring an element of stability into his frenetic life. His other major novels, *The Idiot* (1868), *Devils* (1871), and *The Brothers Karamazov* (1880) met with varying degrees of success. In 1880 he was hailed as a saint, prophet, and genius by the audience to whom he delivered an address at the unveiling of the Pushkin memorial. He died seven months later in 1881; at the funeral thirty thousand people accompanied his coffin and his death was mourned throughout Russia.

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FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY

*Crime and Punishment*



*Translated by*

NICOLAS PASTERNAK SLATER

*With an Introduction and Notes by*

SARAH J. YOUNG

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## INTRODUCTION

*Readers who do not wish to know details of the plot may prefer to read this Introduction as an Afterword.*

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY years after its first publication, *Crime and Punishment* continues to fascinate readers. It was the first of Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky's long novels to feature not only profound debate on the most pressing philosophical and spiritual questions of the day, but also a murder plot and a level of intrigue and tension associated more commonly with popular fiction than high literature. It established the author's reputation as both a philosophical and a psychological novelist, generated huge levels of debate about contemporary Russian society and ideology, and exerted a degree of influence on subsequent Russian culture that is perhaps comparable only to the position of Shakespeare within British culture. From its role as an inspiration for Andrey Bely's 1913 modernist masterpiece *Petersburg*, to its absurdist rewriting in Daniil Kharms's short story 'The Old Woman' (1939) and its postmodern transformation in Viktor Pelevin's novel *Chapayev and Void* (1996, also translated as *The Clay Machine Gun*), Raskolnikov's story has become a ubiquitous part of St Petersburg lore. Visitors to the city can follow in the anti-hero's footsteps with guided tours of *Crime and Punishment's* locations, taking in the plaque on the tenement where he lived and graffiti pointing out the moneylender's flat. Dostoevsky Day, celebrated in the city on the first Saturday in July with exhibitions, street theatre, and processions, coincides not with the author's anniversaries, but the novel's opening. *Crime and Punishment* is a permanent fixture on lists of the world's greatest novels, and has inspired almost forty film and television adaptations in over a dozen languages, as well as countless theatre productions. There are graphic novel and manga versions, even Raskolnikov transformed into a superhero. And although a whydunnit rather than a whodunnit, it has influenced the portrayal of numerous fictional detectives, most famously American TV's Columbo.

Why does this story of an impoverished student who commits murder in the grip of an idea, the wily detective who pursues him, the saintly prostitute who wants to save him, and the sinister libertine who encourages him to embrace his dark side, speak to so many cultures, and continue to resonate so strongly today? One of the reasons is that Raskolnikov's psychic and family drama, followed in compellingly



claustrophobic detail by a narrator who remains very close to the protagonist, turns a supposedly cold-blooded killer into a sympathetic hero. He may wish to be a Napoleon, capable of overstepping all obstacles on his way to greatness (the Russian word for ‘crime’, *prestuplenie*, is closely connected to the verb ‘to transgress’, *perestupit’*), but the love he inspires in those around him, and his own spontaneous acts of compassion and generosity towards others, reveal the conflicting sides of his nature that he is unable to reconcile. This psychological exploration of a murderer—by an author whose own prison experience gave him the opportunity to study killers of all types at close quarters—depicts all the temptations and horrors of crime, the fear of being caught and the urge to confess. It reveals the oppression, despair, and disgust of lives lived in poverty, the profound necessity of changing that world, but also the danger of rationalistic, utilitarian thinking that replaces human beings with abstractions. Few literary works can match its power and urgency, or its sympathy for ‘the insulted and humiliated’, as Dostoevsky called Petersburg’s poor in a novel of 1861. Even as they destroy their families and peer into the abyss, the murderer Raskolnikov and the drunkard Marmeladov still have the possibility of redemption. In his first work to incorporate consistently the religious questions that reflected the author’s growing faith, love, not Napoleonic grandeur, is the great transformative force.

### *Dostoevsky’s Life*

Dostoevsky’s biography was as dramatic as the plots of his novels. Born in Moscow in 1821, Fyodor was the second son of an army doctor, Mikhail Andreevich, who practised at the Mariinsky hospital for the poor. Hailing from a family of clergymen, Mikhail had been raised to the nobility through his state service,<sup>1</sup> but the family remained impoverished despite his professional ability and social pretensions. Family finances were further damaged by the purchase of a small estate near Moscow that failed to yield a decent income, exacerbating Mikhail Andreevich’s naturally irritable temperament. By contrast Dostoevsky’s mother, Maria Fyodorovna, who took charge of the estate whilst her husband remained in Moscow to work, gained a reputation as a humane and compassionate landowner. Both parents were devoted to their children’s

<sup>1</sup> The clergy was a distinct social estate in imperial Russia, with generally hereditary membership. Hereditary nobility was at the time bestowed on public servants who reached the eighth grade in the Table of Ranks. See Note on the Table of Ranks, p. xxvi.

education, instilling in them a love of European and Russian literature as well as a solid religious upbringing. Both the religious dimension of Dostoevsky's novels and his use of Gothic features and melodramatic plots can be traced back to his childhood reading. However, when it came to formal education and planning his children's future careers, Mikhail Andreevich favoured the military he had chosen himself, and sent his two eldest sons to Petersburg to study at the Academy of Military Engineers in 1837. Their mother died shortly before their departure, and their father two years later. Rumours long circulated to the effect that he had been murdered by his serfs in revenge for his brutal treatment, and this version of events is repeated in numerous critical and biographical works.<sup>2</sup> It now seems likely that he in fact died of a stroke, but Dostoevsky himself appears to have believed the rumours and felt his own measure of responsibility for the supposed crime.<sup>3</sup>

In 1843 Dostoevsky graduated from the Engineers' school and began work as an officer in the Petersburg military planning department, but his interest in literature was already apparent. He soon resigned his commission, and published his first work, a translation of Honoré de Balzac's novel *Eugénie Grandet*. He gained access to literary circles through his friend from schooldays Dmitry Grigorovich, soon to become a prominent author in his own right, and met the influential literary critic Vissarion Belinsky and the radical publisher and poet Nikolay Nekrasov. Their praise for Dostoevsky's first original fictional work, the epistolary novel *Poor Folk*, guaranteed its success on its first appearance in 1846. His fortunes were soon reversed, however, when Belinsky attacked his 'fantastic' story *The Double*, published in the same year. Both these and his other early works conform to the social critiques of Petersburg life that were popular at the time, but also begin to develop Dostoevsky's trademarks: the hero's self-consciousness and need for affirmation from others, depictions of mental and emotional disturbance, and the split personality.

During this period Dostoevsky became involved in a philosophical discussion circle, named after its founder, Mikhail Petrashevsky, where radical and socialist ideas were debated. In April 1849 Dostoevsky was arrested along with other members of the circle for seditious activity,

<sup>2</sup> Notably, it was the basis of Sigmund Freud's analysis of *The Brothers Karamazov*; Freud saw Dostoevsky's epilepsy as having its origins in his own desire to murder his father. See 'Dostoevsky and Parricide', in Sigmund Freud, *Art and Literature*, ed. Albert Dickson, trans. James Strachey (London: Penguin, 1990), 437–60.

<sup>3</sup> See Joseph Frank, *Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt, 1821–1849* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1976), 379–92.

and in December of that year the men were convicted and sentenced to death. The first three to be executed were already tied to the scaffold on Semionovsky Square in St Petersburg—Dostoevsky was in the second group—when a messenger rode up to commute their sentences to penal servitude in Siberia. Dostoevsky served four years of hard labour in the Omsk penal fortress, living alongside some of Russia's most violent criminals from amongst the peasantry. This experience, like his near-execution, unsurprisingly had a lasting influence on his outlook. It led gradually to what he described as the rebirth of his religious faith. He described himself in a famous letter of 1854 to the widow of one of the Decembrist revolutionaries as 'a child of the age, a child of unbelief and doubt', but admitted that nevertheless he would 'rather remain with Christ than with the truth'.<sup>4</sup> Following completion of his sentence, he was exiled to Semipalatinsk in what is now Kazakhstan as a common soldier. He was recommissioned as an officer in 1857, and married a local widow, Maria Isaeva, although the marriage was never happy. In the same year, he was diagnosed with epilepsy. He resumed his writing career, and in 1859 was able to publish two new short works, the humorous *Uncle's Dream* and *The Village of Stepanchikovo*. Permitted to return to European Russia, he soon threw himself back into literary life in Petersburg, founding a journal, *Time*, with his brother Mikhail, and publishing a fictionalized account of his imprisonment, *Memoirs from the House of the Dead*, which re-established his name after his prolonged absence from the literary scene.

In the early 1860s Dostoevsky's life became increasingly chaotic. An affair with Apollinaria Suslova, later a model for his heroines Polina in *The Gambler* and Nastasia Filippovna in *The Idiot*, was conducted mainly on visits to Europe, where he also developed a passion for gambling. The journal he was running—relaunched as *The Epoch* after trouble with the censorship—fell into financial difficulties, and ultimately folded early in 1865. The year 1864 saw the deaths of both his wife and elder brother; the former left a recalcitrant teenaged son to support, the latter debts for which Dostoevsky assumed responsibility. The same year also marked a turning point in Dostoevsky's literary career. His novella *Notes from Underground* for the first time featured the ideological dimension that became the key component of his mature novelistic voice. Its polemic with the new generation of radicals inspired by socialist and utilitarian ideas, and the figure of the

<sup>4</sup> Letter to N. D. Fonvizina, in F. M. Dostoevskii, *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii v tridsati tomakh* (Moscow and Leningrad: Nauka, 1972–90), xxviii/1. 176.

proto-existentialist anti-hero, are the features with which Dostoevsky became so associated. He further developed both aspects in *Crime and Punishment*, and combined them with the insights he gained into the criminal mind whilst serving his prison sentence. The novel was published in serial form in the prominent journal the *Russian Messenger* in 1866, where it appeared to great acclaim alongside Tolstoy's *War and Peace* (which was serialized from 1865 to 1869), attracting an estimated 500 new subscribers to the periodical.<sup>5</sup>

Dostoevsky never had the private income that many of his contemporaries in the literary world enjoyed. He was instead entirely dependent on the money he earned from his writing and publishing endeavours, and his severe financial problems, exacerbated by his gambling and the family debts he took on, meant that he was routinely offered worse terms for his novels than his independently wealthy rivals Tolstoy and Turgenev. Such chaotic circumstances, which were particularly acute whilst he was working on *Crime and Punishment*, led him to accept a potentially disastrous contract with an unscrupulous publisher, F. T. Stellovsky. According to its terms, if he did not produce a new novel by the end of October 1866, he would lose all the rights to his work, both past and future. With less than a month left to the deadline and the book not yet begun, Dostoevsky employed a young stenographer, Anna Snitkina, who helped him complete *The Gambler* just in time. In the process they fell in love, and married in February 1867, but were forced to leave Petersburg soon after because of his debts. For almost four years they led a nomadic and troubled existence in Europe. Dostoevsky wrote *The Idiot* there, and began work on *Devils*, but they were impoverished by his gambling, dogged by his poor health, and suffered the death of their first child, Sonia. Returning to Petersburg in 1871, and living a gradually more stable life due to his wife's astute management of their affairs, Dostoevsky completed *Devils* and *The Adolescent* (also translated as *A Raw Youth* and *An Accidental Family*). In between his novels, he began to publish his *Writer's Diary*, a monthly compendium of frequently provocative essays on contemporary Russian life, politics, and culture that reflect his growing conservatism and often virulent religious nationalism. It also includes some of his best short stories: 'The Dream of a Ridiculous Man', 'Bobok', and 'The Meek Girl'. His health worsened, and he was diagnosed with pulmonary

<sup>5</sup> William Mills Todd III, 'Dostoevskii as a Professional Writer', in William J. Leatherbarrow (ed.), *The Cambridge Companion to Dostoevskii* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), 83.

emphysema in addition to his increasingly severe epilepsy. In 1879, when serialization of his final novel *The Karamazov Brothers* had just begun, his 3-year-old son Aliosha died following an epileptic seizure. Dostoevsky himself died in Petersburg of a pulmonary haemorrhage shortly after completing *The Karamazov Brothers*, in January 1881.

### *St Petersburg: Literary and Social Contexts*

In his later years, Dostoevsky increasingly spent time outside St Petersburg, but as an author he is closely associated with the city. The role of *Crime and Punishment* in establishing that connection cannot be overstated. Operating on the level of both literary myth and concrete social context, the acute impact of Russia's imperial capital on Raskolnikov's psyche exemplifies the notion of the 'Petersburg text'.<sup>6</sup> The literary image of Petersburg was by this time already well established, most famously in the works of Alexander Pushkin and Nikolay Gogol. The story of the founding of the city by Peter the Great has become a literary legend thanks to Pushkin's *The Bronze Horseman*. This 1833 narrative poem vividly depicts Peter commanding the building of Russia's new, Western-facing capital, and its subsequent construction on the bones of slaves on the inhospitable banks of the Gulf of Finland, leaving it with a notoriously bad climate and vulnerability to flooding. Like several of Gogol's stories, Pushkin's poem features the 'little man' oppressed and driven insane by Petersburg's inhuman bureaucracy. The close association of the city with insanity and death engenders a hallucinatory dimension that causes Étienne Falconet's statue of Peter the Great to come to life in Pushkin's poem, a nose to detach itself and assume an identity of its own in Gogol's 'The Nose' (1835–6), and a socially inept civil servant's doppelgänger to appear in Dostoevsky's *The Double*. As Svidrigailov says to Raskolnikov, 'There aren't many places where the human soul is subject to so many gloomy, violent, and strange influences as here in Petersburg' (p. 413).

Petersburg as a locus of both oppression and the fantastic is often associated with the fogs, floods, and blizzards that assail the city in late autumn and winter. *Crime and Punishment* depicts the city's weather at its opposite extreme: an intense heatwave that would have been

<sup>6</sup> V. N. Toporov, *Peterburgskii tekst russkoi literatury* (St Petersburg: Iskusstvo SPb, 2003). On the 'Petersburg' theme in *Crime and Punishment*, see Valentina Vetlovskaya, 'Dostoevsky and Pushkin: Petersburg Motifs in *Crime and Punishment*', in Sarah Young and Lesley Milne (eds.), *Dostoevsky on the Threshold of Other Worlds* (Ilkinston: Bramcote Press, 2006), 21–39.

particularly oppressive in the wretched conditions of the poorest and most overcrowded district of the city, around the Haymarket Square and the Ekaterininsky (now Griboyedov) Canal, where the novel is set.<sup>7</sup> Dostoevsky's temporal location of the novel's action precisely reflects recorded weather conditions in Petersburg in early July 1865, the year in which the author began work on it.<sup>8</sup> The novel's geography is equally exact: not only are street names given, but in most cases specific buildings are indicated either through precise descriptions and directions in the narrative itself, or through identification by Anna Dostoevskaya, who recorded the prototypes her husband showed her.<sup>9</sup> We see Petersburg through Raskolnikov's eyes as he haunts the area close to his tiny garret—on Stolyarny Lane, where Dostoevsky himself lived at the time—and absorbs its febrile atmosphere, mentally mapping the city (he counts the number of steps from his own building to the pawnbroker's flat), and daydreaming about a Haussmann-style reconstruction of the centre.<sup>10</sup>

The use of real locations embeds the novel and its hero's perspective in the city, so that it becomes a part of his consciousness. But it also emphasizes the real-life social context as a significant dimension of the novel. Following the emancipation of the serfs in 1861 and the large-scale migration to urban centres that it sparked, the rapid growth of Petersburg exacerbated already high levels of deprivation and overcrowding, particularly around the Haymarket. Alcohol abuse and prostitution gave this area its reputation as the city's squalid underbelly: the sixteen buildings on Stolyarny Lane housed eighteen drinking dens at the time, and brothels and dosshouses filled the streets around the Haymarket itself. In the novel, Raskolnikov's regular encounters with drunks and prostitutes on the streets indicate the prominent place they hold in the hero's perception; they fall within our field of vision because he cannot help but notice them. The question acquires an individual dimension in the form of the Marmeladov family, when Raskolnikov makes the acquaintance of the alcoholic ex-civil servant Semion

<sup>7</sup> On the conditions of this part of the city in the mid-nineteenth century, see James H. Bader, *St Petersburg: Industrialization and Change* (London: Edward Arnold, 1976), 166–77.

<sup>8</sup> B. N. Tikhomirov, 'Lazar! Griadi Von'. *Roman F. M. Dostoevskogo 'Prestuplenie i nakazanie' v sovremennom prochtenii: Kniga-kommentarii* (St Petersburg: Serebrianniy vek, 2005), 45–6.

<sup>9</sup> N. P. Antsiferov, 'Nepostizhimyi Gorod ...' (Leningrad: Lenizdat, 1991), 222–3. The topography of the novel is explored at 'Mapping St Petersburg: Experiments in Literary Cartography', [http://www.mappingpetersburg.org/site/?page\\_id=494](http://www.mappingpetersburg.org/site/?page_id=494).

<sup>10</sup> See Adele Lindenmeyr, 'Raskolnikov's City and the Napoleonic Plan', *Slavic Review*, 35/1 (1976), 37–47.

Zakharovich Marmeladov in a tavern, learning that his wife Katerina Ivanovna is dying of tuberculosis and the family's destitution has driven his daughter Sonia into prostitution. Indeed, Dostoevsky's earliest plan for the novel, before he developed the character of Raskolnikov, the murder plot, or its ideological dimension, focused specifically on 'the present question of drunkenness [. . . in] all its ramifications, especially the picture of a family and the bringing up of children in these circumstances'.<sup>11</sup> This plot moves into the background in the published version, but the poverty to which it relates continues to play a central role. Beyond the penury and social problems he witnesses around him, and his own experience of hardship—seldom having enough to eat, being forced to give up his studies, and not even having sufficiently decent clothes to earn money by giving lessons—Raskolnikov also equates Sonia's position with his sister Dunia's decision to marry for money for the sake of her family. The Marmeladovs represent a level of destitution his own family might easily reach, and the limited choices available to prevent that happening.

### *Motives for Murder: The Ideological Context*

The acute awareness the Marmeladov family gives him of the precariousness of existence underlies one of Raskolnikov's apparent motives for the murder of Aliona Ivanovna. Developed in his mind before the beginning of the novel, but given fresh urgency in the run-up to the crime through his encounter with Marmeladov and the letter from his mother outlining his sister's marriage plans, the idea of murdering the pawnbroker in order to steal her wealth promises to kill two birds with one stone. It would not only eliminate a parasite who sucks the blood of the poor, but also provide a means to relieve poverty—his own and others'. At the expense of one small act of evil, great good could be achieved. Both the altruism of desiring to act for the benefit of society and the reasoning Raskolnikov uses to calculate that benefit derive from the utilitarian thinking adopted by the young radicals known as 'nihilists', who were influenced by the writer and critic Nikolay Chernyshevsky's concept of 'rational egoism'. Equating the good with the pleasurable, this theory viewed humans as physiological beings unhindered by the dualistic impulses of a soul or spirit, and capable of rationally identifying and acting upon their own self-interest, which inevitably coincides

<sup>11</sup> Letter to A. A. Kraevskii, June 1865, in Dostoevskii, *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii*, xxviii/2. 127.

with the wider benefit of society. Dostoevsky's narrator in *Notes from Underground* challenges this idea on the basis that humans are as much irrational as they are rational beings, and will even act against their own self-interest to prove they have freedom and individuality. *Crime and Punishment* revisits the question in a different form: the ideology of utilitarian calculation and the greater good, which reduces ethics to a simple matter of arithmetic, is used here to justify murder.

Dostoevsky makes the connection explicit in a letter of September 1865 to his future publisher Mikhail Katkov, editor of the journal *Russian Messenger*. He describes *Crime and Punishment* as 'the psychological account of a crime', in which 'a young man, a student suspended from the university, [. . .] living in extreme poverty, from giddiness, from weak understanding, succumbing to certain "unfinished" ideas floating around in the air, decided to escape his wretched position in a single stroke. He decided to kill an old woman, the widow of a Titular Councillor, who lent money for interest.'<sup>12</sup> The notion of ideas 'in the air' is emphasized in the novel when Raskolnikov discovers that he is far from the only one to contemplate such plans. When he overhears a student and an officer discussing the very same moneylender in a tavern he is astounded by the similarity of their thoughts to his own:

A hundred, a thousand good deeds could have been done, and enterprises set up or put to rights, on the old woman's money—which is all going to be wasted on a monastery! Hundreds, perhaps thousands of human beings could be given a start; dozens of families saved from beggary, decay, ruin, vice, venereal disease; and all with her money. If you killed her and took her money, and used it to devote yourself to serving all humanity and the common good: what do you think, wouldn't those thousands of good deeds wipe out that one tiny little crime? One life for thousands of lives, rescued from corruption and decay! One death, in exchange for thousands of lives—it's simple arithmetic! Anyway, what does the life of that consumptive, stupid, wicked old crone count for, when it's weighed in the balance? No more than the life of a louse, a cockroach—even less, because the old woman's actually harmful. (pp. 59–60)

Emphasizing the ease with which such utilitarian thinking can devalue human life despite its apparent root in compassion, the incident also normalizes Raskolnikov's idea within his own mind. Encountering it by chance in another's words enables him to characterize it merely as one of those 'commonplace everyday arguments such as he'd often heard before', so that he is not forced to face the reality of planning to murder in cold blood.

<sup>12</sup> Dostoevskii, *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii*, xxviii/2. 136.



At the same time, the coincidence of the conversation affirms his thinking, endowing it with an almost prophetic significance: 'why had it happened at this precise time, for him to hear this particular conversation and these particular thoughts, when his own mind had only just conceived... *precisely those same thoughts?*' The student Raskolnikov overhears, and by extension Raskolnikov himself (as he has just had '*precisely those same thoughts*'), assume the murder will enable a level of altruism that borders on the miraculous, helping 'hundreds, perhaps thousands of human beings'. The extent of the imagined benefits seems even more improbable when we consider the sums actually mentioned: Raskolnikov envisages stealing 3,000 roubles, but succeeds in taking only 317 roubles and 60 kopeks, and fails to find the 'fifteen hundred roubles in cash, not to mention banknotes' in the moneylender's dresser (p. 135). Compared to the 10,000 roubles Svidrigailov offers to Dunia, or the debt of 70,000 roubles the former's wife Marfa Petrovna paid off when they married, these are relatively trivial amounts. To do the type and number of good deeds envisaged would require a superhuman effort, even a superhuman personality.

The exaggerated sense of what may be achieved with the limited spoils from killing a low-level moneylender therefore suggests a degree of self-aggrandizement underlying this purportedly humanitarian venture. This exposes the connection of his supposed altruism to another, overtly anti-human, version of Raskolnikov's motivation: to test the theory that he is a 'great man', a Napoleon to whom laws do not apply and everything is permitted, regardless of the human cost. Critics have often viewed Raskolnikov's charitable and Napoleonic motives as contradictory, revealing the split in his personality indicated by his name (which means 'schism').<sup>13</sup> But they can also be seen as two sides of the same coin, not least because they prove to spring from the same source: 'commonplace everyday arguments'. Raskolnikov tells Sonia, 'I worked out an idea, for the first time in my life, which nobody had ever thought of before me! Nobody!' (p. 370). Yet this claim to be original has already been subverted; as the detective Porfiry Petrovich comments in response to Raskolnikov's article, which advances the argument that one-tenth of humanity is extraordinary and beyond the law, 'which of us Russians doesn't regard himself as a Napoleon these days?' (p. 235). The ironies surrounding Raskolnikov's attempt to prove his superiority pile up. Would a Napoleon be content to have his plan affirmed

<sup>13</sup> See e.g. Konstantin Mochulsky, *Dostoevsky: His Life and Work*, trans. Michael A. Minihan (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1967), 282–3.

by a conversation overheard in a pub? Would a Napoleon need a charitable alibi for his actions? Whether he aims to achieve greatness through extraordinary deeds for the sake of others, or for himself alone, Raskolnikov's attempt to create his own identity is undone intellectually as much by the unremarkable and inconsistent nature of his ideas as by any incompatibility between them.

### *The Divided Self*

The different emphases in the justifications Raskolnikov advances for the murder of the old woman suggest not just a lack of resolution, but also an overdetermination of his motives that only partially covers up their moral and intellectual insufficiency. They also indicate the growing tensions within his psyche, as conflicting external pressures augment his contradictory inner impulses. Before he commits the crime, he is placed in an untenable position by his mother's letter. Casting him as the perfect son and brother for whom any sacrifice is worthwhile, her words also reveal her misgivings about her potential son-in-law's character and behaviour, to imply that such a good son would never permit his sister to make the sacrifice she is planning.<sup>14</sup> The murder has indeed been interpreted as an attempt not to help his family but to free himself of the emotional burden placed on him by his mother through the proxy of his debt to the moneylender.<sup>15</sup> As Dostoevsky's exploration of motivation moves into the hero's unconscious, the horrific dream of the horse being beaten to death reveals the depth of Raskolnikov's inner conflict, and its connection to his own family. Raskolnikov as a small child in the dream is full of compassion and tries to protect the horse (connected here with Lizaveta, his second victim, through the refrain of their 'gentle eyes'). But he is also Mikolka, the frenzied peasant bludgeoning the horse and pronouncing his own morality, as Raskolnikov will also claim to do (the words Mikolka repeatedly screams, 'My property', in Russian are *Moe dobro*, literally 'My good'; as in English, *dobro* has both ethical and possessive meanings). The false confession to the murders by another Mikolka, the house painter and schismatic (*raskolnik*) later reinforces this connection. Meanwhile Raskolnikov's

<sup>14</sup> Malcolm V. Jones, *Dostoyevsky After Bakhtin: Readings in Dostoyevsky's Fantastic Realism* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), 79–82.

<sup>15</sup> W. D. Snodgrass, 'Crime for Punishment: The Tenor of Part One', *Hudson Review*, 13 (1960), 202–53 (at 219); Edward Wasiolek, 'Raskol'nikov's Motives: Love and Murder', *American Imago*, 31/3 (1974), 252–69.

father—absent from the rest of the novel—exhorts Rodia not to get involved, but his failure to intervene instead forces his son to take on all roles, however incompatible.

Raskolnikov's representation within the dream as both defender and attacker is replicated elsewhere in the novel. He acts with spontaneous compassion and generosity to protect the young girl from the predator who is about to assault her in the scene just before this dream, and he offers financial assistance to the Marmeladov family after Sonia's father's fatal accident. But he just as quickly switches into reverse, leaving the girl to her fate and instantly regretting the money he has given the Marmeladovs. He acts in just as contradictory a manner in relation to the murder itself. Waking from his dream, he is horrified at the idea that he might kill in this way:

I always knew I could never make myself do it, so why have I been tormenting myself all this while? Even yesterday, yesterday when I went to do that... *rehearsal*, I knew perfectly well then that I couldn't manage it. So now what? Why have I been in doubt even up to now? Yesterday, when I was going downstairs, I myself said it was loathsome, wicked, vile, vile... the very thought of it made me sick, filled me with horror, even when I was *awake*... (p. 54)

Returning to the city from the islands, he 'renounces' this dream. But immediately afterwards, as he walks through the Haymarket and learns when Lizaveta will be away from the old woman's flat, his mind changes again.

The lack of emotional and mental stability Raskolnikov exhibits is exacerbated by a strong sense of fatalism. The coincidence of overhearing Lizaveta is significant less for what she says than because Raskolnikov himself ascribes meaning and causality to chance events. As with the conversation he overhears in the pub that affirms his supposedly altruistic intent, he views the information Lizaveta supplies as providing not so much an opportunity for the crime as a portent of it: 'he was always superstitiously struck by one fact which, though not a particularly unusual one, seemed in a way to have foreshadowed his fate' (p. 55). But this recourse to fate suggests that far from being a great man shaping his own destiny, he actually views himself as being at the mercy of forces beyond his control.

Raskolnikov's fatalism would appear to offer him a means of absolving himself of responsibility for his actions, but it in fact does nothing to rescue him from the workings of his conscience after the crime. From his fever and his failure to do anything with the proceeds of his crime, to his sudden desire to confess to the police clerk Zametov in the

Crystal Palace tavern and his growing isolation and inability to speak to his family, everything points to his increasing sense of guilt, however little he is able to admit to any remorse. And if he is troubled subconsciously by his crimes, then the uncertainty of his situation haunts him on a conscious level, a factor exploited by Porfiry Petrovich. Raskolnikov's inability to see into the detective's mind is contrasted with Porfiry's apparent omniscience: the latter, disconcertingly, seems to know exactly what is going on even before the two meet. This not only contributes to Raskolnikov's doubts and sense of his own inability to control events, but also leads him to seek contact with others who offer a different dynamic and the possibility of resolution that Porfiry deliberately withholds.

### Doubles

In his *Writer's Diary* for 1877 Dostoevsky wrote that he had 'never expressed anything in [his] writing more serious than [the] idea' that he introduced in *The Double*, his—at the time—unsuccessful 1846 novella about a lowly government official whose social isolation and mental instability lead to him being confronted by a doppelgänger who represents everything he wants to be but cannot.<sup>16</sup> Dostoevsky abandoned attempts to revise the work substantially in the 1860s (an edition with minor revisions was published in 1866, and it is this version that we generally read today), and he never revisited the figure of the doppelgänger in the fantastical form of its earliest incarnation. Yet the idea of human duality remained a crucial component of his fictional world, and he continued to regard the double as a 'supremely important social type'.<sup>17</sup> Critics have concurred, long viewing 'doubling' as a fundamental key to interpreting the interrelations of Dostoevsky's characters.<sup>18</sup> No longer residing in the realm of the unreal, doubles in Dostoevsky's later fiction are instead embodied characters whose psychic connections with the hero reveal the conflicting and irrational aspects of his personality.

In the case of Raskolnikov, the two relationships he develops in the second half of the novel, with Marmeladov's daughter, the prostitute Sonia, and Svidrigailov, the depraved gentleman whose unwelcome advances

<sup>16</sup> Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *A Writer's Diary*, trans. Kenneth Lantz (London: Quartet, 1995), ii. 1134. <sup>17</sup> Dostoevskii, *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii*, xxviii/1. 340.

<sup>18</sup> See Dmitri Chizhevsky, 'The Theme of the Double in Dostoevsky', in Rene Wellek (ed.), *Dostoevsky: A Collection of Critical Essays* (Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1962), 112–29, and Roger B. Anderson, *Dostoevsky: Myths of Duality* (Gainesville: University of Florida Press, 1986).

compromised Raskolnikov's sister, reflect the contradictory impulses and underlying divisions within his character. On one level, they represent the options he faces following his crime: repentance and absolution, or acceptance of all the moral consequences of the ideology of 'everything is permitted'. But Sonia and Svidrigailov's connection to each other, the similar roles they play in Raskolnikov's psychic drama, and the extremes they symbolize, indicate that they are also more than this. They appear in the action of the novel at almost the same point. Sonia has briefly been seen at her father's deathbed, but it is only when she visits Raskolnikov to invite him to the funeral that her role within the hero's story is established. In the same chapter, Svidrigailov follows her home and discovers that they live in neighbouring flats in the same building. This circumstance subsequently enables Svidrigailov to eavesdrop on Raskolnikov's conversations with Sonia, giving him the opportunity to insert himself into events and offer his own solution to Raskolnikov's dilemma.

Beyond their parallel roles in the plot, Sonia and Svidrigailov also share ambiguous status as characters. Both have an air of unreality about them. Svidrigailov's direct contact with Raskolnikov begins when he seems to emerge from the latter's dream at the end of Part Three. Later, the uncanny aspect of his physical appearance is emphasized:

It was an odd face, almost like a mask—part pale, part pink, with ruddy crimson lips, a light-coloured beard, and fair hair that was still quite thick. His eyes were somehow too blue, and their look somehow too heavy and unmoving. There was something terribly unattractive about that handsome face, so extraordinarily young for his years. (p. 414)

Svidrigailov's face here seems unsettlingly inhuman, almost vampiric. The hints of the undead continue with his admission that he sees the ghosts of his late wife and of a servant he supposedly killed, suggesting that this character is himself close to the afterlife he envisages, of a dirty bathhouse full of spiders. He even argues that the sicker a person becomes, 'the more contact he has with the other world' (p. 255). Sonia, meanwhile, borders on being a fantasy. She represents a degree of innocence that reminds us how close to childhood she is, a strong and mature religious sensibility, a transgression that puts her on the same footing as Raskolnikov, and the voluntary acceptance of suffering that shows him his possible future path. In other words, Sonia's traits, however improbable when combined in one character, correspond precisely to the needs of Raskolnikov's conscience. This suggests that both characters function as constructs of his mind, externalizing his

contradictory impulses. Indeed, Raskolnikov identifies both Sonia's and Svidrigailov's significance to him long before he meets either, from the very first reference to them: in Marmeladov's drunken monologue of Part One Chapter II (Sonia) and in the letter he receives from his mother in the following chapter (Svidrigailov). Thus although they have an independent, embodied existence beyond Raskolnikov's purview, they are also his own projection of the images first presented to him. In the case of Sonia in particular, Raskolnikov appropriates her as the symbol of redemptive suffering that Marmeladov propounds,<sup>19</sup> and she continues to play this role for most of the novel because we seldom see beyond Raskolnikov's view of her.

### *'Realism in a Higher Sense'*

The ability of these two typically extreme Dostoevskian characters to maintain an embodied existence within the bounds of the novel, at the same time as originating in a verbal image presented to Raskolnikov and then developed by his divided mind, indicates the extent to which the author departs from the conventional realism of the day. Petersburg realia certainly crowds into the novel, and certain aspects of the plot, mainly relating to the Marmeladov family, contain strong echoes of the 'Natural School' poetics of critical realism popular in the 1840s. But the elements of everyday life we see are filtered through Raskolnikov's perception, indicating that Dostoevsky's focus is less on the supposedly objective depiction of reality than on the subjective experience of his characters. That transcends the physical world in various ways: through altered states of consciousness such as dreams, hallucinations, and epileptic auras, and through access to eternal planes of existence beyond death. While critics have come to use the term 'fantastic realism' to denote this aspect of his fiction, Dostoevsky described it as 'realism in a higher sense', a means of depicting 'all the depths of the human soul'.<sup>20</sup> By that he perceived a move beyond psychology to encompass the spiritual dimension that plays an increasingly prominent role in his post-Siberian novels.

In *Crime and Punishment*, it is primarily through the figure of Sonia that the religious aspect of the novel is channelled. Conscious of her own sin, her belief in divine justice gives her hope that her family

<sup>19</sup> Elizabeth Blake, 'Sonya, Silent No More: A Response to the Woman Question in Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment"', *Slavic and East European Journal*, 50/2 (2006), 252–71 (at 255). <sup>20</sup> Dostoevskii, *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii*, xxvii. 65.

will be rescued from destitution, and it is to this that Raskolnikov, on the verge of despair even before he commits the crime, is attracted. Impelled to seek her out by his own guilty conscience and desire for redemption, he taunts her with the possibility that God might not exist as much to try to convince himself as her; if there is no God, then his calculation that led to murder might be correct. But in doing so, Raskolnikov also opens himself up to Sonia's faith. It is he who asks her to read the story of the raising of Lazarus from John's Gospel, in what has always been one of the novel's most controversial scenes. He is reminded of the story when Porfiry asks him whether he believes in it, and with the reawakening of his religious sensibility through his contact with Sonia, Raskolnikov recognizes that he is as much in need of the arbitrary miracle it represents as she is.

Sonia's faith is also significant because of the connection it creates with Lizaveta, Aliona Ivanovna's half-sister and Raskolnikov's second victim. The Bible from which Sonia reads belonged to Lizaveta—they used to read it together—and she now wears Lizaveta's simple wooden cross; it is clear that this meek, defenceless figure, about whom we know so little before she dies, was also a woman of faith. Her murder thus becomes unjustifiable in any terms, and this is why Raskolnikov persistently forgets about it: he is only able to think of the crime he planned, and the rationalizations he invented in order to execute it. Sonia's very presence, as well as her friendship with Lizaveta, undermines his justifications by confronting Raskolnikov with his second crime. This is, moreover, the only recognition Lizaveta's death receives, as even Porfiry, who equally wants Raskolnikov to confess and face his punishment, tends to refer solely to the first murder. The detective's psychologizing approach may leave Raskolnikov anxious and uncertain, but he still presents the crime in Raskolnikov's own terms. For that reason he proves unable to make the murderer rethink what he has done in the way that Sonia ultimately may.

That process begins only in the novel's Epilogue. Even when he confesses the fact of his crime first to Sonia and then to the police, Raskolnikov remains unrepentant and unable to accept he has done anything wrong, viewing his actions rather as an error of calculation. In the prison camp in Siberia, away from the oppressive and unnatural atmosphere of St Petersburg, his perspective gradually changes. The catalyst for Raskolnikov's transformation appears to be his nightmare of the pestilence that sweeps across Europe and sends people mad, as if possessed, whilst convincing them of the superiority of their own reason, which leads to wars and the destruction of almost all human

life. The connection of this apocalyptic vision with Raskolnikov's own 'infection' with ideas is clear. Yet if the dream acts as a revelation to him, it is Sonia's constant presence, and the love she inspires amongst the other convicts—while he is despised as a nobleman and an atheist—that brings him unconsciously to the point where he is open to mental and spiritual transformation, and is finally ready to open the Bible she has given him.

The reappearance of Sonia's Bible in the closing moments of the novel roots this scene in Dostoevsky's own prison experience and the 'rebirth of his convictions' that began there. Reference to the banks of the River Irtysh tells us that Raskolnikov is imprisoned in Omsk, as was the author. The description of the New Testament Sonia gives to Raskolnikov, and from which she previously read the story of the Raising of Lazarus, matches that of Dostoevsky's own copy, given to him in Tobolsk on his way to serve his sentence by Natalia Fonvizina, the widow of one of the Decembrist revolutionaries. The only book he was permitted in prison, this Bible became one of Dostoevsky's most treasured possessions, which remained with him for the rest of his life and became the foundation for his own religious faith.

Such an autobiographical connection ought to endow the Epilogue with great authenticity. However, for many readers, the opposite is the case, as Raskolnikov's putative conversion hits a false note that appears to derive from the author's personal convictions rather than his artistic sensibilities. Konstantin Mochulsky may be more extreme than most critics in describing it as a 'pious lie', but many find it clumsy or implausible, concluding that the novel should have ended with Raskolnikov's confession.<sup>21</sup> Yet however problematic the Epilogue may appear, it is important to recognize the centrality of questions of faith within Dostoevsky's novelistic world. Indeed, in Russia since the collapse of the Soviet Union, scholarship has focused increasingly on the Orthodox Christian basis of Dostoevsky's work. Much of that research has proved invaluable, for example in its identification of Dostoevsky's use of biblical subtexts, but it can also result in a narrow view that equates his fiction with the more strident views expressed in his later journalism, and posits the author as a religious dogmatist, his novels as worthy tracts. For many readers, neither epithet fully accounts for the tumultuous world he depicts, in which doubt and the outright rejection of faith are often in the ascendancy. Questions about ethical and

<sup>21</sup> Mochulsky, *Dostoevsky*, 312; Edward Wasiolek, *Dostoevsky: The Major Fiction* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1964), 84.



spiritual life are part of what the scholar Mikhail Bakhtin identified in his seminal study *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics* as the dialogue of Dostoevsky's characters and ideas. That dialogue continues throughout his novels, but is never finalized, and no world view emerges unambiguously triumphant. Even if Dostoevsky as a person believed in the necessity of a spiritual life, as an artist he created his characters as self-conscious carriers of their own ideas rather than vehicles for the author's beliefs. Thus the religious dimension participates in the dialogue and often represents the ideal, but it never fully overcomes other voices.

The emergence in the Epilogue of *Crime and Punishment* of a faith restored is an affirmation of Sonia's religious world view, which seems to confirm the view of Dostoevsky as an Orthodox writer. Yet even if her Christian meekness and love have proven more viable than Raskolnikov's flawed will to power, his transformation remains in the realms of potential. He may now entertain the possibility of overcoming his pride and suffering, and recovering the compassion that we have glimpsed throughout the novel, but he still does not open her Bible. As the narrator widens the perspective to encompass the future 'story of the gradual renewal of a man, of his gradual rebirth, his gradual transition from one world to another' (p. 486), the removal of Raskolnikov's conversion from the pages of the novel renders it uncertain, for any 'new tale' remains unwritten and unfixed. Moreover, the reference to 'some great exploit in the future' that he will have to undergo as the price for this new life, alludes once more to his past striving for greatness, which may yet reassert itself in some way. For all the Epilogue's change of tone, therefore, it retains a sense of open-endedness that prevents it asserting any single truth. And that, rather than its perceived problematic nature, may be why critics continue to argue about it 150 years after it was written.

## NOTE ON THE TRANSLATION

THE translator's task, ideally, is to produce a version that a modern reader will find fluent, natural, and stylish, while remaining faithful to the author's original text. Since such an ideal is generally unattainable when translating a literary work, a compromise has to be found. This is not a one-off choice: it has to be made afresh every step of the way, and the nature of the compromise will shift and fluctuate with the shifts in the author's language. Dostoevsky's style is sometimes strained, sometimes rough, and a purist could find many faults in it; but it is always direct and powerful.

I have tried to keep to an easily readable English style that doesn't smack too much of translation. In the dialogue, in particular, I have favoured colloquial English expressions over close adherence to the Russian ones: my guiding principle was 'What would this character actually have said (in English) at this point?' At the same time, it was important to keep to colloquial expressions with something of a neutral flavour, not too redolent of twenty-first-century London. The reader will judge how far I have succeeded.

The rendering of Russian names is always a problem. There are rules of transliteration from Russian, adopted with good reason by academic experts, which I have not followed, as they often produce awkward-looking English equivalents inappropriate in a story for the non-specialist reader. I have tried in each case to produce a name that bothers the English reader as little as possible (not always easy, with names like Lebeziatnikov or Svidrigailov). My ad hoc approach can lead to minor inconsistencies in the handling of certain Russian letters and combinations of letters, but for these I make no apology. Where a name (especially a place name) is generally familiar to educated English-speaking readers, I have stuck to the usual English spelling. The form of abbreviated place names (such as V—— Prospekt) has been standardized.

## NOTE ON THE TABLE OF RANKS

THE Table of Ranks was introduced in 1722 by Peter the Great as part of his efforts to modernize Russia by establishing a European-style bureaucracy, encouraging state service, and weakening the power of the hereditary nobility. Each civil service rank had military and court equivalents, and (in theory at least) promotion through the ranks was open to all. Hereditary nobility was originally bestowed at the eighth grade, but this was raised in the 1840s and again in the 1850s; when *Crime and Punishment* was set, a civil servant would need to reach the fourth grade to gain hereditary nobility, and a military officer the sixth grade. The Table of Ranks was abolished in 1917 after the Bolshevik Revolution.

Civil Service rank	Military ranks <sup>1</sup>
1. Chancellor	Field-Marshal/General-Admiral
2. Actual Privy Councillor <sup>2</sup>	General/Admiral
3. Privy Councillor	Lieutenant General/Vice Admiral
4. Actual State Councillor	Major General/Rear Admiral
5. State Councillor	Brigadier/Captain Commodore
6. Collegiate Councillor	Colonel/Captain 1st rank
7. Court Councillor	Lieutenant Colonel/Captain 2nd rank
8. Collegiate Assessor	Major/Captain 3rd rank
9. Titular Councillor	Captain/Lieutenant
10. Collegiate Secretary	Staff-Captain/Midshipman
11. Naval Secretary	—
12. District Secretary	Lieutenant
13. Provincial Registrar	Sub-Lieutenant
14. Collegiate Registrar	Ensign

<sup>1</sup> Basic army ranks are given, followed by navy variants as appropriate. Ranks and their titles varied in different branches of the armed forces and were subject to numerous changes in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

<sup>2</sup> The Russian term *deistvitel'nyi* can be translated as 'actual', 'real', 'true', or 'active' (but not 'acting' in the English sense of gaining rank or holding a position temporarily).

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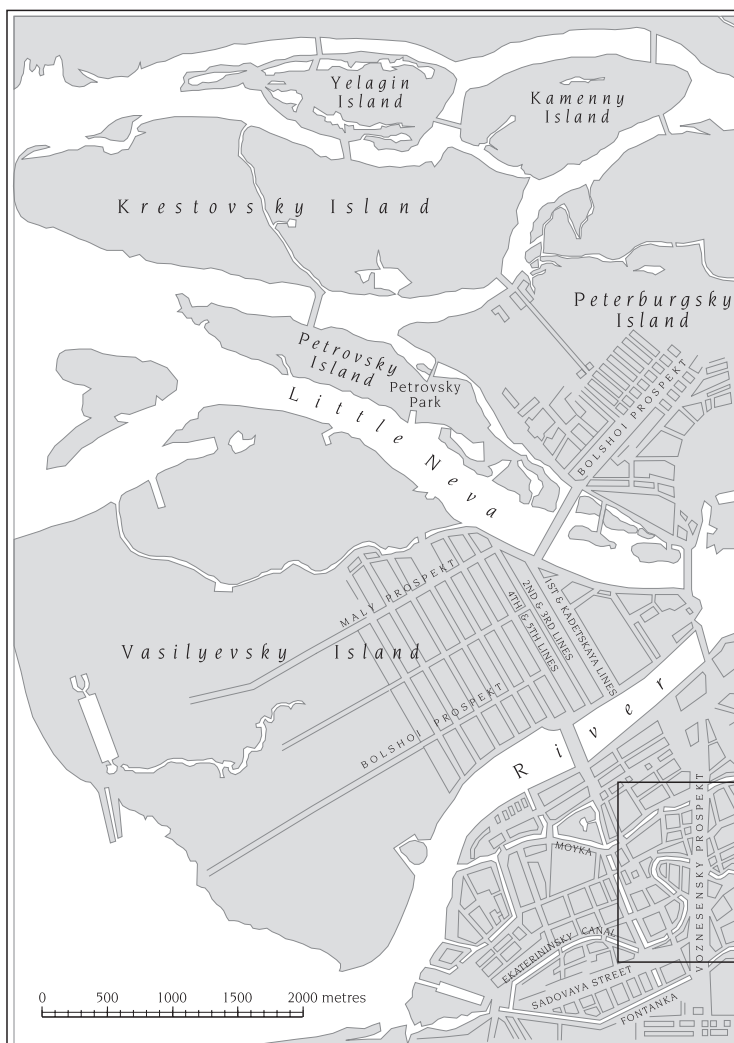
## A CHRONOLOGY OF FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY

- 1821 (30 October) Birth in Moscow of Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky, the second son of Mikhail Andreevich Dostoevsky, an army doctor working at the Mariinsky hospital for the poor, and Maria Fyodorovna Dostoevskaya.
- 1825 Death of Tsar Alexander I and succession of Nicholas I. Suppression of the Decembrist uprising, hanging of the five ringleaders, and imprisonment and Siberian exile of many more.
- 1825–32 Publication of Alexander Pushkin's *Evgeny Onegin*.
- 1826 Death of writer and historian Nikolay Karamzin, author of *History of the Russian State* and the sentimental short story 'Poor Liza'.
- 1828 Birth of Leo Tolstoy.
- 1836 Piotr Chaadaev's 'First Philosophical Letter' published in the journal *The Telescope*.
- 1837 Death of Dostoevsky's mother of tuberculosis. Travels to St Petersburg with his older brother Mikhail and enrolls in the Academy of Military Engineers.  
Death of Alexander Pushkin from wounds suffered in a duel.
- 1838–40 Publication of Mikhail Lermontov's *A Hero of Our Time*.
- 1839 Death of Dostoevsky's father, probably from a stroke. Rumours persist that he was murdered by his serfs.
- 1841 Death of Mikhail Lermontov in a duel.
- 1842 Publication of part I of Nikolay Gogol's *Dead Souls*, and his story 'The Overcoat'.
- 1843 Graduates from the Academy of Military Engineers and works briefly in the military planning department. Publication of his first work, a translation of Balzac's novel *Eugénie Grandet*.
- 1845 Publication of Nikolay Nekrasov's anthology *Petersburg: The Physiology of a City*.
- 1846 Publication to great acclaim of Dostoevsky's first original work, *Poor Folk*, in Nekrasov's almanac *The Petersburg Collection*. *The Double* appears, to universally critical reviews.
- 1847 Publication of Alexander Herzen's novel *Who is to Blame?*.
- 1848 Death of the influential literary critic Vissarion Belinsky.

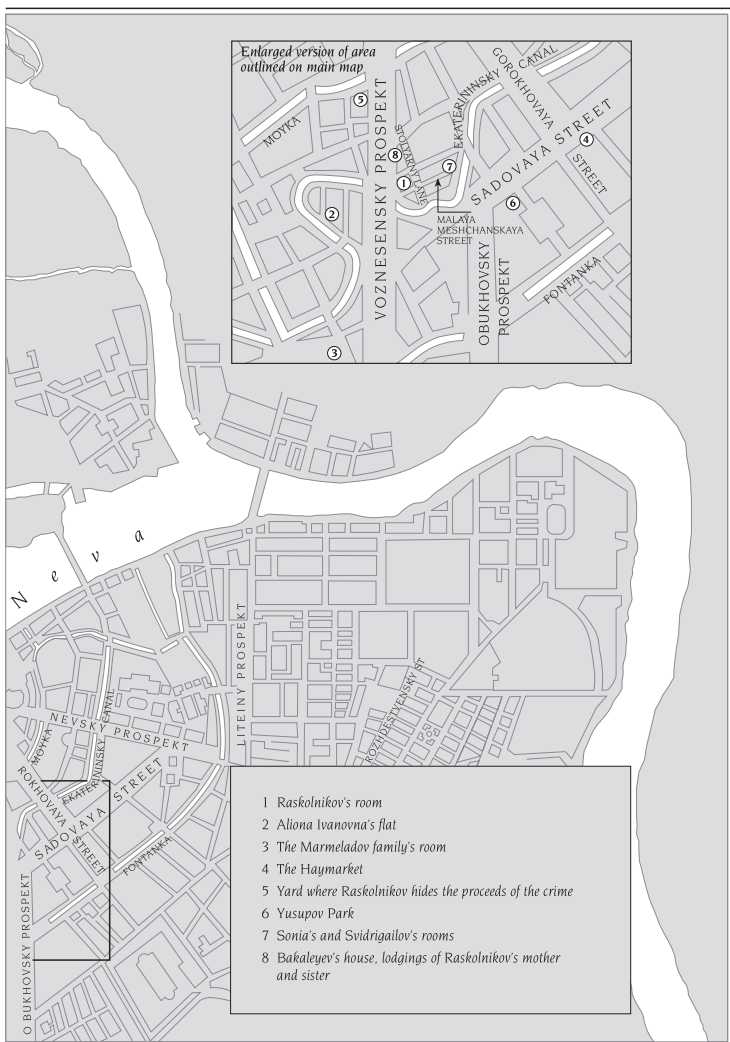


- 1849 Publication of *Netochka Nezvanova*. Arrested with the Petrashevsky circle for seditious political activities. Sentenced to death and on 22 December subjected to a mock execution with other members of the Petrashevsky circle before the sentences are commuted to hard labour.
- 1850–4 Serves a sentence of four years of hard labour in prison in Omsk.
- 1851 Opening of the Crystal Palace for the Great Exhibition, London.
- 1852 Publication of Ivan Turgenev's *Sketches from a Hunter's Album*. Death of Nikolay Gogol.
- 1852–6 Publication of Tolstoy's semi-autobiographical trilogy *Childhood*, *Boyhood*, and *Youth*.
- 1853–6 The Crimean War.
- 1854 Released from prison and sent into exile and military service in Semipalatinsk.
- 1855 Death of Nicholas I and succession of Alexander II. Publication of Tolstoy's *Sevastopol Sketches*.
- 1857 Marries Maria Isaeva, a local widow.  
Alexander Herzen begins publication of the radical newspaper *The Bell* in London.
- 1859 Permitted to return to European Russia. Publishes *Uncle's Dream* and *The Village of Stepanchikovo*.  
Publication of Ivan Goncharov's novel *Oblomov*.
- 1860 Returns to St Petersburg.  
Birth of Anton Chekhov. Radical critic and publisher Nikolay Chernyshevsky publishes his influential essay on 'rational egoism', 'The Anthropological Principle in Philosophy'.
- 1861 Emancipation of the serfs.  
With his brother Mikhail sets up the journal *Time*. Publishes his novel *The Insulted and Injured* and the fictionalized account of his imprisonment, *Memoirs from the House of the Dead*.
- 1862 Takes his first trip to Europe, including an eight-day visit to London.  
Publication of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*.
- 1862–3 Begins an affair with 21-year-old Apollinaria Suslova.
- 1863 Publication of *Winter Notes on Summer Impressions*. *Time* is relaunched as *The Epoch* after trouble with the censorship. Travels to Paris to meet Apollinaria Suslova.  
Nikolay Chernyshevsky's novel *What is to be Done?* published in the radical journal *The Contemporary*.
- 1864 Publishes *Notes from Underground*. Death of his wife and his brother Mikhail.

- 1865 Publishes the satirical story 'The Crocodile'. Financial problems force the closure of *The Epoch*.
- 1865–9 Serial publication of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* in the journal *Russian Messenger*.
- 1866 Serial publication of *Crime and Punishment* in the *Russian Messenger*. Meets Anna Snitkina, a stenographer who helps him to write *The Gambler* in twenty-six days to fulfil an impending contract undertaken with an unscrupulous publisher.  
First attempted assassination of the Tsar, by student and revolutionary Dmitry Karakozov.
- 1867 Marries Anna Snitkina. They leave for Europe to escape his debts.
- 1868–9 Serial publication of *The Idiot* in *Russian Messenger*.
- 1868 Birth of the Dostoevskys' first child, Sofia. She dies, aged 3 months, of pneumonia.
- 1869 Birth of the couple's second daughter Liubov.
- 1870 Death of Alexander Herzen.
- 1871 Returns to Russia with his family and settles in St Petersburg. Anna gives birth to their first son Fyodor.
- 1871–2 Serial publication of *Devils* (also known as *Demons* and *The Possessed*).
- 1873 Begins writing and publication of his *Writer's Diary* in the journal *The Citizen*.
- 1874–5 Serial publication of *The Adolescent* (also known as *An Accidental Family*).
- 1875 Birth of the Dostoevskys' second son Alexei (Aliosha).
- 1876 Buys a summer house in Staraya Rusa, near Novgorod. Tsar Alexander II asks the author to educate his sons.
- 1876–7 Returns to work on his *Writer's Diary*.
- 1877 Serial publication of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*.
- 1878 Death of Nikolay Nekrasov.
- 1879 Death of Dostoevsky's son Aliosha following an epileptic seizure.
- 1880 Serial publication of *The Brothers Karamazov*. Delivers his famous speech at the unveiling of the Pushkin monument in Moscow.
- 1881 (28 January) Death of Dostoevsky in St Petersburg from a pulmonary haemorrhage.  
(1 March) Assassination of Alexander II.



Map of St Petersburg





# CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



# PART ONE

## CHAPTER I

ONE evening in early July, during a spell of exceptionally hot weather,\* a young man came out of the garret he rented from the tenants of a flat in S—— Lane, went downstairs to the street and set off, slowly and rather uncertainly, towards K——n Bridge.\*

He managed to avoid meeting his landlady on the stairs. His garret, more like a cupboard than a room, was just under the roof of the five-storey house. The landlady from whom he rented this garret, with service and one meal a day, lived in a separate flat on the floor below, and every time he went downstairs to the street he had to go past her kitchen, whose door was almost always open onto the stairway. And every time the young man passed this door, he was overcome by an uncomfortable, cowardly feeling which made him grimace with shame. He was hopelessly in debt to his landlady and afraid of meeting her.

Not that he really was so timid and cowardly; quite the reverse. But recently he had been in a tense, irritable frame of mind, almost like hypochondria. He had retreated so deeply into himself, withdrawn so completely from everyone else, that he not only feared meeting his landlady—he feared meeting anybody. He was crushed by his poverty; yet lately even his impoverished condition had ceased to weigh him down. He had completely given up managing, or wishing to manage, his day-to-day affairs. He wasn't actually afraid of any landlady, whatever she might be plotting against him. But stopping on the stairway to listen to all sorts of rubbish, everyday stuff that was none of his business, all that pestering about the rent, and threats, and complaints, and having to prevaricate and apologize and tell lies—no, better slip away downstairs like a cat, and make his escape unseen.

On this occasion, in fact, his terror of meeting his landlady and creditor surprised even himself, once he was out in the street.

'What a deed I'm planning, and yet I'm letting pointless little things terrify me!' he thought with a strange smile. 'Yes... a man is capable of anything, and yet he lets it all pass him by, out of pure cowardice... that's axiomatic... I wonder what people are most afraid of? Taking a fresh step, saying something new, that's what scares them most... Anyway, I'm chattering on too much. That's why I never get anything done—I'm



too busy chattering. Actually, you could put it the other way round: the reason I chatter is that I don't do anything. It's over this past month that I've learnt to chatter, spending whole days on end lying on my bed in that corner and thinking about... Jack and the Beanstalk.\* And why am I going there now, anyway? Am I really capable of *that*? Is *that* really serious? It's not in the least serious. I'm just letting my imagination run away with me—it's all a game! Yes, I suppose it's all a game!

The heat outside was unbearably sultry; the streets were full of jostling crowds, there was whitewash everywhere, and scaffolding, and bricks, and dust, and that special summer stench that every inhabitant of Petersburg knows so well, if he isn't able to rent a dacha out of town.\* All this at once assailed the young man's already shattered nerves. And the unbearable stink from the drinking dens, especially common in that part of town,\* and the drunks he met at every step, although this was a working day, completed the revolting and depressing picture. An expression of profound disgust flashed across the young man's delicate features. He was, incidentally, remarkably good-looking, with fine dark eyes and dark auburn hair, above average height, slim and well proportioned. But soon he fell into deep thought, or rather into an absent state of mind, and walked ahead without either noticing or wishing to notice his surroundings. Now and again he muttered something under his breath—being in the habit, as he now realized, of talking to himself. At this point he was also aware that his thoughts were becoming confused, and that he was very weak, having eaten almost nothing for two days.

He was so shabbily dressed that many people, even if used to it, would have felt ashamed to go out in daylight in such rags—although in a district like this nothing one wore could have surprised anyone. The proximity of the Haymarket,\* the profusion of establishments of a certain kind, and the large numbers of factory workers and tradesmen among the population packed into these streets and alleyways of central St Petersburg, made up such a kaleidoscope of odd characters that there could be no call for surprise no matter whom you met. But this young man had stored up so much anger and contempt, that—for all his sometimes youthful sensitivity—he wasn't in the least embarrassed by his rags in the street. It would be a different matter if he met anyone he knew, or any of his old classmates—and he didn't like meeting them. But just at this point a drunk was carried past him on a huge cart, drawn by a giant carthorse, heaven knows why or where to, and this drunk as he passed suddenly yelled out at him, 'Hey you, German hat!' pointing at him and giving a full-throated roar. At this the young man

suddenly froze and made a convulsive grab at his hat. It was a tall, round one from Zimmermann's,\* but completely worn out, brown with age, full of holes and stains, missing its brim, and knocked crooked to one side in the most grotesque way. Yet it wasn't embarrassment but an entirely different feeling, more like terror, that now seized hold of the young man.

'I knew it!' he muttered in confusion. 'Just as I thought! That's the worst thing that could happen! All it takes is a piece of stupidity, some trivial detail, to wreck the whole plan! Yes, the hat's too striking... It's ridiculous, that's what makes it stand out... With my rags, I need to wear a flat cap, any old pancake will do, not this monstrosity. Nobody wears hats like this, they'd notice it a mile off, and remember it... That's the worst thing, they'll remember it later on, and there's your incriminating evidence. I have to make myself as inconspicuous as I can... Trivial things, it's trivial things that matter most! Little details like this always spoil everything...'

He didn't have far to go; in fact he knew how many paces it was from the gates of his house—just seven hundred and thirty. Once, in an abstracted mood, he had counted them. At that point he hadn't yet started believing in those dreams of his—he would just tease his imagination with their repellent yet tempting audacity. But now, a month later, he had already begun to see things differently; and for all his sarcastic monologues about how powerless and indecisive he was, he had somehow, despite himself, got used to regarding this 'repulsive' fantasy as a real project, though still without believing in it. He was actually on his way now to carry out a *rehearsal* of this project, and he grew more and more agitated with every step he took.

He approached the house with a sinking heart, trembling with nerves. It was an enormous building, one side facing onto the canal and another onto ——— Street.\* The whole building was divided into tiny apartments, inhabited by all sorts of small tradespeople—tailors, locksmiths, cooks, Germans with various occupations, girls selling themselves, minor clerks and the like. People were hurrying in and out of its two gates and across the two courtyards. Three or four yardkeepers\* were on duty here. The young man was very pleased not to meet any of them, and at once slipped unseen through the right-hand gate and up the stairs. It was a back stairway, dark and narrow, but he knew all about that, he had already sized it up, and the whole situation suited him. In darkness like this, even prying eyes were no threat. 'If I'm this scared right now, what would it be like if I ever found myself actually doing *the thing*?' That was his thought as he reached the fourth floor. Here he was

obstructed by some retired soldiers acting as porters, carrying furniture out of one of the flats. He already knew that this flat was occupied by a German clerk and his family. 'That means that the German's moving out; so for a while the only flat still occupied on the fourth floor, up these particular stairs and on this landing, will be the old woman's. That's good... just in case...' he thought again, as he rang the bell of the old woman's flat. The bell gave a feeble clink, as though it were made of tin instead of brass. In buildings like these, the flats almost always have that sort of bell. He had forgotten the sound of it, and now its particular clink suddenly reminded him very vividly of something. He shuddered—his nerves were far too shaken today. After a few moments the door opened a tiny crack. Through that crack, the occupant peered at her visitor with evident suspicion. Nothing could be seen but her little eyes glinting in the dark. But once she saw several people on the landing, she took courage and opened the door wider. The young man stepped over the threshold into a dark entrance-hall, with a partition hiding a tiny kitchen. The old woman faced him silently, with a questioning look. She was a tiny, dried-up little old crone of around sixty, with sharp, evil-looking eyes and a short pointed nose. She was bareheaded, and her tow-coloured hair with its few streaks of grey was thickly greased. Her long neck, scrawny as a chicken's leg, was adorned with a piece of flannel rag, and despite the heat she wore a short fur jacket, tattered and yellowed with age, dangling off her shoulders. The little old woman kept coughing and grunting. The young man must have looked at her in some special way, because the suspicious look suddenly flashed in her eyes again.

'Raskolnikov,\* I'm a student, I came to see you a month ago,' the young man muttered hastily, making a half-bow as he remembered to try to be more polite.

'I remember you coming, mister, I remember very well,' the old woman answered sharply, still not moving her questioning eyes from his face.

'Well, then... I'm here again, for the same sort of thing...' Raskolnikov went on in some confusion, taken aback by the old woman's suspicion. 'Still, perhaps she's always like this, and I just didn't notice last time,' he thought uneasily.

The old woman stood silently for a moment, as if in doubt; then she stepped aside and pointed to the inner door, saying 'Through there, mister,' as she let him pass.

The young man stepped into a small room with yellowed wallpaper, a few geraniums, and net curtains over the windows. At the moment it was brightly lit by the setting sun. 'So *then* the sun'll be shining just like

this!’ was the thought that sprang unbidden to Raskolnikov’s mind, as he quickly scanned the contents of the room to fix the layout in his memory. But there was nothing particular here. The furniture, all very old and made of yellow wood, consisted of a divan with a high curved wooden back, and an oval table in front of it; between the windows there was a dressing table with a mirror, chairs stood by the walls, and there were two or three minuscule pictures in yellowing frames depicting young German ladies with birds in their hands. Nothing else. In one corner a lamp was burning before a small icon. Everything was very clean. The furniture and floors were highly polished and shining. ‘That’s Lizaveta’s work,’ thought the young man. There wasn’t a speck of dust to be seen in the whole flat. ‘It’s cruel old widows who keep everything this clean,’ Raskolnikov went on to himself, looking inquisitively at the muslin curtain over the doorway into the second, tiny room where the old woman had her bed and chest of drawers. He had never managed to see into that room. Those two rooms made up the whole flat.

‘What can I do for you?’ asked the little old woman dourly, coming into the room and again standing right in front of him, staring into his face.

‘I’ve brought something to pawn. Here it is.’ And he brought out of his pocket an old flat silver watch. On the back of the case was an engraving of a globe. The chain was steel.

‘But your time’s up for the last pledge. The month ran out two days ago.’

‘I’ll pay you the interest for another month, please be patient.’

‘That’s up to me, mister, whether I’m patient or just sell your thing right away.’

‘How much can you give me for the watch, Aliona Ivanovna?’

‘It’s nothing but rubbish, what you bring me, mister. I don’t suppose it’s worth a thing. Last time I gave you two little rouble notes for your ring, but if you wanted to buy it new from a jeweller you could have got it for one and a half.’

‘Let me have four roubles, I’ll pay it back, it was my father’s watch. I’ll be getting some money soon.’

‘One and a half roubles, interest in advance, if you want.’

‘One and a half!’ the young man cried out.

‘Up to you.’ And the old woman handed him back the watch. The young man took it, so angry that he would have walked out on the spot; but he quickly thought better of it, remembering that he had nowhere to go and that he had come with something else in mind.

‘Let’s have it!’ he said rudely.

The old woman felt in her pocket for her keys and went through the curtains into the next room. The young man, left alone in the middle of the room, listened attentively to figure out what was happening. He could hear her opening her chest of drawers. 'That must be the top drawer,' he decided. 'So she keeps the keys in her right-hand pocket... All in a single bundle, on a steel ring... And one of those keys is bigger than all the rest, three times bigger, with a notched bit to it—obviously that's not the key to the drawers... So there must be something else, some casket or strongbox... Now that's interesting. Strongboxes always have keys like that... But how despicable all this is...'

The old woman returned. 'Here we are, mister. If it's ten kopeks a month for one rouble, then for a rouble and a half it'll be fifteen kopeks; one month in advance. And for your other two roubles, at the same rate, you owe me twenty kopeks in advance. So all that comes to thirty-five. That means you get one rouble fifteen kopeks now, all told, for your watch. Here you are.'

'What! So now it's only one rouble fifteen?'

'That's right.'

The young man didn't argue and took the money. He looked at the old woman and was in no hurry to leave, as if he wanted to say or do something more, but was himself uncertain just what that was.

'Aliona Ivanovna, I might bring you something else in a day or two... silver... a cigarette case... when I get it back from my friend...' He faltered and stopped.

'Well, we'll talk about it then, mister.'

'Goodbye... Are you all by yourself, here at home? Your sister not here?' he asked, as casually as he could, going out to the hall.

'What's your business with her, mister?'

'Oh, nothing special. I just asked. You're so... Goodbye, Aliona Ivanovna.'

Raskolnikov left, thoroughly discomposed. And his confusion got worse and worse. On his way downstairs, he actually stopped several times, as if suddenly struck by a thought. And when he eventually reached the street, he burst out:

'Oh God! How repulsive this all is! And am I really, really... No, that's all nonsense, it's ridiculous,' he said firmly. 'How could I even think of such a monstrous thing? What infamy I'm capable of! The thing is—it's dirty, revolting, foul, foul! And there I was, for a whole month...'

But neither words nor outbursts could do justice to his inner turmoil. The feeling of utter disgust that had begun to oppress and torment him earlier, even when he was on his way to the old woman, had

now grown so sharp and powerful that he didn't know where to hide from his anguish. He walked along the pavement like a drunken man, not seeing the passers-by, bumping into them, and only came to himself in the next street. Looking around him, he found that he was close to a drinking den,\* with steps leading down from the street to the basement. Just at that moment two drunks came out and mounted the stairs to the street, propping each other up and swearing. On the spur of the moment, Raskolnikov went straight down the steps. He had never been in a drinking den before, but just now his head was spinning and he was tormented by a burning thirst. He felt he needed a cold beer, particularly as he ascribed his sudden weakness to hunger.

He sat down in a dark, dirty corner by a sticky little table and ordered some beer. He drank down the first glass greedily. He felt better at once, and now he could think more clearly. 'That's all nonsense,' he said hopefully. 'I didn't need to get so anxious! It was just physical weakness. All it takes is one glass of beer and a piece of dry toast—and there you are, your mind is stronger straight away, your thoughts are clearer, you know what it is you want. Pah, how petty it all is!...' Despite his exclamation of scorn, he was looking cheerful now, as if he had suddenly shaken off some terrible burden, and he cast a friendly glance at the other customers. Yet even at that moment he had a faint premonition that all these optimistic feelings were themselves no more than the expression of a pathological state.

Not many people were left in the place now. The two drunks he had met coming up the stairs had been followed by a party of four or five men with a wench and an accordion.\* The place was quiet and half-empty now; the only people left were one slightly tipsy man who could have been a shopkeeper,\* sitting over his beer, and his companion, a big fat man with a grey beard, wearing a short Siberian kaftan, who was the worse for vodka and had fallen asleep on his bench; but from time to time, seemingly in his sleep, he would suddenly start snapping his fingers, stretching out his arms, and jerking the upper half of his body up and down, without getting up. All the while he was humming some nonsense or other, trying to recall the words of a song, such as:

All year long I loved my wife,  
A-a-all year lo-o-ong I lo-o-oved my wife...

Or he would suddenly wake up and start:

Off I went down Scrivener's Row\*  
And found that girl I used to know...

But there was no one to share his happiness. His companion watched all these outbursts in silence, looking hostile and troubled. There was another man there too, who looked as if he might have been a retired clerk. He was sitting a little apart, his bottle in front of him, taking an occasional sip and looking around. He, too, seemed rather agitated.

## CHAPTER II

RASKOLNIKOV wasn't used to crowds, and as we said, he had lately been avoiding company of any kind. Yet now something drove him to seek human fellowship. Something new seemed to be happening within him, giving him a kind of thirst for other people. A whole month of intense anguish and morose agitation had so tired him that he longed to spend at least a moment breathing the air of a different world, any world whatever; and despite all the squalor of his surroundings, he was happy now to spend time in the drinking den.

The landlord was in another room, but kept coming back down the steps into the main saloon from somewhere else—the first parts of him to appear being his showy polished boots with their broad red tops. He was wearing a long tunic and a fearfully greasy black satin waistcoat, but no tie; his whole face looked as if it had been oiled, like an iron padlock. There was a youth of about fourteen behind the bar, and a younger lad was there to wait on the customers. On the bar were sliced gherkins, rusks of black bread, and chunks of fish, and all of it smelt very bad. The atmosphere was so stuffy that sitting there was almost unbearable, and everything was so thick with vodka fumes that just breathing the air for five minutes would probably have been enough to get you drunk.

There are some encounters, even with people you don't know at all, which arouse your interest from the very first glance, quite immediately and suddenly, before a word has been spoken. That was just the impression made on Raskolnikov by a customer sitting some way away, who looked like a retired clerk. Later on, our young man was often to remember this first impression, and he even attributed it to a presentiment. Of course he kept glancing at this clerk, and that was partly because the man was staring fixedly across at him, evidently wanting to strike up a conversation. As for everyone else in the drinking den, including the host—the clerk viewed them all with familiarity and even boredom, yet at the same time with a hint of supercilious disdain, as if

they were so far beneath him in rank and education that he could have nothing to say to them. He was a man past fifty, of average height and stocky build, with greying hair and a big bald patch; his face was yellow, greenish even, and bloated with constant drunkenness. Beneath his swollen eyelids there shone a lively pair of tiny, reddish, slitty eyes. But there was something very odd about him: he had a look that shone almost with enthusiasm, even good sense and intelligence—yet there seemed to be a glint of madness too.

He was wearing a tattered and torn old frock-coat missing its buttons; one button was somehow still holding on by a thread, and he had used that one to fasten his coat, evidently to preserve decency. A crumpled, bespattered, and soiled shirt-front protruded from his nankeen waistcoat. His face had once been shaved like an office clerk's, but that was some time ago, and now it was covered in thick grey stubble. His mannerisms, too, had something solid and civil-servant-like about them. But he was restless, ruffling his hair and sometimes resting his head miserably on both hands, propping his ragged elbows on the wet and sticky tabletop. At last he looked straight at Raskolnikov and said in a loud, firm voice:

'Might I make so bold, my good sir, to address a few decorous words to you? For although you make no show of distinction, yet my experience tells me that you are an educated man and unused to alcoholic beverages. I myself have always respected education when allied to sincere feeling; furthermore, I am a Titular Councillor.\* Marmeladov, that is my name, Titular Councillor. Might I ask whether you have been in the Service?'

'No, I'm studying,' replied the young man, rather taken aback both by the other's very flowery speech and by his abrupt and forward mode of address. And although he had previously been overcome by a longing for human contact of any kind whatever, he now, at the very first word actually addressed to him, suddenly experienced his usual feeling of disagreeable irritation and revulsion towards any stranger who intruded, or merely threatened to intrude, on his personal world.

'Then you're a student, or an ex-student!' cried the clerk. 'Just as I thought! Experience, my dear sir, experience, on more than one occasion!' And he laid his finger to his forehead in self-congratulation. 'You used to be a student, or attended some learned institution. But allow me...'—and he got up, teetering unsteadily, picked up his bottle and glass, and sat down by the young man, a little to one side of him. Although tipsy, he talked glibly and fluently, only occasionally losing the thread and stumbling in his speech. He seized on Raskolnikov



almost greedily, as if he too had not spoken to anyone for a whole month.

‘My dear sir,’ he began, almost majestically, ‘poverty is not a vice, that is true. It is even truer, as I also know, that drunkenness is no virtue. But beggary, my dear sir, beggary—that is a vice. In poverty the nobility of your innate sentiments is still preserved, but never in beggary, not by anyone. In beggary, you are not even driven out with staves—you are swept out with a broom, from all human society, to humiliate you even more; and that is justice, because in beggary I am the first to wish to humiliate myself. And that’s what leads to the drinking den! My dear sir, a month ago my wife was thrashed by Mr Lebeziatnikov, and yet my wife is not the same as me! Do you understand me, sir? Allow me to ask you another question, just so, out of pure curiosity—have you ever had occasion to spend the night on the Neva, on a hay barge?’

‘No, I never have,’ replied Raskolnikov. ‘Why do you ask?’

‘Well, I’ve just come from there, and that makes five nights in a row.’

He filled his glass, drank it down and began brooding. And it was true that wisps of hay could be seen sticking to his clothing here and there, even in his hair. It was very likely that he had neither undressed nor washed for five days on end. His hands, in particular, were dirty, greasy, and red, with blackened nails.

His conversation seemed to have caught most people’s attention, of an idle kind. The boys behind the bar sniggered. The landlord seemed to have come down from upstairs purposely to listen to the ‘joker’; he sat down nonchalantly at a distance, yawning self-importantly. Marmeladov was evidently well known here. Indeed, he had probably acquired his fondness for flowery speech through his habit of indulging in frequent conversations over vodka with all sorts of strangers. With some drunkards, this habit grows to be a necessity, especially if they are harshly treated at home. In the company of other drinkers, it seems to make them strive to justify themselves, and even, if possible, to earn some respect.

‘Hey, joker!’ called out the host. ‘Why don’t you do some work? If you’re a clerk, why aren’t you at the office?’

‘Why am I not at the office, my dear sir?’ answered Marmeladov, addressing himself exclusively to Raskolnikov as though it was he who had posed the question. ‘Why am I not at the office? Does not my heart ache at my abject and pointless existence? When, a month ago, Mr Lebeziatnikov personally administered a thrashing to my wife, while I lay there drunk, did it not make me suffer? Let me ask you,

young man, has it ever happened to you... hmm... well, say, to beg hopelessly for a loan?

‘Yes, it has happened... but what do you mean, hopelessly?’

‘I mean altogether hopelessly, knowing perfectly well that nothing can come of it. Supposing you know in advance, beyond any doubt, that this particular person, this benevolent and most worthy citizen, will not let you have any money on any account—for why should he, may I ask? He knows perfectly well that I’ll never pay him back. Out of compassion? But Mr Lebeziatnikov, who keeps up with modern ideas, was explaining the other day that in our time, compassion is actually proscribed by science, and that’s already the way of things in England, where they have political economy.\* Why, I ask you, should he let you have any money? And there you are, knowing in advance that he won’t give you any, and nevertheless you set off...’

‘What’s the point of going?’ broke in Raskolnikov.

‘But if there’s no one to go to, nowhere else to turn! Surely it must be so, surely everyone has to have somewhere to turn! For there comes a time when you simply have to turn somewhere! When my only daughter first went out on the streets with her yellow ticket,\* I went too (for my daughter is on a yellow ticket, sir)’—he added in parentheses, looking at the young man rather uneasily—‘but never mind that, my dear sir, never mind!’ he added hurriedly, seemingly quite composed, while both boys behind the counter snorted with laughter and even the host grinned. ‘Never mind that, sir! I am not offended by these wagging heads, for all is known already and all secrets revealed; and I look upon this not with scorn, but with humility. So be it, so be it! “Behold the man!” Excuse me, young man, could you... but no, I must express myself more strongly and strikingly: not *could you*, but *dare you*, looking upon me at this time, positively assert that I am not a swine?’

The young man answered not a word.

‘Well, sir,’ the orator continued, waiting composedly and now with even greater dignity for the sniggering in the room to subside, ‘well, sir, I may be a swine, but she is a lady! I bear the form of a beast, but Katerina Ivanovna, my spouse, is a person of culture and by birth the daughter of a staff officer. I acknowledge that I am a scoundrel, but she has an exalted soul, she is filled with sentiments that have been ennobled by her upbringing. Yet at the same time... Oh, if she would take pity on me! My dear sir, my dear sir, every man needs, does he not, but a single place where even he can be pitied! But Katerina Ivanovna, though a magnanimous lady, is unjust... And although I myself understand that when she pulls me by the hair, it is but the compassion in her

heart that makes her do it (for I repeat to you, without shame, young man, that she does pull me by the hair)', he added with redoubled dignity, hearing more tittering; 'but my God, if she could but once... but no, no! All this is but wasted breath, not worthy, not worthy to be mentioned! For that which I longed for has been given me, more than once, and more than once have I received pity, but... such is my character, I am a beast by nature!'

'I'll say,' yawned the landlord.

Marmeladov thumped his fist hard against the table.

'Such is my character! Do you know, do you know, my dear sir, that I even drank away her stockings? Not her boots—that would at least have borne some semblance of normality—but her stockings, I drank away her stockings! And I drank away her mohair scarf too, which she had as a gift before we married, it was her own, not mine. And the corner we live in is cold,\* and this winter she caught a chill and started coughing, and now she's spitting blood. We have three small children, and Katerina Ivanovna works from morning till night, scrubbing and washing and bathing the children, for she has been used to cleanliness ever since her childhood, she has a delicate chest and is susceptible to consumption; and I feel this. How could I not feel it? And the more I drink, the more I feel it. That's why I drink—to find emotion and compassion in drinking. It's not joy I seek, only grief... I drink because I wish to suffer more!' And he leaned his head on the table in a gesture of despair.

'Young man,' he went on, raising his head again, 'I can read in your face some kind of heartache. I read it when you entered, and that was why I addressed you straight away. For I am relating the history of my life to you, not in order to expose my shame to these idlers here, who know it all anyway—I do so because I seek to find a sensitive and educated person. Let me tell you, therefore, that my spouse was educated in a high-class provincial institute for daughters of the gentry, and when she left it she danced the shawl dance\* before the Governor and other personages, for which she received a gold medal and a certificate of merit. The medal... well, that medal was sold... a long time ago... um... but the certificate of merit is still kept in her trunk, and she showed it to our landlady quite recently. For although she is engaged in the most unremitting conflict with our landlady, she did wish to show off to somebody, anybody, to whom she could speak of her happy days of long ago. Nor do I condemn her, nor do I condemn her, for that is the last of the memories left to her, everything else has gone up in smoke! Oh yes, she is a hot-blooded lady, proud and unbending. She

will wash the floor with her own hands, and live on black bread, but she will not tolerate disrespect. That was why she would not put up with Mr Lebeziatnikov's rudeness, and when Mr Lebeziatnikov beat her for that, it was not so much the beating as her own injured feelings that caused her to take to her bed. I took her as a widow, with her three children, each one smaller than the last. Her first husband was an infantry officer whom she married for love, and she ran away from home with him. She was passionately in love with her husband, but he took up cards, ended up in court, and that was how he died. By the end he used to beat her, and although she paid him back, of which I have reliable written proof, yet even now she remembers him with tears in her eyes, and holds up his example as a reproach to me, and I'm glad she does, yes, glad that—even if only in her imagination—she sees herself as having once been happy... And after he died she was left alone with three little children, in a far-off and savage district where I too found myself at the time; she was left in such abject poverty that I, though I have seen all kinds of adventures in my time, find it impossible to describe. All her family had cast her off. And how proud she was, unbelievably proud... And then it was, my dear sir, then it was, that I, a widower myself, with a fourteen-year-old daughter by my first wife, offered her my hand, for I could not bear the sight of her suffering. So you can judge for yourself how sunk in misery she was, an educated, well-bred woman from a good family, to have agreed to marry me! But she married me! Weeping, and sobbing, and wringing her hands, she married me! Because she had nowhere to turn. Can you understand, can you understand, my dear sir, what it means to have nowhere else to turn? No! You cannot yet understand that... And for a whole year long I fulfilled my obligations, honourably and religiously, and never touched this stuff (prodding the bottle with a finger), for I do have feelings. But even this did not serve; for I lost my position, and that not through any fault of my own, but because of staffing changes; and then I did touch it!... It must be a year and a half ago now that we eventually found ourselves, after much wandering and many disasters, in this splendid capital city adorned with numerous monuments. And here I obtained a post... obtained it and lost it again. Do you understand, sir? And I lost it through my own fault, for my weakness caught up with me... And now we live in a little corner at our landlady's, Amalia Fedorovna Lippewechsel, and how we stay alive and how we pay her I do not know. There are many other people living there as well as us... a real bear-garden, utterly disgusting... um, yes... And by this time my daughter had grown up, my daughter from my first marriage, and what

she suffered, my little daughter, from her stepmother while she grew up—I'll say nothing about that. For although Katerina Ivanovna is filled with generous sentiments, yet she is a hot-tempered and irritable lady, with a sharp tongue... Yes indeed, sir! Well, no use talking about that. As you can imagine, Sonia has had no education. Some four years ago, I did try teaching her some geography and world history; but as I myself was none too knowledgeable in those matters, and had no suitable textbooks, for any books that we had... hm!... well, we don't have them any longer, those books; and that was the end of all her education. We finished up on Cyrus of Persia.\* And after that, when she was grown up, she read a number of books of a romantic kind, and quite recently she read a certain book which she obtained through Mr Lebeziatnikov—Lewes's *Physiology*,\* do you happen to know it?—and was most interested in it, and even read portions of it to us. That was the end of her education. And now, my dear sir, I should like to ask you a personal question. Can a poor but honest young girl, in your opinion, earn much by honest labour? She cannot even make fifteen kopeks a day, sir, if she is honest and possesses no special talents—not even if she works without ceasing. And even so, State Councillor Klopstock, Ivan Ivanovich—have you happened to hear of him?—has so far not only failed to pay her for making him half a dozen Holland shirts,\* but drove her ignominiously away, stamping his feet and calling her bad names, on the pretext that the shirt collars were the wrong size and set in crooked. And there were the children, going hungry... And Katerina Ivanovna, walking up and down the room wringing her hands, with the red patches coming out on her cheeks—which always occurs in that disease—and telling her “Look at you, you blood-sucker, living in our home, eating and drinking and keeping yourself warm”—though how could she be eating and drinking when even the little ones never saw a crust for three days on end!—I was lying there at the time... well, never mind that!—I was lying there tipsy, and I heard my Sonia answer (she's so meek, with such a soft little voice... she's fair-haired, and her face is always pale and thin), and she said “What do you mean, Katerina Ivanovna, do I really have to come to that?” For Darya Frantsevna, an evil-minded woman well known to the police, had already been three times to see our landlady and make propositions. “What of it?” replies Katerina Ivanovna with a mocking laugh. “What are you so keen to protect? Some treasure, indeed!” But don't blame her, don't blame her, my dear sir, don't blame her! She was not in her right mind when she said that, her nerves were shattered, and she was sick, and the children crying because they had nothing to eat; and she

said it more by way of an insult than meaning what she said. For Katerina Ivanovna is like that; if the children are crying, even if it's from hunger, she'll set about beating them at once. And so some time after five, I saw Sonia get up, put on her headscarf and cloak, and leave the apartment, and she came back after eight. In she came and went straight over to Katerina Ivanovna, and silently laid down thirty roubles on the table in front of her. And not a word did she say, she didn't even look at her, she just picked up our big green drap-de-dames\* shawl—we have a big green shawl in our flat, made of drap-de-dames—and covered her head and face with it, and lay down on her bed with her face to the wall, with her little shoulders and body shaking, on and on... And I was still lying there, just as before, sir... And then I saw, young man, I saw Katerina Ivanovna go over to Sonechka's bed, without a word, and she stayed the whole evening kneeling at her feet, kissing her feet, and she wouldn't get up, and then the two of them fell asleep together like that, in each other's arms... the two of them... the two of them... yes, sir... while I... lay there tipsy, sir.'

Marmeladov stopped speaking, as though his voice had failed him. Then he hurriedly filled his glass, drank it down, and cleared his throat.

'Since that time, my good sir,' he went on after a brief silence, 'since that time, following a certain adverse occurrence and denunciation by some malicious persons—aided and abetted especially by Darya Frantsevna, on the grounds that we had failed to show her proper respect—since that time, my daughter Sofia Semionovna has been obliged to take a yellow ticket, which means that she can no longer go on living with us. For even our landlady Amalia Fedorovna would not allow that—though she herself had previously encouraged Darya Frantsevna—and Mr Lebeziatnikov too... hm... It was over Sonia that he had that business with Katerina Ivanovna. Before that he had been making up to Sonia himself, but now he was suddenly all full of himself, "How can I," says he, "such a cultured man as I am, share a flat with a creature like that?" But Katerina Ivanovna wouldn't have it, she stood up for Sonia... and that was how it happened... And now Sonechka mostly comes to see us after nightfall, and comforts Katerina Ivanovna, and gives her all she can afford... She lives with Kapernaumov the tailor,\* she rents a place from him; Kapernaumov is lame and has a speech defect, and all his numerous family have speech defects. And his wife, she has a speech defect as well... They all live in one room, and Sonia has her own room, behind a partition... Hm, yes... Most impoverished people, they are, all with speech defects... yes... Well, I rose the next morning, and putting on my rags, I lifted up my arms to heaven, and

set off to see his Excellency Ivan Afanasievich. Do you happen to know his Excellency Ivan Afanasievich?... No? Well, that's a saintly man you don't know. He is wax... wax before the face of the Lord; even as the wax melteth!... He was good enough to listen to the whole, and even shed tears over it. "Well," says he, "well, Marmeladov, you have already let me down once... I'll take you on a second time, on my own personal responsibility"—those were his very words—"just remember that; and now you may go." I kissed the dust beneath his feet, in my thoughts that is, for he would never have permitted it literally, being a high official and a man of modern and enlightened political ideas. So I returned home, and when I announced that I had gained employment again and would be receiving a salary, my God, what a thing that was!

Marmeladov stopped again, in intense agitation. At this point a large crowd of revellers came in off the street, already drunk; and by the entrance someone struck up a tune on a hired hurdy-gurdy, and the cracked childish voice of a seven-year-old started singing 'My Little Farmstead'.\* There was a lot of noise. The landlord and waiters were busy with the new arrivals. Marmeladov, taking no notice of them, went on with his story. The drink had evidently got to him, but the drunker he became, the more talkative he was. The recollection of his recent success in getting a job seemed to have cheered him up, and given a sort of radiance to his face. Raskolnikov listened attentively.

'All this, my dear sir, occurred five weeks ago. Yes... No sooner had the two of them, Katerina Ivanovna and little Sonechka, heard the news than, Oh Lord, it was as if I had been transported to the Kingdom of Heaven. Before that, all I heard was "Lie on the floor there, you—like a dumb animal!"—nothing but insults. But now they would tiptoe round me and hush the children—"Semion Zakharich has been working, he's tired and resting, sshhh!" They made coffee for me before I went to work, even made scalded cream for me! They began buying real cream, do you hear? And wherever did they find the money to get me a decent uniform, eleven roubles fifty kopeks—I'll never know! Boots, and calico shirt fronts—splendid ones—and a proper uniform, and they got it all together in magnificent style, all for eleven and a half roubles. When I got home from work the first day, what did I find—Katerina Ivanovna had cooked a two-course meal, soup and a dish of salt beef with horseradish—we'd never had such a thing in our lives. And she has nothing to wear... I mean no dresses whatsoever, sir; and yet now she was all dressed up for going out, and not just any old thing, no, she knows how to make whatever she wants, out of nothing: a new hairdo, and some kind of clean collar, and cuffs, and suddenly she's