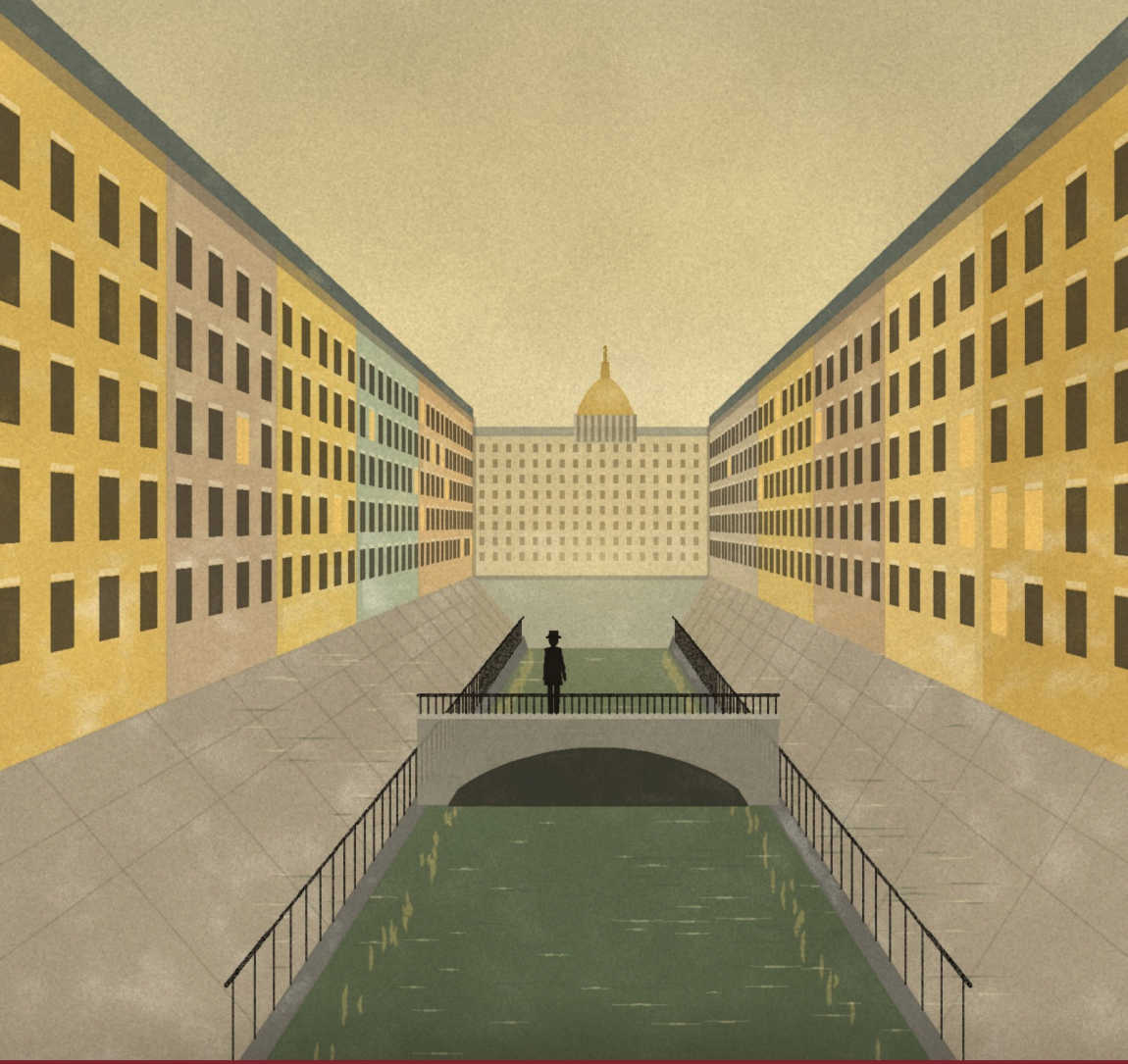


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Crime and Punishment

Преступление и наказание

Fyodor Dostoevsky

1866

Fiction · Novels

Crime and Punishment

Преступление и наказание

Fyodor Dostoevsky

Translated from the Russian by Ether Library

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Преступление и наказание

Fyodor Dostoevsky (1821–1881)

Translated from the Russian by Ether Library

A novel in six parts with an epilogue, first published in *The Russian Messenger* in 1866.

A Note on the Translation

This is a complete translation of *Crime and Punishment*, made directly from Dostoevsky's Russian. The source is the public-domain Russian text in modern spelling published by Russian Wikisource. Constance Garnett's translation of 1914, also in the public domain, was consulted only where the Russian is in doubt. None of her wording is kept, and many of her choices are undone: she turned kopecks into pence, softened curses, and dropped phrases she found awkward.

Dostoevsky writes in a hurry, and the hurry is part of the book. His sentences pile qualification on qualification, break off, start again, and lean on small words such as "somehow," "as if," "almost," and above all "suddenly." The English keeps these, and keeps his ellipses where he has them. It does not smooth him into elegance or cut his feverish sentences into neat ones. Each character speaks in a voice of his own: Marmeladov in tavern grandiloquence, Porfiry with an insinuating "sir," Luzhin in pompous legal phrases, Amalia Ivanovna in broken German-flavored English.

Russian names keep their full forms and their diminutives, so Raskolnikov is Rodion Romanovich to strangers and Rodya to his mother. Russian money, measures, and ranks stay Russian: roubles and kopecks, versts and arshins, titular and court councillors. One word needs explaining at the start. The Russian for "crime," *prestuplenie*, means a stepping over, and Raskolnikov's theory turns on the right to step over. The English renders that verb as "step over" throughout.

Every paragraph of the Russian appears here as one paragraph, in six parts and an epilogue. The 47 notes are the translator's. They explain ranks, money, foreign phrases, and a few untranslatable puns, and offer no commentary.

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Part One · I

In early July, during an extraordinarily hot spell, toward evening, a young man stepped out of the tiny room he rented from tenants in S—— Lane into the street and slowly, as if undecided, set off toward K—— Bridge.

He had managed to avoid meeting his landlady on the stairs. His tiny room was tucked under the very roof of a tall five-story building and was more like a closet than a place to live. His landlady, from whom he rented this room with dinner and service included, occupied a separate apartment one flight down, and every time he went out into the street he could not avoid passing her kitchen, whose door almost always stood wide open onto the stairs. And every time he passed it, the young man felt a kind of sick, cowardly sensation that he was ashamed of and that made him wince. He was in debt to his landlady up to his ears and was afraid of meeting her.

It was not that he was so cowardly and downtrodden, quite the contrary, in fact; but for some time he had been in an irritable, overstrained state that resembled hypochondria. He had become so absorbed in himself and so cut off from everyone that he was afraid of meeting anyone at all, not only his landlady. He was crushed by poverty; but lately even his straitened circumstances had ceased to weigh on him. He had stopped attending to his practical affairs altogether and had no wish to attend to them. In fact he was not afraid of any landlady, whatever she might be plotting against him. But to stop on the stairs, to listen to all sorts of drivel about all that everyday rubbish that was no concern of his,

all that pestering about payment, the threats, the complaints, and on top of it to have to wriggle, apologize, lie himself—no, better to slip down the stairs somehow like a cat and steal away unseen.

This time, however, once he was out in the street, his fear of running into the woman he owed startled even him.

"What a thing I mean to attempt, and at the same time what trifles I'm afraid of!" he thought with a strange smile. "Hm… yes… everything is in a man's hands, and he lets it all slip right past his nose, purely out of cowardice… that's an axiom by now… I wonder what people fear most? A new step, a new word of their own, that's what they fear most of all… But then I talk too much. That's why I do nothing, because I talk. Or perhaps it's like this: I talk because I do nothing. It's this last month I've learned to talk, lying in a corner for days on end and thinking… about the days of King Pea. Well, why am I going now? Am I really capable of that? Is that really serious? It isn't serious at all. I'm just amusing myself with a fantasy; playthings! Yes, playthings, if you like!"

The heat in the street was terrible, and on top of it the closeness, the crush, lime everywhere, scaffolding, bricks, dust, and that peculiar summer stench so familiar to every Petersburger who cannot afford to rent a dacha—all of it at once jarred unpleasantly on the young man's already overwrought nerves. The unbearable stench from the taverns, of which there are an especially great number in this part of town, and the drunks he kept running into at every turn, although it was a working day, completed the repulsive and dismal coloring of the picture. A feeling of the deepest loathing flickered for an instant across the young man's fine features. He was, by the way, remarkably good-looking, with beautiful dark eyes and dark brown hair, taller than average, slim and well built. But soon he sank into what seemed deep thought, or, to put it more exactly, into a kind of oblivion, and walked on no longer noticing his surroundings, and not wishing to

notice them either. Only now and then did he mutter something to himself, from that habit of monologue he had just admitted to himself. Even now he was aware himself that his thoughts were sometimes getting muddled and that he was very weak: for two days now he had eaten almost nothing at all.

He was so badly dressed that another man, even one used to it, would have been ashamed to go out in the street by day in such rags. The neighborhood, however, was such that it was hard to surprise anyone here with your clothes. The nearness of the Haymarket, the abundance of certain establishments, and, above all, the population of guild workers and craftsmen crowded into these streets and lanes in the middle of Petersburg sometimes speckled the general panorama with such characters that it would have been strange to be surprised at meeting any figure at all. But so much spiteful contempt had already accumulated in the young man's soul that, for all his touchiness, sometimes a very youthful touchiness, he was least of all ashamed of his rags in the street. It was another matter when he met certain acquaintances or former comrades, whom in general he did not like to meet… And yet when a drunk, who for some unknown reason was being carted down the street just then, to some unknown destination, in an enormous wagon drawn by an enormous dray horse, suddenly shouted at him as he went by, "Hey, you, German hatter!" and began bawling at the top of his lungs, pointing at him—the young man suddenly stopped and clutched convulsively at his hat. It was a tall round hat from Zimmermann's, but already worn out, gone completely rusty, all holes and stains, without a brim, and crumpled over to one side at the most hideous angle. But it was not shame that seized him; it was quite a different feeling, something even like fright.

"I knew it!" he muttered in confusion. "I thought so! This is the worst of all! Some stupid thing like this, some utterly trivial little

detail, can ruin the whole plan! Yes, the hat is too noticeable… It's ridiculous, and so it's noticeable… With my rags I absolutely need a cap, even some old pancake of a thing, not this monstrosity. Nobody wears hats like this, they'll spot it a verst[1] off and remember it… the main thing is, they'll remember it afterward, and there's your evidence. Here you have to be as inconspicuous as possible… Details, details are the main thing!… It's just these details that always ruin everything…"

He did not have far to go; he even knew how many steps it was from the gate of his building: exactly seven hundred and thirty. He had counted them once, when he had got very carried away by his dreaming. At the time he had not yet believed in these dreams himself and had only been goading himself with their hideous but seductive audacity. Now, though, a month later, he was beginning to see things differently and, in spite of all his taunting monologues about his own impotence and indecision, had somehow, almost against his will, grown used to regarding the "hideous" dream as an enterprise already, though he still did not trust himself. He was even on his way now to make a *rehearsal* of his enterprise, and with every step his agitation grew stronger and stronger.

With a sinking heart and a nervous trembling he approached an enormous building that faced the canal on one side and —— Street on the other. The building was made up entirely of small apartments and was inhabited by every sort of working people—tailors, locksmiths, cooks, Germans of various kinds, girls living on their own, petty clerks, and so on. People coming and going kept darting in and out under both gateways and across both courtyards. Three or four caretakers worked there. The young man was very pleased not to meet any of them, and slipped unnoticed straight from the gateway to the right, onto the stairs. The staircase was dark and narrow, a "back" staircase, but he already knew all this

and had studied it, and he liked the whole setting: in such darkness even a curious glance was no danger. “If I’m this afraid now, what would it be like if it somehow ever really came to the *deed* itself?...” he thought involuntarily as he climbed to the fourth floor. Here his way was blocked by porters, retired soldiers, who were carrying furniture out of one of the apartments. He knew already that a German lived in this apartment, a clerk with a family: “So this German is moving out now, and so on the fourth floor, on this staircase and this landing, for a while, the old woman’s apartment will be the only one occupied. That’s good... just in case...” he thought again, and rang at the old woman’s door. The bell gave a feeble clink, as if it were made of tin and not of brass. In little apartments like these, in such buildings, almost all the bells are like that. He had forgotten the sound of this little bell, and now that peculiar sound seemed suddenly to remind him of something and to bring it clearly before him... He actually shuddered; his nerves were too weak this time. A little later the door opened a tiny crack: the occupant was examining the visitor through the crack with evident distrust, and all that could be seen were her little eyes glittering out of the dark. But seeing a number of people on the landing, she took heart and opened the door all the way. The young man stepped over the threshold into a dark entryway divided by a partition, behind which was a tiny kitchen. The old woman stood before him in silence, looking at him questioningly. She was a tiny, dried-up old crone of about sixty, with sharp, malicious little eyes, a sharp little nose, and her head bare. Her whitish-blond hair, only a little gray, was thickly smeared with oil. Around her long, thin neck, which looked like a chicken’s leg, some sort of flannel rag was wound, and from her shoulders, in spite of the heat, hung a short fur jacket, worn to tatters and gone yellow. The old crone kept coughing and groaning. The young man must

have given her some peculiar look, because suddenly the same distrust flickered again in her eyes.

"Raskolnikov, a student, I was here a month ago," the young man hurried to mutter with a half bow, remembering that he ought to be more polite.

"I remember, my dear, I remember very well that you were," the old woman said distinctly, still not taking her questioning eyes off his face.

"Well, ma'am... here I am again, on the same sort of little business..." Raskolnikov went on, a little flustered and surprised at the old woman's distrust.

"But maybe she's always like this, and I just didn't notice last time," he thought with an unpleasant feeling.

The old woman was silent a moment, as if pondering, then stepped aside and, pointing to the door of the room, said as she let her visitor go ahead of her:

"Go in, my dear."

The small room the young man went into, with yellow wallpaper, geraniums, and muslin curtains at the windows, was brightly lit at that moment by the setting sun. "And *then*, too, the sun will be shining just like this!..." flashed as if by chance through Raskolnikov's mind, and he cast a quick glance over everything in the room, to study and memorize the layout as well as he could. But there was nothing special in the room. The furniture, all very old and of yellow wood, consisted of a sofa with an enormous curved wooden back, a round table of oval shape in front of the sofa, a dressing table with a little mirror in the space between the windows, chairs along the walls, and two or three cheap little prints in yellow frames showing German young ladies with birds in their hands—and that was all the furniture. In the corner a lamp was burning before a small icon. Everything was very clean: the furniture and the floors were rubbed to a shine; everything

gleamed. “Lizaveta’s work,” thought the young man. There was not a speck of dust to be found in the whole apartment. “It’s spiteful old widows who keep things this clean,” Raskolnikov went on to himself, and glanced with curiosity at the chintz curtain over the door to the second, tiny room, where the old woman’s bed and chest of drawers stood and into which he had never once looked. The whole apartment consisted of these two rooms.

“What do you want?” the old crone said sternly, coming into the room and, as before, planting herself right in front of him so as to look him straight in the face.

“I’ve brought a pledge, here it is, ma’am!” And he took an old flat silver watch out of his pocket. A globe was engraved on the back. The chain was steel.

“But the time is up on your other pledge too. It was a month the day before yesterday.”

“I’ll pay you the interest for another month; be patient.”

“Whether I’m patient, my dear, or sell your thing right now, that’s for me to decide.”

“How much for the watch, Alyona Ivanovna?”

“You come with trifles, my dear, it’s worth next to nothing. Last time I gave you two little notes for the ring, and you could buy one new from a jeweler for a rouble and a half.”

“Give me four roubles or so, I’ll redeem it, it was my father’s. I’ll be getting money soon.”

“A rouble and a half, sir, and the interest in advance, if you like.”

“A rouble and a half!” the young man cried.

“As you please.” And the old woman held the watch back out to him. The young man took it and was so angry that he was on the point of leaving; but he thought better of it at once, remembering that there was nowhere else to go and that he had come for something else besides.

“Hand it over!” he said rudely.

The old woman felt in her pocket for her keys and went into the other room, behind the curtain. The young man, left alone in the middle of the room, listened curiously and calculated. He could hear her unlocking the chest of drawers. “Must be the top drawer,” he calculated. “So she carries her keys in her right pocket… All on one bunch, on a steel ring… And there’s one key there bigger than all the rest, three times bigger, with a notched bit, not for the chest of drawers, of course… So there must be some box or other, or a strongbox… Now that’s interesting. Strongboxes all have keys like that… But how base all this is…”

The old woman came back.

“Here you are, my dear: if it’s ten kopecks a month on the rouble, then for a rouble and a half you owe fifteen kopecks, for a month in advance, sir. And for the two roubles from before you owe another twenty kopecks in advance on the same reckoning. So that makes thirty-five altogether. Which leaves you, for your watch, one rouble fifteen kopecks to receive. Here, take it.”

“What! So now it’s one rouble fifteen kopecks!”

“Just so, sir.”

The young man did not argue and took the money. He looked at the old woman and was in no hurry to go, as if there were something more he wanted to say or do, but as if he himself did not know what exactly…

“Alyona Ivanovna, I may bring you another item one of these days… a silver one… a nice one… a cigarette case… as soon as I get it back from a friend…” He grew confused and fell silent.

“Well, then we’ll talk, my dear.”

“Goodbye, ma’am… And you’re always at home alone, your sister’s not here?” he asked as casually as he could, going out into the entryway.

“And what business is she of yours, my dear?”

“Oh, nothing in particular. I just asked. There you go right away… Goodbye, Alyona Ivanovna!”

Raskolnikov went out in utter confusion. The confusion kept growing. Going down the stairs, he even stopped several times, as if suddenly struck by something. And at last, out in the street, he exclaimed:

“Oh, God! how loathsome all this is! And can it be, can it be that I… no, it’s nonsense, it’s absurd!” he added resolutely. “And could such a horror really have entered my head? What filth my heart is capable of, though! The main thing is, it’s filthy, nasty, vile, vile!… And I, for a whole month…”

But he could not express his agitation in words or in exclamations. The feeling of boundless revulsion that had begun to oppress and sicken his heart while he was still only on his way to the old woman had now grown so large and become so vivid that he did not know where to turn from his anguish. He walked along the sidewalk like a drunk, not noticing the passersby and bumping into them, and came to himself only in the next street. Looking around, he saw that he was standing beside a tavern, the entrance to which led from the sidewalk down a flight of steps into the basement. Just at that moment two drunks were coming out of the door and, holding each other up and cursing each other, clambering up to the street. Without thinking long, Raskolnikov at once went down. He had never before gone into a tavern, but now his head was spinning, and a burning thirst tormented him besides. He wanted a drink of cold beer, all the more because he put his sudden weakness down to hunger as well. He sat down in a dark and dirty corner, at a sticky little table, asked for beer, and greedily drank the first glass. At once everything eased, and his thoughts grew clear. “It’s all nonsense,” he said hopefully, “and there was nothing to be upset about! Simply a physical disorder! One glass of beer, a crust of dry bread—and look, in an instant the mind grows

strong, thought grows clear, intentions grow firm! Pah, what a nothing it all is!...” But in spite of this contemptuous spit, he was already looking cheerful, as if suddenly freed from some terrible burden, and he ran a friendly eye over the company. But even at that moment he had a distant presentiment that all this readiness to see things in a better light was also morbid.

There were few people left in the tavern at that hour. Besides the two drunks he had passed on the stairs, a whole crowd of about five had gone out right after them, all at once, with a girl and an accordion. After they left it became quiet and roomy. There remained: one man, a little tipsy but not much, sitting over his beer, by the look of him a petty townsman; his companion, fat, huge, in a short peasant coat and with a gray beard, very drunk, who had dozed off on the bench and now and then, suddenly, as if half asleep, would begin snapping his fingers with his arms flung wide and jerking the upper part of his body without getting up from the bench, singing along to some nonsense as he strained to recall the words, something like:

A whole year I loved my wife,
A who-ole year I lo-oved my wi-ife...

Or, suddenly waking up, again:

Down Podyacheskaya I went,
And found my old sweetheart there...

But no one shared his happiness; his silent companion even regarded all these outbursts with hostility and distrust. There was one more man there, who looked something like a retired government clerk. He sat apart, before his little bottle, sipping now and then and looking around. He too seemed to be somewhat agitated.

1. A verst is a Russian measure of distance, about two-thirds of a mile (1.07 km).

Part One · II

Raskolnikov was not used to crowds and, as has been said already, fled all society, especially of late. But now something suddenly drew him toward people. Something seemed to be happening in him, something new, as it were, and at the same time he felt a sort of thirst for people. He was so tired after a whole month of this concentrated anguish of his and gloomy excitement that he wanted to breathe, if only for one minute, in another world, any world at all, and in spite of all the filth of the surroundings he was glad now to stay on in the tavern.

The owner of the establishment was in another room, but often came into the main one, descending into it from somewhere by a few steps, and the first thing to appear each time was his dandified tarred boots with big red tops. He wore a sleeveless peasant coat and a horribly greasy black satin waistcoat, no cravat, and his whole face looked as if it had been oiled, like an iron lock. Behind the counter was a boy of about fourteen, and there was another, younger boy who served when anything was asked for. There were sliced cucumbers, black rusks, and fish cut into pieces; all of it smelled very bad. It was so stuffy that sitting there was almost unbearable, and everything was so soaked with the smell of liquor that it seemed you could get drunk in five minutes from the air alone.

There are some encounters, even with people completely unknown to us, in which we begin to take an interest from the first glance, somehow suddenly, all at once, before we have said a word. Exactly such an impression was made on Raskolnikov by the cus-

tomer who was sitting apart and looked like a retired clerk. The young man recalled this first impression several times afterward and even ascribed it to a presentiment. He kept glancing at the clerk, of course partly because the man himself was staring at him persistently, and it was plain that he very much wanted to start a conversation. At the others in the tavern, the owner included, the clerk looked in a habitual way, even with boredom, and at the same time with a shade of a certain haughty disdain, as if at people of lower station and development, with whom he had nothing to talk about. He was a man already past fifty, of middle height and stout build, with graying hair and a large bald patch, with a yellow, even greenish face bloated from constant drinking, and with swollen eyelids, from behind which shone tiny, slitlike, but lively reddish eyes. But there was something very strange about him; in his look there shone what seemed even a kind of rapture—perhaps there was sense in it, and intelligence too—but at the same time something like madness seemed to flicker there as well. He was dressed in an old, utterly tattered black tailcoat that had shed its buttons. Only one was still holding on somehow, and this was the one he buttoned it with, evidently wishing not to depart from propriety. From under a nankeen waistcoat stuck out a shirtfront, all crumpled, soiled, and stained with drink. His face had been shaved, in the manner of a government clerk, but a long time ago, so that a thick bluish-gray stubble had begun to show. And there was in fact something of the solid official in his manners. But he was restless, kept ruffling his hair, and now and then, in anguish, propped his head in both hands, setting his torn elbows on the wet and sticky table. At last he looked straight at Raskolnikov and said loudly and firmly:

"May I make so bold, my dear sir, as to address you in polite conversation? For although your appearance is not of the most distinguished, my experience discerns in you a man of education

and one unaccustomed to drink. I myself have always respected education joined with the feelings of the heart, and, besides, I hold the rank of titular councillor.[1] Marmeladov is my name; titular councillor. May I make so bold as to inquire, have you been in the service?"

"No, I'm a student..." the young man replied, somewhat surprised both by the peculiar flowery tone of the speech and by being addressed so directly, point-blank. In spite of his momentary wish, a little while before, for some sort of company, any company at all, at the first word actually addressed to him he suddenly felt his usual unpleasant and irritable feeling of revulsion toward any stranger who touched, or merely wished to touch, his person.

"A student, then, or a former student!" cried the clerk. "Just as I thought! Experience, my dear sir, repeated experience!" And by way of boasting he laid a finger to his forehead. "You have been a student, or have pursued the path of learning! But allow me..." He got up, swayed, picked up his bottle and his little glass, and sat down beside the young man, at an angle to him. He was drunk, but spoke fluently and briskly, only now and then losing the thread a little here and there and drawing out his words. He fell upon Raskolnikov with something like greed, as if he too had not spoken to anyone for a whole month.

"My dear sir," he began, almost with solemnity, "poverty is no vice, that is a truth. I know that drunkenness is no virtue either, and that all the more so. But destitution, my dear sir, destitution is a vice, sir. In poverty you still preserve the nobility of your innate feelings; in destitution no one ever does. For destitution they don't even drive you out of human company with a stick, they sweep you out with a broom, so as to make it all the more insulting; and rightly so, for in destitution I am the first to be ready to insult myself. And hence the drinking! My dear sir, a month ago Mr. Lebezyatnikov gave my spouse a beating, and my spouse is not the

same as me! Do you understand, sir? Allow me to ask you something more, merely, let us say, out of simple curiosity: have you ever had occasion to spend the night on the Neva, on the hay barges?"

"No, I haven't," answered Raskolnikov. "What is that?"

"Well, sir, that's where I've come from, and this is the fifth night, sir..."

He filled his glass, drank it, and fell to thinking. Indeed, here and there on his clothes, and even in his hair, wisps of hay could be seen sticking. It was very likely that he had not undressed or washed for five days. His hands were especially dirty, greasy, red, with black nails.

His talk seemed to have aroused general, if lazy, attention. The boys behind the counter began to snigger. The owner had apparently come down from the upper room on purpose to listen to the "funny fellow," and sat a little way off, yawning lazily but with an air of importance. Evidently Marmeladov had long been known here. And his bent for flowery speech he had probably acquired from the habit of frequent tavern conversations with various strangers. In some drinkers this habit turns into a necessity, and chiefly in those who are treated harshly at home and ordered about. That is why, in drinking company, they always seem to be trying to secure some justification for themselves, and, if possible, even respect.

"Funny fellow!" the owner said loudly. "And why don't you work, why aren't you in the service, if you're a clerk?"

"Why am I not in the service, my dear sir?" Marmeladov took him up, addressing himself exclusively to Raskolnikov, as if it were he who had asked him the question. "Why am I not in the service? And does my heart not ache because I grovel in vain? When Mr. Lebezyatnikov, a month ago, beat my spouse with his own hands, and I lay there drunk, did I not suffer? Allow me, young man, have

you ever happened… hm… well, let us say, to ask for a loan without hope?"

"I have… that is, what do you mean, without hope?"

"I mean utterly without hope, sir, knowing in advance that nothing will come of it. Here you know, for instance, in advance and thoroughly, that this man, this most well-intentioned and most useful citizen, will on no account give you money, for why, I ask, should he give it? After all, he knows I won't pay it back. Out of compassion? But Mr. Lebezyatnikov, who follows the new ideas, was explaining the other day that in our time compassion is even forbidden by science, and that that is how things are done already in England, where they have political economy. Why then, I ask, should he give it? And so, knowing beforehand that he won't give it, you nonetheless set out on your way and…"

"Then why go?" Raskolnikov put in.

"But if there's no one else to go to, if there's nowhere else to go! For every man must have somewhere at least he can go. For there come times when one absolutely must go somewhere, anywhere at all! When my only-begotten daughter went out for the first time on the yellow ticket,[2] I went out then too… (for my daughter lives on the yellow ticket, sir…)," he added in parentheses, looking at the young man with some uneasiness. "Never mind, my dear sir, never mind!" he hastened at once to declare, apparently calmly, when both boys behind the counter snorted and the owner himself smiled. "Never mind, sir! I am not put out by this wagging of heads, for everything is already known to everyone, and every secret thing is made manifest; and I regard it not with contempt but with humility. Let it be! let it be! 'Behold the man!' Allow me, young man: can you… But no, let me put it more strongly and more vividly: not *can* you, but *dare* you, looking at me at this hour, affirm that I am not a swine?"

The young man did not answer a word.

“Well, sir,” the orator went on, having waited out, with dignity and this time even with heightened dignity, the sniggering that again followed in the room. “Well, sir, let me be a swine, but she is a lady! I bear the image of the beast, but Katerina Ivanovna, my spouse, is a person of education and born the daughter of a field officer. Let me be, let me be a scoundrel, but she has a lofty heart and is full of feelings ennobled by upbringing. And meanwhile… oh, if only she would pity me! My dear sir, my dear sir, every man must have at least one place where he too is pitied! But Katerina Ivanovna, though she is a magnanimous lady, is unjust… And although I understand myself that when she pulls my hair she pulls it for no other reason than pity of heart (for, I repeat without embarrassment, she pulls my hair, young man,” he confirmed with redoubled dignity, hearing the sniggering again), “but, God, what if she even once… But no! no! all this is in vain, and there’s nothing to say! nothing to say!… for more than once what I wished for has come to pass, and more than once I have been pitied, but… such is my nature, and I am a born brute!”

“I’ll say!” the owner remarked, yawning.

Marmeladov struck the table resolutely with his fist.

“Such is my nature! Do you know, do you know, sir, that I have even drunk away her stockings? Not her shoes, sir, for that would at least resemble the order of things somewhat, but her stockings, her stockings I drank away, sir! Her goat’s-down shawl I drank away too, a gift, from long ago, her own, not mine; and we live in a cold corner, and this winter she caught a chill and began to cough, and now it’s blood. And we have three little children, and Katerina Ivanovna is at work from morning till night, scrubbing and washing and washing the children, for she has been used to cleanliness since childhood, and with a weak chest and inclined to consumption, and I feel it. Don’t I feel it? And the more I drink, the more I feel it. That is why I drink, for in this drink I seek compassion and

feeling. Not joy, but sorrow alone I seek… I drink, for I wish to suffer doubly!" And he laid his head down on the table, as if in despair.

"Young man," he went on, raising his head again, "in your face I read a kind of sorrow, as it were. As soon as you came in I read it, and that is why I addressed you at once. For in telling you the story of my life, it is not to expose myself to shame before these idlers, who know it all already, that I wish, but I seek a man of feeling and education. Know, then, that my spouse was brought up in a noble provincial institute for daughters of the nobility, and at her graduation 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, the medal was sold… long ago… hm… the certificate of merit is still lying in their trunk, and not long ago she was showing it to the landlady. And although she has the most incessant quarrels with the landlady, she wanted to show off before someone, anyone at all, and to tell of happy days gone by. And I do not condemn, I do not condemn, for this is the last thing left her in her memories, and all the rest has turned to dust! Yes, yes; she is a hot-tempered lady, proud and unbending. She washes the floor herself and lives on black bread, but she will not allow disrespect toward herself. That is why she would not let Mr. Lebezyatnikov's rudeness pass, and when Mr. Lebezyatnikov gave her a beating for it, she took to her bed, not so much from the blows as from her feelings. I took her as a widow already, with three children, each one smaller than the last. She married her first husband, an infantry officer, for love, and ran away with him from her parents' house. She loved her husband beyond measure, but he took to cards, was brought to trial, and with that he died. Toward the end he used to beat her; and though she did not let him get away with it, as I know for a fact and from documents, to this day she remembers him with tears and reproaches me with him, and I am glad, I am glad, for at least in her imaginings she

sees herself as having once been happy. And she was left after him with three young children in a remote and savage district, where I too happened to be at the time, and was left in such hopeless destitution that, though I have seen a great many adventures of every kind, I am not even able to describe it. Her relatives all refused her. And she was proud, too, exceedingly proud… And it was then, my dear sir, it was then that I, a widower too, with a fourteen-year-old daughter by my first wife, offered her my hand, for I could not look upon such suffering. You can judge from this to what a pitch her misfortunes had come, that she, educated and well brought up and of a well-known family, consented to marry me! But she did! Weeping and sobbing and wringing her hands—she did! For she had nowhere to go. Do you understand, do you understand, my dear sir, what it means when there is no longer anywhere to go? No! That you do not understand yet… And for a whole year I fulfilled my duty piously and sacredly and did not touch this" (he jabbed a finger at the half-bottle), "for I have feelings. But even so I could not please her; and then I lost my place, and that too through no fault of mine, but owing to a reorganization of the staff, and then I did touch it!… It will be a year and a half ago now that we found ourselves at last, after wanderings and numerous calamities, in this magnificent capital, adorned with numerous monuments. And here I got a place… I got it and lost it again. Do you understand, sir? This time I lost it through my own fault, for my nature got the better of me… And now we live in a corner, with a landlady, Amalia Fyodorovna Lippewechsel, and what we live on and what we pay with, I do not know. There are many others living there besides us… A Sodom, sir, the foulest Sodom… hm… yes… And in the meantime my daughter by my first marriage was growing up, and what she endured, my daughter, from her stepmother while she was growing up, of that I keep silent. For although Katerina Ivanovna is filled to overflowing with magnanimous feel-

ings, she is a hot-tempered and irritable lady, and she'll snap... Yes, sir! But there's no use recalling it! Sonya, as you can imagine, received no education. I tried, some four years ago, to go through geography and world history with her; but as I myself was not strong in that knowledge, and there were no suitable textbooks for it, for what little books we had... hm!... well, they're gone now, those little books, so that was the end of all the instruction. We stopped at Cyrus of Persia. Later, when she had reached maturity, she read several books of a romantic content, and not long ago, through the agency of Mr. Lebezyatnikov, one more little book, Lewes's *Physiology*—perhaps you know it, sir?—she read it with great interest and even read bits of it aloud to us: and that is all her enlightenment. And now I turn to you, my dear sir, on my own account, with a private question: how much, in your opinion, can a poor but honest girl earn by honest labor?... She won't earn fifteen kopecks a day, sir, if she is honest and has no special talents, and that working without rest! And even then State Councillor Klopstock, Ivan Ivanovich—you've heard of him?—not only has not paid her to this day for sewing half a dozen Holland linen shirts, but even drove her out with insults, stamping his feet and calling her indecent names, on the pretext that the shirt collars were not made to measure and were crooked. And there are the little ones hungry... And there is Katerina Ivanovna walking up and down the room wringing her hands, and red spots coming out on her cheeks —which always happens in that illness: 'Here you live with us, you sponger,' she says, 'you eat and drink and keep warm,' and what is there to eat and drink, when even the little ones don't see a crust for three days at a time! I was lying there then... well, what of it! I was lying there drunk, sir, and I hear my Sonya say (she never answers back, and she has such a meek little voice... fair-haired, her little face always pale, thin), she says: 'Well, Katerina Ivanovna, must I really go and do such a thing?' And Darya Frantsevna, a

woman of evil intent and many times known to the police, had already been to inquire through the landlady three times or so. 'And why not?' answers Katerina Ivanovna, mocking. 'What's to save? Some treasure!' But do not blame her, do not blame her, my dear sir, do not blame her! It was not said in her right mind, but with her feelings in turmoil, in illness, and with the children crying who hadn't eaten, and it was said more to wound than to be taken literally... For that is Katerina Ivanovna's character, and when the children start crying, even from hunger, she starts beating them at once. And I see, sometime after five, Sonechka gets up, puts on her kerchief, puts on her little cloak, and leaves the apartment, and after eight she comes back again. She came in and went straight to Katerina Ivanovna and silently laid out thirty silver roubles on the table before her. Not a word did she say as she did it, she didn't even look, but only took our big green drap-de-dames shawl (we have a shawl like that we all share, of drap-de-dames), covered her head and face with it completely, and lay down on the bed, face to the wall, only her little shoulders and her whole body kept shuddering... And I lay there, as before, in the same condition, sir... And then I saw, young man, I saw how afterward Katerina Ivanovna, also without saying a word, went over to Sonechka's little bed and knelt the whole evening at her feet, kissing her feet, and would not get up, and then they both fell asleep like that, together, in each other's arms... both... both... yes, sir... and I... lay there drunk, sir."

Marmeladov fell silent, as if his voice had broken off. Then suddenly he hastily poured, drank, and cleared his throat.

"Since then, sir," he went on after a short silence, "since then, owing to an unfortunate occurrence and to information laid by ill-intentioned persons—to which Darya Frantsevna particularly contributed, supposedly because she had not been shown due respect—since then my daughter, Sofya Semyonovna, has been obliged to take the yellow ticket, and on that account could no longer remain

with us. For the landlady, Amalia Fyodorovna, would not allow it (though earlier she had herself abetted Darya Frantsevna), and Mr. Lebezyatnikov too… hm… It was over Sonya that this business of his with Katerina Ivanovna came about. At first he was after Sonechka himself, and then all at once he stood on his dignity: 'What,' he says, 'am I, such an enlightened man, to live in the same apartment with one of that sort?' And Katerina Ivanovna would not let it pass, she stood up for her… and so it happened… And now Sonechka comes to us mostly at dusk, and eases things for Katerina Ivanovna, and brings what means she can. She lodges with the tailor Kapernaumov, rents a room from them, and Kapernaumov is lame and tongue-tied, and his whole very numerous family is tongue-tied too. And his wife is tongue-tied too… They all live in one room, but Sonya has her own, separate, with a partition… Hm, yes… The poorest people, and tongue-tied… yes… Only I got up then in the morning, sir, put on my rags, raised my hands to heaven, and set off to see His Excellency Ivan Afanasyevich. Do you happen to know His Excellency Ivan Afanasyevich?… No? Then you don't know a man of God! He is wax… wax before the face of the Lord; even as wax melteth!… He even shed tears when he had deigned to hear it all. 'Well, Marmeladov,' he says, 'you have deceived my expectations once already… I'll take you on once more on my own personal responsibility'—that's what he said—'remember that,' he says, 'and go!' I kissed the dust of his feet, in my thoughts, for in reality he would not have permitted it, being a dignitary and a man of the new political and enlightened ideas; I went back home, and when I announced that I had been taken back into the service and would be drawing a salary, oh, what went on then!…"

Marmeladov stopped again in strong agitation. At that moment a whole party of drunks came in from the street, drunk already, and at the entrance the sounds of a hired barrel organ rang out

and a child's cracked little voice, a seven-year-old's, singing "The Little Farmstead." It grew noisy. The owner and the servers were busy with the newcomers. Marmeladov, paying no attention to them, went on with his story. He seemed to have grown very weak, but the drunker he got, the more talkative he became. The memory of his recent success in the service seemed to have revived him and was even reflected in his face as a kind of radiance. Raskolnikov listened attentively.

"That was, sir, five weeks ago. Yes… As soon as they found out, both of them, Katerina Ivanovna and Sonechka, Lord, it was as if I had moved into the kingdom of God. Before, you could lie there like a brute, and nothing but abuse! But now: they walk on tiptoe, they hush the children: 'Semyon Zakharych is tired from the office, he's resting, shh!' They give me coffee before I go to the office, they boil cream! They began getting real cream, do you hear! And where they scraped together eleven roubles fifty kopecks for a decent outfit for me, I can't understand. Boots, calico shirtfronts—most magnificent—a uniform coat, they put it all together for eleven and a half in the most excellent style, sir. I came home from my first morning at the office, and I look: Katerina Ivanovna has cooked two courses, soup and salt beef with horseradish, which until then we hadn't had the least notion of. She has no dresses of any kind… I mean none at all, sir, and yet here she was dressed up as if she were going visiting, and not that she had anything, but they know how to make it all out of nothing: they do up their hair, some little clean collar or other, little cuffs, and there you are, a different person altogether, younger and prettier. Sonechka, my dove, only helped with money, 'but for me myself,' she says, 'it isn't proper now to visit you often, for the time being, unless maybe at dusk, so that no one sees.' Do you hear, do you hear? I came home after dinner to take a nap, and what do you think, Katerina Ivanovna couldn't restrain herself: only a week before she'd had the

worst possible quarrel with the landlady, with Amalia Fyodorovna, and now she invited her for a cup of coffee. They sat for two hours and kept whispering: 'Now that Semyon Zakharych is in the service and drawing a salary, and he went to His Excellency himself, and His Excellency came out himself, told everyone to wait, and led Semyon Zakharych by the hand past all of them into his study.' Do you hear, do you hear? 'I, of course,' he says, 'Semyon Zakharych, remembering your services, and although you have been given to that frivolous weakness, yet since you now promise, and since, besides, things have gone badly for us without you' (do you hear, do you hear!), 'I am counting now,' he says, 'on your word of honor'—that is, all this, I tell you, she simply went and invented, and not out of frivolity, not just for boasting, sir! No, sir, she believes it all herself, she amuses herself with her own imaginings, by God, sir! And I do not condemn it: no, that I do not condemn!... And when, six days ago, I brought home my first salary—twenty-three roubles forty kopecks—all of it, she called me her little sprat: 'You little sprat, you!' she says. And in private, sir, you understand? Well, what beauty is there in me, you would think, and what kind of husband am I? But no, she pinched my cheek: 'You little sprat, you!' she says."

Marmeladov stopped, was about to smile, but suddenly his chin began to twitch. He controlled himself, however. This tavern, his depraved appearance, the five nights on the hay barges and the bottle, and at the same time this morbid love for his wife and family bewildered his listener. Raskolnikov listened intently, but with a painful sensation. He was annoyed with himself for having come in.

"My dear sir, my dear sir!" exclaimed Marmeladov, recovering himself. "Oh, sir, perhaps to you all this is a laughing matter, as it is to the others, and I am only troubling you with the foolishness of all these wretched details of my domestic life, but to me it is no

laughing matter! For I can feel all this. And for the whole of that paradisal day of my life and the whole of that evening I passed my time in fleeting dreams: that is, how I would arrange it all, and dress the little ones, and give her rest, and bring my only-begotten daughter back from dishonor into the bosom of the family… And much, much more… It is permissible, sir. Well, sir, my dear sir" (Marmeladov suddenly seemed to start, raised his head, and looked point-blank at his listener), "well, sir, and on the very next day, after all those dreams (that is, it will be exactly five days ago now), toward evening, by a cunning deceit, like a thief in the night, I stole the key of Katerina Ivanovna's trunk from her, took out what was left of the salary I had brought, how much I don't remember anymore, and there you are, sir, look at me, that's all! The fifth day away from home, and they're looking for me there, and it's the end of the service, and the uniform coat is lying in a tavern by the Egyptian Bridge, and in exchange I got these garments… and it's the end of everything!"

Marmeladov struck his forehead with his fist, clenched his teeth, shut his eyes, and leaned his elbow heavily on the table. But a minute later his face suddenly changed, and with a sort of put-on slyness and affected impudence he glanced at Raskolnikov, laughed, and said:

"And today I was at Sonya's, I went to ask her for something for a hair of the dog! Heh-heh-heh!"

"Don't tell me she gave it to you?" someone among the newcomers shouted from the side, shouted and roared with laughter.

"This very half-bottle, sir, was bought with her money," said Marmeladov, addressing himself exclusively to Raskolnikov. "Thirty kopecks she brought out, with her own hands, her last, all she had, I saw it myself… She said nothing, only looked at me in silence… Not on earth, but there… that is how they grieve over people, weep, and do not reproach, do not reproach! And it hurts more,

sir, it hurts more when they don't reproach!... Thirty kopecks, yes, sir. And she needs them herself now, eh? What do you think, my dear sir? For now she has to keep up her cleanliness. That cleanliness costs money, the special kind, you understand? You understand? Well, and pomade to buy, too, for she can't do without, sir; starched petticoats, a little shoe of a certain kind, a bit showier, to show off her foot when she has to step over a puddle. Do you understand, do you understand, sir, what that cleanliness means? Well, sir, and here I, her own father, went and filched those thirty kopecks for a hair of the dog! And I'm drinking, sir! And I've drunk it away already, sir!... Well, who will pity a man like me? Eh? Do you pity me now, sir, or not? Speak, sir, do you pity me or not? Heh-heh-heh-heh!"

He was about to pour, but there was nothing left. The half-bottle was empty.

"And why should anyone pity you?" shouted the owner, who had turned up beside them again.

There was laughter and even swearing. Those who had been listening and those who had not laughed and swore, simply looking at the figure of the retired clerk.

"Pity! why pity me!" Marmeladov suddenly wailed, rising with his arm stretched out before him, in positive inspiration, as if he had only been waiting for those words. "Why pity me, you say? Yes! there is nothing to pity me for! I ought to be crucified, crucified on a cross, not pitied! But crucify, O judge, crucify, and having crucified, pity him! And then I myself will come to you to be crucified, for it is not joy I thirst for, but sorrow and tears!... Do you think, you merchant, that this half-bottle of yours went down sweet with me? Sorrow, sorrow is what I sought at the bottom of it, sorrow and tears, and I tasted them, and I found them; and He will pity us who pitied all men and who understood all men and all things, He alone, He is the judge. He will come on that day and He

will ask: 'Where is the daughter who gave herself up for a cruel and consumptive stepmother, for strange little children? Where is the daughter who pitied her earthly father, a worthless drunkard, not shrinking from his beastliness?' And He will say: 'Come! I have forgiven thee once... I have forgiven thee once... And now thy sins, which are many, are forgiven, for thou lovedst much...' And He will forgive my Sonya, He will forgive her, I know already that He will forgive her... I felt it in my heart a while ago, when I was at her place!... And He will judge all and forgive all, the good and the wicked, the wise and the meek... And when He has finished with all of them, then He will speak to us too: 'Come forth,' He will say, 'you too! Come forth, you drunkards, come forth, you weaklings, come forth, you shameless ones!' And we shall all come forth, unashamed, and stand there. And He will say: 'You are swine! made in the image of the beast and bearing his mark; but come you too!' And the wise will speak up, the prudent will speak up: 'Lord! why dost Thou receive these?' And He will say: 'This is why I receive them, O wise ones, this is why I receive them, O prudent ones, because not one of them ever considered himself worthy of this...' And He will stretch out His hands to us, and we shall fall down before Him... and weep... and understand everything! Then we shall understand everything!... and everyone will understand... and Katerina Ivanovna... she too will understand... Lord, Thy kingdom come!"

And he sank down onto the bench, exhausted and drained of strength, not looking at anyone, as if he had forgotten his surroundings and was deep in thought. His words had produced a certain impression; for a moment silence reigned, but soon the same laughter and swearing broke out again:

"A fine judge!"

"Lying his head off!"

"Some official!"

And so on and so forth.

"Let us go, sir," Marmeladov said suddenly, raising his head and turning to Raskolnikov. "Take me there… The Kozel house, in the courtyard. It's time… to Katerina Ivanovna…"

Raskolnikov had long been wanting to leave; and he himself had been thinking of helping him. Marmeladov turned out to be much weaker in his legs than in his speeches and leaned heavily on the young man. They had two or three hundred steps to go. Confusion and fear took more and more hold of the drunkard as they neared the house.

"It's not Katerina Ivanovna I'm afraid of now," he muttered in agitation, "and not that she'll start pulling my hair. What's hair!… hair is nonsense! I tell you so! It's even better if she starts pulling it, that's not what I'm afraid of… I… I'm afraid of her eyes… yes… her eyes… I'm afraid of the red spots on her cheeks too… and one more thing, I'm afraid of her breathing… Have you seen how they breathe in that illness… when their feelings are in turmoil? I'm afraid of the children crying too… Because if Sonya hasn't fed them, then… I don't know what! I don't know! But I'm not afraid of a beating… Know, sir, that such beatings are not only no pain to me but even a pleasure… For I can't do without them myself. It's better that way. Let her beat me, let her ease her heart… it's better… And here's the house. The Kozel house. A locksmith, a German, a rich one… lead on!"

They went in from the courtyard and climbed to the fourth floor. The farther up they went, the darker the stairs became. It was already almost eleven o'clock, and although at that time of year there is no real night in Petersburg, at the top of the stairs it was very dark.

A small, soot-blackened door at the end of the stairs, at the very top, stood open. A candle end lit up a most wretched room, about ten paces long; the whole of it could be seen from the entry.

Everything was strewn about and in disorder, especially various children's rags. Across the back corner a sheet full of holes had been strung. Behind it, probably, stood a bed. In the room itself there were only two chairs and a very tattered oilcloth sofa, in front of which stood an old pine kitchen table, unpainted and uncovered. On the edge of the table, in an iron candlestick, a tallow candle end was burning down. It turned out that Marmeladov had a room to himself and not just a corner, but his room was a passageway. The door into the further rooms, or cages, into which Amalia Lippewechsel's apartment was divided, stood ajar. There it was noisy and loud. People were roaring with laughter. They seemed to be playing cards and drinking tea. Now and then the most unceremonious words came flying out.

Raskolnikov recognized Katerina Ivanovna at once. She was a terribly emaciated woman, thin, rather tall and shapely, with still beautiful dark brown hair and, indeed, cheeks flushed to the point of red spots. She was pacing up and down her small room, her hands pressed to her chest, her lips parched, and breathing unevenly, in gasps. Her eyes glittered as in a fever, but her gaze was sharp and fixed, and this consumptive and agitated face, in the last light of the dying candle end flickering over it, made a morbid impression. She seemed to Raskolnikov about thirty, and she was indeed no match for Marmeladov... She had not heard or noticed them come in; she seemed to be in a kind of oblivion, not hearing and not seeing. The room was stuffy, but she had not opened the window; a stench came up from the stairs, but the door to the stairs was not shut; from the inner rooms, through the door left ajar, came waves of tobacco smoke, she was coughing, but she did not close the door. The smallest girl, about six, was asleep on the floor, somehow sitting, curled up, with her head buried in the sofa. A boy a year older than she was trembling all over in a corner and crying. He had probably just been beaten. The

eldest girl, about nine, tallish and thin as a matchstick, in nothing but a thin shift torn all over and an old drap-de-dames cloak thrown over her bare shoulders, made for her probably two years before, because now it did not reach even to her knees, stood in the corner beside her little brother, her long arm, dried up like a matchstick, around his neck. She seemed to be calming him, whispering something to him, doing all she could to keep him from whimpering again somehow, and at the same time following her mother fearfully with her large, large dark eyes, which seemed even larger in her thin and frightened little face. Marmeladov, without coming into the room, knelt down in the very doorway and pushed Raskolnikov ahead. The woman, seeing a stranger, stopped absently before him, coming to herself for an instant and seeming to consider: what has he come in for? But probably it occurred to her at once that he was going through to the other rooms, since theirs was a passageway. Having realized this and paying no more attention to him, she went to the door to the entry to shut it, and suddenly cried out, seeing her husband on his knees on the very threshold.

"Ah!" she shrieked in a frenzy. "He's come back! Jailbird! Monster!... And where's the money? What's in your pocket, show me! And those aren't your clothes! where are your clothes? where's the money? speak!..."

And she rushed to search him. Marmeladov at once obediently and submissively spread his arms wide, to make the search of his pockets easier. There was not a kopeck of money.

"Where's the money, then?" she cried. "Oh, Lord, can he have drunk it all away? There were twelve roubles left in the trunk!..." And suddenly, in a rage, she seized him by the hair and dragged him into the room. Marmeladov himself eased her efforts, meekly crawling after her on his knees.

"And this is a pleasure to me! And this is no pain to me but a plea-sure, my dear si-ir," he kept crying out as he was shaken by the hair, and once he even knocked his forehead against the floor. The child asleep on the floor woke up and began to cry. The boy in the corner could not bear it, trembled, screamed, and rushed to his sister in terrible fright, almost in a fit. The eldest girl, still half asleep, was trembling like a leaf.

"Drunk it away! all, all of it drunk away!" the poor woman cried in despair. "And those aren't his clothes! Hungry, hungry!" (and, wringing her hands, she pointed at the children). "Oh, thrice-cursed life! And you, aren't you ashamed," she suddenly fell upon Raskolnikov, "coming from the tavern! Were you drinking with him? You were drinking with him too! Get out!"

The young man hurried to leave without saying a word. Besides, the inner door had been flung wide open, and several curious people were peering out of it. Brazen, laughing heads were thrust forward, with cigarettes and pipes, in skullcaps. Figures could be seen in dressing gowns, wide open, in summer outfits to the point of indecency, some with cards in their hands. They laughed especially merrily when Marmeladov, dragged by the hair, cried out that it was a pleasure to him. They even began to come into the room; at last an ominous shriek was heard: it was Amalia Lippewechsel herself pushing her way forward to restore order in her own fashion and to frighten the poor woman for the hundredth time with an abusive order to clear out of the apartment the very next day. As he was leaving, Raskolnikov managed to slip his hand into his pocket, scooped up as many copper coins as came to hand, from the change he had got for his rouble in the tavern, and laid them unnoticed on the windowsill. Then, already on the stairs, he thought better of it and wanted to go back.

"What a stupid thing I've done," he thought. "They have Sonya there, and I need it myself." But reasoning that it was impossible to

take it back now and that he would not have taken it anyway, he waved his hand and went to his lodging. “Sonya needs pomade too, after all,” he went on, striding along the street, and he smiled caustically. “That cleanliness costs money… Hm! And Sonechka herself may well go bankrupt today, for it’s the same risk, hunting big game… digging for gold… and then they’d all be left high and dry tomorrow without my money… Well done, Sonya! What a well they’ve managed to dig, though! and they’re making use of it! Making use of it, they are! And they’ve got used to it. They wept a little, and they got used to it. Man is a scoundrel, he gets used to anything!”

He fell to thinking.

“But what if I lied,” he suddenly exclaimed in spite of himself, “what if man really is not a scoundrel, man in general, the whole human race, I mean, then all the rest is just prejudice, nothing but fears put into us, and there are no barriers of any kind, and that is just as it should be!…”

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1. Under the Table of Ranks, the fourteen-grade ladder of the Russian civil service, a titular councillor stood in the ninth grade, a lowly clerk’s rank; a state councillor stood in the fifth, high enough to be addressed as a gentleman of consequence.

2. The “yellow ticket” was the identity card issued by the police to registered prostitutes in place of an ordinary passport.

Part One · III

He woke late the next day, after a troubled sleep, but the sleep had not refreshed him. He woke bilious, irritable, angry, and looked at his little room with hatred. It was a tiny cell, about six paces long, of the most pitiful appearance, with its yellowish, dusty wallpaper coming away from the walls everywhere, and so low that a man even a little on the tall side felt uneasy in it, and it seemed all the time that any moment you would bump your head on the ceiling. The furniture matched the room: there were three old chairs, not quite sound, a painted table in the corner on which lay a few notebooks and books; from the mere fact of how dusty they were you could see that no hand had touched them for a long time; and, finally, a big clumsy sofa that took up almost the whole of one wall and half the width of the room, once upholstered in chintz but now in tatters, which served Raskolnikov as a bed. He often slept on it just as he was, without undressing, without a sheet, covering himself with his old, threadbare student's overcoat, with one small pillow at his head, under which he stuffed all the linen he had, clean and worn, so that the head of the bed would be higher. In front of the sofa stood a little table.

It would have been hard to sink lower or grow more slovenly; but in his present state of mind Raskolnikov even found it pleasant. He had withdrawn from everyone decisively, like a tortoise into its shell, and even the face of the servant who was supposed to wait on him and who sometimes looked into his room roused bile and convulsions in him. This happens with certain monomaniacs who have concentrated too much on something. His landlady had

stopped sending up his meals two weeks before, and he had not yet thought of going down to have it out with her, though he went without dinner. Nastasya, the landlady's cook and only servant, was partly glad of her lodger's mood and had stopped tidying and sweeping his room altogether, except that once a week or so, by chance, she would sometimes take up the broom. It was she who woke him now.

"Get up, what are you sleeping for!" she shouted over him. "It's past nine. I've brought you tea; want a drop of tea? Starved, I bet?"

The lodger opened his eyes, gave a start, and recognized Nastasya.

"Is the tea from the landlady, or what?" he asked, slowly and with a sickly look raising himself on the sofa.

"From the landlady, says he!"

She set down before him her own cracked teapot, with tea already brewed once, and laid down two yellow lumps of sugar.

"Here, Nastasya, take this, please," he said, rummaging in his pocket (he had slept in his clothes) and pulling out a handful of coppers. "Go and buy me a white roll. And get a little sausage at the sausage shop, the cheaper kind."

"The roll I'll bring you this very minute, but wouldn't you like some shchi instead of the sausage? Good cabbage soup, yesterday's. I put some by for you yesterday, but you came in late. Good shchi."

When the shchi had been brought and he had started on it, Nastasya sat down beside him on the sofa and began to chatter. She was a village woman and a very chatty woman.

"Praskovya Pavlovna wants to go to the p'lice about you," she said.

He winced hard.

"To the police? What does she want?"

“You don’t pay and you won’t clear out. Plain enough what she wants.”

“Eh, that’s all I needed,” he muttered, grinding his teeth. “No, that’s… no good to me now… She’s a fool,” he added aloud. “I’ll go see her today and talk to her.”

“A fool she is, sure, same as me, but what about you, mister clever, lying there like a sack, nothing to show for it? Before, you say, you went out teaching children, and now why don’t you do nothing?”

“I am doing something…” Raskolnikov said reluctantly and sternly.

“Doing what?”

“Work…”

“What work?”

“I’m thinking,” he answered seriously, after a pause.

Nastasya simply rolled over with laughter. She was the laughing kind, and when anyone made her laugh she laughed without a sound, heaving and shaking with her whole body, until she felt sick from it herself.

“Thought up lots of money, have you?” she managed to get out at last.

“You can’t teach children without boots. And I spit on it anyway.”

“Don’t you spit in the well.”

“They pay coppers for teaching children. What can you do with kopecks?” he went on reluctantly, as if answering his own thoughts.

“And you want the whole fortune at once?”

He gave her a strange look.

“Yes, the whole fortune,” he answered firmly, after a pause.

“Well, easy now, or you’ll scare a body; you’re awful frightening. Shall I go for the roll or not?”

“As you like.”

“Oh, I forgot! A letter came for you yesterday while you were out.”

“A letter! for me! from whom?”

“Who from, I don’t know. I gave the postman three kopecks of my own. You’ll pay me back, will you?”

“Then bring it, for God’s sake, bring it!” Raskolnikov cried, all in a flutter. “Lord!”

A minute later the letter appeared. Just as he thought: from his mother, from R—— Province. He even turned pale as he took it. He had not had a letter for a long time; but now something else too suddenly wrung his heart.

“Nastasya, go away, for God’s sake; here are your three kopecks, only for God’s sake go away quickly!”

The letter trembled in his hands; he did not want to open it in front of her: he wanted to be *alone* with this letter. When Nastasya had gone out, he quickly raised it to his lips and kissed it; then for a long time he kept gazing at the handwriting of the address, at the small, slanting handwriting, so familiar and dear to him, of his mother, who had once taught him to read and write. He hesitated; he even seemed afraid of something. At last he opened it: it was a long, thick letter, weighing two lots;[1] two large sheets of notepaper were covered with tiny, tiny writing.

“My dear Rodya,” his mother wrote, “it is over two months now since I last talked with you by letter, which has made me suffer myself, and some nights I could not even sleep for thinking. But surely you will not blame me for this silence of mine, which I could not help. You know how I love you; you are all we have, Dunya and I, you are our everything, all our hope and our trust. What I went through when I learned that you had left the university several months ago for lack of means to support yourself, and that your lessons and other means had come to an end! How could I help

you with my hundred and twenty roubles a year of pension? The fifteen roubles I sent you four months ago I borrowed, as you know yourself, against that same pension, from our local merchant here, Afanasy Ivanovich Vakhrushin. He is a kind man and was a friend of your father's too. But having given him the right to draw my pension for me, I had to wait until the debt was paid off, and that has only just now been done, so that all this time I could send you nothing. But now, thank God, I think I can send you something more, and in general we can even boast of our fortune now, which I hasten to tell you about. And first of all, can you guess, dear Rodya, that your sister has been living with me for six weeks now, and we shall not be parted again from now on. Glory be to Thee, O Lord, her torments are over, but I will tell you everything in order, so that you will know how it all happened and what we have been hiding from you until now. When you wrote me two months ago that you had heard from someone that Dunya was supposedly suffering a great deal of rudeness in the Svidrigailovs' house, and asked me for exact explanations—what could I write you in answer then? If I had written you the whole truth, you might well have dropped everything and come to us, on foot if need be, for I know your character and your feelings, and you would not have let your sister be wronged. I was in despair myself, but what was to be done? I did not know the whole truth myself then. The main difficulty was that Dunechka, when she went into their house last year as governess, took a whole hundred roubles in advance on condition that it be deducted from her salary every month, and so she could not leave the place without paying off the debt. And this sum (now I can explain everything to you, my precious Rodya) she took chiefly in order to send you the sixty roubles you needed so badly then and which you did receive from us last year. We deceived you then, we wrote that it came from Dunechka's old savings, but that was not so, and now I am telling you the whole truth, because

everything has now suddenly changed for the better, by the will of God, and so that you will know how Dunya loves you and what a priceless heart she has. It is true that at first Mr. Svidrigailov treated her very rudely and was uncivil to her in various ways and mocked her at table… But I do not want to go into all these painful details, so as not to upset you for nothing, now that it is all over. In short, in spite of the kind and noble treatment of Marfa Petrovna, Mr. Svidrigailov's wife, and of everyone in the household, Dunechka had a very hard time of it, especially when Mr. Svidrigailov was, as an old habit from his regiment, under the influence of Bacchus. But what came out afterward? Imagine, this madcap had long since conceived a passion for Dunya, but kept hiding it under a show of rudeness and contempt toward her. Perhaps he was ashamed himself and horrified, seeing himself, a man getting on in years and the father of a family, with such frivolous hopes, and so he could not help being angry with Dunya. Or perhaps it was that by his rude behavior and his mockery he only wanted to hide the whole truth from others. But at last he could not restrain himself and dared to make Dunya an open and vile proposal, promising her various rewards and, besides, to drop everything and go away with her to another estate, or even abroad. You can imagine all her sufferings! To leave the place at once was impossible, not only because of the money she owed but also to spare Marfa Petrovna, who might suddenly have had her suspicions, and so it would have meant sowing discord in the family. And for Dunechka too there would have been a great scandal; it could not have been avoided. There were many other reasons as well, so that Dunya could not possibly count on breaking free of that terrible house in less than six weeks. Of course, you know Dunya, you know how clever she is and what a firm character she has. Dunechka can bear a great deal, and even in the most extreme cases can find enough generosity in herself not to lose her firm-

ness. She did not even write to me about all of it, so as not to upset me, though we often sent each other news. The outcome came unexpectedly. Marfa Petrovna by chance overheard her husband pleading with Dunechka in the garden and, misunderstanding everything, blamed her for it all, thinking that she was the cause of everything. There was a terrible scene between them right there in the garden: Marfa Petrovna even struck Dunya, would not listen to anything, and screamed for a whole hour herself, and at last ordered Dunya to be taken back to me in town at once, in a plain peasant cart, into which they threw all her things, linen, dresses, everything just as it came, not tied up and not packed. And then a downpour started, and Dunya, insulted and disgraced, had to ride with a peasant a whole seventeen versts in an open cart. Think now, what could I have written you in my letter in answer to yours, which I received two months ago, and what was there to write about? I was in despair myself; I did not dare write you the truth, because you would have been very unhappy, grieved, and indignant, and what could you have done? Ruined yourself, perhaps, and besides Dunechka forbade it; and fill a letter with trifles and odds and ends, when there was such grief in my soul, I could not. For a whole month the gossip about this affair went all over our town, and it came to the point where Dunya and I could not even go to church because of the contemptuous looks and whisperings, and there was even talk out loud in front of us. All our acquaintances drew away from us, all of them even stopped bowing to us, and I found out for certain that some merchants' clerks and some office copyists meant to put a low insult on us by smearing tar on the gate of our house, so that the landlords began to demand that we move out. The cause of all this was Marfa Petrovna, who had managed to accuse and blacken Dunya in every house. She knows everyone here, and that month she was forever driving into town, and since she is a bit of a chatterbox and likes to

tell about her family affairs, and especially to complain about her husband to each and every one, which is not nice at all, she spread the whole story in a short time not only in town but all over the district. I fell ill, but Dunechka was firmer than I, and if you could have seen how she bore it all, and comforted and encouraged me besides! She is an angel! But by God's mercy our torments were cut short: Mr. Svidrigailov came to his senses and repented and, probably feeling sorry for Dunya, presented Marfa Petrovna with complete and evident proof of all Dunechka's innocence, namely: a letter that Dunya, even before Marfa Petrovna came upon them in the garden, had been forced to write and hand to him, to avoid the personal explanations and secret meetings he was insisting on, and which, after Dunechka left, had remained in Mr. Svidrigailov's hands. In this letter she reproached him in the most ardent way and with full indignation precisely for the ignoble way he was behaving toward Marfa Petrovna, pointed out to him that he was a father and a family man, and, finally, how vile it was of him to torment and make unhappy a girl who was unhappy and defenseless enough already. In a word, dear Rodya, this letter is written so nobly and so touchingly that I sobbed as I read it, and to this day I cannot read it without tears. Besides that, in Dunya's vindication there came at last the testimony of the servants, who had seen and known much more than Mr. Svidrigailov himself supposed, as always happens. Marfa Petrovna was utterly thunderstruck and 'struck down anew,' as she confessed to us herself, but on the other hand she was fully convinced of Dunechka's innocence, and the very next day, a Sunday, she drove straight to the cathedral, and on her knees and in tears she prayed to the Queen of Heaven to give her strength to bear this new trial and to do her duty. Then, straight from the cathedral, without calling on anyone, she drove to us, told us everything, wept bitterly, and in full repentance embraced Dunya and begged her to forgive her. That same

morning, without delaying a moment, straight from our house, she set off round all the houses in town and everywhere, in the terms most flattering to Dunechka, shedding tears, restored her innocence and the nobility of her feelings and conduct. More than that, she showed everyone and read aloud Dunechka's own letter to Mr. Svidrigailov in her own hand and even let them make copies of it (which, it seems to me, was going too far). In this way she had to drive around to everyone in town for several days running, since some began to take offense that others had been given preference, and so turns were set up, so that in every house they were waiting beforehand and everyone knew that on such and such a day Marfa Petrovna would be reading the letter in such and such a place, and for every reading people gathered again, even those who had already heard the letter several times both in their own houses and at other acquaintances', in turn. My opinion is that much, very much, of this was unnecessary; but that is Marfa Petrovna's character. At least she fully restored Dunechka's honor, and all the vileness of the affair has fallen as an indelible disgrace on her husband, as the one chiefly to blame, so that I even feel sorry for him; that madcap was treated too severely. Dunya was at once invited to give lessons in several houses, but she refused. And altogether everyone suddenly began to treat her with particular respect. All this contributed chiefly to the unexpected event through which our whole fate, one may say, is now changing. Know, dear Rodya, that a suitor has asked for Dunya's hand and that she has already given her consent, which I hasten to let you know as soon as possible. And although this has been done without your advice, you will probably not hold it against either me or your sister, since you will see for yourself, from the facts, that it would have been impossible for us to wait and put it off until we received your answer. Nor could you yourself have judged everything exactly from so far away. This is how it happened. He is already a court councillor,[2]

Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin, and a distant relation of Marfa Petrovna, who helped a great deal in this. He began by expressing, through her, a wish to make our acquaintance, was received as was proper, drank coffee, and the very next day sent a letter in which he set out his proposal very politely and asked for a speedy and decisive answer. He is a man of business and busy, and is in a hurry now to get to Petersburg, so that every minute is precious to him. Of course, at first we were very much taken aback, since it all happened too quickly and unexpectedly. We considered and pondered it together all that day. He is a reliable man and well provided for, serves in two places, and already has his own capital. True, he is already forty-five, but he is rather pleasant-looking and can still be attractive to women, and in general he is a very solid and proper man, only a little morose and somewhat haughty, as it were. But perhaps it only seems so at first glance. And I warn you, dear Rodya, when you see him in Petersburg, which will happen very soon, do not judge too quickly and too hotly, as is your way, if at first glance something about him does not appeal to you. I say this just in case, though I am sure he will make a pleasant impression on you. And besides, to get to know any person whatever, one must approach him gradually and carefully, so as not to fall into error and prejudice, which are very hard to correct and smooth over afterward. And Pyotr Petrovich, by many signs at least, is a most respectable man. On his very first visit he told us that he was a positive man, but shares in many respects, as he himself put it, 'the convictions of our newest generations,' and is an enemy of all prejudices. He said a good deal more, because he is somewhat vain, as it were, and likes very much to be listened to, but that is hardly a vice. I, of course, understood little, but Dunya explained to me that, though he is a man of no great education, he is intelligent and, it seems, kind. You know your sister's character, Rodya. She is a firm, sensible, patient, and generous girl, though with an

ardent heart, which I have studied well in her. Of course, there is no special love here on either her side or his, but Dunya, besides being a clever girl, is at the same time a creature as noble as an angel, and will make it her duty to secure the happiness of her husband, who in his turn would care for her happiness, and of the latter we have, as yet, no great reason to doubt, though the thing was done rather quickly, I confess. Besides, he is a very calculating man and will of course see for himself that his own conjugal happiness will be the surer, the happier Dunechka is with him. And as for some unevenness of character, some old habits, and even a certain disagreement in ideas (which cannot be avoided even in the happiest marriages), on that score Dunechka told me herself that she relies on herself; that there is nothing to worry about and that she can bear a great deal, on condition that their further relations are honest and fair. He seemed to me too, for instance, a little abrupt at first; but that may come precisely from his being a straightforward man, and surely it does. For instance, at his second visit, when he had already received her consent, he remarked in conversation that even before, without knowing Dunya, he had made up his mind to take a girl who was honest but without a dowry, and certainly one who had already known hardship; because, as he explained, a husband ought to be under no obligation to his wife, and it is much better if the wife looks on her husband as her benefactor. I add that he put it somewhat more gently and kindly than I have written it, because I have forgotten his actual expression and remember only the idea, and besides, he said it not at all deliberately but, evidently, letting it slip in the heat of conversation, so that he even tried afterward to correct himself and soften it; but all the same it seemed to me a little harsh, as it were, and I mentioned it to Dunya. But Dunya even answered me with annoyance that 'words are not deeds yet,' and that, of course, is true. Before making up her mind, Dunechka did not sleep all

night and, thinking that I was asleep already, got out of bed and walked up and down the room all night; at last she knelt down and prayed long and fervently before the icon, and in the morning she told me that she had made up her mind.

"I have mentioned already that Pyotr Petrovich is leaving now for Petersburg. He has important affairs there, and he wants to open a public law office in Petersburg. He has long been occupied with handling all sorts of suits and litigation and only the other day won a considerable lawsuit. He must go to Petersburg also because he has a considerable case there before the Senate. And so, dear Rodya, he may be very useful to you too, even in everything, and Dunya and I have already decided that you, even from this very day, could definitely begin your future career and consider your lot already clearly settled. Oh, if only it came true! It would be such an advantage that we would have to regard it as nothing less than a direct mercy to us from the Almighty. Dunya dreams of nothing else. We have already ventured to say a few words on this subject to Pyotr Petrovich. He expressed himself cautiously and said that, of course, since he could not do without a secretary, it would naturally be better to pay a salary to a relative than to a stranger, if only the relative proved capable of the post (as if you would not prove capable!), but then he expressed a doubt that your university studies would leave you time for work in his office. That was the end of it for the time being, but Dunya now thinks of nothing but this. For several days now she has simply been in a kind of fever, and she has drawn up a whole project by which you may later become Pyotr Petrovich's associate and even partner in his legal business, all the more so since you are in the faculty of law yourself. I, Rodya, entirely agree with her and share all her plans and hopes, seeing every likelihood in them; and in spite of Pyotr Petrovich's present evasiveness, which is very understandable (since he does not know you yet), Dunya is firmly

convinced that she will achieve everything by her good influence on her future husband, and of this she is convinced. Of course, we took care not to let slip to Pyotr Petrovich even a word about these further dreams of ours, and above all about your becoming his partner. He is a positive man and might take it very drily, since all this would seem to him mere dreaming. In the same way, neither Dunya nor I have said half a word to him yet about our firm hope that he will help us to assist you with money while you are at the university; we did not speak of it because, in the first place, it will come about of itself later on, and he will surely offer it himself without unnecessary words (as if he would refuse Dunechka *that*), all the more readily since you may become his right hand in the office yourself and receive this help not as a charity but as a salary you have earned. That is how Dunechka wants to arrange it, and I entirely agree with her. And in the second place we did not speak of it because I particularly wanted to put you on an equal footing with him at our coming meeting. When Dunya spoke to him about you with enthusiasm, he answered that one must first look a man over oneself, and closely, before judging him, and that he expects, on making your acquaintance, to form his own opinion of you. Do you know, my precious Rodya, it seems to me, for certain reasons (which have nothing to do with Pyotr Petrovich, though, but are just some personal whims of my own, an old woman's, a silly woman's whims, perhaps), it seems to me that I might do better to live on my own after their marriage, as I do now, and not with them. I am quite sure that he will be so noble and delicate as to invite me himself and propose that I should not be parted from my daughter any longer, and if he has not said so yet, it is of course because it is taken for granted without words; but I will refuse. I have noticed more than once in my life that mothers-in-law are not much to husbands' liking, and I not only do not want to be the least burden to anyone at all, but I want to be entirely free myself,

as long as I have some crust of my own and children like you and Dunechka. If possible, I will settle near you both, because, Rodya, I have saved the most pleasant thing for the end of my letter: know, then, my dear friend, that perhaps very soon we shall all come together again and embrace, all three of us, after a separation of almost three years! It is already quite certainly settled that Dunya and I are leaving for Petersburg, exactly when I do not know, but in any case very, very soon, perhaps even in a week. Everything depends on the arrangements of Pyotr Petrovich, who will let us know as soon as he has looked around in Petersburg. For certain reasons of his own he wants to hurry the marriage ceremony as much as possible and even, if it can be managed, to have the wedding during the present meat-eating season, and if that does not work out, because the time is so short, then right after the Assumption fast.[3] Oh, with what happiness I shall press you to my heart! Dunya is all excited with joy at seeing you, and once she said, as a joke, that for that alone she would marry Pyotr Petrovich. She is an angel! She is not adding anything to this letter now, but only told me to write that she has so much to talk over with you, so much, that she cannot bring herself to take up a pen now, because in a few lines you cannot write anything and only upset yourself; but she told me to give you a big hug and send you countless kisses. But although we may very soon be together in person, I will still send you money one of these days, as much as I can. Now that everyone has found out that Dunechka is marrying Pyotr Petrovich, my credit has suddenly grown too, and I know for certain that Afanasy Ivanovich will now trust me, against my pension, for as much as seventy-five roubles, so that perhaps I will send you twenty-five or even thirty roubles. I would send more, but I am afraid for our traveling expenses; and although Pyotr Petrovich has been so kind as to take on part of the costs of our journey to the capital, that is, he offered himself, at his own

expense, to have our luggage and the big trunk delivered (somehow through acquaintances of his), still we must reckon on our arrival in Petersburg too, where one cannot show oneself without a kopeck, at least for the first few days. Dunechka and I, though, have already worked everything out to the last detail, and it turns out that the journey will not cost much. It is only ninety versts from us to the railroad, and we have already, just in case, made an arrangement with a peasant driver we know; and from there Dunechka and I will ride very comfortably in third class. So perhaps I will manage to send you not twenty-five but surely thirty roubles. But enough; I have filled two sheets all round, and there is no room left; our whole story; and so many things have happened, too! And now, my precious Rodya, I embrace you until we meet soon, and I give you my mother's blessing. Love Dunya, your sister, Rodya; love her as she loves you, and know that she loves you boundlessly, more than herself. She is an angel, and you, Rodya, you are everything to us—all our hope and all our trust. If only you are happy, we shall be happy. Do you pray to God, Rodya, as you used to, and do you believe in the goodness of our Creator and Redeemer? I fear in my heart that the latest fashionable unbelief may have visited you too. If so, I pray for you. Remember, dear, how in your childhood, while your father was still alive, you used to lisp your prayers on my knees, and how happy we all were then! Goodbye, or rather, *till we meet again*! I embrace you tight, tight, and kiss you countless times.

Yours until the grave,

Pulcheria Raskolnikova."

Almost the whole time Raskolnikov was reading, from the very beginning of the letter, his face was wet with tears; but when he had finished, it was pale, twisted with a spasm, and a heavy, bilious, spiteful smile crept over his lips. He laid his head down on his thin, grimy pillow and thought, thought for a long time. His heart

was beating hard, and his thoughts were in turmoil. At last he felt stifled and cramped in this yellow little room that was like a cupboard or a trunk. His eyes and his mind begged for space. He seized his hat and went out, this time without fear of meeting anyone on the stairs; he had forgotten about that. He took the way toward Vasilyevsky Island along V—— Avenue, as if hurrying there on business, but, as was his habit, he walked without noticing where he was going, whispering to himself and even talking aloud to himself, which greatly surprised the passersby. Many took him for drunk.

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1. A lot was an old Russian unit of weight, about half an ounce (12.8 g); two lots made a heavy letter.

2. Court councillor: the seventh grade in the fourteen-grade Table of Ranks, a solid middle rank in the civil service.

3. The Orthodox Church did not perform weddings during fasts. The "meat-eating season" was a period when weddings were allowed; the Assumption (Dormition) fast ran from August 1 to 14.

Part One · IV

His mother's letter had tormented him. But as to the chief, the cardinal point, he had not had a moment's doubt, even while he was still reading the letter. The chief essence of the matter was decided in his head, and decided once and for all: "This marriage will not happen while I live, and to the devil with Mr. Luzhin!"

"Because the thing is obvious," he muttered to himself, grinning and spitefully triumphing in advance at the success of his decision. "No, Mama, no, Dunya, you won't deceive me!... And they even apologize for not asking my advice and settling the matter without me! I should think so! They imagine it can't be broken off now; well, we'll see whether it can or can't! And what a capital excuse: 'Pyotr Petrovich is such a man of business, you see, such a man of business, that he can't even get married except by post-chaise, almost by railroad.' No, Dunechka, I see it all, and I know what it is you want to talk to me about *so much*; I know, too, what you were thinking about all night, pacing the room, and what you prayed about before the Kazan Mother of God that stands in Mama's bedroom. It's hard climbing up Golgotha. Hm... So it's finally settled, then: you are pleased to marry a man of business and a rational man, Avdotya Romanovna, a man who has his own capital (who *already* has his own capital, that's more solid, more imposing), who serves in two places and shares the convictions of our newest generations (as Mama writes) and '*seems* kind,' as Dunechka herself remarks. That *seems* is the most magnificent of all! And this same Dunechka is marrying this same *seems*!... Magnificent! Magnificent!...

"...But it's curious, though, why did Mama write to me about the 'newest generations'? Simply to describe the man, or with a further aim: to win me over in Mr. Luzhin's favor? Oh, the sly ones! It would be curious to clear up one more circumstance: how frank were they with each other, that day and that night and all the time afterward? Were all the *words* said straight out between them, or did both understand that each had the same thing in her heart and mind, so there was no point in saying it all aloud and letting things slip for nothing? Probably that is partly how it was; you can see it from the letter: to Mama he seemed abrupt, *a little*, and naive Mama went to Dunya with her remarks. And Dunya, of course, got angry and 'answered with annoyance.' I should think so! Who wouldn't be infuriated, when the thing is clear without naive questions and when it has been decided that there's nothing more to say? And why does she write to me: 'Love Dunya, Rodya, for she loves you more than herself'? Isn't it pangs of conscience secretly tormenting her, for having agreed to sacrifice her daughter to her son? 'You are our trust, you are our everything!' Oh, Mama!..." Spite was boiling up in him stronger and stronger, and if Mr. Luzhin had met him now, he would, it seems, have killed him!

"Hm, it's true," he went on, following the whirlwind of thoughts spinning in his head, "it's true that you must 'approach a man gradually and carefully, to find him out'; but Mr. Luzhin is clear. The main thing is, 'a man of business, and *seems* kind': no small matter, he's taken on the luggage, he's having the big trunk delivered at his own expense! Well, how could he not be kind? And the two of them, the *bride* and her mother, hire a peasant, in a cart covered with matting (I've traveled that way myself)! Never mind! It's only ninety versts, 'and from there we will ride very comfortably in third class,' a thousand versts or so. And very sensible too: cut your coat according to your cloth; but you, Mr. Luzhin, what about you? She is your bride, after all... And you couldn't have

failed to know that the mother is borrowing in advance against her pension for the journey? Of course, what you have here is a joint commercial transaction, an enterprise for mutual profit and in equal shares, so the expenses are halved too; bread and salt together, but each his own tobacco, as the proverb says. And even here the man of business has cheated them a little: the luggage costs less than their fare, and it may well go for nothing. Can it be that the two of them don't see it, or are they not noticing on purpose? And they're pleased, pleased! And to think that these are only the blossoms, and the real fruit is still to come! Because what matters here: it isn't the stinginess, the penny-pinching that matters, but the *tone* of it all. That is the tone to come after the marriage, a prophecy… And Mama, too, what is she splurging for? What will she arrive in Petersburg with? With three silver roubles, or with two 'little notes,' as that… old woman says… hm! What does she hope to live on in Petersburg afterward? For she has already managed to guess, for some reason, that she and Dunya *cannot* live together after the marriage, not even at first. The dear man must somehow have *let it slip*, shown himself for what he is, though Mama waves it away with both hands: 'I will refuse myself,' she says. So what is she counting on, then: on the hundred and twenty roubles of pension, less the deduction for the debt to Afanasy Ivanovich? She knits winter shawls there, and embroiders cuffs, ruining her old eyes. But the shawls add only twenty roubles a year to the hundred and twenty, I know that. So they're counting on Mr. Luzhin's noble feelings after all: 'He'll offer it himself, he'll beg us to take it.' Fat chance! And that is always how it goes with these beautiful Schilleresque souls: till the last moment they dress a man in peacock feathers, till the last moment they hope for the good and not the bad; and though they have a presentiment of the other side of the medal, nothing will make them say the real word to themselves beforehand; the mere thought makes them squirm;

they wave the truth away with both hands, right up until the man they have dressed up makes fools of them with his own hand. It would be curious to know whether Mr. Luzhin has any decorations; I'll bet he has the Anna in his buttonhole and wears it to dinners with contractors and merchants. Perhaps he'll wear it to his wedding too! But the devil take him!...

"...Well, let it be Mama, God be with her, that's just the way she is, but what about Dunya? Dunechka, my dear, I know you! You were already in your twentieth year the last time we saw each other: I understood your character then. Mama writes here that 'Dunechka can bear a great deal.' That I knew, ma'am. That I knew two and a half years ago, and for two and a half years since then I have been thinking about it, about precisely that, that 'Dunechka can bear a great deal.' If she could bear Mr. Svidrigailov, with all the consequences, then she really can bear a great deal. And now she has imagined, together with Mama, that she can bear Mr. Luzhin too, expounding his theory of the superiority of wives taken from destitution and owing everything to their husbands' beneficence, and expounding it almost at their first meeting. Well, suppose he 'let it slip,' rational man though he is (so that perhaps he didn't let it slip at all but meant precisely to make things clear as soon as possible), but Dunya, what about Dunya? The man is clear to her, and it's the man she has to live with. Why, she would eat nothing but black bread and wash it down with water, but she would not sell her soul, she would not give up her moral freedom for comfort; she wouldn't give it up for all of Schleswig-Holstein, let alone for Mr. Luzhin. No, Dunya was not like that, as far as I knew her, and... well, of course, she hasn't changed now either!... What's the use of talking! The Svidrigailovs are hard to bear! It's hard to drag around the provinces all your life as a governess for two hundred roubles, but all the same I know that my sister would sooner go as a black slave to a planter, or as a Latvian to a Baltic German, than

debase her spirit and her moral feeling by a bond with a man she does not respect and has nothing in common with—forever, for her own personal advantage alone! And even if Mr. Luzhin were made all of the purest gold or of one solid diamond, even then she would not agree to become Mr. Luzhin's lawful concubine! Why is she agreeing now, then? What's the trick? What's the answer to the riddle? It's clear: for herself, for her comfort, even to save herself from death, she will not sell herself, but for someone else she does sell herself! For someone dear, someone adored, she will sell herself! That's what the whole trick comes to: for her brother, for her mother, she will sell herself! She will sell everything! Oh, in such a case we will even stifle our moral feeling; our freedom, our peace, even our conscience, all, all of it we will carry to the flea market. Let my life go to ruin! If only these beloved beings of ours are happy. More than that, we will invent our own casuistry, we will learn from the Jesuits, and for a while, perhaps, we will even set our own minds at rest, we will convince ourselves that this is necessary, really necessary for a good end. That is just how we are, and it is all as clear as day. It is clear that the one in play here, standing in the foreground, is none other than Rodion Romanovich Raskolnikov. Well, of course, sir, his happiness can be secured, he can be kept at the university, made a partner in the office, his whole future provided for; perhaps he'll be a rich man later on, honored, respected, and perhaps he will even end his life a famous man! And Mother? But this is Rodya, precious Rodya, her firstborn! Well, how could one not sacrifice even such a daughter for such a firstborn! Oh, dear and unjust hearts! What of it: here we may not even refuse Sonechka's lot! Sonechka, Sonechka Marmeladova, eternal Sonechka, as long as the world stands! The sacrifice, the sacrifice, have you two measured it fully? Have you? Is it within your strength? Will it be of use? Is it reasonable? Do you know, Dunechka, that Sonechka's lot is no fouler than the lot of living

with Mr. Luzhin? 'There can be no love here,' Mama writes. And what if, besides love, there can be no respect either, and on the contrary there is already aversion, contempt, loathing, what then? Then it turns out that once again you will have to *'keep up your cleanliness.'* Isn't that so? Do you understand, do you understand what that cleanliness means? Do you understand that the Luzhin cleanliness is just the same as Sonechka's cleanliness, and maybe even worse, fouler, baser, because you, Dunechka, are after all counting on some comfort to spare, while there it is simply a matter of dying of hunger! 'That cleanliness costs dear, dear, Dunechka!' Well, and if afterward it's more than you can bear, will you repent? How much sorrow, grief, cursing, how many tears hidden from everyone, because you are not Marfa Petrovna, after all? And what will become of Mother then? Even now she is uneasy, tormented; and then, when she sees it all clearly? And of me?... What did you really think of me? I don't want your sacrifice, Dunechka, I don't want it, Mama! It won't happen while I live, it won't, it won't! I do not accept it!"

He suddenly came to himself and stopped.

"It won't happen? And what will you do to keep it from happening? Forbid it? And what right have you? What can you promise them in return, to have such a right? To devote your whole fate, your whole future to them, *when you finish your course and get a post?* We've heard that before, but that's all *by and by*, and now? Something has to be done now, right now, do you understand that? And what are you doing now? You're fleecing them. That money of theirs is borrowed against a hundred-rouble pension and pawned against the Svidrigailovs! How will you protect them from the Svidrigailovs, from Afanasy Ivanovich Vakhrushin, you future millionaire, you Zeus disposing of their fate? In ten years? Why, in ten years your mother will have gone blind from the shawls, and very likely from tears too; she will waste away from

fasting; and your sister? Well, just imagine what may become of your sister in ten years, or during those ten years? Have you guessed?"

So he tormented and taunted himself with these questions, even with a kind of pleasure. All these questions, however, were not new, not sudden, but old, sore, long-standing. They had begun to torment him long ago and had worn his heart to shreds. Long, long ago all this present anguish of his had been conceived in him, had grown, accumulated, and lately had ripened and concentrated, taking the form of a terrible, wild, and fantastic question that tormented his heart and mind, irresistibly demanding to be resolved. And now his mother's letter had suddenly struck him like a thunderbolt. Clearly, now he must not brood, not suffer passively, merely reasoning that the questions could not be resolved, but absolutely do something, and right away, and quickly. At all costs he must decide, on something at least, or...

"Or renounce life altogether!" he suddenly cried in a frenzy. "Obediently accept fate as it is, once and for all, and stifle everything in myself, renouncing every right to act, to live, and to love!"

"Do you understand, do you understand, my dear sir, what it means when there is no longer anywhere to go?" Marmeladov's question of yesterday suddenly came back to him. "For every man must have somewhere at least he can go..."

Suddenly he started: one thought, also from yesterday, flashed through his head again. But he did not start because this thought had flashed through it. He knew, he had *had a presentiment*, that it would certainly "flash through," and was already waiting for it; and this thought was not from yesterday at all. But the difference was that a month ago, and even yesterday, it had been only a dream, while now... now it had suddenly appeared not as a dream but in some new, menacing, and quite unfamiliar form, and he himself

suddenly realized it... The blood pounded in his head, and everything went dark before his eyes.

He looked around hastily, he was searching for something. He wanted to sit down, and he was looking for a bench; he was walking along K—— Boulevard at the time. A bench could be seen ahead, a hundred paces or so away. He walked as fast as he could; but on the way he had a small adventure that for several minutes drew all his attention.

As he was looking out for the bench, he noticed a woman walking about twenty paces ahead of him, but at first he paid no more attention to her than to all the other objects that had flickered before him until then. It had happened to him many times already, for instance, to walk home and not remember at all the way he had gone, and he had grown used to walking like that. But there was something so strange about the woman walking ahead, and something that struck the eye from the very first glance, that little by little his attention began to fasten on her—at first reluctantly and almost with annoyance, and then more and more firmly. He suddenly wanted to understand what exactly was so strange about this woman. In the first place, she must be a very young girl, and she was walking in such heat bareheaded, without a parasol and without gloves, swinging her arms in a funny sort of way. She wore a silk dress, of some light stuff ("material," as they say), but it too was somehow very oddly put on, barely fastened, and torn at the back at the waist, at the very top of the skirt; a whole strip had come away and was hanging and dangling. A small kerchief had been thrown around her bare neck, but it stuck out somehow crookedly and to one side. To crown it all, the girl walked unsteadily, stumbling and even reeling from side to side. This encounter finally aroused all Raskolnikov's attention. He came up with the girl right by the bench, but on reaching it she simply dropped onto it, into the corner, threw her head back against the

back of the bench, and closed her eyes, evidently from extreme exhaustion. Looking closely at her, he guessed at once that she was completely drunk. It was strange and wild to see such a thing. He even wondered whether he was mistaken. Before him was an extremely young little face, of sixteen, perhaps even only fifteen—small, fair, pretty, but all flushed and as if swollen. The girl seemed to understand very little by now; she had crossed one leg over the other, showing much more of it than she should, and by every sign was very poorly aware that she was in the street.

Raskolnikov did not sit down and did not want to leave, but stood before her in perplexity. This boulevard is always deserted, and now, after one o'clock and in such heat, there was almost no one there. And yet off to one side, about fifteen paces away, at the edge of the boulevard, a gentleman had stopped who, by every sign, would very much have liked to go up to the girl as well, with certain aims. He too had probably seen her from a distance and been catching up with her, but Raskolnikov had got in his way. He kept casting spiteful looks at him, trying, though, not to let him notice them, and was waiting impatiently for his turn, when the annoying ragamuffin would go away. The matter was plain. This gentleman was about thirty, thickset, fat, the picture of ruddy health, with pink lips and a little mustache, and very foppishly dressed. Raskolnikov grew terribly angry; he suddenly wanted to insult this fat dandy somehow. He left the girl for a moment and went up to the gentleman.

"Hey, you, Svidrigailov! What do you want here?" he shouted, clenching his fists and laughing with lips foaming with spite.

"What is the meaning of this?" the gentleman asked sternly, frowning and haughtily surprised.

"Clear off, that's what!"

"How dare you, you scoundrel!..."

And he raised his riding crop. Raskolnikov rushed at him with his fists, without even reckoning that the thickset gentleman could have handled two like him. But at that moment someone seized him firmly from behind; a policeman stood between them.

"That'll do, gentlemen, no fighting in public places, if you please. What do you want? Who are you?" he addressed Raskolnikov sternly, taking in his rags. Raskolnikov looked at him attentively. It was a gallant soldier's face, with gray mustaches and side-whiskers, and with a sensible look.

"You're just the man I need," he cried, seizing him by the arm. "I'm a former student, Raskolnikov... You may as well know it too," he turned to the gentleman. "And you come along, I'll show you something..."

And, seizing the policeman by the arm, he dragged him toward the bench.

"Here, look, she's completely drunk, she was walking along the boulevard just now: who knows what sort she is, but she doesn't look like one who does it for a living. Most likely somebody got her drunk somewhere and took advantage of her... for the first time... you understand? and then just turned her out into the street like that. Look how her dress is torn, look how it's been put on: somebody dressed her, she didn't dress herself, and unskilled hands dressed her, a man's. You can see that. And now look over here: that dandy I was about to fight just now, I don't know him, I've never seen him before; but he too spotted her on the way, just now, drunk, not knowing what she's doing, and now he is terribly eager to go up and get hold of her—since she's in such a state—and take her off somewhere... And that's surely how it is; believe me, I'm not mistaken. I saw myself how he was watching her and following her, only I got in his way, and now he's just waiting for me to leave. There, he's moved off a little now, he's standing there as if

he were rolling a cigarette... How can we keep her from him? How can we get her home—just think!"

The policeman understood and took it all in at once. The fat gentleman was clear enough, of course; there remained the girl. The old soldier bent over her to look at her more closely, and sincere compassion showed in his features.

"Ah, what a pity!" he said, shaking his head. "Still just like a child. Somebody took advantage of her, that's just it. Listen, miss," he began calling to her, "where do you live, if you please?" The girl opened her tired, bleary eyes, looked dully at her questioners, and waved them away.

"Listen," said Raskolnikov, "here" (he rummaged in his pocket and pulled out twenty kopecks; he had them), "here, take a cab and tell him to deliver her to her address. If only we can find out the address!"

"Miss, eh, miss?" the policeman began again, having taken the money. "I'll get you a cab right away and see you home myself. Where would you like to go? Eh? Where is it you live, if you please?"

"G'way!... pestering!..." the girl muttered and waved him away again.

"Ah, ah, that's bad! Ah, the shame of it, miss, what a shame!" He shook his head again, reproachful, pitying, and indignant. "Now there's a problem!" he turned to Raskolnikov, and at the same time, in passing, looked him over again from head to foot. He must have seemed strange to him too: in such rags, and handing out money himself!

"Was it far from here you found her?" he asked him.

"I told you: she was walking ahead of me, reeling, right here on the boulevard. As soon as she got to the bench, she just dropped down."

"Ah, what shameful things there are in the world nowadays, Lord! Such a simple little thing, and drunk already! Somebody took advantage of her, that's how it is! And look, the young lady's little dress is torn… Ah, how vice has spread these days!… And perhaps she's from a gentle family, some poor one… There are a lot of them like that nowadays. To look at, she seems delicately raised, just like a young lady," and he bent over her again.

Perhaps he too had daughters growing up just like her—"just like young ladies, and delicately raised," with the airs of well-bred girls and with all sorts of fashionable ways already picked up…

"The main thing," Raskolnikov fussed, "is to keep her from that scoundrel! He'll only abuse her some more! It's plain as day what he wants; look at the scoundrel, he won't go away!"

Raskolnikov spoke loudly and pointed straight at him. The man heard and was about to get angry again, but thought better of it and confined himself to a contemptuous glance. Then he slowly moved off another ten paces or so and stopped again. "Keeping her from him, that can be done, sir," the noncommissioned officer answered thoughtfully. "Now if she'd only say where to take her, but as it is… Miss, eh, miss!" he bent over her again.

She suddenly opened her eyes wide, looked attentively, as if she had understood something, got up from the bench, and walked back the way she had come. "Pah, you shameless things, pestering!" she said, waving them away once more. She walked quickly, but still reeling badly. The dandy went after her, but along another path, never taking his eyes off her. "Don't you worry, I won't let him, sir," the mustached man said resolutely, and set off after them. "Eh, how vice has spread these days!" he repeated aloud, sighing.

At that moment something seemed to sting Raskolnikov; in an instant he seemed to be turned completely around. "Listen, hey!" he shouted after the mustached man.

The man turned around.

"Leave it! What's it to you? Drop it! Let him have his fun" (he pointed at the dandy). "What's it to you?"

The policeman did not understand and stared at him wide-eyed. Raskolnikov laughed.

"Eh-eh!" said the old soldier, waving his hand, and went off after the dandy and the girl, probably taking Raskolnikov either for a madman or for something even worse.

"He's carried off my twenty kopecks," Raskolnikov said spitefully when he was left alone. "Well, let him take something from the other one too and let the girl go with him, and that will be the end of it... And why did I get mixed up in this, helping! Am I one to help? Have I any right to help? Let them swallow each other alive—what's it to me? And how did I dare give away those twenty kopecks? Are they mine?"

In spite of these strange words, he felt very heavy at heart. He sat down on the abandoned bench. His thoughts were scattered... And in general it was hard for him to think about anything at all at that moment. He would have liked to sink into complete oblivion, forget everything, then wake up and begin all over again... "Poor girl!..." he said, looking at the empty corner of the bench. "She'll come to, she'll cry, then her mother will find out... First she'll hit her, then she'll whip her, painfully and shamefully, and maybe turn her out of the house... And if she doesn't turn her out, the Darya Frantsevnas will sniff her out all the same, and my girl will start darting here and there... Then the hospital right away (that always happens to the ones who live with very respectable mothers and get up to mischief on the quiet), well, and then... then the hospital again... wine... taverns... and the hospital again... in two or three years, a wreck, and all told she'll have lived only nineteen or eighteen years, sir... Haven't I seen ones like that? And how did they get that way? Why, that's just how they all got that way... Pah! Let it be!

That's how it should be, they say. A certain percentage, they say, has to go off every year… somewhere… to the devil, I suppose, to keep the rest fresh and not get in their way. A percentage! Splendid little words they have, really: so soothing, so scientific. Once you've said 'a percentage,' there's nothing to worry about. Now if it were another word, well, then… it might be more disturbing… And what if Dunechka somehow falls into the percentage too!… If not this percentage, then another?…"

"But where am I going?" he suddenly thought. "Strange. I set out for some reason. As soon as I read the letter, I set out… To Vasilyevsky Island, to Razumikhin's, that's where I was going, now… I remember. But what for, though? And how did the idea of going to Razumikhin fly into my head just now? That's remarkable."

He marveled at himself. Razumikhin was one of his former comrades at the university. It was remarkable that Raskolnikov, while at the university, had had almost no friends, had kept aloof from everyone, visited no one, and received visitors with reluctance. Soon, however, everyone turned away from him too. In the general gatherings, in conversations, in amusements, in everything, he somehow took no part. He studied intensely, without sparing himself, and for this he was respected, but no one liked him. He was very poor and somehow haughtily proud and uncommunicative, as if he were hiding something. To some of his fellow students it seemed that he looked on all of them as children, from above, as if he had outstripped them all in development, in knowledge, and in convictions, and that he regarded their convictions and interests as something inferior.

With Razumikhin, though, for some reason he got along, that is, not exactly got along, but was more communicative with him, more open. With Razumikhin, however, it was impossible to be on any other terms. He was an unusually cheerful and sociable fellow, kind to the point of simplicity. Beneath this simplicity, however,

there was depth and dignity as well. The best of his fellow students understood this, and they all loved him. He was far from stupid, though at times indeed a bit of a simpleton. His appearance was striking: tall, thin, always badly shaved, black-haired. Sometimes he made a row and was reputed to be very strong. Once, at night, in company, he knocked down with a single blow a guardian of the law twelve vershoks tall.[1] He could drink endlessly, but he could also go without drinking at all; sometimes his pranks were downright impermissible, but he could also do without pranks altogether. Razumikhin was remarkable too in that no failures ever discouraged him and no bad circumstances, it seemed, could ever crush him. He could lodge on a rooftop if need be, endure hellish hunger and extraordinary cold. He was very poor and supported himself absolutely on his own, earning money by odd jobs of one kind or another. He knew no end of sources from which he could draw, by earning, of course. Once he did not heat his room at all for a whole winter and maintained that it was even more pleasant, because one sleeps better in the cold. At present he too had been obliged to leave the university, but not for long, and he was hurrying with all his might to set his affairs right so as to be able to go on. Raskolnikov had not been to see him for about four months, and Razumikhin did not even know where he lived. Once, about two months before, they had nearly met in the street, but Raskolnikov turned away and even crossed to the other side so that the other would not notice him. And Razumikhin, though he did notice him, walked past, not wishing to trouble his *friend*.

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1. Russian heights were given in vershoks (1¾ inches) above a base of two arshins (4 feet 8 inches); twelve vershoks meant a man of about six foot four.

Part One · V

"It's true, just recently I was going to ask Razumikhin for work, to get me lessons or something…" Raskolnikov was thinking it through, "but what can he do for me now? Suppose he gets me lessons, suppose he even shares his last kopeck with me, if he has a kopeck, so that I could even buy boots and patch up my clothes enough to go to lessons… hm… Well, and then? What am I going to do with five-kopeck pieces? Is that what I need now? Really, it's ridiculous that I went to Razumikhin…"

The question of why he had gone to Razumikhin now troubled him more than even he himself realized; uneasily he kept searching for some sinister meaning for himself in what was, one would think, the most ordinary of actions.

"What, did I really mean to set the whole thing right with Razumikhin alone, did I really find the way out of everything in Razumikhin?" he asked himself in surprise.

He thought and rubbed his forehead, and, strange to say, somehow by chance, suddenly and almost of itself, after very long reflection, a very strange thought came into his head.

"Hm… to Razumikhin," he said suddenly, perfectly calmly, as if by way of a final decision, "I'll go to Razumikhin, of course… but not now… I'll go to him… the day after, after that, when that is already finished and when everything starts out new…"

And suddenly he came to himself.

"After that," he cried, jumping up from the bench, "but is that really going to happen? Is it actually going to happen?"

He left the bench and walked off, almost ran; he wanted to turn back, toward home, but going home suddenly became horribly repugnant to him: there, in that corner, in that horrible cupboard, all this had been ripening for more than a month now, and he walked off wherever his feet took him.

His nervous trembling had turned into a sort of feverish trembling; he even felt a chill; in such heat he was growing cold. As if with an effort he began, almost unconsciously, from some inner necessity, to stare at every object he met, as though straining to find distraction, but this went poorly, and every minute he lapsed into brooding. And when, starting, he raised his head again and looked around, he at once forgot what he had just been thinking about and even where he was walking. In this way he crossed all of Vasilyevsky Island, came out on the Little Neva, crossed the bridge, and turned toward the Islands. The greenery and the freshness pleased his tired eyes at first, used as they were to the dust of the city, to lime, and to the huge, crowding, crushing buildings. Here there was no stuffiness, no stench, no taverns. But soon even these new, pleasant sensations turned painful and irritating. Sometimes he stopped before some summer villa decked out in greenery, looked through the fence, and saw in the distance, on balconies and terraces, women in fine dresses and children running in the garden. The flowers especially caught his attention; he looked at them longest of all. He also met splendid carriages, horsemen and horsewomen; he followed them with curious eyes and forgot about them before they were out of sight. Once he stopped and counted his money: it came to about thirty kopecks. "Twenty to the policeman, three to Nastasya for the letter, so I gave the Marmeladovs forty-seven or fifty kopecks yesterday," he thought, reckoning it up for some reason, but he soon forgot even why he had taken the money out of his pocket. He remembered it as he passed a cookshop of sorts, a kind of eating house, and felt

that he was hungry. Going into the eating house, he drank a glass of vodka and ate a pie with some kind of filling. He finished it on the road, walking on again. He had not drunk vodka for a very long time, and it took effect instantly, though he had drunk only one glass. His legs suddenly grew heavy, and he began to feel a strong urge to sleep. He started for home; but having got as far as Petrovsky Island, he stopped in utter exhaustion, left the road, went into the bushes, dropped onto the grass, and fell asleep that same minute.

In a morbid state, dreams are often remarkable for their extraordinary vividness and brightness and their uncommon resemblance to reality. Sometimes a monstrous picture takes shape, but the setting and the whole course of the presentation are so plausible, and with details so subtle, so unexpected, yet so artistically in keeping with the fullness of the picture, that the dreamer himself could not invent them waking, were he an artist like Pushkin or Turgenev. Such dreams, morbid dreams, are always remembered for a long time and make a powerful impression on a person's disordered and already excited organism.

Raskolnikov had a terrible dream. He dreamed of his childhood, back in their little town. He is about seven and is out walking on a holiday, toward evening, with his father outside the town. The day is grayish, stifling, and the place is exactly as it had survived in his memory: in his memory, even, it had faded far more than it appeared to him now in the dream. The little town stands in the open, as plain as the palm of your hand, not a willow anywhere around; somewhere very far off, at the very edge of the sky, a little wood shows black. A few steps beyond the last town kitchen garden stands a tavern, a big tavern, which had always made a most unpleasant impression on him, and even frightened him, when he walked past it with his father. There was always such a crowd there, they yelled so, guffawed, swore, sang so hideously and

hoarsely, and fought so often; around the tavern there always loitered such drunken and terrible faces... When he met them, he pressed close to his father and trembled all over. By the tavern runs a road, a country road, always dusty, and the dust on it is always so black. It winds on, farther, and some three hundred paces on it curves to the right around the town cemetery. In the middle of the cemetery stands a stone church with a green cupola, where once or twice a year he went to the liturgy with his father and mother, when memorial services were held for his grandmother, who had died long ago and whom he had never seen. On these occasions they always took along kutya on a white dish, wrapped in a napkin, and the kutya was sugared, of rice and raisins, the raisins pressed into the rice in the shape of a cross. He loved that church and the old icons in it, most of them without metal covers, and the old priest with the trembling head. Beside his grandmother's grave, which had a stone slab on it, was the little grave of his younger brother, who had died at six months and whom he also had never known and could not remember; but he had been told that he had had a little brother, and every time he visited the cemetery he crossed himself religiously and reverently over the little grave, bowed to it, and kissed it. And now he dreams: they are walking with his father along the road to the cemetery and passing the tavern; he is holding his father's hand and looking back fearfully at the tavern. A peculiar circumstance catches his attention: this time there seems to be some festivity going on, a crowd of townswomen in their finery, peasant women, their husbands, and all sorts of riffraff. Everyone is drunk, everyone is singing songs, and by the tavern steps stands a cart, but a strange cart. It is one of those big carts that are harnessed to big draft horses and used for hauling goods and barrels of wine. He always loved to watch those huge draft horses, long-maned, thick-legged, walking calmly, at a measured pace, and pulling some

whole mountain behind them without the least strain, as though it were even easier for them with loads than without. But now, strange to say, harnessed to such a big cart was a small, skinny, dun-colored peasant nag, one of those that—he had often seen it—sometimes strain themselves to the breaking point with some tall load of firewood or hay, especially if the load gets stuck in the mud or in a rut, and then the peasants always beat them so painfully, so painfully with their whips, sometimes even right across the muzzle and the eyes, and he feels so sorry, so sorry to watch it that he almost cries, and Mama always used to lead him away from the window. But now suddenly it becomes very noisy: out of the tavern, with shouts, with songs, with balalaikas, come some big, dead-drunk peasants in red and blue shirts, with their coats thrown over their shoulders. "Get in, everybody get in!" shouts one, still young, with a thick neck and a fleshy face as red as a carrot, "I'll drive you all, get in!" But at once laughter and exclamations ring out:

"A nag like that's going to pull it!"

"Mikolka, are you out of your mind, hitching a mare like that to a cart like this!"

"Why, that dun must be twenty years old if she's a day, brothers!"

"Get in, I'll drive you all!" Mikolka shouts again, jumping first into the cart; he takes the reins and stands up at the front at his full height. "The bay went off with Matvei a while ago," he shouts from the cart, "and this mare here, brothers, she just breaks my heart: I could kill her, it seems, she eats her bread for nothing. I tell you, get in! I'll make her gallop! She'll gallop!" And he takes the whip in his hands, relishing the thought of lashing the little dun.

"Well, get in, why not!" the crowd guffaws. "You hear, she's going to gallop!"

"She hasn't galloped in ten years, I bet."

"She'll gallop now!"

"No pity, brothers, everybody grab a whip, get ready!"

"That's it! Lash her!"

They all climb into Mikolka's cart, laughing and joking. Some six men have piled in, and there is still room for more. They take along a woman, fat and rosy. She is in red calico, with a beaded headdress, felt slippers on her feet; she is cracking nuts and giggling. The crowd around is laughing too, and really, how could you not laugh: a scrawny mare like that is going to pull such a load at a gallop! Two lads in the cart at once take a whip each to help Mikolka. Someone cries "Giddap!" and the nag pulls with all her might, but far from galloping, she can barely manage even a walk; she only shuffles her legs, grunts, and sinks under the blows of the three whips that rain down on her like peas. The laughter in the cart and in the crowd doubles, but Mikolka gets angry and in a fury lashes the mare with faster and faster blows, as though he really believes she will gallop.

"Let me in too, brothers!" shouts a lad in the crowd who has caught the taste of it.

"Get in! Everybody get in!" shouts Mikolka. "She'll pull you all. I'll flog her to death!" And he lashes and lashes, and in his frenzy no longer knows what to beat her with.

"Papa, Papa," he cries to his father, "Papa, what are they doing? Papa, they're beating the poor horse!"

"Come along, come along!" says his father. "They're drunk, they're playing the fool, idiots: come along, don't look!" And he tries to lead him away, but he tears himself out of his hands and, beside himself, runs to the horse. But the poor horse is in a bad way already. She is gasping, stopping, pulling again, almost falling.

"Flog her to death!" shouts Mikolka. "It's come to that. I'll flog her to death!"

“Have you no cross on you or what, you devil!” shouts an old man from the crowd.

“Whoever saw a little horse like that pull a load like this,” adds another.

“You’ll kill her!” shouts a third.

“Hands off! She’s my property! I do what I like. Get in, more of you! Everybody get in! I want her to gallop, no matter what!...”

Suddenly a burst of laughter breaks out and drowns everything: the mare could not bear the rain of blows and in her helplessness began to kick. Even the old man could not help grinning. And truly: such a scrawny little mare, and kicking besides!

Two lads from the crowd get hold of another whip each and run up to the horse to lash her from the sides. Each runs to his own side.

“On the muzzle, across the eyes, whip her across the eyes!” shouts Mikolka.

“A song, brothers!” someone shouts from the cart, and everyone in the cart joins in. A rollicking song rings out, a tambourine jingles, there is whistling in the refrains. The woman cracks nuts and giggles.

...He runs alongside the horse, he runs ahead, he sees them whipping her across the eyes, right across the eyes! He is crying. His heart heaves, the tears flow. One of the men lashing her catches him across the face; he does not feel it, he wrings his hands, cries out, rushes to a gray-headed old man with a gray beard, who is shaking his head and condemning it all. A woman takes him by the hand and tries to lead him away; but he tears himself free and runs to the horse again. She is already at her last efforts, but once more she begins to kick.

“Devil take you!” Mikolka cries out in fury. He throws down the whip, bends down, and drags out of the bottom of the cart a long,

thick shaft, takes it by one end in both hands, and with an effort swings it over the little dun.

"He'll smash her!" they shout all around.

"He'll kill her!"

"She's my property!" shouts Mikolka, and brings the shaft down with all his might. There is a heavy thud.

"Lash her, lash her! What are you standing there for!" voices shout from the crowd.

And Mikolka swings again, and a second blow lands with all his might on the back of the wretched nag. Her whole hindquarters sink, but she leaps up and pulls, pulls with all her last strength this way and that to move the cart; but from every side six whips meet her, and the shaft rises again and falls a third time, then a fourth, steadily, with a full swing. Mikolka is in a rage that he cannot kill her with one blow.

"Tough one!" they shout all around.

"She'll drop any minute now, brothers, that'll be the end of her!" shouts an enthusiast from the crowd.

"Take an ax to her, why not! Finish her off at one go," shouts a third.

"Eh, may the mosquitoes eat you! Out of the way!" Mikolka screams in a frenzy, throws down the shaft, bends into the cart again, and drags out an iron crowbar. "Look out!" he shouts, and with all his strength he swings and stuns his poor horse. The blow crashes down; the mare staggers, sinks, tries to pull, but the crowbar again lands on her back with all his might, and she falls to the ground as if all four legs had been cut from under her at once.

"Finish her!" shouts Mikolka, and he leaps down from the cart, as though beside himself. Several lads, also red and drunk, grab whatever comes to hand—whips, sticks, the shaft—and run to the dying mare. Mikolka stands to one side and begins beating her

across the back with the crowbar, at random. The nag stretches out her muzzle, sighs heavily, and dies.

"He's done for her!" they shout in the crowd.

"Why wouldn't she gallop!"

"She's my property!" shouts Mikolka, with the crowbar in his hands and his eyes bloodshot. He stands there as if sorry there is no one left to beat.

"Well, there really is no cross on you!" many voices are shouting from the crowd now.

But the poor boy is beside himself by now. With a cry he pushes his way through the crowd to the little dun, throws his arms around her dead, bloodied muzzle, and kisses it, kisses her on the eyes, on the lips... Then suddenly he jumps up and in a frenzy flings himself with his little fists at Mikolka. At that instant his father, who has long been chasing after him, at last seizes him and carries him out of the crowd.

"Come along! come along!" he says to him. "Let's go home!"

"Papa! What did they... the poor horse... why did they kill her!" he sobs, but his breath catches, and the words burst from his tight chest in cries.

"They're drunk, they're playing the fool, it's not our business, come along!" says his father. He throws his arms around his father, but his chest is tight, so tight. He wants to catch his breath, to cry out, and wakes up.

He woke up all in a sweat, his hair wet with sweat, gasping, and raised himself in horror.

"Thank God, it's only a dream!" he said, sitting down under a tree and drawing deep breaths. "But what is this? Can a fever be starting in me: such a hideous dream!"

His whole body felt as if it had been broken; his soul was murky and dark. He put his elbows on his knees and propped his head in both hands.

“God!” he exclaimed, “can it be, can it be that I’ll really take an ax, that I’ll strike her on the head, smash her skull… that I’ll slip in the sticky, warm blood, break open the lock, steal, and tremble; hide, all drenched in blood… with the ax… Lord, can it be?”

He was trembling like a leaf as he said this.

“But what’s the matter with me!” he went on, sitting up again and as if in deep amazement. “I knew, after all, that I couldn’t stand it, so why have I been tormenting myself till now? Why, only yesterday, yesterday, when I went to make that… rehearsal, I understood perfectly yesterday that I couldn’t bear it… What’s the matter with me now? Why was I still doubting up to now? Why, yesterday, coming down the stairs, I said myself that it was base, vile, low, low… why, the mere thought of it, when I was wide awake, made me sick and threw me into horror…

“No, I can’t bear it, I can’t bear it! Even if, even if there is no doubt at all in all those calculations, even if everything I decided this month is clear as day, as just as arithmetic. Lord! I still won’t bring myself to do it, all the same! I can’t bear it, I can’t bear it!… Why, then, why, even until now…”

He got to his feet, looked around in surprise, as if wondering even that he had wandered here, and went toward T—— Bridge. He was pale, his eyes were burning, exhaustion was in every limb, but suddenly he seemed to breathe more easily. He felt that he had already thrown off that terrible burden which had crushed him for so long, and suddenly his soul grew light and peaceful. “Lord!” he prayed, “show me my way, and I renounce this cursed… dream of mine!”

Crossing the bridge, he looked quietly and calmly at the Neva, at the bright sunset of the bright red sun. In spite of his weakness he did not even feel tired. It was as though an abscess on his heart, which had been festering all month, had suddenly burst. Freedom,

freedom! He was free now from those spells, from sorcery, enchantment, from delusion!

Later, when he recalled that time and everything that had happened to him in those days, minute by minute, point by point, feature by feature, one circumstance always struck him almost superstitiously, though in essence it was not so very unusual, yet afterward it constantly seemed to him a kind of predestination of his fate.

Namely: he could never understand or explain to himself why he, tired, worn out, who would have done best to return home by the shortest and most direct way, went home across the Haymarket, where he had no need to go at all. The detour was not long, but it was obvious and completely unnecessary. Of course, dozens of times he had returned home without remembering the streets he had walked along. But why, he always asked, why had so important, so decisive, and at the same time so utterly chance an encounter on the Haymarket (where he had no reason even to go) come just now, at such an hour, at such a minute of his life, in precisely such a frame of mind, and in precisely such circumstances, the only ones in which it, that encounter, could produce the most decisive and the most conclusive effect on his whole fate? As if it had been lying in wait for him there on purpose!

It was about nine o'clock when he crossed the Haymarket. All the traders at tables, at stands, in shops and little shops were closing up their establishments or taking down and putting away their wares and going home, as were their customers. Around the cookshops on the ground floors, in the dirty and stinking courtyards of the Haymarket buildings, and most of all around the taverns, crowds of every kind and sort of tradesmen and ragamuffins were gathered. Raskolnikov loved these places above all, as well as all the neighboring lanes, when he went out into the street without purpose. Here his rags drew no one's haughty attention, and one

could go about looking any way one liked without scandalizing anyone. Right at K—— Lane, on the corner, a townsman and a woman, his wife, were selling goods from two tables: thread, tape, cotton kerchiefs, and so on. They too were getting ready to go home, but had lingered, talking with an acquaintance who had come up. This acquaintance was Lizaveta Ivanovna, or simply, as everyone called her, Lizaveta, the younger sister of that same old woman Alyona Ivanovna, the collegiate registrar's widow and moneylender, whom Raskolnikov had visited yesterday, coming to pawn his watch and make his rehearsal... He had long known all about this Lizaveta, and she even knew him a little. She was a tall, awkward, timid, and meek spinster, almost an idiot, thirty-five years old, who was in complete slavery to her sister, worked for her day and night, trembled before her, and even endured beatings from her. She was standing with a bundle before the townsman and the woman, lost in thought, and listening to them attentively. They were explaining something to her with particular warmth. When Raskolnikov suddenly saw her, a strange sensation, like the deepest amazement, came over him, although there was nothing amazing in this encounter.

"You'd better decide it in person, Lizaveta Ivanovna," the townsman was saying loudly. "Come by tomorrow, sometime after six, ma'am. And they'll be there too."

"Tomorrow?" Lizaveta said slowly and thoughtfully, as though she could not make up her mind.

"My, how Alyona Ivanovna has frightened you!" the tradesman's wife, a sprightly little woman, started chattering. "I look at you, and you're just like a little child. And she's not even your own sister, only a half sister, and look how she lords it over you."

"Now this time don't say anything to Alyona Ivanovna, ma'am," the husband broke in, "that's my advice, ma'am, just drop in on us

without asking. It's a profitable business, ma'am. Your sister can see the sense of it later herself."

"Should I come, then?"

"After six, tomorrow; and someone will come from their side, ma'am; you can decide it in person, ma'am."

"And we'll put the samovar on," added the wife.

"All right, I'll come," Lizaveta said, still pondering, and slowly began to move off.

At this point Raskolnikov had already passed and heard no more. He had passed quietly, unnoticed, trying not to miss a single word. His first amazement gave way little by little to horror, as if a frost had passed down his spine. He had learned, he had suddenly, abruptly, and quite unexpectedly learned that tomorrow, at exactly seven o'clock in the evening, Lizaveta, the old woman's sister and the only person who lived with her, would not be at home, and that, therefore, the old woman, at exactly seven o'clock in the evening, would be left at home alone.

Only a few steps remained to his room. He went in like a man condemned to death. He reasoned about nothing and was utterly unable to reason; but with his whole being he suddenly felt that he no longer had any freedom of reason or of will, and that everything had suddenly been decided once and for all.

Of course, even if he had had to wait whole years for a suitable occasion, even then, having the plan, he could not have counted with certainty on a more obvious step toward the success of that plan than the one that had suddenly presented itself just now. In any case, it would have been hard to find out the day before, and for certain, with greater precision and with the least risk, without any dangerous inquiries and searches, that tomorrow, at such and such an hour, such and such an old woman, on whose life an attempt was being prepared, would be at home all by herself.

Part One · VI

Later Raskolnikov somehow happened to learn why exactly the townsman and the woman had invited Lizaveta to their place. The matter was the most ordinary one and had nothing particularly special about it. A family that had come to town and fallen on hard times was selling some things, dresses and so on, all women's things. Since selling at the market was unprofitable, they were looking for a dealer, and Lizaveta did this sort of thing: she took commissions, went around on business, and had a large practice, because she was very honest and always named her lowest price: whatever price she named, so it would be. She spoke little in general, and, as has already been said, she was so meek and timid…

But lately Raskolnikov had become superstitious. Traces of superstition remained in him long afterward, almost indelibly. And in this whole affair he was always inclined afterward to see something strange, as it were, something mysterious, as though there had been the presence of some special influences and coincidences. Back in the winter a student he knew, Pokorev, on leaving for Kharkov, had somehow told him in conversation the address of the old woman Alyona Ivanovna, in case he ever had anything to pawn. For a long time he did not go to her, because he had lessons and was managing to get by somehow. Six weeks or so ago he had remembered the address; he had two things fit to pawn: his father's old silver watch and a small gold ring with three little red stones of some kind, which his sister had given him as a keepsake when they parted. He decided to take the ring; having found the old woman, at the very first glance, knowing nothing particular

about her yet, he felt an irresistible loathing for her, took two "little notes" from her, and on the way home went into a wretched little tavern. He asked for tea, sat down, and sank deep in thought. A strange idea was pecking its way out in his head, like a chick from an egg, and it very, very much absorbed him.

Almost beside him, at another table, sat a student whom he did not know at all and did not remember, and a young officer. They had played a game of billiards and begun drinking tea. Suddenly he heard the student telling the officer about the moneylender Alyona Ivanovna, a collegiate secretary's widow, and giving him her address. This alone struck Raskolnikov as somehow strange: he had just come from there, and here they were talking about her. Of course it was chance, but here he was, unable to shake off one very extraordinary impression, and here, just then, someone seemed to be doing him a service: the student suddenly began telling his friend various details about this Alyona Ivanovna.

"She's a fine one," he was saying, "you can always get money from her. She's as rich as a Jew, she could hand out five thousand at one go, and yet she doesn't turn up her nose at a one-rouble pledge. Lots of our fellows have been to her. Only she's a horrible bitch..."

And he began telling how spiteful she was, how capricious, how you had only to be one day late redeeming a pledge and the thing was lost. She gave a quarter of what a thing was worth and took five and even seven percent a month in interest, and so on. The student had got talkative and told him, besides, that the old woman had a sister, Lizaveta, whom she, so tiny and nasty herself, beat every minute and kept in complete subjection, like a small child, whereas Lizaveta was at least eight vershoks tall...

"There's a phenomenon for you!" the student cried, and burst out laughing.

They began to talk about Lizaveta. The student talked about her with a sort of peculiar pleasure and kept laughing, and the officer listened with great interest and asked the student to send this Lizaveta to him to mend his linen. Raskolnikov did not miss a single word and learned everything at once: Lizaveta was the old woman's younger half sister (by different mothers), and she was already thirty-five. She worked for her sister day and night, served in the house as cook and laundress, and besides that sewed things for sale, even hired herself out to wash floors, and gave everything to her sister. She dared not take any order or any work without the old woman's permission. The old woman had already made her will, which Lizaveta herself knew, and by the will she was not to get a single kopeck, apart from the movables, the chairs and so on; all the money was left to a monastery in N—— Province, for prayers for her soul in perpetuity. Lizaveta was of the townsman class, not of a civil servant's family, a spinster, and terribly ungainly in looks, remarkably tall, with long, splayed-looking great feet, always in worn-down goatskin shoes, and she kept herself clean. But the main thing that surprised the student and made him laugh was that Lizaveta was perpetually pregnant…

"But you say she's a freak?" the officer remarked.

"Yes, she's so swarthy, like a soldier in disguise, but you know, she's not a freak at all. She has such a kind face and eyes. Very much so, even. The proof is, lots of men like her. She's so quiet, so meek, never answers back, agreeable, agrees to anything. And her smile is even very nice."

"Why, you like her yourself?" the officer laughed.

"It's a quirk of mine. No, I'll tell you what. I would kill that damned old woman and rob her, and I assure you, without the slightest twinge of conscience," the student added hotly.

The officer guffawed again, and Raskolnikov gave a start. How strange this was!

“Let me ask you a serious question,” the student said, growing heated. “I was joking just now, of course, but look: on one side a stupid, senseless, worthless, spiteful, sick old crone, no use to anyone and, on the contrary, harmful to everyone, who doesn’t know herself what she lives for, and who will die on her own tomorrow anyway. You understand? You understand?”

“Well, I understand,” the officer answered, gazing attentively at his overheated friend.

“Listen further. On the other side, young, fresh forces going to waste for lack of support, and by the thousands, and everywhere! A hundred, a thousand good deeds and undertakings that could be set going and set right with the old woman’s money, which is doomed to a monastery! Hundreds, thousands, perhaps, of lives set on the right road; dozens of families saved from destitution, from decay, from ruin, from depravity, from the venereal hospitals —and all with her money. Kill her and take her money, so that with its help you can afterward devote yourself to the service of all mankind and the common cause: what do you think, wouldn’t one tiny little crime be wiped out by thousands of good deeds? For one life, thousands of lives saved from rot and decay. One death and a hundred lives in exchange—why, it’s arithmetic! And what does the life of this consumptive, stupid, spiteful old crone weigh on the general scales? No more than the life of a louse, a cockroach, and not even that, because the old crone is harmful. She’s eating up other people’s lives: the other day she bit Lizaveta’s finger out of spite; they very nearly had to cut it off!”

“Of course, she isn’t worthy to live,” the officer remarked, “but there’s nature, after all.”

“Eh, brother, but nature gets corrected and directed, and without that we’d have to drown in prejudices. Without that there wouldn’t be a single great man. They say ‘duty, conscience’—I don’t

want to say anything against duty and conscience—but how do we understand them? Wait, I'll ask you one more question. Listen!"

"No, you wait; I'll ask you a question. Listen!"

"Well!"

"Here you are talking and orating, but tell me: would you kill the old woman yourself or not?"

"Of course not! I'm talking about justice… It's not about me…"

"Well, the way I see it, if you won't bring yourself to do it, then there's no justice in it at all! Let's have another game!"

Raskolnikov was in extraordinary agitation. Of course, these were all the most ordinary and most frequent youthful conversations and thoughts, which he had heard more than once, only in other forms and on other subjects. But why precisely now did he have to hear precisely such a conversation and such thoughts, when exactly the same thoughts had only just been born… in his own head? And why precisely now, the moment he had carried away the germ of his idea from the old woman, should he happen on a conversation about the old woman?… This coincidence always seemed strange to him. This trivial tavern conversation had an extraordinary influence on him in the further development of the affair: as though there really had been some predestination in it, some sign… . . . . . .

Coming back from the Haymarket, he threw himself on the sofa and sat for a whole hour without moving. Meanwhile it had grown dark; he had no candle, and it did not even enter his head to light one. He could never recall whether he had been thinking about anything at that time. At last he felt the fever of earlier, the chill, and realized with delight that he could lie down on the sofa as well. Soon a heavy, leaden sleep weighed down on him, as if crushing him.

He slept an extraordinarily long time and without dreams. Nastasya, who came into his room at ten o'clock the next morning,

could barely shake him awake. She had brought him tea and bread. The tea was once again made from used leaves, and once again in her own teapot.

"My, how he sleeps!" she cried indignantly. "He's forever sleeping!"

He raised himself with an effort. His head ached; he got up on his feet, turned around in his little room, and dropped back onto the sofa.

"Sleeping again!" cried Nastasya. "Are you sick or something?"

He made no answer.

"Want some tea?"

"Later," he said with an effort, closing his eyes again and turning toward the wall. Nastasya stood over him a while.

"Maybe he really is sick," she said, turned, and left.

She came in again at two o'clock, with soup. He was lying as before. The tea stood untouched. Nastasya even took offense and began shoving him angrily.

"What are you snoring away for!" she cried, looking at him with disgust. He raised himself and sat up, but said nothing to her and stared at the floor.

"Are you sick or not?" Nastasya asked, and again got no answer.

"You ought at least to go out in the street," she said after a silence, "at least get some air blown over you. Are you going to eat or what?"

"Later," he said weakly, "go away!" and waved his hand.

She stood a little longer, looked at him with compassion, and went out.

A few minutes later he raised his eyes and looked for a long time at the tea and the soup. Then he took the bread, took the spoon, and began to eat.

He ate a little, without appetite, three or four spoonfuls, as if mechanically. His head ached less. Having eaten, he stretched out

on the sofa again, but he could no longer fall asleep and lay without moving, face down, his face buried in the pillow. He kept daydreaming, and such strange daydreams they all were: most often he imagined he was somewhere in Africa, in Egypt, in some oasis. The caravan is resting, the camels are lying quietly; all around, palms grow in a whole circle; everyone is having dinner. But he keeps drinking water, straight from a stream that flows and babbles right there beside him. And it is so cool, and such wonderful, wonderful blue water, cold, runs over stones of many colors and over such clean sand with gold glints in it... Suddenly he heard clearly a clock striking. He gave a start, came to, raised his head, looked at the window, worked out the time, and suddenly jumped up, completely himself again, as if someone had torn him off the sofa. On tiptoe he went to the door, opened it a crack very quietly, and began listening down the stairs. His heart was beating terribly. But on the stairs everything was quiet, as if everyone were asleep... It seemed wild and strange to him that he could have slept in such oblivion since yesterday and had not yet done anything, had not prepared anything... And meanwhile, perhaps, it had already struck six... And instead of sleep and stupor an extraordinary, feverish, and somehow bewildered bustle suddenly seized him. There were not many preparations, however. He strained every effort to think of everything and forget nothing; and his heart kept beating, thudding so that he found it hard to breathe. First, he had to make a loop and sew it to his coat—a minute's work. He reached under his pillow and found, among the linen stuffed under it, one old unwashed shirt of his, completely falling apart. From its rags he tore a strip, a vershok wide and about eight vershoks long. He folded this strip double, took off his wide, sturdy summer coat of some thick cotton stuff (his only outer garment), and began sewing both ends of the strip under the left armpit, on the inside. His hands were shaking as he sewed, but he managed it, and so

that nothing could be seen from outside when he put the coat on again. The needle and thread had been ready for a long time and were lying in the little table, in a piece of paper. As for the loop, it was a very clever invention of his own: the loop was meant for the ax. He could not carry an ax through the street in his hands, after all. And if he hid it under his coat, he would still have to hold it with his hand, which would be noticeable. But now, with the loop, he had only to set the blade of the ax in it, and it would hang quietly, under his arm on the inside, the whole way. And by putting his hand into the side pocket of his coat, he could also hold the end of the ax handle so that it would not swing; and since the coat was very wide, a real sack, it could not be noticed from outside that he was holding something with his hand, through the pocket. He had thought up this loop two weeks ago too.

Having finished with this, he pushed his fingers into a little crack between his "Turkish" sofa and the floor, felt around near the left corner, and pulled out the pledge he had prepared long ago and hidden there. This pledge, however, was no pledge at all, but simply a smoothly planed little piece of wood, no bigger or thicker than a silver cigarette case might be. He had found this piece of wood by chance on one of his walks, in a courtyard where some sort of workshop was housed in the wing. Afterward he had added to the wooden piece a smooth, thin strip of iron—probably broken off from something—which he had also found in the street that same time. Putting the two pieces together, of which the iron one was smaller than the wooden one, he tied them tightly together, crosswise, with thread; then neatly and elegantly wrapped them in clean white paper and tied it up with a thin little tape, also crosswise, and fixed the knot so that it would be tricky to untie. This was in order to distract the old woman's attention for a time, when she started fiddling with the knot, and so to seize a moment. The iron plate had been added for weight, so that the

old woman would not guess, at least for the first minute, that the "thing" was made of wood. He had been keeping all this under the sofa till the time came. He had only just taken out the pledge when suddenly somewhere in the courtyard someone shouted:

"It's long past six!"

"Long past! My God!"

He rushed to the door, listened, seized his hat, and began going down his thirteen steps, cautiously, inaudibly, like a cat. The most important thing lay ahead—to steal the ax from the kitchen. That the thing had to be done with an ax he had decided long ago. He also had a folding garden knife; but he had no faith in a knife, and especially not in his own strength, and so he had finally settled on the ax. Let us note in passing one peculiarity regarding all the final decisions he had already made in this affair. They had one strange property: the more final they became, the more hideous and absurd they at once became in his own eyes too. In spite of all his tormenting inner struggle, he could never, not for a single instant, all this time, believe that his plans could be carried out.

And even if it had ever somehow happened that everything had been analyzed by him to the last point and finally decided, and no doubts at all remained any longer, then at that very point, it seems, he would have renounced it all as an absurdity, a monstrosity, and an impossibility. But a whole abyss of unresolved points and doubts still remained. As to where to get an ax, that trifle did not trouble him in the least, because nothing was easier. The thing was that Nastasya, and especially in the evenings, was forever out: she would run off to the neighbors or to the shop, and she always left the door wide open. That was the only thing the landlady quarreled with her about. And so he had only to go quietly into the kitchen when the time came and take the ax, and then, an hour later (when everything was already over), go in and put it back. But doubts presented themselves too: suppose he came back an hour

later to put it back, and there was Nastasya, right on the spot, back again. Of course, he would have to walk past and wait until she went out again. But what if in the meantime she missed the ax, began looking for it, raised an outcry—and there was suspicion, or at least grounds for suspicion.

But these were still trifles, which he had not even begun to think about, and anyway there was no time. He was thinking about the main thing and putting off the trifles until he himself was convinced of everything. But that last seemed decidedly unrealizable. So, at least, it seemed to him himself. He could never imagine, for instance, that some day he would stop thinking, get up, and—simply go there... Even his recent rehearsal (that is, the visit with the intention of making a final survey of the place) he had only tried to make, and far from in earnest, but just like that: "Why don't I go and try it, instead of dreaming!"—and at once he could not stand it, spat, and ran away, in a fury at himself. And yet, one would think, the whole analysis, in the sense of a moral resolution of the question, was already completed: his casuistry had been honed like a razor, and he could no longer find any conscious objections in himself. But in this last respect he simply did not trust himself, and stubbornly, slavishly, he searched for objections on every side and gropingly, as though someone were compelling him and drawing him to it. This last day, though, which had come so unexpectedly and settled everything at once, had affected him almost entirely mechanically: as though someone had taken him by the hand and pulled him along, irresistibly, blindly, with unnatural force, without objections. As though he had caught a bit of his clothing in the wheel of a machine and it had begun to draw him in.

At first—long before, actually—one question had occupied him: why are almost all crimes so easily traced and exposed, and why are the traces of almost all criminals so plainly marked? Little by little he had come to manifold and curious conclusions, and in his

opinion the chief reason lay not so much in the material impossibility of concealing the crime as in the criminal himself; the criminal himself, and almost every criminal, at the moment of the crime suffers a kind of failure of will and reason, which are replaced, on the contrary, by a childish, phenomenal heedlessness, and precisely at the moment when reason and caution are most needed. According to his conviction, it turned out that this eclipse of reason and failure of will seize a man like a disease, develop gradually, and reach their highest point shortly before the crime is committed; continue in the same form at the very moment of the crime and for some time after it, depending on the individual; then pass, just as any disease passes. The question, though, whether the disease gives rise to the crime itself, or whether the crime itself, somehow by its peculiar nature, is always accompanied by something like a disease, he did not yet feel strong enough to resolve.

Having reached such conclusions, he decided that in his own case, in his affair, there could be no such morbid upheavals, that reason and will would remain with him, inalienably, throughout the carrying out of what he had planned, for the sole reason that what he had planned was "not a crime"... We omit the whole process by which he arrived at this last decision; we have run too far ahead as it is... We will add only that the factual, purely material difficulties of the affair in general played the most secondary role in his mind. "One has only to keep all one's will and all one's reason over them, and they will all, in their time, be overcome, when one has to acquaint oneself to the finest detail with all the particulars of the affair..." But the affair did not begin. He went on believing least of all in his final decisions, and when the hour struck, everything came out quite differently, somehow by accident, even almost unexpectedly.

One most trivial circumstance stumped him even before he had got down the stairs. On drawing level with the landlady's kitchen,

open wide as always, he cautiously cast a sidelong glance into it to check beforehand: was the landlady herself there, in Nastasya's absence, and if not, were the doors to her room shut tight, so that she too would not somehow look out from there when he went in for the ax? But what was his amazement when he suddenly saw that Nastasya was not only at home this time, in her kitchen, but was busy besides: taking linen out of a basket and hanging it on lines! Seeing him, she stopped hanging, turned toward him, and looked at him the whole time he was passing. He looked away and walked past as if noticing nothing. But it was over: no ax! He was thunderstruck.

"And what made me think," he thought, going down under the gateway, "what made me think she was sure not to be home at this minute? Why, why, why did I decide it so certainly?" He was crushed, even somehow humiliated. He wanted to laugh at himself out of spite... A dull, bestial rage boiled up in him.

He stopped under the gateway, irresolute. To go out into the street, just for show, for a walk, was repugnant to him; to go back home was more repugnant still. "And what a chance I've lost forever!" he muttered, standing aimlessly under the gateway, directly opposite the caretaker's dark little room, which was also open. Suddenly he gave a start. From the caretaker's little room, two steps away from him, from under the bench on the right, something flashed in his eyes... He looked around—no one. On tiptoe he went to the caretaker's room, went down two little steps, and in a weak voice called the caretaker. "Just so, he's not in! Somewhere close by, though, in the yard, because the door is wide open." He threw himself headlong at the ax (it was an ax) and dragged it out from under the bench, where it lay between two logs; right there, without going out, he fastened it in the loop, thrust both hands into his pockets, and walked out of the caretaker's room; nobody

had noticed! “If not reason, then the devil!” he thought, smiling strangely. This chance encouraged him extraordinarily.

He walked along quietly and sedately, without hurrying, so as not to give rise to any suspicion. He looked little at the passersby, even tried not to look at faces at all and to be as inconspicuous as possible. Here he remembered his hat. “My God! I even had the money the day before yesterday, and couldn’t change it for a cap!” A curse burst from his soul.

Glancing by chance, with one eye, into a shop, he saw that there, on the wall clock, it was already ten minutes past seven. He had to hurry and at the same time make a detour: come up to the house the roundabout way, from the other side…

Before, when he had happened to picture all this in his imagination, he had sometimes thought that he would be very much afraid. But he was not very much afraid now, was not even afraid at all. At this moment he was even occupied by some extraneous thoughts, only none of them for long. Passing the Yusupov Garden, he even became quite absorbed in the thought of building tall fountains and of how well they would freshen the air in all the squares. Little by little he came to the conviction that if the Summer Garden were extended over the whole of the Field of Mars and even joined to the palace garden of the Mikhailovsky, it would be a splendid and most useful thing for the city. Here he suddenly became interested in why exactly, in all big cities, people are not simply out of necessity, but somehow especially inclined to live and settle precisely in those parts of the city where there are no gardens, no fountains, where there is dirt and stench and every kind of filth. Here he recalled his own walks on the Haymarket, and for a moment he came to. “What nonsense,” he thought. “No, better not to think about anything at all!”

“That must be how people being led to execution fasten their thoughts on every object they meet on the way,” flashed through

his head, but only flashed, like lightning; he himself quickly extinguished the thought… But here it was, close now, here was the house, here was the gate. Somewhere suddenly a clock struck once.

"What, can it be half past seven? It can't be, it must be fast!"

Luckily for him, it went off well again at the gate. More than that, as if on purpose, at that very moment a huge load of hay had just driven in at the gate just ahead of him, screening him completely the whole time he was passing through the gateway, and the moment the load had come out of the gateway into the courtyard, he slipped instantly to the right. There, on the other side of the load, several voices could be heard shouting and arguing, but no one noticed him and no one came toward him. Many windows looking onto that huge square courtyard were open at that moment, but he did not raise his head—he had no strength. The stairs to the old woman's were close by, immediately to the right of the gate. He was already on the stairs…

Catching his breath and pressing his hand to his pounding heart, and at the same time feeling for the ax and setting it straight once more, he began to climb the stairs cautiously and quietly, listening every minute. But the stairs too were quite empty at that time; all the doors were shut; he met no one at all. On the second floor one empty apartment was, true, wide open, and painters were working in it, but they did not even glance at him. He stood, thought, and went on. "Of course it would be better if they weren't here at all, but… there are two more floors above them."

But here was the fourth floor, here was the door, here was the apartment opposite; that one, the empty one. On the third floor, by all the signs, the apartment directly under the old woman's was empty too: the visiting card that had been tacked to the door with little nails was gone—they had moved out!… He was gasping. For

one instant the thought flew through his mind: “Shouldn’t I go away?” But he gave himself no answer and began listening at the old woman’s apartment: dead silence. Then he listened once more down the stairs, listened long, attentively… Then he looked around for the last time, pulled himself together, straightened himself, and tried the ax in the loop once more. “Am I pale… very?” he wondered. “Am I especially agitated? She’s mistrustful… Shouldn’t I wait a bit longer… till my heart stops?…”

But his heart did not stop. On the contrary, as if on purpose, it pounded harder, harder, harder… He could not stand it, slowly reached his hand out to the bell, and rang. Half a minute later he rang again, louder.

No answer. There was no point in ringing for nothing, and it was not in his character anyway. The old woman was at home, of course, but she was suspicious and alone. He knew her habits in part… and once more he pressed his ear close to the door. Whether his senses were so sharpened (which is hard to suppose in general), or whether it really was quite audible, suddenly he made out what seemed a cautious rustle of a hand at the door handle and what seemed the rustle of a dress against the door itself. Someone was standing unnoticed right at the lock and, just as he was here, outside, was listening, hiding inside and, it seemed, also with an ear pressed to the door…

He moved on purpose and muttered something rather loudly, so as not to give any sign that he was hiding; then he rang a third time, but quietly, solidly, and without any impatience. Recalling this later, vividly, clearly—that minute was stamped in him forever—he could not understand where he had got so much cunning, all the more since his mind was, as it were, growing dim at moments, and he could hardly feel his own body… An instant later he heard the bolt being drawn.

Part One · VII

The door, as before, opened a tiny crack, and again two sharp and mistrustful eyes fixed on him from the darkness. Here Raskolnikov lost his head and nearly made a serious mistake.

Fearing that the old woman would be frightened at their being alone, and not hoping that the sight of him would reassure her, he took hold of the door and pulled it toward himself, so that the old woman would not somehow think of locking herself in again. Seeing this, she did not jerk the door back toward herself, but she did not let go of the handle of the lock either, so that he nearly pulled her out onto the stairs together with the door. Seeing, however, that she was standing across the doorway and would not let him pass, he walked straight at her. She sprang back in fright, tried to say something, but seemed unable to, and stared at him wide-eyed.

"Good evening, Alyona Ivanovna," he began as casually as he could, but his voice would not obey him, broke off, and trembled, "I've… brought you a thing… but here, let's go over here… to the light…" And, leaving her, he walked straight into the room, without being invited. The old woman ran after him; her tongue was loosened.

"Lord! What do you want?… Who is it? What can I do for you?"

"For pity's sake, Alyona Ivanovna… someone you know… Raskolnikov… here, I've brought the pledge I promised the other day…" And he held the pledge out to her.

The old woman glanced at the pledge, but at once fixed her eyes straight on the eyes of her uninvited guest. She looked atten-

tively, spitefully, and mistrustfully. A minute or so passed; he even thought he saw something like mockery in her eyes, as though she had already guessed everything. He felt that he was losing his head, that he was almost frightened, so frightened that it seemed if she went on looking like that, without saying a word, for another half minute, he would have run away from her.

"But why are you looking at me like that, as if you didn't recognize me?" he said suddenly, also with spite. "Take it if you want, and if not, I'll go to someone else, I haven't got time."

He had not even meant to say it; it just said itself, suddenly.

The old woman came to herself, and her visitor's resolute tone evidently encouraged her.

"But why so sudden, my dear… what is it?" she asked, looking at the pledge.

"A silver cigarette case: I told you last time, didn't I?"

She held out her hand.

"But why are you so pale? And look, your hands are shaking! Have you been bathing or something, my dear?"

"Fever," he answered curtly. "You can't help turning pale… when you've nothing to eat," he added, barely able to get the words out. His strength was leaving him again. But the answer seemed plausible; the old woman took the pledge.

"What is it?" she asked, once more looking Raskolnikov over intently and weighing the pledge in her hand.

"A thing… a cigarette case… silver… have a look."

"Why, it doesn't seem to be silver, somehow… My, how he's wrapped it up."

Trying to untie the string and turning toward the window, toward the light (all her windows were shut, in spite of the stuffiness), she left him entirely for a few seconds and stood with her back to him. He unbuttoned his coat and freed the ax from the loop, but did not take it all the way out yet; he only held it with his

right hand under his clothes. His hands were horribly weak; he could feel them himself growing more numb and wooden with every moment. He was afraid he would let go of the ax and drop it… suddenly his head seemed to spin.

"Now what has he gone and wrapped it up like that for!" the old woman cried in vexation, and made a movement toward him.

There was not another instant to lose. He took the ax all the way out, swung it up with both hands, barely conscious of himself, and almost without effort, almost mechanically, brought the butt of it down on her head. It was as if his own strength had no part in it. But as soon as he had brought the ax down once, the strength was born in him.

The old woman, as always, had nothing on her head. Her thin, fair, graying hair, greased thickly with oil as usual, was plaited in a rat's tail of a braid and pinned up under a broken bit of horn comb that stuck out at the back of her head. The blow fell right on the crown of her head, which her small height made easy. She cried out, but very faintly, and suddenly sank in a heap to the floor, though she still managed to raise both hands to her head. In one hand she still went on holding the "pledge." Then with all his strength he struck once and again, each time with the butt, each time on the crown. The blood gushed as from an overturned glass, and the body toppled over onto its back. He stepped back, let it fall, and at once bent down to her face; she was already dead. Her eyes were bulging as though they wanted to jump out, and her forehead and her whole face were wrinkled and distorted in a convulsion.

He laid the ax on the floor beside the dead woman and at once reached into her pocket, trying not to get smeared with the flowing blood—that same right-hand pocket from which she had taken out the keys last time. He was in his full senses, there were no more blackouts or dizziness, but his hands were still trembling. He

remembered later that he had even been very attentive, careful, and kept trying not to get stained… He took out the keys at once; they were all, as before, in one bunch, on one steel ring. At once he ran with them into the bedroom. It was a very small room, with a huge icon case full of icons. Against another wall stood a big bed, very clean, with a quilted silk patchwork coverlet. Against the third wall was a chest of drawers. A strange thing: no sooner had he begun fitting the keys to the chest of drawers, no sooner had he heard them jingle, than a sort of convulsion passed through him. Suddenly he wanted again to drop everything and go away. But it was only for an instant; it was too late to go away. He even grinned at himself, when suddenly another alarming thought struck his head. It suddenly seemed to him that the old woman was perhaps still alive and might yet come to. Leaving the keys, and the chest of drawers, he ran back to the body, seized the ax, and swung it up once more over the old woman, but did not bring it down. There was no doubt that she was dead. Bending down and examining her again more closely, he saw clearly that the skull was smashed and even twisted a little to one side. He was about to feel it with his finger, but he jerked his hand back; it could be seen without that. Meanwhile a whole pool of blood had already run out. Suddenly he noticed a cord on her neck and tugged at it, but the cord was strong and would not break; besides, it was soaked in blood. He tried to pull it out as it was, from the bosom of her dress, but something was in the way, had got caught. In his impatience he swung the ax up again to slash through the cord right there, on the body, from above, but he did not dare, and with difficulty, smearing his hands and the ax, after two minutes of fumbling, he cut the cord without touching the body with the ax, and took it off; he had not been mistaken—a purse. On the cord there were two crosses, one of cypress wood and one of copper, and besides them a little enamel icon; and there with them hung a small,

greasy chamois purse with a steel rim and a ring. The purse was stuffed very tight; Raskolnikov thrust it into his pocket without examining it, threw the crosses down on the old woman's breast, and, taking the ax with him this time, rushed back into the bedroom.

He was in a terrible hurry, seized the keys, and began fumbling with them again. But somehow nothing worked: they would not go into the locks. It was not that his hands were trembling so much, but he kept making mistakes: he would see, for instance, that a key was the wrong one, did not fit, and still keep pushing it in. Suddenly he remembered and realized that this big key, with the toothed bit, dangling there with the other small ones, must certainly belong not to the chest of drawers at all (as had occurred to him last time too) but to some trunk, and that in this trunk, perhaps, everything was hidden away. He left the chest of drawers and at once crawled under the bed, knowing that old women usually keep their trunks under their beds. Just so: there stood a sizable trunk, more than an arshin long, with a domed lid, covered in red morocco and studded with steel tacks. The toothed key fitted exactly and opened it. On top, under a white sheet, lay a short hare-fur coat covered in red twill; under it was a silk dress, then a shawl, and farther down, deep inside, everything seemed to be nothing but rags. First of all he began wiping his bloodstained hands on the red twill. "It's red, and blood's less noticeable on red," he reasoned, and suddenly he came to himself: "Lord! Am I going out of my mind?" he thought in fright.

But no sooner had he stirred these rags than suddenly a gold watch slipped out from under the fur coat. He rushed to turn everything over. Indeed, mixed in among the rags were gold things —probably all pledges, redeemed and unredeemed—bracelets, chains, earrings, pins, and so on. Some were in cases, others were simply wrapped in newspaper, but neatly and carefully, in double

sheets, and tied around with tape. Without the least delay he began stuffing them into the pockets of his trousers and his coat, without sorting them or opening the packets and cases; but he did not have time to take many…

Suddenly he heard someone walking in the room where the old woman was. He stopped and went still, like a dead man. But everything was quiet, so he must have imagined it. Suddenly he distinctly heard a faint cry, or as if someone had moaned softly and brokenly and fallen silent. Then dead silence again, for a minute or two. He was squatting by the trunk and waiting, barely breathing, but suddenly he jumped up, seized the ax, and ran out of the bedroom.

In the middle of the room stood Lizaveta, with a big bundle in her hands, staring numbly at her murdered sister, all white as a sheet and as though unable to cry out. Seeing him run out, she began trembling like a leaf, with a fine trembling, and spasms ran over her whole face; she raised her hand a little, opened her mouth, but still did not cry out, and slowly, backward, began to edge away from him into the corner, gazing at him intently, point-blank, but still not crying out, as if she had not enough air to cry out. He rushed at her with the ax; her lips twisted so piteously, as very small children's lips do when they begin to be frightened of something, stare fixedly at the thing that frightens them, and are about to scream. And this unhappy Lizaveta was so simple, so downtrodden, and so frightened once and for all that she did not even raise a hand to protect her face, though that was the most necessary and natural gesture at that moment, because the ax was raised right over her face. She only lifted her free left hand a little, nowhere near her face, and slowly stretched it out toward him, as though warding him off. The blow fell straight on the skull, with the edge, and at once split open the whole upper part of the forehead, almost to the crown. She simply crashed down. Raskolnikov

completely lost his head, seized her bundle, threw it down again, and ran into the entry.

Fear was taking hold of him more and more, especially after this second, quite unexpected murder. He wanted to run away from there as fast as possible. And if at that minute he had been capable of seeing and reasoning more clearly; if he could only have grasped all the difficulties of his position, all the despair, all the hideousness and all the absurdity of it, and understood besides how many obstacles, and perhaps even atrocities, still remained for him to overcome and commit in order to tear himself out of there and get home, it is very possible that he would have dropped everything and gone at once to give himself up, and not even out of fear for himself, but from sheer horror and loathing at what he had done. The loathing rose and grew in him especially with every minute. Not for anything in the world would he have gone back to the trunk now, or even into the rooms.

But a kind of absentmindedness, even a sort of pensiveness, began little by little to take possession of him: at moments he seemed to forget himself, or, better to say, to forget the main thing and fasten on trifles. However, glancing into the kitchen and seeing on the bench a bucket half full of water, he thought of washing his hands and the ax. His hands were bloody and sticky. He lowered the ax blade first straight into the water, seized a bit of soap that lay on the windowsill on a cracked saucer, and began washing his hands right in the bucket. When he had washed them, he pulled out the ax too, washed the iron, and for a long time, some three minutes, washed the wood where it had got bloody, even trying the blood with soap. Then he wiped everything off with linen that was drying right there on a line stretched across the kitchen, and then for a long time, attentively, examined the ax at the window. There were no traces left, only the handle was still damp. He carefully slipped the ax into the loop, under his coat.

Then, as far as the light in the dim kitchen allowed, he examined his coat, his trousers, his boots. On the outside, at first glance, there seemed to be nothing; only there were spots on the boots. He wet a rag and wiped the boots. He knew, though, that he was not looking properly, that there might be something glaring that he was not noticing. He stood lost in thought in the middle of the room. A tormenting, dark thought was rising in him—the thought that he was going mad and that at this minute he was incapable either of reasoning or of protecting himself, that perhaps what he was doing now was not at all what needed doing… "My God! I must run, run!" he muttered, and rushed into the entry. But here such a horror awaited him as he had certainly never yet experienced.

He stood, looked, and did not believe his eyes: the door, the outer door, from the entry to the stairs, the same one at which he had rung and come in earlier, stood unlocked, even a whole hand's breadth ajar: no lock, no bolt, all the time, during all that time! The old woman had not locked it behind him, perhaps out of caution. But God! He had seen Lizaveta afterward, after all! And how could he, how could he not have guessed that she must have come in from somewhere! Not through the wall.

He rushed to the door and put the bolt on.

"But no, that's wrong again! I must go, go…"

He took the bolt off, opened the door, and began listening on the stairs.

He listened for a long time. Somewhere far off, below, probably under the gateway, two voices were shouting loudly and shrilly, arguing and swearing. "What are they doing?…" He waited patiently. At last everything grew still all at once, as if cut off; they had gone their ways. He was about to go out, when suddenly, one floor below, a door onto the stairs was flung open noisily, and someone started down, humming some tune. "Why are they all making so much noise!" flashed through his head. He pulled the

door to behind him again and waited. At last all was silent, not a soul. He had already taken a step onto the stairs when suddenly new footsteps were heard again.

These footsteps sounded very far off, at the very bottom of the stairs, but he remembered very well and distinctly that from the very first sound he had then and there begun to suspect, for some reason, that they were coming here, to the fourth floor, to the old woman's, without fail. Why? Were the sounds so peculiar, so significant? The steps were heavy, even, unhurried. Now he had passed the first floor, now he was coming up farther; louder and louder! The heavy panting of the man coming up could be heard. Now the third floor had begun... Here! And suddenly it seemed to him that he had turned to stone, that it was just like a dream, when you dream that they are chasing you, are close, want to kill you, and you are rooted to the spot and cannot even move your arms.

And at last, when the visitor had already begun to climb to the fourth floor, only then did he suddenly start all over and still manage, quickly and deftly, to slip back from the landing into the apartment and pull the door to behind him. Then he seized the bolt and quietly, inaudibly, slipped it into its loop. Instinct helped him. Having done all this, he crouched without breathing, right by the door. The uninvited visitor was already at the door too. They were now standing opposite each other, as he and the old woman had stood earlier, when the door divided them and he was listening.

The visitor took several heavy breaths. "Fat and big, he must be," thought Raskolnikov, squeezing the ax in his hand. Truly, it was all just like a dream. The visitor seized the bell and rang hard.

As soon as the tinny sound of the bell jingled, it suddenly seemed to him as if something had stirred in the room. For a few seconds he even listened seriously. The stranger rang once more,

waited some more, and suddenly, in impatience, began tugging at the door handle with all his strength. In horror Raskolnikov watched the hook of the bolt jumping in its loop and waited in dull fear for the bolt to jump out any second now. Indeed, it seemed possible: they were tugging so hard. He thought of holding the bolt with his hand, but the man might guess. His head seemed to be starting to spin again. "I'm going to fall!" flashed through him, but the stranger began to speak, and he came to himself at once.

"What are they doing in there, snoring, or has somebody strangled them? Thrrrice-damned women!" he roared as if from inside a barrel. "Hey, Alyona Ivanovna, you old witch! Lizaveta Ivanovna, you indescribable beauty! Open up! Ugh, damn them, are they asleep or what?"

And again, in a frenzy, he yanked at the bell some ten times running, with all his might. He was surely a man of some authority and on intimate terms with the household.

At that very moment, suddenly, quick light footsteps were heard not far off on the stairs. Someone else was coming up. Raskolnikov did not even hear him at first.

"Can it be there's nobody in?" the newcomer cried loudly and cheerfully, addressing himself straight to the first visitor, who was still tugging at the bell. "Good evening, Koch!"

"Judging by the voice, he must be very young," Raskolnikov suddenly thought.

"Devil knows, I nearly broke the lock," answered Koch. "And how do you happen to know me?"

"Well, really! Why, the day before yesterday, at the Gambrinus, I took three games of billiards running off you!"

"A-a-ah..."

"So they're not in? Strange. Terribly stupid, though. Where could the old woman have gone? I have business with her."

"So have I, my dear fellow, business!"

“Well, what can you do? Back we go, then. E-eh! And I was counting on getting some money!” the young man exclaimed.

“Back we go, of course, but why make an appointment? She set the time for me herself, the witch. It’s out of my way, you know. And where the devil could she be gadding about, I don’t understand? All year round the witch sits there and stews, her legs hurt, and now all of a sudden she’s off on an outing!”

“Shouldn’t we ask the caretaker?”

“Ask what?”

“Where she went and when she’ll be back?”

“Hm… the devil… ask… But she never goes anywhere…” and he tugged at the door handle once more. “Devil take it, nothing to be done, let’s go!”

“Wait!” the young man suddenly shouted. “Look: do you see how the door gives when you pull?”

“Well?”

“That means it isn’t locked, it’s bolted, on the hook, I mean! Hear the bolt rattle?”

“Well?”

“But how can you not understand? It means one of them is at home. If they’d all gone out, they’d have locked it from outside with the key, not bolted it from inside. But here—hear the bolt rattle? That means they’re sitting at home and not opening!”

“Bah! So they are!” cried Koch in surprise. “So what are they doing in there!” And he began tugging at the door furiously.

“Wait!” the young man shouted again. “Don’t pull! There’s something wrong here… you’ve rung, you’ve pulled, they don’t open; that means either they’ve both fainted, or…”

“What?”

“I’ll tell you what: let’s go get the caretaker; let him wake them up himself.”

“Right!” Both started down.

"Wait! You stay here, and I'll run down for the caretaker."

"Why stay?"

"Well, you never know?..."

"All right..."

"I'm studying to be an examining magistrate, you see! It's obvious, ob-vi-vi-ous that something's wrong here!" the young man cried hotly, and he set off at a run down the stairs.

Koch stayed, gave the bell another quiet pull, and it jingled once; then quietly, as though reflecting and examining, he began to move the door handle, pulling it toward him and letting it go, to make sure once again that the door was held only by the bolt. Then, puffing, he bent down and began looking through the keyhole; but the key was sticking in it from inside, so nothing could be seen.

Raskolnikov stood clutching the ax. He was as if in delirium. He was even preparing to fight them when they came in. While they were knocking and talking it over, the thought had suddenly come to him several times to end it all at once and shout to them from behind the door. At times he wanted to start swearing at them, taunting them, until they got the door open. "If only it were over quickly!" flashed through his head.

"But what the devil is he..."

Time was passing, one minute, another—no one came. Koch began to fidget.

"What the devil!..." he shouted suddenly, and in impatience, abandoning his watch, he too set off downstairs, hurrying and clattering his boots on the stairs. The footsteps died away.

"Lord, what am I to do!"

Raskolnikov took off the bolt, opened the door a little—nothing to be heard, and suddenly, now without thinking at all, he went out, pulled the door shut behind him as tightly as he could, and started down.

He had already gone down three flights when suddenly a loud noise was heard below—where could he go! There was nowhere at all to hide. He started to run back, to the apartment again.

"Hey, you devil, damn you! Catch him!"

With a shout someone burst out of some apartment below and did not so much run as fall down the stairs, shouting at the top of his lungs:

"Mitka! Mitka! Mitka! Mitka! Mitka! Devil take you-u-u!"

The shout ended in a shriek; the last sounds came from the courtyard by now; everything grew still. But at that same instant several men, talking loudly and rapidly, began noisily coming up the stairs. There were three or four of them. He made out the ringing voice of the young one. "It's them!"

In utter despair he walked straight toward them: come what may! If they stop him, all is lost; if they let him pass, all is lost too: they'll remember him. They were already drawing close; only one flight remained between them—and suddenly, salvation! A few steps from him, on the right, an empty apartment, wide open, the same apartment on the second floor where the workmen had been painting, and now, as if on purpose, they had gone. It must have been they who ran out just now with such shouting. The floors had just been painted; in the middle of the room stood a small tub and a crock with paint and a brush. In an instant he slipped in through the open door and hid behind the wall, and just in time: they were already standing on the landing itself. Then they turned up and went past, to the fourth floor, talking loudly. He waited, came out on tiptoe, and ran downstairs.

No one on the stairs! Nor under the gateway. Quickly he passed through the gateway and turned left along the street.

He knew very well, he knew perfectly well that at this moment they were already in the apartment, that they had been very surprised to see that it was open when it had just been shut, that they

were already looking at the bodies, and that not more than a minute would pass before they guessed and fully realized that the murderer had just been there and had managed to hide somewhere, to slip past them, to run away; they would perhaps guess too that he had been sitting in the empty apartment while they went up. And meanwhile on no account did he dare to quicken his pace much, though there were some hundred steps left to the first turning. “Shouldn’t I slip into some gateway and wait it out somewhere on a strange staircase? No, that’s trouble! Shouldn’t I throw the ax away somewhere? Shouldn’t I take a cab? Trouble! trouble!”

At last, here was the lane; he turned into it half-dead; here he was already half saved, and he understood it: less suspicion, and besides, there were a lot of people bustling about here, and he was lost among them like a grain of sand. But all these torments had so drained him that he could barely move. Sweat was coming out of him in drops; his neck was all wet. “Look how plastered he is!” somebody shouted at him when he came out onto the canal.

He hardly knew himself now; the farther he went, the worse it was. He remembered, though, how suddenly, coming out onto the canal, he had taken fright that there were too few people and he was more noticeable here, and had wanted to turn back into the lane. Though he was almost falling, he nevertheless made a detour and came home from quite the other side.

He was not fully conscious when he passed through the gate of his own house either; at any rate, he was already on the stairs before he remembered the ax. And yet a very important task lay before him: to put it back, and as unnoticeably as possible. Of course, he was no longer capable of realizing that it might perhaps be much better for him not to put the ax back in its former place at all, but to plant it, even later, somewhere in a stranger’s courtyard.

But everything went off well. The door of the caretaker's room was closed but not locked, so most likely the caretaker was in. But he had so far lost the capacity to reason about anything that he walked straight up to the caretaker's room and opened the door. If the caretaker had asked him, "What do you want?" he might perhaps have simply handed him the ax. But again the caretaker was not there, and he managed to put the ax back in its former place under the bench; he even covered it with a log as before. He met no one, not a single soul, afterward, all the way to his room; the landlady's door was shut. Going into his room, he threw himself on the sofa just as he was. He did not sleep, but was in a kind of oblivion. If anyone had come into his room then, he would have jumped up at once and screamed. Scraps and fragments of some thoughts simply swarmed in his head; but he could not grasp a single one, could not dwell on a single one, in spite of all his efforts...

Part Two · I

He lay like that for a very long time. At times he seemed to wake up, and at those moments he noticed that it had long been night, but it did not enter his head to get up. At last he noticed that it was already as light as day. He was lying on his back on the sofa, still stupefied from his recent oblivion. Terrible, desperate howls reached him sharply from the street, which, however, he heard under his window every night after two. It was they that had woken him now. "Ah! there are the drunks coming out of the taverns already," he thought, "it's after two," and suddenly he jumped up, as though someone had torn him off the sofa. "What! After two already!" He sat down on the sofa—and then he remembered everything! Suddenly, in one instant, he remembered everything!

For the first moment he thought he would go out of his mind. A terrible cold gripped him; but the cold came also from the fever, which had begun in him long before, while he slept. And now suddenly such a chill struck him that his teeth nearly jumped out and everything in him simply shook. He opened the door and began to listen: everything in the house was fast asleep. With amazement he looked himself over and everything around him in the room and could not understand how he could have come in yesterday without hooking the door and thrown himself on the sofa, not only without undressing, but even with his hat on: it had rolled off and was lying right there on the floor, near the pillow. "If anyone had come in, what would he have thought? That I was drunk, but…" He rushed to the window. There was enough light, and he hurriedly began examining himself, all over, from head to foot, all his

clothes: were there any traces? But it could not be done that way: shaking with chills, he began taking everything off and examining it all over again. He turned everything over, to the last thread and scrap, and, not trusting himself, repeated the examination about three times. But there was nothing, it seemed, no traces at all; only in one place, where his trousers had frayed at the bottom and hung in a fringe, thick traces of caked blood remained on that fringe. He seized his big folding knife and cut off the fringe. There was nothing more, it seemed. Suddenly he remembered that the purse and the things he had pulled out of the old woman's trunk were all still lying in his pockets! He had not even thought until now of taking them out and hiding them! He had not remembered them even just now, while he was examining his clothes! What was this? Instantly he rushed to take them out and throw them on the table. When he had taken out everything, even turning his pockets inside out to make sure nothing more was left, he carried the whole heap to the corner. There, in the very corner, low down, the wallpaper had come away from the wall and was torn in one place: at once he began stuffing everything into this hole, under the paper: "It went in! All out of sight, and the purse too!" he thought joyfully, half rising and staring dully at the corner, at the hole, which bulged out even more now. Suddenly he shuddered all over with horror: "My God," he whispered in despair, "what's the matter with me? Is that hidden? Is that the way to hide things?"

True, he had not counted on things; he had thought there would only be money, and so he had not prepared a place beforehand—"but now, now what am I glad about?" he thought. "Is that the way to hide things? My reason really is deserting me!" In exhaustion he sat down on the sofa, and at once an unbearable chill shook him again. Mechanically he dragged over his old student's winter coat, which lay beside him on a chair, warm but

almost in rags by now, covered himself with it, and sleep and delirium again seized him together. He sank into oblivion.

No more than five minutes later he jumped up again and at once, in a frenzy, rushed to his clothes again. “How could I have fallen asleep again when nothing’s been done! Just so, just so: I still haven’t taken the loop off from under the arm! Forgot it, forgot a thing like that! Such evidence!” He tore off the loop and hurriedly began ripping it to pieces, stuffing them under the pillow among the linen. “Pieces of torn canvas will never arouse suspicion in any case; it seems so, it seems so!” he repeated, standing in the middle of the room, and with an attention strained to the point of pain he began looking around again, on the floor and everywhere: had he forgotten anything else? The certainty that everything, even memory, even simple reasoning, was deserting him began to torment him unbearably. “What, can it be starting already, can this be the punishment coming already? There, there, just so!” Indeed, the scraps of the fringe he had cut off his trousers were simply lying on the floor, in the middle of the room, for the first person to see! “But what is the matter with me!” he cried again, like a lost man.

Here a strange thought came into his head: that perhaps all his clothes were covered in blood, that perhaps there were many spots, but he just did not see them, did not notice them, because his reasoning was weakened, shattered… his mind darkened… Suddenly he remembered that there had been blood on the purse too. “Bah! So then there must be blood in the pocket too, because I stuffed the purse in my pocket still wet!” Instantly he turned the pocket inside out, and—just so—on the lining of the pocket there were traces, spots! “So my reason hasn’t completely deserted me yet, so I still have some sense and memory, since I caught it myself and guessed it!” he thought triumphantly, drawing a deep, joyful breath with his whole chest. “It’s simply feverish weakness, delirium for a minute,” and he tore the whole lining out of the left

pocket of his trousers. At that moment a ray of sunlight lit up his left boot: on the sock, which was peeping out of the boot, there seemed to be marks. He kicked off the boot: "Marks, indeed! The whole tip of the sock is soaked with blood"; he must have stepped carelessly in that pool… "But what am I to do with this now? Where am I to put this sock, the fringe, the pocket?"

He raked all of it up in his hand and stood in the middle of the room. "In the stove? But the stove is the first place they'll rummage in. Burn it? But what would I burn it with? I don't even have matches. No, better go out somewhere and throw it all away. Yes! better throw it away!" he repeated, sitting down on the sofa again, "and right now, this minute, without delay!…" But instead his head sank onto the pillow again; again the unbearable chill froze him; again he dragged the coat over himself. And for a long time, several hours, it kept appearing to him in fits and starts that "here, I should go somewhere right now, without putting it off, and throw it all away, so it's out of sight, quickly, quickly!" Several times he strained to get up from the sofa, wanted to rise, but could no longer do it. What finally woke him was a loud knocking at the door.

"Open up, are you alive or not? He's forever snoring!" Nastasya was shouting, banging on the door with her fist. "Snores away whole days on end, like a dog! A dog is what he is! Open up, won't you. It's after ten."

"Maybe he's not even in!" said a man's voice.

"Bah! that's the caretaker's voice… What does he want?"

He jumped up and sat on the sofa. His heart was pounding so that it even hurt.

"Then who hooked the door?" Nastasya retorted. "Look at that, he's taken to locking himself in! Afraid somebody'll carry you off? Open up, you blockhead, wake up!"

“What do they want? Why the caretaker? Everything is known. Resist, or open? To hell with it…”

He half rose, leaned forward, and took the hook off.

His whole room was of such a size that it was possible to take the hook off without getting out of bed.

Just so: there stood the caretaker and Nastasya.

Nastasya looked him over somehow strangely. He glanced at the caretaker with a defiant and desperate air. The man silently held out to him a gray paper, folded in two and sealed with bottle wax.

“A summons, from the office,” he said, handing him the paper.

“From what office?…”

“The police, I mean, they’re calling you, to the office. You know what office.”

“To the police!… What for?…”

“How should I know. They want you, so go.” He looked at him attentively, glanced around the room, and turned to leave.

“Looks like you’ve got really sick?” remarked Nastasya, who had not taken her eyes off him. The caretaker also turned his head for a moment. “He’s been in a fever since yesterday,” she added.

He made no answer and held the paper in his hands without opening it.

“Well, don’t get up, then,” Nastasya went on, moved to pity and seeing that he was lowering his feet from the sofa. “If you’re sick, don’t go: it won’t burn down. What’s that you’ve got in your hands?”

He looked: in his right hand were the cut-off pieces of fringe, the sock, and the shreds of the torn-out pocket. He had slept with them like that. Later, thinking it over, he remembered that even half waking in his fever he had squeezed all this tight, tight in his hand and fallen asleep again like that.

"Look what rags he's collected, and sleeps with them like they were treasure…" And Nastasya went off into her morbid, nervous laughter. Instantly he thrust everything under the coat and fixed his eyes on her intently. Though he was capable of very little clear reasoning at that minute, he felt that a man would not be treated like this when they came to take him. "But… the police?"

"You should have some tea? Want some, eh? I'll bring it; there's some left…"

"No… I'll go: I'll go right now," he muttered, getting to his feet.

"I bet you won't even make it down the stairs?"

"I'll go…"

"Suit yourself."

She went out after the caretaker. At once he rushed to the light to examine the sock and the fringe: "There are spots, but they aren't very noticeable; it's all got dirty, rubbed, and faded already. Anyone who doesn't know beforehand won't make out anything. So Nastasya couldn't have noticed anything from a distance, thank God!" Then, trembling, he unsealed the summons and began to read; he read for a long time and at last understood. It was an ordinary summons from the district police to appear that day, at half past nine, at the office of the district superintendent.

"But when did this ever happen? I have no business of my own at all with the police! And why just today?" he thought in tormenting bewilderment. "Lord, if only it would be over quickly!" He started to throw himself on his knees to pray, but even laughed himself—not at the prayer, but at himself. He began hurriedly getting dressed. "If I'm lost, I'm lost, it's all the same! Put on the sock!" it suddenly occurred to him. "It will get even more rubbed in the dust, and the traces will disappear." But no sooner had he put it on than he at once pulled it off again in loathing and horror. He pulled it off, but, realizing that he had no other, he took it and put it on again—and laughed again. "It's all conventional, all relative, it's all

just forms," he thought fleetingly, with only the edge of his mind, while he himself was trembling all over, "there, I've put it on! I ended up putting it on, didn't I!" The laughter, however, at once gave way to despair. "No, it's beyond my strength..." he thought. His legs were trembling. "From fear," he muttered to himself. His head was spinning and aching from the fever. "It's a trick! They want to lure me in by a trick and then suddenly trip me up on everything," he went on to himself, coming out onto the stairs. "What's bad is that I'm almost delirious... I might blurt out some stupid lie..."

On the stairs he remembered that he was leaving all the things just as they were, in the hole in the wallpaper—"and maybe they're doing a search on purpose while I'm out"—he remembered and stopped. But such despair and such, if one may say so, cynicism of ruin suddenly took possession of him that he waved his hand and went on.

"If only it would be over quickly!..."

In the street, again, the heat was unbearable; if only there had been one drop of rain in all those days. Again dust, brick, and lime, again the stench from the shops and taverns, again drunks at every turn, Finnish peddlers, and half-broken-down cabs. The sun flashed brightly in his eyes, so that it hurt to look and his head spun completely—the usual sensation of a feverish man who suddenly comes out into the street on a bright sunny day.

Reaching the turning into yesterday's street, he glanced down it with tormenting anxiety, at that house... and at once looked away.

"If they ask, maybe I'll tell," he thought, approaching the office.

The office was about a quarter of a verst from him. It had just moved to new quarters, in a new building, on the fourth floor. He had been in the old quarters once, briefly, but very long ago. Going in under the gateway, he saw a staircase on the right, down which a peasant was coming with a book in his hands: "A caretaker, then;

so the office must be here," and he began climbing up, at a guess. He did not want to ask anyone anything.

"I'll go in, get down on my knees, and tell everything..." he thought, as he came up to the fourth floor.

The staircase was narrow, steep, and all covered with slops. All the kitchens of all the apartments on all four floors opened onto this staircase and stood that way almost all day. That was why it was terribly stuffy. Up and down went caretakers with books under their arms, messengers, and all sorts of people of both sexes —visitors. The door to the office itself was also wide open. He went in and stopped in the entry. Some peasants stood waiting there. Here too it was extraordinarily stuffy, and, besides that, there was a nauseating smell of fresh, not yet dried paint made with rancid oil, from the newly painted rooms. Having waited a little, he decided to move on farther, into the next room. All the rooms were tiny and low. A terrible impatience drew him on farther and farther. No one noticed him. In the second room some clerks sat writing, dressed perhaps a little better than he was, all strange-looking people of some kind. He turned to one of them.

"What do you want?"

He showed the summons from the office.

"You're a student?" the man asked, glancing at the summons.

"Yes, a former student."

The clerk looked him over, without any curiosity, however. He was a particularly disheveled man of some sort, with a fixed idea in his eyes.

"You won't find out anything from him, because it's all the same to him," thought Raskolnikov.

"Go in there, to the head clerk," said the clerk, and poked his finger forward, pointing to the very last room.

He went into this room (the fourth in order), cramped and packed full of the public—people somewhat more cleanly dressed

than in the other rooms. Among the visitors were two ladies. One, in mourning, poorly dressed, sat at the table opposite the head clerk and was writing something at his dictation. The other lady, very stout and purple-red, blotchy, a woman of imposing appearance, and somehow far too splendidly dressed, with a brooch on her bosom the size of a saucer, was standing to one side waiting for something. Raskolnikov thrust his summons at the head clerk. The man glanced at it briefly, said, "Wait," and went on attending to the lady in mourning.

He breathed more freely. "It can't be that!" Little by little he began to take heart; he urged himself with all his might to take heart and come to his senses.

"Some stupidity, some tiniest carelessness, and I could give myself away completely! Hm... a pity there's no air here," he added, "it's stifling... My head's spinning even more... and my mind too..."

He felt a terrible disorder in his whole being. He was afraid himself that he would not master himself. He tried to fasten on something and think about anything at all, something completely extraneous, but he did not succeed at all. The head clerk, however, interested him greatly: he kept wanting to guess something from his face, to see through him. He was a very young man, about twenty-two, with a swarthy, mobile face that looked older than his years, dressed fashionably and like a fop, with his hair parted at the back of his head, combed and pomaded, with a great many rings and signets on his white, brush-scrubbed fingers and gold chains on his waistcoat. With a foreigner who was there he even exchanged a word or two in French, and very creditably.

"Luiza Ivanovna, you might sit down," he said in passing to the overdressed purple-red lady, who was still standing as though she dared not sit down on her own, though there was a chair right next to her.

"*Ich danke*," she said, and quietly, with a silken rustle, lowered herself onto the chair. Her light blue dress with white lace trimming spread around the chair like a balloon and took up almost half the room. There was a waft of perfume. But the lady was evidently timid about taking up half the room and smelling so strongly of perfume, though she was smiling both cowardly and brazenly, yet with obvious uneasiness.

The lady in mourning finished at last and began to get up. Suddenly, with a certain amount of noise, very jauntily and somehow peculiarly twisting his shoulders at every step, an officer came in, threw his cap with its cockade on the table, and sat down in an armchair. The splendid lady fairly leaped from her seat on seeing him and with a kind of peculiar rapture began curtsying; but the officer paid not the slightest attention to her, and she no longer dared sit down in his presence. He was a lieutenant, the assistant to the district superintendent, with a reddish mustache that stuck out horizontally on both sides and with extremely small features, which expressed nothing in particular, however, except a certain insolence. He looked askance at Raskolnikov and with some indignation: his clothes were really too wretched, and in spite of all his abasement his bearing still did not suit his clothes; Raskolnikov, imprudently, had looked at him too directly and too long, so that the man even took offense.

"What do you want?" he shouted, probably surprised that such a ragamuffin did not even think of shrinking from his lightning glance.

"I was summoned… by a summons…" Raskolnikov answered somehow.

"It's the case about the recovery of money from him, from the student," the head clerk put in hurriedly, tearing himself away from his paper. "Here, sir!" and he tossed a ledger over to Raskolnikov, pointing out a place in it. "Read it!"

"Money? What money?" thought Raskolnikov, "but... then it certainly can't be that!" And he shuddered with joy. Suddenly he felt terribly, inexpressibly light. Everything had flown off his shoulders.

"And what time does it say you were to come, m'dear sir?" shouted the lieutenant, more and more offended, at what no one knew. "They write nine o'clock for you, and now it's already after eleven!"

"They brought it to me only a quarter of an hour ago," Raskolnikov answered loudly, over his shoulder, having also grown angry, suddenly and unexpectedly for himself, and even finding a certain pleasure in it. "And it's enough that I've come here sick with fever."

"Kindly do not shout!"

"I'm not shouting, I'm speaking quite evenly, it's you who are shouting at me; and I'm a student, and I won't allow anyone to shout at me."

The assistant flared up so that for the first minute he could not even get anything out, and only a kind of spray flew from his lips. He jumped up from his seat.

"Kindly be si-i-i-lent! You are in a government office. No r-r-rudeness, s'r!"

"And you're in a government office too," cried Raskolnikov, "and besides shouting, you're smoking a cigarette, so you're showing disrespect to all of us." Having said this, Raskolnikov felt an inexpressible delight.

The head clerk was looking at them with a smile. The hot-tempered lieutenant was visibly taken aback.

"That is none of your business, sir!" he shouted at last, somehow unnaturally loudly, "but kindly give the statement that's required of you. Show him, Alexander Grigoryevich. Complaints against you! You don't pay your debts! What a bright falcon has flown in here!"

But Raskolnikov was no longer listening and had greedily seized the paper, looking for the answer to the riddle as fast as he could. He read it once, then again, and did not understand.

"What is this?" he asked the head clerk.

"It's money being claimed from you on a promissory note, a recovery. You must either pay it with all the costs, fines, and so on, or give a written statement as to when you can pay, and at the same time an undertaking not to leave the capital before payment and not to sell or conceal your property. And the creditor is free to sell your property and to proceed against you according to the law."

"But I… don't owe anybody anything!"

"That's not our business. What we've received for recovery is an overdue and legally protested promissory note for one hundred and fifteen roubles, issued by you to the widow of a collegiate assessor, Zarnitsyna, nine months ago, and transferred from the widow Zarnitsyna in payment to Court Councillor Chebarov, and so we are inviting you to give a statement."

"But she's my landlady, isn't she?"

"Well, what if she is your landlady?"

The head clerk was looking at him with a condescending smile of pity, and at the same time of a certain triumph, as at a novice who is only just coming under fire: "Well, how do you feel now?" But what, what did he care now about the promissory note, about the recovery! Was it worth now even the slightest anxiety, or even the slightest attention! He stood, read, listened, answered, even asked questions himself, but all of it mechanically. The triumph of self-preservation, deliverance from the danger that had been crushing him—that was what filled his whole being at that minute, without foresight, without analysis, without future guesses and riddles, without doubts and without questions. It was a minute of complete, immediate, purely animal joy. But at that very minute

something like thunder and lightning broke out in the office. The lieutenant, still shaken by the disrespect, all aflame, and obviously wishing to prop up his wounded pride, fell upon the unfortunate "splendid lady" with all his thunderbolts; she had been looking at him, ever since he came in, with the stupidest of smiles.

"And you, you so-and-so and such-and-such," he shouted suddenly at the top of his voice (the lady in mourning had already gone out), "what went on at your place last night? eh? Disgrace again, you're making a row for the whole street again. Fighting and drinking again. You're dreaming of the house of correction! I've told you before, I've warned you ten times that the eleventh time I wouldn't let you off! And there you go again, again, you so-and-so and such-and-such!"

The paper even fell out of Raskolnikov's hands, and he stared wildly at the splendid lady who was being dressed down so unceremoniously: but soon, however, he understood what it was about, and at once the whole business began to please him very much. He listened with pleasure, so much so that he wanted to laugh, laugh, laugh... All his nerves were simply jumping.

"Ilya Petrovich!" the head clerk began solicitously, but stopped to wait for the right moment, because there was no way to restrain the boiling lieutenant except by the arms, as he knew from his own experience.

As for the splendid lady, at first she simply quaked at the thunder and lightning; but, strange to say, the more numerous and strong the curses became, the more amiable she looked, the more charming grew the smile she turned on the terrible lieutenant. She was mincing in place and curtsying incessantly, impatiently waiting for them to let her get a word in at last, and she got her chance.

"No noise and fights at my place there vas not, Mister Kapitän," she suddenly rattled away, as if a sack of peas had spilled, with a

strong German accent, though in brisk Russian, "and no, no *Skandal*, und they come drunk, and all this I vill tell, Mister Kapitän, und I am not guilty… I haf a noble house, Mister Kapitän, and noble manners, Mister Kapitän, und I alvays, alvays myself vanted no *Skandal*. Und they come all drunk and then three bottles more ask, und then one lift up his feet and started vith his foot the piano play, und this is not at all nice in a noble house, und he *ganz* the piano break, und there is completely, completely no manners here, und I tell him so. Und he took a bottle und started everybody from behind vith the bottle poking. Und then I quick the caretaker call, und Karl come, und he took Karl und hit him in the eye, und Henriette also hit in the eye, und me five times on the cheek he hit. Und this is so indelicate in a noble house, Mister Kapitän, und I scream. Und he open the vindow onto the canal und stand in the vindow und like a little pig squeal; und this is a disgrace. Und how can anyone from a vindow onto the street like a little pig squeal; und this is a disgrace. Fui-fui-fui! Und Karl from behind by his tail-coat pull him from the vindow und then, this is true, Mister Kapitän, he tear his *sein Rock*. Und then he shout that fifteen roubles *man muss* fine pay him. Und I myself, Mister Kapitän, five roubles pay him for his *sein Rock*. Und this is an ignoble guest, Mister Kapitän, und every kind of *Skandal* he make! I, he say, vill have a big satire *gedruckt* about you, because I can in all the newspapers about you everything compose."

"One of the writers, then?"

"Yes, Mister Kapitän, und vhat an ignoble guest this is, Mister Kapitän, vhen in a noble house…"

"Now, now, now! Enough! I've told you, told you, I did tell you…"

"Ilya Petrovich!" the head clerk said again, meaningfully. The lieutenant glanced at him quickly; the head clerk gave a slight nod.

"…So here is my last word to you, most respected Laviza Ivanovna, and this is the very last time," the lieutenant went on. "If

there is a scandal in your noble house even one more time, I'll have you yourself hauled off *zugunder*, as they say in the lofty style. You hear? So a literary man, a writer, took five roubles for his coattail in a 'noble house'? There they are, your writers!" and he shot a contemptuous glance at Raskolnikov. "The day before yesterday, in a tavern, another business: had his dinner and didn't care to pay; 'I'll describe you in a satire for it,' he says. And on a steamer, last week, another one called the respectable family of a state councillor, his wife and daughter, the vilest names. One was thrown out of a pastry shop on his neck the other day. That's what they're like, writers, literary men, students, heralds... pfui! And you, get out! I'll look in on you myself... then watch out! You hear?"

Luiza Ivanovna, with hurried amiability, set about curtsying in all directions and, curtsying, backed her way to the door; but in the doorway she bumped her behind into an imposing officer with an open, fresh face and splendid, very thick blond side-whiskers. This was Nikodim Fomich himself, the district superintendent. Luiza Ivanovna hastened to curtsy almost to the floor and, with quick little steps, bouncing, flew out of the office.

"Crashing again, thunder and lightning again, a whirlwind, a hurricane!" Nikodim Fomich said, turning amiably and in a friendly way to Ilya Petrovich. "Your heart's been stirred up again, you've boiled over again! I heard it from the stairs."

"Oh, what of it!" Ilya Petrovich said with gentlemanly nonchalance (and not even "what of it" but somehow "O-oh wha-at of it!"), moving with some papers to another table and picturesquely jerking his shoulders with every step, whichever way the step, that way the shoulder. "Here, sir, if you'll kindly look: a gentleman writer, or rather a student, a former one, that is, doesn't pay his debts, has handed out promissory notes, won't vacate his room, complaints come in about him constantly, and he's pleased to take offense because I lit a cigarette in his presence! They behave like

sc-sc-scoundrels themselves, and here, sir, kindly take a look at him: there he is in his most attractive guise, sir!"

"Poverty is no vice, my friend, but there it is! He's gunpowder, you know, he couldn't bear the insult. You must have taken offense at something against him and couldn't restrain yourself either," Nikodim Fomich went on, turning amiably to Raskolnikov, "but you shouldn't have: the mo-o-st no-o-o-ble of men, I tell you, but gunpowder, gunpowder! Flares up, boils over, burns out—and it's gone! And it's all over! And in the end there's nothing but a heart of gold! In the regiment they even called him 'Lieutenant Gunpowder'..."

"And what a r-r-regiment it was!" exclaimed Ilya Petrovich, very pleased to have been tickled so pleasantly, but still sulking.

Raskolnikov suddenly wanted to say something extraordinarily pleasant to them all.

"But for pity's sake, Captain," he began very casually, turning suddenly to Nikodim Fomich, "enter into my position too... I'm even ready to apologize to him, if I've been disrespectful in any way on my side. I'm a poor and sick student, oppressed (he actually said "oppressed") by poverty. I'm a former student, because I can't support myself now, but I'll be getting money... I have a mother and sister in —— Province... They'll send it to me, and I'll... pay. My landlady is a kind woman, but she's got so angry because I lost my lessons and haven't paid for going on four months that she doesn't even send me up any dinner... And I don't understand at all what this note is! Now she's claiming from me on this promissory note, but how am I going to pay her, judge for yourselves!..."

"But that's not our business, you know..." the head clerk tried to remark again...

"Allow me, allow me, I entirely agree with you, but allow me to explain too," Raskolnikov took up again, addressing not the head clerk but still Nikodim Fomich, though trying with all his might to address Ilya Petrovich too, although the latter stubbornly pre-

tended to be rummaging in his papers and contemptuously paying no attention to him, "allow me for my part to explain that I've been living with her for about three years now, ever since I came from the provinces, and earlier... earlier... but then why shouldn't I confess it in my turn, from the very beginning I gave a promise that I would marry her daughter, a verbal promise, completely free... She was a girl... actually, I even liked her... though I wasn't in love... in a word, youth, that is, I mean to say that my landlady gave me a lot of credit at the time, and I led a sort of life... I was very frivolous..."

"Nobody is asking you for such intimacies, m'dear sir, and there's no time," Ilya Petrovich tried to interrupt rudely and triumphantly, but Raskolnikov stopped him hotly, though it had suddenly become extremely hard for him to speak.

"But allow me, do allow me to tell it all, in part... how it was and... in my turn... though it's unnecessary, I agree with you, to tell it—but a year ago this girl died of typhus, and I stayed on as a lodger, as I was, and when my landlady moved to her present apartment, she said to me... and said it in a friendly way... that she had complete confidence in me and all... but wouldn't I give her this promissory note for one hundred and fifteen roubles, all that she reckoned I owed her. Allow me, sir: she said precisely that as soon as I gave her this paper, she would give me as much credit as I liked again, and that never, never, for her part—those were her own words—would she make use of this paper until I paid myself... And now, when I've lost my lessons and have nothing to eat, she goes and files it for recovery... What can I say now?"

"All these sentimental details, m'dear sir, are no concern of ours," Ilya Petrovich cut him off insolently. "You must give a statement and an undertaking, and as for your having been pleased to be in love and all those tragic passages, we have nothing whatever to do with that."

"Come now, you're... being cruel..." muttered Nikodim Fomich, sitting down at the table and also starting to sign papers. He felt somehow ashamed.

"Write, then," the head clerk said to Raskolnikov.

"Write what?" Raskolnikov asked, somehow particularly rudely.

"I'll dictate it to you."

It seemed to Raskolnikov that the head clerk had become more offhand and more contemptuous with him after his confession, but, strange to say—he himself suddenly became decidedly indifferent to anyone's opinion whatever, and this change took place somehow in a single instant, in a single minute. If he had wanted to think a little, he would of course have been amazed at how he could have talked to them like that a minute ago, and even forced his feelings on them. And where had those feelings come from? On the contrary, now, if the room had suddenly filled not with police officers but with his very dearest friends, even then, it seems, he would not have found a single human word for them, so suddenly empty had his heart become. A gloomy sensation of tormenting, infinite solitude and estrangement suddenly made itself consciously felt in his soul. It was not the baseness of his heartfelt effusions before Ilya Petrovich, nor the baseness of the lieutenant's triumph over him, that had suddenly so turned his heart over. Oh, what did he care now about his own baseness, about all these vanities, lieutenants, German women, recoveries, offices, and so on, and so on! If he had been sentenced to be burned at that minute, even then he would not have stirred, would hardly even have listened attentively to the sentence. Something was happening to him that was completely unfamiliar to him, new, sudden, and never before experienced. Not that he understood it, but he felt clearly, with all the force of feeling, that not only with sentimental effusions, as just now, but with anything whatever, he could no longer address these people in the police office, and were they all his own

brothers and sisters and not police lieutenants, even then there would be no reason at all for him to address them, and in no circumstance of life whatever; never until that minute had he experienced such a strange and terrible sensation. And what was most tormenting of all—it was more a sensation than a consciousness, than an idea; an immediate sensation, the most tormenting sensation of all the sensations he had lived through in his life until now.

The head clerk began dictating to him the form of statement usual in such a case, that is: I cannot pay, I promise to pay on such and such a date (some day or other), I will not leave the city, I will neither sell nor give away my property, and so on.

"But you can't write, the pen is falling out of your hands," the head clerk remarked, peering curiously at Raskolnikov. "Are you ill?"

"Yes... my head is spinning... go on!"

"That's all; sign it."

The head clerk took back the paper and turned to the others.

Raskolnikov gave back the pen, but instead of getting up and leaving, he put both elbows on the table and squeezed his head in his hands. It was as if a nail were being driven into the crown of his head. A strange thought suddenly came to him: to get up now, go over to Nikodim Fomich, and tell him everything about yesterday, everything to the last detail, then go with them to his room and show them the things, in the corner, in the hole. The urge was so strong that he had already got up from his seat to carry it out. "Shouldn't I think it over for at least a minute?" flashed through his head. "No, better without thinking, and get it off my shoulders!" But suddenly he stopped as if rooted to the spot: Nikodim Fomich was talking hotly to Ilya Petrovich, and the words reached him:

"It can't be, they'll both be released! In the first place, everything contradicts it; judge for yourself: why would they call the caretaker if it was their doing? To inform on themselves, or what?

Or as a ruse? No, that would be too cunning by far! And finally, the student Pestryakov was seen right at the gate by both caretakers and a townswoman at the very moment he was going in: he was walking with three friends and parted with them right at the gate, and asked the caretakers about the address, with his friends still there. Now, would a man like that be asking about the address if he was going there with such an intention? And as for Koch, before going in to the old woman he sat for half an hour downstairs at the silversmith's and went up to the old woman from there at exactly a quarter to eight. Now just think..."

"But excuse me, how did they come to such a contradiction: they themselves insist that they knocked and that the door was locked, and three minutes later, when they came with the caretaker, it turns out the door was open?"

"That's just the point: the murderer was certainly in there and had bolted himself in; and they would certainly have caught him there if Koch hadn't played the fool and gone for the caretaker himself. And it was precisely in that interval that he managed to get down the stairs and slip past them somehow. Koch crosses himself with both hands: 'If I had stayed there,' he says, 'he would have jumped out and killed me with the ax.' He wants to have a Russian thanksgiving service said, heh-heh!..."

"And nobody saw the murderer?"

"How could anybody see him there? That house is a Noah's ark," remarked the head clerk, who had been listening from his place.

"The case is clear, the case is clear!" Nikodim Fomich repeated hotly.

"No, the case is very unclear," Ilya Petrovich clinched it.

Raskolnikov picked up his hat and went toward the door, but he did not reach the door...

When he came to, he saw that he was sitting on a chair, that some man was holding him up on the right, that on the left stood

another man with a yellow glass filled with yellow water, and that Nikodim Fomich was standing before him and looking at him intently; he got up from the chair.

"What is this, are you ill?" Nikodim Fomich asked rather sharply.

"Even when he was signing, he could barely move the pen," remarked the head clerk, sitting down in his place and taking up his papers again.

"And have you been ill long?" shouted Ilya Petrovich from his place, also sorting through papers. He too, of course, had been examining the sick man while he was in his faint, but had stepped away at once when he came to.

"Since yesterday…" Raskolnikov muttered in reply.

"And did you go out yesterday?"

"I did."

"Ill?"

"Ill."

"At what time?"

"After seven in the evening."

"And where to, may I ask?"

"Along the street."

"Short and clear."

Raskolnikov answered sharply, curtly, all as pale as a handkerchief, and without lowering his black, inflamed eyes before Ilya Petrovich's gaze.

"He can barely stand on his feet, and you…" Nikodim Fomich started to remark.

"No-thing to it!" Ilya Petrovich said somehow peculiarly.

Nikodim Fomich wanted to add something more, but, glancing at the head clerk, who was also looking at him very intently, fell silent. Suddenly everyone fell silent. It was strange.

"Well, sir, very good, sir," Ilya Petrovich concluded, "we won't detain you."

Raskolnikov went out. He could still hear how, after he left, an animated conversation began, in which the questioning voice of Nikodim Fomich sounded most clearly of all... In the street he came to himself completely.

"A search, a search, there'll be a search right away!" he repeated to himself, hurrying to get home. "Bandits! they suspect!" The fear of earlier seized him again entirely, from head to foot.

Part Two · II

"And what if there's already been a search? What if I walk in and find them right there in my room?"

But here was his room. Nothing and no one; nobody had looked in. Even Nastasya hadn't touched anything. But, Lord! How could he have left all those things in that hole earlier?

He rushed to the corner, thrust his hand under the wallpaper, and began pulling the things out and loading his pockets with them. There turned out to be eight pieces in all: two little boxes with earrings or something of the kind—he didn't look closely; then four small morocco cases. One chain was simply wrapped in newspaper. Something else in newspaper, a decoration, it seemed…

He put everything into different pockets, into his coat and into the remaining right-hand pocket of his trousers, trying to make it less noticeable. He took the purse too, along with the things. Then he went out of the room, this time even leaving it wide open.

He walked quickly and firmly, and though he felt he was broken all over, his wits were with him. He was afraid of pursuit, afraid that in half an hour, in a quarter of an hour, orders might already be issued to keep watch on him; and so, whatever happened, he had to bury the traces before then. He had to get it done while he still had at least some strength left and at least some power of reasoning… Where should he go?

That had been decided long ago: "Throw it all in the canal, and the traces in the water, and that's the end of it." He had settled it that way back in the night, in delirium, in those moments when, he

remembered, he had several times tried to get up and go: "quick, quick, and throw it all away." But throwing it away turned out to be very hard.

He had been wandering along the embankment of the Yekaterininsky Canal for half an hour already, maybe more, and several times he had looked at the steps down to the water wherever he came upon them. But carrying out his intention was not even to be thought of: either rafts stood right by the steps, with washerwomen on them doing laundry, or boats were moored there, and everywhere people were simply swarming, and from everywhere, from the embankments, from all sides, anyone could see, could notice: it was suspicious that a man had deliberately gone down, stopped, and was throwing something into the water. And what if the cases didn't sink but floated? And of course they would. Anyone would see. As it was, everyone was staring at him, looking him over as they passed, as if he were their only business. "Why should that be, or maybe it only seems so to me," he thought.

At last it occurred to him: wouldn't it be better to go somewhere on the Neva? There were fewer people there, and it was less conspicuous, and in any case more convenient, and above all farther from these parts. And suddenly he was amazed: how could he have wandered a whole half hour in anguish and alarm, and in dangerous places, and not have thought of this before! And he had killed a whole half hour on a senseless business only because it had once been decided that way, in sleep, in delirium! He was becoming extremely absentminded and forgetful, and he knew it. He absolutely had to hurry!

He set off for the Neva along V—— Avenue; but on the way another thought suddenly came to him: "Why the Neva? Why the water? Wouldn't it be better to go somewhere very far away, to the Islands again, say, and there somewhere, in a lonely place, in the woods, under a bush—bury it all and mark the tree, perhaps?" And

though he felt he was in no state at that moment to think everything through clearly and soundly, the idea seemed to him infallible.

But he was not fated to reach the Islands either; something else happened: coming out of V—— Avenue onto the square, he suddenly saw on his left an entrance into a yard enclosed by completely blank walls. On the right, immediately inside the gate, the blank unwhitewashed wall of the neighboring four-story building stretched far back into the yard. On the left, parallel to the blank wall and also starting right at the gate, ran a wooden fence, some twenty paces deep into the yard, and then it broke off to the left. This was a blind, fenced-off spot where some sort of materials were lying. Farther on, in the depths of the yard, the corner of a low, sooty stone shed peeped out from behind the fence, evidently part of some workshop. There was probably some sort of establishment here, a carriage maker's or a locksmith's or something of the kind; everywhere, almost from the gate itself, there was a lot of black coal dust. "Now that's the place to toss it and go!" it suddenly occurred to him. Noticing no one in the yard, he stepped through the gate and at once saw, right by the gate, a gutter fitted against the fence (as is often arranged in buildings where there are a lot of factory hands, artel workers, cabmen, and so on), and above the gutter, right there on the fence, the usual witticism for such places had been chalked: "Standin heer is for bidden." So that was good in itself: there could be no suspicion about his having come in and stopped. "Just dump it all here at once somewhere in a little heap and go!"

Looking around once more, he had already put his hand into his pocket when suddenly, right against the outer wall, between the gate and the gutter, where the whole space was no more than an arshin wide, he noticed a big rough-hewn stone, weighing maybe a pood and a half,[1] lying right up against the stone wall on the street

side. Beyond that wall was the street, the sidewalk; he could hear the passersby scurrying back and forth, and there were always plenty of them here; but behind the gate no one could see him, unless someone came in from the street, which, by the way, could very well happen, and so he had to hurry.

He bent down to the stone, gripped its top hard with both hands, gathered all his strength, and turned the stone over. Under the stone there was a small hollow; at once he began throwing everything from his pockets into it. The purse ended up on the very top, and still there was room left in the hollow. Then he gripped the stone again, turned it back over in one motion, and it fitted exactly into its old place, except that it seemed a little, just a tiny bit, higher. But he raked up some earth and pressed it down around the edges with his foot. Nothing could be seen.

Then he went out and headed for the square. Again a powerful, barely endurable joy, as earlier at the police station, took hold of him for an instant. "The traces are buried! And who, who could ever think of looking under that stone? Maybe it's been lying here since the building went up, and it'll lie here as long again. And even if they found it: who would think of me? It's all over! No evidence!"—and he laughed. Yes, he remembered afterward that he laughed a nervous, small, inaudible, long laugh, and kept on laughing, all the while he was crossing the square. But when he stepped onto K—— Boulevard, where two days before he had come upon that girl, his laughter suddenly passed. Other thoughts crept into his head. It suddenly seemed to him, too, that it would be terribly repulsive now to walk past that bench where he had sat and pondered then, after the girl had gone, and terribly hard, too, to meet that mustached fellow again to whom he had given the twenty kopecks: "The devil take him!"

He walked on, looking around absently and spitefully. All his thoughts were circling now around some one main point—and he

felt himself that this really was the main point and that now, precisely now, he was left alone, face to face with this main point—and that this was even the first time in these two months.

"Oh, the devil take it all!" he thought suddenly in a fit of inexhaustible spite. "Well, it's begun, so it's begun, to hell with her and with the new life! Lord, how stupid it is!... And how much lying and dirty work I did today! How vilely I fawned and played up to that loathsome Ilya Petrovich earlier! But that's nonsense too! I don't give a damn for any of them, or for my fawning and playing up either! That's not it at all! Not it at all!..."

Suddenly he stopped; a new, completely unexpected, and extremely simple question at once threw him off and bitterly astonished him:

"If this whole business really was done consciously, and not like a fool, if you really had a definite and firm purpose, then how is it that so far you haven't even looked into the purse, and don't know what you got, for the sake of which you took on all that torment and consciously went through with such a base, vile, low business? Why, just now you wanted to throw it in the water, the purse, together with all the things, which you also haven't seen yet... How is that?"

Yes, that was so; all of it was so. He had known it before, by the way, and it was not at all a new question for him; and when it had been decided in the night to throw everything in the water, it had been decided without any hesitation or objection, but simply as though that was how it ought to be, as though it could not possibly be otherwise... Yes, he knew all that and remembered all of it; why, it had all but been decided yesterday, at the very moment when he was sitting over the trunk and pulling the cases out of it... And that's how it was!...

"It's because I'm very ill," he decided grimly at last. "I've worn myself out and tormented myself, and I don't know myself what

I'm doing... Yesterday, and the day before, and all this time I've been tormenting myself... I'll get well and... I won't torment myself... And what if I never get well at all? Lord! How sick I am of all this!..." He walked on without stopping. He wanted terribly to distract himself somehow, but he didn't know what to do or what to undertake. One new, irresistible sensation was taking hold of him more and more, almost with every minute: it was a kind of endless, almost physical loathing for everything he met and everything around him, stubborn, spiteful, hateful. He found everyone he met disgusting—their faces, their walk, their movements were disgusting. He would simply have spat on someone, would have bitten him, it seemed, if anyone had spoken to him...

He stopped suddenly when he came out onto the embankment of the Little Neva, on Vasilyevsky Island, near the bridge. "This is where he lives, in that building," he thought. "What's this, why, I seem to have come to Razumikhin's on my own! The same story again as that time... Very curious, though: did I come on my own, or was I just walking and wandered in here? Doesn't matter; I said... two days ago... that I'd go to him the day after that, well, so I'll go! As if I couldn't drop in now..."

He climbed up to Razumikhin's on the fifth floor.

Razumikhin was at home, in his little cubbyhole, and at that moment was working, writing, and he opened the door himself. They had not seen each other for about four months. Razumikhin sat there in a dressing gown worn to rags, in slippers on his bare feet, disheveled, unshaven, and unwashed. Surprise showed on his face.

"What's the matter with you?" he shouted, looking his comrade over from head to foot as he came in; then he paused and whistled.

"Is it really that bad? Why, brother, you've outdone the lot of us," he added, looking at Raskolnikov's rags. "Sit down, then, you must be tired!" And when Raskolnikov collapsed onto the oilcloth-

covered Turkish sofa, which was even worse than his own, Razumikhin suddenly saw that his guest was ill.

"Why, you're seriously ill, do you know that?" He began feeling his pulse; Raskolnikov tore his hand away.

"Don't," he said. "I came… here's the thing: I don't have any lessons… I wanted… but actually I don't need lessons at all…"

"You know what? You're delirious!" remarked Razumikhin, who was watching him intently.

"No, I'm not delirious…" Raskolnikov got up from the sofa. As he was climbing the stairs to Razumikhin's he had not thought about having, therefore, to meet him face to face. But now, in a single instant, he guessed, from experience already, that he was less inclined than anything, at that moment, to meet anyone at all face to face in the whole wide world. All his bile rose in him. He almost choked with spite against himself the moment he crossed Razumikhin's threshold.

"Goodbye!" he said suddenly and went to the door.

"Hold on, hold on, you oddball!"

"Don't!…" Raskolnikov repeated, again tearing his hand away.

"Then why the devil did you come, after that! Have you gone off your head or what? It's… practically an insult. I won't let you go like this."

"Well, listen: I came to you because, apart from you, I don't know anyone who could help… to start… because you're kinder than all of them, that is, smarter, and you can think things through… And now I see that I don't need anything, do you hear, nothing at all… nobody's services or sympathy… I myself… alone… Well, that's enough! Leave me in peace!"

"Hold on a minute, you chimney sweep! Completely crazy! Suit yourself, as far as I'm concerned. See here: I don't have lessons either, and the hell with them, but there's a bookseller at the flea market, Kherubimov, and he's a lesson in himself, in his own way. I

wouldn't swap him now for five lessons at merchants' houses. He puts out these little editions and brings out little natural-science books—and how they sell! The titles alone are worth the price! You always used to insist I was stupid; by God, brother, there are people stupider than me! Now he's taken to having an ideological line too; he doesn't understand a blessed thing about it himself, but I, naturally, encourage him. Here are two and a bit printer's sheets of German text—the stupidest charlatanism, in my opinion: in a word, it examines whether woman is a human being or not a human being. Well, and naturally it solemnly proves that she is a human being. Kherubimov is getting it ready as his contribution to the woman question; I'm translating; he'll stretch these two and a half sheets out to six or so, we'll make up a magnificent title half a page long, and put it out at fifty kopecks. It'll go! For the translation I get six roubles a sheet, which means about fifteen roubles for the whole thing, and I took six roubles in advance. When we've finished this, we'll start translating something about whales, and then we've marked some of the dullest gossip in the second part of the *Confessions*, and we'll be translating that; somebody told Kherubimov that Rousseau is a sort of Radishchev in his own way. I, naturally, don't contradict him, the devil take him! Well, do you want to translate the second sheet of 'Is Woman a Human Being?' If you do, then take the text right now, take pens, paper—all that's on the house—and take three roubles: since I took the advance for the whole translation, for the first and second sheets, three roubles comes out exactly as your share. And when you finish the sheet you'll get another three roubles. And one more thing, please don't consider it some kind of favor on my part. On the contrary, the minute you walked in I was already figuring out how you'd be useful to me. In the first place, I'm bad at spelling, and in the second, my German is sometimes just plain rotten, so I mostly make things up myself, and my only consolation is that it comes out

even better that way. Though who knows, maybe it doesn't come out better, but worse… Will you take it or not?"

Raskolnikov silently took the German pages of the article, took the three roubles, and went out without saying a word. Razumikhin looked after him in surprise. But having got as far as the First Line, Raskolnikov suddenly turned back, climbed up to Razumikhin's again, and, laying both the German pages and the three roubles on the table, again without saying a word, walked out.

"Have you got the d.t.'s or what!" roared Razumikhin, enraged at last. "What's this comedy you're putting on! You've even got me confused… Why did you come at all, after that, you devil?"

"Don't need… translations…" muttered Raskolnikov, already going down the stairs.

"Then what the devil do you need?" Razumikhin shouted from above. Raskolnikov went on down in silence.

"Hey, you! Where do you live?"

There was no answer.

"Well, the dev-v-vil take you, then!…"

But Raskolnikov was already going out into the street. On Nikolaevsky Bridge he was brought fully to his senses once more as a result of an incident that was very unpleasant for him. The driver of a carriage gave him a hard lash across the back with his whip, because he had very nearly fallen under the horses, even though the driver had shouted at him three or four times. The blow of the whip made him so furious that, jumping back to the railing (for some unknown reason he had been walking right down the middle of the bridge, where people drive, not walk), he spitefully ground and clacked his teeth. Around him, naturally, there was laughter.

"Serves him right!"

"Some swindler."

"Sure, he'll play drunk and crawl under the wheels on purpose; and then you answer for him."

"That's their trade, my good sir, that's their trade…"

But at the moment when he was standing by the railing, still senselessly and spitefully staring after the departing carriage and rubbing his back, he suddenly felt someone pushing money into his hand. He looked: an elderly merchant's wife in a kerchief and goatskin shoes, and with her a girl in a little hat and with a green parasol, probably her daughter. "Take it, dear, for Christ's sake." He took it, and they passed by. The money was a twenty-kopeck piece. From his clothes and his look they could very well have taken him for a beggar, for a real collector of pennies on the street, and he no doubt owed the gift of a whole twenty kopecks to the lash of the whip, which had moved them to pity.

He clenched the twenty-kopeck piece in his hand, walked some ten paces, and turned to face the Neva, in the direction of the palace. The sky was without the slightest cloud, and the water almost blue, which happens so rarely on the Neva. The dome of the cathedral, which is not outlined better from any point than when you look at it from here, from the bridge, some twenty paces short of the chapel, was simply shining, and through the clear air you could make out distinctly even each of its ornaments. The pain from the whip had died down, and Raskolnikov forgot about the blow; one uneasy and not entirely clear thought now occupied him exclusively. He stood and looked into the distance long and intently; this spot was especially familiar to him. When he had been attending the university, it used to happen that usually—most often on his way home—he would stop, maybe a hundred times, at precisely this same spot, gaze intently at this truly magnificent panorama, and each time be almost surprised by one unclear and unresolvable impression of his. An inexplicable chill always breathed on him from this magnificent panorama; for him

this splendid picture was full of a mute and deaf spirit... He marveled each time at his gloomy and enigmatic impression and, not trusting himself, put off solving it for the future. Now suddenly he sharply recalled those former questions and perplexities of his, and it seemed to him that it was not by chance that he recalled them now. This alone struck him as wild and strange, that he had stopped at the very same spot as before, as though he had actually imagined he could think about the same things now as before, and be interested in the same former themes and pictures he had been interested in... so very recently. It almost made him laugh, and at the same time it squeezed his chest till it hurt. In some depth, down below, somewhere barely visible under his feet, all this former past now appeared to him, and the former thoughts, and the former problems, and the former themes, and the former impressions, and this whole panorama, and himself, and everything, everything... It seemed he was flying off somewhere upward, and everything was vanishing from his eyes... Making one involuntary movement with his hand, he suddenly felt the twenty-kopeck piece clenched in his fist. He opened his hand, stared at the coin, swung his arm, and threw it into the water; then he turned and went home. It seemed to him that he had cut himself off from everyone and everything at that moment, as if with scissors.

He got home only toward evening, which meant he had been walking for about six hours in all. Where and how he had walked back, he remembered nothing of it. Undressing, and shivering all over like a horse that has been driven too hard, he lay down on the sofa, pulled his greatcoat over himself, and at once sank into oblivion...

He came to in full dusk from a terrible screaming. God, what screaming it was! Such unnatural sounds, such howling, wailing, grinding, tears, blows, and curses he had never yet heard or seen. He could not even have imagined such brutality, such frenzy. In

horror he raised himself and sat up on his bed, every moment freezing and in torment. But the fighting, the wails, and the curses grew louder and louder. And then, to his utter amazement, he suddenly made out the voice of his landlady. She was howling, shrieking, and lamenting, hurrying, rushing, letting the words out so that it was impossible to tell what she was begging for—to stop beating her, of course, because she was being mercilessly beaten on the stairs. The voice of the one beating her had become so terrible with spite and fury that it only rasped, but still the one beating her was saying something too, and also quickly, unintelligibly, hurrying and choking. Suddenly Raskolnikov began to tremble like a leaf: he recognized that voice; it was the voice of Ilya Petrovich. Ilya Petrovich here and beating the landlady! He is kicking her, banging her head against the steps—that's clear, you can hear it from the sounds, from the wails, from the blows! What is this, has the world turned upside down or what? You could hear a crowd gathering on all the floors, all along the stairway; you could hear voices, exclamations, people coming up, knocking, slamming doors, running together. "But what for, what for, and how can this be!" he kept repeating, seriously thinking he had gone completely mad. But no, he hears it too clearly!... But then, if so, they'll come for him too in a minute, "because... it must all be over the same thing... over yesterday... Lord!" He wanted to fasten the hook on his door, but his hand would not rise... and it was useless anyway! Fear, like ice, encased his soul, tormented him, numbed him... But now at last all this din, which went on for a good ten minutes, began gradually to subside. The landlady was moaning and groaning, Ilya Petrovich was still threatening and cursing... But now at last, it seemed, he too had quieted down; now he could no longer be heard; "has he really gone! Lord!" Yes, now the landlady is going too, still moaning and crying... now her door has slammed... Now the crowd is going from the stairs back to their apartments—exclaiming, arguing,

calling to one another, now raising their voices to a shout, now lowering them to a whisper. There must have been a lot of them; almost the whole house had come running. “But, God, can all this be possible! And why, why did he come here!”

Raskolnikov fell back on the sofa in exhaustion, but he could no longer close his eyes; he lay for about half an hour in such suffering, in such an unbearable feeling of boundless horror, as he had never yet experienced. Suddenly a bright light lit up his room: Nastasya came in with a candle and a bowl of soup. Looking at him attentively and making out that he was not asleep, she set the candle on the table and began laying out what she had brought: bread, salt, a bowl, a spoon.

“I bet you haven’t eaten since yesterday. Gadding about the whole day, and him shaking with fever.”

“Nastasya… why were they beating the landlady?”

She looked at him intently.

“Who was beating the landlady?”

“Just now… half an hour ago, Ilya Petrovich, the assistant superintendent, on the stairs… Why did he beat her like that? and… what did he come for?…”

Nastasya studied him silently, frowning, and looked at him like that for a long time. This scrutiny made him feel very uncomfortable, even frightened.

“Nastasya, why don’t you say anything?” he finally said timidly, in a weak voice.

“It’s the blood,” she answered at last, quietly, and as if speaking to herself.

“Blood!… What blood?…” he muttered, turning pale and drawing back toward the wall. Nastasya went on looking at him in silence.

“Nobody was beating the landlady,” she said again in a stern and resolute voice. He looked at her, barely breathing.

“I heard it myself… I wasn’t asleep… I was sitting up,” he said still more timidly. “I listened for a long time… The assistant superintendent came… Everybody came running onto the stairs, from all the apartments…”

“Nobody came. It’s the blood crying out in you. When it’s got no way out and starts clotting up in your liver, that’s when you start seeing things… Are you going to eat or not?”

He did not answer. Nastasya kept standing over him, looking at him intently, and did not leave.

“Give me something to drink… Nastasyushka.”

She went downstairs and about two minutes later came back with water in a white earthenware mug; but he no longer remembered what happened after that. He remembered only how he took one sip of cold water and spilled some from the mug onto his chest. Then came unconsciousness.

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1. An arshin is about twenty-eight inches; a pood is about thirty-six pounds, so the stone weighed some fifty-five pounds.

Part Two · III

He was not, however, completely unconscious the whole time he was ill: it was a feverish state, with delirium and half-consciousness. Afterward he remembered a good deal. At times it seemed to him that a lot of people were gathering around him and wanted to take him and carry him off somewhere, and were arguing and quarreling about him a great deal. Then suddenly he was alone in the room, everyone had gone away and was afraid of him, and only now and then opened the door a tiny crack to look at him, threatened him, plotted something among themselves, laughed and teased him. He often remembered Nastasya beside him; he made out one other person too, someone who seemed very familiar, but just who, he could not possibly guess, and he grieved over it, even wept. Sometimes it seemed to him that he had been lying there for a month already; at other times, that it was still the same day going on. But about *that*—about *that* he had completely forgotten; on the other hand, every minute he remembered that he had forgotten something that must not be forgotten—he tormented himself, agonized, trying to remember, moaned, fell into a rage or into a terrible, unbearable fear. Then he would struggle to get up, wanted to run, but someone always held him back by force, and he would sink again into weakness and unconsciousness. At last he came fully to his senses.

This happened in the morning, at ten o'clock. At that hour of the morning, on clear days, the sun always passed in a long strip across his right-hand wall and lit up the corner by the door. By his bed stood Nastasya and one other person, who was studying him

with great curiosity and was completely unknown to him. He was a young fellow in a kaftan, with a little beard, and looked like an artel man. The landlady was peeping in through the half-open door. Raskolnikov raised himself up.

"Who's this, Nastasya?" he asked, pointing at the young fellow.

"Look at that, he's come to!" she said

"He's come to, sir," echoed the artel man. Realizing that he had come to, the landlady, who had been peeping in at the door, at once pulled it shut and hid. She had always been shy and found conversations and explanations a burden; she was about forty, and she was stout and fat, black-browed and black-eyed, good-natured from fatness and laziness; and even very pretty to look at. Bashful beyond all necessity.

"You... who are you?" he went on questioning, now addressing the artel man himself. But at that moment the door was thrown wide open again, and, stooping a little because he was tall, Razumikhin came in.

"What a ship's cabin," he shouted as he came in, "I always bang my forehead; and they call this an apartment! So you've come to, brother? I just heard it from Pashenka."

"He just came to," said Nastasya.

"Just came to, sir," the artel man chimed in again with a little smile.

"And who might you be yourself, sir, if I may ask?" said Razumikhin, suddenly turning to him. "I, as you may see, am Vrazumikhin; not Razumikhin, as everybody calls me, but Vrazumikhin,[1] a student, a son of the gentry, and he is my friend. Well, sir, and who might you be?"

"I'm the artel man in our office, sir, from the merchant Shelopaev, sir, and I'm here on business, sir."

"Kindly take this chair," and Razumikhin himself sat down on another, on the other side of the little table. "That was a good

move, brother, coming to," he went on, turning to Raskolnikov. "This is the fourth day you've barely eaten or drunk. Honestly, we were giving you tea from a spoon. I brought Zosimov to see you twice. Remember Zosimov? He examined you carefully and said right away that it was all nothing—something went to your head, or something. Some nervous nonsense, bad rations, he says, they didn't issue you enough beer and horseradish, that's why you're ill, but it's nothing, it'll pass, it'll all be flour in the end. Fine fellow, Zosimov! He's made a grand start at doctoring. Well, sir, I won't keep you," he turned again to the artel man. "Would you care to explain what you need? Note, Rodya, this is the second time somebody's come from their office; only it wasn't this one before, it was another, and we had it out with him. Who was it came here before you?"

"That would be, I take it, the day before yesterday, sir, exactly, sir. That was Alexei Semyonovich; he's with our office too, sir."

"He's got a bit more sense than you, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, sir; he's more of a solid sort, to be sure, sir."

"Commendable; well, sir, go on."

"Well, by way of Afanasy Ivanovich Vakhrushin, of whom, I take it, you've heard more than once, sir, at your mamma's request, there's a remittance for you through our office, sir," the artel man began, addressing Raskolnikov directly. "In case you're in your right understanding, sir, I'm to hand you thirty-five roubles, sir, inasmuch as Semyon Semyonovich has received notice of it from Afanasy Ivanovich, at your mamma's request, in the same manner as before. Are you aware of it, sir?"

"Yes… I remember… Vakhrushin…" said Raskolnikov thoughtfully.

"You hear that: he knows the merchant Vakhrushin!" cried Razumikhin. "And you say he's not in his right understanding?

Though I notice now that you're a sensible man too. Well, sir! It's a pleasure to listen to intelligent talk."

"That's him, sir, Vakhrushin, Afanasy Ivanovich, and at the request of your mamma, who once before sent you money through him in the same manner, he didn't refuse this time either, sir, and notified Semyon Semyonovich from where he is a few days ago to hand you thirty-five roubles, sir, in expectation of better, sir."

"Now that 'expectation of better' was the best thing you said; and 'your mamma' wasn't bad either. Well, so what do you think: is he in his right mind or not quite, eh?"

"It's all one to me, sir. Only there ought to be a little receipt, sir."

"He'll scratch one out! What have you got, a book or something?"

"A book, sir, here, sir."

"Give it here. Now, Rodya, up you get. I'll hold you up; scribble him a *Raskolnikov*, take the pen, because, brother, money's sweeter to us now than molasses."

"Don't," said Raskolnikov, pushing the pen away.

"Don't what?"

"I won't sign."

"Ugh, the devil, how can we do without a receipt?"

"Don't need... the money..."

"Don't need the money! Well, brother, that's a lie, I'm a witness! Don't worry, please, he's only... off on his travels again. Though that happens to him when he's awake too... You're a man of good sense, and we'll guide him—I mean we'll simply guide his hand, and he'll sign. Up you come now..."

"But I can come back another time, sir."

"No, no; why should you trouble yourself? You're a man of good sense... Come on, Rodya, don't keep your visitor... you see, he's waiting," and he seriously got ready to guide Raskolnikov's hand.

“Let go, I’ll do it myself…” said Raskolnikov, took the pen, and signed in the book. The artel man laid out the money and withdrew.

“Bravo! And now, brother, do you want to eat?”

“I do,” answered Raskolnikov.

“Is there soup?”

“Yesterday’s,” answered Nastasya, who had been standing right there all this time.

“With potatoes and rice groats?”

“With potatoes and groats.”

“I know it by heart. Bring the soup, and give us some tea too.”

“I’ll bring it.”

Raskolnikov looked at everything with deep astonishment and with a dull, senseless fear. He decided to keep silent and wait: what would happen next?

“It seems I’m not delirious,” he thought, “it seems this is really…”

Two minutes later Nastasya came back with the soup and announced that the tea would be coming right away. With the soup appeared two spoons, two bowls, and the whole setting: salt-cellar, pepper shaker, mustard for the beef, and so on, which had not happened in such order for a long time. The tablecloth was clean.

“It wouldn’t be a bad idea, Nastasyushka, for Praskovya Pavlovna to dispatch a couple of little bottles of beer. We’ll drink them, ma’am.”

“Well, aren’t you the quick one!” muttered Nastasya, and went off to carry out the command.

Wildly and tensely Raskolnikov went on watching. Meanwhile Razumikhin moved over to sit beside him on the sofa, clumsily, like a bear, put his left arm around Raskolnikov’s head, even though he could have raised himself, and with his right hand brought a spoonful of soup to his mouth, first blowing on it several times so

that he wouldn't burn himself. But the soup was barely warm. Raskolnikov greedily swallowed one spoonful, then another, a third. But after giving him a few spoonfuls, Razumikhin suddenly stopped and announced that as to anything further he would have to consult Zosimov.

Nastasya came in carrying two bottles of beer.

"And do you want tea?"

"I do."

"Roll out the tea quick too, Nastasya, because as for tea, I think we can manage without the faculty. But here's the beer!" He moved back to his own chair, pulled the soup and the beef toward him, and began to eat with such appetite that you would have thought he had not eaten for three days.

"I dine here at your place like this every day now, brother Rodya," he mumbled, as far as his mouth crammed full of beef allowed, "and it's all Pashenka, your landlady, doing the honors, she treats me from the bottom of her heart. Naturally, I don't insist, but I don't protest either. And here's Nastasya with the tea. Isn't she nimble! Nastenka, want some beer?"

"Oh, get along with you, you scamp!"

"Some tea, then?"

"Tea, maybe."

"Pour it. Wait, I'll pour it for you myself; sit down at the table."

He took charge at once, poured, then poured a second cup, abandoned his lunch, and moved back to the sofa. As before, he put his left arm around the sick man's head, raised him, and began giving him tea from a teaspoon, again blowing on the spoon continually and with particular zeal, as though this very process of blowing were the chief and saving point of recovery. Raskolnikov kept silent and did not resist, even though he felt in himself quite enough strength to raise himself and sit up on the sofa without any outside help, and not only to use his hands well enough to

hold a spoon or a cup, but even, perhaps, to walk. But by some strange, almost animal cunning, it suddenly occurred to him to hide his strength for the time being, to lie low, to pretend, if need be, that he still did not quite understand, and meanwhile to listen and find out what was going on here. However, he could not master his revulsion: after sipping about ten spoonfuls of tea, he suddenly freed his head, capriciously pushed the spoon away, and fell back on the pillow again. Under his head now there really were real pillows—down pillows with clean pillowcases; he noticed that too and took it into account.

"Pashenka must bring us some raspberry jam this very day, to make him a drink," said Razumikhin, settling back in his seat and setting to work on the soup and the beer again.

"And where's she going to get you raspberries?" asked Nastasya, holding a saucer on her five outspread fingers and straining the tea into herself "through sugar."

"Raspberries, my friend, she'll get at the shop. You see, Rodya, a whole story happened here while you were out of it. When you ran off from me in such a swindling way and didn't tell me where you lived, I suddenly got so furious that I resolved to hunt you down and execute you. I set about it that same day. How I walked and walked, asked and asked! This place, where you live now, I'd forgotten; though in fact I never remembered it, because I never knew it. Well, and your old place—I only remembered it was at Five Corners, Kharlamov's house. I searched and searched for this Kharlamov's house—and it turned out later that it wasn't Kharlamov's house at all, but Buch's—how you get mixed up in the sounds sometimes! Well, I got angry. I got angry and the next day I went, come what may, to the address bureau, and imagine: in two minutes they found you for me. You're registered there."

"Registered!"

"I should say so; but General Kobelev they couldn't find there at all while I was there. Well, sir, it's a long story. Only, as soon as I descended on this place, I got acquainted at once with all your affairs; all of them, brother, all of them, I know everything; she saw it, too: I got acquainted with Nikodim Fomich, and Ilya Petrovich was pointed out to me, and with the caretaker, and with Mr. Zametov, Alexander Grigoryevich, the head clerk in the local police office, and finally with Pashenka—that was the crowning touch; she knows, too..."

"Sweetened her up," muttered Nastasya, grinning slyly.

"You should take your sugar in the cup, Nastasya Nikiforovna."

"Oh, you dog!" Nastasya suddenly cried and burst out laughing. "But I'm Petrovna, not Nikiforovna," she added suddenly when she had stopped laughing.

"We shall treasure it, ma'am. Well, so then, brother, not to say too much, I wanted at first to send an electric current all through the place, so as to root out all the prejudices in these parts at one stroke, but Pashenka won out. I never expected, brother, that she'd be so... *avenante*... eh? What do you think?"

Raskolnikov was silent, though he had not for a minute taken his uneasy eyes off him, and now he went on stubbornly staring at him.

"Very much so, even," Razumikhin went on, not in the least put out by the silence and as if agreeing with an answer he had received, "very much in order, even, in every respect."

"Listen to the creature!" Nastasya cried out again; this conversation was evidently giving her inexpressible bliss.

"The bad thing, brother, is that you didn't know how to handle the business from the very start. That wasn't the way to go about it with her. She's, so to speak, a most unexpected character! Well, about her character later... But how, for instance, could you let it come to the point where she dared to stop sending you your din-

ner? Or, for instance, that promissory note? Have you gone out of your mind or what, signing promissory notes! Or, for instance, that intended marriage, when the daughter, Natalya Yegorovna, was still alive… I know everything! But then, I see this is a delicate string and that I'm an ass; forgive me. But speaking of stupidity: what do you think, brother, Praskovya Pavlovna isn't nearly as stupid as you might suppose at first sight, is she?"

"Yes…" Raskolnikov let out through his teeth, looking away but realizing that it was more to his advantage to keep the conversation going.

"Isn't that so?" cried Razumikhin, evidently delighted that he had been answered. "But she isn't clever either, eh? A completely, completely unexpected character! I'm somewhat at a loss, brother, I assure you… She must be a good forty. She says thirty-six, and she has every right to. However, I swear to you that I judge her more intellectually, purely by metaphysics; we've got such an emblem tangled up here, brother, it beats your algebra! I don't understand a thing! Well, that's all nonsense, but only she, seeing that you weren't a student anymore, had lost your lessons and your clothes, and that after the young lady's death there was no reason for her to keep you on a family footing anymore, suddenly took fright; and since you, for your part, had crawled into a corner and kept up nothing of the old ways, she took it into her head to drive you out of the apartment. She'd been nursing that intention a long time, but she was sorry to lose the note. Besides, you yourself kept assuring her that your mamma would pay…"

"I said that out of my own baseness… My mother is practically begging for alms herself… and I lied so they'd keep me in the apartment and… feed me," said Raskolnikov, loudly and distinctly.

"Yes, that was sensible of you. Only the whole trick is that just then up pops Mr. Chebarov, court councillor and man of business. Without him Pashenka would never have thought of anything,

she's much too bashful; but a man of business isn't bashful, and first of all, naturally, he put the question: is there any hope of realizing on the little note? Answer: there is, because there's a mamma who, out of her pension of a hundred and twenty-five roubles, will bail out her Rodenka even if she has to go without food herself, and there's a sister who would sell herself into bondage for her brother. That's what he based it on… Why are you squirming? I've found out all your innermost secrets now, brother; it wasn't for nothing you were confiding in Pashenka when you were still on a family footing, and I'm saying this now out of love… That's just it: an honest and sensitive man confides, and the man of business listens and eats, and then eats you up. So she made over this little note to this Chebarov as if in payment, and he formally demanded payment, without the least embarrassment. When I found all this out I wanted to send a current through him too, just to clear my conscience, but by then Pashenka and I had arrived at harmony, and I ordered the whole business stopped, at the very source, so to speak, guaranteeing that you'd pay. I vouched for you, brother, do you hear? We called in Chebarov, stuck ten roubles in his teeth, got the paper back, and here I have the honor to present it to you —they take your word for it now—here, take it, and I've torn it properly."

Razumikhin laid the promissory note on the table; Raskolnikov glanced at it and, without saying a word, turned away to the wall. Even Razumikhin winced.

"I see, brother," he said a minute later, "that I've made a fool of myself again. I thought I'd amuse you and entertain you with my chatter, and it seems I've only stirred up your bile."

"Was it you I didn't recognize in my delirium?" asked Raskolnikov, after he too had been silent for a minute, without turning his head.

"Me, and you even went into a frenzy on that account, especially once when I brought Zametov along."

"Zametov?... The head clerk?... What for?" Raskolnikov quickly turned around and fixed his eyes on Razumikhin.

"Why are you so... What's got you alarmed? He wanted to make your acquaintance; he wanted to himself, because we'd talked a lot about you... Otherwise who would I have found out so much about you from? He's a splendid fellow, brother, the most wonderful... in his own way, naturally. We're friends now; we see each other almost every day. I've moved to this part of town, you know. You don't know yet? I just moved. We've been to Laviza's together twice. You remember Laviza, Laviza Ivanovna?"

"Did I rave about anything?"

"I should say so! You weren't yourself, sir."

"What did I rave about?"

"Listen to him! What did he rave about? Everybody knows what people rave about... Well, brother, now, so as not to waste time, to business."

He got up from his chair and grabbed his cap.

"What did I rave about?"

"Won't he give it a rest! You're not afraid about some secret, are you? Don't worry: nothing was said about the countess. But about some bulldog, and earrings, and some chains, and Krestovsky Island, and some caretaker, and Nikodim Fomich, and Ilya Petrovich, the assistant superintendent, there was a lot of talk. And besides that, you were pleased to take a great interest in your own sock, very great indeed! You kept whining: give it to me, and that's all. Zametov himself hunted for your socks in every corner, and handed you that rubbish with his own little hands, washed in scent, with rings on. Only then did you calm down, and for a whole day and night you held that rubbish in your hands; we couldn't pry it loose. It must still be lying somewhere under your blanket. And

then you kept asking for the fringe off your trousers, and how tearfully! We tried to find out: what fringe was that? But we couldn't make anything out... Well, sir, to business! Here are thirty-five roubles; I'm taking ten of them, and in a couple of hours or so I'll render an account of them. Meanwhile I'll let Zosimov know too, though he ought to have been here long ago anyway, since it's past eleven. And you, Nastenka, look in often while I'm gone, about a drink or anything else he might want... And I'll tell Pashenka what's needed myself, right now. Goodbye!"

"Calls her Pashenka! Oh, you sly mug!" Nastasya said after him; then she opened the door and started eavesdropping, but she couldn't hold out and ran downstairs herself. She was very curious to know what he was talking about down there with the landlady; and in general it was clear that she was completely charmed by Razumikhin.

The moment the door had closed behind her, the sick man threw off his blanket and jumped out of bed like a madman. With burning, convulsive impatience he had been waiting for them to leave as soon as possible, so that the moment they were gone he could set to work. But to what, to what work?—now, as if on purpose, he seemed to have forgotten. "Lord! Tell me just one thing: do they know about everything or don't they know yet? And what if they know already and are only pretending, teasing me while I'm lying here, and then suddenly they'll come in and say that it's all been known for a long time and that they were only... What should I do now? There, I've forgotten, as if on purpose; suddenly forgotten, and I remembered just now!..."

He stood in the middle of the room and looked around in tormenting perplexity; went to the door, opened it, listened; but that wasn't it. Suddenly, as if remembering, he rushed to the corner where the hole in the wallpaper was, began examining everything, put his hand into the hole, felt around, but that wasn't it either. He

went to the stove, opened it, and began rummaging in the ashes: the bits of fringe from his trousers and the shreds of the torn-out pocket were lying there just as he had thrown them in that time, so nobody had looked! Then he remembered the sock Razumikhin had just been telling him about. True, there it was lying on the sofa, under the blanket, but it had become so rubbed and so dirty since then that of course Zametov could not have made anything out.

"Bah, Zametov!... the police office!... And why are they summoning me to the police office? Where's the summons? Bah!... I've mixed it up: that was when they summoned me before! I was examining the sock then too, and now... now I've been ill. And why did Zametov come in? Why did Razumikhin bring him?..." he muttered helplessly, sitting down on the sofa again. "What is this? Is it all still delirium going on with me, or is it real? It seems to be real... Ah, I remember: run! Run quickly, without fail, without fail, run! Yes... but where? And where are my clothes? No boots! They've taken them away! Hidden them! I understand! Ah, here's my coat—they overlooked it! And here's the money on the table, thank God! And here's the note... I'll take the money and leave, and rent another apartment, they won't track me down!... Yes, but the address bureau? They'll find me! Razumikhin will find me. Better to run away altogether... far away... to America, and the hell with them! And take the note... it'll come in handy there. What else should I take? They think I'm ill! They don't even know that I can walk, heh-heh-heh!... I could tell by their eyes that they know everything! If only I can get down the stairs! And what if they have guards posted down there, policemen! What's this, tea? Ah, and there's some beer left, half a bottle, cold!"

He grabbed the bottle, which still had a whole glassful of beer left in it, and drank it off at one gulp with delight, as though putting out a fire in his chest. But not even a minute had passed

before the beer went to his head, and a light and even pleasant chill ran down his back. He lay down and pulled the blanket over himself. His thoughts, sick and incoherent enough as it was, became more and more confused, and soon sleep, light and pleasant, took hold of him. With delight he found a place for his head on the pillow, wrapped himself more snugly in the soft quilted blanket that was on him now instead of the old torn greatcoat, sighed softly, and fell into a deep, sound, healing sleep.

He woke up hearing someone come into his room, opened his eyes, and saw Razumikhin, who had flung the door wide open and was standing on the threshold, uncertain whether to come in or not. Raskolnikov quickly raised himself on the sofa and looked at him, as if straining to remember something.

"Ah, you're not asleep, well, here I am! Nastasya, bring the bundle up here!" Razumikhin shouted downstairs. "You'll have your account in a minute..."

"What time is it?" asked Raskolnikov, looking around anxiously.

"Well, brother, you had yourself a grand sleep: it's evening outside, must be about six. You slept six hours and then some..."

"Lord! What's the matter with me!..."

"What of it? Good for you! Where are you hurrying to? A rendezvous, or what? All our time is our own now. I've been waiting for you for three hours already; I looked in a couple of times, you were asleep. I called on Zosimov twice: not at home, and that's that! Never mind, he'll come!... I was off on my own little affairs too. I moved today, you know, moved for good, with my uncle. I have an uncle now, you know... Well, the devil with it, to business!... Give me the bundle, Nastenka. We'll just... And how are you feeling, brother?"

"I'm well; I'm not ill... Razumikhin, have you been here long?"

"I told you, I've been waiting three hours."

"No, but before?"

"What before?"

"Since when have you been coming here?"

"Why, I told you all about it this morning; don't you remember?"

Raskolnikov fell to thinking. What had happened that morning came back to him as if in a dream. He could not remember it by himself and looked questioningly at Razumikhin.

"Hm!" said Razumikhin. "Forgot! I had a feeling this morning that you still weren't quite in your… Now the sleep has set you right… Honestly, you look much better. Good man! Well, to business! You'll remember in a minute. Look over here, my dear man."

He began untying the bundle, which evidently interested him enormously.

"This, brother, believe it or not, has been especially close to my heart. Because we've got to make a man of you. Let's begin: we'll start from the top. Do you see this cap?" he began, taking out of the bundle a fairly nice but at the same time very ordinary and cheap cap. "Let me try it on you?"

"Later, afterward," said Raskolnikov, waving him away peevishly.

"No, brother Rodya, don't resist, later will be too late; and I won't sleep all night, because I bought it without measurements, by guesswork. Just right!" he exclaimed triumphantly, having tried it on him. "Just the right size! Headgear, brother, is the very first thing in a costume, a recommendation of a sort. Tolstyakov, a friend of mine, is obliged to take off his lid every time he goes into some public place where everyone else is standing around in hats and caps. Everybody thinks it's from servile feelings, but it's simply that he's ashamed of his bird's nest: such a bashful man! Well, Nastenka, here are two pieces of headgear for you: this palmerston" (he fetched from the corner Raskolnikov's battered round hat, which for some unknown reason he called a palmerston) "or this little jeweler's gem? Make an estimate, Rodya, what do you

think I paid? Nastasyushka?" he turned to her, seeing that Raskolnikov said nothing.

"Gave twenty kopecks, I bet," answered Nastasya.

"Twenty kopecks, you silly!" he shouted, offended. "Nowadays twenty kopecks wouldn't buy even you—eighty kopecks! And that only because it's been worn. True, it comes with a condition: when you wear this one out, they give you another free next year, by God! Well, sir, now let us proceed to the United States of America, as we used to call them at school.[2] I warn you—I'm proud of the trousers!" And he spread out before Raskolnikov a pair of gray trousers of light summer wool. "Not a hole, not a spot, and quite decent, though worn, and the waistcoat the same, all one color, as fashion demands. And as for being worn, to tell the truth, that's even better: softer, smoother... You see, Rodya, to make a career in the world, it's enough, in my opinion, always to observe the season; if you don't demand asparagus in January, you'll save a few roubles in your purse; the same goes for this purchase. It's the summer season now, and I made a summer purchase, because by autumn the season will require warmer material anyway, so you'd have to throw these away... all the more since by then they'll have managed to fall apart on their own, if not from increasing luxury, then from internal disorders. Well, make an estimate! How much, do you think? Two roubles twenty-five kopecks! And remember, again with the same condition: wear these out, and next year you take another pair free! That's the only way they trade at Fedyaev's shop: pay once, and it's enough for a lifetime, because you won't go back a second time yourself. Well, sir, now let us proceed to the boots—how about them? You can see they're worn, but they'll do you for a couple of months, because they're foreign work and foreign leather: the secretary of the English embassy unloaded them at the flea market last week; he'd only worn them six days, but he

needed the money badly. Price one rouble fifty kopecks. A lucky buy?"

"But maybe they won't fit!" remarked Nastasya.

"Won't fit! And what's this?" And he pulled out of his pocket Raskolnikov's old, stiffened, holey boot, all caked with dried mud. "I went with a spare, and they worked out the real size from this monster. The whole business was conducted with feeling. And as for the linen, I came to terms with the landlady. Here, first of all, are three shirts, linen, but with a fashionable front... Well, sir, so: eighty kopecks the cap, two roubles twenty-five the rest of the outfit, total three roubles five kopecks; one fifty the boots—because they're really very good—total four roubles fifty-five kopecks, and five roubles for all the linen—we bargained for it wholesale—total exactly nine roubles fifty-five kopecks. Forty-five kopecks change, in copper five-kopeck pieces, here you are, sir, kindly accept it—and thus, Rodya, you are now restored in your whole costume, because in my opinion your coat not only can still serve but even has a look of special nobility about it: that's what it means to order from Charmeur! As for socks and everything else, I leave that to you; we have twenty-five roubles left, and don't worry about Pashenka and paying for the apartment; I told you: the most unlimited credit. And now, brother, let me change your linen, because, as like as not, the illness is sitting in that shirt and nowhere else now..."

"Leave it! I don't want to!" Raskolnikov waved him off; he had been listening with revulsion to Razumikhin's strainedly playful report on the purchase of the clothes...

"That, brother, is impossible; what did I wear out my boots for!" Razumikhin insisted. "Nastasyushka, don't be bashful, give us a hand, like this!" And in spite of Raskolnikov's resistance he changed his linen all the same. Raskolnikov fell back on the pillow and for about two minutes said not a word.

“They won’t let go of me for a long time!” he thought. “What money was all this bought with?” he asked at last, looking at the wall.

“Money? Well, I like that! Why, with your own. The artel man was here this morning, from Vakhrushin, your mamma sent it; or have you forgotten that too?”

“Now I remember…” said Raskolnikov after a long and gloomy reverie. Razumikhin, frowning, glanced at him uneasily.

The door opened, and in came a tall, heavyset man who also seemed somewhat familiar to Raskolnikov by sight.

“Zosimov! At last!” cried Razumikhin, delighted.

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1. *Vrazumit* means “to bring to reason”: Razumikhin is playing on his own name, already built on *razum*, “reason.”

2. A schoolboy pun: Russian *Shtaty*, “States,” sounds like *shtany*, “trousers.”

Part Two · IV

Zosimov was a tall, fat man with a puffy, colorlessly pale, clean-shaven face and straight flaxen hair; he wore spectacles and a big gold ring on a finger swollen with fat. He was about twenty-seven. He was dressed in a loose, stylish, light overcoat and light-colored summer trousers, and in general everything on him was loose, stylish, and brand-new; his linen was impeccable, his watch chain massive. His manner was slow, seemingly languid, and at the same time studiedly casual; pretension, though strenuously concealed, peeped through every minute. Everyone who knew him found him a difficult man, but they said he knew his business.

"I came by your place twice, brother… You see, he's come to!" cried Razumikhin.

"I see, I see; well, and how are we feeling now, eh?" Zosimov turned to Raskolnikov, looking at him intently and settling himself on the sofa at his feet, where he at once sprawled out as far as possible.

"He keeps moping," Razumikhin went on. "We just changed his linen, and he almost burst into tears."

"Understandable; the linen could have waited, if he doesn't want it… The pulse is splendid. Head still aching a little, eh?"

"I'm well, I'm perfectly well!" Raskolnikov said insistently and irritably, suddenly raising himself on the sofa, his eyes flashing, but at once he fell back on the pillow and turned to the wall. Zosimov watched him intently.

"Very good… everything as it should be," he said languidly. "Has he eaten anything?"

They told him and asked what could be given.

"Oh, anything can be given… Soup, tea… No mushrooms or cucumbers, naturally, and no beef either, and… well, what's the use of chattering!…" He exchanged glances with Razumikhin. "Away with the mixture and away with everything; and tomorrow I'll have a look… Today would do too… well, never mind…"

"Tomorrow evening I'm taking him for a walk!" Razumikhin decided. "To the Yusupov Garden, and then we'll drop in at the Palais de Cristal."

"Tomorrow I wouldn't even move him, but then again… a little… well, we'll see."

"Eh, what a nuisance, today I'm having my housewarming, just two steps from here; if only he could come. He could at least lie on the sofa among us! And you'll be there?" Razumikhin suddenly turned to Zosimov. "Mind you don't forget, you promised."

"Maybe, but later. What have you got going there?"

"Oh, nothing, tea, vodka, herring. They'll serve a pie: just our own crowd."

"Who, exactly?"

"Oh, all of them from around here, and nearly all new ones, honestly—except maybe my old uncle, and even he's new: he only arrived in Petersburg yesterday, on some sort of little business of his; we see each other once every five years."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, he vegetated all his life as a district postmaster… gets a measly pension, sixty-five years old, not worth talking about… I love him, though. Porfiry Petrovich will come: the local examining magistrate… a law-school man. Why, you know him…"

"Is he some kind of relative of yours too?"

"Some very distant kind; but what are you frowning for? Because you two quarreled once, you might not come, is that it?"

"I don't give a damn about him…"

"So much the better. Well, and then there'll be students, a teacher, one civil servant, one musician, an officer, Zametov..."

"Tell me, please, what can you or he"—Zosimov nodded at Raskolnikov—"have in common with some Zametov or other?"

"Oh, these fussy ones! Principles!... You're all on principles, as if on springs; you don't dare turn around of your own free will; but in my opinion, if a man's good—that's the principle, and I don't want to know anything else. Zametov is a most wonderful man."

"And he lines his pockets."

"Well, so he lines his pockets, and the hell with it! So what if he lines them!" Razumikhin cried suddenly, getting somehow unnaturally irritated. "Did I praise him to you for lining his pockets? I said he's good only in his own way! And if you look straight at people, in every way, then how many good people will be left? Why, I'm sure that for me, guts and all, they'd give you just one baked onion, and that only if they got you thrown in!..."

"That's too little; I'd give two for you..."

"And I'd give only one for you! Go on, be witty! Zametov is still a boy, I'll pull his hair yet, because he has to be drawn in, not pushed away. You won't reform a man by pushing him away, least of all a boy. With a boy you have to be twice as careful. Eh, you progressive blockheads, you don't understand a thing! You don't respect a man, you insult yourselves... And if you want to know, he and I have even got a sort of joint business going."

"I'd like to know what."

"Why, it's all about that housepainter, I mean, the painter... We'll get him off yet! Though now there's no real trouble anymore. The case is completely, completely obvious now! We'll just put on a bit more steam."

"What painter is this?"

"What, didn't I tell you? Or didn't I? Oh, right, I only told you the beginning... about the murder of the old woman pawnbroker,

the civil servant's widow... well, now the painter has got mixed up in it too..."

"Why, I heard about that murder before you did, and I'm even interested in the case... partly... for a certain reason... and I read about it in the papers! But..."

"They killed Lizaveta too!" Nastasya suddenly blurted out, addressing Raskolnikov. She had stayed in the room the whole time, pressed close by the door, listening.

"Lizaveta?" Raskolnikov murmured in a barely audible voice.

"Why, Lizaveta, the peddler woman, don't you know her? She used to come downstairs here. She even mended a shirt for you."

Raskolnikov turned to the wall, where on the dirty yellow wallpaper with little white flowers he picked out one clumsy white flower with some sort of brown lines on it and began examining it: how many little leaves it had, what notches there were on the leaves, and how many lines? He felt that his arms and legs had gone numb, as if paralyzed, but he did not even try to move and kept staring stubbornly at the flower.

"Well, so what about the painter?" Zosimov interrupted Nastasya's chatter with a sort of particular displeasure. She sighed and fell silent.

"Why, they've put him down as the murderer too!" Razumikhin went on hotly.

"Some evidence, or what?"

"Evidence, the devil! Though, as a matter of fact, it is on the evidence, only this evidence is no evidence, that's what needs proving! It's exactly the way they first picked up and suspected those, what's their names... Koch and Pestryakov. Pah! How stupidly it's all done, it makes you sick even as an outsider! Pestryakov may drop in on me today... By the way, Rodya, you already know about this business, it happened before your illness,

exactly the day before you fainted at the police office, when they were talking about it there…"

Zosimov looked at Raskolnikov with curiosity; Raskolnikov did not stir.

"You know what, Razumikhin? Looking at you, I see what a busybody you are, though," remarked Zosimov.

"Never mind that, we'll get him off all the same!" cried Razumikhin, banging his fist on the table. "What's the most galling thing here? It's not that they lie; lying can always be forgiven; lying is a fine thing, because it leads to the truth. No, what's annoying is that they lie and then bow down to their own lies. I respect Porfiry, but… What, for instance, threw them off first of all? The door was locked, and when they came back with the caretaker it was unlocked: well, that means Koch and Pestryakov did the killing! That's their logic for you."

"Don't get excited; they were simply detained; they couldn't very well… By the way: I've met that Koch; it turned out he used to buy up unredeemed pledges from the old woman? Eh?"

"Yes, some sort of crook! He buys up promissory notes too. An entrepreneur. The devil take him! What I'm so angry about, do you understand? I'm angry at their decrepit, banal, hidebound routine… And here, in this one case, a whole new path could be opened. From the psychological data alone you can show how to get onto the true trail. 'We have facts,' they say! But facts aren't everything; at least half the business is how you know how to handle the facts!"

"And do you know how to handle the facts?"

"Well, you can't keep quiet when you feel, feel it in your fingertips, that you could help the case, if only… Eh!… Do you know the case in detail?"

"I'm waiting to hear about the painter."

"Oh, right! Well, listen to the story: exactly on the third day after the murder, in the morning, while they were still fussing over Koch and Pestryakov—even though those two had accounted for every step they took: the obviousness of it screams!—suddenly a most unexpected fact turns up. A certain peasant, Dushkin, who keeps a tavern right across from that very building, comes to the police office and brings a jeweler's case with gold earrings in it and tells a whole tale: 'There come running to me, the day before yesterday, toward evening, sometime after eight'—the day and the hour! you follow?—'a workman, a painter, who'd already been dropping in on me during the day, Mikolai, and he brung me this here box with gold earrings and little stones, and asked two roubles on them in pawn, and when I asked him where he got it, he said he picked it up off the sidewalk. I didn't question him no more about it'—this is Dushkin talking—'but brought him out a ticket—a rouble, that is—because, says I, if he don't pawn it with me he'll pawn it with somebody else, it's all the same, he'll drink it up, so let the thing better stay with me: the farther you put it, the nearer you get it, and if something comes out or rumors start going round, then I'll bring it in.' Well, naturally he's telling old wives' tales, he lies like a horse, because I know this Dushkin, he's a pawnbroker himself and a fence, and he didn't filch a thirty-rouble article off Mikolai in order to 'bring it in.' He simply got scared. Well, the devil with it, listen; Dushkin goes on: 'And this here peasant, Mikolai Dementyev, I've knowed since he was a little shaver, from our province and district, Zaraisk, on account of we're Ryazan folk ourselves. And Mikolai, he ain't a drunkard, but he takes a drop, and it was known to us that he was working in that very building, painting, together with Mitrei, and him and Mitrei are from the same parts. And when he got the ticket he changed it right off, drank two glasses at one go, took his change, and left, and I didn't see Mitrei with him at that time. And the next day we

heard that Alyona Ivanovna and her sister Lizaveta Ivanovna had been killed with an ax, and we used to know them, sir, and then a misdoubt come over me about the earrings—because it was known to us that the deceased lent money on things. I went to their building and started finding out careful-like, on the quiet, and first off I asked: is Mikolai here? And Mitrei told me Mikolai had gone on a spree, come home at dawn, drunk, stayed home about ten minutes, and gone out again, and Mitrei hadn't seen him since and was finishing the work alone. And their work is on the same stairs as the murdered ones, on the second floor. Hearing all that, we didn't let on nothing to nobody then'—this is Dushkin talking—'and we found out everything we could about the murdering and went home still in that same misdoubt of ours. And this morning, at eight o'clock'—that is, it's on the third day, you understand?—'I see Mikolai come in, not sober, but not what you'd call very drunk either, he can follow what's said. He set down on the bench, says nothing. And besides him, at that time, there was only one outside person in the tavern, and another one asleep on the bench, an acquaintance, and two of our boys, sir. "Have you seen Mitrei?" I ask. "No," he says, "I ain't." "And he wasn't here?" "He wasn't," he says, "not since the day before yesterday." "And where'd you spend last night?" "Over on the Sands," he says, "with the Kolomna fellows." "And where," I says, "did you get them earrings that time?" "Why, I found them on the sidewalk," and he says it sort of not natural, and not looking. "And did you hear," I says, "that such and such happened, that very evening and at that hour, on them stairs?" "No," he says, "I ain't heard," but he's listening with his eyes popping out, and all of a sudden he went white as chalk. So I'm telling him, and I look, and he grabs his cap and starts getting up. Then I wanted to hold him: "Wait, Mikolai," I says, "won't you have a drink?" And I winked at the boy to hold the door, and I'm coming out from behind the counter: and how he bolts from me, and out

into the street, and running, and into the alley—that's the last I saw of him. Then I was settled in my misdoubt, because it's his sin, sure as can be…'"

"I should say so!…" said Zosimov.

"Wait! Listen to the end! Naturally, they rushed headlong to hunt for Mikolai: Dushkin was detained and searched, Mitrei too; they turned the Kolomna fellows inside out as well—only suddenly, the day before yesterday, they bring in Mikolai himself: he was detained near the ——sky Gate, at a coaching inn. He'd come there, taken off his cross, a silver one, and asked for a shot of vodka for the cross. They gave it to him. A few minutes later a peasant woman went to the cowshed and saw through a crack: in the shed next door he had tied his sash to a beam, made a noose, stood on a block of wood, and was about to put the noose around his neck; the woman screamed at the top of her lungs, people came running: 'So that's what you are!' 'Take me,' he says, 'to such-and-such a precinct, I'll confess to everything.' Well, with all due honors they presented him at such-and-such a precinct, that is, here. Well, this and that, who, how, how old—'twenty-two'—and so on and so forth. Question: 'When you were working with Mitrei, didn't you see anyone on the stairs, at such-and-such an hour?' Answer: 'Sure, folks might have gone by, but we didn't take no notice.' 'And didn't you hear anything, any noise or the like?' 'We didn't hear nothing in particular.' 'And did you know, Mikolai, on that very day, that such-and-such a widow had been murdered and robbed, with her sister, on such-and-such a day and hour?' 'I don't know nothing about it, never heard tell of it. First I heard of it from Afanasy Pavlych, on the third day, in the tavern.' 'And where did you get the earrings?' 'Found them on the sidewalk.' 'Why didn't you show up for work with Mitrei the next day?' 'On account of I went on a spree.' 'And where did you go on your spree?' 'Oh, here and there.' 'Why did you run away from Dushkin?' 'On account of we got awful

scared then.' 'What were you scared of?' 'That they'd convict me.' 'How could you be scared of that, if you feel yourself in no way guilty?...' Well, believe it or not, Zosimov, that question was put, and literally in those words, I know it for a positive fact, it was reported to me accurately! How about that? How about that?"

"Well, no, but all the same, there is evidence."

"I'm not talking about the evidence now, I'm talking about the question, about how they understand their own essence! Well, the devil!... Well, so they squeezed him and squeezed him, pressed him and pressed him, and he confessed: 'I didn't find it on the sidewalk, says he, I found it in the flat where me and Mitrei was painting.' 'How so?' 'Why, just so, that me and Mitrei was painting the whole day, till eight o'clock, and we was getting ready to leave, and Mitrei took a brush and smeared paint on my mug, he smeared paint right in my mug, and ran off, and me after him. And I'm running after him, and hollering at the top of my lungs; and as I'm coming off the stairs into the gateway, I run smack into the caretaker and some gentlemen, and how many gentlemen was with him I don't recollect, and the caretaker cussed me for it, and the other caretaker cussed me too, and the caretaker's woman come out and cussed us too, and a gentleman was coming into the gateway with a lady, and he cussed us too, on account of me and Mitka was lying across the way: I grabbed Mitka by the hair and threw him down and started pounding him, and Mitka got me by the hair too, from under me, and started pounding me, and we done it not out of spite, but out of all love, that is, playing. And then Mitka got loose and ran off into the street, and me after him, but I didn't catch him and went back to the flat alone—on account of it needed tidying up. I started gathering things and waiting for Mitrei, maybe he'd come back. And by the door to the entry, behind the wall, in the corner, I stepped on the box. I look, there it lies, wrapped in paper.

I took the paper off, I see these teeny little hooks, we undid the little hooks—and in the box there's earrings…'"

"Behind the door? It was lying behind the door? Behind the door?" Raskolnikov suddenly cried, looking at Razumikhin with a clouded, frightened gaze, and slowly raised himself on the sofa, leaning on his hand.

"Yes… why? What's the matter with you? What's got into you?" Razumikhin also rose from his seat.

"Nothing!…" Raskolnikov answered barely audibly, sinking back onto the pillow and again turning to the wall. Everyone was silent for a moment.

"He must have dozed off and was talking half asleep," Razumikhin said at last, looking questioningly at Zosimov; Zosimov made a slight negative sign with his head.

"Well, go on," said Zosimov, "what next?"

"What next? As soon as he saw the earrings, he at once forgot both the apartment and Mitka, grabbed his cap, ran to Dushkin, and, as we know, got a rouble from him, and lied to him that he'd found it on the sidewalk, and at once went off on a spree. And about the murder he confirms what he said before: 'I don't know nothing about it, never heard tell of it, only heard about it on the third day.' 'And why haven't you come forward till now?' 'From fear.' 'And why did you want to hang yourself?' 'From thinking.' 'What thinking?' 'That they'd convict me.' Well, that's the whole story. Now, what do you think they made of it?"

"What's there to think, there's a trail, of a kind, but there is one. A fact. They can't very well let your painter go free?"

"But they've flat out put him down as the murderer now! They don't have any doubts at all anymore…"

"Oh, you're exaggerating; you're getting excited. Well, and the earrings? You must admit yourself that if on that very day and hour the earrings from the old woman's trunk come into Nikolai's

hands—you must admit yourself that they had to get there somehow? That's no small thing in such an investigation."

"How they got there! How they got there?" cried Razumikhin. "And can you, a doctor, you, who are obliged first and foremost to study man and have the opportunity, sooner than anyone else, to study human nature—can you really not see, from all these data, what kind of nature this Nikolai is? Can you really not see from the very first that everything he testified under questioning is the holiest truth? They came into his hands exactly the way he testified. He stepped on the box and picked it up!"

"The holiest truth! But he admitted himself that he lied the first time?"

"Listen to me, listen carefully: the caretaker, and Koch, and Pestryakov, and the other caretaker, and the first caretaker's wife, and the townswoman who was sitting with her in the caretaker's lodge at the time, and Court Councillor Kryukov, who at that very minute had got down from a cab and was coming into the gateway arm in arm with a lady—all of them, that is, eight or ten witnesses, unanimously testify that Nikolai had pinned Dmitry to the ground, was lying on top of him and pounding him, and Dmitry had grabbed him by the hair and was pounding him too. They're lying across the way and blocking the passage; they're being cursed from all sides, and they, 'like little kids' (the witnesses' literal expression), are lying on top of each other, squealing, fighting, and laughing, both of them laughing their heads off, racing each other, with the funniest faces, and chasing each other, just like children, they ran out into the street. You heard that? Now note this carefully: the bodies upstairs were still warm, you hear, warm, that's how they were found! If they had done the killing, or only Nikolai, and on top of that had robbed the trunks by breaking them open, or only had some part in the robbery, then allow me to ask you just one question: does such a state of mind, that is, squeals, laughter,

a childish fight in the gateway—square with axes, with blood, with fiendish cunning, with caution, with robbery? They've just killed, only some five or ten minutes before—because that's how it comes out, the bodies are still warm—and suddenly, leaving the bodies and the apartment unlocked, and knowing that people have just gone up there, and leaving the loot, they roll around in the passage like little kids, laughing, drawing everyone's attention to themselves, and there are ten unanimous witnesses to that!"

"Strange, of course! Certainly impossible, but..."

"No, brother, not 'but,' but if the earrings, which turned up in Nikolai's hands on the same day and hour, really do constitute an important factual piece of evidence against him—one that is, however, directly explained by his testimony, and therefore still disputable evidence—then the exculpatory facts have to be taken into consideration too, all the more since they are irrefutable facts. And what do you think, given the character of our jurisprudence, will they accept, or are they capable of accepting, such a fact—based solely on a psychological impossibility alone, on a state of mind alone—as an irrefutable fact that demolishes all the incriminating and material facts, whatever they may be? No, they won't accept it, they won't accept it for anything, because, they say, the box was found and the man tried to hang himself, 'which could not have happened if he didn't feel himself guilty!' That's the capital question, that's what I'm getting excited about! Understand!"

"Yes, I can see you're getting excited. Wait, I forgot to ask: what proves that the box with the earrings actually came from the old woman's trunk?"

"That's been proved," answered Razumikhin, frowning and as if reluctantly. "Koch recognized the article and pointed out the pledger, and he positively proved that the article was his."

"That's bad. Now another thing: did anyone see Nikolai at the time when Koch and Pestryakov went upstairs, and can't that be

proved somehow?"

"That's just it, nobody saw him," Razumikhin answered with vexation. "That's just what's bad; even Koch and Pestryakov didn't notice them when they went upstairs, though their testimony wouldn't mean very much now anyway. 'We saw,' they say, 'that the apartment was open, that there must have been work going on in it, but we didn't pay attention as we passed, and we don't remember exactly whether the workmen were there at that moment or not.'"

"Hm. So the only exoneration there is, is that they were pounding each other and laughing. Granted, that's strong proof, but... Let me ask you now: how do you yourself explain the whole fact? How do you explain his finding the earrings, if he really did find them the way he testifies?"

"How do I explain it? What's there to explain: the thing is clear! At least the road along which the case must be pursued is clear and proven, and it was precisely the box that proved it. The real murderer dropped those earrings. The murderer was upstairs when Koch and Pestryakov were knocking, and he was sitting behind the bolt. Koch made a fool of himself and went downstairs; then the murderer slipped out and ran downstairs too, because he had no other way out. On the stairs he hid from Koch, Pestryakov, and the caretaker in the empty apartment, at precisely the moment when Dmitry and Nikolai had run out of it, stood behind the door while the caretaker and the others went upstairs, waited till the footsteps died away, and went downstairs as calm as you please, at exactly the moment when Dmitry and Nikolai had run out into the street, and everyone had dispersed, and no one was left in the gateway. Maybe somebody even saw him, but didn't notice him; there are plenty of people passing by. And he dropped the box out of his pocket when he was standing behind the door, and didn't notice he'd dropped it, because he had other things on

his mind. And the box clearly proves that he stood precisely there. That's the whole trick!"

"Clever! No, brother, that's clever. That's cleverest of all!"

"But why, why?"

"Because it all fits together too neatly… and is too well woven… just like in the theater."

"E-ekh!" Razumikhin was beginning to exclaim, but at that moment the door opened and in came a new person, unknown to anyone present.

Part Two · V

This was a gentleman no longer young, stiff, portly, with a cautious and peevish physiognomy, who began by stopping in the doorway and looking around with offensively undisguised surprise, as if asking with his eyes: "Where on earth have I ended up?" Distrustfully, and even with an affectation of a certain alarm, almost of affront, he surveyed Raskolnikov's cramped and low "ship's cabin." With the same surprise he then shifted and fixed his eyes on Raskolnikov himself, undressed, disheveled, unwashed, lying on his wretched dirty sofa and also motionlessly studying him. Then, with the same deliberateness, he began to study the tousled, unshaven, and uncombed figure of Razumikhin, who in his turn was looking him straight in the eye, insolently and questioningly, without moving from his place. A tense silence lasted for about a minute, and at last, as was to be expected, there was a small change of scene. Realizing, no doubt, from certain data, which were, by the way, very striking, that an exaggeratedly stern bearing would get him absolutely nowhere here in this "ship's cabin," the gentleman who had come in softened somewhat and said politely, though not without sternness, addressing Zosimov and rapping out each syllable of his question:

"Rodion Romanych Raskolnikov, a student, or a former student?"

Zosimov stirred slowly and might perhaps have answered, if Razumikhin, who had not been addressed at all, had not at once forestalled him:

"Why, there he is lying on the sofa! And what do you want?"

This familiar “and what do you want?” fairly cut the stiff gentleman off at the knees; he very nearly turned toward Razumikhin, but managed to restrain himself in time and quickly turned back to Zosimov.

“That’s Raskolnikov!” mumbled Zosimov, nodding at the sick man, and then yawned, opening his mouth somehow extraordinarily wide and holding it that way extraordinarily long. Then he slowly reached into his waistcoat pocket, took out an enormous, bulging gold hunter watch, opened it, looked, and just as slowly and lazily set about putting it back.

Raskolnikov himself lay silent all this time, on his back, and stared stubbornly, though without any thought at all, at the newcomer. His face, turned away now from the curious flower on the wallpaper, was extremely pale and expressed extraordinary suffering, as though he had just undergone an agonizing operation or had just been released from torture. But little by little the gentleman who had come in began to arouse in him more and more attention, then perplexity, then distrust, and even something like fear. And when Zosimov, pointing at him, said, “That’s Raskolnikov,” he suddenly raised himself quickly, almost jumping up, sat up in bed, and said in an almost defiant but faltering and weak voice:

“Yes! I’m Raskolnikov! What do you want?”

The visitor looked at him attentively and pronounced impressively:

“Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin. I am in full hope that my name is not entirely unknown to you by now.”

But Raskolnikov, who had been expecting something quite different, looked at him dully and pensively and made no answer, as though he were hearing Pyotr Petrovich’s name decidedly for the first time.

“What? Can it be that you have not yet been pleased to receive any communications?” asked Pyotr Petrovich, somewhat put out.

In answer to this Raskolnikov slowly sank back on the pillow, put his hands behind his head, and began looking at the ceiling. Dismay showed in Luzhin's face. Zosimov and Razumikhin began looking him over with still greater curiosity, and at last he was visibly embarrassed.

"I had supposed and calculated," he mumbled, "that a letter dispatched more than ten days ago, indeed almost two weeks..."

"Listen, why do you keep standing by the door?" Razumikhin suddenly interrupted. "If you have something to explain, then sit down, there's no room for the two of you there, you and Nastasya. Nastasyushka, step aside, let him through! Come in, here's a chair for you, here! Squeeze on through!"

He moved his chair back from the table, freed a little space between the table and his knees, and waited in a somewhat strained position for the visitor to "squeeze through" this little gap. The moment was so chosen that it was quite impossible to refuse, and the visitor made his way through the narrow space, hurrying and stumbling. Having reached the chair, he sat down and looked suspiciously at Razumikhin.

"Don't be embarrassed, though," Razumikhin blurted out. "Rodya has been ill for five days now and delirious for three, but now he's come to and even ate with an appetite. That's his doctor sitting there, he's just examined him, and I'm Rodka's comrade, also a former student, and now I'm nursing him; so don't count us and don't feel shy, just go on with whatever it is you need."

"Thank you. But will I not disturb the patient with my presence and conversation?" Pyotr Petrovich turned to Zosimov.

"N-no," mumbled Zosimov, "you may even amuse him," and he yawned again.

"Oh, he's been in his right mind for a long time, since this morning!" Razumikhin went on, and his familiarity had such an air of unfeigned simplicity that Pyotr Petrovich thought it over and

began to take heart, perhaps partly also because this ragamuffin and impudent fellow had managed after all to introduce himself as a student.

"Your mamma..." Luzhin began.

"Hm!" Razumikhin went loudly. Luzhin looked at him questioningly.

"Never mind, just me; go on..."

Luzhin shrugged.

"...Your mamma, while I was still with them, began a letter to you. On arriving here, I deliberately let a few days go by and did not come to see you, so as to be fully certain that you had been informed of everything; but now, to my surprise..."

"I know, I know!" Raskolnikov said suddenly, with an expression of the most impatient vexation. "Is it you? The fiancé? Well, I know!... and that's enough!"

Pyotr Petrovich was decidedly offended, but kept silent. He was hurrying with all his might to figure out what all this meant. For about a minute the silence continued.

Meanwhile Raskolnikov, who had turned slightly toward him as he answered, suddenly began studying him again, intently and with a sort of particular curiosity, as though he had not managed to study all of him earlier or as though something new in him had struck him: he even raised himself from the pillow on purpose for this. And indeed, there was something particular, as it were, that was striking in Pyotr Petrovich's general appearance, namely, something that seemed to justify the title of "fiancé" so unceremoniously given him just now. In the first place, it was evident, and even all too noticeable, that Pyotr Petrovich had hastened strenuously to make use of his few days in the capital to get himself dressed up and spruced up while awaiting his bride, which, however, was quite innocent and permissible. Even his own, perhaps even too self-satisfied, own awareness of his pleasant change for

the better might have been forgiven on such an occasion, for Pyotr Petrovich was on the footing of a fiancé. All his clothes were fresh from the tailor's, and everything was fine, except perhaps only that everything was too new and too plainly betrayed a certain purpose. Even the stylish, brand-new round hat bore witness to this purpose: Pyotr Petrovich treated it somehow too respectfully and held it too carefully in his hands. Even the charming pair of lilac gloves, genuine Jouvins, bore witness to the same thing, if only by the fact that they were not worn but just carried in the hand for show. In Pyotr Petrovich's clothes light and youthful colors predominated. He wore a pretty summer jacket of a light brown shade, light-colored lightweight trousers, a waistcoat to match, fine linen just purchased, a very light cambric tie with pink stripes, and best of all: all this even suited Pyotr Petrovich. His face, very fresh and even handsome, looked younger than his forty-five years anyway. Dark side-whiskers pleasantly shaded it on both sides, in the shape of two cutlets, and thickened very handsomely beside his gleaming, clean-shaven chin. Even his hair, by the way only just a little touched with gray, combed and curled at the barber's, did not by that circumstance present anything ridiculous or any sort of stupid look, which is usually always the case with curled hair, since it gives the face an inevitable resemblance to a German on his way to the altar. If there really was anything unpleasant and repellent in this rather handsome and solid physiognomy, it came from other causes. Having studied Mr. Luzhin without ceremony, Raskolnikov smiled venomously, sank back on the pillow, and went on looking at the ceiling as before.

But Mr. Luzhin steeled himself and, it seemed, decided not to notice all these oddities for the time being.

"I regret very, very much to find you in such a condition," he began again, breaking the silence with an effort. "Had I known of your indisposition, I would have called sooner. But, you know, all

the bustle!... I have, besides, a very important case in my capacity as attorney before the Senate. Not to mention those concerns which you, too, will guess. Your family, that is, your mamma and sister, I expect any hour..."

Raskolnikov stirred and was about to say something; his face showed some agitation. Pyotr Petrovich paused, waited, but since nothing followed, he went on:

"...Any hour. I have found them an apartment for the time being..."

"Where?" Raskolnikov said weakly.

"Very close to here, Bakaleev's house..."

"That's on Voznesensky," Razumikhin interrupted. "Two floors of furnished rooms; the merchant Yushin runs it; I've been there."

"Yes, furnished rooms, sir..."

"The most terrible vileness: filth, stench, and a shady place besides; things have happened there; and the devil knows who doesn't live there!... I went there myself over a scandalous business. It's cheap, though."

"I could not, of course, gather so much information, being new here myself," Pyotr Petrovich objected touchily, "but, still, two very, very clean little rooms, and since it is for a very short time... I have already found our real, that is, our future apartment," he turned to Raskolnikov, "and it is being done up now; and in the meantime I am crowded in furnished rooms myself, two steps from here, at Mrs. Lippewechsel's, in the apartment of a young friend of mine, Andrei Semyonych Lebezyatnikov; it was he who pointed out Bakaleev's house to me..."

"Lebezyatnikov?" Raskolnikov said slowly, as if remembering something.

"Yes, Andrei Semyonych Lebezyatnikov, who serves in a ministry. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Yes... no..." answered Raskolnikov.

"Forgive me, it seemed so to me from your question. I was once his guardian… a very nice young man… and one who keeps up with things… I am glad, for my part, to meet young people: you learn from them what is new." Pyotr Petrovich looked around hopefully at all those present.

"In what respect?" asked Razumikhin.

"In the most serious, so to speak, in the very essence of the matter," Pyotr Petrovich took up, as if delighted by the question. "I have not, you see, visited Petersburg for ten years. All these novelties of ours, reforms, ideas—all this has touched us too, in the provinces; but to see more clearly and to see everything, one must be in Petersburg. Well, sir, and my idea is precisely this: that you notice and learn most of all by observing our younger generations. And I confess: I have been gladdened…"

"By what, exactly?"

"Your question is a broad one. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me I find a clearer view, more, so to speak, criticism; more practicality…"

"That's true," Zosimov let drop.

"You're lying, there's no practicality," Razumikhin pounced. "Practicality is hard to come by, it doesn't fall from the sky for nothing. And for nearly two hundred years now we've been weaned from doing anything… Ideas, maybe, are fermenting," he turned to Pyotr Petrovich, "and there's a desire for good, though a childish one; and even honesty can be found, in spite of the fact that swindlers beyond counting have come pouring in, but practicality there still isn't! Practicality walks around in boots."

"I cannot agree with you," Pyotr Petrovich objected with visible enjoyment. "Of course there are enthusiasms, irregularities, but one must be indulgent too: the enthusiasms testify to ardor for the cause and to the irregular external circumstances in which the cause finds itself. And if little has been done, then there has not

been much time either. Not to speak of the means. In my personal view, however, if you like, something has even been done: new, useful ideas have been disseminated, certain new, useful works have been disseminated in place of the former dreamy and romantic ones; literature is taking on a more mature shade; many harmful prejudices have been rooted out and ridiculed... In a word, we have irrevocably cut ourselves off from the past, and that, in my opinion, is already something, sir..."

"Learned it by heart! Showing his credentials," Raskolnikov said suddenly.

"What, sir?" asked Pyotr Petrovich, who had not caught it, but he received no answer.

"That's all perfectly fair," Zosimov hastened to put in.

"Isn't it so, sir?" Pyotr Petrovich went on, with an agreeable glance at Zosimov. "You must agree yourself," he went on, addressing Razumikhin, but now with a shade of a certain triumph and superiority, and he nearly added "young man," "that there is prosperity, or, as they say now, progress, if only in the name of science and economic truth..."

"A commonplace!"

"No, not a commonplace, sir! If, for instance, up to now I have been told, 'Love,' and I loved, then what came of it?" Pyotr Petrovich went on, perhaps with excessive haste. "What came of it was that I tore my coat in half and shared it with my neighbor, and we were both left half naked, as in the Russian proverb: 'Chase several hares at once, and you won't catch a single one.' Science, however, says: love yourself first of all, for everything in the world is based on personal interest. Love yourself alone, and you will manage your affairs properly, and your coat will remain whole. Economic truth adds that the more well-ordered private affairs there are in a society, and, so to speak, whole coats, the firmer its foundations and the better ordered its common cause as well.

Consequently, by acquiring solely and exclusively for myself, I am precisely thereby acquiring, as it were, for everyone, and bringing it about that my neighbor receives something more than a torn coat, and that no longer from private, individual largesse, but as a result of universal prosperity. A simple idea, but one which, unfortunately, was too long in coming, obscured by rapturousness and dreaminess, though it would seem that it takes little wit to figure it out…"

"Excuse me, I have no wit either," Razumikhin interrupted sharply, "and so let's drop it. I only started this conversation with a purpose, you know; otherwise all this self-amusing chatter, all these unceasing, uninterrupted commonplaces, and all the same thing over and over, have become so loathsome to me in three years that, by God, I blush when other people, let alone me, talk this way in my presence. You were in a hurry, naturally, to present your credentials in learning, that's quite forgivable, and I don't condemn it. I only wanted to find out now who you are, because, you see, so many assorted entrepreneurs have latched on to the common cause lately, and they've so distorted everything they touched, in their own interest, that they've absolutely fouled up the whole cause. Well, sir, and that's enough!"

"My dear sir," Mr. Luzhin began, bristling with extraordinary dignity, "do you mean, so unceremoniously, to imply that I, too…"

"Oh, mercy, mercy… How could I!… Well, sir, and that's enough!" Razumikhin cut him short and turned sharply to Zosimov to continue their earlier conversation.

Pyotr Petrovich proved intelligent enough to believe the explanation at once. He decided, however, to leave in two minutes.

"I hope that our acquaintance, begun now," he addressed Raskolnikov, "will grow still stronger after your recovery and in view of the circumstances known to you… I particularly wish you good health…"

Raskolnikov did not even turn his head. Pyotr Petrovich began to get up from his chair.

"It was a pledger who killed her, without fail!" Zosimov was saying positively.

"A pledger, without fail!" Razumikhin agreed. "Porfiry doesn't give his thoughts away, but he's questioning the pledgers all the same…"

"Questioning the pledgers?" Raskolnikov asked loudly.

"Yes, why?"

"Nothing."

"Where does he get them from?" asked Zosimov.

"Koch pointed out some; the names of others were written on the wrappings of the articles, and some came on their own when they heard about it…"

"Well, he must be a deft and experienced scoundrel! What boldness! What resolve!"

"That's just it, he's not!" Razumikhin broke in. "That's exactly what throws you all off the track. And I say he's clumsy, inexperienced, and it was surely his first step! Suppose calculation and a deft scoundrel, and it comes out improbable. But suppose an inexperienced man, and it comes out that only chance got him out of trouble, and what won't chance do? Good Lord, he may not even have foreseen any obstacles! And how does he go about it?—he takes things worth ten or twenty roubles, stuffs his pockets with them, rummages in the old woman's chest, among the rags—and in the top drawer of the chest of drawers, in a box, they found fifteen hundred roubles in cash alone, not counting the securities! He didn't even know how to rob, all he knew how to do was kill! The first step, I tell you, the first step; he lost his head! And he wriggled out not by calculation but by chance!"

"This, it seems, is about the recent murder of the old civil servant's widow," Pyotr Petrovich interposed, addressing Zosimov;

he was already standing with his hat and gloves in his hand, but before leaving he had wished to drop a few more clever words. He was evidently anxious to make a favorable impression, and vanity got the better of prudence.

"Yes. Have you heard about it?"

"Why, of course, sir, it's in the neighborhood..."

"Do you know the details?"

"I cannot say I do; but what interests me in this is another circumstance, a whole question, so to speak. I need not mention that crime among the lower classes has increased in the last five years or so; I need not mention the robberies and fires everywhere and unceasing; what is strangest of all to me is that crime among the upper classes is increasing in the same way and, so to speak, in parallel. In one place, you hear, a former student has robbed the mail on the highroad; in another, people who are in the vanguard by their social position are making counterfeit banknotes; in another, in Moscow, they catch a whole gang of forgers of tickets of the last lottery loan—and among the chief participants a lecturer in world history; in another, one of our secretaries abroad is murdered, for a financial and enigmatic reason... And if now this old woman moneylender has been killed by one of her pledgers, then he too, consequently, was a man from a higher stratum of society—for peasants do not pawn gold articles—then how are we to explain this, on the one hand, dissoluteness of the civilized part of our society?"

"There are many economic changes..." responded Zosimov.

"How to explain it?" Razumikhin latched on. "Why, it could be explained precisely by our too inveterate impracticality."

"That is, how so, sir?"

"Why, what did that lecturer of yours in Moscow answer when asked why he forged the tickets: 'Everybody's getting rich in various ways, so I wanted to get rich quickly too.' I don't remember the

exact words, but the sense was, for free, quickly, without effort! We've got used to living with everything provided, to walking in other people's leading strings, to eating food already chewed for us. Well, and when the great hour struck, everybody showed what he really is…"

"But what about morality, though? And, so to speak, principles…"

"But what are you fussing about?" Raskolnikov interfered unexpectedly. "It came out according to your own theory!"

"How, according to my theory?"

"Why, carry what you were preaching just now to its consequences, and it will come out that people can be butchered…"

"Mercy!" cried Luzhin.

"No, that's not so!" responded Zosimov.

Raskolnikov lay pale, his upper lip quivering, breathing with difficulty.

"There is a measure in all things," Luzhin went on haughtily. "An economic idea is not yet an invitation to murder, and if one only supposes…"

"And is it true that you," Raskolnikov suddenly interrupted again, in a voice trembling with spite, in which a sort of joy at the offense could be heard, "is it true that you told your bride… at the very hour you received her consent, that what pleased you most of all was… that she was a pauper… because it's more advantageous to take a wife out of poverty, so as to lord it over her afterward… and reproach her with having been your beneficiary?…"

"My dear sir!" Luzhin cried spitefully and irritably, flushing all over and flustered. "My dear sir… to distort an idea so! Excuse me, but I must tell you that the rumors that have reached you, or rather, that have been brought to you, have not a shadow of sound foundation, and I… suspect who… in a word… this arrow… in a word, your mamma… Even before this, she struck me, with all her

excellent qualities, however, as having a somewhat rapturous and romantic shade to her thinking… But still I was a thousand versts from supposing that she could understand and present the matter in a form so distorted by fancy… And finally… finally…"

"And do you know what?" cried Raskolnikov, raising himself on the pillow and looking at him point-blank with a piercing, glittering gaze. "Do you know what?"

"What, sir?" Luzhin stopped and waited with an offended and defiant air. The silence lasted several seconds.

"Just this, that if you ever again… dare to mention even one word… about my mother… I'll throw you head over heels down the stairs!"

"What's the matter with you!" cried Razumikhin.

"Ah, so that's how it is, sir!" Luzhin turned pale and bit his lip. "Listen to me, sir," he began, deliberately and restraining himself with all his might, but gasping all the same, "I saw through your hostility earlier, from my very first step, but I deliberately stayed here in order to learn still more. Much I could have forgiven a sick man and a relative, but now… you… never, sir…"

"I'm not ill!" cried Raskolnikov.

"All the more so, sir…"

"Go to the devil!"

But Luzhin was already leaving of his own accord, without finishing his speech, again squeezing between the table and the chair; this time Razumikhin got up to let him pass. Without looking at anyone, and without even nodding to Zosimov, who had long been nodding to him to leave the sick man in peace, Luzhin went out, cautiously raising his hat to the level of his shoulder as he stooped to pass through the door. And even the curve of his back seemed on this occasion to express that he was carrying away with him a terrible insult.

“How can you, how can you do that?” said the bewildered Razumikhin, shaking his head.

“Leave me, leave me, all of you!” Raskolnikov cried in a frenzy. “Will you leave me alone at last, you tormentors! I’m not afraid of you! I’m not afraid of anyone, anyone now! Get away from me! I want to be alone, alone, alone, alone!”

“Let’s go!” said Zosimov, nodding to Razumikhin.

“Good Lord, how can we leave him like this?”

“Let’s go!” Zosimov repeated insistently and went out. Razumikhin thought a moment and ran to catch up with him.

“It could have been worse if we hadn’t done as he said,” said Zosimov, already on the stairs. “He mustn’t be irritated…”

“What’s wrong with him?”

“If only he could get some favorable jolt, that’s what he needs! He was strong enough earlier… You know, he’s got something on his mind! Something fixed, weighing on him… I’m very much afraid of that; I really am!”

“Maybe it’s this gentleman, this Pyotr Petrovich! You could tell from the conversation that he’s marrying his sister and that Rodya got a letter about it, right before his illness…”

“Yes; the devil had to bring him now; he may have upset the whole thing. And did you notice that he’s indifferent to everything, says nothing about anything, except one point that drives him out of himself: that murder…”

“Yes, yes!” Razumikhin took up. “I noticed it very much! He’s interested, he’s frightened. They frightened him with it on the very day he fell ill, at the police office, at the superintendent’s; he fainted.”

“You tell me about it in more detail this evening, and afterward I’ll tell you something. He interests me, very much! I’ll look in to check on him in half an hour… There won’t be any inflammation, though…”

“Thank you! And meanwhile I’ll wait at Pashenka’s and keep watch through Nastasya…”

Raskolnikov, left alone, looked at Nastasya with impatience and anguish; but she still lingered.

“Will you drink your tea now?” she asked.

“Later! I want to sleep! Leave me…”

He turned convulsively to the wall; Nastasya went out.

Part Two · VI

But the moment she was gone, he got up, hooked the door shut, untied the bundle of clothes that Razumikhin had brought earlier and tied up again himself, and began to dress. A strange thing: he seemed suddenly to have become completely calm; there was none of the half-crazed delirium of earlier, none of the panic fear of all this last while. It was the first minute of some strange, sudden calm. His movements were precise and clear, and a firm intention showed through them. "Today, this very day!..." he muttered to himself. He understood, however, that he was still weak, but the most intense strain of mind, which had reached the point of calm, of a fixed idea, gave him strength and self-assurance; he hoped, besides, that he would not fall down in the street. Fully dressed, in everything new, he glanced at the money lying on the table, thought a moment, and put it in his pocket. There were twenty-five roubles. He took all the copper five-kopeck pieces too, the change from the ten roubles Razumikhin had spent on the clothes. Then he quietly lifted the hook, went out of the room, went down the stairs, and glanced into the kitchen, which stood wide open: Nastasya was standing with her back to him and, bent over, was blowing on the landlady's samovar. She heard nothing. And who could have supposed that he would go out? A minute later he was already in the street.

It was about eight o'clock; the sun was setting. The stuffiness was the same as before; but he greedily breathed in that stinking, dusty, city-infected air. His head was just beginning to swim a little; some wild energy suddenly glittered in his inflamed eyes and

his wasted, pale yellow face. He did not know, and did not even think, where to go; he knew one thing: "that all this had to be ended today, in one go, right now; that otherwise he would not go back home, because he did not want to live like this." How to end it? With what? Of that he had no notion, and did not want to think. He drove the thought away: the thought tormented him. He only felt and knew that everything had to change, one way or another, "no matter how," he repeated with a desperate, fixed self-assurance and resolve.

From old habit, by the usual way of his former walks, he headed straight for the Haymarket. Before he reached the Haymarket, in the roadway in front of a small grocer's shop, a young dark-haired organ-grinder stood cranking out some highly sentimental romance. He was accompanying a girl of about fifteen who stood in front of him on the sidewalk, dressed like a young lady, in a crinoline, a little mantle, gloves, and a straw hat with a flame-colored feather; all of it old and worn out. In a street voice, cracked but rather pleasant and strong, she was singing out the romance in expectation of a two-kopeck piece from the shop. Raskolnikov stopped beside two or three listeners, listened a while, took out a five-kopeck piece, and put it in the girl's hand. She suddenly broke off her singing on the most sentimental and highest little note, as if she had cut it with a knife, and called out sharply to the organ-grinder, "That'll do!" And the two of them trudged on to the next shop.

"Do you like street singing?" Raskolnikov suddenly addressed a passerby, a man no longer young, who had been standing beside him at the barrel organ and had the look of an idler. The man looked at him wildly and was surprised. "I like it," Raskolnikov went on, but with an air as if he were not talking about street singing at all, "I like it when they sing to a barrel organ on a cold, dark, damp autumn evening, it has to be damp, when all the passersby have

pale-green, sickly faces; or, even better, when wet snow is falling, quite straight down, no wind, you know? and the gas lamps shine through it…"

"I don't know, sir… Excuse me…" muttered the gentleman, frightened both by the question and by Raskolnikov's strange look, and he crossed to the other side of the street.

Raskolnikov walked straight on and came out at that corner of the Haymarket where the tradesman and the woman who had been talking with Lizaveta that time had their stall; but they were not there now. Recognizing the place, he stopped, looked around, and turned to a young fellow in a red shirt who was yawning at the entrance to a flour store.

"It's a tradesman who sells here on the corner, isn't it, with a woman, his wife, eh?"

"All sorts sell here," the fellow answered, sizing Raskolnikov up from on high.

"What's his name?"

"Whatever they christened him."

"You wouldn't be from Zaraisk too, would you? What province?"

The fellow looked at Raskolnikov again.

"Where we come from, Your Excellency, it's not a province, it's a district, and it was my brother did the traveling, and I sat at home, so I don't know, sir… Kindly forgive me, Your Excellency, be so generous."

"Is that an eating house, up there?"

"That's a tavvern, and there's billiards too; and princesses to be found… Tra-la!"

Raskolnikov crossed the square. There, on the corner, stood a dense crowd of people, all peasants. He pushed into the very thickest of it, peering into faces. For some reason he felt drawn to start talking with everyone. But the peasants paid no attention to him, and all kept jabbering away about something among them-

selves, bunching up in little knots. He stood a while, thought, and went off to the right, along the sidewalk, in the direction of V——. Having passed the square, he found himself in a lane…

He had walked through this short lane before; it makes a bend and leads from the square into Sadovaya Street. Lately he had even been drawn to loiter about all these places when he felt sick at heart, "so as to feel sicker still." But now he went in without thinking of anything. There is a big building here, given over entirely to drinking dens and other establishments for eating and drinking; women kept running out of them every minute, dressed the way you go out "to the neighbors'": bareheaded and in nothing but their dresses. In two or three spots they crowded on the sidewalk in groups, mostly by the entrances to the basement floor, where, by two steps, you could go down into various highly amusing establishments. In one of these, just at that moment, there was a banging and a din that carried all down the street, a guitar was strumming, songs were being sung, and it was very merry. A big group of women crowded at the entrance; some were sitting on the steps, others on the sidewalk, others stood talking. Nearby, in the roadway, a drunken soldier with a cigarette was lurching about, swearing loudly, and seemed to want to go in somewhere but as if he had forgotten where. One ragamuffin was swearing at another ragamuffin, and some dead-drunk man lay sprawled across the street. Raskolnikov stopped by the big group of women. They were talking in hoarse voices; all were in cotton print dresses and goatskin shoes, and bareheaded. Some were over forty, but there were some of seventeen as well, almost all with blackened eyes.

For some reason he was taken by the singing and all that banging and din, down there… From below you could hear how, amid guffaws and squeals, to the thin falsetto of a rollicking tune and to the guitar, someone was dancing desperately, beating time with

his heels. He listened intently, gloomily and thoughtfully, bending at the entrance and peering curiously from the sidewalk into the passage.

Oh my handsome watchman, you, / Don't you beat me for nothing, do!—

the singer's thin voice poured out. Raskolnikov wanted terribly to make out what they were singing, as if that were the whole point.

"Shall I go in?" he thought. "They're laughing! Drunk. Well, why not get drunk myself?"

"Won't you come in, dear sir?" one of the women asked in a rather ringing voice that was not yet altogether hoarse. She was young, and even not repulsive—the only one in the whole group.

"Look, a pretty one!" he answered, straightening up and looking at her.

She smiled; she liked the compliment very much.

"You're a very pretty one yourself," she said.

"How skinny you are!" another remarked in a bass voice. "Just let out of the hospital, or what?"

"Look like generals' daughters, and every nose a snub!" suddenly broke in a tipsy peasant who had come up, in an open coat, with a slyly laughing mug. "Look at the fun!"

"Go on in, since you've come!"

"I will! Sweet stuff!"

And he tumbled down below.

Raskolnikov moved on.

"Listen, sir!" the girl cried after him.

"What?"

She grew embarrassed.

"I'd always be glad, dear sir, to share an hour with you, but just now somehow I can't get up the nerve with you. Make me a present, nice gentleman, of six kopecks for a drink!"

Raskolnikov took out what came out: three five-kopeck pieces.

"Oh, what a kindest gentleman!"

"What's your name?"

"Just ask for Duklida."

"No, really, what is this," one of the group suddenly remarked, shaking her head at Duklida. "I just don't know how anybody can ask like that! I think I'd sink through the floor from the shame of it alone..."

Raskolnikov looked curiously at the one who was speaking. She was a pockmarked wench of about thirty, covered in bruises, with a swollen upper lip. She spoke and condemned calmly and seriously.

"Where was it," thought Raskolnikov, walking on, "where was it I read how a man condemned to death, an hour before his death, says or thinks that if he had to live somewhere high up, on a rock, on a ledge so narrow that there was room only for his two feet—and all around there would be chasms, the ocean, eternal darkness, eternal solitude, and eternal storm—and had to stay like that, standing on an arshin[1] of space, all his life, a thousand years, eternity—it would be better to live like that than to die right now! Only to live, to live and live! No matter how—only to live!... What truth! Lord, what truth! Man is a scoundrel! And a scoundrel is he who calls him a scoundrel for it," he added a minute later.

He came out into another street: "Ah! The Crystal Palace! Razumikhin was talking about the Crystal Palace earlier. Only, what was it I wanted? Yes, to read!... Zosimov said he'd read in the newspapers..."

"Have you got newspapers?" he asked, going into a very spacious and even tidy tavern establishment of several rooms, though rather empty. Two or three customers were drinking tea, and in one far room sat a group of four or so drinking champagne.

Raskolnikov thought Zametov was among them. However, from a distance he could not see well.

"So what!" he thought.

"Vodka, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me tea. And bring me some newspapers, old ones, for about five days running, and I'll give you something for vodka."

"Very good, sir. Here's today's, sir. And vodka, sir?"

The old newspapers and the tea appeared. Raskolnikov sat down and began searching: "Izler—Izler—the Aztecs—the Aztecs—Izler—Bartola—Massimo—the Aztecs—Izler…[2] pah, the devil! Ah, here are the local items: woman fell down the stairs—tradesman burned up from drink—fire in Peski—fire on the Petersburg Side—another fire on the Petersburg Side—another fire on the Petersburg Side—Izler—Izler—Izler—Izler—Massimo… Ah, here…"

At last he found what he was after and began to read; the lines jumped before his eyes, but he read the whole "report" through and greedily set about looking for later additions in the following numbers. His hands trembled with convulsive impatience as he turned the sheets. Suddenly someone sat down beside him, at his table. He looked: Zametov, the very same Zametov and looking just the same, with his rings, his watch chains, the part in his black, curly, pomaded hair, in a dandyish waistcoat, a somewhat shabby frock coat, and none-too-fresh linen. He was cheerful, or at least he was smiling very cheerfully and good-naturedly. His swarthy face was a little flushed from the champagne he had drunk.

"What! You here?" he began, puzzled, and in a tone as if he had known him for ages. "Why, only yesterday Razumikhin was telling me you were still out of your mind. How strange! And I was at your place, you know…"

Raskolnikov had known he would come over. He put the newspapers aside and turned to Zametov. There was a smirk on his lips, and some new irritable impatience showed through that smirk.

"That I know, that you were," he answered, "I heard, sir. You were looking for the sock… And you know, Razumikhin is crazy about you, he says you went with him to Laviza Ivanovna's, the one you were trying to help that time, you kept winking at Lieutenant Gunpowder, and he just didn't get it, remember? You'd think you couldn't not get it—it was plain as day… eh?"

"And what a brawler he is!"

"Gunpowder?"

"No, your friend, Razumikhin…"

"You have a fine life, Mr. Zametov; free admission to the pleasantest places! Who was that pouring you champagne just now?"

"Oh, that was us… having a drink… Pouring, you call it?!"

"An honorarium! You take advantage of everything!" Raskolnikov laughed. "Never mind, kindest boy, never mind!" he added, slapping Zametov on the shoulder. "I don't mean it spitefully, but 'out of all, like, love, just playing,' as that workman of yours said when he was pummeling Mitka, there, in the old woman's case."

"And how do you know?"

"Why, maybe I know more than you do."

"How strange you are… You must still be very ill. You shouldn't have gone out…"

"So I seem strange to you?"

"Yes. What are you doing reading newspapers?"

"Newspapers."

"There's a lot about fires…"

"No, I'm not reading about fires." Here he gave Zametov an enigmatic look; a mocking smile again twisted his lips. "No, I'm not reading about fires," he went on, winking at Zametov. "But confess, my sweet youth, you want terribly to know what I was reading about?"

"I don't want to at all; I just asked. Can't a person ask? Why do you keep…"

“Listen, you’re an educated man, literary, eh?”

“I was in the sixth form of the gymnasium,” Zametov answered with a certain dignity.

“The sixth form! Oh, my little sparrow! With a part in his hair, in rings—a rich man! Pah, what a darling little boy!” Here Raskolnikov burst into nervous laughter, right in Zametov’s face. Zametov drew back, and was not exactly offended, but very much surprised.

“Pah, how strange you are!” Zametov repeated very seriously. “It seems to me you’re still raving.”

“Raving? You lie, little sparrow!... So I’m strange? Well, but I make you curious, eh? Curious?”

“Curious.”

“So shall I tell you what I was reading, what I was searching for? Look how many numbers I had them haul out! Suspicious, eh?”

“Well, tell me.”

“Got your ears up?”

“Up where?”

“I’ll tell you later up where, but now, my dearest fellow, I declare to you... no, better: ‘I confess’... No, that’s not it either: ‘I am giving a deposition, and you are taking it down’—that’s it! So I depose that I was reading, was interested... was looking for... searching for...” Raskolnikov narrowed his eyes and waited. “Searching—and came in here for that very purpose—for the murder of the old woman, the official’s widow,” he brought out at last, almost in a whisper, bringing his face extremely close to Zametov’s face. Zametov looked straight back at him, point-blank, without stirring and without drawing his face away from his. What seemed strangest of all to Zametov afterward was that the silence between them lasted exactly one whole minute, and for exactly one whole minute they looked at each other like that.

“Well, so what if you were reading?” he cried suddenly, bewildered and impatient. “What business is it of mine! What of it?”

“It’s that very old woman,” Raskolnikov went on in the same whisper, not stirring at Zametov’s exclamation, “the very one, you remember, that they started telling about in the office, and I fainted. Well, do you understand now?”

“But what is it? What… ‘understand’?” Zametov said, almost in alarm.

Raskolnikov’s fixed and serious face was transformed in a single instant, and suddenly he burst again into the same nervous laughter as before, as though he were utterly unable to restrain himself. And in one flash he recalled, with an extraordinary clarity of sensation, one recent instant when he stood behind the door with the axe, the latch was jumping, they were swearing and pushing at the door, and he suddenly wanted to shout at them, to swear back at them, to stick his tongue out at them, to tease them, to laugh, to laugh out loud, laugh, laugh!

“Either you’re mad, or…” Zametov said—and stopped, as though suddenly struck by a thought that had flashed unexpectedly through his mind.

“Or? Or what? Well, what? Come on, tell me!”

“Nothing!” Zametov answered crossly. “It’s all nonsense!”

They both fell silent. After his sudden, fitlike outburst of laughter, Raskolnikov suddenly became thoughtful and sad. He leaned his elbow on the table and propped his head on his hand. He seemed to have completely forgotten about Zametov. The silence lasted quite a long time.

“Why aren’t you drinking your tea? It’ll get cold,” said Zametov.

“Eh? What? Tea?… All right…” Raskolnikov took a gulp from his glass, put a bit of bread in his mouth, and suddenly, looking at Zametov, seemed to remember everything and as it were gave himself a shake: his face at that same moment took on its original mocking expression. He went on drinking his tea.

“There are a lot of these swindles going on nowadays,” said Zametov. “Just recently I was reading in the *Moscow News* that they caught a whole gang of counterfeiters in Moscow. A whole society. They were forging banknotes.”

“Oh, that was a long time ago! I read about it a month back,” Raskolnikov answered calmly. “So those, in your opinion, are swindlers?” he added with a smirk.

“How are they not swindlers?”

“Those? Those are children, *blancs-becs*,[3] not swindlers! A whole fifty people banding together for a thing like that! Is that possible? Even three would be too many, and then only if each was surer of the others than of himself! Otherwise one of them only has to blab when he’s drunk, and it’s all gone to dust! *Blancs-becs*! They hire unreliable people to change the notes at the banks: trust a job like that to the first comer? Well, suppose it worked even with *blancs-becs*, suppose each of them changed a million for himself, and then what? For the rest of their lives? Each one depending on the others for the rest of his life! Better to hang yourself! And they didn’t even know how to change them: one started changing at a bank, received five thousand, and his hands trembled. He counted four, and took the fifth without counting, on trust, just to get it in his pocket and run away quickly. Well, and he aroused suspicion. And the whole thing burst because of one fool! Is that really possible?”

“That his hands trembled?” Zametov took it up. “No, that’s possible, sir. No, I’m perfectly sure that’s possible. Sometimes you can’t hold out.”

“Hold out against that?”

“And you, I suppose, would hold out? No, I couldn’t have! To go into such a horror for a hundred roubles’ reward! To go with a forged note—where?—into a banking office, where they know that

business inside out—no, I'd lose my nerve. Wouldn't you lose your nerve?"

Raskolnikov suddenly wanted terribly to "stick his tongue out" again. A chill ran down his spine at moments.

"I wouldn't do it like that," he began from afar. "Here's how I'd change them: I'd count the first thousand, about four times over, from every end, peering at every note, and set about the second thousand; I'd start counting it, count to the middle, and pull out some fifty-rouble note, and up to the light with it, and turn it over and up to the light again—isn't it forged? 'I'm afraid, you see: a relative of mine lost twenty-five roubles that way just the other day'; and I'd tell a whole story about it. And when I started counting the third thousand—no, excuse me: I think I counted the seventh hundred wrong back there in the second thousand, I have my doubts, and I'd drop the third and go back to the second—and all five like that. And when I'd finished, I'd pull a note out of the fifth and out of the second, and up to the light again, and doubtful again, 'change it, please'—and I'd sweat the clerk till the seventh sweat poured off him, so he wouldn't know how to get me off his hands! I'd finish it all at last, go off, open the door—but no, excuse me, back I'd come again, to ask about something, get some explanation or other—that's how I'd do it!"

"Pah, what terrible things you say!" said Zametov, laughing. "Only all that is just talk, and in reality you'd surely slip up. In this, I tell you, in my opinion, not only you and I, but even a seasoned, desperate man can't answer for himself. Why look far—here's an example: an old woman was murdered in our district. Now there, you'd think, was a desperate head, took every risk in broad daylight, saved himself only by a miracle—and his hands still trembled: he couldn't manage to rob her properly, he didn't hold out; you can see it from the case…"

Raskolnikov seemed offended.

"You can see it! Well, go on, catch him now, just try!" he cried out, gloatingly egging Zametov on.

"Well, they'll catch him."

"Who? You? You catch him? You'll run yourselves ragged! Here's the main thing for you: is the man spending money or not? Had no money, and now suddenly starts spending—well, how can it not be him? A mere child could fool you on that, if he wanted to!"

"That's just it, they all do that," Zametov answered. "He'll kill cleverly, risk his life, and then right away he's caught in a pothouse. It's by the spending they're caught. They're not all as clever as you. You wouldn't go to a pothouse, of course?"

Raskolnikov knitted his brows and looked intently at Zametov.

"You seem to have got a taste for it, and want to know how I'd act here too?" he asked with displeasure.

"I'd like to," the other answered firmly and seriously. He had begun to speak and look somehow much too seriously.

"Very much?"

"Very much."

"All right. Here's how I'd act," Raskolnikov began, again suddenly bringing his face close to Zametov's face, again looking at him point-blank and speaking again in a whisper, so that this time Zametov even shuddered. "Here's what I'd do: I'd take the money and the things, and as soon as I left there, right away, without stopping anywhere, I'd go somewhere where it's out of the way and there's nothing but fences, and almost nobody around—a kitchen garden or something like that. I'd have spotted beforehand some stone in that yard, a pood or a pood and a half in weight, somewhere in a corner, by the fence, that's been lying there maybe since the house was built; I'd lift that stone—there's bound to be a hollow under it—and in that hollow I'd put all the things and the money. I'd put them in and roll the stone back over them, the way it lay before, press it down with my foot, and walk away. And for a

year I wouldn't take them, for two, for three I wouldn't—well, go and look for it! It was there, and it's gone!"

"You're mad," Zametov brought out, for some reason also almost in a whisper, and for some reason suddenly moved away from Raskolnikov. Raskolnikov's eyes flashed; he turned terribly pale; his upper lip quivered and began to twitch. He leaned toward Zametov as close as he could and began moving his lips without uttering anything; this went on for half a minute or so; he knew what he was doing but could not restrain himself. The terrible word, like the latch on the door that time, was simply jumping on his lips: any moment now it would break loose; any moment now, just let it go, any moment now, just say it!

"And what if it was I who killed the old woman and Lizaveta?" he said suddenly and—came to his senses.

Zametov looked at him wildly and turned white as a tablecloth. His face twisted into a smile.

"But is that possible?" he said, barely audibly.

Raskolnikov looked at him spitefully.

"Admit you believed it? Yes? You did, didn't you?"

"Not at all! Now more than ever I don't believe it!" Zametov said hastily.

"Caught at last! The little sparrow's caught. So you did believe before, if now you 'more than ever don't believe'?"

"But not at all!" Zametov exclaimed, visibly embarrassed. "So that's why you were frightening me, to lead me up to this?"

"So you don't believe it? And what were you talking about without me, that time I walked out of the office? And why did Lieutenant Gunpowder question me after I fainted? Hey, you," he shouted to the waiter, getting up and taking his cap, "how much do I owe?"

"Thirty kopecks in all, sir," the waiter answered, running up.

"And here's another twenty kopecks for vodka. Look how much money!" He held out his trembling hand with the banknotes to Zametov. "Red ones, blue ones, twenty-five roubles. Where from? And where did the new clothes turn up from? You know there wasn't a kopeck! They've questioned the landlady already, I bet... Well, enough! *Assez causé*![4] Goodbye... a most pleasant...!"

He went out, all trembling from some wild, hysterical sensation in which, meanwhile, there was a share of unbearable delight—gloomy, though, and terribly tired. His face was twisted, as if after some fit. His exhaustion was rapidly increasing. His strength was roused and came now all at once, with the first jolt, with the first irritating sensation, and ebbed just as quickly as the sensation ebbed.

And Zametov, left alone, sat on a long while in the same spot, deep in thought. Raskolnikov had inadvertently turned all his thoughts upside down on a certain point and had settled his opinion once and for all.

"Ilya Petrovich is a blockhead!" he decided once and for all.

Raskolnikov had no sooner opened the street door than, suddenly, right on the front steps, he ran into Razumikhin coming in. Neither saw the other even a step away, so that they nearly knocked heads. For some time they measured each other with their eyes. Razumikhin was in the greatest amazement, but suddenly anger, real anger, flashed menacingly in his eyes.

"So this is where you are!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "Ran away from bed! And I even looked for him under the sofa! We went up to the attic, you know! I nearly beat Nastasya on your account... And here he is! Rodka! What does this mean? Tell me the whole truth! Confess! Do you hear?"

"It means that I'm sick to death of all of you, and I want to be alone," Raskolnikov answered calmly.

"Alone? When you can't even walk yet, when your mug's still white as a sheet, and you're gasping for breath! Idiot!... What were you doing in the Crystal Palace? Confess this minute!"

"Let me go!" said Raskolnikov and tried to walk past. This drove Razumikhin out of his mind: he seized him hard by the shoulder.

"Let you go? You dare say 'let me go'? Do you know what I'm going to do with you right now? I'll grab you up in my arms, tie you in a knot, and carry you home under my arm, under lock and key!"

"Listen, Razumikhin," Raskolnikov began quietly and apparently quite calmly, "can't you see that I don't want your good deeds? And why this urge to do good to those who... spit on it? To those, finally, who find it seriously hard to bear? Well, why did you hunt me out at the start of my illness? Maybe I'd have been very glad to die? Well, haven't I shown you plainly enough today that you're tormenting me, that you... bore me sick! What an urge, really, to torment people! I assure you that all this is seriously hindering my recovery, because it irritates me constantly. Zosimov left earlier, didn't he, so as not to irritate me! For God's sake, you leave me alone too! And what right, finally, do you have to keep me by force? Can't you see that I'm speaking in my perfectly right mind now? How, how, teach me, can I finally beg you not to pester me and not to do me good deeds? Let me be ungrateful, let me be base, only leave me alone, all of you, for God's sake, leave me alone! Leave me alone! Leave me alone!"

He had begun calmly, rejoicing in advance at all the venom he was preparing to pour out, and ended in a frenzy and gasping for breath, as with Luzhin earlier.

Razumikhin stood a moment, thought, and let go of his arm.

"Then go to the devil!" he said quietly and almost thoughtfully. "Stop!" he roared suddenly, when Raskolnikov was about to move off. "Listen to me. I declare to you that you're all, every last one of you, little babblers and little braggarts! Get yourselves a little suf-

fering and you fuss over it like a hen with an egg! Even in that you steal from other authors. Not a sign of independent life in you! You're made of spermaceti ointment, and instead of blood you have serum! I don't believe a single one of you! The first thing with you, in all circumstances, is how not to resemble a human being! Sto-o-op!" he shouted with redoubled fury, noticing that Raskolnikov was again starting to leave. "Hear me out! You know I'm having a housewarming party today, maybe they've already come, but I left my uncle there—I just ran in—to receive the guests. So, if you weren't a fool, not a vulgar fool, not a downright fool, not a translation from the foreign... you see, Rodya, I admit you're a clever fellow, but you're a fool!—so, if you weren't a fool, you'd do better to drop in on me today, sit the evening, than wear out your boots for nothing. Since you've gone out, well, it can't be helped! I'd roll you up such soft armchairs, the landlords have some... A bit of tea, company... Or else I'll lay you out on the couch —anyway you'll be lying among us... And Zosimov will be there. Will you come, or what?"

"No."

"Li-i-ar!" Razumikhin cried out impatiently. "How do you know? You can't answer for yourself! And you don't understand anything about it... A thousand times I've spat and broken with people just the same way and then come running back... You'll get ashamed— and you'll come back to the man! So remember, Pochinkov's house, third floor..."

"Why, at this rate you'll let somebody beat you, I suppose, Mr. Razumikhin, for the pleasure of doing good."

"Who? Me? I'll twist his nose off for the mere idea! Pochinkov's house, number forty-seven, in the flat of Babushkin, the civil servant..."

"I won't come, Razumikhin." Raskolnikov turned and walked away.

“I bet you will!” Razumikhin shouted after him. “Otherwise you… otherwise I don’t want to know you! Wait, hey! Is Zametov in there?”

“He is.”

“Did you see him?”

“I saw him.”

“And talked?”

“Talked.”

“About what? Well, devil take you, don’t tell me, then. Pochinkov’s, forty-seven, Babushkin’s, remember!”

Raskolnikov reached Sadovaya Street and turned the corner. Razumikhin looked after him, lost in thought. At last, with a wave of his hand, he went into the building, but stopped halfway up the stairs.

“Devil take it!” he went on, almost aloud. “He talks sense, and yet it’s as if… But I’m a fool too! As if madmen don’t talk sense! And it seemed to me that’s just what Zosimov is a bit afraid of!” He tapped his finger on his forehead. “Well, what if… well, how can I let him go off alone now? He may drown himself… Eh, I’ve blundered! I can’t!” And he ran back, after Raskolnikov, but there was no trace of him. He spat and with quick steps went back into the Crystal Palace to question Zametov as soon as possible.

Raskolnikov went straight to the ——sky Bridge, stood in the middle, at the railing, leaned both elbows on it, and began looking along the water. After parting from Razumikhin, he had grown so weak that he barely made it here. He wanted to sit or lie down somewhere, in the street. Bending over the water, he looked mechanically at the last pink glow of the sunset, at the row of houses darkening in the thickening dusk, at one distant little window, somewhere in a garret, on the left embankment, that blazed as if in flames from the last ray of sun striking it for a moment, at the darkening water of the canal, and seemed to be peering into

that water attentively. At last some red circles began spinning before his eyes, the houses began to move, the passersby, the embankments, the carriages—all of it spun and danced around him. Suddenly he started, saved again, perhaps, from fainting by one wild and hideous sight. He felt that someone had come to stand next to him, on his right, beside him; he looked—and saw a woman, tall, with a kerchief on her head, with a yellow, elongated, drink-ravaged face and reddish, sunken eyes. She was looking straight at him but obviously saw nothing and distinguished no one. Suddenly she leaned her right arm on the railing, raised her right leg and swung it over the rail, then the left, and threw herself into the canal. The dirty water parted and swallowed its victim for an instant, but a minute later the drowning woman floated up, and she was carried slowly downstream, head and legs in the water, back on top, with her skirt bunched up and ballooning over the water like a pillow.

"She's drowned herself! She's drowned herself!" shouted dozens of voices; people came running, both embankments were lined with spectators, on the bridge a crowd gathered around Raskolnikov, pressing and crushing him from behind.

"Merciful heavens, why, it's our Afrosinyushka!" a woman's plaintive cry was heard somewhere not far off. "Merciful heavens, save her! Good people, dear fathers, pull her out!"

"A boat! A boat!" people shouted in the crowd.

But a boat was no longer needed: a policeman ran down the steps of the landing to the canal, threw off his greatcoat and boots, and plunged into the water. There was not much work to it: the drowning woman was being carried by the water two steps from the landing; he grabbed her by the clothes with his right hand, with his left he managed to catch hold of a pole his comrade held out to him, and at once the drowning woman was pulled out. They laid her on the granite slabs of the landing. She came to quickly,

raised herself, and began sneezing and snorting, senselessly wiping her wet dress with her hands. She said nothing.

"She's drunk herself to the horrors, dear sirs, to the horrors," the same woman's voice howled, now beside Afrosinyushka. "The other day she wanted to hang herself too, they took her down from the rope. I just went to the shop now, left a little girl to watch her—and look, what a sin has come of it! She's a townswoman, sir, one of our townsfolk, we live close by, second house from the end, right there…"

The people were dispersing, the police were still busy with the drowned woman, someone shouted something about the office… Raskolnikov looked at it all with a strange feeling of indifference and detachment. He felt disgusted. "No, it's vile… water… not worth it," he muttered to himself. "Nothing will come of it," he added, "no use waiting. What's this, the office… And why isn't Zametov at the office? The office is open till after nine…" He turned his back to the railing and looked around him.

"Well, then! Why not!" he said resolutely, moved off the bridge, and headed in the direction where the office was. His heart was empty and dull. He did not want to think. Even the anguish had passed, not a trace of the energy of earlier, when he had left the house "to end it all!" Complete apathy had taken its place.

"Well, it's a way out!" he thought, walking quietly and listlessly along the canal embankment. "I'll end it anyway, because I want to… But is it a way out? Never mind! There'll be an arshin of space—heh! What an end, though! Can it really be the end? Shall I tell them or not? Eh… devil! And I'm tired: to lie down or sit down somewhere, quickly! The most shameful thing is that it's so very stupid. To hell with that, too. Pah, what stupid things come into your head…"

To get to the office he had to go straight on and take the second turning to the left: it was just two steps away. But when he

reached the first turning, he stopped, thought, turned into a lane, and went the roundabout way, by two streets—perhaps without any purpose, or perhaps to drag out one more minute at least and gain time. He walked looking at the ground. Suddenly it was as if someone whispered something in his ear. He raised his head and saw that he was standing by that house, right at the gates. Since that evening he had not been here and had not passed by.

An irresistible and inexplicable desire drew him. He went into the building, walked through the whole archway, then into the first entrance on the right, and began climbing the familiar stairs to the fourth floor. On the narrow and steep staircase it was very dark. He stopped on each landing and looked around with curiosity. On the first-floor landing the window frame had been taken out entirely: "That wasn't so then," he thought. Here was the second-floor flat where Nikolashka and Mitka had worked: "Locked; and the door freshly painted; so it's up for rent." Here was the third floor… and the fourth… "Here!" Bewilderment seized him: the door of this flat stood wide open, there were people inside, voices could be heard; he had not expected that at all. After hesitating a little, he climbed the last steps and went into the flat.

It too was being redone; there were workmen in it; this seemed to stun him. For some reason he had imagined that he would find everything exactly as he had left it then, even, perhaps, the corpses in the same places on the floor. And now: bare walls, no furniture; strange somehow! He walked over to the window and sat on the windowsill.

There were only two workmen, both young fellows, one older and the other much younger. They were hanging new wallpaper on the walls, white, with little lilac-colored flowers, in place of the old yellow paper, frayed and worn out. For some reason Raskolnikov disliked this terribly; he looked at this new wallpaper

with hostility, as though he were sorry that everything had been so changed.

The workmen had evidently stayed late and were now hurriedly rolling up their paper and getting ready to go home. Raskolnikov's appearance drew almost no attention from them. They were talking about something. Raskolnikov folded his arms and began to listen.

"So she comes to me, see, in the morning," the older one was telling the younger, "early-early-earliest, all dressed up. 'And what are you lemoning at me for,' I says, 'what are you oranging at me for,' I says?—'I want,' she says, 'Tit Vasilyevich, from now on, henceforth, to be entirely at your will.' So that's how it is! And how she was dressed up: a magazine, a regular magazine!"

"And what's a magazine, unc'?" asked the young one. He was evidently taking lessons from "unc'."

"A magazine, that is, my dear brother, is pictures, colored ones, and they come here to the tailors every Saturday, by post, from abroad, about, that is, how everybody should dress, the male sex as well as, equally, the female. A drawing, that means. The male sex is mostly drawn in fur-trimmed coats, but in the female department there's such *soufflers*, brother, that you could give me everything and it wouldn't be enough!"

"And what don't they have in this Piter!" the younger one cried with enthusiasm. "Excepting father and mother, they've got everything!"

"Excepting that, my dear brother, everything's to be found," the older one concluded didactically.

Raskolnikov got up and went into the other room, where the trunk and the chest of drawers had stood before; the room seemed terribly small to him without the furniture. The wallpaper was all the same; in the corner on the wallpaper there was sharply marked the place where the icon case had stood. He looked and

went back to his window. The older workman was eyeing him sidelong.

"What do you want, sir?" he asked suddenly, turning to him.

Instead of answering, Raskolnikov got up, went out into the entryway, took hold of the bell-pull, and pulled. The same bell, the same tinny sound! He pulled a second, a third time; he listened and remembered. The former, agonizingly frightening, hideous sensation began to come back to him more and more vividly and keenly, he shuddered at every ring, and it became more and more pleasant to him.

"What d'you want? Who are you?" the workman shouted, coming out to him. Raskolnikov went back in at the door.

"I want to rent the flat," he said. "I'm looking it over."

"Nobody rents a 'partment at night; and besides, you have to come with the caretaker."

"The floor's been washed; will they paint it?" Raskolnikov went on. "Is there no blood?"

"What blood?"

"Why, the old woman was murdered here, with her sister. There was a whole pool here."

"What sort of man are you?" the workman shouted uneasily.

"Me?"

"Yes."

"You want to know?... Let's go to the police office, I'll tell you there."

The workmen looked at him in bewilderment.

"It's time we were going, sir, we've stayed late. Come on, Alyoshka. We have to lock up," said the older workman.

"Well, let's go!" Raskolnikov answered indifferently, and went out ahead, slowly going down the stairs. "Hey, caretaker!" he shouted as he came out under the gateway.

Several people were standing right at the street entrance to the building, gaping at passersby: both caretakers, a woman, a tradesman in a long robe, and someone else. Raskolnikov went straight up to them.

"What do you want?" one of the caretakers responded.

"Have you been to the police office?"

"Just been. What do you want?"

"Are they sitting there?"

"They are."

"And the assistant is there?"

"He was, a while. What do you want?"

Raskolnikov did not answer and stood next to him, lost in thought.

"He came to look at the 'partment," said the older workman, coming up.

"What 'partment?"

"Where we're working. 'Why,' he says, 'did you wash the blood off? There was a murdering happened here,' he says, 'and I've come to rent it.' And he went to ringing the bell, near tore it off. And let's go to the office, he says, I'll prove it all there. Wouldn't leave off."

The caretaker, puzzled and frowning, examined Raskolnikov.

"And who are you?" he shouted, more menacingly.

"I am Rodion Romanovich Raskolnikov, a former student, and I live in Shil's house, here in the lane, not far from here, in flat number fourteen. Ask the caretaker… he knows me." Raskolnikov said all this somehow lazily and pensively, without turning around and looking intently at the darkened street.

"But what did you come to the 'partment for?"

"To look."

"What's there to look at?"

"What if we just take him to the police office?" the tradesman suddenly joined in, and fell silent.

Raskolnikov looked at him sideways over his shoulder, looked attentively, and said just as quietly and lazily:

"Let's go!"

"Take him, and that's that!" the tradesman took it up, emboldened. "Why was he going on about that, what's he got in his head, eh?"

"Drunk or not drunk, God only knows," muttered the workman.

"But what do you want?" the caretaker shouted again, beginning to get seriously angry. "Why are you pestering?"

"Got scared of the office, have you?" Raskolnikov said to him mockingly.

"Scared of what? Why are you pestering?"

"A sharper!" cried the woman.

"Why waste words on him," shouted the other caretaker, a huge peasant in an open coat with keys at his belt. "Get out!... A sharper, sure enough... Get out!"

And seizing Raskolnikov by the shoulder, he flung him into the street. Raskolnikov nearly went head over heels but did not fall, righted himself, silently looked at all the spectators, and walked on.

"A queer man," said the workman.

"Queer folk nowadays," said the woman.

"Should've taken him to the office all the same," added the tradesman.

"No use getting mixed up," decided the big caretaker. "A sharper, sure as can be! He's asking for it, that's plain, and once you get mixed up, you'll never get unmixed... We know!"

"So do I go, or not," thought Raskolnikov, stopping in the middle of the roadway at the crossing and looking around him, as if expecting a last word from someone. But nothing answered from anywhere; everything was dull and dead, like the stones he walked on, dead for him, for him alone... Suddenly, far off, some two hun-

dred paces from him, at the end of the street, in the thickening darkness, he made out a crowd, talking, shouts... In the midst of the crowd stood some carriage... A little light began to flicker in the middle of the street. “What is it?” Raskolnikov turned to the right and went toward the crowd. It was as though he were clutching at everything, and he smiled coldly, thinking this, because he had surely decided about the office already and firmly knew that it would all be over in a moment.

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1. Arshin: an old Russian measure of length, about 28 inches (71 cm).

2. Items from the Petersburg papers of summer 1865: Izler ran a popular pleasure garden with entertainments; “the Aztecs,” Bartola and Massimo, were two microcephalic dwarfs exhibited in the city as descendants of an ancient Aztec race.

3. French: “greenhorns” (literally “white beaks”); Raskolnikov uses the word in Russianized form.

4. French: “Enough chatter!”

Part Two · VII

In the middle of the street stood a carriage, a stylish gentleman's carriage, harnessed to a pair of spirited gray horses; there was no one in it, and the coachman himself had got down from the box and was standing beside it; the horses were being held by the bridles. All around a great many people were crowding, the police in front of everyone. One of them had a lighted lantern in his hand, with which, bending down, he was lighting up something on the roadway, right by the wheels. Everyone was talking, shouting, gasping; the coachman seemed bewildered and every now and then repeated:

"What a sin! Lord, what a sin!"

Raskolnikov pushed his way through as far as he could and saw at last the object of all this bustle and curiosity. On the ground lay a man who had just been run over by the horses, unconscious, it seemed, very badly dressed, but in "gentleman's" clothes, all covered in blood. Blood was flowing from his face, from his head; his face was all battered, scraped, mangled. You could see he had been run over in earnest.

"Merciful heavens!" the coachman lamented. "How could you watch out for it! If I'd been driving hard, or hadn't shouted to him, but I was going along not in a hurry, steady. Everybody saw: as folks say, so say I. A drunk man won't light a candle to God—everybody knows!... I see him, crossing the street, staggering, about to fall over—I shouted once, and again, and a third time, and I reined the horses in; and he fell right smack under their feet! Whether he did it on purpose, or was just very far from sober... The horses are

young, skittish—they jerked, and he cried out—that set them off worse… and that's the trouble."

"That's just how it was!" some witness's voice spoke up in the crowd.

"He did shout, that's true, he shouted to him three times," another voice responded.

"Three times exactly, everybody heard!" cried a third.

The coachman, however, was not very downcast or frightened. You could see that the carriage belonged to a rich and important owner who was waiting for it somewhere; the police, of course, were taking no little care over how to settle this last circumstance. The man who had been run over had to be taken to the police station and the hospital. No one knew his name.

Meanwhile Raskolnikov squeezed his way through and bent down still closer. Suddenly the lantern brightly lit up the unfortunate man's face; he recognized him.

"I know him, I know him!" he shouted, squeezing all the way to the front. "It's an official, retired, a titular councillor, Marmeladov! He lives here, close by, in Kozel's house… A doctor, quickly! I'll pay, here!" He pulled money out of his pocket and showed it to a policeman. He was in an astonishing state of agitation.

The police were pleased to have learned who the man was. Raskolnikov gave his own name too, gave his address, and with all his might, as though it were a matter of his own father, urged them to carry the unconscious Marmeladov to his flat as quickly as possible.

"Right here, three houses down," he bustled. "Kozel's house, a German, a rich one… He must have been making his way home drunk just now. I know him… He's a drunkard… He has a family there, a wife, children, there's a daughter. It's a long way yet to drag him to the hospital, and here, in the very building, there must be a doctor! I'll pay, I'll pay!… At least he'll have his own people car-

ing for him, they'll help him right away, otherwise he'll die before the hospital…"

He even managed to slip something unnoticed into a hand; the matter, however, was clear and lawful, and in any case help was nearer here. They lifted the injured man and carried him; helpers were found. Kozel's house was some thirty paces off. Raskolnikov walked behind, carefully supporting the head and showing the way.

"This way, this way! You have to carry him up the stairs head first; turn him around… that's it! I'll pay, I'll be grateful," he muttered.

Katerina Ivanovna, as always, the moment she had a free minute, would at once begin walking back and forth in her little room, from the window to the stove and back, her arms tightly crossed on her chest, talking to herself and coughing. Lately she had taken to talking more and more often and at greater length with her elder girl, ten-year-old Polenka, who, though she did not yet understand a great deal, did understand very well that her mother needed her, and therefore always followed her with her big clever little eyes and did all she could, by every artful means, to appear to understand everything. This time Polenka was undressing her little brother, who had been unwell all day, to put him to bed. While waiting to have his shirt changed, which was to be washed that same night, the boy sat silently on a chair, with a serious face, straight and motionless, his little legs stretched out in front of him, pressed tight together, heels toward the public and toes apart. He was listening to what Mama was saying to his sister, his lips pouting, his little eyes goggling, not stirring, exactly as all clever little boys are supposed to sit when they are being undressed to go to bed. A girl still smaller than he, in utter rags, stood by the screen waiting her turn. The door to the stairs was open, to give at least some protection from the waves of tobacco

smoke that burst in from the other rooms and every minute made the poor consumptive woman cough long and agonizingly. Katerina Ivanovna seemed to have grown even thinner that week, and the red spots on her cheeks burned brighter than before.

"You won't believe it, you can't even imagine, Polenka," she was saying, walking about the room, "how gaily and splendidly we lived in Papa's house, and how this drunkard has ruined me and will ruin all of you! Papa was a colonel in the civil service and very nearly a governor; he had only one more step or so to go, so that everyone used to visit him and say: 'We already consider you, Ivan Mikhailych, our governor.' When I... khe! when I... khe-khe-khe... oh, thrice-cursed life!" she cried out, coughing up phlegm and clutching her chest, "when I... ah, when at the last ball... at the marshal of nobility's... Princess Bezzemelnaya saw me—who afterward gave me her blessing when I married your papa, Polya—she asked at once: 'Isn't that the charming girl who danced the shawl dance at the graduation?'... (That tear has to be sewn up; you should take a needle and darn it right now, the way I taught you, or else tomorrow... khe! tomorrow... khe-khe-khe!... it'll tear woorse!" she cried, straining herself)... "Prince Shchegolskoy, a kammerjunker, had only just arrived from Petersburg then... he danced the mazurka with me and wanted to come the very next day with a proposal; but I thanked him myself in flattering terms and said that my heart had long belonged to another. That other was your father, Polya; Papa was terribly angry... Is the water ready? Well, give me the little shirt; and the stockings?... Lida," she turned to her little daughter, "you'll just have to sleep tonight without a shirt; somehow... and put your stockings out beside it... I'll wash them all at once... Why doesn't that ragamuffin come, the drunkard! He's worn his shirt like some old dishrag, torn it all to pieces... I'd do it all at once, so as not to suffer two nights in a row! Lord! Khe-khe-khe-khe! Again! What is it?" she cried out, glancing at the

crowd in the entryway and the people pushing into her room with some kind of burden. “What is it? What are they carrying? Lord!”

“Where do we put him?” asked the policeman, looking around, when the bloodied and unconscious Marmeladov had already been dragged into the room.

“On the sofa! Put him right on the sofa, head this way,” Raskolnikov showed them.

“Run over in the street! Drunk!” someone shouted from the entryway.

Katerina Ivanovna stood all pale, breathing with difficulty. The children were terrified. Little Lidochka cried out, rushed to Polenka, threw her arms around her, and trembled all over.

Having laid Marmeladov down, Raskolnikov rushed to Katerina Ivanovna:

“For God’s sake, calm yourself, don’t be frightened!” he said in a rapid patter. “He was crossing the street, a carriage ran him over, don’t worry, he’ll come to, I had them carry him here… I was at your place, remember… He’ll come to, I’ll pay!”

“Now he’s done it!” Katerina Ivanovna cried out in despair and rushed to her husband.

Raskolnikov soon noticed that this woman was not one of those who promptly fall into a faint. In a flash a pillow appeared under the unfortunate man’s head, a thing no one had thought of yet; Katerina Ivanovna began undressing him, examining him, bustled about and did not lose her head, forgetting about herself, biting her trembling lips and stifling the cries that were ready to burst from her breast.

Meanwhile Raskolnikov persuaded someone to run for a doctor. The doctor, as it turned out, lived next door but one.

“I’ve sent for a doctor,” he kept telling Katerina Ivanovna, “don’t worry, I’ll pay. Is there any water?… And give me a napkin, a towel,

something, quickly; we don't know yet how he's hurt… He's hurt, not killed, you may be sure… We'll see what the doctor says!"

Katerina Ivanovna rushed to the window; there, on a broken-seated chair, in the corner, stood a big earthenware basin of water, made ready for the night washing of the children's and her husband's linen. This night washing was done by Katerina Ivanovna herself, with her own hands, at least twice a week, and sometimes more often, for they had come to the point where there was almost no change of linen left at all, and each member of the family had only a single set, and Katerina Ivanovna could not bear uncleanness and would rather torment herself at night and beyond her strength, while everyone was asleep, so as to get the wet linen dried on a line by morning and hand out clean things, than see dirt in the house. She seized the basin to carry it over at Raskolnikov's demand, but nearly fell with the load. But he had already found a towel, wet it with water, and begun washing Marmeladov's blood-covered face. Katerina Ivanovna stood right there, painfully catching her breath and holding her chest with her hands. She needed help herself. Raskolnikov began to understand that he had perhaps done a bad thing in persuading them to carry the injured man here. The policeman too stood at a loss.

"Polya!" cried Katerina Ivanovna. "Run to Sonya, quickly. If you don't find her at home, never mind, tell them that her father's been run over by horses and that she's to come here at once… as soon as she gets back. Quickly, Polya! Here, cover yourself with the shawl!"

"Wun as fast as you can!" the boy suddenly shouted from his chair, and, having said this, sank back again into his former silent upright sitting on the chair, little eyes goggling, heels forward and toes apart.

Meanwhile the room had filled so that there was no room for an apple to fall. The police had left, except for one, who stayed for a

while and tried to drive the public that had gathered from the stairs back out to the stairs again. But then out of the inner rooms poured almost all of Mrs. Lippewechsel's lodgers, and at first they only crowded in the doorway, but then they surged in a mob into the room itself. Katerina Ivanovna flew into a frenzy.

"You might at least let him die in peace!" she shouted at the whole crowd. "What a show you've found for yourselves! With cigarettes! Khe-khe-khe! Why not come in with your hats on!... And there's one in a hat... Out! Have some respect at least for a dead body!"

Her cough choked her, but the scolding served its purpose. They were evidently even a little afraid of Katerina Ivanovna; the lodgers, one after another, squeezed back toward the door with that strange inner feeling of satisfaction which is always to be observed, even in the closest people, at a sudden misfortune befalling their neighbor, and from which not a single person is exempt, without exception, despite even the most sincere feeling of pity and sympathy.

Outside the door, however, voices could be heard about the hospital, and that it wasn't right to disturb the house for nothing.

"Not right to die, is it!" cried Katerina Ivanovna, and she was already rushing to fling open the door and burst upon them in a whole thunderstorm, but in the doorway she ran into Mrs. Lippewechsel herself, who had only just heard of the misfortune and had come running to establish order. She was an extremely quarrelsome and disorderly German woman.

"Ach, my God!" she threw up her hands. "Your husband drunk, horse has trampled. In hospital with him! I am landlady!"

"Amalia Ludwigovna! I beg you to remember what you are saying," Katerina Ivanovna began haughtily (she always spoke to the landlady in a haughty tone, so that she would "remember her

place," and even now could not deny herself this pleasure). "Amalia Ludwigovna..."

"I have said you once-for-before that you never dare to say me Amal Ludwigovna; I am Amal-Ivan!"

"You are not Amal-Ivan but Amalia Ludwigovna, and since I do not belong to your vile flatterers, like Mr. Lebezyatnikov, who is laughing now behind the door" (behind the door there really was laughter and a shout: "They've gone for each other!"), "I shall always call you Amalia Ludwigovna, though I positively cannot understand why you dislike that name. You can see for yourself what has happened to Semyon Zakharovich; he is dying. I beg you to lock this door at once and let no one in. Let him at least die in peace! Otherwise, I assure you, your conduct will be known tomorrow to the governor-general himself. The prince knew me when I was still a girl and remembers Semyon Zakharovich very well, and did him kindnesses many times. Everyone knows that Semyon Zakharovich had many friends and patrons, whom he himself gave up out of noble pride, feeling his unhappy weakness, but now" (she pointed at Raskolnikov) "we are being helped by a generous young man who has means and connections, and whom Semyon Zakharovich knew as a child, and you may be sure, Amalia Ludwigovna..."

All this was uttered in an extremely rapid patter, the longer the faster, but a cough at once cut short Katerina Ivanovna's eloquence. At that moment the dying man came to and moaned, and she ran to him. The sick man opened his eyes and, not yet recognizing or understanding, began peering at Raskolnikov, who was standing over him. He breathed heavily, deeply, and at long intervals; blood had oozed out at the corners of his lips; sweat had come out on his forehead. Not recognizing Raskolnikov, he began uneasily moving his eyes around. Katerina Ivanovna looked at him with a sad but stern gaze, and tears were flowing from her eyes.

“My God! His whole chest is crushed! The blood, the blood!” she said in despair. “We must take off all his outer clothes! Turn a little, Semyon Zakharovich, if you can,” she cried to him.

Marmeladov recognized her.

“A priest!” he said in a hoarse voice.

Katerina Ivanovna went over to the window, leaned her forehead against the window frame, and exclaimed in despair:

“Oh, thrice-cursed life!”

“A priest!” the dying man said again after a minute’s silence.

“We’ve se-e-ent for one!” Katerina Ivanovna shouted at him; he obeyed the shout and fell silent. With a timid, anguished look he searched for her with his eyes; she came back to him again and stood at the head of the sofa. He grew somewhat calmer, but not for long. Soon his eyes came to rest on little Lidochka (his favorite), who was trembling in the corner as if in a fit and looking at him with her astonished, childishly intent eyes.

“Ah… ah…” he pointed at her uneasily. He wanted to say something.

“What now?” cried Katerina Ivanovna.

“Barefoot! Barefoot!” he muttered, pointing with a half-crazed look at the girl’s bare little feet.

“Be qui-i-iet!” Katerina Ivanovna shouted irritably. “You know yourself why she’s barefoot!”

“Thank God, the doctor!” cried Raskolnikov, overjoyed.

The doctor came in, a neat little old man, a German, looking around with a mistrustful air; he went up to the sick man, took his pulse, carefully felt his head, and, with Katerina Ivanovna’s help, unbuttoned the shirt, all soaked with blood, and bared the sick man’s chest. The whole chest was mangled, crushed, and torn; several ribs on the right side were broken. On the left side, right over the heart, there was an ominous, large, yellowish-black bruise, a cruel blow of a hoof. The doctor frowned. The policeman

told him that the injured man had been caught in the wheel and dragged, spinning, some thirty paces along the roadway.

"It's amazing that he came to at all," the doctor whispered softly to Raskolnikov.

"What do you say?" Raskolnikov asked.

"He'll die any moment."

"Is there really no hope?"

"Not the slightest! He's at his last gasp… Besides, his head is very dangerously injured… Hm. I could let some blood, I suppose… but… it will be useless. In five or ten minutes he will certainly die."

"Then you'd better let some blood!"

"If you like… However, I warn you, it will be completely useless."

At that moment more footsteps were heard, the crowd in the entryway parted, and on the threshold appeared a priest with the reserved Sacrament, a gray-haired little old man. A policeman had gone for him, back when they were still in the street. The doctor at once gave up his place to him and exchanged a significant look with him. Raskolnikov begged the doctor to wait at least a little. The doctor shrugged and stayed.

Everyone stepped back. The confession lasted a very short time. The dying man hardly understood anything well; and he could utter only abrupt, indistinct sounds. Katerina Ivanovna took Lidochka, lifted the boy down from his chair, and, going off into the corner by the stove, knelt down and set the children on their knees in front of her. The little girl only trembled; but the boy, kneeling on his bare little knees, raised his small hand rhythmically, crossed himself with a full sign of the cross, and bowed to the ground, knocking his forehead, which apparently gave him special pleasure. Katerina Ivanovna bit her lips and held back her tears; she was praying too, now and then straightening the little shirt on the child, and managed to throw over the girl's too-bare shoulders a kerchief she took from the chest of drawers without

rising from her knees and while praying. Meanwhile the doors from the inner rooms began to be opened again by the curious. And in the entryway the spectators, lodgers from the whole staircase, packed in more and more tightly, without stepping, however, over the threshold of the room. A single candle end lit the whole scene.

At that moment Polenka, who had run for her sister, quickly pushed her way through the crowd from the entryway. She came in, barely catching her breath from running fast, took off her shawl, found her mother with her eyes, went up to her, and said: "She's coming! I met her in the street!" Her mother pulled her down on her knees and set her beside her. Out of the crowd, noiselessly and timidly, a girl pushed her way through, and her sudden appearance in this room was strange, amid poverty, rags, death, and despair. She too was in rags; her outfit was cheap, but decked out in street fashion, to the taste and rules that had taken shape in her own special world, with a brightly and shamefully obvious purpose. Sonya stopped in the entryway right at the threshold, but did not cross the threshold, and looked on like someone lost, not conscious, it seemed, of anything, forgetting about her silk dress, bought at fourth hand, colored, indecent here, with its long and ridiculous train, and the immense crinoline that blocked the whole doorway, and about her light-colored ankle boots, and the little parasol, useless at night, which she had nevertheless brought with her, and the ridiculous round straw hat with its bright flame-colored feather. From under this hat, worn tilted to one side like a boy's, peeped out a thin, pale, frightened little face with a gaping mouth and eyes fixed in horror. Sonya was small, about eighteen, thin, but a rather pretty blonde, with remarkable blue eyes. She was looking intently at the bed, at the priest; she too was out of breath from walking fast. At last the whispering, some words in the crowd, must have reached her. She

lowered her eyes, took one step over the threshold, and stood in the room, but again right in the doorway.

The confession and communion were over. Katerina Ivanovna again went up to her husband's bed. The priest stepped back and, as he was leaving, turned to say a few words of farewell and consolation to Katerina Ivanovna.

"And what am I to do with these?" she interrupted sharply and irritably, pointing to the little ones.

"God is merciful; trust in the help of the Most High," the priest began.

"Eh-eh! Merciful, but not to us!"

"That is a sin, a sin, madam," the priest remarked, shaking his head.

"And isn't that a sin?" cried Katerina Ivanovna, pointing at the dying man.

"Perhaps those who were the unwitting cause will agree to compensate you, at least for the loss of income…"

"You don't understand me!" Katerina Ivanovna cried irritably, with a wave of her hand. "And compensate for what? Why, he got under the horses himself, drunk! What income? He brought us no income, only torment. He drank everything away, the drunkard. He robbed us and carried it to the pothouse, wasted their life and mine in the pothouse! And thank God he's dying! Less loss!"

"You ought to forgive in the hour of death, but this is a sin, madam, such feelings are a great sin!"

Katerina Ivanovna was bustling about the sick man, giving him something to drink, wiping the sweat and blood from his head, straightening the pillows, and talking with the priest, managing now and then to turn to him in the midst of it all. But now she suddenly fell upon him almost in a frenzy.

"Eh, Father! Words and nothing but words! Forgive! Here he'd have come home today drunk, if he hadn't been run over, with the

only shirt he has on him, all worn through, in rags, and he'd have flopped down to snore, and I'd have been splashing in the water till dawn, washing his rags and the children's, and then drying them out the window, and then, as soon as it was light, I'd have sat down to darn—that's my night for you!... So what's the use of talking about forgiveness! As it is, I've forgiven!"

A deep, terrible cough cut off her words. She coughed into her handkerchief and thrust it out for the priest to see, painfully holding her chest with her other hand. The handkerchief was all bloody...

The priest bowed his head and said nothing.

Marmeladov was in his last agony; he did not take his eyes off the face of Katerina Ivanovna, who was bending over him again. He kept wanting to tell her something; he even began, moving his tongue with effort and pronouncing the words indistinctly, but Katerina Ivanovna, understanding that he wanted to ask her forgiveness, at once shouted at him peremptorily:

"Be qui-i-iet! No need!... I know what you want to say!..." And the sick man fell silent; but at that same moment his wandering gaze fell on the door, and he saw Sonya...

Until then he had not noticed her: she was standing in the corner and in the shadow.

"Who's that? Who's that?" he said suddenly in a hoarse, gasping voice, all in alarm, pointing with his eyes in horror at the door where his daughter stood, and straining to raise himself.

"Lie down! Lie dow-ow-own!" Katerina Ivanovna tried to shout.

But with an unnatural effort he managed to prop himself on his arm. He looked wildly and fixedly at his daughter for some time, as though not recognizing her. And indeed he had never once seen her in such a costume. Suddenly he recognized her, humbled, crushed, dressed up and ashamed, meekly waiting her turn to say goodbye to her dying father. Infinite suffering showed in his face.

“Sonya! Daughter! Forgive me!” he cried, and tried to stretch out his hand to her, but, losing his support, he slipped and crashed down from the sofa, face down on the floor; they rushed to lift him, laid him down, but he was already passing. Sonya cried out faintly, ran up, embraced him, and froze in that embrace. He died in her arms.

“He’s got what he was after!” cried Katerina Ivanovna, seeing her husband’s corpse. “Well, what am I to do now! What will I bury him with! And what, what will I feed them with tomorrow?”

Raskolnikov went up to Katerina Ivanovna.

“Katerina Ivanovna,” he began, “last week your late husband told me his whole life and all the circumstances… You may be sure that he spoke of you with rapturous respect. From that evening, when I learned how devoted he was to all of you and how especially he respected and loved you, Katerina Ivanovna, in spite of his unhappy weakness, from that evening we became friends… Allow me now… to contribute… toward the last respects due to my late friend. Here… twenty roubles, I think—and if this can be of help to you, then… I… in a word, I’ll come by—I’ll certainly come by… I may come by tomorrow, even… Goodbye!”

And he quickly went out of the room, pushing his way through the crowd to the stairs as fast as he could; but in the crowd he suddenly ran into Nikodim Fomich, who had heard of the accident and wished to give orders in person. They had not seen each other since the scene at the office, but Nikodim Fomich recognized him instantly.

“Ah, it’s you?” he asked him.

“He’s dead,” Raskolnikov answered. “The doctor came, the priest came, everything’s in order. Don’t trouble the poor woman too much, she’s consumptive as it is. Cheer her up, if you can in any way… You’re a kind man, after all, I know…” he added with a smirk, looking him straight in the eye.

“But how you’ve got yourself soaked in blood,” Nikodim Fomich remarked, making out by the light of a lantern several fresh stains on Raskolnikov’s waistcoat.

“Yes, I’m soaked… I’m covered in blood!” Raskolnikov said with a peculiar air, then smiled, nodded, and went down the stairs.

He went down quietly, without hurrying, all in a fever and, without being aware of it, filled with one single, new, immense sensation of a full and mighty life that had suddenly come surging in. This sensation might have resembled that of a man condemned to death who is suddenly and unexpectedly told he is pardoned. Halfway down the stairs the priest, on his way home, overtook him; Raskolnikov silently let him go ahead, exchanging a wordless bow with him. But as he was going down the last steps, he suddenly heard hurried footsteps behind him. Someone was catching up with him. It was Polenka; she was running after him and calling: “Listen! Listen!”

He turned to her. She ran down the last flight and stopped right in front of him, one step above him. A dim light came in from the courtyard. Raskolnikov made out the girl’s thin but sweet little face, which was smiling at him and looking at him gaily, like a child. She had come running with an errand that she herself evidently liked very much.

“Listen, what’s your name?… and also: where do you live?” she asked hurriedly, in a breathless little voice.

He laid both hands on her shoulders and looked at her with a kind of happiness. It was so pleasant for him to look at her—he did not know why himself.

“And who sent you?”

“Sister Sonya sent me,” the girl answered, smiling still more gaily.

“I just knew it was Sister Sonya who sent you.”

"Mama sent me too. When Sister Sonya started sending me, Mama came over too and said: 'Run quickly, Polenka!'"

"Do you love Sister Sonya?"

"I love her more than anybody!" Polenka said with a peculiar firmness, and her smile suddenly became more serious.

"And will you love me?"

Instead of an answer he saw the girl's little face coming close to him and her plump little lips naively held out to kiss him. Suddenly her arms, thin as matchsticks, hugged him tight, tight, her head sank onto his shoulder, and the girl began to cry softly, pressing her face against him harder and harder.

"I'm sorry for Papa!" she said a minute later, raising her tear-stained little face and wiping away the tears with her hands. "It's all such misfortunes now," she added unexpectedly, with that especially solemn air children try so hard to put on when they suddenly want to talk like "grown-ups."

"And did your papa love you?"

"He loved Lidochka most of all of us," she went on very seriously and without smiling, now exactly the way grown-ups talk, "he loved her because she's little, and because she's sickly too, and he always brought her treats, and us he taught to read, and me grammar and Scripture," she added with dignity, "and Mama never said anything, but we just knew she liked it, and Papa knew, and Mama wants to teach me French, because it's already time for me to get an education."

"And do you know how to pray?"

"Oh, of course, we do! For a long time now; I, since I'm big already, pray to myself, and Kolya and Lidochka pray out loud together with Mama; first they say the prayer to the Mother of God, and then one more prayer: 'God, forgive and bless Sister Sonya,' and then another: 'God, forgive and bless our other papa,'

because our older papa died already, and this one's our other one, and we pray for that one too."

"Polechka, my name is Rodion; pray for me too sometime: 'and the servant of God Rodion'—nothing more."

"I'll pray for you all my future life," the girl said fervently, and suddenly laughed again, rushed to him, and again hugged him tight.

Raskolnikov told her his name, gave his address, and promised to come by without fail the very next day. The girl went away utterly enchanted with him. It was past ten when he came out into the street. Five minutes later he was standing on the bridge, at exactly the same spot from which the woman had thrown herself earlier.

"Enough!" he pronounced resolutely and solemnly. "Away with mirages, away with feigned fears, away with phantoms!... There is life! Haven't I been living just now? My life hasn't died yet along with the old woman! May she rest in the Kingdom of Heaven, and—enough, old mother, it's time you were at rest! Now the kingdom of reason and light and... and of will, and of strength... and now we'll see! Now we'll measure our strength!" he added defiantly, as if addressing some dark power and challenging it. "And I was already agreeing to live on an arshin of space!

"... I'm very weak at this minute, but... I think the illness has all passed. I knew it would pass when I went out earlier. By the way: Pochinkov's house is just two steps from here. I'll go to Razumikhin's without fail, even if it weren't two steps... let him win his bet!... Let him have his fun too—never mind, let him!... Strength, strength is what's needed: without strength you get nothing; and strength has to be won by strength, that's what they don't know," he added proudly and self-confidently, and walked off the bridge, barely able to move his legs. Pride and self-confidence were growing in him every minute; already the next minute he was

not the same man as the minute before. What had happened, though, that was so special as to turn him around like this? He did not know himself; to him, like a man clutching at a straw, it suddenly seemed that he too "could live, that there was still life, that his life had not died along with the old woman." Perhaps he was too hasty in his conclusion, but he did not think about that.

"But I did ask her to pray for the servant of God Rodion, though," suddenly flashed through his head. "Well, that's... just in case!" he added, and at once laughed himself at his boyish trick. He was in the most excellent spirits.

He easily found Razumikhin; in Pochinkov's house the new lodger was already known, and the caretaker at once showed him the way. From halfway up the stairs you could already make out the noise and lively talk of a large gathering. The door to the stairs was wide open; shouts and arguments could be heard. Razumikhin's room was rather large, and the gathering was some fifteen people. Raskolnikov stopped in the front hall. Here, behind a partition, two of the landlord's maids were busy around two big samovars, around bottles, plates, and platters with a pie and hors d'oeuvres, brought from the landlord's kitchen. Raskolnikov sent for Razumikhin. Razumikhin came running, delighted. At first glance you could see that he had drunk an extraordinary amount, and although Razumikhin almost never could get drunk, this time something showed.

"Listen," Raskolnikov hurried, "I came only to tell you that you've won your bet and that it's true nobody knows what may happen to him. But I can't come in: I'm so weak that I'll fall down any minute. And so hello and goodbye! And come to me tomorrow..."

"You know what, I'll see you home! If you say yourself that you're weak, then..."

"And your guests? Who's that curly-haired one, the one who just looked in here?"

"That one? Devil knows! An acquaintance of my uncle's, must be, or maybe he came on his own… I'll leave my uncle with them; he's the most precious man; pity you can't meet him now. But anyway, devil take them all! They don't need me now, and I need some fresh air, so, brother, you've come just in time: two more minutes and I'd have got into a fight in there, by God! The wild nonsense they're talking… You can't imagine to what lengths a man can lie himself out in the end! But then, why can't you imagine it? Don't we lie ourselves? And let them lie: that way they won't lie later… Sit a minute, I'll bring Zosimov."

Zosimov fell upon Raskolnikov even with a kind of greed; some peculiar curiosity was noticeable in him; soon his face cleared.

"To bed immediately," he decided, having examined the patient as far as possible, "and for the night you ought to take a little something. Will you take it? I made it up earlier… a little powder."

"Two, if you like," Raskolnikov answered.

The powder was taken then and there.

"It's very good that you're taking him yourself," Zosimov remarked to Razumikhin. "What tomorrow will be, we'll see, but today's not at all bad: a considerable change from earlier. Live and learn…"

"You know what Zosimov whispered to me just now as we were going out," Razumikhin blurted, as soon as they were out in the street. "I'll tell you everything straight, brother, because they're fools. Zosimov told me to chatter with you on the way and get you chattering, and then tell him, because he has an idea… that you're… mad, or close to it. Just imagine that! In the first place, you're three times cleverer than he is, in the second place, if you're not crazy, you don't give a damn that he has such wild stuff in his head, and in the third place, that lump of meat, a surgeon by spe-

cialty, has gone crazy now about mental illnesses, and what turned him around completely about you was your conversation with Zametov today."

"Zametov told you everything?"

"Everything, and he did right. I understand the whole inside story now, and so does Zametov... Well, in a word, Rodya... the point is... I'm a tiny bit drunk now... But that doesn't matter... the point is that this idea... you understand? really was hatching in their heads... you understand? That is, none of them dared say it out loud, because it's the most absurd wild nonsense, and especially when they took that painter, it all burst and went out forever. But why are they such fools? I gave Zametov a bit of a beating that time—this is between us, brother; please don't give the slightest hint that you know; I've noticed he's touchy; it was at Laviza's—but today, today it all became clear. The main thing is that Ilya Petrovich! He took advantage of your fainting at the office that time, and afterward he was ashamed of himself; I know..."

Raskolnikov listened greedily. Razumikhin, being drunk, was blabbing.

"I fainted that time because it was stuffy and there was a smell of oil paint," said Raskolnikov.

"He's explaining, too! And it wasn't only the paint: the inflammation had been coming on the whole month; Zosimov's right here to say so! But how crushed that boy is now, you can't imagine! 'I'm not worth that man's little finger,' he says. Yours, that is. He has good feelings sometimes, brother. But the lesson, the lesson you gave him today in the Crystal Palace, that's the height of perfection! You frightened him at first, drove him to convulsions! You almost made him convinced again of all that hideous nonsense and then, suddenly—stuck your tongue out at him: 'There, you see, so much for you!' Perfection! He's crushed, annihilated now! You're a master, by God, that's just what they need. Eh, too bad I wasn't

there! He was waiting for you terribly just now. Porfiry wants to meet you too…"

"Ah… that one too… But why have they put me down as mad?"

"That is, not as mad. I seem to have chattered too much to you, brother… What struck him earlier, you see, is that only that one point interests you; now it's clear why it interests you; knowing all the circumstances… and how it irritated you then and got tangled up with the illness… I'm a little drunk, brother, only, devil knows, he has some idea of his own… I'm telling you: he's gone crazy about mental illnesses. But you just spit on it…"

For half a minute or so both were silent.

"Listen, Razumikhin," Raskolnikov began, "I want to tell you straight out: I was just now with a dead man, an official died… I gave all my money there… and besides, just now I was kissed by a being who, even if I had killed someone, would also… in a word, I saw another being there too… with a flame-colored feather… but I'm talking nonsense; I'm very weak, hold me up… the stairs are right here…"

"What's the matter with you? What's the matter?" Razumikhin asked in alarm.

"My head is spinning a little, only that's not the point, the point is that I'm so sad, so sad! like a woman… really! Look, what's that? Look! look!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you see? A light in my room, see? Through the crack…"

They were already standing before the last flight, beside the landlady's door, and indeed it could be seen from below that there was a light in Raskolnikov's little room.

"Strange! Nastasya, maybe," Razumikhin remarked.

"She's never in my room at this hour, and she's been asleep for ages, but… I don't care! Goodbye!"

"What are you saying? I'll see you up, we'll go in together!"

“I know we’ll go in together, but I want to shake your hand here and say goodbye to you here. Well, give me your hand, goodbye!”

“What’s the matter with you, Rodya?”

“Nothing; come on; you’ll be a witness…”

They began climbing the stairs, and the thought flashed through Razumikhin’s mind that Zosimov might be right after all. “Eh! I’ve upset him with my chatter!” he muttered to himself. Suddenly, as they approached the door, they heard voices in the room.

“What on earth is going on here?” cried Razumikhin.

Raskolnikov was the first to take hold of the door, and he flung it wide open, flung it open and stood on the threshold as if rooted to the spot.

His mother and sister were sitting on his sofa and had been waiting for an hour and a half. Why was it that he had expected them least of all and thought of them least of all, despite the news, repeated even today, that they were leaving, were on their way, would arrive any moment? All that hour and a half they had been questioning Nastasya, interrupting each other; she was standing before them even now and had already managed to tell them the whole inside story. They were beside themselves with fright when they heard that he had “run away today,” ill and, as was clear from the story, certainly delirious! “God, what’s happened to him!” Both had been weeping, both had borne the torments of the cross in that hour and a half of waiting.

A joyful, rapturous cry greeted Raskolnikov’s appearance. Both rushed to him. But he stood as if dead; an unbearable, sudden awareness struck him like a thunderbolt. And his arms would not rise to embrace them: they could not. His mother and sister clasped him in their arms, kissed him, laughed, cried… He took a step, swayed, and collapsed onto the floor in a faint.

Alarm, cries of horror, moans… Razumikhin, who had been standing on the threshold, flew into the room, seized the sick man in his powerful arms, and in an instant the sick man was on the sofa.

"It's nothing, nothing!" he shouted to the mother and sister. "It's a faint, it's a trifle! The doctor said just now that he's much better, that he's perfectly well! Water! There, he's already coming to, there, he's come to!…"

And seizing Dunechka by the arm so hard that he nearly wrenched it out of its socket, he bent her down to look at how "he's already come to." Both mother and sister looked at Razumikhin as at Providence, with tenderness and gratitude; they had already heard from Nastasya what this "quick-witted young man" had been to their Rodya all through his illness, as Pulcheria Alexandrovna Raskolnikova herself called him that same evening, in an intimate conversation with Dunya.

Part Three · I

Raskolnikov raised himself and sat up on the sofa.

He waved weakly at Razumikhin, to stop the whole torrent of incoherent and fervent consolations he was pouring out to his mother and sister, took them both by the hand, and for about two minutes looked silently from one to the other. His mother was frightened by his look. In that look shone a feeling strong to the point of suffering, but at the same time there was something fixed in it, even something that seemed insane. Pulcheria Alexandrovna began to cry.

Avdotya Romanovna was pale; her hand trembled in her brother's.

"Go home… with him," he said in a broken voice, pointing at Razumikhin, "till tomorrow; tomorrow everything… Have you been here long?"

"Since this evening, Rodya," answered Pulcheria Alexandrovna. "The train was terribly late. But, Rodya, nothing will make me leave you now! I'll spend the night here, beside…"

"Don't torment me!" he said, waving his hand irritably.

"I'll stay with him!" cried Razumikhin. "I won't leave him for a minute, and to the devil with all my lot back there, let them climb the walls! My uncle's presiding."

"How, how can I ever thank you!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna began, pressing Razumikhin's hands again, but Raskolnikov interrupted her once more:

"I can't, I can't," he kept repeating irritably. "Don't torment me! Enough, go away… I can't!…"

"Come, Mama, let's at least go out of the room for a minute," whispered Dunya, frightened. "We're killing him, you can see it."

"But am I not even to look at him, after three years!" wept Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

"Wait!" he stopped them again. "You keep interrupting, and my thoughts get muddled… Have you seen Luzhin?"

"No, Rodya, but he already knows we've come. We heard, Rodya, that Pyotr Petrovich was so kind as to visit you today," Pulcheria Alexandrovna added, with some timidity.

"Yes… so kind… Dunya, a while ago I told Luzhin I'd throw him down the stairs, and I chased him off to the devil…"

"Rodya, what are you saying! Surely you… you don't mean to say," Pulcheria Alexandrovna began in alarm, but she stopped, looking at Dunya.

Avdotya Romanovna was gazing intently at her brother, waiting for what came next. Both of them had already been told of the quarrel by Nastasya, as far as she had been able to understand and pass it on, and they had worn themselves out with bewilderment and suspense.

"Dunya," Raskolnikov went on with an effort, "I don't want this marriage, and so tomorrow, at the very first word, you must refuse Luzhin, so that there isn't even a whiff of him left."

"My God!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

"Brother, think what you're saying!" Avdotya Romanovna began hotly, but she checked herself at once. "Perhaps you're not in a fit state just now, you're tired," she said gently.

"Delirious? No… You're marrying Luzhin for my sake. And I don't accept the sacrifice. And so, by tomorrow, write a letter… a refusal… Let me read it in the morning, and that's the end of it!"

"I can't do that!" cried the offended girl. "By what right…"

"Dunechka, you're hot-tempered too, stop it, tomorrow… Don't you see…" said her mother in a fright, rushing to Dunya. "Oh, let's

just go, it's better!"

"He's raving!" shouted the tipsy Razumikhin. "Otherwise how would he dare! Tomorrow all this nonsense will have popped right out of him… But today he really did throw him out. That's just how it was. Well, and the other one got angry… Held forth here, showed off his learning, and then off he went with his tail between his legs…"

"So it's true?" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

"Till tomorrow, brother," said Dunya with compassion. "Come, Mama… Goodbye, Rodya!"

"Do you hear, sister," he repeated after them, gathering his last strength, "I'm not delirious; this marriage is a vileness. I may be a scoundrel, but you mustn't… one of us at least… and though I'm a scoundrel, I won't consider a sister like that my sister. It's me or Luzhin! Go…"

"You've gone out of your mind! Despot!" roared Razumikhin, but Raskolnikov no longer answered, and perhaps no longer had the strength to answer. He lay down on the sofa and turned to the wall, utterly exhausted. Avdotya Romanovna looked at Razumikhin with curiosity; her black eyes flashed: Razumikhin even started under that look. Pulcheria Alexandrovna stood as if thunderstruck.

"Nothing could make me go!" she whispered to Razumikhin, almost in despair. "I'll stay here, somewhere… you see Dunya home."

"And ruin the whole thing!" Razumikhin whispered back, beside himself. "Let's at least go out on the stairs. Nastasya, a light! I swear to you," he went on in a half whisper, already on the stairs, "a while ago he nearly beat us, me and the doctor! Do you understand that? The doctor himself! And the doctor gave in, so as not to irritate him, and left, and I stayed downstairs to keep watch, and meanwhile he got dressed and slipped out. And he'll slip out

now too, if you irritate him, at night, and do something to himself…"

"Oh, what are you saying!"

"And Avdotya Romanovna can't possibly be alone in those rooms without you! Think where you're staying! That scoundrel Pyotr Petrovich, couldn't he have found you better lodgings… But anyway, you know, I'm a little drunk, and so I… swore; don't pay…"

"But I'll go to the landlady here," Pulcheria Alexandrovna insisted. "I'll beg her to give Dunya and me a corner for tonight. I can't leave him like this, I can't!"

As they said this, they were standing on the stairs, on the landing, right in front of the landlady's door. Nastasya was lighting them from the bottom step. Razumikhin was in an extraordinary state of excitement. Half an hour before, as he was seeing Raskolnikov home, he had been overly talkative, it is true, and was aware of it, but perfectly brisk and almost fresh, in spite of the terrible quantity of wine he had drunk that evening. Now, though, his state resembled a kind of rapture, even, and at the same time it was as if all the wine he had drunk had rushed to his head again, all at once and with double force. He stood with the two ladies, having seized them both by the hand, persuading them and laying out his reasons with astonishing frankness, and, probably to be all the more convincing, at almost every word he squeezed both their hands hard, as in a vise, till it hurt, and he seemed to be devouring Avdotya Romanovna with his eyes, without the least embarrassment about it. Sometimes, from the pain, they tore their hands out of his huge, bony paw, but he not only failed to notice what was the matter, he pulled them still closer to him. If they had told him that minute, as a service to them, to throw himself headfirst down the stairs, he would have done it at once, without reasoning and without a doubt. Pulcheria Alexandrovna, all alarm at the thought of her Rodya, though she felt that the young man was very eccen-

tric indeed and was squeezing her hand very painfully indeed, nevertheless, since at the same time he was Providence to her, did not want to notice all these eccentric details. But Avdotya Romanovna, in spite of the same alarm, and though she was not of a timid character, met the looks of her brother's friend, flashing with a wild fire, with amazement and almost with fright, and only the boundless trust inspired by Nastasya's stories about this strange man kept her from attempting to run away from him and drag her mother after her. She understood, too, that now, perhaps, they could not even run away from him. In ten minutes or so, however, she had grown considerably calmer: Razumikhin had the quality of expressing himself wholly and in an instant, whatever mood he was in, so that everyone very soon knew whom they were dealing with.

"The landlady's impossible, and the most awful nonsense!" he cried, persuading Pulcheria Alexandrovna. "Mother or not, if you stay you'll drive him into a frenzy, and then the devil knows what will happen! Listen, here's what I'll do: Nastasya will sit with him now, and I'll take you both to your place, because you can't go through the streets alone; here in Petersburg, on that score... Well, to hell with it!... Then from your place I'll run straight back here, and in a quarter of an hour, on my most honest word, I'll bring you a report: how he is, asleep or not, and all the rest. Then, listen! Then from you, in a flash, to my place—I have guests there, all drunk—I grab Zosimov—that's the doctor who's treating him, he's at my place now, not drunk; he isn't drunk, he's never drunk! I drag him to Rodka and then straight to you, so within the hour you'll get two reports on him—and one from the doctor, you understand, from the doctor himself; that's not the same as from me! If it's bad, I swear, I'll bring you here myself, and if it's good, then you go to bed. And I'll spend the whole night here, in the passage, he won't even hear me, and I'll tell Zosimov to sleep at the landlady's, so he's

at hand. Well, what's better for him now, you or the doctor? The doctor's more useful, after all, more useful. Well, then go home! And the landlady's impossible; it's possible for me, but impossible for you: she won't let you in, because… because she's a fool. She'll be jealous of me over Avdotya Romanovna, if you want to know, and over you too… And over Avdotya Romanovna without fail. That's a completely, completely unexpected character! However, I'm a fool too… To hell with it! Let's go! Do you trust me? Well, do you trust me or not?"

"Let's go, Mama," said Avdotya Romanovna. "He'll surely do as he promises. He has brought my brother back to life already, and if it's true that the doctor will agree to spend the night here, what could be better?"

"There, you… you… understand me, because you're an angel!" cried Razumikhin in rapture. "Let's go! Nastasya! Upstairs this minute, and sit there with him, with a light; I'll be back in a quarter of an hour…"

Pulcheria Alexandrovna, though not entirely convinced, resisted no longer. Razumikhin took them both by the arm and hauled them down the stairs. All the same, he worried her: "He may be quick and kind, but is he capable of doing what he promises? In the state he's in!…"

"Ah, I understand, you think I'm in such a state!" Razumikhin broke in on her thoughts, guessing them, and striding along the sidewalk with his enormous strides, so that both ladies could hardly keep up with him, which, however, he did not notice. "Nonsense! That is… I'm drunk as a dolt, but that's not the point; I'm not drunk from wine. It was seeing you that went to my head… But to hell with me! Don't pay any attention: I'm talking rubbish; I'm unworthy of you… I am in the highest degree unworthy of you!… And as soon as I've taken you home, in a flash, right here in the canal, I'll pour two tubs of water over my head, and I'm ready…

If only you knew how I love you both!... Don't laugh and don't be angry!... Be angry with everyone, but don't be angry with me! I'm his friend, and therefore your friend. That's how I want it... I had a presentiment of it... last year, there was a moment like that... But no, I didn't have any presentiment at all, because you dropped as if from the sky. And I, very likely, won't sleep all night... That Zosimov was afraid a while ago that he might go out of his mind... That's why he mustn't be irritated..."

"What are you saying!" cried the mother.

"Did the doctor himself really say that?" asked Avdotya Romanovna, frightened.

"He said it, but it's not that, not that at all. He even gave him some medicine, a powder, I saw it, and then you arrived... Eh!... You'd have done better to come tomorrow! It's good that we left. And in an hour Zosimov himself will report to you about everything. Now he isn't drunk! And I won't be drunk... And why did I get so soused? Because they dragged me into an argument, the damned lot! And I'd sworn an oath not to argue!... Such drivel they spout! I nearly got into a fight! I left my uncle there, as chairman... Well, would you believe it: they demand complete impersonality and find it simply delicious! Anything not to be oneself, anything to be as little like oneself as possible! That's what they consider the very highest progress. And if only they talked rubbish in their own way, but as it is..."

"Listen," Pulcheria Alexandrovna interrupted timidly, but this only added fuel to the fire.

"What do you think?" shouted Razumikhin, raising his voice still higher. "You think I'm against them because they talk rubbish? Nonsense! I love it when people talk rubbish! Talking rubbish is man's one privilege over all other organisms. Talk rubbish and you'll get to the truth! I'm a man because I talk rubbish. Not one truth has ever been reached without first talking rubbish fourteen

times, or maybe a hundred and fourteen, and that's honorable in its way; well, but we can't even talk rubbish with our own minds! Talk rubbish to me, but talk it in your own way, and I'll kiss you for it. Talking rubbish in your own way is almost better than the truth in somebody else's; in the first case you're a man, and in the second you're no more than a bird! The truth won't run away, but life can be nailed shut; there have been examples. Well, what are we now? All of us, every last one of us, in the matter of science, development, thought, invention, ideals, desires, liberalism, reason, experience, and everything, everything, everything, everything, everything, we're all still sitting in the first preparatory class of the gymnasium! We've taken a liking to living off other people's minds —we're steeped in it! Isn't that so? Isn't what I say so?" shouted Razumikhin, shaking and squeezing both ladies' hands. "Isn't it?"

"Oh, my God, I don't know," said poor Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

"It is, it is… though I don't agree with you in everything," Avdotya Romanovna added seriously, and at once cried out, so painfully had he squeezed her hand this time.

"It is? You say it is? Well, after that you… you…" he cried in rapture, "you are a fountain of goodness, purity, reason, and… perfection! Give me your hand, give it… you give me yours too, I want to kiss your hands, here, now, on my knees!"

And he knelt down in the middle of the sidewalk, which was, fortunately, deserted at that moment.

"Stop it, I beg you, what are you doing?" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna, alarmed in the extreme.

"Get up, get up!" Dunya laughed, alarmed too.

"Not for anything, not until you give me your hands! There, and that's enough, and I'm up, and let's go! I'm a miserable dolt, I'm unworthy of you, and drunk, and ashamed… I'm unworthy of loving you, but to bow down before you is the duty of every man who isn't a complete brute! And so I bowed down… And here are your

rooms, and for this alone Rodion was right to throw out your Pyotr Petrovich this afternoon! How dared he put you up in rooms like these? It's a scandal! Do you know who they let in here? And you're a bride! You are a bride, aren't you? Well, then I tell you your fiancé is a scoundrel after this!"

"Listen, Mr. Razumikhin, you're forgetting yourself..." Pulcheria Alexandrovna began.

"Yes, yes, you're right, I forgot myself, I'm ashamed!" Razumikhin caught himself. "But... but... you can't be angry with me for talking like this! Because I'm speaking sincerely, and not because... hm! that would be vile; in a word, not because I've... for you... hm!... well, all right, no need, I won't say why, I don't dare!... But we all understood this afternoon, the moment he came in, that this man isn't one of us. Not because he came in curled at the barber's, not because he was in a hurry to show off his intelligence, but because he's a spy and a speculator; because he's a Jew and a mountebank, and you can see it. You think he's clever? No, he's a fool, a fool! Well, is he a match for you? Oh, my God! You see, ladies," he stopped suddenly, already going up the stairs to the rooms, "though my lot back there are all drunk, they're all honest, and though we talk rubbish, because I talk rubbish too, we'll talk our way through to the truth in the end, because we're on the noble road, and Pyotr Petrovich... isn't on the noble road. I cursed them up and down just now, but I respect them all; even Zametov, if I don't respect him, I love him, because—he's a puppy! Even that brute Zosimov, because—he's honest and knows his business... But enough, all said and forgiven. Forgiven? Is that so? Well, let's go. I know this corridor, I've been here; right here, in number three, there was a scandal... Well, where are you? Which number? Eight? Well, then lock yourselves in for the night, don't let anyone in. In a quarter of an hour I'll be back with news, and then in another half hour with Zosimov, you'll see! Goodbye, I'm running!"

"My God, Dunechka, what will come of this?" said Pulcheria Alexandrovna, turning anxiously and fearfully to her daughter.

"Calm yourself, Mama," answered Dunya, taking off her hat and little mantle. "God himself has sent us this gentleman, even if he has come straight from some drinking party. He can be relied on, I assure you. And everything he's already done for my brother..."

"Oh, Dunechka, God knows whether he'll come! And how could I bring myself to leave Rodya!... And not at all, not at all how I imagined I'd find him! How stern he was, as if he weren't glad to see us..."

Tears showed in her eyes.

"No, that's not so, Mama. You didn't look closely, you were crying the whole time. He's very shaken from a serious illness—that's the reason for everything."

"Oh, this illness! What will come of it, what will come of it! And the way he talked to you, Dunya!" said the mother, looking timidly into her daughter's eyes to read all her thoughts, and already half comforted that Dunya herself was defending Rodya and must therefore have forgiven him. "I'm sure he'll think better of it tomorrow," she added, sounding her out to the end.

"And I'm quite sure that tomorrow, too, he'll be saying the same thing... about that," Avdotya Romanovna cut her off, and this, of course, was the snag, because here was the point that Pulcheria Alexandrovna was now too much afraid to raise. Dunya went over and kissed her mother. Her mother embraced her tightly, without a word. Then she sat down in anxious expectation of Razumikhin's return and began timidly to watch her daughter, who, arms folded, and waiting too, had begun walking up and down the room, thinking to herself. Such walking from corner to corner, deep in thought, was Avdotya Romanovna's usual habit, and her mother was always somehow afraid to disturb her thoughtfulness at such times.

Razumikhin, of course, was ridiculous with his sudden passion for Avdotya Romanovna, kindled by drink; but looking at Avdotya Romanovna, especially now, as she walked about the room with her arms folded, sad and thoughtful, perhaps many people would have excused him, to say nothing of his eccentric condition. Avdotya Romanovna was remarkably good-looking—tall, wonderfully slender, strong, self-assured—which showed in her every gesture and which, however, took nothing at all from the softness and grace of her movements. In face she resembled her brother, but she could even be called a beauty. Her hair was dark brown, a little lighter than her brother's; her eyes almost black, flashing, proud, and at the same time sometimes, for moments, extraordinarily kind. She was pale, but not sickly pale; her face shone with freshness and health. Her mouth was rather small, and her lower lip, fresh and scarlet, protruded just slightly, along with her chin—the only irregularity in that beautiful face, but one that gave it a particular character and, among other things, a kind of haughtiness. The expression of her face was always more serious than gay, thoughtful; but then how a smile suited that face, how laughter suited her, gay, young, wholehearted laughter! It was understandable that the hot, frank, somewhat simple, honest, drunk Razumikhin, strong as a hero of the old ballads, who had never seen anything like her, lost his head at first sight. Besides, chance, as if on purpose, had shown him Dunya for the first time in a beautiful moment of love and joy at meeting her brother. Then he had seen her lower lip quiver with indignation in answer to her brother's insolent and ungratefully cruel commands—and he could not hold out.

He had told the truth, however, when he blurted out drunkenly on the stairs a while ago that Raskolnikov's eccentric landlady, Praskovya Pavlovna, would be jealous of him not only over Avdotya Romanovna but perhaps even over Pulcheria Alexandrovna herself.

Although Pulcheria Alexandrovna was already forty-three, her face still kept the traces of its former beauty, and besides, she looked much younger than her years, as is almost always the case with women who have kept clarity of spirit, freshness of impressions, and an honest, pure ardor of heart into old age. Let us say in parentheses that to keep all this is the only means of not losing one's beauty even in old age. Her hair was already beginning to turn gray and thin, little radiating wrinkles had long since appeared around her eyes, her cheeks were sunken and dried out from care and grief, and all the same this face was beautiful. It was a portrait of Dunechka's face, only twenty years later, and except for the expression of the lower lip, which in her did not protrude. Pulcheria Alexandrovna was sensitive, though not to the point of sentimentality, timid and yielding, but only up to a certain line: she could yield a great deal, could agree to a great deal, even to things that went against her convictions, but there was always a line of honesty, principle, and deepest conviction that no circumstances could make her step over.

Exactly twenty minutes after Razumikhin left, there came two quiet but hurried knocks at the door; he had come back.

"I won't come in, no time!" he said in a rush when they opened the door. "He's sleeping like a log, splendidly, peacefully, and God grant he sleeps ten hours. Nastasya's with him; I told her not to leave till I come. Now I'll drag Zosimov over, he'll report to you, and then you hit the hay; you're worn out past all bearing, I can see."

And he set off from them down the corridor.

"What a quick and… devoted young man!" exclaimed Pulcheria Alexandrovna, exceedingly delighted.

"He seems a splendid person!" Avdotya Romanovna answered with some warmth, beginning to walk up and down the room again.

Almost an hour later there were footsteps in the corridor and another knock at the door. Both women were waiting, this time fully believing in Razumikhin's promise; and indeed he had managed to drag Zosimov along. Zosimov had agreed at once to abandon the feast and go and look at Raskolnikov, but he came to the ladies reluctantly and with great suspicion, not trusting the drunken Razumikhin. But his vanity was at once soothed and even flattered: he understood that they really had been waiting for him as for an oracle. He stayed exactly ten minutes and fully succeeded in convincing and calming Pulcheria Alexandrovna. He spoke with extraordinary sympathy, but with reserve and with a kind of strained seriousness, exactly like a twenty-seven-year-old doctor at an important consultation, and not once did he stray from the subject or show the slightest wish to enter into more personal and private relations with the two ladies. Having noticed as soon as he came in how dazzlingly good-looking Avdotya Romanovna was, he at once did his best not even to notice her at all, for the whole length of the visit, and addressed himself solely to Pulcheria Alexandrovna. All this gave him extraordinary inner satisfaction. Of the patient himself he said that he found him at the present moment in a highly satisfactory condition. According to his observations, the patient's illness, apart from the bad material circumstances of the last months of his life, had certain moral causes as well; it "is, so to speak, the product of many complex moral and material influences, anxieties, apprehensions, worries, certain ideas… and so forth." Noticing in passing that Avdotya Romanovna had begun to listen with particular attention, Zosimov expanded somewhat further on this theme. To Pulcheria Alexandrovna's anxious and timid question about "some supposed suspicions of insanity" he answered with a calm and candid smile that his words had been greatly exaggerated; that of course one could observe in the patient a certain fixed idea, something indicating monomania

—since he, Zosimov, was now following this extremely interesting branch of medicine especially closely—but one must remember, after all, that almost right up to today the patient had been delirious, and... and, of course, the arrival of his family would strengthen him, distract him, and have a saving effect, "if only new and particular shocks can be avoided," he added significantly. Then he got up, took his leave in a solid and cordial manner, accompanied by blessings, warm gratitude, entreaties, and even the little hand of Avdotya Romanovna, held out to him for a handshake without his seeking it, and went out extremely pleased with his visit and even more with himself.

"And we'll talk tomorrow; go to bed, right now, without fail!" Razumikhin clinched it, leaving with Zosimov. "Tomorrow, as early as possible, I'll be here with a report."

"But what a delightful girl, that Avdotya Romanovna!" observed Zosimov, all but licking his lips, when they had both come out into the street.

"Delightful? You said delightful!" roared Razumikhin, and suddenly he flung himself on Zosimov and seized him by the throat. "If you ever dare... Understand? Understand?" he shouted, shaking him by the collar and pinning him to the wall. "Did you hear?"

"Let go, you drunken devil!" Zosimov fought him off, and then, when Razumikhin had already let him go, he looked at him intently and suddenly burst out laughing. Razumikhin stood before him, arms hanging, in gloomy and serious thought.

"Of course I'm an ass," he said, gloomy as a thundercloud, "but then... so are you."

"Oh no, brother, not so at all. I don't dream about foolishness."

They walked on in silence, and only as they were approaching Raskolnikov's lodgings did Razumikhin, deeply preoccupied, break the silence.

"Listen," he said to Zosimov, "you're a fine fellow, but besides all your nasty qualities, you're a skirt-chaser too, that I know, and one of the dirty kind. You're a nervous, flabby piece of trash, you're capricious, you've grown fat and can't deny yourself anything—and that's what I call dirt, because it leads straight to dirt. You've coddled yourself so much that, I confess, what I understand least of all is how you can be, with all that, a good and even self-sacrificing physician. Sleeps on a featherbed (a doctor!), and gets up at night for a patient! In three years or so you won't be getting up for a patient anymore... Well, yes, the devil, that's not the point, the point is this: tonight you sleep in the landlady's apartment (I barely talked her into it!), and I sleep in the kitchen: here's your chance to get better acquainted! Not what you think! There's not a shadow of that here, brother..."

"But I'm not thinking anything at all."

"Here, brother, it's modesty, silence, bashfulness, fierce chastity, and with all that—sighs, and she melts like wax, simply melts! Get me out of it, for the sake of all the devils in the world! She's as charming as can be!... I'll make it up to you, I'll make it up with my head!"

Zosimov guffawed harder than before.

"You've really got it bad! But what do I want her for?"

"I assure you, it's little trouble, just say whatever twaddle you like, just sit down beside her and talk. Besides, you're a doctor, start treating her for something. I swear you won't regret it. She has a clavichord; you know I strum a little; I have a little song there, a Russian one, a real one: 'I shall drown in burning tears...' She loves the real ones—well, it started with the song; and you're a virtuoso on the pianoforte, a maître, a Rubinstein... I assure you, you won't regret it!"

"What, have you been making her promises of some kind? A signed pledge, all in due form? Promised to marry her, maybe..."

"Nothing, nothing, nothing of the sort at all! And she isn't that kind at all; Chebarov tried to get at her…"

"Well, then drop her!"

"But I can't just drop her like that!"

"Why on earth not?"

"Well, somehow I just can't, and that's all! There's something here, brother, that draws you in."

"Then why did you lead her on?"

"But I didn't lead her on at all, maybe I'm the one who's been led on, out of my own stupidity, and it'll make absolutely no difference to her, you or me, as long as somebody sits beside her and sighs. Here, brother… I can't express it to you, here—well, look, you know mathematics well, and you still study it now, I know… well, start teaching her the integral calculus, by God I'm not joking, I'm serious, it'll make absolutely no difference to her: she'll look at you and sigh, and so on for a whole year on end. Among other things, I talked to her for a very long time, two days or so running, about the Prussian House of Lords (because what else is there to talk to her about?)—she just sighed and sweltered! Only don't start talking about love—she's bashful to the point of convulsions—but do show that you can't tear yourself away—well, and that's enough. Awfully comfortable; just like home—read, sit, lie down, write… You can even kiss her, carefully…"

"But what do I need her for?"

"Eh, I just can't explain it to you! Look: you two are a perfect match! I thought of you before, too… You're going to end up this way anyhow! So isn't it all the same to you—sooner or later? Here, brother, there lies a sort of featherbed principle—eh! and not only a featherbed one! It draws you in; here is the end of the world, an anchor, a quiet haven, the navel of the earth, the three fishes the world stands on, the essence of pancakes, of rich kulebyaka pies, of the evening samovar, of quiet sighs and warm quilted jackets, of

heated stove-benches—well, just as if you'd died, and at the same time you're alive, both advantages at once! Well, brother, the devil, I've rattled on, time for bed! Listen: I sometimes wake up at night, well, and go down to look in on him. Only it's nothing, nonsense, everything's fine. Don't you worry especially either, but if you like, go and look in once too. But if you notice the least thing, delirium, for instance, or fever, or anything, wake me at once. Though it can't be..."

Part Three · II

Preoccupied and serious, Razumikhin woke up the next day after seven. Many new and unforeseen perplexities had suddenly turned up for him that morning. He had never imagined before that he would wake up like this someday. He remembered everything about yesterday down to the last details and understood that something out of the ordinary had happened to him, that he had taken into himself an impression hitherto entirely unknown to him and unlike any before. At the same time he was clearly aware that the dream that had caught fire in his head was in the highest degree unrealizable—so unrealizable that he even felt ashamed of it, and he hurried on to the other, more pressing cares and perplexities left to him as a legacy of "that thrice-damned yesterday."

His most horrible memory was of how "low and vile" he had turned out to be yesterday, not only because he had been drunk, but because he had abused the girl's fiancé in front of her, taking advantage of her position, out of stupidly hasty jealousy, not knowing their mutual relations and obligations, and not even knowing the man properly. And what right did he have to judge him so hastily and rashly? And who had asked him to be the judge! And could a being like Avdotya Romanovna give herself to an unworthy man for money? So there must be merits in him too. The rooms? But how, in fact, could he have known that the rooms were that sort? After all, he was getting an apartment ready… phew, how low all this was! And what kind of excuse was it that he had been drunk? A stupid excuse that degraded him still more! In wine there is truth, and the truth had come out, all of it, "that is, all the filth of

his envious, coarse heart had come out"! And was such a dream permissible in the slightest to him, Razumikhin? Who was he compared with such a girl—he, a drunken brawler and yesterday's braggart? "Is such a cynical and ridiculous juxtaposition even possible?" Razumikhin blushed desperately at this thought, and suddenly, as if on purpose, at that very same moment, he clearly remembered telling them yesterday, standing on the stairs, that the landlady would be jealous of him over Avdotya Romanovna... that was really unbearable. He struck the kitchen stove with his fist as hard as he could, hurt his hand, and knocked out a brick.

"Of course," he muttered to himself a minute later, with a sort of feeling of self-abasement, "of course, all these vile things can never be painted over or smoothed away now... and so there's no use even thinking about it, and therefore I'll turn up in silence, and... do my duty... in silence too, and... and not ask forgiveness, and not say anything, and... and of course everything is lost now!"

And yet, as he dressed, he examined his clothes more carefully than usual. He had no other clothes, and if he had had any he might not have put them on—"just so, I wouldn't put them on, on purpose." But in any case he could not remain a cynic and a filthy slob: he had no right to offend the feelings of others, all the more since those others needed him themselves and had asked him to come. He brushed his clothes carefully. His linen was always passable; on that score he was particularly clean.

He washed zealously that morning—Nastasya had some soap—washed his hair, his neck, and especially his hands. But when it came to the question of whether or not to shave his stubble (Praskovya Pavlovna had excellent razors, kept from the late Mr. Zarnitsyn), the question was decided in the negative, even fiercely: "Let it stay as it is! What if they think I shaved for... but they're sure to think so! Not for anything in the world!

"And... and the main thing is, he's so coarse, so dirty, his manners are from a tavern; and... and, granted, he knows that he too is, well, at least a little, a decent man after all... well, so what is there to be proud of in being a decent man? Everyone ought to be a decent man, and cleaner than that, and... and all the same (he remembers this) there were some little affairs of his too... not exactly dishonorable, but still!... And the thoughts he's had! hm... and to set all that next to Avdotya Romanovna! Well, yes, the devil! So be it! Well, then I'll be dirty, greasy, tavern-mannered on purpose, and to hell with it! I'll be even more so!..."

Zosimov, who had spent the night in Praskovya Pavlovna's parlor, found him in the midst of such monologues.

He was going home and, as he was leaving, hurried to look in on the patient. Razumikhin reported to him that he was sleeping like a marmot. Zosimov gave orders not to wake him till he woke up on his own. He himself promised to drop by sometime after ten.

"If only he's at home," he added. "Phew, the devil! You have no authority over your own patient, and then go and treat him! Do you know whether he'll go to them, or they'll come here?"

"They will, I think," answered Razumikhin, understanding the purpose of the question, "and of course they'll talk about their family affairs. I'll leave. You, as the doctor, naturally have more right than I do."

"I'm not their confessor either; I'll come and go; I have plenty to do without them."

"One thing worries me," Razumikhin interrupted, frowning. "Yesterday, drunk, on the way, I blabbed to him about all sorts of foolishness... all sorts... among other things, that you were afraid he might... be inclined to insanity..."

"You blabbed the same thing to the ladies yesterday too."

"I know it was stupid! Beat me if you like! But tell me, did you really have some firm idea?"

"Nonsense, I tell you; what firm idea! You yourself described him as a monomaniac when you brought me to him… Well, and yesterday we added fuel to the fire, you did, that is, with those stories… about the painter; a fine conversation, when maybe that's exactly what he's gone out of his mind over! If I'd known exactly what happened at the police office then, and that some scoundrel there had… insulted him with that suspicion! Hm… I wouldn't have allowed such a conversation yesterday. These monomaniacs make an ocean out of a drop, they see fantasies acted out in the flesh, wide awake… As far as I remember, yesterday, from that story of Zametov's, half the business became clear to me. And what of it! I know of a case where a hypochondriac, a man of forty, unable to bear the daily jeers of an eight-year-old boy at the dinner table, cut the boy's throat! And here: all in rags, an insolent police officer, an illness just starting, and a suspicion like that! For a frenzied hypochondriac! With a furious, exceptional vanity! Why, the whole starting point of the illness may lie right there! Well, yes, the devil!… And by the way, that Zametov really is a nice boy, only hm… he shouldn't have told all that yesterday. A terrible chatterbox!"

"But whom did he tell? You and me?"

"And Porfiry."

"So what if he told Porfiry?"

"By the way, do you have any influence over those two, the mother and sister? He should be handled more carefully today…"

"They'll come to terms!" Razumikhin answered reluctantly.

"And why is he so set against this Luzhin? A man with money, she doesn't seem to find him repulsive… and they haven't a bean, have they? eh?"

"What are you prying for?" Razumikhin shouted irritably. "How should I know whether they have a bean or not? Ask yourself, maybe you'll find out…"

"Phew, how stupid you are sometimes! Yesterday's drink is still in you... Goodbye; thank your Praskovya Pavlovna for the night's lodging for me. She locked herself in, didn't answer my bonjour through the door, but she was up at seven herself, they carried the samovar to her from the kitchen through the corridor... I was not deemed worthy of beholding her..."

At nine o'clock exactly Razumikhin turned up at Bakaleyev's rooms. Both ladies had been waiting for him for ages with hysterical impatience. They had been up since about seven or even earlier. He came in gloomy as night and bowed awkwardly, which at once made him angry—with himself, of course. He had reckoned without his host: Pulcheria Alexandrovna simply rushed at him, seized him by both hands, and all but kissed them. He glanced timidly at Avdotya Romanovna; but even in that haughty face there was at that moment such an expression of gratitude and friendship, such complete respect, which he had not expected (instead of mocking looks and an involuntary, badly hidden contempt!), that it really would have been easier for him if they had met him with abuse; as it was, it was too embarrassing. Fortunately there was a ready topic of conversation, and he quickly seized hold of it.

Hearing that he "had not woken up yet" but that "everything was splendid," Pulcheria Alexandrovna declared that this was all for the best, "because she very, very, very much needed to have a talk beforehand." There followed a question about tea and an invitation to drink it together; they had not had any yet themselves, waiting for Razumikhin. Avdotya Romanovna rang, a dirty ragamuffin answered the call, and tea was ordered from him, which was finally served, but so dirtily and so indecently that the ladies were ashamed. Razumikhin began vigorously cursing the rooms, but, remembering Luzhin, fell silent, grew embarrassed, and was terribly glad when Pulcheria Alexandrovna's questions at last came pouring out one after another without a break.

Answering them, he talked for three quarters of an hour, constantly interrupted and questioned again, and managed to convey all the most important and necessary facts he knew about the last year of Rodion Romanovich's life, concluding with a detailed account of his illness. He left out a great deal, however, that needed to be left out, among other things the scene at the police office with all its consequences. They listened to his story greedily; but when he thought he had already finished and satisfied his listeners, it turned out that for them he had, as it were, not even begun.

"Tell me, tell me, what do you think... oh, forgive me, I still don't even know your name?" Pulcheria Alexandrovna hurried on.

"Dmitry Prokofyich."

"Well then, Dmitry Prokofyich, I would very, very much like to know... how in general... he looks at things now, that is, understand me, how shall I put it to you, that is, better to say: what does he like and what doesn't he like? Is he always so irritable? What does he wish for and, so to speak, dream of, if I may ask? What exactly has a particular influence on him now? In a word, I would like..."

"Oh, Mama, how can anyone answer all that just like that!" remarked Dunya.

"Oh, my God, but I didn't, didn't, didn't at all expect to find him like this, Dmitry Prokofyich."

"That's very natural, ma'am," answered Dmitry Prokofyich. "I have no mother, well, but my uncle comes here every year and almost every time doesn't recognize me, even by my looks, and he's an intelligent man; well, and in the three years you've been apart a lot of water has flowed by. And what can I tell you? I've known Rodion for a year and a half: sullen, gloomy, haughty, and proud; lately (and maybe long before) mistrustful and a hypochondriac. Generous and kind. Doesn't like to express his feelings and would sooner do something cruel than speak out his heart in

words. Sometimes, though, he's no hypochondriac at all, but simply cold and unfeeling to the point of inhumanity, really, as if two opposite characters took turns in him. Terribly uncommunicative sometimes! He never has time, everybody's always in his way, and he himself lies there doing nothing. Not sarcastic, and not because he lacks wit, but as if he hasn't got time for such trifles. Doesn't hear people out. Never takes an interest in what everyone else is interested in at the moment. Thinks terribly highly of himself, and not, it seems, without some right to. Well, what else?... I think your coming will have the most saving influence on him."

"Oh, God grant it!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna, tormented by Razumikhin's account of her Rodya.

And Razumikhin at last glanced a little more boldly at Avdotya Romanovna. He had often glanced at her during the conversation, but fleetingly, only for an instant, and had at once looked away. Avdotya Romanovna would now sit down at the table and listen attentively, now get up again and begin walking, as was her habit, from corner to corner, her arms folded, her lips pressed together, now and then putting a question of her own without stopping her walk, lost in thought. She too had the habit of not hearing people out. She was wearing a sort of darkish dress of some light material, and a white, transparent little scarf was tied around her neck. From many signs Razumikhin noticed at once that the circumstances of both women were extremely poor. Had Avdotya Romanovna been dressed like a queen, he would not, it seemed, have been afraid of her at all; but now, perhaps precisely because she was so poorly dressed and because he had noticed all this miserly poverty, fear entered his heart, and he began to be afraid for his every word, for every gesture, which was of course constraining for a man who did not trust himself to begin with.

"You've said a great deal that's interesting about my brother's character and... said it impartially. That's good; I thought you wor-

shipped him," remarked Avdotya Romanovna with a smile. "It also seems to be true that there ought to be a woman near him," she added thoughtfully.

"I didn't say that, but then, perhaps you're right about that too, only..."

"What?"

"Why, he doesn't love anyone; and maybe never will," Razumikhin snapped.

"You mean he's incapable of love?"

"And you know, Avdotya Romanovna, you yourself are terribly like your brother, even in everything!" he blurted out suddenly, unexpectedly even to himself, but at once, remembering what he had just been telling her about her brother, he turned as red as a lobster and was terribly embarrassed. Avdotya Romanovna could not help laughing as she looked at him.

"You may both be mistaken about Rodya," Pulcheria Alexandrovna put in, somewhat piqued. "I'm not talking about the present, Dunechka. What Pyotr Petrovich writes in this letter... and what you and I supposed—maybe it isn't true, but you can't imagine, Dmitry Prokofyich, how fantastic he is and, how shall I put it, capricious. I could never trust his character, even when he was only fifteen. I'm sure that even now he may suddenly do something to himself that no one would ever think of doing... We needn't look far: do you know how, a year and a half ago, he astonished me, shook me, and nearly killed me altogether, when he took it into his head to marry that, what was her name—the daughter of that Zarnitsyna, his landlady?"

"Do you know anything in detail about that affair?" asked Avdotya Romanovna.

"Do you think," Pulcheria Alexandrovna went on hotly, "that he would have been stopped then by my tears, my pleas, my illness, my death from grief, perhaps, our poverty? He would have stepped

over every obstacle as calm as you please. And can it be, can it really be that he doesn't love us?"

"He has never told me anything about that affair himself," Razumikhin answered cautiously, "but I heard a thing or two from Mrs. Zarnitsyna herself, who in her own way isn't one for telling stories either, and what I heard is, perhaps, even a little strange..."

"What, what did you hear?" both women asked at once.

"Nothing so very special, though. I only learned that this marriage, which was all settled and failed to take place only because of the bride's death, was very much against Mrs. Zarnitsyna's own liking... Besides, they say the bride wasn't even pretty, that is, they say she was even plain... and so sickly, and... and strange... but, it seems, with some merits. There must certainly have been some merits; otherwise you can't understand anything... No dowry either, but he wouldn't have counted on a dowry anyway... Generally, it's hard to judge in such a matter."

"I'm sure she was a worthy girl," Avdotya Romanovna remarked briefly.

"God forgive me, but I did rejoice at her death then, though I don't know which of them would have ruined the other: he her, or she him?" Pulcheria Alexandrovna concluded; then cautiously, with hesitations and with incessant glances at Dunya, which Dunya evidently disliked, she began again to ask about yesterday's scene between Rodya and Luzhin. This incident, it was plain, worried her more than anything, to the point of fear and trembling. Razumikhin told it all over again, in detail, but this time added his own conclusion: he directly accused Raskolnikov of deliberately insulting Pyotr Petrovich, this time excusing him very little on account of his illness.

"He had thought it up even before his illness," he added.

"I think so too," said Pulcheria Alexandrovna with a crushed look. But she was very struck that this time Razumikhin had spo-

ken of Pyotr Petrovich so cautiously and even, it seemed, with respect. Avdotya Romanovna was struck by it too.

"So that's your opinion of Pyotr Petrovich?" Pulcheria Alexandrovna could not resist asking.

"Of your daughter's future husband I can have no other opinion," Razumikhin answered firmly and warmly, "and I don't say it out of mere vulgar politeness, but because… because… well, if only because Avdotya Romanovna herself, of her own free will, has deigned to choose this man. And if I abused him so yesterday, it was because yesterday I was filthy drunk and also… mad; yes, mad, out of my head, out of my mind, completely… and today I'm ashamed of it!…" He blushed and fell silent. Avdotya Romanovna flushed, but did not break the silence. She had not uttered a single word from the very moment they began talking about Luzhin.

Meanwhile Pulcheria Alexandrovna, without her support, was visibly undecided. At last, faltering and constantly glancing at her daughter, she announced that one circumstance was worrying her exceedingly now.

"You see, Dmitry Prokofyich…" she began. "May I be completely frank with Dmitry Prokofyich, Dunechka?"

"Of course, Mama," Avdotya Romanovna remarked impressively.

"Here's the thing," she hurried on, as if a mountain had been lifted off her by the permission to share her trouble. "Today, very early, we received a note from Pyotr Petrovich in answer to our message yesterday about our arrival. You see, yesterday he was supposed to meet us, as he had promised, at the station itself. Instead, some footman was sent to the station to meet us, with the address of these rooms and to show us the way, and Pyotr Petrovich sent word that he would come to see us here himself this morning. Instead, this morning this note came from him… Best of all, read it yourself; there's a point in it that worries me very much… you'll see in a moment what point it is, and… tell me

your frank opinion, Dmitry Prokofyich! You know Rodya's character better than anyone and can advise us better than anyone. I warn you that Dunechka has already decided everything, from the first step, but I, I still don't know what to do, and... and I've been waiting for you all this time."

Razumikhin unfolded the note, dated the day before, and read the following:

"Dear Madam, Pulcheria Alexandrovna, I have the honor to inform you that owing to sudden delays that occurred I was unable to meet you at the platform, having sent for that purpose a man, a very efficient one. Likewise I shall deprive myself of the honor of meeting with you tomorrow morning as well, owing to urgent business in the Senate and so as not to hinder the family meeting of yourself with your son and of Avdotya Romanovna with her brother. I shall, however, have the honor of calling upon you and paying my respects to you at your lodgings no otherwise than tomorrow, at precisely eight o'clock in the evening, whereupon I venture to append my urgent and, I will add to that, insistent request that at our general meeting Rodion Romanovich not be present, inasmuch as he insulted me in an unexampled and discourteous manner during my visit to him in his illness yesterday and, besides that, having personally a necessary and detailed explanation to make to you on a certain point, regarding which I desire to learn your own interpretation. I have the honor herewith to forewarn you that if, contrary to my request, I encounter Rodion Romanovich, I shall be compelled to withdraw immediately, and then you will have only yourself to blame. I write, however, on the supposition that Rodion Romanovich, who appeared so ill at the time of my visit, two hours later suddenly recovered, and consequently, going out of doors, may also come to you. I am confirmed in this by my own eyes, in the lodgings of a certain drunkard run over by horses and having died thereof, to whose daugh-

ter, a young person of notorious behavior, he gave yesterday as much as twenty-five roubles under the pretext of the funeral, which greatly astonished me, knowing with what trouble you collected that sum. Whereupon, testifying my particular esteem for the respected Avdotya Romanovna, I beg you to accept the sentiments of respectful devotion

"of your humble servant

"P. Luzhin."

"What am I to do now, Dmitry Prokofyich?" Pulcheria Alexandrovna began, almost in tears. "How can I suggest to Rodya that he not come? He demanded so insistently yesterday that we refuse Pyotr Petrovich, and now we're told not to receive Rodya himself! Why, he'll come on purpose once he finds out, and... what will happen then?"

"Do as Avdotya Romanovna has decided," Razumikhin answered calmly and at once.

"Oh, my God! She says... she says God knows what, and doesn't explain her aim to me! She says it will be better, that is, not exactly better, but that for some reason it's supposedly absolutely necessary that Rodya too should come at eight o'clock today on purpose and that they should absolutely meet... And I didn't even want to show him the letter, and to arrange somehow, by some cunning, through you, that he shouldn't come... because he's so irritable... And I don't understand anything, what drunkard died there, and what daughter, and how he could give that daughter all the last of the money... which..."

"Which cost you so dearly, Mama," added Avdotya Romanovna.

"He wasn't himself yesterday," Razumikhin said thoughtfully. "If you knew what he went on about in the tavern yesterday, clever as it was... hm! He really did tell me something yesterday, as we were walking home, about some dead man and some girl, but I didn't understand a word... But then, I myself yesterday..."

"Best of all, Mama, let's go to him ourselves, and there, I assure you, we'll see at once what to do. Besides, it's time—good Lord! It's past ten!" she cried, glancing at her magnificent gold enameled watch, which hung around her neck on a thin Venetian chain and was terribly out of harmony with the rest of her attire. "The fiancé's present," thought Razumikhin.

"Oh, it's time!... Time, Dunechka, time!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna began to bustle anxiously. "He'll think we're still angry about yesterday, taking so long to come. Oh, my God!"

As she said this, she was fussily throwing on her mantle and putting on her hat; Dunechka got dressed too. Her gloves were not only worn out but even torn, which Razumikhin noticed, and yet this obvious poverty of dress even gave both ladies an air of a kind of special dignity, as always happens with those who know how to wear poor clothes. Razumikhin looked at Dunechka with reverence and was proud that he would be escorting her. "That queen," he thought to himself, "who mended her stockings in prison, surely looked at that moment like a real queen, and even more so than at the most splendid ceremonies and receptions."

"My God!" exclaimed Pulcheria Alexandrovna. "Did I ever think I would be afraid of meeting my son, my dear, dear Rodya, the way I'm afraid now!... I'm afraid, Dmitry Prokofyich!" she added, glancing at him timidly.

"Don't be afraid, Mama," said Dunya, kissing her. "Better have faith in him. I do."

"Oh, my God! I have faith too, but I didn't sleep all night!" cried the poor woman.

They went out into the street.

"You know, Dunechka, as soon as I dozed off a little toward morning, I suddenly dreamed of the late Marfa Petrovna... all in white... she came up to me, took me by the hand, and shook her head at me, so sternly, so sternly, as if she were condemning me...

Is that a good sign? Oh, my God, Dmitry Prokofyich, you don't know yet: Marfa Petrovna has died!"

"No, I don't know; what Marfa Petrovna?"

"Suddenly! And imagine…"

"Later, Mama," Dunya intervened. "Why, he doesn't even know who Marfa Petrovna is."

"Oh, you don't know? And I thought you knew everything already. Forgive me, Dmitry Prokofyich, these days my mind is simply going round in circles. Really, I regard you as our providence, as it were, and so I was quite convinced you already knew everything. I regard you as one of the family… Don't be angry that I talk like this. Oh, my God, what's wrong with your right hand! Did you hurt it?"

"Yes, I hurt it," muttered Razumikhin, in bliss.

"I sometimes speak too much from the heart, so that Dunya corrects me… But, my God, what a closet he lives in! Is he awake, though? And that woman, his landlady, calls this a room? Listen, you say he doesn't like to show his heart, so maybe I'll weary him with my… weaknesses?… Won't you teach me, Dmitry Prokofyich? How should I be with him? I, you know, go about completely lost."

"Don't question him too much about anything if you see him frowning; especially don't ask too much about his health; he doesn't like it."

"Oh, Dmitry Prokofyich, how hard it is to be a mother! But here are those stairs… What horrible stairs!"

"Mama, you've even gone pale, calm down, my dearest," said Dunya, caressing her. "He ought to be happy to see you, and you torment yourself so," she added, her eyes flashing.

"Wait, I'll look in first, to see if he's awake."

The ladies quietly followed Razumikhin, who went up the stairs ahead of them, and when they had already drawn level with the landlady's door on the fourth floor, they noticed that the landlady's

door was open a tiny crack and that two quick black eyes were examining them both from the darkness. But when their eyes met, the door suddenly slammed shut, and with such a bang that Pulcheria Alexandrovna nearly cried out in fright.

Part Three · III

"He's well, he's well!" Zosimov shouted cheerfully to meet them as they came in. He had arrived some ten minutes before and was sitting in his corner of the sofa from yesterday. Raskolnikov was sitting in the opposite corner, fully dressed and even carefully washed and combed, which had not happened to him for a long time. The room was full at once, but Nastasya still managed to slip in after the visitors and stood listening.

Raskolnikov really was almost well, especially compared with yesterday, only he was very pale, absent, and sullen. Outwardly he looked rather like a wounded man, or one enduring some severe physical pain: his brows were knit, his lips pressed together, his eyes inflamed. He spoke little and reluctantly, as if forcing himself or performing a duty, and a kind of restlessness showed now and then in his movements.

All that was lacking was a bandage on his arm or a taffeta sheath on his finger for a complete likeness to a man who has, for instance, a very painful abscess on his finger, or a bruised arm, or something of that sort.

However, even this pale and sullen face lit up for an instant, as if with light, when his mother and sister came in, but this only added to his expression, in place of the dreary absent-mindedness of before, a kind of more concentrated torment. The light soon faded, but the torment remained, and Zosimov, who was observing and studying his patient with all the youthful ardor of a doctor just beginning to practice, noticed with surprise in him, at the arrival of his family, instead of joy, something like a heavy, hidden resolve

to endure an hour or two of torture that could no longer be avoided. He saw afterward how almost every word of the conversation that followed seemed to touch some wound of his patient's and reopen it; but at the same time he partly marveled at the skill in mastering himself and hiding his feelings shown today by yesterday's monomaniac, who yesterday had fallen almost into a frenzy over the slightest word.

"Yes, I can see myself now that I'm almost well," said Raskolnikov, kissing his mother and sister in a friendly way, at which Pulcheria Alexandrovna beamed at once, "and I'm not saying it the way I did yesterday," he added, turning to Razumikhin and pressing his hand warmly.

"And I even marveled at him today," Zosimov began, very glad of the newcomers, because in ten minutes he had already managed to lose the thread of conversation with his patient. "In three or four days, if it goes on like this, he'll be completely as before, that is, as he was a month ago, or two... or perhaps even three? Because this started a long way back and was a long time in preparing... eh? Will you admit now that perhaps you were to blame yourself?" he added with a cautious smile, as if still afraid of irritating him somehow.

"Very possibly," Raskolnikov answered coldly.

"I say it," Zosimov went on, warming to his subject, "because your complete recovery depends now, in the main, solely on you yourself. Now that one can talk with you, I should like to impress upon you that it is necessary to remove the original, so to speak, root causes that influenced the onset of your morbid condition; then you'll be cured, otherwise it will even get worse. I don't know these original causes, but they must be known to you. You're an intelligent man and have, of course, observed yourself. It seems to me that the beginning of your disorder coincides in part with your leaving the university. You mustn't remain without occupation, and

so work and a firmly set goal, it seems to me, could help you a great deal."

"Yes, yes, you're perfectly right… I'll just enroll in the university again as soon as I can, and then everything will go… like clockwork…"

Zosimov, who had begun his clever advice partly for effect in front of the ladies, was of course somewhat taken aback when, having finished his speech and glanced at his listener, he noticed decided mockery in his face. That lasted only an instant, however. Pulcheria Alexandrovna at once began thanking Zosimov, especially for his visit to them at the hotel last night.

"What, he came to see you at night too?" asked Raskolnikov, as if alarmed. "So you didn't sleep either, after your journey?"

"Oh, Rodya, it was all over by two o'clock. Dunya and I never go to bed before two even at home."

"I don't know how to thank him either," Raskolnikov went on, suddenly frowning and looking down. "Setting aside the question of money—forgive me for mentioning it (he turned to Zosimov)—I really don't know how I have deserved such special attention from you? I simply don't understand… and… and it even weighs on me, because I don't understand it: I'm telling you frankly."

"Now don't get irritated," Zosimov laughed with an effort. "Suppose you're my first patient; well, and fellows like us, just beginning to practice, love our first patients like our own children, and some all but fall in love with them. And I'm not exactly rich in patients."

"I won't even speak of him," added Raskolnikov, pointing at Razumikhin, "and he too has had nothing from me but insults and trouble."

"Listen to him lie! What are you, in a sentimental mood today, or what?" shouted Razumikhin.

He would have seen, had he been more perceptive, that there was no sentimental mood here at all, but even something quite the opposite. But Avdotya Romanovna noticed it. She was watching her brother intently and uneasily.

"As for you, Mama, I don't even dare to speak," he went on, as if reciting a lesson learned that morning. "Only today have I been able to grasp at all how you must have tormented yourselves here yesterday, waiting for me to come back." Having said this, he suddenly, silently and with a smile, held out his hand to his sister. But this time a real, unfeigned feeling flashed in the smile. Dunya at once seized the hand held out to her and pressed it warmly, glad and grateful: it was the first time he had turned to her since yesterday's falling-out. The mother's face lit up with rapture and happiness at the sight of this final and wordless reconciliation of brother and sister.

"That's what I love him for!" whispered Razumikhin, who exaggerated everything, turning vigorously in his chair. "He has these impulses!..."

"And how well everything comes out with him," the mother thought to herself, "what noble impulses he has, and how simply, how delicately he ended all that misunderstanding with his sister yesterday—just by holding out his hand at such a moment and giving her a good look... And what beautiful eyes he has, and how beautiful his whole face is!... He's even better-looking than Dunechka... But, my God, what clothes, how terribly he's dressed! Vasya, the errand boy in Afanasy Ivanovich's shop, is better dressed!... And I could just, I could just rush to him, it seems, and hug him, and... cry—but I'm afraid... he's somehow, Lord!... He talks kindly enough, and yet I'm afraid! Well, what am I afraid of?..."

"Oh, Rodya, you won't believe," she suddenly took up, hurrying to answer his remark, "how... unhappy Dunechka and I were yesterday! Now that it's all past and over and we're all happy again—I

can tell you. Imagine, we run here to hug you, almost straight from the train, and that woman—ah, there she is! Hello, Nastasya!... She suddenly tells us that you're lying in delirium tremens and have just slipped away from the doctor, delirious, out into the street, and that they've run off to look for you. You won't believe what we went through! I immediately pictured how Lieutenant Potanchikov died so tragically, an acquaintance of ours, a friend of your father's —you don't remember him, Rodya—also in delirium tremens, and he ran out the same way and fell into the well in the yard, they could only pull him out the next day. And of course we exaggerated it even more. We were about to rush off to find Pyotr Petrovich, so that at least with his help... because, after all, we were alone, completely alone," she drew out in a plaintive voice, and suddenly broke off altogether, remembering that it was still rather dangerous to bring up Pyotr Petrovich, in spite of the fact "that everyone was perfectly happy again."

"Yes, yes... all that is annoying, of course..." Raskolnikov muttered in reply, but with such an absent and almost inattentive air that Dunechka looked at him in amazement.

"What else was it I wanted," he went on, trying hard to remember, "oh, yes: please, Mama, and you, Dunechka, don't think that I didn't want to come to you first today and was waiting for you to come first."

"But what are you saying, Rodya!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna, surprised too.

"What is he doing, answering us out of duty, or what?" thought Dunechka. "He makes peace and asks forgiveness as if he were performing a service or had learned a lesson by heart."

"I'd only just woken up and was about to go, but my clothes held me back; I forgot to tell her yesterday... Nastasya... to wash out this blood... I've only just now managed to get dressed."

"Blood! What blood?" Pulcheria Alexandrovna was alarmed.

"It's nothing... don't worry. The blood is because yesterday, when I was wandering about somewhat delirious, I came upon a man who had been run over... a clerk..."

"Delirious? But you remember everything," Razumikhin interrupted.

"That's true," Raskolnikov answered, with a sort of special care, "I remember everything, even the slightest detail, and yet just try: why I did that, and went there, and said that? I can't really explain it anymore."

"An all too familiar phenomenon," Zosimov chimed in. "The execution of the act is sometimes masterly, extremely cunning, but the control of one's actions, the origin of the actions, is disordered and depends on various morbid impressions. It resembles a dream."

"And it's a good thing, perhaps, that he takes me for almost a madman," thought Raskolnikov.

"But in that case, perhaps, healthy people are the same," remarked Dunechka, looking at Zosimov uneasily.

"A rather accurate remark," he answered. "In that sense, indeed, all of us, and very often, are almost like madmen, with only the small difference that the 'sick' are somewhat madder than we are, so one has to distinguish a line here. And a harmonious man, it's true, hardly exists at all; you meet one in tens of thousands, or perhaps in many hundreds of thousands, and even then in rather weak specimens..."

At the word "mad," which had carelessly slipped out of Zosimov, who had got carried away chattering on his favorite subject, everyone winced. Raskolnikov sat as if paying no attention, lost in thought, with a strange smile on his pale lips. He was still working something out.

"Well, so what about the man who was run over? I interrupted you!" Razumikhin shouted quickly.

"What?" said Raskolnikov, as if waking up. "Oh, yes… well, I got stained with blood helping to carry him into his apartment… By the way, Mama, I did an unforgivable thing yesterday; I truly wasn't in my right mind. Yesterday I gave all the money you sent me… to his wife… for the funeral. Now she's a widow, consumptive, a pitiful woman… three little orphans, hungry… the house is empty… and there's one more daughter… Perhaps you would have given it yourself, if you'd seen… I had no right whatever, though, I admit, especially knowing how you came by that money yourself. To help others, you must first have the right to do it, otherwise it's *Crevez chiens, si vous n'êtes pas contents*!"[1] He laughed. "Isn't that so, Dunya?"

"No, it isn't," Dunya answered firmly.

"Bah! so you too… have intentions!…" he muttered, looking at her almost with hatred and smiling mockingly. "I should have realized that… Well, it's praiseworthy; so much the better for you… and you'll reach a line such that if you don't step over it you'll be unhappy, and if you do step over it, perhaps you'll be unhappier still… But all this is nonsense!" he added irritably, vexed at having been carried away in spite of himself. "I only meant to say, Mama, that I ask your forgiveness," he concluded sharply and abruptly.

"Enough, Rodya, I'm sure everything you do is fine!" said his mother, delighted.

"Don't be sure," he answered, twisting his mouth into a smile. A silence followed. There was something strained in the whole conversation, and in the silence, and in the reconciliation, and in the forgiveness, and everyone felt it.

"Why, it's as if they're afraid of me," Raskolnikov thought to himself, looking at his mother and sister from under his brows. Pulcheria Alexandrovna, indeed, the longer she was silent, the more timid she grew.

"And when they were away I seemed to love them so," flashed through his head.

"You know, Rodya, Marfa Petrovna has died!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna suddenly burst out.

"What Marfa Petrovna is that?"

"Oh, my God, why, Marfa Petrovna, Svidrigailova! I wrote you so much about her."

"A-a-ah, yes, I remember... So she's died? Oh, really?" he suddenly roused himself, as if waking up. "Has she really died? What from?"

"Imagine, quite suddenly!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna hurried on, encouraged by his curiosity. "And just at the very time I sent you that letter, even on that very same day! Imagine, that horrible man seems to have been the cause of her death. They say he beat her terribly!"

"Did they live like that?" he asked, turning to his sister.

"No, quite the opposite, even. With her he was always very patient, even courteous. In many cases he was even too indulgent toward her character, for seven whole years... Somehow he suddenly lost patience."

"So he's not so horrible at all, if he held out for seven years? You seem to be justifying him, Dunechka?"

"No, no, he's a horrible man! I can't imagine anything more horrible," Dunya answered almost with a shudder, knit her brows, and fell to thinking.

"It happened in the morning," Pulcheria Alexandrovna went on hurriedly. "Afterward she ordered the horses harnessed at once, so as to drive to town right after dinner, because in such cases she always drove to town; they say she ate her dinner with a great appetite..."

"After being beaten?"

"...She always had that... habit, though, and as soon as she had dined, so as not to be late setting out, she went straight to the bathhouse... You see, she was taking some sort of bathing cure; they have a cold spring there, and she bathed in it regularly every day, and as soon as she went into the water, she suddenly had a stroke!"

"I should think so!" said Zosimov.

"And did he beat her badly?"

"It makes no difference," Dunya responded.

"Hm! But why on earth, Mama, do you want to tell such nonsense?" Raskolnikov suddenly said irritably and as if inadvertently.

"Oh, my dear, I just didn't know what to talk about," Pulcheria Alexandrovna blurted out.

"What, are you all afraid of me, or what?" he said with a twisted smile.

"That's actually true," said Dunya, looking straight and sternly at her brother. "Coming up the stairs, Mama even crossed herself from fear."

His face was distorted as if by a spasm.

"Oh, what are you saying, Dunya! Please don't be angry, Rodya... Why did you, Dunya!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna began in confusion. "It's true, coming here, the whole way, I was dreaming, in the train: how we'd see each other, how we'd tell each other everything... and I was so happy I didn't even notice the journey! But what am I saying! I'm happy now too... You shouldn't have, Dunya! I'm happy just to see you, Rodya..."

"Enough, Mama," he muttered in embarrassment, not looking at her, and pressed her hand. "We'll have time to talk our fill!"

Having said this, he was suddenly embarrassed and turned pale: again a certain recent, terrible sensation passed through his soul with a deathly chill; again it suddenly became perfectly clear and understandable to him that he had just told a terrible lie, that not

only would he never have time now to talk his fill, but that he could no longer talk about anything, ever, with anyone. The impression of this agonizing thought was so strong that for an instant he almost entirely forgot himself, got up from his place, and, not looking at anyone, started to walk out of the room.

"What's the matter with you?" shouted Razumikhin, seizing him by the arm.

He sat down again and began silently looking around; everyone was looking at him in bewilderment.

"But why are you all so dull!" he cried suddenly, quite unexpectedly. "Say something! Why sit like this, really! Come on, talk! Let's have a conversation... We've gathered together and we sit in silence... Come on, anything!"

"Thank God! And I thought something like yesterday was starting with him," said Pulcheria Alexandrovna, crossing herself.

"What is it, Rodya?" Avdotya Romanovna asked mistrustfully.

"Nothing, I just remembered something funny," he answered, and suddenly laughed.

"Well, if it's something funny, then all's well! I was beginning to think myself..." muttered Zosimov, getting up from the sofa. "But it's time I went; I'll drop in again, perhaps... if I find you in..."

He bowed and went out.

"What a wonderful man!" remarked Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

"Yes, wonderful, excellent, educated, intelligent..." Raskolnikov suddenly began, in a sort of unexpected patter and with a sort of animation unusual for him until now. "I can't remember where I met him before my illness... I think I met him somewhere... And here's another good man!" he nodded at Razumikhin. "Do you like him, Dunya?" he asked her, and suddenly, for no known reason, burst out laughing.

"Very much," answered Dunya.

“Phew, what a… swine you are!” said Razumikhin, terribly embarrassed and red in the face, and got up from his chair. Pulcheria Alexandrovna smiled slightly, and Raskolnikov roared with laughter.

“But where are you off to?”

“I too… I have to.”

“You don’t have to at all, stay! Zosimov has left, so you have to as well. Don’t go… What time is it? Is it twelve yet? What a pretty watch you have, Dunya! But why have you all gone silent again? I’m the only one talking!…”

“It’s a present from Marfa Petrovna,” answered Dunya.

“And a very expensive one,” added Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“A-a-ah! What a big one, hardly a lady’s.”

“I like them like that,” said Dunya.

“So it’s not the fiancé’s present,” thought Razumikhin, and was glad for no known reason.

“And I thought it was a present from Luzhin,” remarked Raskolnikov.

“No, he hasn’t given Dunechka anything yet.”

“A-a-ah! And do you remember, Mama, how I was in love and wanted to get married?” he suddenly said, looking at his mother, who was struck by the unexpected turn and by the tone in which he spoke of it.

“Oh, my dear, yes!” Pulcheria Alexandrovna exchanged glances with Dunechka and Razumikhin.

“Hm! Yes! And what shall I tell you? I hardly even remember. She was such a sickly girl,” he went on, as if again suddenly lost in thought and looking down, “quite ailing; she loved giving to beggars, and was always dreaming of a convent, and once she burst into tears when she began telling me about it; yes, yes… I remember… I remember very well. Such a plain little thing… to look at. Really, I don’t know what drew me to her then, I think it was that

she was always ill… If she had been lame or hunchbacked besides, I think I would have loved her even more… (He smiled pensively.) So… it was a sort of spring delirium…"

"No, it wasn't only spring delirium," Dunechka said with feeling.

He looked at his sister attentively and with strain, but did not hear her words, or even did not understand them. Then, deep in thought, he got up, went over to his mother, kissed her, went back to his place, and sat down.

"You love her even now!" said Pulcheria Alexandrovna, touched.

"Her? Now? Oh, yes… you mean her! No. All that is now as if in the other world… and so long ago. And everything around me, too, seems to be happening somewhere else…"

He looked at them attentively.

"You too… I look at you as if from a thousand versts away… And the devil knows why we're talking about this! And what's the point of asking questions?" he added with vexation, and fell silent, biting his nails and lost in thought again.

"What a wretched apartment you have, Rodya, just like a coffin," Pulcheria Alexandrovna said suddenly, breaking the oppressive silence. "I'm sure it's half because of the apartment that you've become such a melancholic."

"The apartment?…" he answered absently. "Yes, the apartment contributed a great deal… I've thought about that too… But if you only knew, though, what a strange thought you've just expressed, Mama," he added suddenly, with a strange smile.

A little more, and this company, this family, after a three-year separation, this familial tone of conversation, when it was utterly impossible to talk about anything at all, would finally have become absolutely unbearable to him. There was, however, one urgent matter that one way or another had to be settled today without fail—so he had decided earlier, when he woke up. Now he was glad of the matter, as a way out.

"Here's the thing, Dunya," he began seriously and dryly, "of course I ask your forgiveness for yesterday, but I consider it my duty to remind you again that I will not retreat from my main point. It's me or Luzhin. I may be a scoundrel, but you mustn't be. One of us. If you marry Luzhin, I shall at once cease to consider you my sister."

"Rodya, Rodya! But this is all the same as yesterday," Pulcheria Alexandrovna exclaimed sorrowfully. "And why do you keep calling yourself a scoundrel, I can't bear it! And yesterday the same thing..."

"Brother," Dunya answered firmly and also dryly, "there is a mistake in all this on your part. I thought it over during the night and found the mistake. It all comes down to your supposing, it seems, that I am sacrificing myself to someone and for someone. That's not so at all. I'm simply marrying for my own sake, because things are hard for me; and then, of course, I'll be glad if I manage to be useful to my family, but that isn't the chief motive in my decision..."

"She's lying!" he thought to himself, biting his nails in anger. "Proud thing! She won't admit she wants to play the benefactress! Oh, base characters! They love as if they hate... Oh, how I... hate them all!"

"In a word, I am marrying Pyotr Petrovich," Dunechka went on, "because of two evils I choose the lesser. I intend to fulfill honestly everything he expects of me, and therefore I'm not deceiving him... Why did you smile like that just now?"

She flushed too, and anger flashed in her eyes.

"You'll fulfill everything?" he asked, smiling venomously.

"Up to a certain limit. Both the manner and the form of Pyotr Petrovich's courtship showed me at once what he wants. He values himself, of course, perhaps too highly, but I hope he values me too... Why are you laughing again?"

“And why are you blushing again? You’re lying, sister, you’re lying on purpose, out of sheer feminine stubbornness, just to have your own way in front of me… You can’t respect Luzhin: I’ve seen him and talked with him. So you’re selling yourself for money, and so in any case you’re acting basely, and I’m glad that at least you can still blush!”

“It’s not true, I’m not lying!…” cried Dunechka, losing all her composure. “I won’t marry him without being convinced that he values me and holds me dear; I won’t marry him without being firmly convinced that I myself can respect him. Fortunately, I can make sure of that for certain, and even today. And such a marriage is not a vileness, as you say! And even if you were right, if I really had decided on a vileness—isn’t it merciless of you to talk to me like this? Why do you demand of me a heroism that perhaps you don’t have yourself? This is despotism, this is coercion! If I ruin anyone, it will be only myself… I haven’t put a knife into anyone yet!… Why are you looking at me like that? Why have you gone so pale? Rodya, what’s wrong? Rodya, dear!…”

“Lord! She’s made him faint!” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“No, no… nonsense… it’s nothing!… My head spun a little. Not a faint at all… You and your fainting!… Hm! yes… what was it I wanted? Oh, yes: how will you make sure, today of all days, that you can respect him and that he… values you, was it, as you said? You did say today, I think? Or did I mishear?”

“Mama, show my brother Pyotr Petrovich’s letter,” said Dunechka.

Pulcheria Alexandrovna handed over the letter with trembling hands. He took it with great curiosity. But before unfolding it, he suddenly looked at Dunechka with a kind of surprise.

“Strange,” he said slowly, as if suddenly struck by a new thought, “why am I making such a fuss? What’s all the shouting for? Marry whomever you like!”

He spoke as if to himself, but said it aloud, and for some time looked at his sister as if puzzled.

At last he unfolded the letter, still keeping an air of a sort of strange surprise; then he began to read slowly and attentively, and read it twice. Pulcheria Alexandrovna was particularly uneasy; and indeed everyone was expecting something special.

"This astonishes me," he began after some reflection, handing the letter to his mother but not addressing anyone in particular. "After all, he handles cases, he's a lawyer, and even his conversation has a certain… flourish—and yet how illiterately he writes."

Everyone stirred; this was not at all what they had expected.

"But they all write like that," Razumikhin remarked abruptly.

"Have you read it, then?"

"Yes."

"We showed it to him, Rodya, we… consulted him earlier," Pulcheria Alexandrovna began, embarrassed.

"That's actually legal style," Razumikhin interrupted. "Legal papers are still written that way."

"Legal? Yes, precisely legal, businesslike… Not exactly very illiterate, and not exactly very literary either; businesslike!"

"Pyotr Petrovich makes no secret of having been schooled on copper kopecks, and even boasts of having made his own way," remarked Avdotya Romanovna, somewhat offended by her brother's new tone.

"Well, if he boasts, then he has something to boast of—I don't dispute it. You seem offended, sister, that out of the whole letter I drew such a frivolous remark, and you think I started on such trifles on purpose, to needle you out of spite. On the contrary, in connection with the style, a remark occurred to me that is far from superfluous in the present case. There is one expression there, 'you will have only yourself to blame,' placed very significantly and clearly, and besides that there is a threat that he will

leave at once if I come. This threat to leave is the same as a threat to abandon you both if you are disobedient, and to abandon you now, when he has already summoned you to Petersburg. Well, what do you think: can one take offense at such an expression from Luzhin in just the same way as if he had written it (he pointed at Razumikhin), or Zosimov, or one of us?"

"N-no," answered Dunechka, growing more animated, "I understood very well that it was expressed too naively and that perhaps he simply isn't much of a writer... You've reasoned that well, brother. I didn't even expect..."

"It's expressed in legal fashion, and in legal fashion it can't be written any other way, and it came out coarser than perhaps he intended. However, I must disappoint you somewhat: there is one more expression in this letter, one slander about me, and a rather mean one. I gave the money yesterday to the widow, consumptive and crushed, and not 'under the pretext of the funeral,' but simply for the funeral, and not into the hands of the daughter—a young person, as he writes, 'of notorious behavior' (whom I saw yesterday for the first time in my life)—but to the widow herself. In all this I see an all too hasty desire to blacken me and set me at odds with you. And again it's expressed in legal fashion, that is, with too obvious a display of the aim and with a very naive haste. He's an intelligent man, but to act intelligently intelligence alone is not enough. All this paints the man and... I don't think he values you much. I tell you this solely for your edification, because I sincerely wish you well..."

Dunechka did not answer; her decision had been made earlier, she was only waiting for evening.

"So what have you decided, Rodya?" asked Pulcheria Alexandrovna, still more worried than before by his sudden, new, businesslike tone.

"What do you mean, 'decided'?"

“Why, Pyotr Petrovich writes that you’re not to be at our place this evening and that he’ll leave… if you come. So what will you… do?”

“That, of course, isn’t for me to decide, but first of all for you, if such a demand from Pyotr Petrovich doesn’t offend you, and secondly for Dunya, if she isn’t offended either. And I’ll do whatever is best for you,” he added dryly.

“Dunechka has already decided, and I entirely agree with her,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna hastened to put in.

“I have decided to ask you, Rodya, to urge you most insistently, to be with us at that meeting without fail,” said Dunya. “Will you come?”

“I will.”

“And I ask you too to be with us at eight o’clock,” she turned to Razumikhin. “Mama, I’m inviting him too.”

“Splendid, Dunechka. Well, however you’ve decided it,” added Pulcheria Alexandrovna, “so let it be. And it’s easier for me too; I don’t like pretending and lying; better that we tell the whole truth… Be angry or not, Pyotr Petrovich, as you please!”

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1. French: “Die, dogs, if you’re not satisfied!”

Part Three · IV

At that moment the door opened quietly, and into the room, looking timidly around, came a girl. Everyone turned to her in surprise and curiosity. Raskolnikov did not recognize her at first glance. It was Sofya Semyonovna Marmeladova. He had seen her yesterday for the first time, but at such a moment, in such surroundings, and in such a costume that his memory had kept the image of an entirely different face. Now this was a modestly, even poorly dressed girl, still very young, almost like a little girl, with a modest and proper manner and a clear but somehow rather frightened face. She was wearing a very plain little housedress, and on her head an old hat of an outmoded style; only in her hands was there, as yesterday, a parasol. Seeing the room unexpectedly full of people, she was not so much embarrassed as completely lost; she grew shy as a small child, and even made a movement to go back out.

"Ah... it's you?..." said Raskolnikov in extreme surprise, and suddenly he was flustered himself.

It at once occurred to him that his mother and sister already knew in passing, from Luzhin's letter, about a certain girl of "notorious" conduct. Only just now he had protested against Luzhin's slander and mentioned that he had seen this girl for the first time, and suddenly here she was, walking in herself. He remembered too that he had not protested at all against the expression "of notorious conduct." All this slid vaguely through his head in an instant. But looking more closely, he suddenly saw that this humiliated creature was already so humiliated that he suddenly felt sorry for

her. And when she made a movement to run away out of fright, something seemed to turn over in him.

"I wasn't expecting you at all," he hurried on, stopping her with his eyes. "Do me the favor, sit down. You must be from Katerina Ivanovna. Please, not there, sit here…"

When Sonya came in, Razumikhin, who was sitting on one of Raskolnikov's three chairs, just by the door, half rose to let her through. At first Raskolnikov pointed her to the place in the corner of the sofa where Zosimov had been sitting, but, remembering that this sofa was too familiar a place and served him as his bed, he hastened to point her to Razumikhin's chair.

"And you sit here," he said to Razumikhin, putting him in the corner where Zosimov had been sitting.

Sonya sat down, almost trembling with fright, and glanced timidly at the two ladies. It was plain that she herself did not understand how she could sit down beside them. Realizing this, she was so frightened that she suddenly stood up again and in complete confusion turned to Raskolnikov.

"I… I… I've only stopped by for a minute, forgive me for disturbing you," she began, stammering. "I've come from Katerina Ivanovna, and she had no one else to send… And Katerina Ivanovna told me to beg you very much to be at the funeral service tomorrow, in the morning… at the liturgy… at the Mitrofanievsky, and then at our place… at hers… to take a meal… To do her the honor… She told me to ask you."

Sonya stumbled and fell silent.

"I'll try without fail… without fail," answered Raskolnikov, also half rising, also stammering and not finishing… "Do me the favor, sit down," he said suddenly, "I need to talk to you. Please—you may be in a hurry—do me the favor, give me two minutes…"

And he moved a chair up for her. Sonya sat down again, and again, timidly, helplessly, hurriedly, glanced at the two ladies, and

suddenly lowered her eyes.

Raskolnikov's pale face flushed; he seemed to shudder all over; his eyes lit up.

"Mama," he said firmly and insistently, "this is Sofya Semyonovna Marmeladova, the daughter of that same unfortunate Mr. Marmeladov who was run over by the horses yesterday before my eyes, and about whom I already told you..."

Pulcheria Alexandrovna looked at Sonya and narrowed her eyes slightly. In spite of all her confusion before Rodya's insistent and challenging look, she simply could not deny herself this pleasure. Dunechka stared seriously, intently, straight into the poor girl's face and studied her in bewilderment. Sonya, hearing herself introduced, raised her eyes again, but was more embarrassed than before.

"I wanted to ask you," Raskolnikov quickly turned to her, "how did things go for you today? They didn't trouble you?... from the police, for example."

"No, sir, it all went off... It's only too plain what he died of; they didn't trouble us; only the lodgers are angry."

"Why?"

"Because the body has been there so long... it's hot now, you know, the smell... so today, by vespers, they'll carry him to the cemetery, to the chapel, until tomorrow. Katerina Ivanovna didn't want to at first, but now she sees herself that it can't be helped..."

"So it's today?"

"She asks you to do us the honor of being at the funeral service in church tomorrow, and then to come to her, for the memorial meal."

"She's giving a memorial meal?"

"Yes, sir, a little something to eat; she told me to thank you very much for helping us yesterday... without you we'd have had nothing at all to bury him with." And suddenly her lips and chin began

to quiver, but she took hold of herself and held back, quickly lowering her eyes to the ground again.

All through the conversation Raskolnikov studied her intently. It was a thin, a very thin and pale little face, rather irregular, somehow sharp, with a sharp little nose and chin. She could not even be called pretty, but on the other hand her blue eyes were so clear, and when they came alive, the expression of her face became so kind and so artless that it drew you to her in spite of yourself. In her face, and in her whole figure too, there was besides one peculiar, characteristic feature: in spite of her eighteen years she seemed almost still a little girl, much younger than her age, almost a child, and this sometimes came out even comically in some of her movements.

"But can Katerina Ivanovna really manage with such small means, and even intend to give a meal?..." asked Raskolnikov, insistently keeping the conversation going.

"The coffin will be a plain one, sir... and everything will be plain, so it won't cost much... Katerina Ivanovna and I worked it all out earlier, so there'll even be enough left for the remembrance... and Katerina Ivanovna wants so much for it to be that way. It has to be done, sir... it's a comfort to her... she's like that, you know yourself..."

"I understand, I understand... of course... Why are you looking around my room like that? Mama says too that it looks like a coffin."

"You gave us everything yesterday!" Sonechka suddenly said in reply, in a sort of strong, rapid whisper, suddenly looking down hard again. Her lips and chin began to quiver again. She had been struck for some time already by Raskolnikov's poor surroundings, and now these words suddenly broke out of her by themselves. A silence followed. Dunechka's eyes somehow brightened, and Pulcheria Alexandrovna even looked at Sonya kindly.

"Rodya," she said, getting up, "of course we'll have dinner together. Dunechka, let's go... And you, Rodya, ought to go out, take a little walk, and then rest, lie down, and then come to us soon... We've tired you out, I'm afraid..."

"Yes, yes, I'll come," he answered, getting up and suddenly in a hurry... "I have some business, though..."

"What, are you really going to have dinner separately?" cried Razumikhin, looking at Raskolnikov in surprise. "What's the matter with you?"

"Yes, yes, I'll come, of course, of course... And you stay for a minute. You don't need him right now, do you, Mama? Or am I taking him away from you?"

"Oh, no, no! And you, Dmitry Prokofyich, will you come to dinner, will you be so kind?"

"Please do come," Dunya asked.

Razumikhin bowed and was all radiant. For a moment everyone was somehow suddenly, strangely embarrassed.

"Goodbye, Rodya—I mean, till we meet; I don't like saying 'goodbye.' Goodbye, Nastasya... oh, I've said 'goodbye' again!..."

Pulcheria Alexandrovna meant to bow to Sonechka too, but somehow it did not come off, and she hurried out of the room.

But Avdotya Romanovna seemed to be waiting her turn, and, passing Sonya behind her mother, she gave her an attentive, courteous, and full bow. Sonechka was flustered and bowed back in a hurried, frightened way, and something even like pain showed in her face, as if Avdotya Romanovna's courtesy and attention were a burden and a torment to her.

"Dunya, goodbye, then!" Raskolnikov shouted, already out in the entry. "Give me your hand!"

"But I already gave it to you, have you forgotten?" answered Dunya, turning to him tenderly and awkwardly.

"Well, so what, give it again!"

And he squeezed her slender fingers hard. Dunechka smiled at him, blushed, quickly pulled her hand away, and went after her mother, for some reason all happy too.

"Well, that's splendid!" he said to Sonya, coming back into his room and looking at her brightly. "The Lord rest the dead, but the living still have to live! Isn't that so? Isn't it so? It is so, isn't it?"

Sonya looked with something like surprise at his suddenly brightened face; for a few moments he gazed at her silently and intently: the whole story her late father had told about her suddenly swept through his memory at that minute…

"Lord, Dunechka!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna began at once, as soon as they came out into the street. "Here I am actually glad myself, now, that we've left: it's somehow easier. Well, could I have thought yesterday, in the train, that I would be glad even of this!"

"I tell you again, Mama, he's still very ill. Can't you see it? Maybe he's upset himself suffering over us. We have to be indulgent, and much, so much can be forgiven."

"But you weren't indulgent!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna at once interrupted, hotly and jealously. "You know, Dunya, I was looking at the two of you, and you're his perfect portrait, and not so much in your face as in your soul: you're both melancholics, both sullen and hot-tempered, both haughty, and both generous… It can't be that he's an egoist, can it, Dunechka? Eh?… And when I think what's going to happen at our place this evening, my heart just fails me!"

"Don't worry, Mama, what must be will be."

"Dunechka! Just think what a position we're in now! What if Pyotr Petrovich breaks it off?" poor Pulcheria Alexandrovna suddenly blurted out incautiously.

"Then what will he be worth after that!" Dunechka answered sharply and contemptuously.

"We did well to leave just now," Pulcheria Alexandrovna hurried on, interrupting, "he was hurrying off somewhere on business: let him take a walk, breathe some air at least... it's terribly stuffy in his room... but where is there any air to breathe here? Even in the streets here it's like rooms with no vent windows. Lord, what a city!... Wait, step aside, they'll crush you, they're carrying something! Why, that was a piano they carried past, really... how they shove... I'm very much afraid of that girl too..."

"What girl, Mama?"

"Why, that one, Sofya Semyonovna, who was there just now..."

"Afraid of what?"

"I have a presentiment, Dunya. Well, believe it or not, as soon as she came in, I thought that very minute that this is where the main thing lies..."

"Nothing lies there at all!" Dunya cried in vexation. "What you are with your presentiments, Mama! He's only known her since yesterday, and when she came in just now, he didn't recognize her."

"Well, you'll see!... She troubles me, you'll see, you'll see! And I got so frightened: she looks at me, looks at me, such eyes, I could hardly stay in my chair, do you remember, when he began introducing her? And it seems strange to me: Pyotr Petrovich writes such things about her, and he introduces her to us, and to you besides! So she must be dear to him!"

"Who cares what he writes! People talked about us too, and wrote, have you forgotten? And I'm sure she's... a fine girl, and that all this is nonsense!"

"God grant it!"

"And Pyotr Petrovich is a worthless gossip," Dunechka suddenly snapped.

Pulcheria Alexandrovna simply shrank. The conversation broke off.

"Here's the thing, here's the business I have with you…" said Raskolnikov, drawing Razumikhin over to the window…

"Then I'll tell Katerina Ivanovna you'll come…" Sonya hurried, bowing to leave.

"One moment, Sofya Semyonovna, we have no secrets, you're not in the way… I'd like to say a couple more words to you… Here's the thing," he suddenly turned to Razumikhin without finishing, as if he had broken it off. "You know that… what's his name!… Porfiry Petrovich?"

"I should say so! He's a relative. Why?" the other added, in a sort of burst of curiosity.

"He's handling that case now… well, that murder… you were talking about it yesterday… isn't he?"

"Yes… well?" Razumikhin suddenly goggled.

"He's been asking the people who pawned things, and I have some pledges there too, just junk, but there's my sister's little ring, which she gave me as a keepsake when I was leaving to come here, and my father's silver watch. It's all worth five or six roubles, but it's dear to me, as a memory. So what should I do now? I don't want the things to be lost, especially the watch. I was trembling earlier that Mama would ask to see it, when they started talking about Dunechka's watch. It's the only thing of my father's that survived. She'll fall ill if it's lost! Women! So how should I go about it, teach me! I know I ought to report it at the station. But wouldn't it be better to go to Porfiry himself, eh? What do you think? I'd like to get the thing settled quickly. You'll see, Mama will ask even before dinner!"

"By no means the station, and Porfiry without fail!" Razumikhin shouted in a sort of extraordinary agitation. "Well, how glad I am! What are we waiting for, let's go now, it's two steps away, we're sure to find him in!"

"All right… let's go…"

"And he'll be very, very, very, very glad to meet you! I've talked to him a lot about you, at different times… And yesterday too. Let's go!… So you knew the old woman? So that's it!… It's all turned out mag-ni-fi-cent-ly!… Oh, yes… Sofya Ivanovna…"

"Sofya Semyonovna," Raskolnikov corrected. "Sofya Semyonovna, this is my friend Razumikhin, and he's a good man…"

"If you have to go now…" Sonya began, without even looking at Razumikhin, and growing all the more embarrassed for that.

"Then let's go!" Raskolnikov decided. "I'll come to see you today, Sofya Semyonovna, only tell me where you live?"

He was not exactly confused, but seemed somehow to be in a hurry and to be avoiding her eyes. Sonya gave her address and blushed as she did. They all went out together.

"Don't you lock up?" asked Razumikhin, going down the stairs after them.

"Never!… Though for two years now I've been meaning to buy a lock," he added carelessly. "Happy people, aren't they, who have nothing to lock up?" he turned, laughing, to Sonya.

In the street they stopped at the gate.

"You go to the right, Sofya Semyonovna? By the way: how did you find me?" he asked, as if he wanted to say something entirely different to her. He kept wanting to look into her quiet, clear eyes, and somehow it kept not working out…

"Why, you gave Polechka the address yesterday."

"Polya? Ah, yes… Polechka! That's… the little one… that's your sister? So I gave her the address?"

"But have you really forgotten?"

"No… I remember…"

"And I'd heard about you from him, the deceased, back then… Only I didn't know your last name then, and he didn't know it himself… And now I came… and since I found out your last name yesterday… I asked today: where does Mr. Raskolnikov live here?…

And I didn't know that you lived in a rented room too… Goodbye, sir… I'll tell Katerina Ivanovna…"

She was terribly glad that she had finally got away; she walked with her eyes down, hurrying, so as to get out of their sight somehow quickly, to get somehow quickly over those twenty steps to the turn to the right into the street, and to be alone at last, and there, walking, hurrying, looking at no one, noticing nothing, to think, to remember, to weigh every word that had been said, every circumstance. Never, never had she felt anything like it. A whole new world had descended, unknowingly and dimly, into her soul. She suddenly recalled that Raskolnikov himself meant to come to see her today, maybe even in the morning, maybe right now!

"Only not today, please, not today!" she muttered with a sinking heart, as if begging someone, like a frightened child. "Lord! To me… to that room… he'll see… oh, Lord!"

And, of course, at that moment she could not notice a certain gentleman, a stranger to her, who was diligently watching her and following on her heels. He had been following her from the moment she came out of the gate. At the moment when all three of them, Razumikhin, Raskolnikov, and she, had stopped on the sidewalk for a couple of words, this passerby, going around them, had suddenly seemed to start, catching Sonya's words by chance on the fly: "and I asked: where does Mr. Raskolnikov live?" He had looked quickly but attentively at all three, especially at Raskolnikov, whom Sonya was addressing; then he looked at the house and took note of it. All this was done in an instant, in passing, and the passerby, trying not even to let it show, walked on, slowing his pace and as if waiting. He was waiting for Sonya; he saw that they were saying goodbye and that Sonya would now be going off somewhere to her own place.

"Now where would her own place be? I've seen that face somewhere," he thought, recalling Sonya's face… "I must find out."

When he reached the turn, he crossed to the opposite side of the street, turned around, and saw that Sonya was already coming after him, the same way, and noticing nothing. When she reached the turn, she turned into the very same street. He followed, not taking his eyes off her from the opposite sidewalk; after fifty steps or so he crossed back to the side Sonya was walking on, caught up with her, and walked behind her, keeping five steps away.

He was a man of about fifty, taller than average, portly, with broad, steep shoulders that made him look somewhat stooped. He was smartly and comfortably dressed and looked like a stately gentleman of means. In his hands was a handsome cane, which he tapped on the sidewalk with every step, and his hands were in fresh gloves. His broad face, with its high cheekbones, was rather pleasant, and his complexion was fresh, not a Petersburg complexion. His hair, still very thick, was quite blond, with just a touch of gray, perhaps, and his broad, thick beard, hanging down like a spade, was even lighter than the hair on his head. His eyes were blue and had a cold, fixed, and thoughtful look; his lips were scarlet. All in all he was a remarkably well-preserved man who seemed much younger than his years.

When Sonya came out onto the canal, the two of them were alone on the sidewalk. Watching her, he had managed to notice her pensiveness and absentmindedness. Reaching her building, Sonya turned in at the gate, and he after her, and as if somewhat surprised. Coming into the courtyard, she turned right, into the corner where the stairway to her lodging was. “Bah!” muttered the unknown gentleman, and began climbing the steps behind her. Only then did Sonya notice him. She went up to the third floor, turned into the gallery, and rang at number nine, on whose door was written in chalk: “Kapernaumov, Tailor.” “Bah!” the stranger repeated, surprised at the odd coincidence, and rang next door at

number eight. The two doors were some six steps from each other.

"You're lodging at Kapernaumov's!" he said, looking at Sonya and laughing. "He altered a waistcoat for me yesterday. And I'm here, right next door to you, at Madame Resslich's, Gertruda Karlovna's. How things work out!"

Sonya looked at him attentively.

"Neighbors," he went on, somehow especially cheerfully. "I've only been in town three days, you know. Well, then, goodbye for now."

Sonya did not answer; the door was opened, and she slipped into her room. She felt ashamed of something, and somehow frightened…

On the way to Porfiry's Razumikhin was in a particularly excited state.

"This is splendid, brother," he repeated several times, "and I'm glad! I'm glad!"

"What are you so glad about?" Raskolnikov thought to himself.

"I didn't even know that you pawned things with the old woman too. And… and… was it long ago? I mean, was it long ago you were at her place?"

"What a naïve fool he is!"

"When?…" Raskolnikov paused, trying to remember. "Why, I was at her place about three days before her death, I think. But I'm not going to redeem the things now," he took up, with a sort of hurried and peculiar concern about the things, "I have only one silver rouble again… thanks to that cursed delirium yesterday!…"

He spoke about the delirium with special emphasis.

"Well, yes, yes, yes," Razumikhin hurriedly agreed, to what was not clear, "so that's why it… partly struck you, back then… and you know, in your delirium you kept mentioning some rings and chains!… Well, yes, yes… That's clear, it's all clear now."

"There you go! How that idea has spread among them! Here's a man who would go to the cross for me, and he's very glad it's been cleared up why I talked about rings in my delirium! How it's set in all of them!..."

"And will we find him in?" he asked aloud.

"We will, we will," Razumikhin hurried. "He's a splendid fellow, brother, you'll see! A bit clumsy—I mean, he's a man of the world, but I mean clumsy in a different sense. A clever fellow, clever, not at all stupid in fact, only he has some sort of peculiar cast of mind... Mistrustful, a skeptic, a cynic... likes to fool people, I mean not to cheat them, but to make fools of them... And then the old method, the material one... But he knows his business, he knows it... Last year he tracked down one case, a murder, in which almost all the traces had been lost! He very, very, very much wants to meet you!"

"But why on earth very much?"

"I mean, not that... you see, lately, since you fell ill, I've had to mention you a lot and often... Well, he listened... and when he heard you were in law and can't finish the course, because of circumstances, he said, 'What a pity!' And I concluded... I mean, all of it together, not just that; yesterday Zametov... You see, Rodya, I was babbling something to you yesterday when I was drunk, on the way home... so I'm afraid, brother, that you may be exaggerating it, you see..."

"What's that? That they think I'm mad? Well, maybe it's true."

He smiled a strained smile.

"Yes... yes... I mean, pah, no!... Well, everything I said (and about the other thing, too) was all nonsense, and from being hung over."

"What are you apologizing for! How sick I am of all this!" cried Raskolnikov with exaggerated irritability. He was, however, partly pretending.

"I know, I know, I understand. Rest assured that I understand. It's shameful even to talk about…"

"Well, if it's shameful, then don't talk about it!"

Both fell silent. Razumikhin was more than in raptures, and Raskolnikov felt it with disgust. What troubled him too was what Razumikhin had just been saying about Porfiry.

"I'll have to play poor Lazarus for this one too," he thought, turning pale and with his heart thumping, "and play it more naturally. The most natural thing would be not to play anything at all. To make a point of playing nothing! No, making a point of it would be unnatural again… Well, we'll see how it turns out… we'll see… right now… is it good or not good that I'm going? The moth flies to the candle of its own accord. My heart is pounding, that's what's not good!…"

"In this gray house," said Razumikhin.

"The most important thing is whether Porfiry knows or doesn't know that I was in that witch's apartment yesterday… and asked about the blood? I must find that out in an instant, from the first step, as soon as I go in, find it out from his face; oth-er-wise… even if I'm lost, I'll find out!"

"And you know what?" he suddenly turned to Razumikhin with a sly smile. "I noticed today, brother, that since morning you've been in a sort of extraordinary agitation? True?"

"What agitation? I'm not in any agitation at all," Razumikhin winced.

"No, brother, really, it shows. Earlier you were sitting on your chair the way you never sit, sort of on the edge, and you kept twitching. You'd jump up for no reason at all. One minute you're angry, and the next, for some reason, your mug turns into the sweetest sugar candy. You even blushed; especially when they invited you to dinner, you blushed terribly."

“I did nothing of the kind; you’re lying!... What are you talking about?”

“Why are you wriggling like a schoolboy! Pfoo, the devil, he’s blushing again!”

“What a swine you are, though!”

“But why are you so embarrassed? Romeo! Wait, I’ll tell this around today, ha-ha-ha! Won’t I make Mama laugh... and a certain someone else...”

“Listen, listen, listen, this is serious, this is... What will come of it after this, devil take it!” Razumikhin was completely thrown, going cold with horror. “What will you tell them? I, brother... Pfoo, what a swine you are!”

“A regular spring rose! And how it suits you, if you only knew; a Romeo ten vershoks tall![1] And how you’ve washed today, you’ve even cleaned your nails, eh? When did that ever happen? And, by God, you’ve pomaded your hair! Bend down!”

“Swine!!!”

Raskolnikov was laughing so hard that it seemed he could no longer contain himself, and so they entered Porfiry Petrovich’s apartment laughing. That was just what Raskolnikov needed: from the rooms it could be heard that they had come in laughing and were still guffawing in the hall.

“Not a word here, or I’ll... smash you!” Razumikhin whispered in a fury, seizing Raskolnikov by the shoulder.

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1. Russians gave a man’s height in vershoks (about an inch and three quarters) above the standard two arshins (about four feet eight inches). Ten vershoks over makes Razumikhin about six foot two.

Part Three · V

Raskolnikov was already going into the rooms. He went in looking as though he were restraining himself with all his might so as not to burst out laughing somehow. Behind him, his face utterly upset and ferocious, red as a peony, lanky and awkward, came the shamefaced Razumikhin. His face and his whole figure really were funny at that moment and justified Raskolnikov's laughter. Raskolnikov, not yet introduced, bowed to the host, who stood in the middle of the room looking at them questioningly, held out his hand and shook the host's, still with a visible, extraordinary effort to suppress his merriment and get out at least two or three words to introduce himself. But no sooner had he managed to put on a serious look and mutter something than suddenly, as if involuntarily, he glanced at Razumikhin again and at that point could not hold out: the suppressed laughter broke through all the more irrepressibly for having been held back so hard until then. The extraordinary ferocity with which Razumikhin received this "heartfelt" laughter gave the whole scene an air of the most sincere merriment and, above all, of naturalness. Razumikhin, as if on purpose, helped matters further.

"Pfoo, the devil!" he roared, waving his arm, and struck it right against a small round table on which stood an emptied glass of tea. Everything went flying and crashing.

"But why break the chairs, gentlemen, it's a loss to the Treasury!" Porfiry Petrovich shouted merrily.

The scene looked like this: Raskolnikov was finishing his laugh, his hand forgotten in his host's, but, knowing where to stop, he

was waiting for the moment to finish quickly and as naturally as possible. Razumikhin, utterly embarrassed by the fall of the table and the broken glass, looked gloomily at the pieces, spat, and turned sharply to the window, where he stood with his back to the company, his face terribly scowling, looking out the window and seeing nothing. Porfiry Petrovich laughed and wanted to laugh, but it was obvious that he needed explanations. In the corner on a chair sat Zametov, who had half risen when the guests came in and stood waiting, his mouth stretched into a smile, but looking at the whole scene with bewilderment and even, it seemed, with mistrust, and at Raskolnikov even with a sort of embarrassment. Zametov's unexpected presence struck Raskolnikov unpleasantly.

"That has to be thought over too!" he thought.

"Excuse me, please," he began, with a show of great embarrassment, "Raskolnikov..."

"Not at all, very pleased, sir, and you came in so pleasantly... What, doesn't he even want to say hello?" Porfiry Petrovich nodded at Razumikhin.

"Honest to God, I don't know why he's so furious with me. All I told him on the way was that he looks like Romeo, and... and I proved it, and there was nothing else, I think."

"Swine!" Razumikhin responded without turning around.

"He must have had very serious reasons to get so angry over one little word," Porfiry laughed.

"Oh, you! Examining magistrate!... Well, the devil take you all!" Razumikhin snapped, and suddenly, laughing himself, his face cheered up, he walked over to Porfiry Petrovich as if nothing had happened.

"Enough! Everybody's a fool; to business: here's a friend of mine, Rodion Romanych Raskolnikov, in the first place he's heard a lot about you and wanted to meet you, and in the second place he

has a little matter for you. Bah! Zametov! How do you come to be here? Do you two know each other? Since when?"

"What's this now!" Raskolnikov thought anxiously.

Zametov seemed embarrassed, but not very.

"We met yesterday, at your place," he said casually.

"Then God has spared me the trouble: last week he begged me terribly to introduce him to you somehow, Porfiry, and you've sniffed each other out without me... Where's your tobacco?"

Porfiry Petrovich was dressed for home, in a dressing gown, very clean linen, and trodden-down slippers. He was a man of about thirty-five, shorter than average, stout and even with a little paunch, clean-shaven, without mustache or side-whiskers, his hair cropped close on a large round head that was somehow especially bulging and rounded at the back. His puffy, round, slightly snub-nosed face was of a sickly, dark yellow color, but rather lively and even mocking. It would even have been good-natured if it had not been for the expression of his eyes, which had a sort of liquid, watery gleam and were covered by almost white lashes that blinked as if winking at someone. The look of those eyes was somehow strangely out of harmony with his whole figure, which even had something womanish about it, and gave it something far more serious than one might have expected of it at first glance.

As soon as Porfiry Petrovich heard that his guest had a "little matter" for him, he at once asked him to sit on the sofa, sat down himself at the other end, and fixed his eyes on his guest in immediate expectation of hearing the matter set out, with that intense and all too serious attention which weighs on you and embarrasses you from the first, especially with a stranger, and especially if what you are setting out is, in your own opinion, far out of proportion to such extraordinarily weighty attention being shown you. But Raskolnikov, in brief and coherent words, explained his matter clearly and precisely, and was so pleased with himself that

he even managed to get a fairly good look at Porfiry. Porfiry Petrovich, for his part, did not take his eyes off him once the whole time. Razumikhin, settling himself opposite, at the same table, followed the setting out of the matter hotly and impatiently, constantly shifting his eyes from one to the other and back, which was already a little overdone.

"Fool!" Raskolnikov swore to himself.

"You should submit a statement to the police," Porfiry answered with the most businesslike air, "to the effect, sir, that, having been informed of such-and-such an occurrence, that is, of this murder, you request in your turn that the examining magistrate to whom the case is entrusted be notified that such-and-such articles belong to you and that you wish to redeem them... or something like that... but they'll write it for you there anyway."

"That's just the thing, that at the present moment," Raskolnikov tried to look as embarrassed as possible, "I'm not exactly in funds... and I can't manage even such a trifle... you see, what I'd like now is just to declare that these things are mine, but that when I have the money..."

"That makes no difference, sir," answered Porfiry Petrovich, receiving the explanation of his finances coldly, "but then, if you like, you can also write directly to me, to the same effect: that, having been informed of such-and-such, and declaring such-and-such articles to be mine, I request..."

"On plain paper, I suppose?" Raskolnikov hastened to interrupt, again taking an interest in the financial side of the matter.

"Oh, the plainest, sir!" and suddenly Porfiry Petrovich looked at him somehow openly mockingly, narrowing his eyes and as if winking at him. Though perhaps it only seemed so to Raskolnikov, because it lasted only an instant. At any rate, there was something of the sort. Raskolnikov would have sworn that he winked at him, devil knows why.

“He knows!” flashed through him like lightning.

“Forgive me for troubling you with such trifles,” he went on, somewhat thrown off, “my things are worth only five roubles, but they’re especially dear to me, as a memory of those I had them from, and, I confess, when I found out, I was very frightened…”

“So that’s why you started up like that yesterday when I blurted out to Zosimov that Porfiry was questioning the pawners!” Razumikhin put in, with visible intent.

This was already unbearable. Raskolnikov could not stand it and flashed his black eyes at him, ablaze with anger. At once he came to his senses.

“You seem to be making fun of me, brother?” he turned to him with deftly worked-up irritation. “I grant that maybe, in your eyes, I’m much too concerned about such junk; but you can’t consider me either an egoist or greedy for that, and in my eyes these two trifling little things may not be junk at all. I told you just now that this silver watch, not worth a kopeck, is the only thing my father left. Laugh at me, but my mother has come to see me,” he suddenly turned to Porfiry, “and if she found out,” he quickly turned back to Razumikhin, trying especially to make his voice tremble, “that this watch was lost, then, I swear, she would be in despair! Women!”

“But not at all! I didn’t mean it that way at all! Quite the opposite!” cried the aggrieved Razumikhin.

“Was that good? Was it natural? Did I overdo it?” Raskolnikov trembled inwardly. “Why did I say ‘women’?”

“So your mother has come to see you?” Porfiry Petrovich inquired, for some reason.

“Yes.”

“And when was that, sir?”

“Yesterday evening.”

Porfiry was silent for a moment, as if considering.

“Your things could not have been lost in any case,” he went on calmly and coldly. “I’ve been waiting for you here for a long time, you know.”

And as if nothing had happened, he solicitously began moving an ashtray toward Razumikhin, who was mercilessly dropping cigarette ash on the carpet. Raskolnikov gave a start, but Porfiry did not seem even to be looking, still preoccupied with Razumikhin’s cigarette.

“Wha-at? Waiting! Did you know, then, that he’d pawned things there too?” cried Razumikhin.

Porfiry Petrovich turned straight to Raskolnikov:

“Both your things, the ring and the watch, were wrapped together in one piece of paper at her place, and on the paper your name was clearly written in pencil, as well as the day of the month when she received them from you…”

“How observant you are!…” Raskolnikov tried to smile awkwardly, making a special effort to look him straight in the eye; but he could not hold back and suddenly added: “I say that because there were probably a great many pawners… so it would be hard for you to remember them all… And you, on the contrary, remember them all so distinctly, and… and…”

“Stupid! Weak! Why did I add that!”

“But almost all the pawners are known by now, so that you’re the only one who hasn’t been so kind as to call,” answered Porfiry, with a barely noticeable shade of mockery.

“I wasn’t quite well.”

“I’ve heard about that too, sir. I’ve heard even that you were very upset about something. You seem pale even now?”

“I’m not pale at all… on the contrary, I’m perfectly well!” Raskolnikov snapped rudely and angrily, suddenly changing his tone. The anger was boiling up in him, and he could not suppress

it. “And in my anger I’ll let something slip!” flashed through him again. “But why are they tormenting me!…”

“Not quite well!” Razumikhin took up. “That’s putting it mildly! Until yesterday he was raving, almost out of his mind… Would you believe it, Porfiry, he can hardly stand on his feet himself, but the minute we turned our backs yesterday, Zosimov and I, he got dressed and slipped off on the quiet and was gallivanting around somewhere almost till midnight, and all in the most complete delirium, I tell you, can you imagine it! A most remarkable case!”

“In the most complete delirium, really? You don’t say!” Porfiry shook his head with a sort of womanish gesture.

“Oh, nonsense! Don’t believe it! But then you don’t believe it anyway!” broke from Raskolnikov, out of too much anger. But Porfiry Petrovich did not seem to hear these strange words.

“But how could you have gone out if you weren’t delirious?” Razumikhin suddenly grew heated. “Why did you go out? What for?… And why on the sly, exactly? Well, were you in your right mind then? Now that all the danger is past, I’m telling you straight out!”

“I got very sick of them yesterday,” Raskolnikov suddenly turned to Porfiry with an insolently challenging grin, “so I ran away from them to rent an apartment where they wouldn’t find me, and I took a pile of money with me. Mr. Zametov there saw the money. So tell us, Mr. Zametov, was I in my right mind yesterday or delirious, settle the argument?”

It seemed he could have strangled Zametov at that moment. He disliked his look and his silence too much.

“In my opinion you talked very sensibly, sir, and even cunningly, sir, only you were much too irritable,” Zametov declared dryly.

“And today Nikodim Fomich was telling me,” Porfiry Petrovich put in, “that he met you yesterday, very late, in the lodging of a clerk who had been run over by horses…”

"Well, take that clerk!" Razumikhin took up. "Well, weren't you mad at that clerk's place? You gave your last money to the widow for the funeral! All right, you wanted to help—give fifteen, give twenty, but keep at least three roubles for yourself, and instead he forks over all twenty-five!"

"And maybe I found a treasure somewhere, and you don't know it? So yesterday I was generous… Mr. Zametov there knows I found a treasure!… Excuse us, please," he turned to Porfiry, his lips quivering, "for bothering you for half an hour with such trivial squabbling. You're sick of us, eh?"

"Not at all, sir, on the contrary, on the co-o-ntrary! If you only knew how you interest me! It's curious both to watch and to listen… and I confess I'm so glad that you've finally been so kind as to call…"

"At least give us some tea! My throat's dry!" cried Razumikhin.

"Splendid idea! Maybe everyone will keep you company. But wouldn't you like… something more substantial, before the tea?"

"Get along with you!"

Porfiry Petrovich went out to order tea.

Thoughts whirled like a whirlwind in Raskolnikov's head. He was terribly irritated.

"The main thing is, they don't even hide it, they don't want to stand on ceremony! And on what occasion, if you don't know me at all, did you talk about me with Nikodim Fomich? So they don't even want to hide that they're after me like a pack of dogs! They spit in my face so openly!" He was trembling with fury. "Well, strike straight out, and don't play cat and mouse. That's not polite, Porfiry Petrovich, and maybe I won't allow it yet, sir!… I'll get up and blurt the whole truth in all your faces; and you'll see how I despise you!…" He drew breath with difficulty. "And what if it only seems so to me? What if it's a mirage and I'm wrong about everything, getting angry from inexperience, unable to keep up my vile

part? Maybe it's all without intent? All their words are ordinary, but there's something in them... All of that could always be said, but there's something. Why did he say straight out 'at her place'? Why did Zametov add that I talked cunningly? Why do they talk in such a tone? Yes... the tone... Razumikhin was sitting right here, so why doesn't anything seem so to him? Nothing ever seems so to that innocent blockhead! The fever again!... Did Porfiry wink at me just now or not? Must be nonsense; why would he wink? Do they want to work on my nerves, or are they teasing me? Either it's all a mirage, or they know!... Even Zametov is insolent... Is Zametov insolent? Zametov has changed his mind overnight. I had a presentiment that he would! He's at home here, and yet it's his first time. Porfiry doesn't treat him as a guest, sits with his back to him. They've sniffed each other out! They've sniffed each other out over me, for certain! They were talking about me before we came, for certain!... Do they know about the apartment? Let's get it over with!... When I said I ran off yesterday to rent an apartment, he let it pass, didn't pick it up... But that was clever of me to slip in the apartment: it will come in handy later!... In delirium, they'll say!... Ha-ha-ha! He knows about the whole of yesterday evening! He didn't know about my mother's arrival!... And the witch even wrote the date down in pencil!... You lie, I won't give in! These aren't facts yet, it's only a mirage! No, you give me facts! And the apartment isn't a fact, it's delirium; I know what to tell them... Do they know about the apartment? I won't leave without finding out! Why did I come? But the fact that I'm angry now, that may well be a fact! Pfoo, how irritable I am! But maybe that's good; the part of a sick man... He's feeling me out. He'll try to trip me up. Why did I come?"

All this swept through his head like lightning.

Porfiry Petrovich came back in a moment. He had suddenly cheered up somehow.

"My head, brother, ever since your party yesterday... And I'm somehow all unstrung," he began in an entirely different tone, laughing, to Razumikhin.

"Well, was it interesting? I left you yesterday at the most interesting point, didn't I? Who won?"

"Why, nobody, of course. We got onto the eternal questions, soared in the empyrean."

"Imagine, Rodya, what we got onto yesterday: does crime exist or not? I told you they talked themselves blue in the face!"

"What's surprising about that? An ordinary social question," Raskolnikov answered absentmindedly.

"The question wasn't formulated quite that way," Porfiry remarked.

"Not quite that way, that's true," Razumikhin agreed at once, hurrying and getting heated as usual. "You see, Rodion: listen and give your opinion. I want you to. I was jumping out of my skin with them yesterday and waiting for you; I told them about you too, that you'd come... It started with the view of the socialists. Everybody knows the view: crime is a protest against the abnormality of the social order—and that's all, and nothing more, and no other causes are admitted—and nothing!..."

"There you go, lying!" cried Porfiry Petrovich. He was visibly growing livelier and kept laughing as he looked at Razumikhin, which egged him on all the more.

"N-nothing is admitted!" Razumikhin interrupted hotly. "I'm not lying!... I'll show you their books: with them everything is because 'the environment devoured him'—and nothing more! Their favorite phrase! Straight from that it follows that if society is arranged normally, then all crimes will vanish at once, since there will be nothing to protest against, and everyone will become righteous in an instant. Nature isn't taken into account, nature is driven out, nature isn't allowed! With them it isn't mankind, developing to the

end along a historical, living path, that will finally turn into a normal society of itself, but, on the contrary, a social system, coming out of some mathematical head, that will at once arrange all mankind and make it righteous and sinless in an instant, ahead of any living process, without any historical and living path! That's why they dislike history so instinctively: 'there's nothing in it but outrages and stupidities'—and everything is explained by stupidity alone! That's why they dislike the living process of life so much: no need for a living soul! A living soul will demand life, a living soul won't obey mechanics, a living soul is suspicious, a living soul is retrograde! But this thing here, though it may smell a bit of carrion, can be made out of rubber—but then it isn't alive, but then it has no will, but then it's servile, it won't rebel! And the upshot is that they've reduced everything to the laying of bricks and the arrangement of corridors and rooms in a phalanstery![1] The phalanstery is ready, all right, but your nature isn't ready for the phalanstery yet, it wants life, it hasn't completed the process of life yet, it's too early for the graveyard! With logic alone you can't leap over nature! Logic will foresee three cases, and there are a million! Cut off the whole million and reduce everything to the one question of comfort! The easiest solution of the problem! Seductively clear, and no need to think! The main thing—no need to think! The whole secret of life fits on two printer's sheets!"

"There, he's broken loose, he's drumming away! He has to be held by the arms," laughed Porfiry. "Imagine," he turned to Raskolnikov, "it was just like this yesterday evening, in one room, six voices at once, and he'd plied them with punch beforehand—can you picture it? No, brother, you're lying: 'the environment' means a great deal in crime; I'll back you up on that."

"I know myself that it means a lot, but you tell me this: a man of forty dishonors a girl of ten—was it the environment that drove him to it?"

"Well, in the strict sense, it may well be the environment," Porfiry remarked with astonishing gravity, "a crime against a little girl can very, very well be explained by 'the environment.'"

Razumikhin nearly flew into a fury.

"Well, do you want me to deduce for you right now," he roared, "that your eyelashes are white solely because Ivan the Great is thirty-five sazhens high,[2] and deduce it clearly, precisely, progressively, and even with a liberal tinge? I'll take it on! Well, want to bet?"

"Accepted! Let's hear, please, how he deduces it!"

"But he's pretending all the time, the devil!" cried Razumikhin, jumping up and waving his arm. "Well, is it worth talking to you! He does it all on purpose, you don't know him yet, Rodion! And yesterday he took their side only to make fools of everyone. And the things he said yesterday, Lord! And how glad they were of him!... He keeps it up for two weeks at a time like this, you know. Last year he assured us, for some reason, that he was going to become a monk: he stuck to it for two months! Not long ago he took it into his head to assure us that he was getting married, that everything was ready for the wedding. He even had new clothes made. We had already begun congratulating him. There was no bride, nothing at all: all a mirage!"

"There you go, lying! I had the clothes made before. It was the new clothes that gave me the idea of fooling you all."

"Are you really such a pretender?" Raskolnikov asked carelessly.

"And you thought not? Wait, I'll take you in too—ha-ha-ha! No, you see, sir, I'll tell you the whole truth. Apropos of all these questions, crimes, environment, little girls, I've just recalled—though it has always interested me, actually—a little article of yours: 'On Crime'... or whatever you called it, I've forgotten the title, I don't remember. I had the pleasure of reading it two months ago in *Periodical Speech*."

"My article? In *Periodical Speech*?" Raskolnikov asked in surprise. "I really did write an article, half a year ago, when I left the university, about a certain book, but I took it then to the newspaper *Weekly Speech*, not to *Periodical*."

"But it got into *Periodical*."

"But *Weekly Speech* ceased to exist, that's why they didn't print it then…"

"That's true, sir; but in ceasing to exist, *Weekly Speech* merged with *Periodical Speech*, and therefore your little article appeared two months ago in *Periodical Speech*. And you didn't know?"

Raskolnikov really had known nothing.

"Goodness, you can ask them for money for the article! What a character you have, though! You live so solitarily that you don't know about such things that concern you directly. That's a fact, sir."

"Bravo, Rodka! And I didn't know either!" cried Razumikhin. "I'll run into the reading room this very day and ask for the issue! Two months ago? What date? Doesn't matter, I'll find it! There's a thing! And he won't say!"

"And how did you find out the article was mine? It was signed with an initial."

"By chance, and only the other day. Through the editor; I know him… I was very much interested."

"I examined, as I recall, the psychological state of the criminal throughout the whole course of the crime."

"Yes, sir, and you insist that the act of carrying out a crime is always accompanied by illness. Very, very original, but… it wasn't really that part of your little article that interested me, but a certain idea let slip at the end of the article, which, unfortunately, you put forward only in a hint, unclearly… In short, if you recall, there is a certain hint that there exist in the world certain persons, supposedly, who can… that is, not that they can, but who have the full

right to commit all sorts of outrages and crimes, and that the law, supposedly, is not written for them."

Raskolnikov smiled at this strained and deliberate distortion of his idea.

"What? What's that? A right to crime? But not because 'the environment devoured them'?" Razumikhin inquired with something even like alarm.

"No, no, not quite because of that," answered Porfiry. "The whole point is that in his article all people are somehow divided into the 'ordinary' and the 'extraordinary.' The ordinary must live in obedience and have no right to step over the law, because, you see, they are ordinary. While the extraordinary have the right to commit all sorts of crimes and to step over the law in every way, precisely because they are extraordinary.[3] That's how you have it, I believe, if I'm not mistaken?"

"But how can that be? It can't be like that!" Razumikhin muttered in bewilderment.

Raskolnikov smiled again. He understood at once what this was about and what they wanted to push him toward; he remembered his article. He decided to accept the challenge.

"That isn't quite how I have it," he began simply and modestly. "I confess, though, that you've stated it almost correctly, even, if you like, perfectly correctly..." (It was as if it gave him pleasure to agree that it was perfectly correct.) "The only difference is that I do not at all insist that extraordinary people must without fail, and are obliged to, commit all sorts of outrages always, as you put it. It even seems to me that such an article wouldn't have been allowed into print. I simply hinted that the 'extraordinary' man has the right... that is, not an official right, but he himself has the right to permit his conscience to step over... certain obstacles, and only in the event that the fulfillment of his idea (sometimes a saving one, perhaps, for all mankind) requires it. You are pleased to say that

my article is unclear; I am ready to make it clear to you, as far as I can. Perhaps I won't be mistaken in supposing that this is just what you seem to want; very well, sir. In my opinion, if the discoveries of Kepler and Newton, owing to certain combinations of circumstances, could in no way have become known to people except by sacrificing the lives of one, ten, a hundred, and so on, people who would be hindering this discovery or standing in its path as an obstacle, then Newton would have the right, and would even be obliged… to remove those ten or a hundred people, in order to make his discoveries known to all mankind. It does not follow from this, however, that Newton had the right to kill anyone he pleased, anyone he came across, or to steal every day at the market. Further, as I recall, I develop the idea in my article that all… well, for example, the lawgivers and founders of mankind, beginning with the most ancient, continuing with the Lycurguses, the Solons, the Mahomets, the Napoleons, and so on, were all to a man criminals, by the very fact that, in giving a new law, they thereby violated the ancient one, held sacred by society and handed down from their fathers, and, of course, they did not stop short of blood either, if only blood (sometimes quite innocent and valiantly shed for the ancient law) could help them. It is even remarkable that most of these benefactors and founders of mankind were particularly terrible shedders of blood. In short, I conclude that all, not only the great, but even those slightly out of the rut, that is, even slightly capable of saying something a little new, must by their nature be criminals without fail—more or less, of course. Otherwise it is hard for them to get out of the rut, and to stay in the rut they of course cannot agree, again by their nature, and in my opinion they are even obliged not to agree. In short, you see that so far there is nothing especially new here. It has been printed and read a thousand times. As for my division of people into ordinary and extraordinary, I agree that it is somewhat arbitrary, but

then I don't insist on exact figures. I believe only in my main idea. It consists precisely in this, that people, by a law of nature, are divided in general into two categories: the lower (the ordinary), that is, so to speak, material serving solely for the generation of its own kind, and people properly so called, that is, those who have the gift or talent to speak a new word in their milieu. The subdivisions here are endless, of course, but the distinguishing features of the two categories are fairly sharp: the first category, that is, the material, generally speaking, are people conservative by nature, staid, they live in obedience and like to be obedient. In my opinion they are even obliged to be obedient, because that is their purpose, and there is absolutely nothing humiliating in it for them. The second category all step over the law, they are destroyers, or inclined to be, according to their abilities. The crimes of these people are, of course, relative and manifold; for the most part they demand, in very diverse declarations, the destruction of the present in the name of something better. But if such a man needs, for the sake of his idea, to step over even a corpse, over blood, then he can, within himself, in conscience, in my opinion, give himself permission to step over blood—depending, however, on the idea and on its scale—note that. It is only in this sense that I speak in my article of their right to crime. (You will recall that we began with a legal question.) However, there is no need to be much alarmed: the mass almost never recognizes this right in them, it executes them and hangs them (more or less) and in so doing, quite justly, fulfills its conservative purpose, with this proviso, however, that in the following generations this same mass places the executed on a pedestal and worships them (more or less). The first category is always the master of the present, the second category the master of the future. The first preserve the world and increase it numerically; the second move the world and lead it to its goal. Both have exactly the same right to exist. In

short, with me they all have an equal right, and—*vive la guerre éternelle*[4]—until the New Jerusalem, of course!"

"So you do believe in the New Jerusalem, after all?"

"I believe," Raskolnikov answered firmly; as he said this, and throughout the whole of his long tirade, he had been looking at the ground, having picked out a spot on the carpet.

"And-and-and do you believe in God? Excuse me for being so curious."

"I believe," Raskolnikov repeated, raising his eyes to Porfiry.

"And-and do you believe in the raising of Lazarus?"

"I-I believe. Why do you want to know all this?"

"You believe it literally?"

"Literally."

"I see, sir... I was just curious. Excuse me, sir. But allow me—I'm going back to what we were saying—they're not always executed, are they; some, on the contrary..."

"Triumph in their lifetime? Oh yes, some achieve it in their lifetime, and then..."

"They begin executing others themselves?"

"If it's necessary, and, you know, for the most part even. On the whole, your remark is witty."

"Thank you, sir. But tell me this: how would one tell these extraordinary ones from the ordinary? Are there signs at birth, or what? I mean that there ought to be more precision here, so to speak, more outward definiteness: forgive the natural anxiety of a practical and well-meaning man, but couldn't they introduce a special garment, for instance, wear something, brands of some sort, or whatever?... Because, you'll agree, if there's a mix-up, and someone from one category imagines that he belongs to the other category, and begins 'removing all obstacles,' as you so happily put it, why then..."

"Oh, that happens very often! That remark of yours is even wittier than the last…"

"Thank you, sir…"

"Don't mention it, sir; but take into consideration that a mistake is possible only on the part of the first category, that is, the 'ordinary' people (as I called them, perhaps very unfortunately). In spite of their innate inclination to obedience, through a certain playfulness of nature, which is not denied even to a cow, a great many of them like to imagine themselves progressive people, 'destroyers,' and to push their way into the 'new word,' and this quite sincerely, sir. At the same time they very often fail to notice the really new ones, and even despise them as backward and abjectly thinking people. But in my opinion there can be no significant danger here, and you really have nothing to worry about, because they never step very far. For getting carried away, of course, they might sometimes be flogged, to remind them of their place, but no more; there isn't even any need for an executioner here: they will flog themselves, because they are very well-behaved; some render this service to one another, and others do it to themselves with their own hands… They impose various public penances on themselves into the bargain—it comes out beautiful and edifying; in short, you have nothing to worry about… There is such a law."

"Well, at least on that score you've set my mind at rest somewhat; but here's another trouble, sir: tell me, please, are there many such people who have the right to cut down others, these 'extraordinary' ones? I'm ready to bow down, of course, but you'll agree, sir, it's eerie if there are going to be a great many of them, eh?"

"Oh, don't worry about that either," Raskolnikov went on in the same tone. "In general, people with a new idea, even ones barely capable of saying anything new at all, are born extraordinarily few, even strangely few. Only one thing is clear, that the order in which

people are born, all these categories and subdivisions, must be very surely and precisely determined by some law of nature. This law is, of course, unknown at present, but I believe that it exists and may later become known. The enormous mass of people, the material, exists in the world only so that finally, through some effort, by some process mysterious so far, by means of some crossing of stocks and breeds, it may strain itself and finally bring into the world, well, one in a thousand, let us say, a person who is to some degree independent. One with still broader independence is born, perhaps, one in ten thousand (I'm speaking approximately, for illustration). One with still broader—one in a hundred thousand. Men of genius—one in millions, and the great geniuses, the consummators of mankind—perhaps after many thousands of millions of people have passed over the earth. In short, I haven't looked into the retort in which all this takes place. But a definite law certainly exists and must exist; there can be no chance in it."

"What is this, are you both joking?" Razumikhin cried at last. "Are you pulling each other's legs or not? They sit there making fun of each other! Are you serious, Rodya?"

Raskolnikov silently raised his pale and almost sad face to him and made no answer. And beside that quiet and sad face, Porfiry's undisguised, importunate, irritable, and impolite sarcasm seemed strange to Razumikhin.

"Well, brother, if this is really serious, then... You're right, of course, in saying that it isn't new and resembles everything we've read and heard a thousand times; but what is really original in all this—and really belongs to you alone, to my horror—is that you permit blood in conscience after all, and, forgive me, with such fanaticism even... So that, then, is the main idea of your article. This permission of blood in conscience, it's... it's more terrible, in my opinion, than an official permission to shed blood, a legal one..."

"Quite right, more terrible, sir," Porfiry responded.

"No, you got carried away somehow! There's a mistake here. I'll read it… You got carried away! You can't think that… I'll read it."

"None of that is in the article, there are only hints there," Raskolnikov said.

"Just so, sir, just so," Porfiry could not sit still, "it has almost become clear to me now how you are pleased to look at crime, sir, but… do excuse me for my persistence (I'm troubling you so much, I'm ashamed of myself!)—you see, sir: you set my mind very much at rest just now concerning those mistaken cases of confusing the two categories, but… all sorts of practical cases here still trouble me! Well, what if some man or other, or a youth, imagines that he is a Lycurgus or a Mahomet—a future one, of course—and goes ahead removing all obstacles to it… There's a long campaign ahead, he says, and a campaign needs money… and he starts getting it for himself for the campaign… you know?"

Zametov suddenly snorted from his corner. Raskolnikov did not even raise his eyes to him.

"I must agree," he answered calmly, "that such cases really must occur. The silly and the vain are especially apt to take that bait; young people in particular."

"There you see, sir. Well, so what then, sir?"

"Why, the same as always," Raskolnikov grinned, "I'm not to blame for it. That's how it is and always will be. He here" (he nodded at Razumikhin) "was saying just now that I permit blood. So what? Society is only too well provided with exile, prisons, examining magistrates, penal servitude—why worry? Go and look for the thief!…"

"Well, and if we find him?"

"Serves him right."

"You are logical, though. Well, sir, and what about his conscience?"

"What business is it of yours?"

"Oh, just so, out of humaneness, sir."

"Whoever has one, let him suffer, if he recognizes his mistake. That is his punishment too—over and above penal servitude."

"Well, and the real geniuses," Razumikhin asked with a frown, "the ones who are given the right to cut people down, must they really not suffer at all, even for blood they've shed?"

"Why the word 'must' here? There is neither permission nor prohibition here. Let him suffer, if he pities the victim… Suffering and pain are always obligatory for a broad consciousness and a deep heart. Truly great men, it seems to me, must feel a great sadness in the world," he added suddenly, pensively, not even in the tone of the conversation.

He raised his eyes, looked thoughtfully at them all, smiled, and took his cap. He was too calm compared with how he had come in earlier, and he felt it. Everyone stood up.

"Well, sir, scold me or not, be angry or not, but I can't hold back," Porfiry Petrovich concluded again, "allow me one more little question (I'm troubling you so much, sir!), there was just one little idea I wanted to put in, solely so as not to forget it, sir…"

"All right, tell me your little idea." Raskolnikov stood before him, serious and pale, waiting.

"Why, you see, sir… really, I don't know how best to put it… the little idea is much too playful… psychological, sir… Why, you see, sir, when you were composing your little article—surely it can't be, heh-heh! that you didn't consider yourself, well, even just a tiny bit—also an 'extraordinary' man, saying a new word—in your sense, that is, sir… Isn't that so, sir?"

"Very possibly," Raskolnikov answered contemptuously.

Razumikhin made a movement.

"And if so, sir, then could you really bring yourself—well, in view of some failures and straits in life, or to further all mankind some-

how—to step over the obstacle?... Well, for example, to kill and rob?..."

And somehow suddenly he winked at him again with his left eye and laughed soundlessly—exactly as before.

"Even if I had stepped over, I would of course not tell you," Raskolnikov answered with challenging, haughty contempt.

"No, sir, I'm only interested, you see, strictly for the understanding of your article, in a purely literary respect, sir..."

"Pfoo, how obvious and insolent that is!" Raskolnikov thought with disgust.

"Allow me to point out to you," he answered dryly, "that I do not consider myself a Mahomet or a Napoleon... or any person of that sort, and consequently, not being one of them, I cannot give you a satisfactory explanation of how I would act."

"Come now, who in our Russia doesn't consider himself a Napoleon nowadays?" Porfiry suddenly said with terrible familiarity. Even in the intonation of his voice there was this time something especially clear.

"Maybe it was some future Napoleon who did in our Alyona Ivanovna with an ax last week?" Zametov suddenly blurted out from the corner.

Raskolnikov was silent and looked steadily, firmly at Porfiry. Razumikhin scowled darkly. Something had already seemed to be dawning on him even before. He looked around angrily. A minute of gloomy silence passed. Raskolnikov turned to go.

"Leaving already!" Porfiry said kindly, holding out his hand with extraordinary amiability. "Very, very glad to have made your acquaintance. And as for your request, have no doubts at all. Just write it the way I told you. Or better still, come and see me there yourself... one of these days... tomorrow, even. I'll be there at about eleven o'clock, for certain. We'll arrange everything... we'll have a talk... And as one of the last people who were there, you

might be able to tell us something…" he added with the most good-natured air.

"You want to question me officially, with all the formalities?" Raskolnikov asked sharply.

"Why should I, sir? For the time being that isn't required at all. You misunderstood. You see, I don't let an opportunity slip, and… and I've already talked with all the pawners… I took statements from some… and you, as the last… Oh, yes, by the way!" he exclaimed, suddenly delighted about something, "by the way, I've just remembered, what's the matter with me!…" he turned to Razumikhin, "you wore my ears out about that Nikolashka back then… well, I know myself, I know myself," he turned to Raskolnikov, "that the fellow is clean, but what can you do, we had to trouble Mitka too… here's the thing, sir, the whole point, sir: when you were going up the stairs back then… allow me: you were there after seven, weren't you, sir?"

"After seven," answered Raskolnikov, with the unpleasant feeling in that same second that he need not have said it.

"So when you were going up the stairs after seven, sir, didn't you see, on the second floor, in an open apartment—do you remember?—two workmen, or at least one of them? They were painting there, didn't you notice? It's very, very important for them!…"

"Painters? No, I didn't see them…" Raskolnikov answered slowly and as if rummaging in his memories, at the same instant straining his whole being and freezing in an agony to guess as quickly as possible where exactly the trap lay, and not overlook anything. "No, I didn't see them, and I somehow didn't notice any such apartment, open… but on the fourth floor" (he now had full command of the trap and was triumphant) "I do remember that a clerk was moving out of an apartment… across from Alyona Ivanovna's… I remember… I remember that clearly… some soldiers were carry-

ing out a sofa and squeezed me against the wall… but painters—no, I don't remember there being any painters… and there was no open apartment anywhere, I think. No; there wasn't…"

"What's the matter with you!" Razumikhin suddenly cried, as if coming to his senses and catching on. "Why, the painters were daubing on the very day of the murder, and he was there three days before? What are you asking for?"

"Pfoo! I've mixed it up!" Porfiry slapped himself on the forehead. "Devil take it, this case is driving me out of my wits!" he turned to Raskolnikov, as if even apologizing. "It would be so important for us to find out whether anyone saw them, after seven, in the apartment, that I just imagined that you too might be able to tell us… I've mixed it all up!"

"Then you ought to be more careful," Razumikhin remarked sullenly.

These last words were spoken already in the entry. Porfiry Petrovich saw them to the very door with extraordinary amiability. Both came out into the street gloomy and scowling, and for several steps did not say a word. Raskolnikov drew a deep breath…

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1. The phalanstery: the communal dwelling of an ideal society in the scheme of the French utopian socialist Charles Fourier (1772–1837).

2. The Ivan the Great Bell Tower in the Moscow Kremlin; a sazhen is seven feet, so about 245 feet.

3. The Russian for "crime," *prestuplenie*, means literally a "stepping over" (from *prestupit*, to step over or transgress). Raskolnikov's own verb, *pereshagnut*, is "to step across." Both are rendered "step over" throughout.

4. French: "Long live eternal war."

Part Three · VI

"...I don't believe it! I can't believe it!" the perplexed Razumikhin kept repeating, trying with all his might to refute Raskolnikov's arguments. They were already approaching Bakaleyev's rooms, where Pulcheria Alexandrovna and Dunya had long been waiting for them. Razumikhin kept stopping on the way in the heat of the conversation, flustered and excited by the mere fact that they were speaking of it openly for the first time.

"Don't believe it, then!" Raskolnikov answered with a cold and careless smile. "You, as is your custom, noticed nothing, and I weighed every word."

"You're suspicious, that's why you weighed them... Hm... true, I agree, Porfiry's tone was rather strange, and especially that scoundrel Zametov!... You're right, there was something about him —but why? Why?"

"He changed his mind overnight."

"But on the contrary, on the contrary! If they had that brainless idea, they'd have tried with all their might to hide it and conceal their cards, so as to catch you later... But now—it's insolent and careless!"

"If they had facts, that is, real facts, or at least suspicions with some sort of grounds, then they really would try to hide their game in hopes of winning still more (but then they would have made a search long ago!). But they don't have a fact, not one—it's all a mirage, all double-edged, just a fleeting idea—so they're trying to throw me off with insolence. And maybe he got angry himself that there are no facts, and burst out from vexation. And maybe he

has some intention… He seems to be an intelligent man… Maybe he wanted to frighten me by letting me see that he knows… There's a psychology of its own here, brother… But then it's disgusting to explain all this. Drop it!"

"And insulting, insulting! I understand you! But… since we've now begun to talk openly (and it's excellent that we've finally begun to talk openly, I'm glad!)—then I'll confess to you straight out now that I noticed it in them long ago, this idea, all this time, in the tiniest little form, of course, a creeping form, but why even a creeping one! How dare they? Where, where are the roots of it hidden in them? If you knew how furious I was! What: because a poor student, mangled by poverty and hypochondria, on the eve of a cruel illness with delirium, which had perhaps already begun in him (note that!), suspicious, proud, knowing his own worth, who for six months had seen no one in his corner, in rags and in boots without soles—stands before some precinct flunkeys and endures their abuse; and here's an unexpected debt under his nose, an overdue promissory note held by court councillor Chebarov, rotten-smelling paint, thirty degrees Réaumur,[1] stale air, a crowd of people, the story of the murder of a person he had visited the day before, and all this—on an empty stomach! How could he not faint! And on that, on that to base everything! The devil take it! I understand that it's galling, but in your place, Rodka, I'd have laughed in all their faces, or better: I'd have spa-a-at in all their mugs, and thick, and handed out a couple dozen slaps in every direction, cleverly, the way they always should be given, and that would have been the end of it. Spit on it! Cheer up! For shame!"

"He put that well, though," Raskolnikov thought.

"Spit on it? And tomorrow another interrogation!" he said bitterly. "Am I really to start explaining myself to them? It's galling enough that yesterday I lowered myself to Zametov in the tavern…"

“The devil take it! I’ll go to Porfiry myself! And I’ll squeeze him, like a relative; let him lay it all out for me down to the roots! And as for Zametov…”

“At last he’s caught on!” thought Raskolnikov.

“Stop!” cried Razumikhin, suddenly seizing him by the shoulder. “Stop! You’ve got it wrong! I’ve thought it over: you’ve got it wrong! What sort of trap was that? You say the question about the workmen was a trap? Think it through: well, if you had done it, could you have let slip that you saw them painting the apartment… and the workmen? On the contrary: you saw nothing, even if you had seen! Who confesses against himself?”

“If I had done that thing, then I would certainly have said that I saw both the workmen and the apartment,” Raskolnikov went on answering, reluctantly and with visible disgust.

“But why speak against yourself?”

“Because only peasants, or the most inexperienced novices, deny everything flatly and wholesale under questioning. A man who is the least bit developed and experienced will certainly try, as far as possible, to admit all the external and unavoidable facts; only he’ll look for other reasons for them, he’ll slip in some feature of his own, peculiar and unexpected, which will give them an entirely different meaning and show them in a different light. Porfiry might have counted precisely on my being sure to answer that way, and sure to say that I’d seen them, for verisimilitude, and slip in something by way of explanation…”

“But then he’d have told you at once that two days before, the workmen couldn’t have been there, and that consequently you were there precisely on the day of the murder, after seven. He’d have tripped you up on nothing!”

“But that’s just what he was counting on, that I wouldn’t have time to think, and would hurry precisely to answer more plausibly,

and would forget that two days before, the workmen couldn't have been there."

"But how could you forget that?"

"Easiest thing in the world! It's on just such utterly trivial things that clever people are most easily tripped up. The cleverer a man is, the less he suspects that he'll be tripped up on something simple. The cleverest man has to be tripped up precisely on the simplest thing. Porfiry isn't nearly as stupid as you think..."

"Then he's a scoundrel, after that!"

Raskolnikov could not help laughing. But at that same moment his own animation and eagerness, with which he had spoken this last explanation, seemed strange to him, when he had kept up all the preceding conversation with sullen disgust, evidently for a purpose, out of necessity.

"I'm acquiring a taste for it on certain points!" he thought to himself.

But almost at that same moment he somehow suddenly became uneasy, as if an unexpected and alarming thought had struck him. His uneasiness grew. They had already reached the entrance to Bakaleyev's rooms.

"Go in alone," Raskolnikov said suddenly, "I'll be right back."

"Where are you going? We're already here!"

"I have to, I have to; there's something... I'll come in half an hour... Tell them there."

"As you like, but I'm going with you!"

"What, you want to torment me too!" he cried with such bitter irritation, with such despair in his look, that Razumikhin's arms dropped. For some time he stood on the front steps and gloomily watched the other striding quickly toward his lane. At last, clenching his teeth and squeezing his fists, swearing on the spot that this very day he would squeeze the whole of Porfiry like a lemon, he

went upstairs to reassure Pulcheria Alexandrovna, who was already alarmed by their long absence.

When Raskolnikov reached his building, his temples were wet with sweat and he was breathing heavily. He hurried up the stairs, went into his unlocked room, and at once fastened the hook. Then, frightened and frantic, he rushed to the corner, to that very hole in the wallpaper where the things had lain that time, thrust his hand into it, and for several minutes carefully felt all over the hole, going through every nook and every fold of the paper. Finding nothing, he stood up and drew a deep breath. Just now, as he was already approaching Bakaleyev's front steps, he had suddenly imagined that some article, some chain, a stud, or even the paper they had been wrapped in, with a mark in the old woman's hand, might somehow have slipped through that time and got lost in some little crack, and then suddenly come forward before him as unexpected and irrefutable evidence.

He stood as if lost in thought, and a strange, humiliated, half-senseless smile wandered on his lips. At last he took his cap and quietly left the room. His thoughts were tangled. Pensively he went down into the gateway.

"Why, here he is himself!" cried a loud voice; he raised his head.

The caretaker was standing at the door of his cubbyhole and pointing straight at him for a short man who looked like a townsman, dressed in something like a long robe, in a waistcoat, and from a distance very much resembling a peasant woman. His head, in a greasy cap, hung down, and his whole body seemed hunched. His flabby, wrinkled face showed him to be past fifty; his small, puffy little eyes looked out sullenly, sternly, and with displeasure.

"What is it?" asked Raskolnikov, going up to the caretaker.

The townsman squinted at him from under his brows and looked him over intently and attentively, without hurrying; then he

slowly turned and, without saying a word, walked out of the gateway into the street.

"But what is it!" cried Raskolnikov.

"Why, this fellow was asking whether a student lives here, gave your name, whose place you lodge at. You came down just then, I pointed you out, and he went off. Just look at that."

The caretaker too was somewhat bewildered, though not very, and after thinking a tiny bit more, he turned and crawled back into his cubbyhole.

Raskolnikov rushed after the townsman and at once saw him walking along the other side of the street with the same even, unhurried step, his eyes fixed on the ground, as if he were thinking something over. He soon caught up with him, but for some time walked behind; at last he drew level with him and looked sideways into his face. The man noticed him at once, gave him a quick look, but lowered his eyes again, and so they walked for a minute or so, side by side, without saying a word.

"You were asking for me… at the caretaker's?" Raskolnikov said at last, but somehow very quietly.

The townsman gave no answer and did not even look at him. Again they were silent.

"But why do you… come asking… and say nothing… what is this?" Raskolnikov's voice broke, and the words somehow would not come out clearly.

This time the townsman raised his eyes and looked at Raskolnikov with an ominous, somber look.

"Murderer!" he said suddenly, in a quiet but clear and distinct voice…

Raskolnikov walked beside him. His legs suddenly went terribly weak, a chill ran down his back, and his heart seemed to stop for an instant; then suddenly it began pounding, as if it had come off a

hook. So they walked about a hundred steps, side by side and again in complete silence.

The townsman did not look at him.

"But what are you… what… who is a murderer?" Raskolnikov muttered, barely audibly.

"*You* are a murderer," the man pronounced, still more distinctly and impressively, and as if with the smile of some hateful triumph, and again looked straight into Raskolnikov's pale face and into his deadened eyes. They had both come up to a crossroads then. The townsman turned left into a street and walked on without looking back. Raskolnikov stayed where he was and looked after him for a long time. He saw the man, after going some fifty steps, turn around and look at him, still standing motionless in the same spot. It was impossible to make out, but it seemed to Raskolnikov that this time too the man smiled his cold, hateful, and triumphant smile.

With quiet, weakened steps, his knees trembling, and as if terribly chilled, Raskolnikov went back and climbed up to his little closet of a room. He took off his cap and put it on the table, and for ten minutes he stood beside it, motionless. Then in exhaustion he lay down on the sofa and painfully, with a faint moan, stretched out on it; his eyes were closed. He lay that way for half an hour or so.

He was not thinking of anything. There were just some thoughts or scraps of thoughts, some images, without order or connection—faces of people he had seen as far back as childhood or met somewhere only once and would never even have remembered; the bell tower of the church of V—; a billiard table in some tavern and some officer at the billiard table, the smell of cigars in some basement tobacco shop, a drinking den, a back stairway, quite dark, all slopped with dishwater and strewn with eggshells, and from somewhere comes the ringing of Sunday bells… Objects

succeeded one another and whirled like a whirlwind. Some of them he even liked, and he clung to them, but they went out, and in general something weighed on him inside, but not much. At times it was even good… The slight chill did not go away, and this too was almost good to feel.

He heard Razumikhin's hurried steps and his voice, closed his eyes, and pretended to be asleep. Razumikhin opened the door and stood for some time on the threshold, as if pondering. Then he quietly stepped into the room and carefully came up to the sofa. Nastasya's whisper was heard:

"Leave him be; let him sleep it off; he'll eat after."

"That's right," answered Razumikhin.

Both went out carefully and pulled the door to. Another half hour or so passed. Raskolnikov opened his eyes and turned over again onto his back, clasping his hands behind his head…

"Who is he? Who is this man who has come up out of the ground? Where was he and what did he see? He saw everything, there's no doubt of that. Then where was he standing, and where was he watching from? Why is he only now coming up out from under the floor? And how could he have seen—is it possible?… Hm…" Raskolnikov went on, growing cold and shuddering, "and the jewel case that Nikolai found behind the door: is that possible too? Evidence? Overlook one hundred-thousandth of a line—and there's your evidence the size of an Egyptian pyramid! A fly was flying, it saw! Is that sort of thing possible?"

And with loathing he suddenly felt how weak he had grown, physically weak.

"I ought to have known it," he thought with a bitter smile, "and how did I dare, knowing myself, foreseeing myself, to take an ax and bloody myself! I was obliged to know beforehand… Eh! but I did know beforehand!…" he whispered in despair.

At times he stopped motionless before some thought:

"No, those people aren't made that way; the real ruler, to whom everything is permitted, shells Toulon, makes a slaughter in Paris, forgets an army in Egypt, spends half a million people in the Moscow campaign, and gets off with a pun in Vilna;[2] and after his death they set up idols to him—and so everything is permitted. No, such people, evidently, are made not of flesh but of bronze!"

One sudden, extraneous thought almost made him laugh:

"Napoleon, the pyramids, Waterloo—and a scrawny, nasty little registrar's widow, a little old crone, a moneylender, with a red trunk under her bed—well, how would even Porfiry Petrovich digest that!... How could they digest it!... Aesthetics will get in the way: would Napoleon, they'll say, go crawling under a 'little old crone's' bed! Eh, rubbish!..."

At moments he felt that he was as if delirious: he was falling into a feverishly ecstatic mood.

"The little old crone is nonsense!" he thought hotly and impetuously. "The old woman was a mistake, maybe, she's not the point! The old woman was only an illness... I wanted to step over as quickly as possible... I didn't kill a human being, I killed a principle! The principle I killed, all right, but step over I didn't, I stayed on this side... All I managed was to kill. And I didn't even manage that, it turns out... A principle? Why was that little fool Razumikhin abusing the socialists earlier? A hardworking and commercial people, busy with 'the common happiness'... No, life is given to me once, and there will never be any more of it, I don't want to wait for 'universal happiness.' I want to live myself, or else better not to live at all. What of it? I simply didn't want to walk past a hungry mother, clutching my rouble in my pocket, waiting for 'universal happiness.' 'I am carrying my little brick to the universal happiness, they say, and therefore I feel peace of heart.' Ha-ha! Then why did you let me slip by? I live only once, after all, I want to too... Eh, I am an aesthetic louse, and nothing more," he suddenly added,

laughing like a madman. "Yes, I really am a louse," he went on, clinging to the thought with malicious glee, rummaging in it, playing and amusing himself with it, "if only because, first, I am now reasoning about being a louse; because, second, for a whole month I troubled all-gracious Providence, calling it to witness that I was undertaking this not for my own flesh and lust, they say, but have in view a magnificent and agreeable goal—ha-ha! Because, third, I resolved to observe all possible justice in carrying it out, weight and measure, and arithmetic: of all the lice I chose the most utterly useless one, and, having killed her, resolved to take from her exactly as much as I needed for the first step, and neither more nor less (and the rest, then, would simply have gone to the monastery, under her will—ha-ha!)... Because, because I am a louse once and for all," he added, grinding his teeth, "because I myself am perhaps still nastier and viler than the louse I killed, and I had a presentiment beforehand that I would tell myself this *after* I had killed! Can anything compare with such horror! Oh, the vulgarity! Oh, the baseness!... Oh, how I understand the 'prophet,' with his saber, on his horse. Allah commands, and obey, 'trembling' creature! He is right, he is right, the 'prophet,' when he sets up a goo-o-ood battery somewhere across a street and blasts the righteous and the guilty alike, without even deigning to explain himself! Obey, trembling creature, and—do not desire, because—it is not your business!... Oh, never, never will I forgive the little old crone!"

His hair was wet with sweat, his trembling lips were parched, his motionless gaze was fixed on the ceiling.

"Mother, sister, how I loved them! Why do I hate them now? Yes, I hate them, I hate them physically, I can't bear them near me... Earlier I went up and kissed Mother, I remember... To embrace her and think that if she found out, then... should I tell her then? That would be just like me... Hm! she must be the same as I am," he added, thinking with an effort, as if struggling against

the delirium that was taking hold of him. “Oh, how I hate the little old crone now! I think I’d kill her a second time if she came to! Poor Lizaveta! Why did she have to turn up there!... Strange, though, why do I hardly think about her, as if I hadn’t killed her?... Lizaveta! Sonya! Poor, meek ones, with meek eyes... Dear ones!... Why don’t they weep? Why don’t they moan?... They give everything... they look meekly and quietly... Sonya, Sonya! Quiet Sonya!...”

He dozed off; it seemed strange to him that he did not remember how he could have come to be in the street. It was already late evening. The twilight was thickening, the full moon was growing brighter and brighter; but the air was somehow especially stifling. People were walking through the streets in crowds; artisans and busy people were going home, others were strolling; there was a smell of lime, dust, stagnant water. Raskolnikov walked along sad and preoccupied: he remembered very well that he had left the house with some intention, that he had to do something and hurry, but what exactly he had forgotten. Suddenly he stopped and saw that on the other side of the street, on the sidewalk, a man was standing and waving to him. He started toward him across the street, but suddenly the man turned and walked off as if nothing had happened, his head lowered, not looking back and giving no sign that he had called him. “Come now, did he call me?” thought Raskolnikov, but he began to catch up all the same. Some ten steps short of him, he suddenly recognized him and—was frightened; it was the townsman from before, in the same robe and just as hunched. Raskolnikov walked at a distance; his heart was pounding; they turned into a lane—the man still did not look back. “Does he know I’m following him?” thought Raskolnikov. The townsman went in at the gate of a large building. Raskolnikov quickly went up to the gate and began watching: would he look back and call him? Indeed, having gone all the way through the gateway and already

coming out into the courtyard, the man suddenly turned around and again seemed to wave to him. Raskolnikov at once went through the gateway, but in the courtyard the townsman was no longer there. So he must have gone in just now by the first stairway. Raskolnikov rushed after him. Indeed, two flights up someone's measured, unhurried steps could still be heard. Strange, the stairway seemed familiar! There's the window on the first floor; sadly and mysteriously the moonlight passed through the panes; and here is the second floor. Bah! This is the very apartment where the workmen were painting... How did he not recognize it at once? The steps of the man going ahead died away: "so he has stopped or hidden somewhere." Here is the third floor; should he go on? And what a silence there, it's even frightening... But he went on. The noise of his own footsteps frightened and alarmed him. God, how dark! The townsman must be lurking here somewhere in a corner. Ah! the apartment is standing wide open onto the stairs; he thought for a moment and went in. The entry was very dark and empty, not a soul, as if everything had been carried out; quietly, on tiptoe, he went into the parlor: the whole room was brightly flooded with moonlight; everything here was as before: the chairs, the mirror, the yellow sofa, and the little framed pictures. An enormous, round, copper-red moon was looking straight in at the windows. "It's the moon that makes it so silent," thought Raskolnikov, "it must be setting a riddle now." He stood and waited, waited a long time, and the more silent the moon was, the harder his heart pounded, until it even began to hurt. And still silence. Suddenly there was an instantaneous dry crack, as if a splinter of kindling had been broken, and everything went still again. A fly that had woken up suddenly struck the windowpane in mid-flight and buzzed plaintively. At that very moment, in the corner, between a small cupboard and the window, he made out what seemed to be a woman's cloak hanging on the wall. "Why is there a

cloak here?" he thought. "It wasn't here before..." He went up softly and guessed that someone seemed to be hiding behind the cloak. Carefully he drew the cloak aside with his hand and saw that a chair stood there, and on the chair in the corner sat the little old crone, all hunched over and with her head bent, so that he could not make out her face at all, but it was she. He stood over her: "She's afraid!" he thought, quietly freed the ax from the loop, and struck the old woman on the crown of the head, once and again. But strange: she did not even stir under the blows, as if she were made of wood. He was frightened, bent closer, and began examining her; but she bent her head still lower. Then he stooped all the way to the floor and looked up into her face from below, looked and went numb with horror: the little old crone was sitting and laughing—simply dissolving in quiet, inaudible laughter, holding herself in with all her might so that he would not hear her. Suddenly it seemed to him that the bedroom door had opened just a crack and that in there too someone seemed to be laughing and whispering. Fury overcame him: with all his strength he began beating the old woman on the head, but with every blow of the ax the laughter and whispering from the bedroom sounded louder and more audible, and the little old crone was simply heaving all over with laughter. He rushed to run away, but the whole entry is already full of people, the doors onto the stairs are wide open, and on the landing, on the stairs, and down below—people everywhere, head to head, all looking—but all hushed and waiting, silent... His heart was constricted, his legs would not move, they had taken root... He wanted to cry out and—woke up.

He drew a heavy breath—but strange, the dream seemed to be still going on: his door was wide open, and on the threshold stood a man entirely unknown to him, studying him intently.

Raskolnikov had not yet fully opened his eyes and instantly closed them again. He lay on his back and did not stir. "Is the

dream going on or not," he thought, and slightly, imperceptibly, raised his lashes again to look: the stranger was standing in the same place and continued to peer at him. Suddenly he stepped carefully over the threshold, cautiously pulled the door to behind him, went up to the table, waited a minute or so—all this time not taking his eyes off him—and quietly, without a sound, sat down on the chair beside the sofa; he set his hat down beside him, on the floor, and leaned with both hands on his cane, resting his chin on his hands. It was plain that he had prepared to wait a long time. As far as could be made out through his blinking lashes, the man was no longer young, thickset, and with a thick, fair, almost white beard…

Some ten minutes passed. It was still light, but evening was coming on. There was complete silence in the room. Not a single sound came even from the stairs. Only some big fly buzzed and beat about, striking the windowpane in mid-flight. At last it became unbearable: Raskolnikov suddenly raised himself and sat up on the sofa.

"Well, speak, what do you want?"

"And I just knew you weren't asleep, but only pretending," the stranger answered strangely, laughing calmly. "Arkady Ivanovich Svidrigailov, allow me to introduce myself…"

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1. About 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The Réaumur scale, then usual in Russia, sets water's freezing point at 0 and its boiling point at 80.

2. Napoleon's career in brief: the siege of Toulon (1793), the "whiff of grapeshot" against a royalist crowd in Paris (1795), the army abandoned in Egypt (1799), the campaign against Moscow (1812). Fleeing through Vilna after the retreat, he is said to have remarked, "From the sublime to the ridiculous is only a step."

Part Four · I

"Can this be the dream still going on?" Raskolnikov thought once more. Cautiously, distrustfully, he peered at his unexpected guest.

"Svidrigailov? What nonsense! It can't be!" he said at last aloud, bewildered.

The guest seemed not in the least surprised by this exclamation.

"I have called on you for two reasons: first, I wished to make your personal acquaintance, since I have long heard of you from a most curious angle, and one very much to your advantage; second, I dream that you may perhaps not refuse to help me in a certain undertaking that bears directly on the interests of your sister, Avdotya Romanovna. Alone, without a recommendation, she might not even let me into the yard now, owing to prejudice; well, but with your help, on the contrary, I count on…"

"You count wrong," Raskolnikov interrupted.

"They arrived only yesterday, if I may ask?"

Raskolnikov did not answer.

"Yesterday, I know. I myself arrived only the day before yesterday. Well, sir, here is what I'll tell you on that score, Rodion Romanovich: I consider it superfluous to justify myself, but allow me, too, to declare: what is there, after all, in all this, that is so especially criminal on my part, that is, without prejudices, judging soundly?"

Raskolnikov went on studying him in silence.

"That in my own house I pursued a defenseless girl and 'insulted her with my vile proposals'—is that it, sir? (I'm running

ahead of you myself!) But only suppose that I too am a man, *et nihil humanum*...[1] in a word, that I too am capable of being tempted and of falling in love (which, of course, does not happen at our command), and then everything is explained in the most natural way. The whole question here is: am I a monster, or am I myself a victim? Well, and what if a victim? Why, in proposing to the object of my passion that she run away with me to America or to Switzerland, I may have cherished the most respectful feelings in doing so, and thought besides to arrange our mutual happiness!... Reason, you know, is the servant of passion; I was ruining myself even more, perhaps, good heavens!..."

"That's not the point at all," Raskolnikov interrupted with disgust, "you are simply repulsive, whether you are right or wrong, and so nobody wants to have anything to do with you, and they drive you away, and off you go!..."

Svidrigailov suddenly burst out laughing.

"Well, you... well, there's no throwing you off!" he said, laughing in the frankest way. "I had thought to be crafty, but no, you've put your finger on the very real point!"

"But you are going on being crafty even this minute."

"And what of it? What of it?" Svidrigailov repeated, laughing without the least reserve. "That is *bonne guerre*, as they say, and the most permissible kind of craftiness!... But all the same, you interrupted me; one way or another, I affirm again: there would have been no unpleasantness at all if not for the incident in the garden. Marfa Petrovna..."

"And Marfa Petrovna, they say, you did in too?" Raskolnikov interrupted rudely.

"So you've heard about that as well? But then how could you not have heard... Well, as for this question of yours, I really don't know what to tell you, although my own conscience is in the highest degree at peace on that score. That is, don't think that I am

afraid of anything of that sort: everything was done in perfect order and with complete precision: the medical inquest found an apoplexy, brought on by bathing right after a heavy dinner with nearly a bottle of wine drunk, and indeed it could not have found anything else... No, sir, here is what I was thinking to myself for a while, especially on the road, sitting in the railway car: didn't I contribute to all this... misfortune, somehow, by irritating her morally, or something of that kind? But I concluded that this too was positively impossible."

Raskolnikov laughed.

"Fancy worrying so much!"

"But what are you laughing at? Consider: I struck her only twice with a little riding whip, there weren't even any marks... Don't take me for a cynic, please; I know perfectly well, of course, how vile that was on my part, and so on and so forth; but I also know for certain that Marfa Petrovna was, very likely, even glad of this, so to speak, outburst of mine. The story about your sister had been squeezed dry to the last drop. For three days already Marfa Petrovna had been obliged to sit at home; she had no excuse to show her face in town, and besides, everyone there was sick of her and that letter of hers (you've heard about the reading of the letter?). And suddenly these two lashes fall as if from heaven! The first thing she did was order the carriage harnessed!... I won't even mention that women have occasions when it is very, very pleasant to be insulted, despite all their visible indignation. Everyone has them, these occasions; man in general very, very much loves to be insulted, have you noticed that? But women especially. One might even say that it is all they live on."

At one point Raskolnikov thought of getting up and leaving and so putting an end to the interview. But a certain curiosity, and even a sort of calculation, held him back for a moment.

"Do you like fighting?" he asked absently.

"No, not very much," Svidrigailov answered calmly. "And Marfa Petrovna and I almost never fought. We lived in great harmony, and she always remained pleased with me. I used the whip in all our seven years only twice (not counting one more, third occasion, which was, however, a highly ambiguous one): the first time two months after our marriage, right after we arrived in the country, and then this present, last occasion. And you thought I was such a monster, a reactionary, a serf owner? heh-heh... And by the way: don't you remember, Rodion Romanovich, how several years ago, back in the days of beneficent publicity, a certain nobleman was disgraced before the whole nation and the whole of literature—I forget his name!—the one who thrashed the German woman in the railway car, remember? It was then, too, in that same year, I think, that the 'Disgraceful Act' of *The Age* took place (well, the 'Egyptian Nights,' the public reading, remember? The black eyes! Oh, where art thou, golden time of our youth!).[2] Well, sir, so here is my opinion: I have no deep sympathy for the gentleman who thrashed the German woman, because in fact it was... what is there to sympathize with! But at the same time I cannot help declaring that there are sometimes such provoking 'German women' that, it seems to me, there is not a single progressive who could fully vouch for himself. Nobody looked at the subject from that angle at the time, and yet that angle is the truly humane one, really, sir, it is!"

Having said this, Svidrigailov suddenly burst out laughing again. It was clear to Raskolnikov that this was a man who had firmly resolved on something and who kept his own counsel.

"You must not have talked to anyone for several days running?" he asked.

"Almost so. And what: you must be wondering that I am such an accommodating man?"

"No, I am wondering that you are much too accommodating a man."

“Because I took no offense at the rudeness of your questions? Is that it? Well… why take offense? As you asked, so I answered,” he added with an amazing expression of simplicity. “You see, there’s hardly anything that especially interests me, by God,” he went on, somehow thoughtfully. “Especially now, I’m not occupied with anything at all… However, you are free to think that I am currying favor with some end in view, all the more as I have business with your sister, I announced it myself. But I will tell you frankly: I am very bored! Especially these three days, so that I was even glad to see you… Don’t be angry, Rodion Romanovich, but you yourself, for some reason, seem terribly strange to me. Say what you like, there is something in you; and precisely now, that is, not this minute exactly, but now in general… Well, well, I won’t, I won’t, don’t frown! I’m not such a bear as you think.”

Raskolnikov looked at him gloomily.

“Perhaps you are even not a bear at all,” he said. “It even seems to me that you are from very good society, or at least that you know how to be a decent man on occasion.”

“But I am not especially interested in anyone’s opinion,” Svidrigailov answered dryly and even, as it were, with a shade of haughtiness, “and so why not be a vulgar fellow for a while, when that garment is so comfortable to wear in our climate, and… and especially if you have a natural inclination for it besides,” he added, laughing again.

“I’ve heard, though, that you have a lot of acquaintances here. You are what is called ‘not without connections.’ What do you want with me, in that case, if not for some purpose?”

“That’s true, what you said, that I have acquaintances,” Svidrigailov took up, not answering the main point. “I’ve already run into some; this is my third day knocking about; I recognize people, and they recognize me, it seems. Of course, I am decently dressed and am counted a man not poor; the peasant reform

passed us by, you know: woods and water meadows, the income isn't lost; but... I won't go there; I was sick of it even before: I've been walking about for three days and I haven't made myself known to anyone... And then there's the city! I mean, how did it ever get itself composed among us, will you tell me! A city of clerks and seminarists of every description! Really, I didn't notice a lot of things here before, some eight years ago, when I was knocking about here... Anatomy is the only thing I'm counting on now, by God!"

"What anatomy?"

"And as for these clubs, Dussot's, these Points of yours, or, if you like, progress besides—well, let that go on without us," he went on, again not noticing the question. "And who wants to be a cardsharp?"

"So you were a cardsharp too?"

"How could I not be? There was a whole company of us, a most decent one, some eight years ago; we passed the time; and all, you know, men with manners, there were poets, there were capitalists. And in general among us, in Russian society, the best manners belong to those who have been beaten—have you noticed that? It's in the country now that I've let myself go. But all the same they did put me in prison for debt then, a little Greek from Nezhin did. That was when Marfa Petrovna turned up, bargained, and bought me out for thirty thousand pieces of silver.[3] (I owed seventy thousand in all.) She and I were joined in lawful matrimony, and she carried me off at once to her place in the country, like some treasure. She is five years older than I, you know. She loved me very much. For seven years I never left the country. And mark this: all her life she held a document against me, in another person's name, for those thirty thousand, so that if I took it into my head to rebel in anything—straight into the trap! And she would have done it! In women, you know, all these things live together."

"And if not for the document, you'd have bolted?"

"I don't know what to tell you. The document hardly constrained me. I didn't want to go anywhere, and Marfa Petrovna herself invited me abroad a couple of times, seeing that I was bored. What of it! I used to go abroad before, and I always felt sick there. It isn't that, but there's the dawn breaking, the Bay of Naples, the sea, you look, and somehow it's sad. The most disgusting thing is that you really are sad about something! No, it's better in one's own country: here at least you blame others for everything and justify yourself. Perhaps I would go now on an expedition to the North Pole, because *j'ai le vin mauvais*,[4] and drinking disgusts me, and besides wine there is nothing left. I've tried. And what about this, they say Berg is going up in a huge balloon on Sunday in the Yusupov Garden and invites fellow travelers for a certain fee, is it true?"

"Why, would you go up?"

"I? No… just so…" Svidrigailov muttered, really as if he had fallen to thinking.

"What's the matter with him, really?" Raskolnikov thought.

"No, the document didn't constrain me," Svidrigailov went on musingly, "it was I myself who didn't leave the country. And it will be a year now since Marfa Petrovna gave me that document back on my name day, and on top of that made me a present of a remarkable sum. She had capital, you know. 'You see how I trust you, Arkady Ivanovich'—really, that's just how she put it. You don't believe she put it that way? But you know, I became a decent landowner in the country; I'm known in the district. I also sent away for books. At first Marfa Petrovna approved, but then she was always afraid I would study too much."

"You seem to miss Marfa Petrovna very much?"

"I? Perhaps. Really, perhaps. And by the way, do you believe in ghosts?"

"What ghosts?"

"Ordinary ghosts, what ghosts!"

"And do you?"

"Well, perhaps not, *pour vous plaire*... That is, not exactly no..."

"They appear to you, is that it?"

Svidrigailov gave him a somehow strange look.

"Marfa Petrovna deigns to visit me," he said, twisting his mouth into a sort of strange smile.

"What do you mean, deigns to visit you?"

"Why, she's come three times already. The first time I saw her was on the very day of the funeral, an hour after the cemetery. That was the eve of my leaving for here. The second time was the day before yesterday, on the road, at dawn, at the Malaya Vishera station; and the third time two hours ago, in the lodgings where I'm staying, in the room; I was alone."

"Awake?"

"Completely. All three times awake. She comes, talks for a minute, and goes out by the door; always by the door. You can even seem to hear it."

"How is it that I just knew something of that sort must be happening to you!" Raskolnikov said suddenly, and at the same moment was surprised that he had said it. He was in great agitation.

"Re-eally? You thought that?" Svidrigailov asked in surprise. "Can it be? Well, didn't I say that there is some point in common between us, eh?"

"You never said anything of the kind!" Raskolnikov answered sharply and heatedly.

"I didn't?"

"No!"

"I thought I did. Earlier, when I came in and saw that you were lying with your eyes closed, and were only pretending, I said to

myself right then: 'This is the very one!'"

"What is that: the very one? What are you talking about?" Raskolnikov cried.

"About what? Really, I don't know about what..." Svidrigailov muttered openheartedly, and as if he had somehow got tangled up himself.

For a minute they were silent. Both stared at each other wide-eyed.

"This is all nonsense!" Raskolnikov cried in vexation. "What does she say to you when she comes?"

"She? Imagine, about the most trivial trifles, and marvel at man: that is just what makes me angry. The first time she came in (I was tired, you know: the funeral service, 'With the saints give rest,' then the litany, the collation—at last I was alone in the study, I lit a cigar, fell to thinking), she came in by the door: 'You know, Arkady Ivanovich,' she says, 'with all the bustle today you forgot to wind the clock in the dining room.' And that clock, in fact, I had wound myself every week for all seven years, and if I forgot, she would always remind me. The next day I was already on my way here. I went into the station at dawn—I'd dozed in the night, I was aching all over, my eyes were heavy with sleep—I took some coffee; I look—Marfa Petrovna suddenly sits down beside me, a pack of cards in her hands: 'Shall I tell your fortune for the journey, Arkady Ivanovich?' And she was a great hand at telling fortunes. Well, I'll never forgive myself for not letting her! I ran off in a fright, and then, it's true, the bell rang too. Today I'm sitting after a most wretched dinner from a cookshop, with a heavy stomach—I sit, I smoke—suddenly Marfa Petrovna again, she comes in all dressed up in a new green silk dress with a very long train: 'Good day, Arkady Ivanovich! How do you like my dress? Aniska couldn't make one like it.' (Aniska is a dressmaker in our village, one of the former serfs, she was apprenticed in Moscow—a pretty little thing.) She

stands there, turning around in front of me. I looked over the dress, then looked attentively into her face: 'Why do you want to come to me over such trifles, Marfa Petrovna,' I say, 'and trouble yourself?'—'Oh, my God, my dear man, a body can't even trouble you anymore!' I say to her, to tease her: 'I want to get married, Marfa Petrovna.'—'That's just like you, Arkady Ivanovich; it does you little honor that before you've even buried your wife you go straight off to get married. And if only you'd chosen well, but as it is, I know—it'll be no good to her or to you, you'll only make good people laugh.' And she up and went out, and her train seemed to rustle, just like that. What nonsense, eh?"

"But then perhaps you're lying about all of it?" Raskolnikov responded.

"I seldom lie," Svidrigailov answered thoughtfully, and as if he had not noticed the rudeness of the question at all.

"And before, before this, had you never seen ghosts?"

"N... no, I did, only once in my life, six years ago. I had a house serf, Filka; he had just been buried, and I shouted, forgetting myself: 'Filka, my pipe!'—he came in and went straight to the cabinet where I keep my pipes. I sit there and think: 'He's come to get back at me,' because just before his death we had quarreled badly. 'How dare you come in to me with a hole in your elbow,' I say, 'get out, you scoundrel!' He turned around, went out, and never came again. I didn't tell Marfa Petrovna then. I wanted to have a memorial service said for him, but I felt ashamed."

"Go see a doctor."

"I understand without you that I'm not well, though really I don't know what's wrong with me; in my opinion, I'm probably five times healthier than you. That's not what I asked you—whether or not you believe that ghosts appear. I asked you: do you believe that ghosts exist?"

"No, I won't believe it for anything!" Raskolnikov cried, even with a kind of spite.

"After all, what do people usually say?" Svidrigailov muttered as if to himself, looking aside and bending his head somewhat. "They say: 'You are ill, and therefore what appears to you is nothing but a nonexistent delirium.' But there is no strict logic in that. I agree that ghosts appear only to the sick; but that only proves that ghosts cannot appear except to the sick, not that they do not exist in themselves."

"Of course they don't!" Raskolnikov insisted irritably.

"No? You think so?" Svidrigailov went on, looking at him slowly. "Well, and what if one reasons like this (now help me out here): 'Ghosts are, so to speak, shreds and fragments of other worlds, their beginning. A healthy man, naturally, has no reason to see them, because a healthy man is the most earthly of men, and so must live this life here only, for the sake of completeness and order. Well, but as soon as he falls ill, as soon as the normal earthly order in his organism is disturbed a little, the possibility of another world at once begins to make itself felt, and the sicker he is, the more contact he has with the other world, so that when a man dies altogether, he goes straight over into the other world.' I reasoned about this long ago. If you believe in a future life, you can believe this reasoning too."

"I don't believe in a future life," said Raskolnikov.

Svidrigailov sat lost in thought.

"And what if there are only spiders there, or something of that sort," he said suddenly.

"He's a madman," Raskolnikov thought.

"We always imagine eternity as an idea that cannot be grasped, something huge, huge! But why must it be huge? And suddenly, instead of all that, imagine, there will be one little room there, something like a village bathhouse, all sooty, with spiders in every

corner, and that is all eternity is. You know, I sometimes fancy it that way."

"And can it be, can it be that nothing more comforting and more just than that comes to your mind!" Raskolnikov cried out with a painful feeling.

"More just? And how can we know, perhaps that is just, and you know, I would certainly have made it so on purpose!" Svidrigailov answered, smiling vaguely.

A sort of chill suddenly seized Raskolnikov at this hideous answer. Svidrigailov raised his head, looked at him intently, and suddenly burst out laughing.

"No, just consider this," he shouted, "half an hour ago we had never even seen each other, we are counted enemies, there is unsettled business between us; we have dropped the business, and look what literature we've wandered off into! Well, wasn't I telling the truth, that we are birds of a feather?"

"Do me a favor," Raskolnikov went on irritably, "allow me to ask you to explain yourself quickly and tell me why you have honored me with your visit... and... and... I'm in a hurry, I have no time, I want to go out..."

"By all means, by all means. Your sister, Avdotya Romanovna, is marrying Mr. Luzhin, Pyotr Petrovich?"

"Couldn't you somehow avoid any question about my sister and not mention her name? I don't even understand how you dare pronounce her name in my presence, if you really are Svidrigailov."

"But it's about her that I've come to talk, how can I not mention her?"

"Very well; talk, but quickly!"

"I am sure that you have already formed your opinion of this Mr. Luzhin, a relative of mine through my wife, if you have seen him for even half an hour or have heard anything true and exact about him. He is no match for Avdotya Romanovna. In my opinion,

Avdotya Romanovna is sacrificing herself in this affair most magnanimously and improvidently for… for her family. It seemed to me, from everything I had heard about you, that you, for your part, would be very pleased if this marriage could be broken off without damage to anyone's interests. Now, having come to know you personally, I am even sure of it."

"On your part all this is very naive; excuse me, I meant to say: impudent," said Raskolnikov.

"That is, you mean by this that I am bustling to line my own pocket. Don't worry, Rodion Romanovich, if I were bustling for my own gain, I would not speak out so directly, I'm not a complete fool, after all. On that score I will reveal to you one psychological oddity. Earlier, justifying my love for Avdotya Romanovna, I said that I had myself been a victim. Well, then, know that I feel no love now, n-none at all, so that it even seems strange to me myself, because I really did feel something…"

"From idleness and depravity," Raskolnikov interrupted.

"Indeed, I am a depraved and idle man. And yet your sister has so many advantages that even I could not help yielding to a certain impression. But that is all nonsense, as I now see myself."

"And how long have you seen that?"

"I began to notice it even before, but I was finally convinced the day before yesterday, almost at the very moment of my arrival in Petersburg. Still, even in Moscow I imagined that I was going to seek Avdotya Romanovna's hand and to compete with Mr. Luzhin."

"Excuse me for interrupting you, but do me a favor: couldn't you cut it short and go straight to the purpose of your visit? I'm in a hurry, I have to go out…"

"With the greatest pleasure. Having arrived here and having now resolved to undertake a certain… voyage, I wished to make the necessary preliminary arrangements. My children have stayed with their aunt; they are rich, and they have no need of me per-

sonally. And what kind of father am I! For myself I have taken only what Marfa Petrovna gave me a year ago. That is enough for me. Excuse me, I am coming to the business itself right now. Before the voyage, which may perhaps come off, I want to finish with Mr. Luzhin too. Not that I can't stand him so very much, but it was because of him, all the same, that my quarrel with Marfa Petrovna came about, when I learned that it was she who had cooked up this marriage. I wish now to see Avdotya Romanovna, through your mediation, and, perhaps, in your presence too, to explain to her, first, that from Mr. Luzhin she will not only have not the slightest advantage, but will even certainly suffer obvious harm. Then, having begged her pardon for all these recent unpleasantnesses, I would ask permission to offer her ten thousand roubles and in that way ease the break with Mr. Luzhin, a break which, I am sure, she herself would not be averse to, if only the possibility presented itself."

"But you really, really are mad!" cried Raskolnikov, not so much angered even as surprised. "How dare you talk like that!"

"I knew you would shout; but, first, though I am not rich, these ten thousand roubles are free, that is, I have absolutely, absolutely no need of them. If Avdotya Romanovna doesn't accept them, I'll probably use them in an even sillier way. That's one. Second: my conscience is completely at peace; I am making the offer without any calculations. Believe it or not, but later on both you and Avdotya Romanovna will know. The whole thing is that I really did cause your highly esteemed sister some trouble and unpleasantness; consequently, feeling sincere repentance, I heartily wish—not to buy myself off, not to pay for the unpleasantness, but simply to do something to her advantage, on the grounds that I did not, after all, take out a patent for doing nothing but evil. If there were even a millionth part of calculation in my offer, I would not make it so directly; and I would not be offering a mere ten thousand when

only five weeks ago I offered her more. Besides that, I may be marrying a certain girl very, very soon, and consequently all suspicions of any designs against Avdotya Romanovna must thereby be done away with. In conclusion I will say that, in marrying Mr. Luzhin, Avdotya Romanovna is taking the very same money, only from another side… Now don't be angry, Rodion Romanovich, judge calmly and coolly."

As he said this, Svidrigailov was himself extremely cool and calm.

"I ask you to stop," said Raskolnikov. "In any case, this is unpardonably insolent."

"Not in the least. At that rate, a man may do nothing but evil to another man in this world and, on the contrary, has no right to do a crumb of good, because of empty accepted formalities. That is absurd. Why, if I, for instance, died and left this sum to your sister by my will, would she really refuse to accept it even then?"

"Very possibly."

"Oh no, sir, she wouldn't. But then, no is no, so be it. Only ten thousand is a fine thing, on occasion. In any case, I will ask you to pass on what I have said to Avdotya Romanovna."

"No, I won't pass it on."

"In that case, Rodion Romanovich, I shall be forced to seek a personal interview myself, and so to trouble her."

"And if I pass it on, you won't seek a personal interview?"

"I really don't know what to tell you. I would very much like to see her once."

"Don't hope for it."

"A pity. But then you don't know me. Perhaps we shall become closer."

"You think we shall become closer?"

"And why not?" said Svidrigailov with a smile, got up, and took his hat. "It isn't that I so very much wished to trouble you, and

coming here I didn't even count on much, although, by the way, your face struck me this morning…"

"Where did you see me this morning?" Raskolnikov asked uneasily.

"By chance, sir… I keep feeling that there is something in you akin to mine… But don't worry, I'm not a bore; I got along with cardsharps, and I didn't bore Prince Svirbey, a distant relative of mine and a grandee, and I managed to write about Raphael's Madonna in Madame Prilukova's album, and I lived with Marfa Petrovna for seven years without once leaving, and in the old days I spent nights in the Vyazemsky house on the Haymarket, and perhaps I shall go up in a balloon with Berg."

"Well, all right, sir. Allow me to ask, will you be setting off on your journey soon?"

"What journey?"

"Why, that 'voyage'… You said so yourself."

"The voyage? Ah, yes!… indeed, I told you about the voyage… Well, that's a broad question… But if only you knew what you are asking about!" he added, and suddenly laughed loudly and briefly. "Perhaps I'll get married instead of the voyage; they are making a match for me."

"Here?"

"Yes."

"When did you find time for that?"

"But I very much wish to see Avdotya Romanovna once. I ask it seriously. Well, good-bye… ah, yes! Here's what I forgot! Tell your sister, Rodion Romanovich, that she is mentioned in Marfa Petrovna's will for three thousand. That is positively true. Marfa Petrovna made the arrangements a week before her death, and it was done in my presence. In two or three weeks Avdotya Romanovna can have the money."

"Are you telling the truth?"

"The truth. Tell her. Well, sir, your servant. I am staying not very far from you, you know."

Going out, Svidrigailov ran into Razumikhin in the doorway.

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1. Latin, from Terence: *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*, "I am a man; I count nothing human alien to me."

2. Two newspaper scandals of the early 1860s, the years of the new "publicity" (*glasnost*) under Alexander II. In 1861 a provincial landowner was pilloried in the press for beating a German woman in a train. The same year the weekly *The Age* (*Vek*) printed a sneering article, "A Disgraceful Act," about a lady who had read Pushkin's "Egyptian Nights" aloud at a public literary evening.

3. The Russian word, *srebreniki*, is the one used for Judas's thirty pieces of silver.

4. French: "drink makes me nasty." Just below, *pour vous plaire*: "to please you."

Part Four · II

It was already almost eight o'clock; the two of them were hurrying to Bakaleyev's in order to get there before Luzhin.

"Well, who was that?" asked Razumikhin, as soon as they were out in the street.

"That was Svidrigailov, the very landowner in whose house my sister was insulted when she was their governess. Because of his amorous pursuit she left them, driven out by his wife, Marfa Petrovna. This Marfa Petrovna afterward begged Dunya's forgiveness, and now she has suddenly died. It was her they were talking about earlier. I don't know why, but I am very much afraid of this man. He came here right after his wife's funeral. He is very strange, and he has made up his mind to something... It's as if he knows something... Dunya has to be protected from him... that is what I wanted to tell you, do you hear?"

"Protected! What can he do against Avdotya Romanovna? Well, thank you, Rodya, for telling me this... We will, we will protect her!... Where does he live?"

"I don't know."

"Why didn't you ask? Eh, too bad! But I'll find out!"

"Did you see him?" Raskolnikov asked after some silence.

"Why, yes, I noticed him; I got a good look at him."

"You really saw him? Saw him clearly?" Raskolnikov insisted.

"Why, yes, I remember him clearly; I'd know him out of a thousand, I have a good memory for faces."

Again they were silent.

"Hm… that's it, then…" Raskolnikov muttered. "Because, you know… I was thinking… I keep feeling… that it might be a fantasy."

"What are you talking about? I don't quite understand you."

"Well, you all keep saying," Raskolnikov went on, twisting his mouth into a smile, "that I'm mad; and just now it seemed to me that perhaps I really am mad and saw only a phantom!"

"What's got into you?"

"But who knows! Maybe I really am mad, and everything that has happened all these days, all of it, perhaps, was just so, in my imagination…"

"Eh, Rodya! They've upset you again!… But what did he say, what did he come about?"

Raskolnikov did not answer; Razumikhin thought for a minute.

"Well, then, listen to my report," he began. "I came by your place, you were asleep. Then we had dinner, and then I went to Porfiry's. Zametov is still there. I meant to begin, and nothing came of it. I just couldn't get to talking properly. It's exactly as if they don't understand and can't understand, but they aren't the least bit embarrassed. I took Porfiry over to the window and began to talk, but again for some reason it didn't come out right: he looks away, and I look away. Finally I put my fist up to his mug and told him I'd smash it, as one relative to another. He only looked at me. I spat and left, and that's all. Very stupid. With Zametov not a word. Only, you see: I thought I'd spoiled things, but as I was going down the stairs a thought came to me, it simply dawned on me: what are you and I fussing about? Now, if you were in danger, or something of that sort, well, of course. But what is it to you! You have nothing to do with it, so spit on them; we'll have a laugh at them later, and if I were you I'd even start mystifying them. Won't they be ashamed afterward! Spit on it; later we can give them a thrashing, too, but for now let's laugh!"

"Of course, that's right!" Raskolnikov answered. "And what will you be saying tomorrow?" he thought to himself. Strange to say, until now it had never once entered his head: "What will Razumikhin think when he finds out?" Thinking this, Raskolnikov looked at him intently. As for Razumikhin's present report on his visit to Porfiry, it interested him very little: so much had gone and so much had been added since then!...

In the corridor they ran into Luzhin: he had arrived at exactly eight o'clock and was looking for the room, so that all three went in together, but without looking at one another and without bowing. The young men went in first, while Pyotr Petrovich, for propriety's sake, lingered a little in the entry, taking off his overcoat. Pulcheria Alexandrovna at once came out to meet him on the threshold. Dunya was greeting her brother.

Pyotr Petrovich came in and bowed to the ladies rather amiably, though with redoubled solemnity. However, he looked as if he had been thrown off a little and had not yet recovered himself. Pulcheria Alexandrovna, also seeming somehow embarrassed, at once hastened to seat everyone at the round table, on which the samovar was boiling. Dunya and Luzhin sat facing each other at the two ends of the table. Razumikhin and Raskolnikov found themselves facing Pulcheria Alexandrovna—Razumikhin nearer to Luzhin, and Raskolnikov beside his sister.

A momentary silence fell. Pyotr Petrovich unhurriedly took out a cambric handkerchief, which gave off a waft of scent, and blew his nose with the air of a man who, though virtuous, was nonetheless somewhat wounded in his dignity, and who had, besides, firmly resolved to demand explanations. Back in the entry the thought had occurred to him: not to take off his overcoat, and to leave, and so to punish both ladies swiftly and impressively, to make them feel everything at once. But he could not bring himself to it. Besides, this man did not like uncertainty, and here things

had to be cleared up: if his order had been so openly violated, it meant there was something to it, and so it was better to find out beforehand; as for punishing, there would always be time for that, and it was in his hands.

"I hope your journey went well?" he addressed Pulcheria Alexandrovna officially.

"Thank God, Pyotr Petrovich."

"Very gratifying, ma'am. And Avdotya Romanovna is not tired either?"

"I'm young and strong, I don't get tired, but it was very hard on Mama," Dunechka answered.

"What can one do, ma'am; our national roads are very long. Great is the so-called 'Mother Russia'... And I, for all my wishes, simply could not hurry to meet you yesterday. I hope, however, that everything went off without any special trouble?"

"Oh, no, Pyotr Petrovich, we were very disheartened," Pulcheria Alexandrovna hastened to declare with a special intonation, "and if God himself, it seems, hadn't sent us Dmitry Prokofyich yesterday, we would simply have been lost. Here he is, Dmitry Prokofyich Razumikhin," she added, introducing him to Luzhin.

"Why, yes, I had the pleasure... yesterday," Luzhin muttered, with a hostile sidelong glance at Razumikhin, then frowned and fell silent. And indeed Pyotr Petrovich belonged to that category of people who are, apparently, extremely amiable in society and lay special claim to amiability, but who, as soon as anything is not to their liking, at once lose all their resources and become more like sacks of flour than free and easy cavaliers who enliven society. Again everyone fell silent: Raskolnikov was stubbornly silent, Avdotya Romanovna did not want to break the silence before it was time, Razumikhin had nothing to say, so that Pulcheria Alexandrovna grew anxious again.

“Marfa Petrovna has died, have you heard?” she began, resorting to her chief resource.

“Why, certainly, I heard, ma’am. I was informed at the first rumor, and have even come now to tell you that Arkady Ivanovich Svidrigailov, immediately after his spouse’s funeral, set off in haste for Petersburg. So, at least, according to the most exact reports I have received.”

“To Petersburg? Here?” Dunechka asked in alarm, and exchanged glances with her mother.

“Precisely so, ma’am, and, needless to say, not without purposes, taking into consideration the haste of his departure and, in general, the preceding circumstances.”

“Lord! Can it be that he won’t leave Dunechka in peace even here?” cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

“It seems to me there is no particular reason for alarm, either for you or for Avdotya Romanovna, provided, of course, that you yourselves do not wish to enter into any relations with him whatsoever. As far as I am concerned, I am keeping watch, and am now trying to find out where he is staying…”

“Oh, Pyotr Petrovich, you wouldn’t believe how much you’ve frightened me just now!” Pulcheria Alexandrovna went on. “I have only seen him twice, and he seemed terrible to me, terrible! I am sure he was the cause of the late Marfa Petrovna’s death.”

“On that score no conclusion can be drawn. I have exact reports. I do not dispute that he may have contributed to the accelerated course of events, so to speak, by the moral influence of the offense; but as regards the conduct and, in general, the moral characteristics of the person, I agree with you. I do not know whether he is rich now and what exactly Marfa Petrovna left him; that will be known to me within the very shortest time; but certainly here, in Petersburg, having even some pecuniary means, he will at once take up his old ways. He is the most depraved man,

the most sunk in vice, of all people of that sort! I have considerable grounds for supposing that Marfa Petrovna, who had the misfortune to love him so and to buy him out of his debts eight years ago, served him in another respect as well: solely by her efforts and sacrifices a criminal case was hushed up, at the very beginning, with an admixture of brutal and, so to speak, fantastic murder, for which he might very well have taken a stroll to Siberia. That is the kind of man he is, if you wish to know."

"Oh, Lord!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna. Raskolnikov was listening attentively.

"Are you telling the truth, that you have exact information about this?" Dunya asked, sternly and impressively.

"I am saying only what I heard myself, in confidence, from the late Marfa Petrovna. I must observe that from the legal point of view the matter is very obscure. There lived here, and, it seems, lives here still, a certain Resslich, a foreigner and, on top of that, a small-time moneylender, who engages in other business as well. With this Resslich Mr. Svidrigailov had long been in certain very close and mysterious relations. Living with her was a distant relative, a niece, it seems, a deaf-mute, a girl of fifteen or even fourteen, whom this Resslich hated beyond measure and reproached for every crust; she even beat her inhumanly. One day she was found in the attic, hanged. The verdict was suicide. After the usual procedures the case ended there, but later, however, a denunciation turned up that the child had been... cruelly abused by Svidrigailov. True, it was all obscure, the denunciation came from another German woman, a notorious woman who enjoyed no credit; in the end, in essence, there was no denunciation at all, thanks to Marfa Petrovna's efforts and money; it all stopped at a rumor. But this rumor, however, was highly significant. You, of course, Avdotya Romanovna, also heard there about the story of

the servant Philip, who died of torments some six years ago, still in the days of serfdom."

"I heard, on the contrary, that this Philip hanged himself."

"Precisely so, ma'am, but he was forced, or, better to say, inclined toward a violent death by Mr. Svidrigailov's incessant system of persecutions and penalties."

"I don't know about that," Dunya answered dryly. "I only heard some very strange story, that this Philip was some sort of hypochondriac, some sort of household philosopher, the servants said he had 'read too much,' and that he hanged himself more from mockery than from Mr. Svidrigailov's blows. And in my time he treated the servants well, and the servants even liked him, though it's true that they too blamed him for Philip's death."

"I see, Avdotya Romanovna, that you have somehow suddenly become inclined to justify him," Luzhin observed, twisting his mouth into an ambiguous smile. "Indeed, he is a cunning man and seductive where ladies are concerned, of which Marfa Petrovna, who died so strangely, serves as a lamentable example. I merely wished to be of service to you and your mama with my advice, in view of his new and undoubtedly forthcoming attempts. As far as I am concerned, I am firmly convinced that this man will undoubtedly disappear again into the debtors' prison. Marfa Petrovna never had the slightest intention of settling anything on him, having the children in view, and if she did leave him something, then only something most necessary, of small value, ephemeral, which would not last a man of his habits even a year."

"Pyotr Petrovich, I beg you," said Dunya, "let us stop talking about Mr. Svidrigailov. It makes me feel dreary."

"He came to see me just now," Raskolnikov said suddenly, breaking his silence for the first time.

Exclamations came from all sides; everyone turned to him. Even Pyotr Petrovich grew agitated.

"An hour and a half ago, when I was asleep, he came in, woke me, and introduced himself," Raskolnikov went on. "He was rather free and easy and cheerful, and fully hopes that I will become friends with him. Among other things, he very much asks for and is seeking a meeting with you, Dunya, and he asked me to be the go-between at this meeting. He has a certain proposal for you; he told me what it is. Besides that, he informed me positively that Marfa Petrovna, a week before her death, had managed to leave you, Dunya, three thousand roubles in her will, and that you can now receive this money very soon."

"Thank God!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna, and crossed herself. "Pray for her, Dunya, pray!"

"That is the actual truth," broke from Luzhin.

"Well, well, what else?" Dunechka urged.

"Then he said that he himself is not rich and that the whole estate goes to his children, who are now with their aunt. Then that he is staying somewhere not far from me, but where?—I don't know, I didn't ask…"

"But what, what does he want to propose to Dunechka?" asked the frightened Pulcheria Alexandrovna. "Did he tell you?"

"Yes, he did."

"What is it, then?"

"I'll tell you later." Raskolnikov fell silent and turned to his tea.

Pyotr Petrovich took out his watch and looked at it.

"I must go on business, and in that way I shall not be in the way," he added with a somewhat piqued air, and began to rise from his chair.

"Stay, Pyotr Petrovich," said Dunya, "you did intend to spend the evening. Besides, you wrote yourself that you wished to have an explanation with Mama about something."

"Precisely so, Avdotya Romanovna," Pyotr Petrovich said impressively, sitting down again on his chair but still keeping his

hat in his hands. “I did indeed wish to have an explanation both with you and with your highly esteemed mama, and on very important points, too. But just as your brother cannot explain himself in my presence regarding certain proposals of Mr. Svidrigailov’s, so I do not wish to and cannot explain myself… in the presence of others… regarding certain very, very important points. Besides, my capital and most urgent request was not carried out…”

Luzhin assumed a bitter look and fell silent with dignity.

“Your request that my brother not be present at our meeting was not carried out solely on my insistence,” said Dunya. “You wrote that you had been insulted by my brother; I think this must be cleared up at once, and you must make peace. And if Rodya really did insult you, then he must and will ask your pardon.”

Pyotr Petrovich at once grew cocky.

“There are certain insults, Avdotya Romanovna, that with all the goodwill in the world cannot be forgotten, ma’am. In everything there is a line that it is dangerous to cross; for once one has stepped over it, it is impossible to go back.”

“That isn’t really what I was talking about, Pyotr Petrovich,” Dunya interrupted a little impatiently. “Understand properly that our whole future now depends on whether all this is cleared up and settled as soon as possible or not. I tell you plainly, from the first word, that I cannot look at it any other way, and if you value me even a little, then, hard as it is, this whole story must end today. I repeat, if my brother is to blame, he will ask your forgiveness.”

“I am surprised that you put the question so, Avdotya Romanovna,” Luzhin said, growing more and more irritated. “While valuing and, so to speak, adoring you, I may at the same time very, very well dislike someone among your family. While aspiring to the

happiness of your hand, I cannot at the same time take upon myself obligations that are incompatible…"

"Oh, drop all this touchiness, Pyotr Petrovich," Dunya interrupted with feeling, "and be the intelligent and noble man I have always considered you and want to consider you. I have given you a great promise, I am your fiancée; trust me, then, in this matter, and believe me, I shall be able to judge impartially. That I am taking on the role of judge is as much a surprise to my brother as it is to you. When I invited him today, after your letter, to be sure to come to our meeting, I told him nothing of my intentions. Understand that if you do not make peace, I must choose between you: either you or he. That is how the question has been put, on his side and on yours. I do not want to and must not make a mistake in my choice. For your sake I must break with my brother; for my brother's sake I must break with you. I want to and can find out now for certain: is he a brother to me? And about you: am I dear to you, do you value me: are you a husband to me?"

"Avdotya Romanovna," Luzhin pronounced, bridling, "your words are too significant for me; I will say more, they are even offensive, in view of the position I have the honor to occupy in relation to you. Not to say a word of the offensive and strange comparison, on the same footing, between me and… an arrogant youth, by your words you admit the possibility of breaking the promise given to me. You say: 'either you or he,' and thereby you show me how little I mean to you… I cannot allow this, given the relations and… obligations existing between us."

"What!" Dunya flared up. "I set your interest beside everything that has been precious to me in life until now, that has made up my whole life until now, and suddenly you are offended that I set too little value on you!"

Raskolnikov smiled silently and caustically; Razumikhin winced all over; but Pyotr Petrovich did not accept the objection; on the

contrary, with every word he became more captious and irritable, as though he were acquiring a taste for it.

"Love for one's future companion in life, for one's husband, ought to exceed love for one's brother," he pronounced sententiously, "and in any case I cannot stand on the same footing... Although I insisted earlier that in your brother's presence I do not wish to and cannot set forth everything I came with, nonetheless I now intend to turn to your highly esteemed mama for a necessary explanation on one very capital point, and one offensive to me. Your son," he turned to Pulcheria Alexandrovna, "yesterday, in the presence of Mr. Rassudkin[1] (or... is that it? excuse me, I have forgotten your surname," he bowed amiably to Razumikhin), "insulted me by distorting a thought of mine which I communicated to you then in private conversation, over coffee, namely, that marriage to a poor girl who has already experienced life's grief is, in my opinion, more advantageous in the conjugal respect than to one who has known prosperity, for it is more beneficial for morality. Your son deliberately exaggerated the meaning of the words to the point of absurdity, accusing me of malicious intentions and, in my view, basing himself on your own correspondence. I shall consider myself happy, Pulcheria Alexandrovna, if it proves possible for you to convince me of the contrary and thereby considerably reassure me. Tell me, then, in what terms precisely did you convey my words in your letter to Rodion Romanovich?"

"I don't remember," Pulcheria Alexandrovna faltered, "but I conveyed them as I understood them myself. I don't know how Rodya conveyed them to you... Maybe he did exaggerate something."

"He could not have exaggerated without your suggestion."

"Pyotr Petrovich," Pulcheria Alexandrovna pronounced with dignity, "the proof that Dunya and I did not take your words in a very bad sense is that we are here."

"Good, Mama!" said Dunya approvingly.

"So I am to blame here too!" Luzhin took offense.

"You see, Pyotr Petrovich, you keep blaming Rodion, but you yourself wrote an untruth about him in your letter," Pulcheria Alexandrovna added, taking heart.

"I do not recall writing any untruth, ma'am."

"You wrote," Raskolnikov said sharply, not turning to Luzhin, "that yesterday I gave the money not to the widow of the man who was run over, as was actually the case, but to his daughter (whom I had never seen until yesterday). You wrote this in order to set me at odds with my family, and for that purpose you added, in vile expressions, something about the conduct of a girl you do not know. All of it is gossip and baseness."

"Excuse me, sir," Luzhin answered, trembling with rage, "in my letter I enlarged upon your qualities and actions solely in fulfillment of the requests of your sister and mama to describe to them how I found you and what impression you made on me. As regards what is set out in my letter, find even one unjust line, that is, that you did not spend the money and that in that family, unfortunate though it may be, there were no unworthy persons?"

"But in my opinion you, with all your merits, are not worth the little finger of that unfortunate girl at whom you are casting a stone."

"So you would go so far as to introduce her into the company of your mother and sister?"

"I have already done so, if you want to know. Today I sat her down next to Mama and Dunya."

"Rodya!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

Dunechka blushed; Razumikhin knitted his brows. Luzhin smiled caustically and haughtily.

"You may see for yourself, Avdotya Romanovna," he said, "whether an agreement is possible here. I hope now that this matter is concluded and cleared up once and for all. I shall withdraw,

so as not to hinder the further pleasantness of the family reunion and the communication of secrets" (he got up from his chair and took his hat). "But in leaving I venture to observe that in the future I hope to be spared such encounters and, so to speak, compromises. And you particularly, highly esteemed Pulcheria Alexandrovna, I shall ask on this same subject, all the more since my letter was addressed to you and to no one else."

Pulcheria Alexandrovna was a little offended.

"Why, you're taking us completely into your power, Pyotr Petrovich. Dunya has told you the reason why your wish was not carried out: she had good intentions. And besides, you write to me as if you were giving orders. Are we really to consider your every wish an order? And I'll tell you, on the contrary, that you ought to be especially delicate and indulgent toward us now, because we have given up everything and come here trusting you, and so we are already almost in your power as it is."

"That is not quite just, Pulcheria Alexandrovna, and especially at the present moment, when the three thousand bequeathed by Marfa Petrovna have been announced, which seems to have come very opportunely, judging by the new tone in which I am being addressed," he added caustically.

"Judging by that remark, one might indeed suppose that you were counting on our helplessness," Dunya observed irritably.

"But now, at least, I cannot count on it, and I particularly do not wish to hinder the communication of the secret proposals of Arkady Ivanovich Svidrigailov, with which he has entrusted your brother and which, as I see, have for you a capital, and perhaps even a very pleasant, significance."

"Oh, my God!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

Razumikhin could not sit still on his chair.

"And aren't you ashamed now, sister?" asked Raskolnikov.

“I am ashamed, Rodya,” said Dunya. “Pyotr Petrovich, get out!” she turned to him, pale with anger.

Pyotr Petrovich, it seems, had not at all expected such an ending. He had relied too much on himself, on his power, and on the helplessness of his victims. He did not believe it even now. He turned pale, and his lips began to tremble.

“Avdotya Romanovna, if I go out of that door now, with such a send-off, then—take this into account—I shall never come back. Think it over well! My word is firm.”

“What insolence!” cried Dunya, quickly rising from her seat. “Why, I don’t want you to come back!”

“What? So that’s ho-o-ow it is, ma’am!” cried Luzhin, who had not believed in such a denouement until the very last moment and had therefore now lost the thread entirely. “So that’s how it is, ma’am! But do you know, Avdotya Romanovna, that I might lodge a protest, ma’am.”

“What right do you have to talk to her like that!” Pulcheria Alexandrovna hotly intervened. “What can you protest with? And what are these rights of yours? Am I to give my Dunya to you, to the likes of you? Go, leave us altogether! We are to blame ourselves for going into an unjust business, and I most of all…”

“Nevertheless, Pulcheria Alexandrovna,” Luzhin fumed in a rage, “you bound me by the word you gave, which you are now renouncing… and finally… finally, I was drawn thereby, so to speak, into expenses…”

This last claim was so much in Pyotr Petrovich’s character that Raskolnikov, who had been turning pale with anger and with the effort to contain it, suddenly could not hold out and—burst out laughing. Pulcheria Alexandrovna lost her temper:

“Into expenses? What expenses are these? You don’t mean our trunk, do you? Why, the conductor carried it for you for nothing.

Lord, and it's we who bound you! Come to your senses, Pyotr Petrovich, it's you who bound us hand and foot, not we you!"

"Enough, Mama, please, enough!" Avdotya Romanovna pleaded. "Pyotr Petrovich, do me the kindness, go away!"

"I'm going, ma'am, but just one last word!" he said, by now almost completely unable to control himself. "Your mama, it seems, has completely forgotten that I resolved to take you, so to speak, after the town talk about your reputation that had spread throughout the whole neighborhood. Disregarding public opinion for your sake and restoring your reputation, I might certainly have very, very much hoped for a recompense and even demanded your gratitude... And only now have my eyes been opened! I see myself that I may have acted very, very rashly in disregarding the voice of the public..."

"Has he got a head to spare, or what!" shouted Razumikhin, jumping up from his chair and already preparing to deal with him.

"You are a low and wicked man!" said Dunya.

"Not a word! Not a gesture!" cried Raskolnikov, holding Razumikhin back; then, going up almost point-blank to Luzhin:

"Kindly get out!" he said quietly and distinctly. "And not one word more, or else..."

Pyotr Petrovich looked at him for several seconds with a face pale and twisted with spite, then turned and went out, and certainly rarely has anyone carried away in his heart so much spiteful hatred for anyone as this man did for Raskolnikov. Him, and him alone, he blamed for everything. It is remarkable that, already going down the stairs, he still imagined that the matter was perhaps not entirely lost and, as far as the ladies alone were concerned, even "very, very" remediable.

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1. Luzhin garbles Razumikhin's name: *Razumikhin* comes from *razum*, "reason," *Rassudkin* from *rassudok*, "good sense."

Part Four · III

The main thing was that he had never, up to the very last minute, expected such a denouement. He had swaggered to the very last line, not even supposing it possible that two destitute and defenseless women could escape from his power. This conviction had been greatly helped by vanity and by that degree of self-confidence which is best called self-infatuation. Pyotr Petrovich, having made his way up from nothing, had become morbidly accustomed to admiring himself, valued his intelligence and abilities highly, and sometimes even, when alone, admired his face in the mirror. But more than anything in the world he loved and valued his money, obtained by labor and by every sort of means: it made him the equal of everything that was above him.

In bitterly reminding Dunya just now that he had resolved to take her despite the bad rumors about her, Pyotr Petrovich had spoken quite sincerely and had even felt a deep indignation at such "black ingratitude." And yet, when he had proposed to Dunya, he had already been fully convinced of the absurdity of all that gossip, refuted publicly by Marfa Petrovna herself and long since dropped by the whole little town, which had warmly vindicated Dunya. Nor would he himself have denied now that he had known all this even then. And nonetheless he still valued highly his resolve to raise Dunya up to himself, and considered it a heroic deed. In speaking of it to Dunya just now, he had been speaking out his secret, cherished thought, which he had more than once admired, and he could not understand how others could fail to admire his heroic deed. When he had come to call on Raskolnikov that time,

he had entered with the feeling of a benefactor preparing to reap the fruits and to hear some very sweet compliments. And now, certainly, going down the stairs, he considered himself offended and unappreciated in the highest degree.

As for Dunya, she was simply indispensable to him; to give her up was unthinkable for him. For a long time now, for several years already, he had dreamed voluptuously of marriage, but he kept saving up money and waiting. He had thought with rapture, in the deepest secret, of a well-behaved and poor girl (poor without fail), very young, very pretty, wellborn and educated, very much intimidated, one who had experienced a great deal of misfortune and had bowed down completely before him, one who all her life would consider him her salvation, would revere him, submit to him, and marvel at him, and only at him alone. How many scenes, how many delicious episodes had he created in his imagination on this seductive and playful theme, resting in quiet from his affairs! And now the dream of so many years was almost coming true: the beauty and education of Avdotya Romanovna had struck him; her helpless position had inflamed him to the extreme. Here was even something more than he had dreamed of: here was a girl who was proud, of strong character, virtuous, above him in upbringing and development (he felt this), and such a being would be slavishly grateful to him all her life for his heroic deed and would reverently efface herself before him, while he would rule boundlessly and absolutely!... As if on purpose, shortly before this, after long reflections and expectations, he had decided at last to change his career definitively and enter a wider sphere of activity, and at the same time, little by little, to pass into a higher society, too, of which he had long been thinking voluptuously... In a word, he had resolved to try Petersburg. He knew that through women one could gain "very, very" much. The charm of a lovely, virtuous, and educated woman could wonderfully adorn his path, draw people to him, cre-

ate a halo… and now everything had collapsed! This present sudden, hideous rupture had struck him like a thunderclap. It was some kind of hideous joke, an absurdity! He had swaggered only a tiny bit; he had not even had time to speak his mind, he had simply been joking, got carried away, and it had ended so seriously! Finally, after all, he had already even come to love Dunya in his own way, he had already ruled over her in his dreams—and suddenly!… No! Tomorrow, tomorrow it all had to be restored, healed, set right, and above all—that arrogant milksop, that boy, who was the cause of everything, had to be destroyed. With a painful sensation he recalled, also somehow involuntarily, Razumikhin… but, however, he was soon reassured on that side: "As if that one, too, could be put on a level with him!" But the one he was really seriously afraid of—was Svidrigailov… In a word, there was a great deal of trouble ahead. . . . . .

"No, I, I am the most to blame!" Dunechka was saying, embracing and kissing her mother. "I was tempted by his money, but I swear, brother—I never imagined he was such an unworthy man. If I had seen through him earlier, I would not have been tempted by anything! Don't blame me, brother!"

"God has delivered us! God has delivered us!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna was muttering, but somehow unconsciously, as if she had not yet quite taken in everything that had happened.

Everyone was rejoicing; within five minutes they were even laughing. Only now and then Dunechka turned pale and knitted her brows, remembering what had happened. Pulcheria Alexandrovna could never have imagined that she too would be glad; the break with Luzhin had seemed to her, only that morning, a terrible calamity. But Razumikhin was in ecstasy. He did not dare express it fully, but he was trembling all over as if in a fever, as though a five-pood weight had fallen from his heart. Now he had the right to give them his whole life, to serve them… Why, what

could he not do now! But, however, he drove further thoughts away still more timidly and was afraid of his own imagination. Only Raskolnikov went on sitting in the same place, almost sullen and even absent-minded. He, who had insisted most of all on getting rid of Luzhin, seemed now to be the least interested of all in what had happened. Dunya involuntarily thought that he was still very angry with her, and Pulcheria Alexandrovna kept glancing at him timidly.

"What did Svidrigailov tell you?" Dunya went up to him.

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

Raskolnikov raised his head:

"He wants without fail to make you a present of ten thousand roubles, and at the same time he declares a wish to see you once in my presence."

"See her! Not for anything in the world!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna. "And how dare he offer her money!"

Then Raskolnikov related (rather dryly) his conversation with Svidrigailov, leaving out Marfa Petrovna's ghosts so as not to go into superfluous matter, and feeling a disgust at starting any conversation whatever beyond what was most necessary.

"And what did you answer him?" asked Dunya.

"At first I said I would not pass anything on to you. Then he announced that he would seek a meeting himself, by every means. He assured me that his passion for you had been a whim and that he now feels nothing for you... He doesn't want you to marry Luzhin... On the whole he talked incoherently."

"How do you explain him to yourself, Rodya? How did he strike you?"

"I confess I don't understand anything well. He offers ten thousand, and yet he said himself that he isn't rich. He announces that he wants to go away somewhere, and ten minutes later forgets that he said so. Then suddenly he also says that he wants to get

married and that a match is already being made for him... Of course he has his purposes, and most likely bad ones. But again it's somehow strange to suppose that he would go about it so stupidly, if he had bad intentions toward you... I refused the money for you, of course, once and for all. On the whole he seemed very strange to me, and... even... with signs, as it were, of madness. But I may have been mistaken; it may simply be a humbug of some kind. Marfa Petrovna's death seems to be making an impression on him..."

"Lord, rest her soul!" exclaimed Pulcheria Alexandrovna. "Forever, forever I will pray to God for her! Well, what would become of us now, Dunya, without these three thousand! Lord, it's as if they fell from heaven! Ah, Rodya, why, this morning we had only three roubles to our name, and Dunechka and I were only figuring how to pawn the watch somewhere as quickly as possible, just so as not to take from that man until he guessed for himself."

Dunya was somehow much too struck by Svidrigailov's offer. She kept standing there, lost in thought.

"He is planning something terrible!" she said almost in a whisper to herself, nearly shuddering.

Raskolnikov noticed this excessive fear.

"It seems I shall have to see him more than once again," he said to Dunya.

"We'll keep watch! I'll track him down!" Razumikhin shouted energetically. "I won't take my eyes off him! Rodya has given me leave. He told me himself earlier: 'Take care of my sister.' And will you give me leave, Avdotya Romanovna?"

Dunya smiled and held out her hand to him, but the worry did not leave her face. Pulcheria Alexandrovna kept glancing at her timidly; however, the three thousand were visibly calming her.

A quarter of an hour later they were all in the most animated conversation. Even Raskolnikov, though he did not talk, listened

attentively for some time. Razumikhin was holding forth.

"And why, why should you leave!" he poured forth rapturously in an ecstatic speech. "And what will you do in that little town? The main thing is that here you are all together and need one another, and how you need one another—understand me! Well, at least for a while… And take me as a friend, as a partner, and I assure you we'll start a splendid enterprise. Listen, I'll explain it all to you in detail—the whole project! It was already flashing through my head this morning, before anything had happened… Here's the thing: I have an uncle (I'll introduce you; a most accommodating and most respectable little old fellow!), and this uncle has a capital of a thousand roubles, and he himself lives on a pension and doesn't need it. For two years now he's been pestering me to take this thousand from him and pay him six percent. I see the trick: he simply wants to help me; but last year I didn't need it, and this year I was only waiting for him to arrive and had decided to take it. Then you'll put in another thousand, out of your three, and that will be enough to begin with, and so we'll join together. And what will we do?"

Here Razumikhin began to develop his project and talked at length about how almost all our booksellers and publishers know little about their goods and are therefore usually bad publishers, whereas decent editions generally pay for themselves and yield a profit, sometimes a considerable one. It was of publishing that Razumikhin had been dreaming, he who had been working for others for two years now and knew three European languages fairly well, in spite of having told Raskolnikov some six days before that he was "weak" in German, with the aim of persuading him to take half the translation work and three roubles in advance: he had been lying then, and Raskolnikov knew he was lying.

"Why, why should we let our own chance slip, when one of the most important means has turned up—our own money?"

Razumikhin grew heated. “Of course, it takes a lot of work, but we will work, you, Avdotya Romanovna, I, Rodion… some editions give a fine profit nowadays! And the main foundation of the enterprise is that we will know what exactly ought to be translated. We will translate, and publish, and study, all together. Now I can be useful, because I have experience. For almost two years I’ve been poking around the publishers and I know all their ins and outs: it isn’t saints who make the pots, believe me! And why, why let the morsel go past your mouth! Why, I myself know, and keep secret, two or three works such that for the mere idea of translating and publishing them you could get a hundred roubles apiece for each book, and for one of them I wouldn’t take five hundred roubles for the idea. And what do you think, if I told anyone, he might very well doubt it, such blockheads they are! And as for the actual business end, printing shops, paper, sales, leave that to me! I know all the back alleys! We’ll begin little by little, we’ll get to something big, at least there’ll be something to feed ourselves with, and in any case we’ll get our money back.”

Dunya’s eyes were shining.

“I like what you are saying very much, Dmitry Prokofyich,” she said.

“I, of course, know nothing about it,” Pulcheria Alexandrovna responded, “maybe it’s good, but then again, God knows. It’s somehow new, unknown. Of course, we must stay here, at least for a while…”

She looked at Rodya.

“What do you think, brother?” said Dunya.

“I think he has a very good idea,” he answered. “Of course, one shouldn’t dream ahead of time about what form it will take, but five or six books really could be published with undoubted success. I myself know one work that would certainly sell. And as for his knowing how to run the business, there’s no doubt of that: he

understands the thing… However, you'll still have time to come to an agreement…"

"Hurrah!" shouted Razumikhin. "Now wait, there's an apartment here, in this same building, from the same landlords. It's separate, self-contained, it doesn't connect with these rooms, and it's furnished, the price is moderate, three little rooms. Take it for the time being. I'll pawn the watch for you tomorrow and bring the money, and then everything will be arranged. And the main thing is that all three of you can live together, and Rodya with you… But where are you going, Rodya?"

"What, Rodya, you're leaving already?" Pulcheria Alexandrovna asked, even in alarm.

"At a moment like this!" shouted Razumikhin.

Dunya was looking at her brother in incredulous surprise. He had his cap in his hands; he was getting ready to go out.

"Why, it's as if you were burying me or saying good-bye forever," he said somehow strangely.

He seemed to smile, but it was as if it were not a smile at all.

"And yet who knows, maybe this is the last time we'll see each other," he added inadvertently.

He had meant to think this to himself, but somehow it got spoken aloud of itself.

"But what is the matter with you!" cried his mother.

"Where are you going, Rodya?" Dunya asked somehow strangely.

"Just so, I really must," he answered vaguely, as if hesitating over what he wanted to say. But in his pale face there was a sort of sharp resolve.

"I meant to say… coming here… I meant to tell you, Mama… and you, Dunya, that it would be better for us to part for a while. I don't feel well, I'm not at peace… I'll come later, I'll come myself, when… it's possible. I remember you and love you… Leave me!

Leave me alone! I decided this, even before… I decided it for certain… Whatever happens to me, whether I perish or not, I want to be alone. Forget me altogether. It's better… Don't inquire about me. When it's necessary, I'll come myself or… I'll call you. Perhaps everything will rise again!… But now, if you love me, give me up… Otherwise I'll come to hate you, I feel it… Good-bye!"

"Lord!" cried Pulcheria Alexandrovna.

Both mother and sister were terribly frightened; Razumikhin too.

"Rodya, Rodya! Make peace with us, let's be as we were before!" the poor mother exclaimed.

He slowly turned toward the door and slowly walked out of the room. Dunya caught up with him.

"Brother! What are you doing to Mother!" she whispered, with a look that burned with indignation.

He looked at her heavily.

"It's nothing, I'll come, I'll keep coming!" he muttered under his breath, as if not fully aware of what he meant to say, and went out of the room.

"Unfeeling, spiteful egoist!" cried Dunya.

"He is in-sane, not unfeeling! He's mad! Can't you see that? You're the unfeeling one, after that!…" Razumikhin whispered hotly right into her ear, squeezing her hand hard.

"I'll be right back!" he shouted, turning to Pulcheria Alexandrovna, who had gone deathly pale, and ran out of the room.

Raskolnikov was waiting for him at the end of the corridor.

"I knew you would run out," he said. "Go back to them and be with them… Be with them tomorrow too… and always. I… maybe I'll come… if I can. Good-bye!"

And without offering his hand, he walked away from him.

"But where are you going? What are you doing? What's the matter with you? How can you do this!..." muttered Razumikhin, completely at a loss.

Raskolnikov stopped once more.

"Once and for all: never ask me about anything. I have nothing to answer you... Don't come to see me. Maybe I'll come here... Leave me, but them... *don't leave*. Do you understand me?"

The corridor was dark; they were standing by the lamp. For a minute they looked at each other in silence. Razumikhin remembered that minute all his life. Raskolnikov's burning and intent gaze seemed to grow stronger with every moment, penetrating into his soul, into his consciousness. Suddenly Razumikhin shuddered. Something strange seemed to pass between them... Some idea slipped through, like a hint; something terrible, hideous, and suddenly understood on both sides... Razumikhin turned as pale as a corpse.

"Do you understand now?..." Raskolnikov said suddenly, his face painfully contorted. "Go back, go to them," he added suddenly, and, turning quickly, walked out of the house...

I will not describe now what went on that evening at Pulcheria Alexandrovna's, how Razumikhin went back to them, how he calmed them, how he swore that Rodya must be given a rest in his illness, swore that Rodya would come without fail, would come every day, that he was very, very upset, that he must not be irritated; how he, Razumikhin, would keep watch over him, would get him a good doctor, the best, a whole consultation of doctors... In a word, from that evening on Razumikhin became a son and a brother to them.

Part Four · IV

And Raskolnikov went straight to the house on the canal where Sonya lived. The house was three stories high, old, and painted green. He found the caretaker and got from him vague directions as to where Kapernaumov the tailor lived. Having found, in a corner of the courtyard, the entrance to a narrow and dark staircase, he climbed at last to the second floor and came out onto the gallery that ran around it on the courtyard side. While he was wandering in the dark, puzzled as to where the entrance to Kapernaumov's might be, suddenly, three steps away from him, some door opened; he caught hold of it mechanically.

"Who's there?" a woman's voice asked anxiously.

"It's me… to see you," answered Raskolnikov, and went into a tiny entry. There, on a chair with a sagging seat, a candle stood in a bent brass candlestick.

"It's you! Lord!" Sonya cried weakly, and stood rooted to the spot.

"Which way to your room? In here?"

And Raskolnikov, trying not to look at her, quickly went into the room.

A minute later Sonya too came in with the candle, set the candle down, and stood before him herself, completely at a loss, all in an inexpressible agitation and visibly frightened by his unexpected visit. Suddenly color rushed into her pale face, and tears even came into her eyes… She felt sick, and ashamed, and sweet… Raskolnikov turned away quickly and sat down on a chair by the table. In a fleeting glance he managed to take in the room.

It was a large room, but extremely low, the only one the Kapernaumovs let out; the locked door to their rooms was in the wall on the left. On the opposite side, in the wall on the right, there was yet another door, always locked tight. Beyond it there was already another, neighboring apartment, under another number. Sonya's room looked somehow like a shed; it had the shape of a very irregular quadrangle, and this gave it something misshapen. The wall with three windows, looking out on the canal, cut across the room somehow at a slant, so that one corner, terribly acute, ran off somewhere into the depths, and in the weak light it could not even be properly made out; while the other corner was much too hideously obtuse. In the whole of this large room there was almost no furniture at all. In the corner, on the right, stood the bed; beside it, nearer the door, a chair. Along the same wall as the bed, right by the door into the other apartment, stood a plain deal table covered with a little blue cloth; by the table, two wicker chairs. Then, against the opposite wall, near the acute corner, stood a small chest of drawers of plain wood, as if lost in the emptiness. That was all there was in the room. The yellowish, scuffed, and worn-out wallpaper had turned black in all the corners; it must have been damp and full of fumes here in winter. The poverty was visible; there were not even curtains at the bed.

Sonya silently looked at her guest, who was examining her room so attentively and unceremoniously, and at last even began to tremble with fear, as though she were standing before the judge and arbiter of her fate.

"I'm late… Is it eleven yet?" he asked, still not raising his eyes to her.

"It is," Sonya murmured. "Oh, yes, it is!" she suddenly hurried on, as if that were her whole way out. "The landlords' clock struck just now… and I heard it myself… It is."

“I have come to you for the last time,” Raskolnikov went on gloomily, though even now it was only the first time. “Perhaps I won’t see you again…”

“You… are going away?”

“I don’t know… everything tomorrow…”

“So you won’t be at Katerina Ivanovna’s tomorrow?” Sonya’s voice trembled.

“I don’t know. Everything tomorrow morning… That’s not the point: I came to say one thing…”

He raised his pensive gaze to her and suddenly noticed that he was sitting while she was still standing before him.

“Why are you standing? Sit down,” he said suddenly, in a changed, quiet, and gentle voice.

She sat down. For a minute he looked at her kindly and almost with compassion.

“How thin you are! Look at your hand! Quite transparent. Fingers like a dead woman’s.”

He took her hand. Sonya smiled weakly.

“I’ve always been like this,” she said.

“Even when you lived at home?”

“Yes.”

“Well, of course!” he said abruptly, and the expression of his face and the sound of his voice suddenly changed again. He looked around once more.

“You rent this from Kapernaumov?”

“Yes, sir…”

“They’re there, behind the door?”

“Yes… They have the same kind of room too.”

“All in one?”

“In one, sir.”

“I’d be afraid in your room at night,” he observed gloomily.

"The landlords are very good, very kind," Sonya answered, still as if she had not come to herself and could not collect her wits, "and all the furniture, and everything... everything is theirs. And they're very kind, and the children come to see me often too..."

"The ones who stammer?"

"Yes, sir... He stammers, and he's lame too. And his wife too... It's not that she stammers, but it's as if she can't say everything out. She's kind, very. And he used to be a house serf. And there are seven children... and only the oldest one stammers, and the others are just sickly... but they don't stammer... But how do you know about them?" she added with some surprise.

"Your father told me everything that time. He told me everything about you... And about how you went out at six o'clock and came back after eight, and about how Katerina Ivanovna knelt by your bed."

Sonya was embarrassed.

"I think I saw him today," she whispered hesitantly.

"Whom?"

"Father. I was walking along the street, near here, on the corner, after nine, and it was as if he was walking ahead of me. And it really seemed to be him. I was going to stop in at Katerina Ivanovna's..."

"You were out walking?"

"Yes," Sonya whispered abruptly, embarrassed again and lowering her eyes.

"Katerina Ivanovna all but beat you, didn't she, when you were living at your father's?"

"Oh, no, what are you saying, what are you saying, no!" Sonya looked at him even with a kind of fright.

"So you love her?"

"Her? But how co-o-ould I not!" Sonya drew out plaintively, suddenly clasping her hands in anguish. "Oh! you... her... If you

only knew. She's just like a child... Her mind is just as if it were deranged... from grief. And how intelligent she was... how magnanimous... how kind! You don't know anything, anything... oh!"

Sonya said this as if in despair, agitated and suffering, and wringing her hands. Her pale cheeks flared up again, and torment showed in her eyes. It was plain that something had been terribly stirred in her, that she terribly wanted to express something, to speak, to defend. A sort of insatiable compassion, if one may put it so, was suddenly depicted in every feature of her face.

"Beat me! But what are you saying! Lord, beat me! And even if she did beat me, what of it! Well, what of it? You don't know anything, anything... She's so unhappy, oh, so unhappy! And sick... She's looking for justice... She's pure. She believes so much that there must be justice in everything, and she demands it... And you could torture her, but she wouldn't do anything unjust. She doesn't notice herself how it's all impossible, for things to be just among people, and she gets irritated... Like a child, like a child! She's just, she is just!"

"And what will become of you?"

Sonya looked at him questioningly.

"They're left on your hands now, aren't they. True, it was all on you before too, and the late man would come to you, of all people, to beg for drink for his hangover. Well, and now what will happen?"

"I don't know," Sonya said sadly.

"Will they stay there?"

"I don't know, they owe money on that apartment; only they say the landlady said today that she wants to put them out, and Katerina Ivanovna says she won't stay a minute longer herself."

"Why is she so brave? Is she counting on you?"

"Oh, no, don't talk like that!... We are one, we live as one," Sonya suddenly grew agitated again and even irritated, exactly as if a canary or some other little bird had got angry. "And what is she to

do? Well, what, what is she to do?" she kept asking, growing heated and agitated. "And how much, how much she cried today! Her mind is wandering, didn't you notice? It is wandering; one minute she's fretting like a little girl that everything should be decent tomorrow, that there should be food and everything... the next she's wringing her hands, spitting blood, crying, and suddenly she starts beating her head against the wall, as if in despair. And then she's comforted again, she's counting on you for everything: she says you'll be her helper now, and that she'll borrow a little money somewhere and go to her own town, with me, and set up a boarding school for girls of good family, and take me as the supervisor, and a whole new, beautiful life will begin for us, and she kisses me, hugs me, comforts me, and she believes it so! she believes those fancies so! Well, how can anyone contradict her? And all day today she herself has been washing, cleaning, mending, she dragged the washtub into the room herself, with her weak little strength, and got out of breath, and just fell onto the bed; and this morning she and I went to the market rows, to buy shoes for Polechka and Lenya, because theirs have all fallen apart, only we didn't have enough money by our reckoning, we were very short, and she picked out such sweet little boots, because she has taste, you don't know... She started crying right there in the shop, in front of the shopkeepers, because there wasn't enough... Oh, how pitiful it was to see."

"Well, it's understandable, after that, that you... live like this," Raskolnikov said with a bitter smile.

"And don't you feel sorry? Don't you feel sorry?" Sonya flared up again. "Why, I know that you gave your last money yourself, without even having seen anything yet. And if you had seen everything, oh Lord! And how many, many times I brought her to tears! And just last week! Oh, me! Only a week before his death. I acted cru-

elly! And how many, many times I did that. Oh, how painful it was to remember all day today!"

Sonya was even wringing her hands as she spoke, from the pain of the memory.

"You, cruel?"

"Yes, I, I! I came that time," she went on, crying, "and the late man says: 'Read to me, Sonya,' he says, 'my head aches somehow, read to me... here's a little book'—some little book he had, he got it from Andrei Semyonych, from Lebezyatnikov, he lives here, he was always getting such funny books. And I say: 'It's time for me to go,' and so I didn't want to read, and I had stopped in to see them mainly to show Katerina Ivanovna some collars; Lizaveta, the peddler woman, had brought me some collars and cuffs cheap, pretty ones, new, and embroidered. And Katerina Ivanovna liked them very much, she put them on and looked at herself in the mirror, and she liked them very, very much: 'Give them to me, Sonya,' she says, 'please.' She said please, and she wanted them so badly. And where would she wear them? It was just that: the old, happy times came back to her! She looks at herself in the mirror, admires herself, and she has no dresses at all, none at all, no things at all, for so many years now! And she never asks anyone for anything; she's proud, she'd sooner give away her last thing herself, and here she asked—that's how much she liked them! And I grudged giving them to her. 'What do you need them for, Katerina Ivanovna?' I say. That's just what I said, 'what for.' That was the one thing I shouldn't have said to her! She gave me such a look, and it was so hard, so hard for her that I refused, and it was so pitiful to see... And it wasn't the collars that made it hard, but that I refused, I could see. Oh, it seems I would take it all back now, do it all over, all those words before... Oh, I... but what!... it's all the same to you!"

"You knew this Lizaveta, the peddler?"

“Yes… But did you know her?” Sonya asked in turn, with some surprise.

“Katerina Ivanovna has galloping consumption; she will die soon,” said Raskolnikov, after a silence, not answering the question.

“Oh, no, no, no!” And with an unconscious gesture Sonya seized him by both hands, as if begging that it not be so.

“But it would be better, after all, if she dies.”

“No, not better, not better, not better at all!” she kept repeating, frightened and unthinking.

“And the children? Where will you take them then, if not to your place?”

“Oh, I just don’t know!” Sonya cried almost in despair, and clutched her head. It was plain that this thought had already flashed through her mind many, many times, and he had only startled it up again.

“Well, and if you fall ill now, while Katerina Ivanovna is still alive, and they take you to the hospital, what will happen then?” he insisted mercilessly.

“Oh, what are you saying, what are you saying! That simply can’t be!” And Sonya’s face was twisted with terrible fright.

“How can’t it be?” Raskolnikov went on with a harsh smile. “You’re not insured, are you? Then what will become of them? They’ll go out into the street, the whole flock of them, she’ll cough and beg and beat her head against a wall somewhere, as she did today, and the children will cry… And then she’ll collapse, they’ll take her to the police station, to the hospital, she’ll die, and the children…”

“Oh, no!… God won’t allow it!” burst at last from Sonya’s constricted breast. She listened, looking at him imploringly and clasping her hands in mute entreaty, as though everything depended on him.

Raskolnikov got up and began to walk about the room. A minute passed. Sonya stood with her arms and her head hanging, in terrible anguish.

"And can't you save? Put something aside for a rainy day?" he asked, suddenly stopping in front of her.

"No," Sonya whispered.

"Of course not! And have you tried?" he added, almost mockingly.

"I have."

"And it fell through! Well, of course! Why even ask!"

And again he walked about the room. Another minute passed.

"You don't earn every day?"

Sonya was more embarrassed than before, and the color rushed to her face again.

"No," she whispered with an agonizing effort.

"The same thing will probably happen with Polechka," he said suddenly.

"No! no! It can't be, no!" Sonya cried out loudly, like a desperate woman, as if she had suddenly been stabbed with a knife. "God, God won't allow such a horror!..."

"Yet he allows it for others."

"No, no! God will protect her, God!..." she kept repeating, beside herself.

"But maybe there is no God at all," Raskolnikov answered, even with a sort of malicious glee, laughed, and looked at her.

Sonya's face suddenly changed terribly: spasms ran over it. She looked at him with inexpressible reproach, was about to say something, but could not utter anything, and only suddenly began to sob bitterly, bitterly, covering her face with her hands.

"You say Katerina Ivanovna's mind is wandering; your own mind is wandering," he said after some silence.

About five minutes passed. He kept walking back and forth, silently and without glancing at her. At last he went up to her; his eyes were flashing. He took her by the shoulders with both hands and looked straight into her weeping face. His gaze was dry, inflamed, sharp, his lips were trembling violently… Suddenly he bent down quickly, all of him, and, dropping to the floor, kissed her foot. Sonya recoiled from him in horror, as from a madman. And indeed he looked like a complete madman.

"What are you doing, what are you doing? Before me!" she murmured, turning pale, and suddenly her heart was wrung so painfully, painfully.

He got up at once.

"It was not to you I bowed down, I bowed down to all human suffering," he said somehow wildly, and walked away to the window. "Listen," he added, coming back to her a minute later, "earlier today I told a certain offender that he was not worth your little finger… and that I had done my sister an honor today by seating her beside you."

"Oh, how could you say that to them! And in front of her?" Sonya cried out in fright. "Sit with me! An honor! Why, I am… dishonored… I'm a great, great sinner! Oh, how could you say that!"

"It was not for the dishonor and the sin that I said it of you, but for your great suffering. And that you are a great sinner, that is so," he added almost rapturously, "and you are a sinner most of all because you have killed and betrayed yourself for nothing. How is that not a horror! How is it not a horror that you live in this filth, which you hate so much, and at the same time know yourself (you have only to open your eyes) that you are not helping anyone by it and not saving anyone from anything! Tell me, then, at last," he said, almost in a frenzy, "how can such shame and such baseness exist in you side by side with other, opposite and holy feelings? Why, it would be more just, a thousand times more just and more

sensible, to throw yourself headfirst into the water and finish it all at once!"

"And what will become of them?" Sonya asked weakly, looking at him with suffering, but at the same time as if not at all surprised at his suggestion. Raskolnikov looked at her strangely.

He read everything in that one look of hers. So she really had had this thought herself already. Perhaps many times and seriously she had considered in despair how to finish it all at once, and so seriously that now she was almost not even surprised at his suggestion. She did not even notice the cruelty of his words (the meaning of his reproaches and his particular view of her shame she, of course, did not notice either, and that was visible to him). But he understood fully to what monstrous pain the thought of her dishonorable and shameful position had tormented her, and for a long time now. What, what could have stopped her resolve, he thought, to finish it all at once, until now? And only then did he understand fully what these poor little orphaned children meant to her, and that pitiful, half-mad Katerina Ivanovna, with her consumption and her beating her head against the wall.

But nonetheless it was again clear to him that Sonya, with her character and with the education, such as it was, that she had received, could not under any circumstances remain like this. All the same it was a question for him: why had she been able to remain in such a position for so very long and not gone mad, if she was not strong enough to throw herself into the water? Of course, he understood that Sonya's position was an accidental phenomenon in society, though, unfortunately, far from a solitary or exceptional one. But this very accidentalness, this certain degree of development, and her whole previous life might, it would seem, have killed her at once at the first step on that loathsome road. What, then, was sustaining her? Surely not depravity? All this shame had obviously touched her only mechanically; real deprav-

ity had not yet penetrated by a single drop into her heart: he saw this; she stood before him in plain sight…

"There are three roads for her," he thought: "to throw herself into the canal, to end up in a madhouse, or… or, finally, to throw herself into depravity, which stupefies the mind and turns the heart to stone." The last thought was the most repulsive of all to him; but he was already a skeptic, he was young, abstract, and therefore cruel, and so he could not help believing that the last way out, that is, depravity, was the most likely of all.

"But can it be true," he exclaimed to himself, "can it be that this creature too, who has still kept her purity of spirit, will in the end be drawn consciously into this vile, stinking pit? Can it be that this drawing in has already begun, and that she has been able to endure until now only because vice no longer seems so repulsive to her? No, no, it cannot be!" he exclaimed, as Sonya had just now. "No, what has kept her from the canal until now is the thought of sin, and they, those… And if she has not gone mad until now… But who said that she has not gone mad already? Is she in her right mind? Can a person talk as she does? Can a person in her right mind reason as she does? Can a person sit over her own ruin, right over the stinking pit into which she is already being drawn, and wave her hands and stop her ears when she is told of the danger? What is she, waiting for a miracle? Most likely so. Aren't all these signs of madness?"

He dwelt stubbornly on this thought. This way out even pleased him more than any other. He began to look at her more intently.

"So you pray to God a great deal, Sonya?" he asked her.

Sonya was silent; he stood beside her and waited for an answer.

"What would I be without God?" she whispered quickly, energetically, glancing up at him for an instant with suddenly flashing eyes, and she pressed his hand hard with her hand.

"Just as I thought!" he thought.

"And what does God do for you in return?" he asked, probing further.

Sonya was silent for a long time, as if she could not answer. Her weak little breast was heaving with agitation.

"Be quiet! Don't ask! You're not worthy!..." she cried suddenly, looking at him sternly and wrathfully.

"Just as I thought! just as I thought!" he kept repeating insistently to himself.

"He does everything!" she whispered quickly, lowering her eyes again.

"There's the way out! There's the explanation of the way out!" he decided to himself, examining her with greedy curiosity.

With a new, strange, almost painful feeling he peered into that pale, thin, and irregular, angular little face, into those meek blue eyes that could flash with such fire, with such stern, energetic feeling, into that small body still trembling with indignation and anger, and all of it seemed to him more and more strange, almost impossible. "A holy fool! a holy fool!" he kept repeating to himself.

On the chest of drawers lay a book. Every time he walked back and forth he had noticed it; now he picked it up and looked. It was the New Testament in Russian translation. The book was old, secondhand, in a leather binding.

"Where's this from?" he called to her across the room. She was still standing in the same place, three steps from the table.

"It was brought to me," she answered, as if reluctantly and without glancing at him.

"Who brought it?"

"Lizaveta brought it, I asked her to."

"Lizaveta! Strange!" he thought. Everything about Sonya was becoming somehow stranger and more wonderful to him with every minute. He carried the book over to the candle and began leafing through it.

“Where is the part about Lazarus?” he asked suddenly.

Sonya kept her eyes stubbornly on the floor and did not answer. She was standing a little sideways to the table.

“Where is the raising of Lazarus? Find it for me, Sonya.”

She glanced at him sidelong.

“You’re not looking in the right place… in the fourth gospel…” she whispered sternly, without moving toward him.

“Find it and read it to me,” he said, sat down, leaned his elbow on the table, propped his head on his hand, and stared gloomily to one side, prepared to listen.

“In three weeks or so, to the seventh verst,[1] you are most welcome! I think I’ll be there myself, if nothing worse happens,” he muttered to himself.

Sonya stepped hesitantly toward the table, having listened distrustfully to Raskolnikov’s strange wish. She took the book, however.

“Haven’t you ever read it?” she asked, glancing at him across the table, from under her brows. Her voice was growing sterner and sterner.

“Long ago… When I was at school. Read!”

“And haven’t you heard it in church?”

“I… haven’t been going. And do you go often?”

“N-no,” Sonya whispered.

Raskolnikov smiled.

“I understand… So you won’t go to your father’s funeral tomorrow?”

“I will. I was there last week too… I had a memorial service said.”

“For whom?”

“For Lizaveta. She was killed with an ax.”

His nerves were growing more and more irritated. His head began to spin.

“Were you friends with Lizaveta?”

"Yes... She was just... she used to come... rarely... she couldn't. We used to read together and... talk. She will see God."

These bookish words sounded strange to him, and here was something new again: some mysterious meetings with Lizaveta, and both of them holy fools.

"A man could turn holy fool himself here! it's catching!" he thought. "Read!" he exclaimed suddenly, insistently and irritably.

Sonya still hesitated. Her heart was pounding. Somehow she did not dare to read to him. He looked almost in torment at the "unhappy madwoman."

"What do you want it for? You don't believe, do you?..." she whispered quietly and somehow breathlessly.

"Read! I want you to!" he insisted. "You read to Lizaveta!"

Sonya opened the book and found the place. Her hands were trembling, her voice failed her. Twice she began, and still the first syllable would not come out.

"Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany..." she pronounced at last, with an effort, but suddenly, at the third word, her voice rang out and broke, like a string drawn too tight. Her breath was cut off, and her chest grew tight.

Raskolnikov partly understood why Sonya could not bring herself to read to him, and the more he understood it, the more rudely and irritably, as it were, he insisted on the reading. He understood too well how hard it was for her now to betray and expose everything that was her own. He understood that these feelings did indeed constitute, as it were, her real and perhaps long-standing secret, perhaps ever since her girlhood, back in the family, beside her unhappy father and her stepmother driven mad with grief, amid hungry children, hideous shouts, and reproaches. But at the same time he now knew, and knew for certain, that although she was in anguish and terribly afraid of something as she now began to read, at the same time she herself had a tor-

menting wish to read, in spite of all her anguish and all her fears, and to read to him precisely, so that he would hear, and without fail now—"whatever might come of it afterward!"... He read this in her eyes, understood it from her rapturous agitation... She mastered herself, suppressed the spasm in her throat that had cut off her voice at the beginning of the verse, and went on reading the eleventh chapter of the Gospel of John. Thus she read on to the nineteenth verse:

"And many of the Jews had come to Martha and Mary to comfort them in their grief over their brother. Martha, when she heard that Jesus was coming, went out to meet him; but Mary sat at home. Then Martha said to Jesus: Lord! if you had been here, my brother would not have died. But even now I know that whatever you ask of God, God will give you."

Here she stopped again, bashfully sensing that her voice would tremble and break again...

"Jesus says to her: Your brother will rise again. Martha said to him: I know that he will rise again in the resurrection, on the last day. Jesus said to her: I am the resurrection and the life; whoever believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live. And everyone who lives and believes in me shall never die. Do you believe this? She says to him:

(and as if drawing breath with pain, Sonya read distinctly and with force, exactly as if she herself were confessing it for all to hear:)

Yes, Lord! I believe that you are the Christ, the Son of God, who was to come into the world."

She was about to stop, began quickly to raise her eyes to him, but quickly mastered herself and began to read further. Raskolnikov sat and listened motionless, without turning around, his elbow on the table and looking to one side. They read on to the thirty-second verse.

"Then Mary, when she came to where Jesus was and saw him, fell down at his feet; and said to him: Lord! if you had been here, my brother would not have died. Jesus, when he saw her weeping, and the Jews who had come with her weeping, was grieved in spirit himself and was troubled. And he said: Where have you laid him? They say to him: Lord! come and see. Jesus wept. Then the Jews said: See how he loved him. And some of them said: Could not this man, who opened the eyes of the blind, have kept this man too from dying?"

Raskolnikov turned to her and looked at her with agitation: yes, so it was! She was already trembling all over in a real, genuine fever. He had expected this. She was approaching the word about the greatest and unheard-of miracle, and a feeling of great triumph seized her. Her voice became ringing as metal; triumph and joy sounded in it and strengthened it. The lines blurred before her, because her eyes were growing dark, but she knew by heart what she was reading. At the last verse, "Could not this man, who opened the eyes of the blind...," lowering her voice, she conveyed hotly and passionately the doubt, the reproach, and the blasphemy of the unbelieving, blind Jews, who now, in a minute, would fall as if struck by thunder, would sob and believe... "And he, he—who is also blinded and unbelieving—he too will hear now, he too will believe, yes, yes! right now, this minute," she dreamed, and she trembled with joyful expectation.

"Jesus, again grieving within himself, comes to the tomb. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus says: Take away the stone. Martha, the sister of the dead man, says to him: Lord! by now he stinks; for he has been four days in the tomb."

She struck the word *four* forcefully.

"Jesus says to her: Did I not tell you that if you believe, you will see the glory of God? So they took the stone away from the cave where the dead man lay. And Jesus lifted up his eyes to heaven and

said: Father, I thank you that you have heard me. I knew that you always hear me; but I said this for the sake of the people standing here, that they may believe that you have sent me. Having said this, he cried out with a loud voice: Lazarus! come out. And the dead man came out,

(she read loudly and rapturously, trembling and growing cold, as if she were seeing it with her own eyes):

bound hand and foot with burial cloths; and his face was bound about with a cloth. Jesus says to them: Unbind him; let him go.

Then many of the Jews who had come to Mary and had seen what Jesus did believed in him."[2]

She read no further and could not read further; she closed the book and quickly got up from her chair.

"That is all about the raising of Lazarus," she whispered abruptly and sternly, and stood motionless, turned away to one side, not daring and as if ashamed to raise her eyes to him. Her feverish trembling still went on. The candle end had long been guttering in the bent candlestick, dimly lighting, in this beggarly room, the murderer and the harlot, strangely come together over the reading of the eternal book. Five minutes or more went by.

"I've come about a matter," Raskolnikov said suddenly, loudly and frowning, got up, and went over to Sonya. She silently raised her eyes to him. His gaze was especially stern, and a kind of wild resolve was expressed in it.

"Today I abandoned my family," he said, "my mother and sister. I won't go to them now. I've broken everything off there."

"Why?" Sonya asked, as if stunned. Her meeting earlier with his mother and sister had left an extraordinary impression on her, though one unclear to herself. She heard the news of the break almost with horror.

"Now I have only you," he added. "Let us go together... I have come to you. We are cursed together, and together we shall go!"

His eyes were flashing. “Like a half-wit!” Sonya thought in her turn.

“Go where?” she asked in fear, and involuntarily stepped back.

“How should I know? I know only that it’s by the same road, I know it for certain—and that’s all. One goal!”

She looked at him and understood nothing. She understood only that he was terribly, infinitely unhappy.

“None of them will understand anything if you talk to them,” he went on, “but I have understood. I need you, that’s why I came to you.”

“I don’t understand…” Sonya whispered.

“You’ll understand later. Haven’t you done the same thing? You too have stepped over… were able to step over. You have laid hands on yourself, you have destroyed a life… your own (it’s all the same!). You could have lived by spirit and reason, and you’ll end up on the Haymarket… But you can’t endure it, and if you remain alone you’ll go mad, like me. You’re already like a madwoman even now; so we must go together, by the same road! Let us go!”

“Why? Why are you saying this!” said Sonya, strangely and rebelliously stirred by his words.

“Why? Because it’s impossible to stay like this—that’s why! One must at last reason seriously and directly, and not cry like a child and shout that God won’t allow it! Well, what will happen if they really do take you to the hospital tomorrow? She is out of her mind and consumptive, she’ll die soon, and the children? Won’t Polechka perish? Haven’t you seen children here, on the street corners, whose mothers send them out to beg for alms? I have found out where these mothers live and in what surroundings. There children can’t remain children. There a seven-year-old is depraved and a thief. And yet children are the image of Christ: ‘Of such is the kingdom of God.’ He commanded us to honor and love them, they are the humanity of the future…”

"What, then, what is to be done?" Sonya kept repeating, weeping hysterically and wringing her hands.

"What is to be done? Break what must be broken, once and for all, and that's all: and take the suffering upon oneself! What? You don't understand? You'll understand later... Freedom and power, and above all power! Over all trembling creatures and over the whole anthill!... That is the goal! Remember it! This is my parting word to you! Perhaps I'm talking to you for the last time. If I don't come tomorrow, you'll hear about everything yourself, and then remember these words I'm saying now. And someday, later, years from now, with life, perhaps you will understand what they meant. But if I do come tomorrow, I will tell you who killed Lizaveta. Good-bye!"

Sonya shuddered all over with fright.

"But do you know who killed her?" she asked, turning cold with horror and looking at him wildly.

"I know, and I will tell... You, only you! I have chosen you. I won't come to you to ask forgiveness, I will simply tell you. I chose you long ago to tell this to, back when your father was talking about you and when Lizaveta was alive, I thought of it then. Good-bye. Don't give me your hand. Tomorrow!"

He went out. Sonya looked at him as at a madman; but she herself was as if out of her mind, and she felt it. Her head was spinning. "Lord! how does he know who killed Lizaveta? What did those words mean? It's frightening!" But at the same time the thought did not enter her head. Not at all! Not at all!... "Oh, he must be terribly unhappy!... He has abandoned his mother and sister. Why? What happened? And what does he intend? What was it he said to her? He kissed her foot and said... said (yes, he said it clearly) that he can no longer live without her... Oh Lord!"

Sonya spent the whole night in fever and delirium. At times she jumped up, cried, wrung her hands, then sank again into feverish

sleep, and she dreamed of Polechka, Katerina Ivanovna, Lizaveta, the reading of the Gospel, and him… him, with his pale face, with his burning eyes… He is kissing her feet, crying… Oh Lord!

Behind the door on the right, behind that very door which separated Sonya's apartment from the apartment of Gertruda Karlovna Resslich, there was an in-between room, long empty, which belonged to Madame Resslich's apartment and was let out by her, as was announced by little signs on the gates and little papers stuck on the windowpanes facing the canal. Sonya had long been accustomed to regard this room as uninhabited. And yet, all this time, Mr. Svidrigailov had stood by the door in the empty room and, hidden, had been eavesdropping. When Raskolnikov went out, he stood a while, thought, went on tiptoe to his own room, adjoining the empty one, got a chair, and noiselessly carried it right up to the door that led into Sonya's room. The conversation had seemed to him entertaining and significant, and he had liked it very, very much—liked it so much that he even carried the chair over so that in the future, tomorrow for instance, he would not again be subjected to the unpleasantness of standing a whole hour on his feet, but could settle himself more comfortably, so as to get full enjoyment in every respect.

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1. The lunatic asylum stood at the seventh verst (about four and a half miles) on the Peterhof Road outside Petersburg; "the seventh verst" was a byword for the madhouse.

2. Sonya reads John 11 from the Russian Synodal Gospel (verses 1, 19–27, 32–45); it is translated here from that Russian text.

Part Four · V

When, the next morning, at eleven o'clock sharp, Raskolnikov entered the building of the ——th district police, the department of the examining magistrate, and asked to be announced to Porfiry Petrovich, he was even surprised at how long they kept him waiting: at least ten minutes went by before he was called. And by his reckoning, it seemed, they ought to have simply pounced on him at once. Meanwhile he stood in the waiting room, and people walked past him back and forth who apparently had no concern with him at all. In the next room, which looked like an office, several clerks sat writing, and it was obvious that not one of them had the slightest notion who or what Raskolnikov was. With an uneasy, suspicious look he watched all around him, on the lookout: wasn't there at least some guard near him, some mysterious eye appointed to keep watch on him so that he wouldn't go off somewhere? But there was nothing of the kind: he saw only clerical faces, petty and preoccupied, then some other people, and nobody had the least need of him: he could have walked off that minute to the four corners of the earth. More and more firmly the thought took hold in him that if that enigmatic man of yesterday, that phantom who had sprung up out of the ground, had really known everything and seen everything—would they have let him, Raskolnikov, stand here like this now and wait calmly? And would they have waited for him here until eleven, until it pleased him to turn up of his own accord? It followed that either that man had not informed yet, or... or else he simply knew nothing either and had seen nothing with his own eyes (and how could he have

seen?), and so all of yesterday, everything that had happened to him, Raskolnikov, was once again a phantom, exaggerated by his irritated and sick imagination. This guess had begun to take root in him even yesterday, in the midst of his worst alarms and despair. Thinking it all over now and preparing for a new battle, he suddenly felt that he was trembling—and indignation even boiled up in him at the thought that he was trembling with fear before the hateful Porfiry Petrovich. The most terrible thing of all for him was to meet this man again: he hated him beyond measure, endlessly, and was even afraid of somehow giving himself away through his hatred. And so strong was his indignation that it stopped his trembling at once; he got ready to go in with a cold and insolent air and gave himself his word to keep silent as much as he could, to watch and to listen hard, and, this time at least, no matter what, to master his morbidly irritable nature. At that very moment he was called in to Porfiry Petrovich.

It turned out that Porfiry Petrovich was alone in his office at the moment. His office was a room neither large nor small; in it stood a large writing desk in front of a sofa covered in oilcloth, a bureau, a cupboard in the corner, and several chairs—all government furniture, of polished yellow wood. In the corner, in the back wall, or rather in the partition, there was a locked door: farther on, then, behind the partition, there must be some other rooms. As Raskolnikov came in, Porfiry Petrovich at once shut the door he had entered by, and they were left alone. He met his guest, to all appearances, with the most cheerful and cordial air, and only a few minutes later did Raskolnikov notice in him, by certain signs, something like embarrassment—as though he had suddenly been thrown off his stride or caught at something very private and secret.

"Ah, my most esteemed friend! Here you are... in our parts..." Porfiry began, holding out both hands to him. "Well, do sit down,

my dear fellow! Or perhaps you don't like being called most esteemed and… my dear fellow—like that, *tout court*? Please don't take it for familiarity… Here, sir, on the little sofa."

Raskolnikov sat down, not taking his eyes off him.

"In our parts," the apology for familiarity, the little French phrase *tout court*, and so on, and so on—these were all characteristic signs. "He held out both hands to me, though, and didn't give me either one, he pulled them back in time," flashed through his mind suspiciously. Each was watching the other, but the moment their eyes met, both of them, quick as lightning, looked away.

"I've brought you this paper… about the watch… here you are, sir. Is it written properly, or do I have to copy it out again?"

"What? The paper? Yes, yes… don't trouble yourself, that's quite right, sir," Porfiry Petrovich said, as though in a hurry to get somewhere, and only after he had said it did he take the paper and look it over. "Yes, quite right, sir. Nothing more is needed," he said in the same rapid patter, and put the paper down on the desk. Then, a minute later, already talking about something else, he picked it up from the desk again and moved it over to his bureau.

"You said yesterday, I think, that you would like to question me… formally… about my acquaintance with that… murdered woman?" Raskolnikov began again. "Now why did I put in that 'I think'?" flashed through him like lightning. "Now why am I so worried about having put in that 'I think'?" another thought flashed through him at once, like lightning.

And he suddenly sensed that his suspiciousness, from a single contact with Porfiry, from only two words, only two glances, had already swollen in one instant to monstrous size… and that this was terribly dangerous: his nerves were fraying, his agitation was growing. "Trouble! Trouble!… I'll let something slip again."

"Yes, yes, yes! Don't trouble yourself! There's time, there's plenty of time, sir," Porfiry Petrovich muttered, pacing back and

forth around the desk, but somehow without any purpose, as though darting now to the window, now to the bureau, now back to the desk, now avoiding Raskolnikov's suspicious gaze, now suddenly stopping dead and looking straight at him, point-blank. His small, plump, round little figure looked extraordinarily strange as he did this, like a little ball rolling this way and that and bouncing straight back off every wall and corner.

"We've time, sir, we've time!... And do you smoke? Have you got any? Here you are, sir, a little cigarette, sir..." he went on, offering his guest a cigarette. "You know, I'm receiving you here, but my apartment is right here, behind the partition... government quarters, sir, but I'm in private lodgings just now, for a while. Some little repairs had to be done here. Now it's nearly ready... government quarters, you know, are a splendid thing—eh? What do you think?"

"Yes, a splendid thing," Raskolnikov answered, looking at him almost with derision.

"A splendid thing, a splendid thing..." Porfiry Petrovich kept repeating, as though he had suddenly fallen to thinking about something else entirely. "Yes! A splendid thing!" he all but shouted at the end, suddenly raising his eyes to Raskolnikov and stopping two steps away from him. This silly repetition, over and over, that government quarters were a splendid thing was, in its banality, far too much at odds with the serious, thoughtful, and enigmatic look he now fixed on his guest.

But this only stirred up Raskolnikov's spite still more, and he could no longer keep himself from a mocking and rather incautious challenge.

"And do you know what," he asked suddenly, looking at him almost insolently and as though taking pleasure in his own insolence, "there is, I believe, a sort of legal rule, a legal technique—for all possible investigators—of starting first from far off, with trifles,

or even with something serious but entirely beside the point, so as, so to speak, to encourage, or rather to distract, the man being questioned, to lull his caution, and then suddenly, in the most unexpected way, to stun him with a blow right on the crown of the head with some most fatal and dangerous question; isn't that so? It's still religiously mentioned, I believe, in all the rules and manuals?"

"Yes, yes... so you think I was trying to, with the government quarters... eh?" And having said this, Porfiry Petrovich screwed up his eyes and winked; something merry and sly ran over his face, the little wrinkles on his forehead smoothed out, his little eyes narrowed, his features spread, and he suddenly dissolved into nervous, prolonged laughter, heaving and shaking all over and looking Raskolnikov straight in the eye. Raskolnikov began to laugh too, forcing himself a little; but when Porfiry, seeing that he was laughing too, went off into such a fit of laughter that he turned almost purple, Raskolnikov's revulsion suddenly overran all caution: he stopped laughing, frowned, and looked long and with hatred at Porfiry, not taking his eyes off him all through that long laughter, which seemed to be kept going on purpose. The lack of caution, however, was obvious on both sides: it came out that Porfiry Petrovich was, as it were, laughing in the face of his guest, who received the laughter with hatred, and was very little embarrassed by this circumstance. This last was very significant for Raskolnikov: he understood that Porfiry Petrovich had surely not been embarrassed a while ago either, but that, on the contrary, it was he himself, Raskolnikov, who had perhaps walked into a trap; that there was clearly something here he did not know, some purpose; that perhaps everything was already prepared and would now, this very minute, come out and come crashing down...

He went straight to the point at once, got up from his seat, and took his cap.

"Porfiry Petrovich," he began resolutely, but with rather strong irritation, "yesterday you expressed a wish that I should come to you for some sort of interrogations." (He laid special stress on the word "interrogations.") "I have come, and if you need anything, then ask, and if not, allow me to withdraw. I have no time, I have business... I have to be at the funeral of that same official who was run over by horses, the one you... also know about..." he added, and at once grew angry at having added it, and so at once grew still more irritated. "I'm sick of all this, sir, do you hear, and have been for a long time... it's partly why I was ill... in a word," he almost shouted, feeling that the phrase about his illness was still more out of place, "in a word: kindly either question me or let me go, at once... and if you question me, then in no other way than in proper form, sir! Otherwise I won't allow it; and so, good-bye for now, since there is nothing for the two of us to do here at present."

"Good Lord! What are you saying! What is there to question you about?" Porfiry Petrovich suddenly began to cluck, instantly changing both his tone and his look and in a flash stopping his laughter. "Now don't trouble yourself, please," he fussed, now rushing in all directions again, now suddenly setting about getting Raskolnikov seated, "there's time, there's plenty of time, sir, and all this is mere trifles, sir! On the contrary, I'm so glad you've come to us at last... I'm receiving you as a guest. And as for that cursed laughter, my dear Rodion Romanovich, you must forgive me. Rodion Romanovich? That is how you're called after your father, I believe?... I'm a nervous man, sir, you made me laugh so with the sharpness of your remark; sometimes, really, I start shaking like india rubber, and for a good half hour... I'm given to laughing, sir. With my build I'm even afraid of a stroke. But do sit down, what's the matter?... Please, my dear fellow, or I'll think you're angry..."

Raskolnikov was silent, listening and watching, still frowning angrily. He did sit down, however, but without letting go of his cap.

"I'll tell you one thing about myself, my dear Rodion Romanovich, by way of a character sketch, so to speak," Porfiry Petrovich went on, bustling about the room and, as before, seeming to avoid meeting his guest's eyes. "I'm a bachelor, you know, an unsociable sort, unknown, and what's more a man who's finished, a man who's frozen stiff, sir, gone to seed, and... and... and have you noticed, Rodion Romanovich, that with us, I mean with us in Russia, sir, and most of all in our Petersburg circles, when two intelligent men who don't yet know each other very well but who, so to speak, respect each other mutually, as you and I do now, sir, come together, they can't for a whole half hour find anything to talk about—they freeze up in front of each other, sit there, and are mutually embarrassed. Everyone has something to talk about, ladies, for instance... society people, for instance, people of high tone, always have a topic of conversation, *c'est de rigueur*, but people of the middling sort, like us, are all bashful and tongue-tied... the thinking ones, I mean. Now why is that, my dear fellow? Is it that we've no public interests, sir, or are we just very honest and don't wish to deceive each other, I don't know, sir. Eh? What do you think? And do put your cap down, sir, it's just as if you were about to leave, really, it's awkward to look at... I, on the contrary, am so glad, sir..."

Raskolnikov put down his cap, still keeping silent and listening, seriously and with a frown, to Porfiry's empty and muddled chatter. "Does he really mean to distract my attention with his silly chatter?"

"I won't offer you coffee, sir, this isn't the place for it; but why not sit for five little minutes with a friend, for a bit of diversion," Porfiry poured out without a pause, "and you know, sir, all these official duties... now don't be offended, my dear fellow, that I keep walking about, sir, back and forth; excuse me, my dear fellow, I'm terribly afraid of offending you, but exercise is simply indispens-

able to me, sir. I'm always sitting, and I'm so glad to walk about for five minutes... hemorrhoids, sir... I keep meaning to treat them with gymnastics; there, they say, state councillors, actual state councillors, and even privy councillors are happy to jump over a little rope, sir; that's what science has come to in our age, sir... yes, sir... And as for these duties here, the interrogations and all these formalities... now you yourself, my dear fellow, were pleased to mention interrogations just now, sir... well, you know, really, my dear Rodion Romanovich, these interrogations sometimes throw the interrogator off more than the man interrogated... You were pleased to remark on that just now, my dear fellow, with perfect justice and wit." (Raskolnikov had remarked nothing of the kind.) "You get tangled up, sir! Really, you get tangled up! And it's always one and the same thing, always one and the same, like a drum! Now there's a reform coming, and we'll at least get a new name, heh-heh-heh! And as for our legal techniques—as you were pleased to put it so wittily—there I agree with you completely and entirely, sir. Tell me, who among all the accused, even the most homespun peasant, doesn't know that they'll begin, for instance, by lulling him with irrelevant questions (in your happy phrase), and then suddenly stun him right on the crown of the head, with the butt of an ax, sir, heh! heh! heh! right on the crown, in your happy simile, heh! heh! so you really did think that with the quarters I meant to... heh! heh! What an ironical man you are. Well, I won't! Ah yes, by the way, one little word calls up another, one thought brings on another—you also mentioned form a while ago, regarding, you know, the little interrogation, sir... But what's the use of form! Form, you know, in many cases is nonsense, sir. Sometimes you just have a friendly chat, and it's more profitable. Form will never run away, allow me to reassure you on that score, sir; and what is form, essentially, I ask you? You can't hamper an investigator with form at every step. The investigator's work, after all, is, so

to speak, a free art, in its own way, sir, or something of the sort… heh-heh-heh!…"

Porfiry Petrovich paused a moment for breath. He had simply kept pouring it out, without tiring, now senselessly empty phrases, now suddenly slipping in some enigmatic little words, and then at once wandering off into nonsense again. By now he was almost running about the room, moving his fat little legs faster and faster, his eyes on the floor the whole time, his right hand thrust behind his back, while with his left he kept waving and making all sorts of gestures, each one amazingly ill-suited to his words. Raskolnikov suddenly noticed that, as he ran about the room, he had a couple of times seemed to stop, as it were, near the door, for one instant, and seemed to listen… "Is he waiting for something?"

"And there you really are quite right, sir," Porfiry took up again, looking at Raskolnikov cheerfully, with unusual simple-heartedness (which made Raskolnikov positively start and instantly brace himself), "really right, sir, to have laughed so wittily at legal forms, heh-heh! Those profoundly psychological techniques of ours (some of them, of course) are extremely ridiculous, sir, and perhaps useless too, sir, if one is much hampered by form, sir. Yes, sir… I'm on about form again: well, suppose I recognized, or rather suspected, someone or other, this one, that one, a third, so to speak, of being the criminal, sir, in some little case entrusted to me… You're preparing for the law, aren't you, Rodion Romanovich?"

"Yes, I was…"

"Well, then here's a little example for you, so to speak, for the future—not that you should think I'd dare to teach you: just look at the articles on crime you publish! No, sir, but simply as a fact, I make so bold as to offer a little example—so, say I consider this one, that one, a third, for instance, to be the criminal, now why, I ask, should I disturb him before the time, even if I had evidence against him, sir? One man, for instance, I'm obliged to arrest as

quickly as possible, but another, you see, is not of that character at all, really, sir; so why not let him take a walk about town, heh-heh, sir! No, I see you don't quite understand, so I'll paint it for you more clearly, sir: suppose I lock him up, for instance, too early, why, I might thereby give him moral support, so to speak, heh-heh! You're laughing?" (Raskolnikov had not even thought of laughing: he sat with his lips pressed tight, not taking his inflamed gaze from Porfiry Petrovich's eyes.) "And yet that's how it is, sir, with certain subjects especially, because people are all so various, sir, and over all of it there is only practice, sir. Now you're pleased to say: evidence; well, granted, there is evidence, sir, but evidence, my dear fellow, cuts both ways, for the most part, sir, and I am an investigator, and therefore a weak man, I confess it: I'd like to present the investigation, so to speak, with mathematical clarity, I'd like to get hold of such a piece of evidence that it would be like two times two makes four! That it would be like direct and indisputable proof! But if I lock him up at the wrong time—even though I were sure it was he—why, I might be taking away from myself the means of convicting him further, and why? Why, because I'd be giving him, so to speak, a definite position, I'd be, so to speak, defining him psychologically and setting his mind at rest, and then he'll withdraw from me into his shell: he'll realize at last that he's a prisoner. They say in Sevastopol, right after the Alma, the clever people were oh so afraid that the enemy would attack any minute in open force and take Sevastopol at one stroke; but when they saw that the enemy preferred a regular siege and was opening the first parallel, my, how glad they were, they say, and how they calmed down, the clever people, sir: that meant the business would drag on for two months at least, because when would they ever take it by a regular siege! Laughing again, not believing again? Well, of course, you're right too. You're right, sir, right, sir! These are all particular cases, I agree with you; the case I've presented

really is a particular one, sir! But here is what one ought to observe, my most excellent Rodion Romanovich: the general case, sir, that very one for which all the legal forms and rules are designed and from which they are calculated and written down in books, doesn't exist at all, sir, for the very reason that every case, every single one, a crime, say, as soon as it happens in reality, at once turns into a completely particular case, sir; and sometimes into such a one: not like anything that came before, sir, not in the least. Most comical cases of that sort happen sometimes, sir. Now suppose I leave a certain gentleman entirely alone: suppose I don't arrest him and don't disturb him, but he knows every hour and every minute, or at least suspects, that I know everything, the whole inside story, and am watching him day and night, guarding him without sleep, and suppose he is consciously under perpetual suspicion and fear from me—why, I swear to God, his head will start spinning, really, sir, he'll come himself, and perhaps do something besides that will look like two times two, that will have, so to speak, a mathematical look—and that's pleasant, sir. That can happen even with a clod-footed peasant, but with our sort, a man who is intelligent in the modern way, and developed in a certain direction besides, all the more so! Because, my dear, it's a very important thing to understand in which direction a man is developed. And nerves, sir, nerves, you've quite forgotten about them, sir! Why, nowadays it's all sick, and thin, and irritated!... And the bile, the bile there is in all of them! Why, I tell you, on occasion that's a gold mine of its kind, sir! And what worry is it to me that he walks about town untied! Let him, let him stroll a while, let him; I know anyway that he's my little victim and won't run away from me anywhere! And where would he run to, heh-heh! Abroad, perhaps? It's a Pole who runs abroad, not he, all the more since I'm watching and have taken measures. Into the depths of the fatherland, perhaps? But that's where the peasants live, the real, homespun

Russian peasants; why, a man developed in the modern way would sooner choose prison than live among such foreigners as our peasants, heh-heh! But that's all nonsense and externals. What's this: run away! That's a formality; that's not the main thing; it isn't only because there's nowhere to run that he won't run away from me: he won't run away from me psychologically, heh-heh! There's a little phrase for you! He won't run away from me by a law of nature, even if there were somewhere to run. Have you ever seen a moth before a candle? Well, he'll be just like that, he'll keep circling, keep circling around me, as around a candle; freedom will lose its charm for him, he'll start brooding, getting entangled, he'll entangle himself all over, as if in a net, he'll worry himself to death!... More than that: he'll prepare some little mathematical thing for me himself, something like two times two—if only I give him a long enough intermission... And he'll keep on, keep on making circles around me, narrowing and narrowing the radius, and—plop! He'll fly straight into my mouth, and I'll swallow him, sir, and that's very pleasant indeed, sir, heh-heh-heh! You don't believe me?"

Raskolnikov did not answer; he sat pale and motionless, still peering into Porfiry's face with the same intensity.

"A fine lesson!" he thought, turning cold. "This isn't even cat and mouse anymore, the way it was yesterday. And he can't be showing me his strength for nothing and... prompting me: he's much too clever for that! There's another purpose here, but what? Eh, nonsense, brother, you're trying to scare me, you're being cunning! You have no proof, and yesterday's man doesn't exist! You simply want to throw me off, you want to provoke me too soon and then slam me down in that state, only you're lying, you'll fall flat, you'll fall flat! But why, why prompt me so much?... Counting on my sick nerves, are we?... No, brother, you're lying, you'll fall flat, even if

you have got something ready... Well, we'll just see what it is you've got ready there."

And he braced himself with all his strength, preparing for a terrible and unknown catastrophe. At moments he wanted to throw himself on Porfiry and strangle him right there on the spot. He had been afraid of this rage even as he came in. He felt that his lips had gone dry, his heart was pounding, foam had caked on his lips. But still he resolved to keep silent and not to utter a word until the time came. He understood that this was the best tactic in his position, because not only would he not let anything slip, but, on the contrary, he would irritate the enemy himself by his silence, and perhaps it would be the enemy who let something slip to him. At least that was what he hoped.

"No, I see you don't believe me, sir, you keep thinking I'm playing innocent little jokes on you," Porfiry took up, growing merrier and merrier, giggling with pleasure all the while and again beginning to circle the room. "Of course, you're right, sir; God himself made my figure such that it puts nothing but comic thoughts into other people's heads; a buffoon, sir; but I'll tell you this, and I'll say it again, sir, that you, my dear fellow, Rodion Romanovich, forgive an old man, are still a young man, sir, in your first youth, so to speak, and so you value the human intellect above everything, like all young people. Playful sharpness of wit and the abstract arguments of reason seduce you, sir. And that's exactly like the old Austrian *Hofkriegsrat*, for instance, as far, that is, as I can judge of military events: on paper they'd beaten Napoleon and taken him captive, and there in their office they'd calculated and arranged everything in the wittiest way, and then you look, and General Mack surrenders with his whole army, heh-heh-heh! I see, I see, my dear Rodion Romanovich, you're laughing at me because I, such a civilian, keep picking little examples out of military history. But what can I do, it's a weakness, I love military matters, and how I

love reading all those military dispatches… I've definitely missed my calling. I ought to have served in the army, sir, really, sir. I might not have become a Napoleon, but I'd have been a major, sir, heh-heh-heh! Well, sir, so now, my dear soul, I'll tell you the whole detailed truth about that, I mean, particular case: reality and nature, my good sir, are an important thing, and oh, how they sometimes knock the legs out from under the most far-sighted calculation! Eh, listen to an old man, I'm speaking seriously, Rodion Romanovich" (as he said this, Porfiry Petrovich, who was hardly thirty-five, really did seem suddenly to have aged all over: even his voice changed, and he seemed somehow to hunch up all over), "besides, I'm a candid man, sir… Am I a candid man or not? What do you think? Entirely, it seems to me: here I am telling you such things for nothing, and not even demanding a reward for it, heh-heh! Well then, sir, I'll go on, sir: wit, in my opinion, is a magnificent thing, sir; it is, so to speak, the adornment of nature and the consolation of life, and what tricks it can play, it seems, so that how on earth could some poor little investigator guess sometimes, especially since he's carried away by his own fancy too, as always happens, because he's a human being too, sir! But it's nature that comes to the rescue of the poor little investigator, sir, that's the trouble! And that's just what young people carried away by their wit never think of, the ones 'stepping over all obstacles' (as you were pleased to put it in the wittiest and slyest way). He'll lie, let us suppose, the man, I mean, sir, the particular case, sir, the *incognito*, sir, and lie superbly, in the slyest manner; here, you'd think, is triumph, and enjoy the fruits of your wit, but he—plop! At the most interesting point, the most scandalous point, he goes and faints. Granted, it's illness, and rooms are sometimes stuffy too, but all the same, sir! All the same, he's given you the idea! He lied incomparably, but he didn't know how to reckon with nature. There it is, sir, that's where the treachery lies! Another time, carried away by

the playfulness of his wit, he'll start making a fool of the man who suspects him, he'll turn pale as if on purpose, as if in play, but he turns pale much too naturally, much too much like the truth, and there, he's given the idea again! He may fool him the first time, but overnight the other will think it over, if he's no fool himself. And it's like that at every step, sir! Why, he'll start running ahead himself, start poking his nose in where he's not asked, start talking incessantly about what he ought, on the contrary, to keep quiet about, start throwing out various allegories, heh-heh! He'll come himself and start asking: why, he says, are they so long about taking me in? Heh-heh-heh! And that can happen to the very wittiest man, to a psychologist and a man of letters, sir! Nature is a mirror, a mirror, sir, the most transparent one, sir! Look into it and admire yourself, that's what, sir! But why have you turned so pale, Rodion Romanovich, isn't it stuffy for you, shouldn't I open the little window?"

"Oh, please, don't trouble yourself," cried Raskolnikov, and suddenly burst out laughing, "please, don't trouble yourself!"

Porfiry stopped in front of him, waited, and suddenly burst out laughing himself, after him. Raskolnikov got up from the sofa, abruptly breaking off his own laughter, which had been perfectly hysterical.

"Porfiry Petrovich!" he said loudly and distinctly, though he could barely stand on his trembling legs. "I see clearly at last that you positively suspect me of the murder of that old woman and her sister Lizaveta. For my part, I declare that I have long been sick of it all. If you find you have the right to prosecute me lawfully, then prosecute me; to arrest me, then arrest me. But I will not allow myself to be laughed at to my face and tormented."

Suddenly his lips began to tremble, his eyes blazed with fury, and his voice, held in until now, rang out.

"I won't allow it, sir!" he suddenly shouted, bringing his fist down on the table with all his might. "Do you hear that, Porfiry Petrovich? I won't allow it!"

"Oh, Lord, what is it now, again!" cried Porfiry Petrovich, apparently in utter fright. "My dear fellow! Rodion Romanovich! My dearest! My good man! What's the matter with you?"

"I won't allow it!" Raskolnikov began to shout a second time.

"Quieter, my dear fellow! They'll hear, they'll come in! And then what shall we tell them, just think!" Porfiry Petrovich whispered in horror, bringing his face right up to Raskolnikov's face.

"I won't allow it, I won't allow it!" Raskolnikov repeated mechanically, but he too suddenly dropped to a whisper.

Porfiry quickly turned away and ran to open the window.

"Let in some fresh air! And you ought to drink a little water, my dear, why, it's a fit, sir!" And he was about to rush to the door to order water, but right there in the corner, as it happened, there was a carafe of water.

"Drink, my dear fellow," he whispered, rushing to him with the carafe, "it might help…" Porfiry Petrovich's alarm and his very sympathy were so natural that Raskolnikov fell silent and began to study him with wild curiosity. He did not take the water, however.

"Rodion Romanovich! My dear! Why, you'll drive yourself out of your mind like this, I assure you, oh-oh! Ah-ah! Do drink it! Drink just a tiny bit!"

He did manage to make him take the glass of water in his hand. Raskolnikov mechanically began to raise it to his lips, but, coming to himself, put it down on the table with disgust.

"Yes, sir, we had a little fit, sir! At this rate, my dear, you'll bring your old illness back on yourself," Porfiry Petrovich clucked with friendly sympathy, though still with a somewhat flustered look. "Lord! How can a man take so little care of himself? And there was Dmitry Prokofyich, he came to see me yesterday—I agree, I agree,

sir, I have a caustic character, a nasty one, but just look what he concluded from it!... Lord! He came yesterday, after you, we were at dinner, and he talked and talked, I could only throw up my hands; well, I thought... oh, good Lord! Did he come from you, perhaps? But do sit down, my dear fellow, sit down, for Christ's sake!"

"No, not from me! But I knew he had gone to you, and why he had gone," Raskolnikov answered sharply.

"You knew?"

"I knew. Well, what of it?"

"Only this, my dear Rodion Romanovich, that I know of other exploits of yours besides; I'm informed about everything, sir! Why, I know how you went to rent the apartment, at nightfall, when it was getting dark, and started ringing the bell, and asked about the blood, and got the workmen and the caretakers all muddled. Why, I understand your state of mind, the state of mind you were in then... but all the same, at this rate you'll simply drive yourself out of your mind, by God, sir! Your head will start spinning! Your indignation is boiling up much too strongly in you, sir, noble indignation, sir, at the injuries you've received, first from fate and then from the police, and so you rush about here and there in order, so to speak, to make everyone speak out as quickly as possible and so be done with it all at once, because you're sick of these stupidities and of all these suspicions. Isn't that so? Have I guessed your state of mind, sir?... Only at this rate you'll set not only your own head spinning but Razumikhin's as well; he's much too kind a man for this, you know that yourself. With you it's illness, but with him it's virtue, and the illness turns out to be catching for him... I'll tell you, my dear fellow, when you've calmed down... but do sit down, my dear fellow, for Christ's sake! Please, rest, you look like death; do sit down."

Raskolnikov sat down; his trembling was passing, and heat was breaking out all over his body. In deep amazement he listened

tensely to Porfiry Petrovich, who was frightened and was looking after him like a friend. He did not believe a word of it. He felt, though, some strange inclination to believe. Porfiry's unexpected words about the apartment had utterly stunned him. "How can this be, so he knows about the apartment?" it suddenly occurred to him. "And he tells me about it himself!"

"Yes, sir, there was a case almost exactly like it, a psychological case, in our legal practice, sir, a morbid sort of case, sir," Porfiry went on in a rapid patter. "There, too, a man slandered himself with a murder, sir, and how he did it: he worked up a whole hallucination, presented facts, told circumstances, confused and baffled every last person, and why? He himself, quite unintentionally, had been partly the cause of the murder, but only partly, and when he found out that he had given the murderers their opportunity, he fell into anguish, his mind clouded, he began to imagine things, went quite off his head, and convinced himself that he was the murderer! But the Governing Senate finally sorted the case out, and the unfortunate man was acquitted and placed under care. Thanks be to the Governing Senate! Eh, dear me, ai-ai-ai! But where will this lead, my dear fellow? At this rate a man can bring on a brain fever, once such urges to work up his nerves start coming over him, going to ring doorbells at night and ask about blood! Why, I've studied that psychology thoroughly in practice, sir. At times, you know, a man is drawn to jump out of a window or off a bell tower, and the sensation is so tempting. The same with doorbells, sir... Illness, Rodion Romanovich, illness! You've begun to neglect your illness too much, sir. You ought to consult an experienced physician, for what good is that fat one of yours!... You're delirious! All this is simply happening to you in delirium!..."

For a moment everything simply spun around Raskolnikov.

"Can it be, can it be," flashed through him, "that he's lying even now? Impossible, impossible!" He pushed the thought away from

himself, feeling in advance to what a pitch of fury and rage it might drive him, feeling that he might go mad with fury.

"It wasn't in delirium, I was awake!" he cried, straining every power of his reason to see through Porfiry's game. "Awake, wide awake! Do you hear?"

"Yes, I understand and I hear, sir! You said yesterday too that it wasn't in delirium, you even especially insisted that it wasn't in delirium! I understand everything you can say, sir! Eh-eh!... But do listen, Rodion Romanovich, my benefactor, well, take just this very circumstance. Suppose you really were, in actual fact, a criminal, or mixed up somehow in this cursed business, now would you, for pity's sake, insist yourself that you did all this not in delirium but, on the contrary, in full possession of your senses? And insist especially, with such stubbornness, such peculiar stubbornness, insist —now could that be, could that be, for pity's sake? Why, quite the opposite, in my opinion. If you felt there was something against you, then the very thing you ought to insist on is: it was in delirium, mind you, it certainly was! Isn't that so? Isn't it?"

Something sly could be heard in this question. Raskolnikov drew back against the very back of the sofa, away from Porfiry, who was leaning toward him, and stared at him silently, point-blank, in bewilderment.

"Or take Mr. Razumikhin, regarding, I mean, whether he came yesterday to talk of his own accord or at your prompting? Why, you ought precisely to say that he came of his own accord, and conceal that it was at your prompting! And yet you don't conceal it! You actually insist that it was at your prompting!"

Raskolnikov had never insisted on that. A chill ran down his spine.

"You keep lying," he said slowly and weakly, his lips twisted into a sickly smile, "you want to show me again that you know my whole game, that you know all my answers beforehand," he said,

almost feeling himself that he was no longer weighing his words as he should, “you want to frighten me… or you’re simply laughing at me…”

He went on staring straight at him as he said this, and suddenly boundless rage flashed in his eyes again.

“You keep lying!” he cried. “You know perfectly well yourself that the best dodge for a criminal is, as far as possible, not to hide what needn’t be hidden. I don’t believe you!”

“What a wriggler you are!” Porfiry tittered. “There’s no managing you, my dear fellow; some sort of monomania has lodged itself in you. So you don’t believe me? But I tell you that you do believe me already, you believe me by a quarter of an arshin already, and I’ll make you believe me by the whole arshin, because I truly love you and sincerely wish you well.”[1]

Raskolnikov’s lips trembled.

“Yes, sir, I do wish it, sir, I’ll tell you once and for all, sir,” he went on, lightly, amicably taking Raskolnikov by the arm, a little above the elbow, “once and for all, sir: look after your illness. Besides, your family has come to you now; think of them. You ought to be giving them rest and comfort, and you only frighten them…”

“What business is that of yours? How do you know? Why are you so interested? So you’re keeping watch on me, and you want to show me so?”

“My dear fellow! Why, it was from you, from you yourself that I learned it all! You don’t even notice that in your agitation you tell everything beforehand yourself, to me and to others. From Mr. Razumikhin, Dmitry Prokofyich, I also learned a good many interesting details yesterday. No, sir, you interrupted me, but I’ll say it: through your suspiciousness, for all your wit, you have actually lost a sound view of things. Well, take, for instance, the same subject again, the doorbells: why, a treasure like that, a fact like that (a

real, whole fact, sir!), I handed it over to you just like that, lock, stock, and barrel, I, the investigator! And you see nothing in that? Why, if I suspected you even a little, is that how I ought to have acted? On the contrary, I ought first to have lulled your suspicions and not let on that I knew of this fact already; to draw you off, like this, in the opposite direction, and then suddenly, like the butt of an ax on the crown of the head (in your own expression), stun you: 'And what, sir, were you pleased to be doing in the murdered woman's apartment at ten o'clock at night, and very nearly eleven, wasn't it? And why did you ring the bell? And why did you ask about the blood? And why did you get the caretakers muddled and call on them to come to the station, to the district lieutenant?' That's how I ought to have acted, if I'd had even a drop of suspicion of you. I ought to have taken your statement in full form, made a search, and perhaps even arrested you... Therefore I harbor no suspicions of you, since I acted otherwise! But you've lost a sound view of things, and you see nothing, I repeat, sir!"

Raskolnikov started all over, so that Porfiry Petrovich noticed it only too clearly.

"You keep lying!" he cried. "I don't know what you're after, but you keep lying... You weren't speaking in that sense a while ago, and I can't be mistaken... You're lying!"

"I'm lying?" Porfiry took him up, apparently growing heated, but keeping a perfectly cheerful and mocking air and seeming not in the least troubled by what opinion Mr. Raskolnikov might have of him. "I'm lying?... Well, and how did I treat you a while ago (I, the investigator), prompting you myself and handing you all the means of defense, laying out all that psychology for you myself: 'Illness, you see, delirium, he'd been wronged; melancholy and the police,' and all the rest of it? Eh? Heh-heh-heh! Though, by the way—I'll mention it in passing—all these psychological means of defense, these excuses and dodges, are extremely unsound, and they cut

both ways too: 'Illness, you see, delirium, dreams, I imagined it, I don't remember,' all that's very well, sir, but why, my dear fellow, in illness and in delirium, is it precisely such dreams that one imagines, and not others? There could have been others, sir, couldn't there? Isn't that so? Heh-heh-heh-heh!"

Raskolnikov looked at him proudly and with contempt.

"In a word," he said insistently and loudly, getting up and pushing Porfiry back a little as he did so, "in a word, I want to know: do you acknowledge me finally free of suspicion or not? Speak, Porfiry Petrovich, speak positively and finally, and quickly, now!"

"Oh, what a job! What a job you are, really," cried Porfiry with a perfectly cheerful, sly, and not in the least alarmed air. "And what do you need to know for, what do you need to know so much for, when nobody has even begun to trouble you in the least! Why, you're like a child: give it here, put fire in my hands! And why are you so worried? Why are you so eager to push yourself on us, for what reasons? Eh? Heh-heh-heh!"

"I repeat to you," cried Raskolnikov in a fury, "that I cannot bear any longer..."

"What, sir? The uncertainty?" Porfiry broke in.

"Don't taunt me! I won't have it!... I tell you I won't have it!... I can't and I won't!... Do you hear! Do you hear!" he shouted, bringing his fist down on the table again.

"Quiet, quiet! They'll hear! I'm warning you seriously: take care of yourself. I'm not joking, sir!" Porfiry said in a whisper, but this time his face no longer had the womanish, good-natured, frightened expression of a while ago; on the contrary, now he was openly giving orders, sternly, with knitted brows, as though breaking through all the secrets and ambiguities at a stroke. But this was only for an instant. Raskolnikov, nonplussed for a moment, suddenly fell into a real frenzy; but, strange to say, he again obeyed

the order to speak more quietly, though he was in the most violent paroxysm of fury.

"I won't let myself be tormented!" he suddenly began to whisper, as before, instantly conscious, with pain and hatred, that he could not help submitting to the order, and flying into still greater fury at the thought. "Arrest me, search me, but kindly act according to form, and don't play with me, sir! Don't you dare..."

"Now don't you worry about form," Porfiry interrupted, with his former sly smile and as though even admiring Raskolnikov with relish, "I invited you this time, my dear fellow, in a homely way, quite as a friend!"

"I don't want your friendship and I spit on it! Do you hear? And look here: I'm taking my cap and going. Well, what do you say now, if you mean to arrest me?"

He snatched up his cap and went to the door.

"And don't you want to see my little surprise?" Porfiry tittered, catching hold of him again a little above the elbow and stopping him at the door. He was evidently growing merrier and more playful all the time, which drove Raskolnikov completely beside himself.

"What little surprise? What is it?" he asked, suddenly stopping and looking at Porfiry in fright.

"A little surprise, sir, sitting right here behind my door, heh-heh-heh!" (He pointed his finger at the locked door in the partition, which led into his government quarters.) "I even locked it, so it wouldn't run away."

"What is it? Where? What?..." Raskolnikov went up to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked.

"Locked, sir, and here's the key!"

And indeed he showed him the key, taking it out of his pocket.

"You're lying, all of it!" howled Raskolnikov, no longer holding back. "You're lying, you damned Punchinello!" And he threw him-

self at Porfiry, who retreated toward the door, but was not in the least afraid.

"I understand it all, all of it!" he cried, leaping up to him. "You're lying and teasing me so that I'll give myself away..."

"Why, you couldn't give yourself away any more than you have, my dear Rodion Romanych. You're in a frenzy, you know. Don't shout, or I'll call my people, sir!"

"You're lying, nothing will happen! Call your people! You knew I was ill, and you wanted to provoke me, into a fury, so that I'd give myself away, that was your aim! No, give me facts! I've understood it all! You have no facts, you only have rotten, worthless guesses, Zametov's guesses!... You knew my character, you wanted to drive me into a frenzy and then stun me suddenly with priests and deputies... Are you waiting for them? Eh? What are you waiting for? Where? Bring them on!"

"Now what deputies, my dear fellow! The things a man will imagine! And one can't act according to form like that, the way you say; you don't know the business, my dear soul... But form won't run away, sir, you'll see for yourself!..." Porfiry muttered, listening at the door.

And indeed, at that moment, something like a noise was heard just outside the door, in the other room.

"Ah, they're coming!" cried Raskolnikov. "You've sent for them!... You were waiting for them! You had it all worked out... Well, bring them all in here: deputies, witnesses, whatever you like... go on! I'm ready! Ready!..."

But here a strange incident occurred, something so unexpected in the ordinary course of things that, of course, neither Raskolnikov nor Porfiry Petrovich could have counted on such a denouement.

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1. The arshin, an old Russian measure of length, is about twenty-eight inches.

Part Four · VI

Later, when he recalled this moment, it all came back to Raskolnikov in this form.

The noise heard behind the door suddenly grew rapidly louder, and the door opened a little way.

"What is it?" Porfiry Petrovich shouted in annoyance. "I did warn you..."

For a moment there was no answer, but it was evident that there were several people behind the door and that they seemed to be pushing someone back.

"What's going on there?" Porfiry Petrovich repeated in alarm.

"They've brought the prisoner, Nikolai," came someone's voice.

"Not now! Get away! Wait!... What has he come barging in here for! What sort of disorder is this!" shouted Porfiry, rushing to the door.

"But he..." the same voice began again and suddenly broke off.

For two seconds, no more, a real struggle went on; then suddenly someone seemed to shove someone else away with force, and right after that a very pale man stepped straight into Porfiry Petrovich's office.

At first glance this man's appearance was very strange. He was looking straight ahead of him, but as though he saw no one. Resolve flashed in his eyes, but at the same time a deathly pallor covered his face, as though he were being led to execution. His lips, gone quite white, were trembling slightly.

He was still very young, dressed like a common man, of medium height, lean, with his hair cut round like a bowl, and with thin,

somehow dry features. The man he had unexpectedly shoved away was the first to rush into the room after him and managed to seize him by the shoulder: it was the guard; but Nikolai jerked his arm and broke loose from him once more.

Several curious people crowded in the doorway. Some of them were trying to push their way in. Everything described took place almost in a single instant.

"Get out, it's too early! Wait till you're called!... Why was he brought in ahead of time?" Porfiry Petrovich muttered in extreme annoyance, as if thrown off balance. But Nikolai suddenly went down on his knees.

"What are you doing?" Porfiry shouted in amazement.

"I'm guilty! The sin is mine! I'm the murderer!" Nikolai suddenly pronounced, as though somewhat out of breath, but in a fairly loud voice.

The silence lasted for some ten seconds, as though a stupor had come over everyone; even the guard recoiled and no longer went near Nikolai, but retreated mechanically to the door and stood there motionless.

"What's this?" cried Porfiry Petrovich, coming out of his momentary numbness.

"I... am the murderer..." Nikolai repeated, after a tiny pause.

"What... you... What... Whom did you kill?"

Porfiry Petrovich was evidently at a loss.

Nikolai paused a tiny bit again.

"Alyona Ivanovna and her little sister, Lizaveta Ivanovna, I... killed... with an ax. A darkness came over me..." he suddenly added, and fell silent again. He was still on his knees.

Porfiry Petrovich stood for a few moments as though thinking it over, but suddenly roused himself again in a flutter and waved his arms at the uninvited witnesses. They vanished in a flash, and the door was pulled to. Then he glanced at Raskolnikov, who was

standing in the corner staring wildly at Nikolai, and started toward him, but suddenly stopped, looked at him, at once shifted his gaze to Nikolai, then back to Raskolnikov, then back to Nikolai again, and suddenly, as though carried away, fell upon Nikolai again.

"Why are you running on ahead of me with your darkness?" he shouted at him almost with spite. "I haven't asked you yet whether a darkness came over you or not… speak: did you kill them?"

"I'm the murderer… I'm making a statement…" Nikolai pronounced.

"Eh-eh! What did you kill them with?"

"An ax. I'd got it ready."

"Ugh, he's in a hurry! Alone?"

Nikolai did not understand the question.

"Did you kill them alone?"

"Alone. And Mitka's not guilty and had no part in any of it."

"Don't be in such a hurry about Mitka! Eh-eh!"

"So how did you, well, how did you run down the stairs that time? The caretakers met the two of you, didn't they?"

"That was to throw them off… that time… I ran with Mitka," Nikolai answered, as though in a hurry and having got it ready beforehand.

"Well, there it is!" Porfiry cried out spitefully. "He's not saying his own words!" he muttered as if to himself, and suddenly caught sight of Raskolnikov again.

He had evidently been so carried away with Nikolai that for a moment he had even forgotten about Raskolnikov. Now he suddenly came to himself, was even embarrassed…

"Rodion Romanovich, my dear fellow! Excuse me, sir," he rushed up to him, "this won't do, sir; if you please, sir… there's nothing for you here… I myself… you see what surprises we get!… if you please, sir!…"

And taking him by the arm, he pointed him to the door.

“It seems you didn’t expect this?” said Raskolnikov, who of course did not yet understand anything clearly but had already managed to take heart considerably.

“Nor did you expect it, my dear fellow. Look how your little hand is trembling! Heh-heh!”

“And you’re trembling too, Porfiry Petrovich.”

“I’m trembling too, sir; I didn’t expect it, sir!…”

They were standing in the doorway by now. Porfiry was waiting impatiently for Raskolnikov to go through.

“So you won’t show me your little surprise after all?” Raskolnikov said suddenly.

“He says that, and his own little teeth are still chattering in his mouth, heh-heh! You are an ironical man! Well, sir, good-bye for now, sir.”

“As I see it, it’s good-bye for good!”

“As God wills, sir, as God wills, sir!” Porfiry muttered with a smile that had somehow gone crooked.

Passing through the office, Raskolnikov noticed that many people looked at him intently. In the entrance hall, in the crowd, he managed to make out both caretakers from that house, the ones he had called on that night to go to the district officer. They were standing there waiting for something. But no sooner had he gone out onto the stairs than he suddenly heard Porfiry Petrovich’s voice behind him again. Turning around, he saw that Porfiry was catching up with him, all out of breath.

“One little word, sir, Rodion Romanovich; as for all the rest of it, that’s as God wills, but all the same I’ll have to ask you a thing or two in proper form, sir… so we shall see each other again, yes, sir.”

And Porfiry stopped in front of him with a smile.

“Yes, sir,” he added once more.

One might have supposed that he wanted to say something more, but somehow it would not come out.

"And you must forgive me, Porfiry Petrovich, for what happened just now... I lost my temper," began Raskolnikov, who had by now taken heart completely, to the point of an irresistible urge to show off.

"Not at all, sir, not at all, sir..." Porfiry took him up almost joyfully. "I myself, sir... I have a venomous character, I confess it, I confess it! But we shall see each other, sir. If God wills, we shall see a great deal of each other, a great deal, sir!..."

"And come to know each other finally?" Raskolnikov took him up.

"And come to know each other finally," Porfiry Petrovich assented and, narrowing his eyes, looked at him very seriously. "Off to a name-day party now, sir?"

"To a funeral, sir."

"Yes, of course, to a funeral! Look after your health, sir, your health..."

"And I really don't know what to wish you on my side!" Raskolnikov took up, already starting down the stairs but suddenly turning back to Porfiry again. "I'd wish you greater success, but you see what a comical position yours is!"

"Why comical, sir?" Porfiry Petrovich instantly pricked up his ears; he too had turned to go.

"Well, how else? That poor Mikolka now, how you must have tormented and tortured him, psychologically, in your own fashion, until he confessed; day and night you must have been proving to him: 'You're the murderer, you're the murderer...'—and now that he has confessed, you'll start kneading him bone by bone all over again: 'You're lying, you're not the murderer! You couldn't be! You're not saying your own words!' Well, after that how can your position not be comical?"

"Heh-heh-heh! So you did notice that I said to Nikolai just now that he was 'not saying his own words'?"

"How could I not notice?"

"Heh-heh! Witty, witty, sir. You notice everything! A real playful mind, sir! And you strike the most comical string of all… heh-heh! It was Gogol, wasn't it, among the writers, who they say had that trait to the highest degree?"

"Yes, Gogol."

"Yes, sir, Gogol, sir… until our most delightful next meeting, sir."

"Until our most delightful next meeting…"

Raskolnikov went straight home. He was so confused and muddled that, having got home and thrown himself on the sofa, he sat for a quarter of an hour just resting and trying to collect his thoughts at least a little. He did not even attempt to reason about Nikolai: he felt that he was stunned; that in Nikolai's confession there was something inexplicable, astonishing, that he could not possibly understand now. But Nikolai's confession was an actual fact. The consequences of this fact became clear to him at once: the lie could not fail to come out, and then they would set about him again. But at least until then he was free and must certainly do something for himself, because the danger was inevitable.

But how great was it, though? The situation was beginning to clear. Recalling, in rough outline, as a whole, the entire scene with Porfiry just now, he could not help shuddering with horror once again. Of course he did not yet know all of Porfiry's aims, could not grasp all his calculations of a while ago. But part of the game had been revealed, and certainly no one could understand better than he how terrible this "move" in Porfiry's game had been for him. A little more, and he might have given himself away completely, in actual fact. Knowing the morbidness of his character and having grasped it and seen through it correctly at first glance, Porfiry had acted too boldly, it was true, but almost unerringly. There was no denying that Raskolnikov had already compromised himself too much, just now as well, but it had still not come to facts; it was all

still only relative. But was he, though, was he understanding it all correctly now? Wasn't he mistaken? What result exactly had Porfiry been driving at today? Had he really had something prepared today? And what exactly? Had he really been waiting for something or not? How exactly would they have parted today, if the unexpected catastrophe had not come along through Nikolai?

Porfiry had shown almost his whole game; he had taken a risk, of course, but he had shown it, and (so it kept seeming to Raskolnikov) if Porfiry had really had anything more, he would have shown that too. What was this "surprise"? Mockery? Did it mean something or not? Could anything at all be hidden under it that resembled a fact, a positive accusation? Yesterday's man? Where had he vanished to? Where had he been today? For if Porfiry had anything positive at all, then it was certainly connected with yesterday's man…

He sat on the sofa, his head hanging down, his elbows on his knees and his face hidden in his hands. A nervous trembling still went on all through his body. At last he stood up, took his cap, thought a moment, and went toward the door.

He somehow had a presentiment that, for today at least, he could almost certainly consider himself safe. Suddenly he felt something almost like joy in his heart: he wanted to get to Katerina Ivanovna's as soon as possible. He was late for the funeral, of course, but he would be in time for the memorial dinner, and there, right away, he would see Sonya.

He stopped, thought a moment, and a sickly smile forced its way onto his lips.

"Today! Today!" he repeated to himself. "Yes, this very day! It has to be…"

Just as he was about to open the door, it suddenly began to open of itself. He trembled and sprang back. The door was opening

slowly and quietly, and suddenly a figure appeared—that of yesterday's man from under the ground.

The man stopped on the threshold, looked silently at Raskolnikov, and took one step into the room. He was exactly the same as yesterday, the same figure, dressed the same way, but a great change had taken place in his face and in his look: he now looked somehow woebegone, and, after standing a little while, he heaved a deep sigh. All that was missing was for him to put his palm to his cheek and tilt his head to one side for him to look completely like a peasant woman.

"What do you want?" asked Raskolnikov, gone deathly still.

The man said nothing for a while and suddenly bowed to him deeply, almost to the ground. At any rate he touched the floor with a finger of his right hand.

"What are you doing?" cried Raskolnikov.

"I'm guilty," the man said quietly.

"Of what?"

"Of spiteful thoughts."

They both looked at each other.

"I felt aggrieved. When you were pleased to come that time, maybe in drink, and called the caretakers to the police station and asked about the blood, I felt aggrieved that they let it go for nothing and took you for a drunk. So aggrieved I couldn't sleep. And having remembered the address, we came here yesterday and asked…"

"Who came?" Raskolnikov interrupted, instantly beginning to remember.

"Me, that is, the one who wronged you."

"So you're from that house?"

"Why, I was right there, that very time, standing in the gateway with them, or have you forgotten? We've got our trade there too,

from way back. We're furriers, townsmen, we take work home... and most of all I felt aggrieved..."

And suddenly the whole scene in the gateway the day before yesterday came back clearly to Raskolnikov; he realized that besides the caretakers there had been several other people standing there then, women among them. He remembered one voice proposing to take him straight to the police station. He could not remember the speaker's face and did not recognize it even now, but he remembered that he had even answered him something then, had turned toward him...

So this, then, was how all of yesterday's horror had been resolved. The most horrible thing of all was to think that he had really almost perished, had almost destroyed himself, over such a trivial circumstance. So this man could tell nothing except about renting the apartment and the talk of blood. So Porfiry, too, had nothing but this delirium, no facts, nothing but psychology, which cuts both ways, nothing positive. So, if no more facts turned up (and they mustn't turn up anymore, they mustn't, they mustn't!), then... then what could they do to him? How could they convict him finally, even if they did arrest him? And so Porfiry had only now found out about the apartment, only just now, and had not known before.

"Was it you who told Porfiry today... that I'd been there?" he cried, struck by a sudden idea.

"What Porfiry?"

"The examining magistrate."

"I told him. The caretakers didn't go that time, so I went."

"Today?"

"I was there just a little minute before you. And I heard everything, all of it, how he was tormenting you."

"Where? What? When?"

"Why, right there, behind his partition, I was sitting there the whole time."

"What? So it was you who were the surprise? But how could this have happened? For pity's sake!"

"Seeing," the townsman began, "that the caretakers didn't want to go on my word, because, they said, it was late already, and like as not he'd get angry that they hadn't come at the time, I felt aggrieved, and couldn't sleep, and started finding out. And having found out yesterday, I went today. The first time I came—he wasn't there. I came an hour later—they wouldn't let me in; the third time I came—they let me through. I started reporting it all to him, just how it was, and he started leaping about the room and beating his breast with his fist: 'What are you doing to me, you robbers?' he says. 'If I'd known of such a business, I'd have had him fetched under guard!' Then he ran out, called somebody, and started talking with him in a corner, and then he came back to me—and started asking and scolding. And he reproached me a lot; and I reported everything to him and told him that you didn't dare answer me a word to what I said yesterday and that you didn't recognize me. And then he started running about again, and kept beating his breast, and getting angry, and running about, and when you were announced—well, he says, get in behind the partition, sit there for now, don't stir, whatever you hear, and he brought me a chair in there himself and locked me in; maybe, he says, I'll ask you. And when they brought Nikolai, then he let me out, after you: I'll send for you again, he says, and question you some more…"

"And did he question Nikolai in front of you?"

"As soon as he'd let you out, he let me out too, and started questioning Nikolai."

The townsman stopped and suddenly bowed low again, touching the floor with a finger.

“Forgive me for my slander and my spite.”

“God will forgive,” answered Raskolnikov, and as soon as he had said it, the townsman bowed to him, not to the ground this time but from the waist, slowly turned, and went out of the room. “Everything cuts both ways, now everything cuts both ways,” Raskolnikov kept repeating, and he went out of the room in better spirits than ever.

“Now we’ll fight on yet,” he said with a spiteful grin as he went down the stairs. The spite, though, was aimed at himself: he remembered his “faintheartedness” with contempt and shame.

Part Five · I

The morning that followed Pyotr Petrovich's fateful talk with Dunechka and Pulcheria Alexandrovna had its sobering effect on Pyotr Petrovich as well. To his very great displeasure, he was forced little by little to accept as an accomplished and irrevocable fact what only yesterday had seemed to him an almost fantastic occurrence, one that, though it had come to pass, still seemed somehow impossible. All night the black serpent of stung vanity had sucked at his heart. On getting out of bed, Pyotr Petrovich at once looked at himself in the mirror. He was afraid his bile might have overflowed in the night. On that side, however, all was well so far, and, having looked at his noble, white countenance, which had grown a little fat of late, Pyotr Petrovich was even consoled for an instant, in the fullest conviction that he would find himself a bride somewhere else, and perhaps an even better one; but he came to himself at once and spat energetically to one side, which provoked a silent but sarcastic smile in his young friend and roommate, Andrei Semyonovich Lebezyatnikov. Pyotr Petrovich noticed this smile and at once silently put it down to his young friend's account. He had managed to put a great deal down to his account lately. His spite redoubled when he suddenly realized that he ought not to have told Andrei Semyonovich yesterday about yesterday's results. That was his second mistake of yesterday, made in the heat of the moment, from excessive expansiveness, in irritation... Then, all through that morning, as if on purpose, one unpleasantness followed another. Even at the Senate some setback awaited him in the case he was busy with there. He was particu-

larly irritated by the landlord of the apartment he had rented in view of his approaching marriage and was having done up at his own expense: this landlord, some German craftsman who had grown rich, would not on any account agree to break the contract just concluded and demanded the full forfeit stipulated in the contract, even though Pyotr Petrovich was returning the apartment to him almost entirely redecorated. In the same way, at the furniture shop they would not on any account return a single rouble of the deposit for the furniture he had bought but not yet had moved into the apartment. "I can't very well get married just for the sake of the furniture!" Pyotr Petrovich ground his teeth to himself, and at the same time a desperate hope flashed in him once more: "But can it really be that all this is so irretrievably lost and over? Is it really impossible to try once more?" The thought of Dunechka once more pricked his heart temptingly. He lived through that moment in torment, and of course, if it had been possible right then, by a mere wish, to kill Raskolnikov, Pyotr Petrovich would have uttered that wish at once.

"Another mistake, besides, was that I gave them no money at all," he thought, returning gloomily to Lebezyatnikov's little room. "And why the devil did I turn into such a Jew? There wasn't even any calculation in it! I meant to keep them on short rations and bring them to the point where they'd look on me as their providence, and look at them now!... Pah!... No, if I'd handed them over in all this time, say, fifteen hundred or so for the trousseau, and for presents, for various little boxes, dressing cases, carnelians, dress materials, and all that trash from Knopp's and the English shop, things would have been neater and... firmer! They wouldn't have turned me down so easily now! They're the sort of people who would certainly have considered it their duty, in case of a refusal, to give back both the presents and the money; and giving it back would have come rather hard, and they'd have been sorry to! And

their conscience would have pricked them too: how, they'd say, can we suddenly drive away a man who till now has been so generous and fairly delicate?... Hm! I made a blunder!" And, grinding his teeth once more, Pyotr Petrovich called himself a fool then and there—to himself, of course.

Having reached this conclusion, he came home twice as spiteful and irritable as when he had gone out. The preparations for the memorial dinner in Katerina Ivanovna's room somewhat aroused his curiosity. He had heard something about this memorial dinner yesterday; he even remembered, it seemed, that he had been invited too; but, busy with his own affairs, he had let all the rest go by unnoticed. Hastening to inquire of Mrs. Lippewechsel, who was busying herself, in the absence of Katerina Ivanovna (who was at the cemetery), around the table being laid, he learned that the memorial dinner would be a grand one, that almost all the lodgers had been invited, even some who had not known the deceased, that even Andrei Semyonovich Lebezyatnikov had been invited, in spite of his former quarrel with Katerina Ivanovna, and, finally, that he himself, Pyotr Petrovich, had not only been invited but was even awaited with great impatience, since he was almost the most important guest of all the lodgers. Amalia Ivanovna herself had also been invited with great honor, in spite of all the past unpleasantness, and was therefore playing hostess and bustling about now, almost taking pleasure in it, and on top of that was all dressed up, in mourning, to be sure, but all of it new, silk, in her very finest, and was proud of it. All these facts and pieces of information gave Pyotr Petrovich a certain idea, and he went into his room, that is, into Andrei Semyonovich Lebezyatnikov's room, somewhat lost in thought. The fact was that he had also learned that Raskolnikov was among those invited.

Andrei Semyonovich, for some reason, had stayed at home all that morning. Between this gentleman and Pyotr Petrovich there

had arisen relations of a rather strange, though partly also natural, kind: Pyotr Petrovich despised and hated him even beyond measure, almost from the very day he had settled in with him, but at the same time he seemed a little afraid of him. He had taken lodgings with him on arriving in Petersburg not only out of stingy economy, though that was almost the main reason, but there was another reason as well. While still in the provinces he had heard of Andrei Semyonovich, his former ward, as one of the most advanced young progressives and even as playing a significant role in certain curious and fabulous circles. This had struck Pyotr Petrovich. These very circles, mighty, all-knowing, despising everyone and exposing everyone, had long frightened Pyotr Petrovich with a kind of peculiar fear, though a completely indefinite one. Of course he himself, and in the provinces at that, could not form any accurate notion of anything of the sort, even approximately. He had heard, like everyone, that there existed, especially in Petersburg, certain progressives, nihilists, exposers, and so on, and so on, but, like many people, he exaggerated and distorted the sense and meaning of these names to the point of absurdity. What he had feared most of all for several years now was exposure, and this was the chief ground of his constant, exaggerated uneasiness, especially when he dreamed of transferring his activity to Petersburg. In this respect he was, as they say, scared, the way little children are sometimes scared. Several years before, in the provinces, when he was only just beginning to arrange his career, he had come across two cases of fairly important provincial figures being cruelly exposed, figures he had clung to until then and who had been his patrons. One case had ended in a particularly scandalous way for the person exposed, and the other had very nearly ended in a great deal of trouble. That was why Pyotr Petrovich had resolved, on arriving in Petersburg, to find out at once what it was all about, and, if need be, to run ahead just in case and curry favor

with “our younger generations.” In this he was relying on Andrei Semyonovich, and when he visited Raskolnikov, for instance, he had already learned to round off certain phrases after a fashion, in someone else’s voice…

Of course he had quickly managed to make out that Andrei Semyonovich was an extremely banal and simple-minded little man. But this did not in the least undeceive or reassure Pyotr Petrovich. Even if he had been convinced that all progressives were the same sort of little fools, his uneasiness would still not have died down. Properly speaking, all these doctrines, ideas, systems (with which Andrei Semyonovich had simply pounced on him) were no concern of his at all. He had his own aim. All he needed was to find out quickly, right away: what had happened here, and how? Were these people powerful or not? Was there anything for him in particular to fear, or not? Would they expose him if he undertook this or that, or wouldn’t they? And if they exposed him, then for what exactly, and what exactly were they exposing people for now? More than that: couldn’t he somehow worm his way in with them and at the same time put one over on them, if they really were powerful? Was this necessary or not? Couldn’t he, for instance, arrange something in his career precisely through them? In a word, there were hundreds of questions ahead.

This Andrei Semyonovich was an anemic, scrofulous little man of short stature, who was employed somewhere in the service and was strangely fair-haired, with side-whiskers shaped like cutlets, of which he was very proud. Besides that, his eyes were almost always sore. His heart was rather soft, but his speech was very self-assured, and at times even extremely arrogant—which, compared with his little figure, almost always came out comical. At Amalia Ivanovna’s, however, he was counted among the more respectable lodgers, that is, he did not drink and paid his rent regularly. In spite of all these qualities, Andrei Semyonovich really was

rather stupid. He had attached himself to progress and to "our younger generations" out of passion. He was one of that countless and motley legion of vulgarians, sickly half-formed runts, and petty tyrants who have never finished learning anything, who invariably attach themselves in a flash to the most fashionable current idea, only to vulgarize it at once, to turn into a caricature in a flash everything that they themselves sometimes serve in the most sincere way.

However, Lebezyatnikov, even though he was very good-natured, was also beginning in part to be unable to stand his roommate and former guardian, Pyotr Petrovich. This had come about on both sides somehow by chance and mutually. Simple as Andrei Semyonovich was, he had nevertheless begun little by little to make out that Pyotr Petrovich was deceiving him and secretly despised him, and that "this man is not at all the right sort." He had tried to expound Fourier's system and Darwin's theory to him, but Pyotr Petrovich, especially lately, had begun to listen somehow much too sarcastically, and most recently of all had even begun to be abusive. The fact was that he was beginning, by instinct, to see through Lebezyatnikov: that he was not only a banal and stupid little man but perhaps a little liar too, and that he had no connections of any importance at all, even in his own circle, but had only heard things at third hand; more than that: perhaps he did not know his own business, his propaganda, properly, because he got much too muddled, and what sort of exposer could he ever be! Let us note in passing, by the way, that Pyotr Petrovich, in that week and a half, had readily accepted (especially at first) even very strange praise from Andrei Semyonovich, that is, he did not object, for instance, and kept quiet, when Andrei Semyonovich ascribed to him a readiness to assist in the future and early establishment of a new "commune" somewhere on Meshchanskaya Street; or, for instance, not to stand in Dunechka's way if, in the very first month

of marriage, she should take it into her head to have a lover; or not to have his future children baptized, and so on, and so on—everything of that sort. Pyotr Petrovich, as was his habit, did not object to such qualities being ascribed to him and allowed himself to be praised even in that fashion—so pleasant was any praise to him.

Pyotr Petrovich, who for some reason had changed several five-percent bonds that morning, sat at the table counting bundles of banknotes and treasury notes. Andrei Semyonovich, who almost never had any money, walked about the room and pretended to himself that he was looking at all these bundles with indifference and even with disdain. Pyotr Petrovich, for instance, would never on any account have believed that Andrei Semyonovich could really look at such money with indifference; and Andrei Semyonovich, in his turn, reflected bitterly that Pyotr Petrovich might indeed be capable of thinking that about him, and was perhaps even glad of the chance to tickle and tease his young friend with the bundles of banknotes laid out, reminding him of his insignificance and of all the difference that supposedly existed between the two of them.

He found him this time irritable and inattentive as never before, even though he, Andrei Semyonovich, had launched into expounding to him his favorite theme of founding a new, special "commune." The brief objections and remarks that escaped Pyotr Petrovich between the clicks of the beads on his abacus breathed the most obvious and deliberately impolite mockery. But the "humane" Andrei Semyonovich ascribed Pyotr Petrovich's mood to the impression made by yesterday's break with Dunechka and was burning with desire to start on that subject as soon as possible: he had something progressive and propagandistic to say on that score that might console his respected friend and "undoubtedly" benefit his further development.

"What's this memorial dinner they're getting up there at that… at the widow's?" Pyotr Petrovich asked suddenly, interrupting Andrei Semyonovich at the very most interesting point.

"As if you didn't know; why, I spoke with you on this very subject yesterday and developed the idea about all these rites… And she invited you too, I heard. You talked with her yourself yesterday…"

"I never expected that beggarly fool to sink all the money she got from that other fool… Raskolnikov… into a memorial dinner. I was even amazed just now, passing by: such preparations there, wines!… Several people invited—the devil knows what it is!" Pyotr Petrovich went on, questioning him and steering the conversation this way as though with some purpose. "What? You say I was invited too?" he added suddenly, raising his head. "When was that? I don't remember, sir. However, I shan't go. What would I do there? I only spoke with her yesterday, in passing, about the possibility of her obtaining, as the destitute widow of an official, a year's salary as a lump-sum grant. So isn't that why she's inviting me? Heh-heh!"

"I don't intend to go either," said Lebezyatnikov.

"I should think not! You gave her a thrashing with your own hands. Understandable that you'd be ashamed, heh-heh-heh!"

"Who gave a thrashing? To whom?" Lebezyatnikov was suddenly flustered and even blushed.

"Why, you did, to Katerina Ivanovna, a month or so ago! I heard about it, sir, yesterday, sir… So much for your convictions!… And the woman question took a bit of a beating too. Heh-heh-heh!"

And Pyotr Petrovich, as though consoled, began clicking at his abacus again.

"That's all nonsense and slander!" Lebezyatnikov flared up; he was always afraid of being reminded of this story. "And it wasn't like that at all! It was something else… You heard it wrong; it's gos-

sip! I was simply defending myself then. She threw herself at me first, with her claws… She plucked out my whole side-whisker… Every man is permitted, I hope, to defend his person. Besides, I will not allow violence against me from anyone… On principle. Because that's already almost despotism. What was I supposed to do: just stand there in front of her? I only pushed her away."

"Heh-heh-heh!" Luzhin went on laughing spitefully.

"You're picking on me because you're angry and in a temper yourself… But that's nonsense and has nothing, nothing whatever to do with the woman question! You don't understand it rightly; I even thought that if it's accepted that woman is equal to man in everything, even in strength (which is already being asserted), then there ought to be equality here too. Of course, I reasoned afterward that such a question ought not, in essence, to exist, because there ought not to be any fighting, and that cases of fighting in the future society are unthinkable… and that it's strange, of course, to look for equality in a fight. I'm not so stupid… though fighting, by the way, does exist… that is, later there won't be any, but now, for the time being, there still is… pah! Damn! You make a man lose track! It's not because of that unpleasantness that I'm not going to the memorial dinner. I'm simply not going on principle, so as not to take part in the vile prejudice of memorial dinners, that's what! Though one might go, actually, just to laugh at it… But it's a pity there won't be any priests. Otherwise I'd certainly go."

"That is, sit down to another man's bread and salt and spit on it then and there, and on the people who invited you, equally. Is that it?"

"Not spit on it at all, but protest. My aim is a useful one. I can indirectly further development and propaganda. Every man is obliged to develop and propagandize, and perhaps the more sharply the better. I can toss out an idea, a seed… From that seed a fact will grow. How am I insulting them? At first they'll be

offended, and then they'll see for themselves that I've done them good. Take Terebyeva, one of us (she's in the commune now): they accused her because, when she left her family and... gave herself, she wrote to her mother and father that she did not wish to live among prejudices and was entering into a civil marriage, and they said that this was supposedly too crude, toward the fathers, that she might have spared them, written more gently. In my opinion, that's all nonsense, and there's no need at all to be gentler; on the contrary, on the contrary, that's exactly where one ought to protest. Or take Varents, she lived with her husband for seven years, abandoned two children, and cut him off at one stroke in a letter: 'I have realized that I cannot be happy with you. I will never forgive you for deceiving me by concealing from me that there exists another organization of society, by means of communes. I recently learned all this from a magnanimous man, to whom I have given myself, and with whom I am starting a commune. I say it straight out, because I consider it dishonorable to deceive you. Remain as you please. Do not hope to get me back, you are too late. I wish you happiness.' That's how letters of this kind are written!"

"And this Terebyeva, isn't she the very one you told me about that time, who's in her third civil marriage?"

"Only her second, if you judge it properly! But even if it were her fourth, even her fifteenth, all that's nonsense! And if I have ever regretted that my father and mother are dead, it's certainly now. Several times I've even dreamed of how, if they were still alive, I'd have hit them with a protest! I'd have set it up on purpose... What is all this, some 'slice cut off the loaf,' a child gone from the family, pah! I'd have shown them! I'd have astonished them! Really, it's a pity there's nobody!"

"To astonish, you mean? Heh-heh! Well, have it however you like," Pyotr Petrovich interrupted, "but tell me this: you know that

daughter of the deceased, the skinny little thing! It's the perfect truth, what they say about her, eh?"

"What of it? In my opinion, that is, by my personal conviction, that is precisely the most normal condition for a woman. Why not? That is, *distinguons*. In present-day society it is, of course, not entirely normal, because it is forced, but in the future it will be perfectly normal, because it will be free. And even now she had the right: she was suffering, and this was her fund, her capital, so to speak, which she had every right to dispose of. Of course, in the future society there will be no need of funds; but her role will be designated in another sense, conditioned harmoniously and rationally. As for Sofya Semyonovna personally, at present I look on her actions as an energetic and personified protest against the organization of society, and I deeply respect her for it; I even rejoice looking at her!"

"And yet I was told that it was you who drove her out of these rooms!"

Lebezyatnikov positively flew into a rage.

"That's more gossip!" he howled. "It wasn't like that at all, not at all! That part least of all! That was all Katerina Ivanovna's lies at the time, because she didn't understand anything! And I wasn't making up to Sofya Semyonovna at all! I was simply developing her, quite disinterestedly, trying to rouse a protest in her... All I needed was the protest, and Sofya Semyonovna couldn't have stayed here in these rooms anyway!"

"Inviting her into the commune, were you?"

"You keep laughing, and very unsuccessfully, allow me to make that observance to you. You don't understand anything! In the commune there are no such roles. The commune is set up precisely so that there should be no such roles. In the commune this role will change its whole present essence, and what is stupid here will become intelligent there, what is unnatural here, in present

circumstances, will become perfectly natural there. Everything depends on what surroundings and what environment a man is in. Everything comes from the environment, and man himself is nothing. And I'm on good terms with Sofya Semyonovna even now, which may serve you as proof that she never considered me her enemy or her offender. Yes! I am tempting her into the commune now, only on completely, completely, completely different grounds! What's funny about that? We want to found our own commune, a special one, only on broader grounds than the earlier ones. We've gone further in our convictions. We negate more! If Dobrolyubov rose from the grave, I'd argue with him. And Belinsky I'd flatten![1] And meanwhile I go on developing Sofya Semyonovna. She has a beautiful, beautiful nature!"

"Well, and you make use of the beautiful nature, eh? Heh-heh!"

"No, no! Oh, no! On the contrary!"

"Oh, on the contrary, is it! Heh-heh-heh! Listen to him!"

"But do believe me! What reasons would I have to hide it from you, tell me, please? On the contrary, I find it strange myself: with me she is somehow intensely, somehow fearfully chaste and modest!"

"And you, of course, are developing her... heh-heh! proving to her that all this modesty is nonsense?..."

"Not at all! Not at all! Oh, how crudely, how even stupidly—forgive me—you understand the word *development*! You don't understand a th-thing! Oh, God, how you are still... not ready! We seek the freedom of woman, and you have only one thing on your mind... Setting aside entirely the question of chastity and female modesty, as things useless in themselves and even prejudiced, I fully, fully accept her chastity with me, because in that lies her whole will, her whole right. Of course, if she herself said to me: 'I want to have you,' I would consider myself very lucky, because I like the girl very much; but now, now at least, certainly no one has

ever treated her more politely and courteously than I, with more respect for her dignity… I wait and hope—that's all!"

"You'd do better to give her a present of some kind. I'll bet you never thought of that."

"You don't understand a th-thing, I told you! Of course, that's her situation, but this is a different question! Quite different! You simply despise her. Seeing a fact which you mistakenly consider worthy of contempt, you at once refuse a human being a humane view of her. You don't know yet what a nature she has! I'm only very annoyed that lately she has somehow quite stopped reading and no longer borrows books from me. And she used to. It's a pity, too, that with all her energy and resolve to protest—which she has already shown once—she still seems to have too little self-reliance, independence, so to speak, too little negation, to break away completely from certain prejudices and… stupidities. In spite of that, she understands some questions excellently. She understood superbly, for instance, the question of kissing hands, that is, that a man insults a woman by inequality if he kisses her hand. That question was debated among us, and I passed it on to her at once. She also listened attentively about the workers' associations in France. Now I'm explaining to her the question of free entry into rooms in the future society."

"And what's that, now?"

"The question was recently debated: does a member of the commune have the right to enter another member's room, a man's or a woman's, at any time… and it was decided that he does…"

"Well, and what if he or she is occupied at that moment with necessary needs, heh-heh!"

Andrei Semyonovich actually lost his temper.

"And you keep on about that, about these damned 'needs'!" he cried with hatred. "Pah, how angry and annoyed I am that, when I was expounding the system, I mentioned these damned needs to

you prematurely that time! Damn it! It's a stumbling block for everyone like you, and worst of all—they make a laughingstock of it before they know what it's about! And just as if they were right! Just as if they had something to be proud of! Pah! I have asserted several times that this whole question can be expounded to novices only at the very end, when he is already convinced of the system, when the man is already developed and set on his course. And besides, what, tell me please, what do you find so shameful and contemptible, say, in cesspools? I'll be the first, I, ready to clean out any cesspools you like! There isn't even any self-sacrifice in it! It's simply work, a noble activity useful to society, which is worth any other, and much higher, for instance, than the activity of some Raphael or Pushkin, because it is more useful!"

"And nobler, nobler—heh-heh-heh!"

"What does 'nobler' mean? I don't understand such expressions as a definition of human activity. 'Nobler,' 'more magnanimous'—all that is nonsense, absurdities, old prejudiced words, which I negate! Everything that is useful to mankind is noble! I understand only one word: useful! Snigger as much as you like, but it's so!"

Pyotr Petrovich laughed a great deal. He had finished counting by now and had put the money away. Part of it, however, for some reason still remained on the table. This "cesspool question" had already served several times, in spite of all its vulgarity, as a cause of rupture and disagreement between Pyotr Petrovich and his young friend. The whole stupidity of it lay in the fact that Andrei Semyonovich really did get angry. Luzhin, for his part, found relief for his feelings in it, and at the present moment he particularly wanted to make Lebezyatnikov angry.

"It's because of your failure yesterday that you're so spiteful and keep picking on me," Lebezyatnikov burst out at last; generally speaking, in spite of all his "independence" and all his "protests," he somehow did not dare to oppose Pyotr Petrovich and still main-

tained toward him a kind of respectfulness that was habitual, from former years.

"You'd better tell me this," Pyotr Petrovich interrupted haughtily and with vexation, "can you, sir... or rather, are you really on close enough terms with the aforementioned young person to ask her to come here now, for a minute, into this room? I believe they've all come back by now, from the cemetery... I hear people moving about... I need to see her, sir, the person, sir."

"But what for?" Lebezyatnikov asked in surprise.

"Oh, just so, sir, I need to, sir. Today or tomorrow I'm moving out of here, and so I'd like to inform her... However, do stay here, perhaps, during the interview. So much the better. Otherwise you might think God knows what."

"I shan't think anything whatever... I only asked, and if you have business with her, nothing is easier than to call her. I'll go right away. And as for me, you may be sure, I shan't be in your way."

Indeed, some five minutes later Lebezyatnikov returned with Sonechka. She came in extremely surprised and, as usual, timid. She was always timid on such occasions and was very much afraid of new faces and new acquaintances; she had been afraid before, since childhood, and now all the more... Pyotr Petrovich received her "kindly and politely," though with a certain shade of a kind of jovial familiarity, befitting, however, in Pyotr Petrovich's opinion, so respectable and solid a man as he in relation to so young and, in a certain sense, interesting a creature. He hastened to "encourage" her and sat her down at the table opposite himself. Sonya sat down, looked around—at Lebezyatnikov, at the money lying on the table, and then suddenly at Pyotr Petrovich again, and after that no longer took her eyes off him, as though she were chained to him. Lebezyatnikov started toward the door. Pyotr Petrovich stood up, motioned Sonya to stay seated, and stopped Lebezyatnikov in the doorway.

"Is that Raskolnikov there? Has he come?" he asked him in a whisper.

"Raskolnikov? He's there. Why? Yes, he's there… He just came in, I saw him… Why?"

"Well, then I particularly ask you to stay here with us, and not to leave me alone with this… young lady. It's a trifling matter, but God knows what they'll make of it. I don't want Raskolnikov to pass it on there… You understand what I'm talking about?"

"Ah, I understand, I understand!" Lebezyatnikov suddenly grasped. "Yes, you have the right… Of course, by my personal conviction, you're going too far in your apprehensions, but… you still have the right. Very well, I'll stay. I'll stand here by the window and not be in your way… In my opinion, you have the right…"

Pyotr Petrovich went back to the sofa, sat down opposite Sonya, looked at her attentively, and suddenly assumed an extremely solid, even somewhat stern air: "Don't you go thinking anything either, madam." Sonya was utterly abashed.

"In the first place, Sofya Semyonovna, please make my excuses to your highly respected mamma… That's right, I believe? Katerina Ivanovna stands in place of a mother to you?" Pyotr Petrovich began very solidly, but fairly kindly, however. It was evident that he had the most friendly intentions.

"Yes, sir, that's right, sir; in place of a mother, sir," Sonya answered hurriedly and timorously.

"Well, sir, then make my excuses to her that, owing to circumstances beyond my control, I am obliged to miss it and shall not be at your pancakes… that is, at your memorial dinner, in spite of your mamma's kind invitation."[2]

"Yes, sir; I'll tell her, sir; right away, sir"—and Sonechka hurriedly jumped up from her chair.

"That's not all yet, miss," Pyotr Petrovich stopped her, smiling at her simplicity and ignorance of good manners, "and you know me

little, my dearest Sofya Semyonovna, if you thought that for this unimportant reason, which concerns me alone, I would trouble a person like you personally and summon you to me. My aim is a different one, miss."

Sonya hurriedly sat down. The gray and rainbow-colored banknotes, still not cleared from the table, again flickered before her eyes, but she quickly turned her face away from them and raised it to Pyotr Petrovich: it suddenly seemed to her terribly indecent, especially for her, to look at another person's money. She fixed her gaze on Pyotr Petrovich's gold lorgnette, which he held in his left hand, and at the same time on the large, massive, extremely handsome ring with a yellow stone that was on the middle finger of that hand—but suddenly she took her eyes off that too and, not knowing where to turn, ended by again staring straight into Pyotr Petrovich's eyes. After a silence even more solid than before, he went on:

"I happened yesterday, in passing, to exchange a couple of words with the unfortunate Katerina Ivanovna. A couple of words were enough to learn that she is in a state—unnatural, if one may so express it…"

"Yes, sir… unnatural, sir," Sonya hurriedly assented.

"Or, to put it more simply and understandably—a sick one."

"Yes, sir, more simply and understand… yes, sir, she's sick, sir."

"Just so, miss. And so, out of a feeling of humanity and-and-and, so to speak, compassion, I would like, for my part, to be of some use, foreseeing her inevitably unhappy lot. It seems that this whole most destitute family now depends on you alone."

"Allow me to ask," Sonya suddenly stood up, "what were you pleased to tell her yesterday about the possibility of a pension? Because she told me yesterday that you had undertaken to get her a pension. Is that true, sir?"

"Not in the least, miss, and even in a certain sense an absurdity. I only hinted at temporary assistance for the widow of an official who died in the service—provided there were some patronage—but it seems that your late parent not only did not serve out his term but had not even been serving at all lately. In a word, though there might be some hope, it would be very ephemeral, because in essence no rights to assistance exist in this case, rather the contrary... And she's already thinking of a pension, heh-heh-heh! A spirited lady!"

"Yes, sir, of a pension... Because she's trusting and kind, and from kindness she believes everything, and... and... and... that's the kind of mind she has... Yes, sir... excuse me, sir," said Sonya, and stood up again to leave.

"Allow me, you haven't heard me out yet, miss."

"Yes, sir, I haven't heard you out, sir," Sonya murmured.

"Then do sit down, miss."

Sonya was terribly abashed and sat down again, for the third time.

"Seeing her in such a situation, with unfortunate little children, I would like—as I have already said—to be of some use, as far as I am able, that is, as they say, as far as I am able, miss, no more. One might, for instance, get up a subscription for her benefit, or, so to speak, a lottery... or something of the sort—as is always arranged in such cases by people close to the family, or even by outsiders, but in general by people who wish to help. That is what I intended to tell you. It could be done, miss."

"Yes, sir, that's good, sir... God will... you for this, sir..." Sonya faltered, looking intently at Pyotr Petrovich.

"It could be done, miss, but... we'll go into that later, miss... that is, we might even start today. We'll see each other this evening, come to an agreement, and lay, so to speak, the foundation. Come here to me at about seven o'clock. Andrei Semyonovich, I hope,

will also take part with us... But... there is one circumstance here that ought to be mentioned beforehand and with care. It is for that very purpose that I have troubled you, Sofya Semyonovna, by calling you here. Precisely, miss, it is my opinion that money cannot be given into the hands of Katerina Ivanovna herself, indeed that it is dangerous to; and the proof of this is this very memorial dinner today. Not having, so to speak, a single crust of daily bread for tomorrow, and... well, or shoes, or anything, she buys Jamaica rum today, and even, I believe, Madeira and-and-and coffee. I saw it as I passed. And tomorrow it will all fall on you again, down to the last piece of bread; that is absurd, miss. And therefore the subscription, in my personal view, must be carried out in such a way that the unfortunate widow, so to speak, should not even know about the money, and only you, for instance, should know. Am I right?"

"I don't know, sir. It's only today, sir, that she... it's once in a lifetime... she wanted so much to remember him, to do him honor, his memory... and she's very intelligent, sir. But anyway, as you wish, sir, and I'll be very, very, very... they'll all be... to you... and God will... you, sir... and the orphans, sir..."

Sonya did not finish and began to cry.

"Just so, miss. Well, miss, so bear it in mind, miss; and now be so good as to accept, in the interests of your relative, for a start, a sum within my means from me personally. I very, very much wish that my name not be mentioned in this connection. Here, miss... having, so to speak, cares of my own, I am not able to do more..."

And Pyotr Petrovich held out to Sonya a ten-rouble note, carefully unfolding it. Sonya took it, flushed, jumped up, murmured something, and hastened to take her leave. Pyotr Petrovich solemnly saw her to the door. She darted out of the room at last, all agitated and worn out, and went back to Katerina Ivanovna in extreme confusion.

All during this scene Andrei Semyonovich had now stood at the window, now walked about the room, not wishing to interrupt the conversation; but when Sonya had gone he suddenly went up to Pyotr Petrovich and solemnly held out his hand to him:

"I heard everything and *saw* everything," he said, laying special stress on the last word. "That is noble, that is, I meant to say, humane! You wished to avoid gratitude, I saw it! And though, I confess to you, I cannot on principle sympathize with private charity, because not only does it not eradicate evil radically, but it even nourishes it still more, nonetheless I can't help confessing that I watched your action with pleasure—yes, yes, I like it."

"Eh, that's all nonsense!" muttered Pyotr Petrovich, somewhat agitated and looking at Lebezyatnikov rather closely.

"No, it's not nonsense! A man who has been offended and vexed, as you have, by yesterday's incident and at the same time is capable of thinking of the misfortune of others—such a man, sir... although by his actions he is committing a social error—nonetheless... is worthy of respect! I didn't even expect it of you, Pyotr Petrovich, all the more since by your notions—oh! how your notions still hamper you! How upset you are, for instance, by that failure yesterday," exclaimed the good-natured Andrei Semyonovich, feeling a heightened affection for Pyotr Petrovich again, "and what, what do you need this marriage for, this legal marriage, my most noble, most amiable Pyotr Petrovich? What do you need this legality in marriage for? Well, beat me if you like, but I'm glad, glad it didn't come off, that you're free, that you're not yet entirely lost to mankind, glad... You see: I've spoken my mind!"

"What I need a legal marriage for, sir, is that in your civil marriage I don't want to wear horns and raise other men's children, that's what I need a legal marriage for, sir," said Luzhin, in order to say something. He was particularly preoccupied with something and lost in thought.

“Children? You touched on children?” Andrei Semyonovich started like a warhorse hearing the military trumpet. “Children are a social question and a question of the first importance, I agree; but the question of children will be resolved differently. Some even negate children altogether, as any hint of the family. We’ll talk about children later, but now let’s take up the horns! I confess to you, that’s my weak point. That nasty, hussar, Pushkinian expression is unthinkable even in the lexicon of the future.[3] And what are horns, anyway? Oh, what a delusion! What horns? Why horns? What nonsense! On the contrary, in a civil marriage there won’t be any! Horns are only the natural consequence of every legal marriage, its correction, so to speak, a protest, so that in that sense they are not in the least humiliating… And if I am ever—supposing an absurdity—in a legal marriage, I shall even be glad of your thrice-damned horns; I shall say to my wife then: ‘My dear, until now I only loved you, but now I respect you, because you have known how to protest!’ You’re laughing? That’s because you are unable to tear yourself away from prejudices! Damn it, I do understand exactly where the unpleasantness lies when one is deceived in a legal marriage; but that is only the base consequence of a base fact, in which both parties are humiliated. When horns are put on openly, though, as in a civil marriage, then they no longer exist, they are unthinkable and even lose the name of horns. On the contrary, your wife will only be proving to you how much she respects you, considering you incapable of opposing her happiness and developed enough not to take revenge on her for a new husband. Damn it, I sometimes dream that if I were given in marriage—pah! if I married (civilly or legally, it’s all the same), I believe I’d bring my wife a lover myself, if she was slow to get one. ‘My dear,’ I’d say to her, ‘I love you, but more than that, I want you to respect me—there!’ Am I right, am I right?…”

Pyotr Petrovich tittered as he listened, but without any particular enthusiasm. He was hardly even listening. He really was thinking something else over, and even Lebezyatnikov noticed it at last. Pyotr Petrovich was even agitated, kept rubbing his hands, falling into thought. All this Andrei Semyonovich worked out and remembered afterward…

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1. Nikolai Dobrolyubov (1836–1861) and Vissarion Belinsky (1811–1848), radical critics revered by the young progressives of the 1860s.

2. Bliny (pancakes) were the traditional dish at a Russian memorial meal.

3. "To wear horns" is to be a cuckold; the phrase appears in Pushkin's light verse.

Part Five · II

It would be hard to state exactly the reasons why the idea of this senseless funeral dinner had taken root in Katerina Ivanovna's disordered head. Nearly ten roubles, in fact, had been thrown away on it, out of the twenty-odd she had received from Raskolnikov for Marmeladov's funeral as such. Perhaps Katerina Ivanovna considered herself bound, before the dead man, to honor his memory "properly," so that all the lodgers, and Amalia Ivanovna in particular, would know that he had been "not only no worse than any of them, but maybe a good deal better, sir," and that none of them had the right "to turn up their noses" at him. Perhaps what weighed most of all here was that peculiar pride of the poor, owing to which, at certain social rites obligatory in our way of life for one and all, many poor people strain themselves to the last of their strength and spend their last saved-up kopecks, only to be "no worse than others" and so that those others should not somehow "look down on" them. It is also very likely that Katerina Ivanovna wanted, precisely on this occasion, precisely at the moment when she seemed to have been abandoned by everyone in the world, to show all these "worthless and nasty lodgers" not only that she "knew how to live and how to entertain," but that she had not been brought up for such a lot at all, that she had been brought up in a "noble, one might even say aristocratic, colonel's house," and had certainly not been prepared for sweeping the floor herself and washing the children's rags at night. These paroxysms of pride and vanity sometimes visit the poorest and most beaten-down people and at times turn in them into an irritable, uncontrollable need.

And Katerina Ivanovna, besides, was not one of the beaten-down: circumstances could kill her outright, but to beat her down morally, that is, to cow her and subdue her will, was impossible. Then too, Sonechka had very good grounds for saying of her that her mind was becoming unhinged. Positively and conclusively this could not yet be said, it is true, but in fact lately, all through this last year, her poor head had been too tormented not to be at least partly damaged. An advanced stage of consumption, as the doctors say, also contributes to the derangement of the mental faculties.

Wines in the plural and of many different sorts there were not, nor was there Madeira: that had been an exaggeration, but there was wine. There was vodka, rum, and Lisbon wine, all of the vilest quality, but all in sufficient quantity. Of dishes, besides the kutya, the sweet funeral grain, there were three or four (among them bliny, the funeral pancakes), all from Amalia Ivanovna's kitchen, and on top of that two samovars were set going at once for the tea and punch intended for after dinner. Katerina Ivanovna had seen to the purchases herself, with the help of one lodger, some pitiful little Pole who lived at Mrs. Lippewechsel's God knows why, who at once attached himself to Katerina Ivanovna as her errand boy and had spent all of yesterday and all of this morning running about headlong with his tongue hanging out, apparently taking particular pains that this last circumstance should be noticed. Over every trifle he came running every minute to Katerina Ivanovna herself, he even ran to look for her in the Gostiny Dvor arcade, he kept calling her "Pani Khorunzhina,"[1] and in the end she was sick to death of him, though at first she had said that without this "obliging and magnanimous" man she would have been utterly lost. It was in the nature of Katerina Ivanovna's character to dress up the first comer as quickly as possible in the finest and brightest colors, to praise him so that he would sometimes even feel ashamed, to invent in his praise various circumstances that had never existed at all, to

believe in their reality herself quite sincerely and wholeheartedly, and then suddenly, all at once, to be disenchanted, to cut him off, spit on him, and throw out by the scruff of the neck the person whom only a few hours before she had literally worshiped. By nature she had a laughing, cheerful, and peaceable disposition, but from continual misfortunes and failures she had come to wish and demand so furiously that everyone should live in peace and joy and not dare to live otherwise, that the slightest discord in life, the very least failure, would at once drive her almost into a frenzy, and in a single moment, after the brightest hopes and fancies, she would begin cursing fate, tearing and flinging whatever came to hand, and beating her head against the wall. Amalia Ivanovna too had suddenly, for some reason, acquired extraordinary importance and extraordinary respect in Katerina Ivanovna's eyes, solely perhaps because this funeral dinner had been undertaken and Amalia Ivanovna had resolved with all her heart to take part in all the bother: she had taken it on herself to lay the table, provide the linen, the dishes, and so on, and cook the food in her own kitchen. Katerina Ivanovna had given her full authority in everything and left her in her place when she herself set off for the cemetery. And indeed everything had been prepared in splendid style: the table was laid even rather cleanly, the dishes, forks, knives, wineglasses, tumblers, cups—all this, of course, was gathered from here and there, of every style and size, from various lodgers, but everything was in its place by the appointed hour, and Amalia Ivanovna, feeling that she had done her job admirably, met the returning party even with a certain pride, all dressed up, in a cap with new mourning ribbons and a black dress. This pride, though deserved, for some reason displeased Katerina Ivanovna: "really, as if they couldn't even have laid a table without Amalia Ivanovna!" The cap with the new ribbons displeased her too: "Could it be, heaven forbid, that this stupid German woman was proud of being the land-

lady and of having agreed out of charity to help her poor lodgers? Out of charity! I ask you! At the table of Katerina Ivanovna's papa, who had been a colonel and very nearly a governor, places were sometimes laid for forty, and some Amalia Ivanovna, or rather Ludwigovna, wouldn't have been let even into the kitchen there..." Katerina Ivanovna, however, resolved for the time being not to voice her feelings, though she decided in her heart that Amalia Ivanovna absolutely must be taken down a peg this very day and reminded of her proper place, or else God knows what she would start imagining about herself; for the moment she merely treated her coldly. Another unpleasantness also partly contributed to Katerina Ivanovna's irritation: of the lodgers invited to the funeral, hardly anyone had come to the funeral except the little Pole, who had managed after all to run over to the cemetery too; whereas to the funeral dinner, that is, to the eating, the most insignificant and poorest of them had turned up, many of them not even quite sober, just riffraff of some sort. The older and more substantial ones had all, as if on purpose, as if by agreement, stayed away. Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin, for instance, the most substantial, one might say, of all the lodgers, had not appeared, and yet only yesterday evening Katerina Ivanovna had already managed to tell everyone in the world, that is, Amalia Ivanovna, Polechka, Sonya, and the little Pole, that he was a most noble, most magnanimous man, with the most enormous connections and with a fortune, a former friend of her first husband, received in her father's house, and that he had promised to use every means to obtain a considerable pension for her. Let us note here that if Katerina Ivanovna did boast of anyone's connections and fortune, it was without any self-interest, without any personal calculation, quite disinterestedly, from the fullness of her heart, so to speak, solely for the pleasure of extolling the one she praised and adding still more to his worth. After Luzhin, and probably "following his example," "that

nasty scoundrel Lebezyatnikov" had not come either. "And what does that one think of himself? He was invited only out of charity, and then only because he shares a room with Pyotr Petrovich and is his acquaintance, so it was awkward not to invite him." Nor had a certain lady of high tone come, with her "overripe maiden," her daughter, who, though they had been living only about two weeks in Amalia Ivanovna's rooms, had several times already complained of the noise and shouting that rose from the Marmeladovs' room, especially when the deceased came home drunk, which had of course already become known to Katerina Ivanovna through Amalia Ivanovna herself, when the latter, quarreling with Katerina Ivanovna and threatening to throw out the whole family, had shouted at the top of her lungs that they were disturbing "noble lodgers whose feet they were not worth." Katerina Ivanovna had now made a point of deciding to invite this lady and her daughter, "whose feet she was supposedly not worth," all the more since until now, at chance meetings, the lady had haughtily turned away —so that she would know, then, that here "people think and feel more nobly, and invite without remembering wrongs," and so they would see that Katerina Ivanovna was used to a very different lot in life. This was certainly to be explained to them at table, as was the governorship of her late papa, while at the same time it would be indirectly remarked that there had been no call to turn away at meetings and that it had been extremely stupid. The fat lieutenant colonel (actually a retired staff captain) did not come either, but it turned out that he had been "dead to the world" since yesterday morning. In a word, the only ones who came were: the little Pole; then one shabby little clerk without a word to say, in a greasy tail-coat, with pimples and a repulsive smell; then also one deaf and almost totally blind little old man, who had once served in some post office or other and whom someone, from time immemorial and for no known reason, had been keeping at Amalia Ivanovna's.

There also came one drunken retired lieutenant, in reality an official of the commissariat, with the most indecent and loud guffaw and, "just imagine," without a waistcoat! One fellow sat straight down at the table without so much as a bow to Katerina Ivanovna, and finally one individual, having no clothes, was about to appear in a dressing gown, but that was so very improper that through the efforts of Amalia Ivanovna and the little Pole they managed after all to lead him out. The little Pole, however, had brought with him two other little Poles, who had never lived at Amalia Ivanovna's at all and whom no one had ever seen in the rooms before. All this irritated Katerina Ivanovna extremely unpleasantly. "For whom, after that, had all the preparations been made?" Even the children, to save room, had not been seated at the table, which took up the whole room as it was, but had been given places in the back corner on a trunk, the two little ones put on a bench, while Polechka, as the big girl, was to look after them, feed them, and wipe their little noses "as one does for well-born children." In a word, Katerina Ivanovna had no choice but to receive everyone with redoubled dignity and even with haughtiness. Some of them she looked over especially sternly and loftily invited to sit down at the table. Considering for some reason that Amalia Ivanovna must answer for all those who had not come, she suddenly began treating her extremely offhandedly, which the latter at once noticed and was extremely piqued by. Such a beginning boded no good end. At last they sat down.

Raskolnikov came in almost at the very moment they returned from the cemetery. Katerina Ivanovna was terribly glad of him, first, because he was the only "educated guest" among all the guests and, "as everyone knows, in two years he was to occupy a professor's chair at the university here," and second, because he at once and respectfully apologized to her for having been unable, despite every wish, to be at the funeral. She simply pounced on

him, seated him at the table beside her on her left (Amalia Ivanovna sat on her right), and despite the incessant bustle and worry over seeing that the food was properly served and everyone got some, despite the agonizing cough that kept interrupting and choking her every minute and seemed to have taken particularly deep root in these last two days, she kept turning to Raskolnikov and in a half whisper hurried to pour out before him all the feelings that had built up in her and all her just indignation at the failed funeral dinner; and her indignation often gave way to the merriest, most uncontrollable laughter at the assembled guests, but chiefly at the landlady herself.

"It's all that cuckoo's fault. You understand who I'm talking about: her, her!" and Katerina Ivanovna nodded toward the landlady. "Look at her: she's goggling, she feels we're talking about her, but she can't understand, and her eyes are bulging. Ugh, the owl! Ha-ha-ha!... Khee-khee-khee! And what does she mean to show with that cap of hers! khee-khee-khee! Have you noticed, she wants everyone to think she's patronizing me and doing me an honor by being present? I asked her, as a decent woman, to invite better people, and especially the deceased's acquaintances, and look whom she's brought: clowns of some sort! slatterns! Look at that one with the dirty face: a sort of snot on two legs! And these little Polacks... ha-ha-ha! Khee-khee-khee! Nobody, nobody has ever laid eyes on them here, and I never have; now why have they come, I ask you? Sitting there side by side, so proper. *Panie*, hey!" she suddenly shouted to one of them. "Have you had some bliny? Have some more! Drink some beer, beer! Wouldn't you like some vodka? Look: he's jumped up, he's bowing, look, look: they must be absolutely starving, poor things! Never mind, let them eat. At least they don't make noise, only... only, really, I'm afraid for the landlady's silver spoons!... Amalia Ivanovna!" she suddenly turned to her, almost aloud. "If your spoons should happen to get stolen, I

am not answerable for them, I warn you in advance! Ha-ha-ha!" she went off again, turning back to Raskolnikov, again nodding at the landlady, and delighted with her sally. "She didn't understand, again she didn't understand! Sitting there with her mouth open, look: an owl, a real owl, a screech owl in new ribbons, ha-ha-ha!"

Here the laughter again turned into an unbearable cough, which lasted five minutes. A little blood was left on the handkerchief; drops of sweat stood out on her forehead. She silently showed the blood to Raskolnikov and, having barely caught her breath, at once began whispering to him again with extraordinary animation and with red spots on her cheeks:

"Look, I gave her the most delicate, one might say, commission of inviting that lady and her daughter, you understand whom I mean? Here one had to behave in the most delicate of manners, to act in the most skillful way, and she managed things so that this out-of-town fool, this stuck-up creature, this worthless provincial, just because she's some sort of major's widow and has come to petition for a pension and wear out the hem of her skirt in government offices, because at fifty-five she pencils her brows and paints herself white and red (that's well known)... and a creature like that not only did not see fit to come but did not even send an apology, if she couldn't come, as the most ordinary politeness requires in such cases! I can't understand why Pyotr Petrovich hasn't come either? But where is Sonya? Where has she gone? Ah, here she is at last! Well, Sonya, where have you been? It's strange that even at your father's funeral you're so unpunctual. Rodion Romanych, let her sit beside you. Here's your place, Sonechka... take whatever you like. Have some of the aspic, that's best. They'll bring the bliny in a moment. Have the children been given some? Polechka, have you got everything there? Khee-khee-khee! Well, all right. Be a good girl, Lenya, and you, Kolya, don't swing your little legs; sit the way a well-born child should sit. What are you saying, Sonechka?"

Sonya hastened at once to convey to her Pyotr Petrovich's apologies, trying to speak loudly so that everyone could hear, and using the most choicely respectful expressions, which she had even deliberately made up in Pyotr Petrovich's name and embellished on her own. She added that Pyotr Petrovich had asked her particularly to say that as soon as he possibly could he would come at once to talk over business in private and come to an agreement about what could be done and undertaken further, and so on, and so on.

Sonya knew that this would pacify and soothe Katerina Ivanovna and flatter her, and above all—her pride would be satisfied. She sat down beside Raskolnikov, giving him a hasty bow, and glanced at him fleetingly, with curiosity. For the rest of the time, though, she somehow avoided both looking at him and speaking to him. She even seemed somehow absent, though she kept looking straight into Katerina Ivanovna's face to please her. Neither she nor Katerina Ivanovna was in mourning, for lack of dresses; Sonya had on some brown one, on the dark side, and Katerina Ivanovna her only dress, a cotton print, darkish, with stripes. The news about Pyotr Petrovich went off without a hitch. Having listened gravely to Sonya, Katerina Ivanovna inquired with the same gravity how Pyotr Petrovich's health was. Then at once, and almost aloud, she whispered to Raskolnikov that it really would be strange for a respected and substantial man like Pyotr Petrovich to find himself in such "extraordinary company," despite all his devotion to her family and his old friendship with her papa.

"That's why I'm especially grateful to you, Rodion Romanych, for not disdaining my bread and salt, even in such surroundings," she added almost aloud. "However, I'm sure it was only your particular friendship for my poor late husband that moved you to keep your word."

Then once more she surveyed her guests proudly and with dignity, and suddenly, with particular solicitude, inquired loudly across the table of the deaf old man: "Wouldn't he like some more of the roast, and had he been given any Lisbon?" The old man did not answer and for a long time could not understand what he was being asked, though his neighbors, for a laugh, even began shoving him. He only looked around with his mouth hanging open, which fired the general merriment still more.

"What a blockhead! Look, look! And why did they bring him? As for Pyotr Petrovich, I was always sure of him," Katerina Ivanovna went on to Raskolnikov, "and of course he is not like..." sharply and loudly, and with an extremely stern look, she turned to Amalia Ivanovna, so that the latter even grew timid, "not like those dressed-up draggletails of yours, whom Papa wouldn't have taken into his kitchen as cooks, while my late husband, of course, would have been doing them an honor by receiving them, and only out of his inexhaustible kindness at that."

"Yes, sir, he liked a drink, sir; he liked that, sir, he'd have a drink, sir!" the retired commissariat man suddenly shouted, draining his twelfth glass of vodka.

"My late husband did indeed have that weakness, and everyone knows it," Katerina Ivanovna suddenly fastened on him, "but he was a kind and noble man, who loved and respected his family; the only bad thing was that out of kindness he trusted all sorts of depraved people too much, and God knows whom he didn't drink with, people who weren't worth the soles of his shoes! Imagine, Rodion Romanovich, they found a gingerbread cockerel in his pocket: he's walking along dead drunk, and still he remembers the children."

"A cock-er-el? Were you pleased to say: a cock-er-el?" shouted the commissariat gentleman.

Katerina Ivanovna did not honor him with an answer. She fell to thinking about something and sighed.

"There, I'm sure you think, like everyone, that I was too strict with him," she went on, turning to Raskolnikov. "But it's not so! He respected me, he respected me very, very much! He was a man with a good soul! And at times I felt so sorry for him! He'd be sitting in the corner looking at me, and I'd feel so sorry for him, I'd want to be tender with him, and then you think to yourself: 'Be tender with him, and he'll just get drunk again'; it was only by strictness that he could be held back at all."

"Yes, sir, there was hair-pulling, sir, there was, sir, more than once, sir," the commissariat man bellowed again, and poured another glass of vodka down into himself.

"Not just hair-pulling, a broom would come in useful too with certain fools. I'm not talking about the deceased now!" Katerina Ivanovna snapped at the commissariat man.

The red spots on her cheeks burned brighter and brighter, her chest was heaving. Another minute and she was ready to make a scene. Many were giggling; many evidently found this pleasant. People began nudging the commissariat man and whispering something to him. Obviously they wanted to set the two of them at each other.

"And a-a-allow me to ask, what might that be in regard to, ma'am," the commissariat man began, "that is, at whose... noble expense... you were pleased just now... But never mind! Nonsense! A widow! A poor little widow! I forgive... I pass!" And he knocked back another vodka.

Raskolnikov sat and listened silently and with disgust. As for eating, he only picked, out of politeness, at the morsels Katerina Ivanovna kept heaping on his plate every minute, and only so as not to offend her. He was watching Sonya intently. But Sonya was growing more and more anxious and troubled; she too sensed that

the funeral dinner would not end peacefully, and followed Katerina Ivanovna's mounting irritation with fear. She knew, among other things, that the chief reason the two out-of-town ladies had treated Katerina Ivanovna's invitation with such contempt was she, Sonya. She had heard from Amalia Ivanovna herself that the mother had even been offended by the invitation and had posed the question: "How could she possibly seat her daughter beside that young person?" Sonya sensed that Katerina Ivanovna somehow already knew this, and an insult to her, Sonya, meant more to Katerina Ivanovna than an insult to herself personally, to her children, to her papa; in a word, it was a mortal insult, and Sonya knew that Katerina Ivanovna would not rest now "until she had proved to those draggletails that they were both…" and so on, and so on. As if on purpose, someone passed Sonya a plate from the other end of the table, with two hearts pierced by an arrow molded on it out of black bread. Katerina Ivanovna flared up and at once remarked loudly across the table that whoever had passed it was of course "a drunken ass." Amalia Ivanovna, who also sensed something bad coming, and was at the same time wounded to the depths of her soul by Katerina Ivanovna's haughtiness, in order to turn the company's unpleasant mood in another direction and, while she was at it, to raise herself in the general esteem, suddenly began, apropos of nothing, to tell how a certain acquaintance of hers, "Karl from the chemist's," had been riding in a cab at night and that "the cabman him vanted to kill and Karl wery, wery begged him that he not kill, and cried, and the hands folded, and got frighten, and from fear the heart him pierced." Katerina Ivanovna, though she smiled, at once remarked that Amalia Ivanovna should not tell anecdotes in Russian. The latter was offended still more and retorted that her "*Vater aus Berlin* vas wery, wery important man and all the time vent vith the hands about in pockets." Katerina Ivanovna, who loved to laugh, could not

hold out and burst into terrible laughter, so that Amalia Ivanovna was already losing the last of her patience and barely restraining herself.

"What a screech owl!" Katerina Ivanovna at once began whispering again to Raskolnikov, almost in high spirits. "She meant to say he walked with his hands in his pockets, and it came out that he went about in people's pockets, khee-khee! And have you noticed, Rodion Romanovich, mark it once and for all, that all these Petersburg foreigners, that is, the Germans mainly, who come to us from God knows where, are all stupider than we are! Now you must agree, can anyone really tell how 'Karl from the chemist's from fear the heart pierced,' and that he (the sniveler!), instead of tying up the cabman, 'the hands folded and cried and wery begged.' Ah, the dimwit! And she actually thinks it's very touching, and doesn't suspect how stupid she is! In my opinion that drunken commissariat man is a good deal cleverer than she is; at least you can see he's a sot who has drunk away the last of his wits, but these people are all so prim, so serious... Look at her sitting there, eyes bulging. She's angry! She's angry! Ha-ha-ha! Khee-khee-khee!"

Now in high spirits, Katerina Ivanovna at once got carried away into various details and suddenly began talking about how, with the help of the pension she would obtain, she would without fail open a boarding school for young ladies of good family in her native town of T... Raskolnikov had not yet been told of this by Katerina Ivanovna herself, and she at once got carried away into the most alluring details. No one knew how, but there suddenly turned up in her hands that very "certificate of merit" the late Marmeladov had told Raskolnikov about, explaining to him in the tavern that Katerina Ivanovna, his spouse, had danced with a shawl at her graduation from the institute "before the governor and other persons." This certificate of merit was evidently now meant

to serve as evidence of Katerina Ivanovna's right to open a boarding school herself; but above all it had been kept in readiness for the purpose of finally cutting down "both those dressed-up draggletails," in case they came to the funeral dinner, and proving to them plainly that Katerina Ivanovna came from a most noble, "one might even say aristocratic, house, a colonel's daughter, and surely better than certain adventuresses, of whom so many have multiplied lately." The certificate of merit at once went from hand to hand among the drunken guests, which Katerina Ivanovna did not prevent, because it really did state, *en toutes lettres*, that she was the daughter of a court councillor and holder of an order,[2] and consequently was in fact very nearly a colonel's daughter. Fired up, Katerina Ivanovna at once launched into all the details of the beautiful and tranquil life to come in T...: of the gymnasium teachers she would invite to give lessons in her boarding school; of one venerable old man, the Frenchman Mangot, who had taught French to Katerina Ivanovna herself at the institute and was still living out his days in T... and would surely come to her for the most reasonable fee. At last it came to Sonya too, "who would go to T... together with Katerina Ivanovna and help her there in everything." But here suddenly someone snorted at the end of the table. Though Katerina Ivanovna at once tried to make it seem that she disdainfully failed to notice the laughter that had arisen at the end of the table, she at once, deliberately raising her voice, began speaking with animation of Sofya Semyonovna's undoubted abilities to serve as her assistant, "of her meekness, patience, self-sacrifice, nobility, and education," whereupon she patted Sonya on the cheek and, half rising, warmly kissed her twice. Sonya flushed, and Katerina Ivanovna suddenly burst into tears, remarking about herself then and there that "she was a weak-nerved fool and much too upset, and it was time to finish, and since the food was finished, the tea ought to be served." At that very moment Amalia Ivanovna,

by now thoroughly offended that she had taken not the slightest part in the whole conversation and that no one was even listening to her, suddenly ventured on a last attempt and, with secret anguish, made bold to impart to Katerina Ivanovna one extremely sensible and profound observation, to the effect that in the future boarding school particular attention must be paid to the young ladies' clean linen (*die Wäsche*) and that "must absolute vun such goot lady (*die Dame*) be, vat nice about the linen looks," and second, "that all young girls secretly by nights no novel read." Katerina Ivanovna, who really was upset and very tired, and was by now completely sick of the funeral dinner, at once "cut off" Amalia Ivanovna, saying that she was "talking rubbish" and understood nothing; that worrying about *die Wäsche* was the business of the linen-keeper and not of the directress of a boarding school for young ladies of good family; and as for the reading of novels, that was simply an indecency even to speak of, and she asked her to be quiet. Amalia Ivanovna flared up and, turning spiteful, remarked that she had only "goot vished" and that she had "wery much goot vished," and that "for the apartment long time no *Geld* vas paid." Katerina Ivanovna at once "put her in her place," saying that she was lying when she said she had "goot vished," because only yesterday, while the deceased was still lying on the table, she had been tormenting her about the rent. To this Amalia Ivanovna very logically remarked that she "those ladies invited, but those ladies not came, because those ladies noble ladies are and cannot come to not-noble lady." Katerina Ivanovna at once "underlined" to her that since she was a slattern, she could not judge what true nobility was. Amalia Ivanovna could not bear it and at once declared that her "*Vater aus Berlin* vas wery, wery important man and vith both hands about in pockets vent and did all the time so: poof! poof!" and, to portray her *Vater* more convincingly, Amalia Ivanovna leaped up from her chair, thrust both hands into her

pockets, puffed out her cheeks, and began making some vague sounds with her mouth resembling poof-poof, amid the loud guffaws of all the lodgers, who were deliberately egging Amalia Ivanovna on with their approval, sensing a fight. But this Katerina Ivanovna could endure no longer, and at once, for all to hear, she "rapped out" that Amalia Ivanovna had perhaps never had any *Vater* at all, that Amalia Ivanovna was simply a drunken Petersburg Finn and had surely been a cook somewhere before, and perhaps something worse. Amalia Ivanovna turned red as a lobster and shrieked that maybe it was Katerina Ivanovna who "never no *Vater* had; but she had *Vater aus Berlin*, and so long frock coat vore, and did all the time: poof, poof, poof!" Katerina Ivanovna remarked with contempt that her origins were known to everyone and that this very certificate of merit stated in printed letters that her father was a colonel; whereas Amalia Ivanovna's father (if she had any father at all) was surely some Petersburg Finn who sold milk; but most likely there had been no father at all, since to this day it was not known what Amalia Ivanovna's patronymic was: Ivanovna or Ludwigovna? Here Amalia Ivanovna, thoroughly enraged and banging her fist on the table, began shrieking that she was Amal-Ivan, and not Ludwigovna, that her *Vater* "vas named Johann and he vas *Bürgermeister*," and that Katerina Ivanovna's *Vater* "never at all vas *Bürgermeister*." Katerina Ivanovna rose from her chair and sternly, in an apparently calm voice (though she was very pale and her chest was heaving deeply), remarked to her that if she dared even one more time "to put her wretched little *Vater* on the same footing as her papa, then she, Katerina Ivanovna, would tear the cap off her head and trample it underfoot." Hearing this, Amalia Ivanovna began running around the room, shouting with all her might that she was the landlady and that Katerina Ivanovna "this minute must out of apartment move"; then she rushed for some reason to gather the silver spoons from the table. An uproar and a

crash arose; the children began to cry. Sonya rushed to hold Katerina Ivanovna back; but when Amalia Ivanovna suddenly shouted something about a yellow ticket, Katerina Ivanovna pushed Sonya away and made for Amalia Ivanovna to carry out her threat about the cap then and there. At that moment the door opened, and on the threshold of the room there suddenly appeared Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin. He stood surveying the whole company with a stern, attentive gaze. Katerina Ivanovna rushed to him.

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1. Polish for “Madame Cornet’s wife” (a *khorunzhy* was a junior officer, a cornet or ensign): the little Pole flatters her with a gentry-style title.

2. A court councillor stood seventh in the Table of Ranks, equal to a lieutenant colonel in the army; “holder of an order” (*kavaler*) means he had been decorated. Hence “very nearly a colonel’s daughter.”

Part Five · III

"Pyotr Petrovich!" she cried. "You at least protect me! Make this stupid creature understand that she dare not treat a noble lady in misfortune like this, that there are courts for this... I'll go to the governor-general himself... She'll answer for it... Remember my father's bread and salt, and protect the orphans."

"Excuse me, madam... Excuse me, excuse me, madam," Pyotr Petrovich warded her off. "Your papa, as you yourself know, I never had the honor of knowing at all... excuse me, madam! (someone laughed loudly) and I have no intention of taking part in your endless squabbles with Amalia Ivanovna, ma'am... I have come on business of my own... and I wish to have a word, immediately, with your stepdaughter, Sofya... Ivanovna... I believe that's right, ma'am? Allow me to pass, ma'am..."

And Pyotr Petrovich, edging sideways around Katerina Ivanovna, made for the opposite corner, where Sonya was.

Katerina Ivanovna stayed just where she stood, as if thunderstruck. She could not understand how Pyotr Petrovich could disown her papa's bread and salt. Having once invented this bread and salt, she now believed in it devoutly. She was struck, too, by Pyotr Petrovich's businesslike, dry tone, full even of a sort of contemptuous menace. And indeed everyone had somehow fallen quiet little by little at his appearance. Apart from the fact that this "businesslike and serious" man was all too sharply out of harmony with the whole company, apart from that it was evident that he had come about something important, that probably some extraordinary reason alone could have drawn him into such company,

and that, consequently, something was about to happen, something was coming. Raskolnikov, who was standing beside Sonya, moved aside to let him pass; Pyotr Petrovich seemed not to notice him at all. A minute later Lebezyatnikov too appeared on the threshold; he did not come into the room, but stopped there, also with a sort of peculiar curiosity, almost with surprise; he was listening, but for a long time, it seemed, could not make something out.

"Forgive me if I am perhaps interrupting, but the matter is rather important, ma'am," Pyotr Petrovich remarked, somehow generally, not addressing anyone in particular. "I am even glad to have the public present. Amalia Ivanovna, I most humbly request you, in your capacity as mistress of the apartment, to pay attention to the conversation I am about to have with Sofya Ivanovna. Sofya Ivanovna," he went on, turning straight to the extremely astonished and already frightened Sonya, "from my table, in the room of my friend Andrei Semyonovich Lebezyatnikov, immediately after your visit, there disappeared a state credit note belonging to me, of the denomination of one hundred roubles. If in any way whatsoever you know, and will show us, where it is now, then I assure you on my word of honor, and I take everyone as my witness, that the matter will end there. Otherwise I shall be compelled to resort to very serious measures, and then... you will have only yourself to blame, ma'am!"

Total silence fell in the room. Even the crying children grew quiet. Sonya stood deathly pale, looking at Luzhin, and could make no answer. It was as if she did not yet even understand. Several seconds passed.

"Well, ma'am, how is it to be, ma'am?" asked Luzhin, looking at her intently.

"I don't know... I don't know anything..." Sonya said at last in a weak voice.

"No? You don't know?" Luzhin asked again, and was silent for several seconds more. "Think, mademoiselle," he began sternly, but still as though admonishing her, "consider it; I am willing to give you more time for reflection. Kindly see, ma'am: if I were not so certain, then of course, with my experience, I would not have risked accusing you so directly; for an accusation of this kind, direct and public, but false or even merely mistaken, I am myself, in a certain sense, answerable. I know that, ma'am. This morning I changed, for my own needs, several five-percent bonds, to the nominal sum of three thousand roubles. The account is written down in my pocketbook. On coming home, I—Andrei Semyonovich is witness to this—began counting the money, and, having counted out two thousand three hundred roubles, I put them away in my pocketbook, and the pocketbook in the side pocket of my frock coat. On the table there remained about five hundred roubles, in credit notes, and among them three notes of a hundred roubles each. At that moment you arrived (at my summons)—and the whole time you were with me afterward you were in extreme embarrassment, so much so that three times, in the middle of our conversation, you even got up and for some reason hurried to leave, though our conversation was not yet finished. Andrei Semyonovich can testify to all this. Probably you yourself, mademoiselle, will not refuse to confirm and declare that I had summoned you, through Andrei Semyonovich, solely and only in order to talk with you about the orphaned and helpless situation of your relative, Katerina Ivanovna (whose funeral dinner I was unable to attend), and about how useful it would be to arrange something for her benefit, in the way of a subscription, a lottery, or the like. You thanked me and even shed tears (I am telling everything just as it was, first, to remind you, and second, to show you that not the slightest detail has been effaced from my memory). Then I took a ten-rouble credit note from the table and handed it to you,

in my own name, for the benefit of your relative and by way of initial assistance. Andrei Semyonovich saw all this. Then I saw you to the door—you being still in the same embarrassment—after which, being left alone with Andrei Semyonovich and having talked with him for about ten minutes, Andrei Semyonovich went out, and I turned again to the table with the money lying on it, with the aim of counting it and setting it aside separately, as I had intended earlier. To my surprise, one hundred-rouble note among the rest was missing. Kindly judge for yourself: suspect Andrei Semyonovich I certainly cannot, ma'am; I am ashamed even of the supposition. Nor could I have made a mistake in the count, because a minute before you came, having finished all my accounts, I found the total correct. You must agree yourself that, recalling your embarrassment, your haste to leave, and the fact that you kept your hands on the table for some time; taking into consideration, finally, your social position and the habits connected with it, I was, so to speak, with horror and even against my will, compelled to settle upon a suspicion—cruel, of course, but—just, ma'am! I will add, and repeat, that despite all my evident certainty I understand that there is still, in my present accusation, a certain risk for me. But, as you see, I have not let it rest; I have taken a stand, and I will tell you why: solely, madam, solely because of your blackest ingratitude! What? I invite you in the interests of your most destitute relative, I present you with my humble alms of ten roubles, and you, right then and there, at once, repay me for all this with such an act! No, ma'am, that is not nice, ma'am! A lesson is necessary, ma'am. Consider, then; what is more, as your true friend I beg you (for you can have no better friend at this moment), come to your senses! Otherwise I shall be implacable! Well, ma'am, and so?"

"I didn't take anything from you," Sonya whispered in horror. "You gave me ten roubles, here, take them." Sonya took her hand-

kerchief from her pocket, found the knot, untied it, took out the ten-rouble note, and held out her hand to Luzhin.

"And the remaining hundred roubles you still won't confess to?" he said reproachfully and insistently, not taking the note.

Sonya looked around. Everyone was gazing at her with such terrible, stern, mocking, hateful faces. She glanced at Raskolnikov... he stood by the wall, his arms folded, and was looking at her with a fiery gaze.

"Oh, Lord!" broke from Sonya.

"Amalia Ivanovna, the police will have to be notified, and therefore I most humbly ask you to send for the caretaker in the meantime," Luzhin said quietly and even kindly.

"*Gott der Barmherzige*! I knew it, that she has stealed!" Amalia Ivanovna threw up her hands.

"You knew it?" Luzhin caught her up. "Then you must already have had at least some grounds before for drawing such a conclusion. I ask you, most worthy Amalia Ivanovna, to remember your words, which, by the way, were spoken before witnesses."

On all sides a loud hubbub suddenly arose. Everyone began to stir.

"Wha-a-at!" Katerina Ivanovna suddenly cried, coming to her senses, and, as if she had broken loose, rushed at Luzhin. "What! You accuse her of theft? Sonya? Oh, the scoundrels, the scoundrels!" And rushing to Sonya, she clasped her as in a vise in her wasted arms.

"Sonya! How dared you take ten roubles from him! Oh, you silly girl! Give it here! Give me those ten roubles this minute—there!"

And, snatching the note from Sonya, Katerina Ivanovna crumpled it in her hands and flung it backhand straight into Luzhin's face. The little wad hit him in the eye and bounced onto the floor. Amalia Ivanovna rushed to pick up the money. Pyotr Petrovich grew angry.

"Restrain this madwoman!" he shouted.

In the doorway, at that moment, several more faces appeared beside Lebezyatnikov, among whom the two out-of-town ladies were peeking in as well.

"What! A madwoman? I'm a madwoman, am I? Fool!" shrieked Katerina Ivanovna. "You're a fool yourself, you pettifogging shyster, you low man! Sonya, Sonya would take his money! Sonya a thief! Why, she'd sooner give you money, you fool!" And Katerina Ivanovna laughed hysterically. "Have you ever seen such a fool?" she darted in every direction, pointing Luzhin out to everyone. "What! You too?" She caught sight of the landlady. "You too, you sausage-seller, you join in and confirm that she 'has stealed,' you vile Prussian chicken leg in a crinoline! Oh, you people! Oh, you! Why, she never even left the room, and as soon as she came back from you, you scoundrel, she sat down right here beside Rodion Romanovich!... Search her! If she didn't go anywhere, then the money must be on her! Go on, search, search, search! Only if you don't find it, then, excuse me, my dear man, you'll answer for it! To the sovereign, to the sovereign, to the merciful Tsar himself I'll run, I'll throw myself at his feet, right now, this very day! I am an orphan! They'll let me in! You think they won't let me in? You lie, I'll get there! I'll get the-e-ere! Were you counting on her being meek? Was that what you relied on? Well, I, my friend, am not so meek! You'll break your neck! Go on, search! Search, search, go on, search!!"

And Katerina Ivanovna, in a frenzy, kept pulling at Luzhin, dragging him toward Sonya.

"I am ready, ma'am, and I answer for it... but calm yourself, madam, calm yourself! I see all too well that you are not meek!... This... this... how is this to be, ma'am?" Luzhin muttered. "This ought to be done in the presence of the police, ma'am... although, as it is, there are more than enough witnesses now... I am ready,

ma'am... But in any case it is awkward for a man... on account of sex... If with the help of Amalia Ivanovna... although that's not how things are done... How is this to be, ma'am?"

"Anyone you like! Let anyone who wants to search her!" Katerina Ivanovna was shouting. "Sonya, turn your pockets out for them! There, there! Look, you monster, here, it's empty, the handkerchief was here, the pocket's empty, you see! Here's the other pocket, here, here! You see, you see!"

And Katerina Ivanovna did not so much turn out as simply yank out both pockets, one after the other. But from the second, the right-hand pocket, a piece of paper suddenly jumped out and, describing a parabola in the air, fell at Luzhin's feet. Everyone saw it; many cried out. Pyotr Petrovich bent down, picked up the paper from the floor with two fingers, raised it for all to see, and unfolded it. It was a hundred-rouble credit note, folded in eight. Pyotr Petrovich swept his hand around in a circle, showing everyone the note.

"Thief! Out of apartment! Polizei, Polizei!" howled Amalia Ivanovna. "Them must to Siberia be chased! Out!"

Exclamations flew from all sides. Raskolnikov was silent, never taking his eyes off Sonya, shifting them now and then, but quickly, to Luzhin. Sonya stood in the same place, as if senseless: she was hardly even surprised. Suddenly color flooded her whole face; she cried out and covered her face with her hands.

"No, it wasn't me! I didn't take it! I don't know!" she cried with a heartrending wail, and rushed to Katerina Ivanovna. The latter seized her and pressed her tightly to herself, as if wishing to shield her from everyone with her own breast.

"Sonya! Sonya! I don't believe it! You see, I don't believe it!" Katerina Ivanovna kept crying (despite all the evidence), shaking her in her arms like a child, kissing her countless times, catching her hands and kissing them, simply clinging to them with her lips.

“As if you would take it! What stupid people these are! Oh, Lord! You’re stupid, stupid,” she shouted, turning to them all, “you don’t know yet, you don’t know what a heart this is, what a girl this is! She’d take it, she would! Why, she’d strip off her last dress, sell it, go barefoot, and give it to you if you needed it, that’s what she’s like! She even got the yellow ticket because my own children were dying of hunger, she sold herself for us!... Ah, my poor dead husband, my poor dead husband! Ah, my poor dead husband, my poor dead husband! Do you see? Do you see? There’s a funeral dinner for you! Lord! Why don’t you defend her, why are you all just standing there! Rodion Romanovich! Why don’t you stand up for her? Do you believe it too? You’re not worth her little finger, all of you, all, all, all! Lord! Defend her, then, at last!”

The weeping of poor, consumptive, orphaned Katerina Ivanovna seemed to produce a strong effect on the public. There was so much that was pitiful, so much suffering, in this wasted consumptive face twisted with pain, in these parched lips caked with blood, in this hoarsely shouting voice, in this sobbing, so like a child’s crying, in this trustful, childlike, and at the same time desperate plea for protection, that everyone, it seemed, felt sorry for the unfortunate woman. Pyotr Petrovich, at least, at once felt sorry.

“Madam! Madam!” he exclaimed in an impressive voice. “This fact does not concern you! No one would venture to accuse you of intent or collusion, the more so as it was you yourself who brought it to light by turning out the pocket: therefore you suspected nothing. I am most, most ready to feel sorry if, so to speak, poverty drove Sofya Semyonovna to it too, but why, mademoiselle, would you not confess? Afraid of the disgrace? The first step? Lost your head, perhaps? An understandable thing, ma’am; very understandable, ma’am... But still, why go in for such doings! Ladies and gentlemen!” he addressed all those present. “Ladies and gentlemen! Feeling pity and, so to speak, compassion, I am perhaps prepared

to forgive, even now, despite the personal insults I have received. May your present shame, mademoiselle, serve you as a lesson for the future," he turned to Sonya, "and I shall let the rest go and, so be it, I drop the matter. Enough!"

Pyotr Petrovich glanced sidelong at Raskolnikov. Their eyes met. Raskolnikov's burning gaze was ready to reduce him to ashes. Meanwhile Katerina Ivanovna seemed to hear nothing more: she was hugging and kissing Sonya like a madwoman. The children too had flung their little arms around Sonya from all sides, while Polechka—who did not quite understand, however, what it was all about—seemed simply drowning in tears, breaking down in sobs, her pretty little face, swollen with crying, hidden on Sonya's shoulder.

"How low this is!" a loud voice suddenly rang out in the doorway.

Pyotr Petrovich quickly looked around.

"What baseness!" Lebezyatnikov repeated, looking him intently in the eye.

Pyotr Petrovich even seemed to give a start. Everyone noticed it. (They recalled it afterward.) Lebezyatnikov stepped into the room.

"And you dared to call me as your witness?" he said, going up to Pyotr Petrovich.

"What does this mean, Andrei Semyonovich? What are you talking about?" Luzhin muttered.

"It means that you are... a slanderer, that's what my words mean!" Lebezyatnikov said hotly, looking at him sternly with his weak-sighted little eyes. He was terribly angry. Raskolnikov fixed his eyes on him, as if catching and weighing every word. Once again silence fell. Pyotr Petrovich almost lost his head, especially at the first instant.

"If that is meant for me…" he began, stammering, "but what's the matter with you? Are you in your right mind?"

"I'm in my right mind, sir, but you are… a swindler! Oh, how low this is! I've been listening to everything, I was purposely waiting the whole time so as to understand it all, because, I confess, even now it isn't quite logical… But why you did all this—I don't understand."

"But what have I done! Will you stop talking in your nonsensical riddles! Or have you been drinking, perhaps?"

"It's you, you low man, who drink perhaps, not I! I never even drink vodka, because it isn't in my convictions! Imagine, he, he himself, with his own hands, gave this hundred-rouble note to Sofya Semyonovna—I saw it, I'm a witness, I'll take an oath! He did, he did!" Lebezyatnikov kept repeating, turning to each and every one.

"Have you gone out of your mind or not, you milksop?" Luzhin shrieked. "She is here herself before you, in person—she herself, here, just now, in front of everyone, confirmed that apart from ten roubles she received nothing from me. How then could I have given it to her, after that?"

"I saw it, I saw it!" Lebezyatnikov kept shouting and affirming. "And though it's against my convictions, I am ready this very hour to take any oath you like in court, because I saw how you slipped it to her on the sly! Only I, like a fool, thought you'd slipped it to her out of charity! In the doorway, as you were saying good-bye to her, when she turned and you were shaking her hand with one hand, with the other, the left, you quietly put the note into her pocket. I saw it! I saw it!"

Luzhin turned pale.

"What lies you're telling!" he cried insolently. "And how could you, standing by the window, make out a note? You imagined it… with your weak eyes. You're raving!"

"No, I didn't imagine it! And though I was standing far off, I saw everything, everything, and though from the window it really is hard to make out a note—you're right about that—I knew for certain, owing to a special circumstance, that it was precisely a hundred-rouble note, because when you began giving Sofya Semyonovna the ten-rouble note—I saw it myself—you took a hundred-rouble note from the table at the same time (that I saw, because I was standing near then, and since a certain thought occurred to me at once, that's why I didn't forget that you had the note in your hand). You folded it and kept it squeezed in your hand the whole time. Then I had forgotten about it again, but when you began to get up, you shifted it from your right hand to your left and nearly dropped it; then I remembered again, because the same thought came to me again, namely that you wanted to do her a kindness without my knowing. You can imagine how I began watching—and I saw how you managed to slip it into her pocket. I saw it, I saw it, I'll take an oath!"

Lebezyatnikov was nearly choking. On all sides various exclamations began to be heard, most of them expressing surprise; but exclamations taking on a menacing tone were heard as well. Everyone crowded toward Pyotr Petrovich. Katerina Ivanovna rushed to Lebezyatnikov.

"Andrei Semyonovich! I was wrong about you! Protect her! You alone are on her side! She's an orphan, God has sent you! Andrei Semyonovich, my dear, my good man!"

And Katerina Ivanovna, hardly aware of what she was doing, threw herself on her knees before him.

"Drivel!" howled Luzhin, enraged to the point of fury. "It's drivel you keep grinding out, sir. 'I forgot, I remembered, I forgot'—what is all this! So I planted it on her on purpose, did I? Why? With what aim? What have I in common with this…"

"Why? That's just what I don't understand myself, but that I'm telling a true fact, that much is certain! So far am I from mistaken, you vile, criminal man, that I remember precisely how a question about it came into my head at once, right at the time when I was thanking you and shaking your hand. Why exactly had you put it into her pocket by stealth? That is, why precisely by stealth? Could it be only because you wanted to hide it from me, knowing that I hold opposite convictions and reject private charity, which cures nothing radically? Well, and I decided that you really were ashamed in front of me to hand out such sums, and besides, perhaps, I thought, he wants to give her a surprise, to astonish her when she finds a whole hundred roubles in her pocket. (Because some benefactors are very fond of spreading out their good deeds like that; I know.) Then it also occurred to me that you wanted to test her, that is, whether she would come to thank you when she found it? Then, that you wanted to avoid gratitude and so that, well, how does the saying go: so that the right hand, or something, shouldn't know... in a word, something of the sort... Well, so many thoughts came into my head then that I decided to think it all over later, but all the same I considered it indelicate to reveal to you that I knew the secret. But then another question came into my head again at once: that Sofya Semyonovna, before she noticed it, might, heaven forbid, lose the money; that's why I decided to come here, call her out, and inform her that a hundred roubles had been put in her pocket. But on the way I first dropped in at the Kobilatnikov ladies' room to take them *The General Conclusion of the Positive Method* and particularly recommend Piderit's article (and Wagner's too, by the way); then I come here, and look what a business is going on! Now could I, could I have had all these thoughts and reflections if I really hadn't seen you put a hundred roubles in her pocket?"

When Andrei Semyonovich had finished his long-winded reasonings, with such a logical deduction at the close of his speech, he was terribly tired, and sweat was even running down his face. Alas, he could not even express himself properly in Russian (not knowing, however, any other language), so that he was quite exhausted all at once, somehow, and even seemed to have grown thinner after his feat of advocacy. Nevertheless his speech produced an extraordinary effect. He had spoken with such heat, with such conviction, that everyone evidently believed him. Pyotr Petrovich felt that things were going badly.

"What is it to me that some stupid questions came into your head!" he cried. "That is no proof, sir! You could have dreamed all that up in your sleep, and that's all, sir! And I tell you that you are lying, sir! You are lying and slandering out of some spite against me, and precisely out of pique because I would not agree to your freethinking and godless social proposals, that's what it is, sir!"

But this dodge did Pyotr Petrovich no good. On the contrary, a murmur arose on all sides.

"Ah, so that's what you're driving at!" cried Lebezyatnikov. "You lie! Call the police, and I'll take an oath! There's only one thing I can't understand: why he risked such a low act! Oh, pitiful, vile man!"

"I can explain why he risked such an act, and, if need be, I will take an oath myself!" Raskolnikov said at last in a firm voice, and stepped forward.

He was, to all appearances, firm and calm. It somehow became clear to everyone, at a single glance at him, that he really did know what the matter was, and that things had come to their denouement.

"Now I have made it all completely clear to myself," Raskolnikov went on, turning straight to Lebezyatnikov. "From the very beginning of this business I began to suspect some vile trick here; I

began to suspect it because of certain special circumstances, known to me alone, which I will now explain to everyone: the whole thing lies in them! But you, Andrei Semyonovich, with your precious testimony, have made everything finally clear to me. I ask everyone, everyone, to listen: this gentleman (he pointed at Luzhin) was recently engaged to a certain young lady, namely, my sister, Avdotya Romanovna Raskolnikova. But, having arrived in Petersburg, he quarreled with me the day before yesterday, at our first meeting, and I threw him out of my room, for which there are two witnesses. This man is very spiteful… The day before yesterday I did not yet know that he was staying here in these rooms, with you, Andrei Semyonovich, and that, consequently, on the very same day we quarreled, that is, the day before yesterday, he witnessed how I gave some money, as a friend of the late Mr. Marmeladov, to his wife Katerina Ivanovna for the funeral. He at once wrote a note to my mother and informed her that I had given all the money not to Katerina Ivanovna but to Sofya Semyonovna, and in doing so he referred in the vilest terms to… to the character of Sofya Semyonovna, that is, he hinted at the character of my relations with Sofya Semyonovna. All this, as you understand, with the aim of setting me at odds with my mother and sister, by suggesting to them that I was squandering, for ignoble purposes, their last money, with which they help me. Last night, in the presence of my mother and sister, and in his presence, I established the truth, proving that I had given the money to Katerina Ivanovna for the funeral, and not to Sofya Semyonovna, and that the day before yesterday I was not even acquainted with Sofya Semyonovna and had not yet even seen her face. To this I added that he, Pyotr Petrovich Luzhin, with all his merits, was not worth Sofya Semyonovna's little finger, of whom he speaks so ill. To his question whether I would seat Sofya Semyonovna beside my sister, I answered that I had already done so, that same day. Infuriated that

my mother and sister would not quarrel with me on the strength of his slanders, he began, one word leading to another, to say unpardonably insolent things to them. A final break took place, and he was thrown out of the house. All this happened last night. Now I ask for your special attention: imagine that if he had now succeeded in proving that Sofya Semyonovna is a thief, then, first, he would have proved to my sister and mother that he had been almost right in his suspicions; that he had been justly angry at my putting my sister and Sofya Semyonovna on the same footing; that, in attacking me, he was therefore defending and safeguarding the honor of my sister, his fiancée. In a word, through all this he might even have set me at odds with my family again and, of course, he hoped to get back into their good graces. Not to mention that he was taking revenge on me personally, because he has grounds for supposing that the honor and happiness of Sofya Semyonovna are very dear to me. There's his whole calculation! That's how I understand this business! There is the whole reason, and there can be no other!"

So, or almost so, Raskolnikov ended his speech, which was frequently interrupted by exclamations from the public, who, however, listened very attentively. But despite all the interruptions he spoke sharply, calmly, precisely, clearly, firmly. His sharp voice, his tone of conviction, and his stern face produced an extraordinary effect on everyone.

"Yes, yes, that's it!" Lebezyatnikov confirmed in rapture. "It must be so, because he asked me, precisely, as soon as Sofya Semyonovna came into our room, 'are you here? hadn't I seen you among Katerina Ivanovna's guests?' He called me over to the window for that and asked me there on the quiet. So it was absolutely necessary to him that you should be here! That's it, that's exactly it!"

Luzhin was silent and smiled contemptuously. He was very pale, however. He seemed to be pondering how to wriggle out of it. Perhaps he would gladly have dropped the whole thing and left, but at the present moment that was almost impossible; it would mean openly admitting the justice of the charges brought against him and that he really had slandered Sofya Semyonovna. Besides, the public, already tipsy as it was, was much too agitated. The commissariat man, though he did not understand everything, was shouting louder than anyone and proposing certain measures very unpleasant for Luzhin. But there were sober people too; they had come and gathered from all the rooms. All three little Poles were terribly heated and kept shouting at him: "*Panie łajdak*!"[1] and muttering some threats in Polish besides. Sonya listened with strained attention, but as if she too did not understand everything, as if she were coming out of a faint. She simply did not take her eyes off Raskolnikov, feeling that all her protection lay in him. Katerina Ivanovna was breathing with difficulty and a rasp and seemed to be in terrible exhaustion. Most stupid of all stood Amalia Ivanovna, her mouth open, understanding absolutely nothing. She only saw that Pyotr Petrovich had somehow been caught. Raskolnikov asked to speak again, but they would not let him finish: everyone was shouting and crowding around Luzhin with curses and threats. But Pyotr Petrovich did not lose his nerve. Seeing that the case against Sonya was completely lost, he resorted to sheer insolence.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, excuse me; don't crowd, let me pass!" he said, making his way through the throng. "And do me the favor of not making threats; I assure you that nothing will come of it, you'll do nothing, I'm not the timid sort, sir, and on the contrary, it is you, ladies and gentlemen, who will answer for having covered up a criminal case by force. The thief has been more than exposed, and I shall prosecute, sir. In court they are not so blind and… not so drunk, sir, and they will not believe two notori-

ous atheists, agitators, and freethinkers, who accuse me out of personal revenge, which they themselves, in their stupidity, admit... Yes, sir, allow me, sir!"

"Not another trace of you in my room, this instant; kindly move out, and everything is over between us! And when I think how I was knocking myself out, explaining things to him... for two whole weeks!..."

"But I told you myself, Andrei Semyonovich, a while ago, that I was moving out, when you were still trying to keep me; now I will only add that you are a fool, sir. I wish you a cure for your mind and your weak eyes. Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, sir!"

He squeezed his way through; but the commissariat man did not want to let him go so easily, with nothing but curses: he seized a glass from the table, swung his arm, and hurled it at Pyotr Petrovich; but the glass flew straight at Amalia Ivanovna. She shrieked, and the commissariat man, losing his balance from the swing, fell heavily under the table. Pyotr Petrovich went to his room, and half an hour later he was no longer in the house. Sonya, timid by nature, had known even before that she could be ruined more easily than anyone else, and that anyone at all could wrong her almost with impunity. But all the same, up to this very minute, it had seemed to her that disaster could somehow be avoided—by caution, by meekness, by submissiveness to each and every one. Her disillusionment was too heavy. She could, of course, bear everything with patience and almost without a murmur—even this. But in the first minute it was just too hard. Despite her triumph and her vindication—when the first fright and the first stupor had passed, when she understood and grasped it all clearly—a feeling of helplessness and humiliation wrung her heart painfully. She went into hysterics. At last, unable to bear it, she rushed out of the room and ran home. This was almost immediately after Luzhin left. Amalia Ivanovna, when the glass struck her amid the loud laughter

of those present, could not stand it either, being left with the hangover from someone else's feast. Shrieking, like a madwoman, she flew at Katerina Ivanovna, considering her to blame for everything:

"Out of apartment! This minute! March!" And with these words she began seizing whatever of Katerina Ivanovna's things came to hand and throwing them on the floor. Already all but done for, nearly fainting, gasping for breath, pale, Katerina Ivanovna jumped up from the bed (on which she had collapsed in exhaustion) and threw herself at Amalia Ivanovna. But the struggle was too unequal; the latter pushed her away like a feather.

"What! Not enough that she's been godlessly slandered—this creature turns on me! What! On the day of my husband's funeral, they drive me out of my lodging, after my bread and salt, into the street, with the orphans! But where will I go!" wailed the poor woman, sobbing and gasping for breath. "Lord!" she suddenly cried out, her eyes flashing. "Can it be there's no justice! Whom are you to protect, if not us, the orphans? But we'll see! There is judgment and truth in the world, there is, I'll find it! Right now, wait, you godless creature! Polechka, stay with the children, I'll be back. Wait for me, out in the street if need be! We'll see whether there's truth in the world!"

And, throwing over her head that same green drap-de-dames shawl that the late Marmeladov had mentioned in his story, Katerina Ivanovna pushed her way through the disorderly and drunken crowd of lodgers who were still thronging the room and ran out into the street with wailing and tears—with the vague aim of finding justice somewhere, right now, immediately, and at any cost. Polechka, terrified, huddled with the children in the corner on the trunk, where, hugging the two little ones and trembling all over, she began waiting for her mother to come back. Amalia Ivanovna was rushing about the room, shrieking, lamenting, fling-

ing everything she came across onto the floor, and raging. The lodgers were bawling, each to his own tune—some were finishing what they had to say, as best they could, about what had happened; others were quarreling and swearing; some had struck up songs…

"And now it's my time too!" thought Raskolnikov. "Well now, Sofya Semyonovna, let's see what you'll have to say now!"

And he set off for Sonya's lodging.

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1. Polish: "You scoundrel, sir!"

Part Five · IV

Raskolnikov had been an active and energetic advocate for Sonya against Luzhin, despite the fact that he himself carried so much horror and suffering of his own in his soul. But, having suffered so much that morning, he was as if glad of the chance to change his impressions, which were becoming unbearable, not to mention how much that was personal and heartfelt lay in his urge to stand up for Sonya. Besides, he had before him, and it alarmed him terribly, especially at moments, the coming meeting with Sonya: he had to tell her who had killed Lizaveta, and he foresaw terrible torment for himself, and was as if warding it off with his hands. And so, when he exclaimed, as he left Katerina Ivanovna's, "Well, what will you say now, Sofya Semyonovna?" he was evidently still in a sort of outwardly excited state of high spirits, defiance, and recent victory over Luzhin. But something strange happened to him. When he reached Kapernaumov's apartment, he felt a sudden loss of strength, and fear. He stopped before the door in thought, with a strange question: "Must I tell who killed Lizaveta?" The question was strange because he suddenly, at the same time, felt that not only was it impossible not to tell, but it was impossible even to put off that moment, even for a while. He did not yet know why it was impossible; he only felt it, and this tormenting awareness of his powerlessness before necessity almost crushed him. So as not to reason and torment himself any longer, he quickly opened the door and looked at Sonya from the threshold. She was sitting with her elbows on the little table and her face in her hands, but, seeing

Raskolnikov, she quickly stood up and came to meet him, as though she had been waiting for him.

"What would have become of me without you!" she said quickly, meeting him in the middle of the room. Evidently this was all she had wanted to tell him as quickly as possible. That was what she had been waiting for.

Raskolnikov went over to the table and sat down on the chair from which she had just risen. She stood before him two steps away, exactly as yesterday.

"Well, Sonya?" he said, and suddenly felt that his voice was trembling. "The whole thing, you see, rested on 'social position and the habits connected with it.' Did you understand that, back there?"

Suffering showed in her face.

"Only don't talk to me the way you did yesterday!" she interrupted him. "Please, don't start. There's torment enough as it is…"

She quickly smiled, afraid that he might not like the reproach.

"I was silly to leave there. What's happening there now? I was just about to go, but I kept thinking that… you'd come by."

He told her that Amalia Ivanovna was throwing them out of the apartment and that Katerina Ivanovna had run off somewhere "to seek justice."

"Oh, my God!" Sonya started up. "Let's go, quickly…"

And she seized her little cape.

"Forever the same thing!" Raskolnikov cried irritably. "They're all you ever think about! Stay with me."

"But… Katerina Ivanovna?"

"Katerina Ivanovna, of course, won't pass you by, she'll come to you herself, since she's run out of the house," he added peevishly. "If she doesn't find you in, you'll be the one to blame, you know…"

Sonya sat down on a chair in tormented indecision. Raskolnikov was silent, looking at the floor and thinking something over.

"Let's suppose Luzhin didn't want to this time," he began, without looking at Sonya. "Well, but if he had wanted to, or if it had somehow come into his calculations, he'd have put you away in prison, you know, if Lebezyatnikov and I hadn't happened to be there! Eh?"

"Yes," she said in a weak voice. "Yes!" she repeated, absently and in alarm.

"And I really might not have happened to be there! And Lebezyatnikov turned up quite by chance."

Sonya was silent.

"Well, and if it had been prison, what then? Do you remember what I said yesterday?"

Again she did not answer. He waited.

"And I thought you'd cry out again: 'Oh, don't, stop!'" Raskolnikov laughed, but somehow with effort. "What, silence again?" he asked after a minute. "But we have to talk about something, don't we? Now, what I'd be particularly interested to know is how you would resolve a certain 'question,' as Lebezyatnikov says." (He seemed to be beginning to get confused.) "No, really, I'm serious. Imagine, Sonya, that you had known all of Luzhin's intentions beforehand, had known (that is, for certain) that through them Katerina Ivanovna would be utterly ruined, and the children too; you as well, into the bargain (since you count yourself as nothing, so into the bargain). Polechka too... because the same road lies ahead for her. Well, ma'am; so here it is: if suddenly all this were now left to your decision: which of them should live in the world, that is, should Luzhin live and do his vile deeds, or should Katerina Ivanovna die? Then how would you decide: which of them is to die? I'm asking you."

Sonya looked at him uneasily: she heard something peculiar in this unsteady speech, which was edging toward something from far off.

"I had a feeling you'd ask something like that," she said, looking at him searchingly.

"All right, so be it; but still, how would you decide?"

"Why do you ask about what can't happen?" Sonya said with revulsion.

"So it's better for Luzhin to live and do his vile deeds! You didn't dare decide even that?"

"But I can't know God's providence... And why do you ask what mustn't be asked? Why such empty questions? How could it happen that it should depend on my decision? And who made me a judge here: who is to live, who is not to live?"

"Once God's providence gets mixed up in it, there's nothing to be done," Raskolnikov grumbled sullenly.

"Better tell me straight out what you want!" Sonya cried in anguish. "You're leading up to something again... Can it be you came only to torment me!"

She could not bear it and suddenly began to cry bitterly. He looked at her in gloomy anguish. About five minutes passed.

"But you're right, Sonya," he said quietly at last. He had suddenly changed; his affectedly brazen and feebly defiant tone had vanished. Even his voice suddenly grew weak. "I told you myself yesterday that I wouldn't come to ask forgiveness, and here I've all but begun by asking forgiveness... What I said about Luzhin and providence, I was saying it for myself... That was my asking forgiveness, Sonya..." He tried to smile, but something feeble and unfinished showed in his pale smile. He bowed his head and covered his face with his hands.

And suddenly a strange, unexpected sensation of a sort of caustic hatred for Sonya passed through his heart. As if surprised and frightened himself by this sensation, he suddenly raised his head and looked at her intently; but he met her uneasy and agonizingly solicitous gaze; there was love in it; his hatred vanished like a

phantom. It was not that; he had mistaken one feeling for another. It only meant that the moment had come.

Again he covered his face with his hands and bowed his head. Suddenly he turned pale, got up from the chair, looked at Sonya, and, without uttering a word, moved over to sit on her bed.

This moment was terribly like, in his sensation, the one when he had stood behind the old woman, having already freed the ax from the loop, and felt that "not another instant could be lost."

"What's the matter with you?" asked Sonya, terribly frightened.

He could not utter a word. He had intended to tell her not at all, not at all in this way, and did not himself understand what was happening to him now. She came over to him quietly, sat down on the bed beside him, and waited, not taking her eyes off him. Her heart was pounding and sinking. It became unbearable: he turned his deathly pale face toward her; his lips twisted helplessly, straining to utter something. Horror passed through Sonya's heart.

"What's the matter with you?" she repeated, drawing away from him a little.

"Nothing, Sonya. Don't be frightened... Nonsense! Really, if you think it over—it's nonsense," he muttered with the air of a man in delirium who does not know what he is doing. "Only why have I come to torment *you*?" he added suddenly, looking at her. "Really. Why? I keep asking myself that question, Sonya..."

He might perhaps have been asking himself this question a quarter of an hour before, but now he said it in utter powerlessness, barely conscious of himself and feeling a continual trembling throughout his whole body.

"Oh, how you're suffering!" she said with anguish, gazing at him.

"It's all nonsense!... Listen, Sonya" (for some reason he suddenly smiled, somehow palely and feebly, for about two seconds), "do you remember what I wanted to tell you yesterday?"

Sonya waited uneasily.

"I said, as I was leaving, that perhaps I was saying good-bye to you forever, but that if I came today I would tell you… who killed Lizaveta."

She suddenly began to tremble all over.

"Well, so I've come to tell you."

"So you really meant it yesterday…" she whispered with difficulty. "How do you know?" she asked quickly, as if suddenly coming to herself.

Sonya began to breathe with difficulty. Her face was growing paler and paler.

"I know."

She was silent for a minute.

"Have they found him, then?" she asked timidly.

"No, they haven't."

"Then how do you know about it?" she asked again, barely audibly, and again almost after a minute's silence.

He turned to her and looked at her intently, intently.

"Guess," he said with the same twisted and feeble smile as before.

It was as if convulsions ran through her whole body.

"But you… me… why are you… frightening me like this?" she said, smiling like a child.

"It must mean I'm a great friend of his… since I know," Raskolnikov went on, still unrelentingly looking into her face, as though he no longer had the strength to take his eyes away. "He didn't want… to kill this Lizaveta… He killed her… by accident… He wanted to kill the old woman… when she was alone… and he came… And then Lizaveta came in… And then he… killed her too."

Another terrible minute passed. They both kept looking at each other.

"So you can't guess?" he asked suddenly, with the sensation of throwing himself down from a bell tower.

"N-no," Sonya whispered, barely audibly.

"Take a good look."

And as soon as he said this, again a former, familiar sensation suddenly turned his soul to ice: he was looking at her and suddenly, in her face, he seemed to see the face of Lizaveta. He vividly remembered the expression on Lizaveta's face when he was coming at her that time with the ax, and she was backing away from him toward the wall, putting her hand out in front of her, with a perfectly childlike fright in her face, exactly like little children when they suddenly begin to be frightened of something, gaze fixedly and uneasily at the thing frightening them, shrink back, and, stretching out a little hand, get ready to cry. Almost the very same thing happened now with Sonya: just as helplessly, with the same fright, she looked at him for some time and suddenly, putting her left hand out in front of her, lightly, ever so slightly, pressed her fingers against his chest and slowly began to rise from the bed, drawing farther and farther away from him, and her gaze on him grew more and more fixed. Her horror suddenly communicated itself to him: exactly the same fright showed in his face too, he too began looking at her in exactly the same way, and almost even with the same childlike smile.

"Have you guessed?" he whispered at last.

"Lord!" A terrible wail broke from her breast. She fell helplessly onto the bed, face down in the pillows. But a moment later she quickly raised herself, quickly moved close to him, seized both his hands, and, squeezing them tightly in her thin fingers, as in a vise, again began staring fixedly into his face, as though glued to it. With this last, desperate look she wanted to search out and catch at least some last hope for herself. But there was no hope; no doubt remained whatever; it was all true! Even later, afterward, when she recalled this moment, she found it both strange and marvelous: why exactly had she seen so at once, then, that there

was no longer any doubt? After all, she could not say, for instance, that she had had any presentiment of something of this sort? And yet now, as soon as he told her this, it suddenly seemed to her that she really had somehow had a presentiment of this very thing.

"Enough, Sonya, enough! Don't torment me!" he begged in anguish.

He had thought to reveal it to her not at all, not at all in this way, but that was how it came out.

As if beside herself, she jumped up and, wringing her hands, went as far as the middle of the room; but she quickly came back and sat down beside him again, almost touching him shoulder to shoulder. Suddenly, as if pierced, she shuddered, cried out, and threw herself on her knees before him, not knowing why herself.

"What have you, what have you done to yourself!" she said desperately, and, jumping up from her knees, she threw herself on his neck, put her arms around him, and held him tightly, tightly.

Raskolnikov drew back and looked at her with a sad smile:

"How strange you are, Sonya—you hug me and kiss me, when I've told you about that. You're beside yourself."

"No, there's no one, no one in the whole world unhappier than you now!" she exclaimed as if in a frenzy, not having heard his remark, and suddenly began sobbing as if in hysterics.

A feeling he had long been a stranger to flooded his soul in a wave and softened it all at once. He did not resist it: two tears rolled from his eyes and hung on his lashes.

"So you won't leave me, Sonya?" he said, looking at her almost with hope.

"No, no; never and nowhere!" Sonya cried. "I'll follow you, I'll go everywhere! Oh, Lord!... Oh, how wretched I am!... And why, why didn't I know you before! Why didn't you come before? Oh, Lord!"

"Well, I've come now."

“Now! Oh, what’s to be done now!... Together, together!” she repeated as if in oblivion, and embraced him again. “I’ll go to penal servitude with you, together!” He seemed suddenly to wince all over; the former hateful and almost haughty smile was squeezed out onto his lips.

“I, Sonya, may not want to go to penal servitude just yet,” he said.

Sonya glanced at him quickly.

After her first passionate and agonizing sympathy for the unhappy man, the terrible idea of the murder struck her again. In the changed tone of his words she suddenly heard the murderer. She gazed at him in amazement. She knew nothing yet, neither why, nor how, nor for what purpose it had been. Now all these questions flared up at once in her mind. And again she did not believe it: “He, he a murderer! But is that possible?”

“But what is this! Where am I!” she said in deep bewilderment, as though not yet come to herself. “But how could you, you, such a... bring yourself to do it?... But what is this!”

“Well, yes, to rob. Stop it, Sonya!” he answered somehow wearily and even as if with annoyance.

Sonya stood as if stunned, but suddenly cried out:

“You were hungry! you... to help your mother? Yes?”

“No, Sonya, no,” he muttered, turning away and hanging his head. “I wasn’t so hungry... I really did want to help my mother, but... that’s not quite true either... don’t torment me, Sonya!”

Sonya clasped her hands.

“But can it be, can it be that it’s all real! Lord, what kind of truth is this! Who could believe it?... And how, how can you give away your last money, and yet you killed to rob! Ah!...” she cried out suddenly. “That money you gave Katerina Ivanovna... that money... Lord, can it be that money too...”

"No, Sonya," he interrupted hastily, "that money wasn't the same, calm yourself! That money my mother sent me, through a certain merchant, and I received it when I was ill, the same day I gave it away... Razumikhin saw... in fact it was he who received it for me... that money was mine, my very own, really mine."

Sonya listened to him in bewilderment and tried with all her might to make sense of something.

"And that money... I don't even know, actually, whether there was any money there," he added quietly and as if lost in thought. "I took a purse off her neck that time, a chamois one... a full, tight-packed purse... but I didn't look into it; I didn't have time, I suppose... Well, and the things, some cuff links and chains or other—I buried all those things and the purse under a stone in a strange courtyard on V—— Avenue, the very next morning... It's all lying there still..."

Sonya was listening with all her might.

"Well, then why... how could you say: to rob, when you didn't take anything?" she asked quickly, clutching at a straw.

"I don't know... I haven't decided yet—whether I'll take that money or not," he said, again as if lost in thought, and suddenly, coming to himself, he gave a quick, short laugh. "Eh, what a stupid thing I just blurted out, eh?"

The thought flashed through Sonya's mind: "Isn't he mad?" But at once she dismissed it: no, it was something else. She understood nothing, nothing of it!

"You know, Sonya," he said suddenly with a sort of inspiration, "you know what I'll tell you: if I had only killed because I was hungry," he went on, stressing every word and looking at her enigmatically but sincerely, "then I would now be... happy! You should know that!"

"And what is it to you, what is it to you," he cried a moment later, even with a sort of despair, "well, what is it to you if I did

confess just now that I did wrong? Well, what do you want with this stupid triumph over me? Ah, Sonya, is that what I came to you for now!"

Again Sonya was about to say something, but kept silent.

"That's why I asked you yesterday to come with me, because you're all I have left."

"Come where?" Sonya asked timidly.

"Not to steal and not to kill, don't worry, not for that," he smiled caustically. "We're different people… And you know, Sonya, it's only now, only this minute, that I've understood: where was I asking you to come yesterday? And yesterday, when I asked, I didn't understand myself where. I asked for one thing only, I came for one thing only: that you not leave me. You won't leave me, Sonya?"

She squeezed his hand.

"And why, why did I tell her, why did I reveal it to her!" he exclaimed in despair a minute later, looking at her with infinite torment. "Here you are waiting for explanations from me, Sonya, you sit and wait, I can see it; and what am I to tell you? You won't understand anything of it, you'll only suffer yourself to pieces… because of me! There, you're crying and hugging me again—now why are you hugging me? Because I couldn't bear it myself and came to unload it on someone else: 'You suffer too, it'll be easier for me!' And can you love such a scoundrel?"

"But aren't you suffering too?" cried Sonya.

Again the same feeling flooded his soul in a wave and again softened it for a moment.

"Sonya, I have a wicked heart, take note of that: it can explain a great deal. That's just why I came, because I'm wicked. There are some who wouldn't have come. But I'm a coward and… a scoundrel! But… never mind! that's not it… I must speak now, and I don't know how to begin…"

He stopped and thought.

"E-eh, we're different people!" he cried again. "Not a match. And why, why did I come! I'll never forgive myself for it!"

"No, no, it's good that you came!" Sonya kept exclaiming. "It's better that I should know! Much better!"

He looked at her with pain.

"And what if it really is so!" he said, as if he had made up his mind. "That's just how it was! Here's the thing: I wanted to become a Napoleon, that's why I killed… Well, is it clear now?"

"N-no," Sonya whispered naively and timidly, "only… speak, speak! I'll understand, I'll understand it all inside myself!" she implored him. "You'll understand? Well, all right, we'll see!"

He fell silent and thought for a long time.

"The thing is this: I once put this question to myself: what if, for instance, Napoleon had happened to be in my place, and he had had, to begin his career, neither Toulon, nor Egypt, nor the crossing of Mont Blanc, but instead of all these beautiful and monumental things there was simply some ridiculous little old woman, a petty registrar's widow, whom on top of that you had to kill in order to steal her money out of her trunk (for the career, you understand?), well, would he have brought himself to do it, if there had been no other way out? Wouldn't he have winced because it was much too unmonumental and… and sinful? Well, I tell you that I tormented myself terribly long over that 'question,' so that I felt terribly ashamed when at last I realized (somehow suddenly) that not only would he not have winced, but it would not even have entered his head that it was unmonumental… and he wouldn't even have understood at all: what is there to wince at? And if only there had been no other road for him, he would have strangled her without letting her make a squeak, without any brooding!… Well, and I too… stopped brooding… strangled her… following the example of an authority… And that is exactly how it was! You find it

funny? Yes, Sonya, the funniest thing here is that maybe that's exactly how it was…"

Sonya did not find it funny at all.

"Better tell me straight out… without examples," she begged still more timidly and barely audibly.

He turned to her, looked at her sadly, and took her hands.

"You're right again, Sonya. That's all nonsense, after all, almost nothing but chatter! You see: you know, don't you, that my mother has almost nothing. My sister received an education, by chance, and is doomed to drag around as a governess. All their hopes were in me alone. I was studying, but I couldn't support myself at the university and was forced to leave for a time. Even if it had dragged on like that, in ten or twelve years (if circumstances turned out well) I could still hope to become some sort of teacher or official, with a salary of a thousand roubles…" (He spoke as if reciting something learned by heart.) "And by that time my mother would have withered away from worry and grief, and I still wouldn't have managed to give her peace, and my sister… well, something even worse might have happened to my sister!… And who wants to pass by everything all his life and turn away from everything, forget about his mother, and, for instance, bear the insult to his sister respectfully? What for? So as to bury them and acquire new ones—a wife and children—and then leave them too without a kopeck and without a crust? Well… well, so I decided to take possession of the old woman's money and use it for my first years, without tormenting my mother, to keep myself at the university, for my first steps after the university—and to do all this broadly, radically, so as to set up a whole new career and set out on a new, independent road… Well… well, that's all… Well, of course, killing the old woman—that was a bad thing I did… well, and that's enough!"

In a sort of powerlessness he dragged himself to the end of his story and hung his head.

"Oh, that's not it, not it," Sonya exclaimed in anguish. "And how can anyone… no, it's not so, not so!"

"You see yourself that it's not so!… And yet I told it sincerely, the truth!"

"What kind of truth is that! Oh, Lord!"

"I only killed a louse, Sonya, a useless, nasty, harmful louse."

"A human being—a louse!"

"But I know myself that it's not a louse," he answered, looking at her strangely. "Anyway, I'm lying, Sonya," he added. "I've been lying for a long time… That's all not it; you're right to say so. There are quite, quite, quite different reasons here!… I haven't talked with anyone for a long time, Sonya… My head aches badly now."

His eyes were burning with a feverish fire. He was almost beginning to rave; an uneasy smile wandered on his lips. Through his excited state of mind a terrible powerlessness was already showing. Sonya understood how he was suffering. Her head too was beginning to spin. And he spoke so strangely: as though something could be understood, and yet… "and yet how can it be! How can it be! Oh, Lord!" And she wrung her hands in despair.

"No, Sonya, that's not it!" he began again, suddenly raising his head, as if a sudden turn of thought had struck him and roused him again. "That's not it! Better… suppose (yes! that really is better!), suppose that I'm vain, envious, spiteful, vile, vindictive, well… and, perhaps, inclined to madness as well. (Let it all come at once! They've talked about madness before, I've noticed!) I told you just now that I couldn't support myself at the university. But do you know that perhaps I could have? My mother would have sent me money for the fees, and for boots, clothes, and bread I could have earned it myself; surely! Lessons were turning up; they offered fifty kopecks a lesson. Razumikhin works, doesn't he! But I turned

spiteful and didn't want to. Spiteful, exactly (that's a good word!). I hid away in my corner then like a spider. You've been in my kennel, you've seen it... And do you know, Sonya, that low ceilings and cramped rooms cramp the soul and the mind! Oh, how I hated that kennel! And still I didn't want to leave it. Didn't want to on purpose! I didn't go out for days at a time, and I didn't want to work, and I didn't even want to eat, I just kept lying there. If Nastasya brought something, I'd eat; if she didn't, the day would pass like that; I didn't ask on purpose, out of spite! At night there was no light, I'd lie in the dark, and I wouldn't earn money for candles. I ought to have been studying, but I sold my books; and on my table, on my notes and notebooks, there's a finger's depth of dust even now. I preferred lying and thinking. And I kept thinking... And I had such dreams all the time, strange dreams, all sorts of them, no point saying what! But it was only then that I began to imagine that... No, that's not how it was! Again I'm not telling it right! You see, I kept asking myself then: why am I so stupid that if others are stupid, and if I know for certain that they are stupid, I don't want to be cleverer myself? Then I learned, Sonya, that if you wait for everyone to become clever, it will take much too long... Then I learned besides that it will never happen, that people won't change, and no one can remake them, and it isn't worth wasting the effort! Yes, that's so! That's their law... Law, Sonya! That's so!... And now I know, Sonya, that whoever is strong and powerful in mind and spirit is their master! Whoever dares much is right in their eyes. Whoever can spit on the most is their lawgiver, and whoever can dare more than anyone is the most right of all! So it has gone up to now, and so it will always be! Only a blind man can't see it!"

As he said this, Raskolnikov, though he was looking at Sonya, no longer cared whether she would understand or not. The fever had taken full hold of him. He was in a sort of gloomy rapture. (Indeed,

he had not talked with anyone for too long!) Sonya understood that this gloomy catechism had become his faith and law.

"I realized then, Sonya," he went on rapturously, "that power is given only to the one who dares to bend down and pick it up. There's only one thing here, one thing: you have only to dare! A thought came to me then, for the first time in my life, which no one had ever thought of before me! No one! It suddenly became clear to me as the sun: how is it that not a single person until now has dared or dares, passing by all this absurdity, simply to take it all by the tail and shake it off to the devil! I... I wanted to dare, and I killed... I only wanted to dare, Sonya, that's the whole reason!"

"Oh, be quiet, be quiet!" cried Sonya, clasping her hands. "You turned away from God, and God has struck you, given you over to the devil!..."

"By the way, Sonya, when I was lying in the dark and kept imagining all this, that was the devil leading me astray? eh?"

"Be quiet! Don't laugh, you blasphemer, you understand nothing, nothing! Oh, Lord! He won't understand anything, anything at all!"

"Hush, Sonya, I'm not laughing at all, I know myself that the devil was dragging me. Hush, Sonya, hush!" he repeated gloomily and insistently. "I know everything. I've thought it all over and whispered it all to myself, when I was lying there in the dark... I've argued it all out with myself, down to the last smallest detail, and I know everything, everything! And I was so sick, so sick then of all this chatter! I wanted to forget everything and begin anew, Sonya, and stop chattering! And can you really think I went like a fool, headlong? I went like a clever man, and that is just what ruined me! And can you really think I didn't know, for instance, at least this much, that if I had begun to ask and question myself: have I the right to have power?—then, consequently, I have no right to have power. Or that if I put the question: is a human being a louse?

—then, consequently, a human being is no longer a louse for me, but a louse for the one to whom it never even occurs and who goes straight ahead without questions… If I tormented myself so many days: would Napoleon have gone or not?—then I must have felt clearly that I was not Napoleon… All, all the torment of all this chatter I endured, Sonya, and I wanted to shake it all off my shoulders: I wanted, Sonya, to kill without casuistry, to kill for myself, for myself alone! I didn't want to lie about it even to myself! It wasn't to help my mother that I killed—nonsense! It wasn't so as to get means and power and become a benefactor of mankind that I killed. Nonsense! I simply killed; I killed for myself, for myself alone: and whether I would then become anyone's benefactor, or spend my whole life like a spider catching everyone in my web and sucking the living juices out of them, at that moment it must have been all the same to me!… And it wasn't money, above all, that I needed, Sonya, when I killed; it wasn't money so much that I needed as something else… I know all that now… Understand me: perhaps, going the same road, I would never have repeated the murder again. I needed to find out something else, something else was pushing me on: I needed to find out then, and find out quickly, whether I was a louse like everyone, or a man? Would I be able to step over, or would I not! Would I dare to bend down and pick it up, or not? Am I a trembling creature, or do I have the right…"

"To kill? You have the right to kill?" Sonya clasped her hands.

"E-eh, Sonya!" he cried out irritably, was about to retort something, but fell contemptuously silent. "Don't interrupt me, Sonya! I only wanted to prove one thing to you: that the devil dragged me there then, and only afterward explained to me that I had no right to go there, because I am exactly the same kind of louse as everyone else! He made a fool of me, and so I've come to you now! Receive your guest! If I weren't a louse, would I have come to you?

Listen: when I went to the old woman that time, I only went to try… You may as well know it!"

"And you killed! You killed!"

"But how did I kill? Is that how people kill? Is that how people go to kill, the way I went then! I'll tell you sometime how I went… Did I kill the old woman? I killed myself, not the old woman! There I went and did myself in, at one stroke, forever!… And it was the devil who killed that old woman, not I… Enough, enough, Sonya, enough! Leave me alone," he cried suddenly in convulsive anguish, "leave me alone!"

He leaned his elbows on his knees and squeezed his head between his palms as if in a vise.

"Such suffering!" a tormented wail broke from Sonya.

"Well, what's to be done now, tell me!" he asked, suddenly raising his head and looking at her with a face hideously distorted by despair.

"What's to be done!" she exclaimed, suddenly jumping up from her place, and her eyes, until then full of tears, suddenly flashed. "Stand up!" (She seized him by the shoulder; he raised himself, looking at her almost in amazement.) "Go now, this very minute, stand at the crossroads, bow down, first kiss the earth that you have defiled, and then bow to the whole world, to all four sides, and say to everyone, aloud: 'I have killed!' Then God will send you life again. Will you go? Will you go?" she kept asking him, trembling all over as if in a fit, seizing both his hands, squeezing them tightly in her own, and looking at him with a fiery gaze.

He was amazed and even struck by her sudden ecstasy.

"You mean penal servitude, Sonya? I must give myself up, is that it?" he asked gloomily.

"Accept suffering and redeem yourself by it, that's what you must do."

"No! I won't go to them, Sonya."

"But how will you live, how will you live? What will you live with?" Sonya kept exclaiming. "How is that possible now? Well, how will you talk to your mother? (Oh, and them, what will become of them now!) But what am I saying! You've already abandoned your mother and sister. You have, you've already abandoned them, abandoned them. Oh, Lord!" she cried out. "He knows all this himself already! Well, how, how can you live without a single human being! What will become of you now!"

"Don't be a child, Sonya," he said quietly. "What am I guilty of before them? Why should I go? What will I tell them? It's all only a phantom... They themselves destroy people by the millions, and even think it a virtue. They're rogues and scoundrels, Sonya!... I won't go. And what will I say: that I killed but didn't dare take the money, hid it under a stone?" he added with a caustic grin. "Why, they'll laugh at me themselves, they'll say: a fool, not to take it. A coward and a fool! They won't understand anything, anything, Sonya, and they aren't worthy to understand. Why should I go? I won't go. Don't be a child, Sonya..."

"You'll be tormented, you'll be tormented," she kept repeating, stretching her hands out to him in desperate entreaty.

"Maybe I've slandered myself," he remarked gloomily, as if lost in thought. "Maybe I'm still a man and not a louse, and I was in too much of a hurry to condemn myself... I'll put up a fight yet."

A haughty grin was being squeezed out onto his lips.

"To carry such torment! And for a whole life, a whole life!..."

"I'll get used to it..." he said sullenly and thoughtfully. "Listen," he began after a minute, "stop crying, it's time to talk business: I came to tell you that they're looking for me now, hunting me..."

"Ah!" Sonya cried out in fright.

"Well, why did you cry out! You want me to go to penal servitude yourself, and now you're frightened? Only here's the thing: I won't give myself up to them. I'll fight them yet, and they won't be

able to do anything. They have no real evidence. Yesterday I was in great danger and thought I was already lost; but today things have mended. All their evidence cuts both ways, that is, I can turn their accusations to my own advantage, you understand? and I will; because I've learned how now... But they'll certainly put me in prison. If it weren't for a certain chance, they might have put me there today, certainly even, maybe they'll still put me there today... Only that doesn't matter, Sonya: I'll sit there a while, and they'll let me out... because they haven't a single real proof and won't have, I give you my word. And with what they have you can't put a man away. Well, enough... I only wanted you to know... With my sister and mother I'll try somehow to manage things so as to reassure them and not frighten them... My sister is provided for now, I think, anyway... and so my mother is too... Well, that's all. Be careful, though. Will you come to visit me in prison, when I'm in there?"

"Oh, I will! I will!"

They both sat side by side, sad and crushed, as if they had been cast up alone after a storm on an empty shore. He looked at Sonya and felt how much of her love was upon him, and strangely, it suddenly became heavy and painful to him to be loved so. Yes, it was a strange and terrible sensation! On his way to Sonya he had felt that all his hope and all his way out lay in her; he had thought to lay down at least part of his torments, and suddenly, now, when her whole heart had turned to him, he suddenly felt and realized that he had become incomparably more unhappy than he had been before.

"Sonya," he said, "better not come to see me when I'm in prison."

Sonya did not answer; she was crying. Several minutes passed.

"Are you wearing a cross?" she suddenly asked, unexpectedly, as if she had suddenly remembered.

At first he did not understand the question.

"No, you're not, are you? Here, take this one, the cypress-wood one. I have another left, a copper one, Lizaveta's. Lizaveta and I exchanged crosses, she gave me her cross, and I gave her my little icon. I'll wear Lizaveta's now, and this one is for you. Take it… it's mine! It's mine!" she implored. "We'll go to suffer together, so together we'll bear the cross!…"

"Give it to me!" said Raskolnikov. He did not want to upset her. But at once he drew back the hand he had stretched out for the cross.

"Not now, Sonya. Better later," he added, to calm her.

"Yes, yes, better, better," she caught him up eagerly. "When you go to your suffering, you'll put it on then. You'll come to me, I'll put it on you, we'll pray, and we'll go."

At that moment someone knocked three times at the door.

"Sofya Semyonovna, may I come in?" came a very familiar polite voice.

Sonya rushed to the door in fright. The fair-haired physiognomy of Mr. Lebezyatnikov peeped into the room.

Part Five · V

Lebezyatnikov looked alarmed.

"I've come to you, Sofya Semyonovna. Excuse me… I thought I'd find you here," he suddenly turned to Raskolnikov, "that is, I didn't think anything… of that sort… but I did think so, precisely… Katerina Ivanovna has gone out of her mind back at our place," he suddenly blurted out to Sonya, abandoning Raskolnikov.

Sonya cried out.

"That is, at least it seems so. However… We don't know what to do back there, that's how it is, ma'am! She came back—she'd been thrown out of somewhere, it seems, maybe even beaten… at least, so it seems… She'd run off to Semyon Zakharovich's superior and didn't find him at home; he was dining at the house of some other general… Imagine, she dashed off to where they were dining… to this other general's, and, imagine—she actually insisted, got Semyon Zakharovich's superior called out, and straight from the table, it seems. You can picture what came of it. She was thrown out, of course; but she says that she cursed him herself and threw something at him. One can well believe it… how they didn't arrest her—I don't understand! Now she's telling everyone, Amalia Ivanovna too, only it's hard to understand her, she's shouting and thrashing about… Oh, yes: she says, she shouts, that since everyone has abandoned her now, she'll take the children and go out into the street, carry a barrel organ, and the children will sing and dance, and she will too, and collect money, and go under the general's window every day… 'Let them see,' she says, 'how the well-born children of an official go begging in the streets!' She's

beating all the children, they're crying. She's teaching Lenya to sing 'The Little Farm,' the boy to dance, Polina Mikhailovna too, she's tearing up all the dresses; she's making them some kind of little caps, like actors; she wants to carry a basin herself and bang on it, instead of music... She won't listen to anything... Imagine, how can this be? It's simply impossible!"

Lebezyatnikov would have gone on, but Sonya, who had listened to him scarcely breathing, suddenly snatched up her little mantle and her hat and ran out of the room, dressing as she ran. Raskolnikov went out after her, Lebezyatnikov after him.

"She's certainly lost her mind!" he said to Raskolnikov as they came out into the street together. "I just didn't want to frighten Sofya Semyonovna, so I said 'it seems,' but there isn't a doubt of it. They say it's these little tubercles, in consumption, that pop up on the brain; it's a pity I don't know medicine. I did try to convince her, though, but she won't listen to anything."

"You talked to her about tubercles?"

"Well, not exactly about tubercles. Besides, she wouldn't have understood a thing. But what I'm saying is this: if you convince a person logically that he essentially has nothing to cry about, he'll stop crying. That's clear. And you're convinced he won't stop?"

"Life would be too easy then," Raskolnikov answered.

"Allow me, allow me; of course, it's rather hard for Katerina Ivanovna to understand; but are you aware that in Paris serious experiments have already been conducted concerning the possibility of curing the insane by acting through logical persuasion alone? A professor there, who died recently, a serious scholar, got the idea that they could be treated that way. His basic idea is that there's no particular disorder in the bodies of the insane, and that insanity is, so to speak, a logical error, an error of judgment, an incorrect view of things. He would gradually refute the patient, and, just imagine, he achieved results, they say! But since he also

used cold showers in the process, the results of this treatment are open to doubt, of course… At least, so it seems…"

Raskolnikov had long since stopped listening. When they came level with his building, he nodded to Lebezyatnikov and turned in under the gateway. Lebezyatnikov came to himself, looked around, and ran on.

Raskolnikov went into his little room and stood in the middle of it. "Why had he come back here?" He looked around at the yellowish, scuffed wallpaper, the dust, his couch… From the courtyard came some sharp, incessant knocking; somewhere someone seemed to be hammering something in, a nail of some kind… He went to the window, rose on tiptoe, and for a long time, with an air of extraordinary attention, peered out into the courtyard. But the courtyard was empty, and the people knocking could not be seen. To the left, in the wing, open windows could be seen here and there; on the sills stood little pots of thin, straggly geraniums. Laundry was hung out beyond the windows… He knew all this by heart. He turned away and sat down on the sofa.

Never, never yet had he felt so terribly alone!

Yes, he felt once more that perhaps he really would come to hate Sonya, and precisely now, when he had made her more unhappy. "Why had he gone to her to beg for her tears? Why did he so need to eat up her life? Oh, the baseness of it!"

"I'll remain alone!" he said suddenly and resolutely. "And she won't come to visit me in prison!"

About five minutes later he raised his head and smiled strangely. It was a strange thought: "Maybe in penal servitude it really is better," it suddenly occurred to him.

He did not remember how long he sat there in his room, with vague thoughts crowding his head. Suddenly the door opened and Avdotya Romanovna came in. At first she stopped and looked at him from the threshold, as he had looked at Sonya earlier; only

then did she come in and sit down on a chair facing him, in her place of yesterday. He looked at her in silence and somehow without a thought.

"Don't be angry, brother, I've only come for a minute," said Dunya. The expression on her face was thoughtful, but not stern. Her gaze was clear and quiet. He saw that this one too had come to him with love.

"Brother, now I know everything, everything. Dmitry Prokofyich explained and told me everything. You're being persecuted and tormented because of a stupid and vile suspicion… Dmitry Prokofyich told me that there's no danger at all and that you're wrong to take it with such horror. I don't think so, and I understand completely how everything in you is outraged and that this indignation may leave its marks forever. That's what I'm afraid of. For abandoning us I don't judge you and don't dare to judge you, and forgive me for reproaching you before. I feel in myself that if I had such a great sorrow, I too would go away from everyone. I won't tell Mother anything about this, but I'll talk about you constantly, and I'll tell her from you that you'll come very soon. Don't torment yourself about her; I'll calm her; but don't you torment her either—come at least once; remember that she's your mother! And now I've come only to say" (Dunya began to rise from her seat) "that if, by any chance, you should need me for anything, or should need… my whole life, or anything… then call me, I'll come. Goodbye!"

She turned sharply and went toward the door.

"Dunya!" Raskolnikov stopped her, stood up, and went over to her. "This Razumikhin, Dmitry Prokofyich, is a very good man."

Dunya blushed ever so slightly.

"Well?" she asked, after waiting a minute.

"He's a practical man, hardworking, honest, and capable of loving deeply… Goodbye, Dunya."

Dunya flushed all over, then suddenly grew alarmed.

"But what is this, brother, are we really parting forever, that you're… making me such bequests?"

"It doesn't matter… goodbye…"

He turned away and walked from her to the window. She stood a while, looked at him uneasily, and went out in alarm.

No, he was not cold toward her. There was one instant (the very last one) when he had wanted terribly to hold her tight and say goodbye to her, and even to tell her, but he had not even dared to give her his hand:

"Later on, perhaps, she'll shudder when she remembers that I embraced her just now, she'll say I stole her kiss!"

"And will this one hold out or not?" he added to himself a few minutes later. "No, she won't hold out; that kind can't hold out! That kind never holds out…"

And he thought of Sonya.

A freshness breathed in from the window. Outside the light was no longer shining so brightly. He suddenly took his cap and went out.

He could not, of course, and did not want to, attend to his sickly condition. But all this incessant anxiety and all this horror of the soul could not pass without consequences. And if he was not yet lying in a real fever, it was perhaps precisely because this inner, incessant anxiety still kept him on his feet and conscious, but somehow artificially, for the time being.

He wandered without aim. The sun was setting. A peculiar kind of anguish had begun to make itself felt in him lately. There was nothing especially corrosive, especially burning in it; but there breathed from it something permanent, eternal; he had a foreboding of hopeless years of this cold, deadening anguish, a foreboding of some eternity on "an arshin of space." At the evening hour this sensation usually began to torment him even more.

"Just try, with these stupidest, purely physical infirmities, that depend on some sunset or other, to keep from doing something stupid! Never mind Sonya, you'll end up going to Dunya!" he muttered hatefully.

Someone called out to him. He looked around; Lebezyatnikov came rushing up to him.

"Imagine, I've been to your place, I'm looking for you. Imagine, she's carried out her intention and taken the children away! Sofya Semyonovna and I barely found them. She's banging on a frying pan herself, making the children sing and dance. The children are crying. They stop at the crossroads and by the shops. Foolish people are running after them. Let's go."

"And Sonya?..." Raskolnikov asked anxiously, hurrying after Lebezyatnikov.

"Simply in a frenzy. That is, it's not Sofya Semyonovna who's in a frenzy, it's Katerina Ivanovna; though Sofya Semyonovna is in a frenzy too. But Katerina Ivanovna is completely in a frenzy. I tell you, she's lost her mind for good. They'll take them to the police. You can imagine what effect that will have... They're on the canal now, by the ——sky Bridge, not far at all from Sofya Semyonovna's. Close by."

On the canal, not very far from the bridge and two houses short of the house where Sonya lived, a crowd of people had gathered. Boys and girls especially came running. Katerina Ivanovna's hoarse, strained voice could be heard from the bridge. And it really was a strange spectacle, of the kind to interest the street public. Katerina Ivanovna, in her old dress, in her drap-de-dames shawl and her broken straw hat, knocked to one side in an ugly lump, was indeed in a real frenzy. She was tired and gasping for breath. Her worn-out consumptive face looked more suffering than ever (besides, in the street, in the sun, a consumptive always looks sicker and more disfigured than at home); but her excited state did

not let up, and with every minute she grew more irritated still. She would rush at the children, shout at them, coax them, teach them right there in front of the people how to dance and sing, begin to explain to them why it was necessary, despair at their slowness, beat them… Then, without finishing, she would rush to the public; if she noticed a person even slightly well dressed who had stopped to look, she would at once set about explaining to him that here, you see, was what the children "of a noble, one might even say aristocratic, house" had been brought to. If she heard laughter in the crowd or some teasing little word, she would at once fall upon the insolent ones and start squabbling with them. Some did indeed laugh, others shook their heads; everyone in general was curious to look at the madwoman with the frightened children. The frying pan Lebezyatnikov had spoken of was not there; at least Raskolnikov did not see it; but instead of banging on a frying pan, Katerina Ivanovna would start clapping time with her dry palms when she made Polenka sing and Lenya and Kolya dance; she would even join in the singing herself, but each time she broke off at the second note from an agonizing cough, at which she fell into despair again, cursed her cough, and even wept. Most of all she was driven beside herself by Kolya's and Lenya's crying and fear. There had indeed been an attempt to dress the children up in costume, the way street singers, men and women, dress up. On the boy had been put a turban made of something red and white, so that he would represent a Turk. There were not enough costumes for Lenya; all that had been put on her head was the red knitted worsted cap (or, rather, nightcap) of the late Semyon Zakharovich, and stuck in the cap was a broken piece of white ostrich feather that had belonged to Katerina Ivanovna's grandmother and had been kept until now in a trunk as a family rarity. Polenka was in her ordinary little dress. She looked at her mother timidly and at a loss, did not leave her side, hid her tears, guessed at her mother's

derangement, and looked around her uneasily. The street and the crowd had frightened her terribly. Sonya followed Katerina Ivanovna relentlessly, weeping and begging her every minute to go back home. But Katerina Ivanovna was implacable.

"Stop it, Sonya, stop it!" she shouted in a patter, hurrying, gasping, and coughing. "You don't know yourself what you're asking, just like a child! I've already told you that I won't go back to that drunken German woman. Let everyone see, all Petersburg, how the children of a noble father beg for alms, a father who served faithfully and truly all his life and, one may say, died in the service." (Katerina Ivanovna had already managed to create this fantasy for herself and to believe it blindly.) "Let him, let that worthless little general see. And you're foolish, Sonya: what is there to eat now, tell me? We've tortured you enough, I don't want any more of it! Ah, Rodion Romanych, it's you!" she cried out, seeing Raskolnikov and rushing toward him. "Please explain to this little fool that there's nothing more sensible we can do! Even organ-grinders make a living, and we'll be singled out at once by everyone, they'll learn that we're a poor, well-born family of orphans brought to beggary, and that little general will lose his post, you'll see! We'll go under his windows every day, and when the sovereign drives by, I'll go down on my knees, put all these in front, and point to them: 'Protect us, father!' He is the father of all orphans, he is merciful, he'll protect us, you'll see, and that little general... Lenya! *tenez-vous droite*! You, Kolya, are going to dance again right now. What are you whimpering for? Whimpering again! Well, what, what are you afraid of, you little fool! Lord! What am I to do with him, Rodion Romanych! If you only knew how muddleheaded they are! What can you do with ones like these!..."

And she, nearly crying herself (which did not interrupt her ceaseless, unstoppable patter), pointed out the whimpering children to him. Raskolnikov tried to persuade her to go back, and

even said, thinking to work on her pride, that it was improper for her to walk the streets the way organ-grinders do, since she was preparing to become the directress of a boarding school for well-born young ladies…

"A boarding school, ha-ha-ha! Drums sound sweet from over the hills!" cried Katerina Ivanovna, going off into a fit of coughing right after her laughter. "No, Rodion Romanych, the dream is gone! Everyone has abandoned us!… And that little general… You know, Rodion Romanych, I threw an inkwell at him—there, in the footmen's room, it happened to be standing on the table, by the sheet where people signed their names, and I signed, threw it, and ran away. Oh, base, base people. But I spit on them; now I'll feed these myself, I won't bow to anyone! We've tormented her enough!" (She pointed at Sonya.) "Polenka, how much have we collected, show me? What? Only two kopecks in all? Oh, the vile creatures! They give nothing, they only run after us with their tongues hanging out! Well, what is that blockhead laughing at?" (she pointed at someone in the crowd). "It's all because this Kolka is so slow, he's such a bother! What do you want, Polenka? Speak to me in French, *parlez-moi français*. I did teach you, you do know a few phrases!… Otherwise how will they tell that you're of a noble family, well-brought-up children, and not at all like all the organ-grinders; we're not putting on some 'Petrushka' puppet show in the streets, we'll sing a genteel romance… Ah, yes! What are we going to sing? You all keep interrupting me, and we… you see, Rodion Romanych, we've stopped here to choose what to sing—something Kolya can dance to as well… because all this, you can imagine, is without any preparation on our part; we have to agree on it, so as to rehearse everything thoroughly, and then we'll set off for Nevsky, where there are many more people of high society, and we'll be noticed at once: Lenya knows 'The Little Farm'… Only it's always 'The Little Farm' and 'The Little Farm,' everybody sings

it! We must sing something far more genteel… Well, what have you thought of, Polya, if only you'd help your mother! My memory, I have no memory, or I'd remember! We're not going to sing 'The Hussar Leaning on His Saber,' really! Ah, let's sing '*Cinq sous*' in French! I did teach it to you, I did teach you. And above all, since it's in French, they'll see at once that you're children of the gentry, and it will be much more touching… We could even do '*Malborough s'en va-t-en guerre*,' since it's a perfect children's song and is used in all aristocratic houses to lull children to sleep.

Malborough s'en va-t-en guerre, Ne sait quand reviendra…[1]

she started to sing… "But no, '*Cinq sous*' is better! Come on, Kolya, hands on your hips, quickly, and you, Lenya, turn too, the other way, and Polenka and I will sing along and clap!

Cinq sous, cinq sous, Pour monter notre ménage…

"Khee-khee-khee!" (And she went off into a fit of coughing.) "Straighten your dress, Polenka, the shoulders have slipped down," she remarked through her coughing, catching her breath. "Now you especially must behave properly and with refinement, so that everyone sees you're children of the gentry. I said back then that the bodice should be cut longer, and in two widths besides. It was you, Sonya, with your advice: 'Shorter, shorter,' and look how it turned out, the child is completely disfigured… Well, you're all crying again! Whatever is the matter with you, silly things! Come, Kolya, begin quickly, quickly, quickly—oh, what an insufferable child this is!…

Cinq sous, cinq sous…

"A soldier again! Well, what do you want?"

A policeman was indeed squeezing his way through the crowd. But at the same time a gentleman in a uniform frock coat and an overcoat, a solid official of about fifty, with an order around his neck (this last was very pleasing to Katerina Ivanovna and had an effect on the policeman), came up and silently handed Katerina

Ivanovna a green three-rouble note. His face expressed sincere compassion. Katerina Ivanovna accepted it and bowed to him politely, even ceremoniously.

"I thank you, my dear sir," she began loftily, "the reasons that have prompted us… take the money, Polenka. You see, there are noble and generous people, ready at once to help a poor gentlewoman in misfortune. You see before you, my dear sir, well-born orphans, one might even say with the most aristocratic connections… And that little general sat there eating hazel grouse… stamped his feet because I had disturbed him… 'Your Excellency,' I say, 'protect the orphans, since you knew the late Semyon Zakharovich so well,' I say, 'and since his own daughter was slandered by the basest of scoundrels on the very day of his death…' That soldier again! Protect me!" she shouted to the official. "What is that soldier pestering me for? We've already run away from one, from Meshchanskaya, to here… Well, what business is it of yours, you fool!"

"Because it's forbidden in the streets, ma'am. Kindly don't make a disturbance."

"You're the one making a disturbance! It's the same as if I were going around with a barrel organ, what business is it of yours?"

"For a barrel organ you have to have a permit, ma'am, and you're on your own and gathering a crowd in this manner. Where is it you reside?"

"A permit, indeed!" wailed Katerina Ivanovna. "I buried my husband today, what permit can there be!"

"Madam, madam, calm yourself," the official began, "come, I'll see you home… It's improper here in the crowd… you're not well…"

"My dear sir, my dear sir, you don't know anything!" Katerina Ivanovna shouted. "We're going to Nevsky—Sonya, Sonya! But where is she? Crying too! But what's the matter with all of you!…

Kolya, Lenya, where are you going?" she cried out suddenly in fright. "Oh, silly children! Kolya, Lenya, where are they going!..."

It so happened that Kolya and Lenya, frightened to the last degree by the street crowd and by their deranged mother's antics, seeing at last the soldier who wanted to take them and lead them off somewhere, suddenly, as if by agreement, seized each other by the hand and took to their heels. With a wail and with weeping, poor Katerina Ivanovna rushed to catch up with them. It was ugly and pitiful to look at her, running, weeping, gasping for breath. Sonya and Polenka rushed after her.

"Bring them back, bring them back, Sonya! Oh, stupid, ungrateful children!... Polya! catch them... It's for your sake that I..."

She stumbled at full speed and fell.

"She's hurt herself, she's bleeding! Oh, Lord!" cried Sonya, bending over her.

Everyone came running, everyone crowded around. Raskolnikov and Lebezyatnikov were among the first to run up; the official hurried over too, and after him the policeman, grumbling "Eh, there!" and waving his hand, sensing that the business would turn troublesome.

"Move along! Move along!" he said, driving off the people crowding around.

"She's dying!" someone shouted.

"She's gone mad!" said another.

"Lord preserve us!" said a woman, crossing herself. "Did they catch the little girl and the boy? Look there, they're bringing them, the oldest one caught them... Crazy little things!"

But when they got a good look at Katerina Ivanovna, they saw that she had not hurt herself on a stone at all, as Sonya had thought, but that the blood that had stained the pavement red had gushed from her chest through her throat.

“I know this, I’ve seen it,” the official muttered to Raskolnikov and Lebezyatnikov, “it’s consumption, sir; the blood gushes like this and chokes them. With a relative of mine, I was a witness not long ago, and like this, about a glass and a half… suddenly, sir… What’s to be done, though, is she going to die right away?”

“This way, this way, to my place!” Sonya pleaded. “This is where I live!… That house there, the second one from here… To my place, quickly, quickly!…” she darted from one person to another. “Send for a doctor… Oh, Lord!”

Through the official’s efforts this was arranged; even the policeman helped to carry Katerina Ivanovna. They carried her, almost lifeless, into Sonya’s room and laid her on the bed. The bleeding was still going on, but she seemed to be starting to come to. Besides Sonya, there came into the room all at once Raskolnikov and Lebezyatnikov, the official, and the policeman, who had first dispersed the crowd, some of whom had followed right up to the door. Polenka brought in Kolya and Lenya, holding them by the hand; they were trembling and crying. The Kapernaumovs came in too: he himself, lame and blind in one eye, a strange-looking man with bristly hair and whiskers that stood straight up; his wife, who had a look of being frightened once and for all; and several of their children, with faces gone wooden from constant amazement and with mouths hanging open. Among all this public Svidrigailov too suddenly appeared. Raskolnikov looked at him in surprise, not understanding where he had come from and not remembering him in the crowd.

They talked about a doctor and a priest. Though the official whispered to Raskolnikov that a doctor, it seemed, would be superfluous by now, he gave orders to send for one. Kapernaumov ran off himself.

Meanwhile Katerina Ivanovna had got her breath back; for a time the blood had stopped. She looked with a pained but fixed

and penetrating gaze at the pale, trembling Sonya, who was wiping the drops of sweat from her forehead with a handkerchief; at last she asked to be raised up. They sat her up on the bed, holding her on both sides.

"Where are the children?" she asked in a weak voice. "You brought them, Polya? Oh, silly things!... Well, why did you run away... Oh!"

Blood still covered her parched lips. She moved her eyes around, looking about her.

"So this is how you live, Sonya! Not once did I come to see you... now it's come to this..."

She looked at her with suffering.

"We've sucked you dry, Sonya... Polya, Lenya, Kolya, come here... Well, here they are, Sonya, all of them, take them... from my hands into yours... and I've had enough!... The ball is over! Hah!... Lay me down, let me at least die in peace..."

They lowered her onto the pillow again.

"What? A priest?... No need... Where would you find a spare rouble?... I have no sins!... God must forgive me anyway... He knows how I've suffered!... And if He won't forgive, then there's no need!..."

A restless delirium took hold of her more and more. At times she would start, look around her, recognize everyone for a minute; but at once consciousness gave way again to delirium. She breathed hoarsely and with difficulty; something seemed to be gurgling in her throat.

"I say to him, 'Your Excellency!...'" she cried out, catching her breath after each word. "That Amalia Ludwigovna... ah! Lenya, Kolya! hands on your hips, quickly, quickly, *glissez*, *glissez*, *pas de basque*! Tap your feet... Be a graceful child.

Du hast Diamanten und Perlen...

"How does it go after that? That's what we should sing...

Du hast die schönsten Augen, Mädchen, was willst du mehr?[2]

"Oh yes, not likely! *was willst du mehr*—the things he makes up, the blockhead!... Ah, yes, here's another:

In the noonday heat, in a valley of Dagestan...[3]

"Ah, how I loved... I loved that romance to adoration, Polenka!... you know, your father... used to sing it when he was courting me... Oh, those days!... That's what, that's what we should sing! Well, how does it, how does it... there, I've forgotten... do remind me, how does it go?" She was in an extraordinary agitation and was straining to raise herself. At last, in a terrible, hoarse, breaking voice, she began, crying out and gasping at every word, with a look of some kind of growing fright:

In the noonday heat!... in a valley!... of Dagestan!... With lead in my breast!...

"Your Excellency!" she suddenly wailed with a heart-rending wail, bursting into tears. "Protect the orphans! Knowing the bread and salt of the late Semyon Zakharovich!... One might even say aristocratic!... Hah!" she suddenly started, coming to herself and looking around at everyone with a kind of horror, but at once she recognized Sonya. "Sonya, Sonya!" she said meekly and tenderly, as if surprised to see her before her. "Sonya, dear, you're here too?"

They raised her up again.

"Enough!... It's time!... Farewell, poor wretch!... They've ridden the nag to death!... I've broken my ba-a-ack!" she cried out desperately and hatefully, and her head crashed down on the pillow.

She lost consciousness again, but this last oblivion did not last long. Her pale yellow, wasted face fell back, her mouth opened, her legs stretched out convulsively. She gave a deep, deep sigh and died.

Sonya fell upon her body, threw her arms around her, and so froze, her head pressed to the dead woman's wasted breast. Polenka fell at her mother's feet and kissed them, sobbing. Kolya

and Lenya, not yet understanding what had happened but sensing something very terrible, seized each other by the shoulders with both hands and, staring into each other's eyes, suddenly together, all at once, opened their mouths and began to scream. Both were still in their costumes: one in the turban, the other in the skullcap with the ostrich feather.

And how had that "certificate of merit" suddenly turned up on the bed beside Katerina Ivanovna? It lay right there by the pillow; Raskolnikov saw it.

He went over to the window. Lebezyatnikov skipped over to him.

"She's dead!" said Lebezyatnikov.

"Rodion Romanovich, I have two necessary little words to pass on to you," Svidrigailov said, coming up. Lebezyatnikov at once gave way and delicately effaced himself. Svidrigailov led the surprised Raskolnikov still farther off into the corner.

"All this fuss, that is, the funeral and so on, I'll take upon myself. You know, as long as there's money, and I did tell you that I have money to spare. These two fledglings and this Polenka I'll place in some orphanages, better ones, and settle on each of them, until they come of age, fifteen hundred roubles in capital, so that Sofya Semyonovna can be completely at ease. And I'll pull her out of the pit too, because she's a good girl, isn't she? Well, sir, so you can tell Avdotya Romanovna that this is just how I've used her ten thousand."

"With what aims have you become so very charitable?" asked Raskolnikov.

"Eh-eh! A distrustful man!" Svidrigailov laughed. "I did say that I had this money to spare. Well, and simply out of humanity, you don't allow that, or what? After all, she wasn't a 'louse'" (he jabbed his finger toward the corner where the deceased lay), "like some little old moneylending woman. Well, you must agree, well, 'is

Luzhin, really, to live and do vile things, or is she to die?' And if I don't help, then, you know, 'Polenka, for instance, will go there too, down the same road…'"

He said this with an air of some winking, merry roguishness, not taking his eyes off Raskolnikov. Raskolnikov turned pale and went cold, hearing his own expressions, the ones he had said to Sonya. He quickly recoiled and looked wildly at Svidrigailov.

"H-how… do you know?" he whispered, barely able to breathe.

"Why, I'm lodging right here, through the wall, at Madame Resslich's. Here is Kapernaumov, and there is Madame Resslich, an old and most devoted friend. I'm a neighbor, sir."

"You?"

"I," Svidrigailov went on, shaking with laughter, "and I can assure you on my honor, dearest Rodion Romanovich, that you've interested me amazingly. I did say that we would become close, I predicted it to you—well, and here we are, close. And you'll see what an accommodating man I am. You'll see that one can still get along with me…"

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1. French: "Marlborough is off to the war, no one knows when he'll return," an old nursery song. The next song, "*Cinq sous*," runs "Five sous, five sous, to set up our household."

2. German, from a poem by Heine: "You have diamonds and pearls… You have the loveliest eyes, girl, what more do you want?"

3. The opening of Lermontov's poem "The Dream" (1841), set to music as a romance: a man lies dying of a bullet wound in a Dagestan valley.

Part Six · I

A strange time set in for Raskolnikov: it was as if a fog had suddenly fallen before him and enclosed him in a hopeless, heavy solitude. Recalling this time later, long afterward, he guessed that his consciousness had sometimes grown dim, as it were, and that it had gone on like this, with some intervals, right up to the final catastrophe. He was positively convinced that he had been mistaken about many things then, for instance about the dates and timing of certain events. At least, when he recalled it afterward and strove to make clear to himself what he recalled, he learned a great deal about himself relying now on what he had learned from others. He would confuse one event, for instance, with another; another he considered the consequence of an incident that had existed only in his imagination. At times a sickly, tormenting anxiety took hold of him, turning even into panic fear. But he remembered too that there had been minutes, hours, perhaps even days, full of apathy, which had taken hold of him as if in contrast to his former fear—an apathy like the sickly indifferent state of some dying people. In general, during these last days he himself seemed to be trying to run away from a clear and full understanding of his position; certain pressing facts that demanded immediate explanation weighed on him especially; but how glad he would have been to free himself and run away from certain cares, although forgetting them threatened, in his position, complete and inevitable ruin.

Svidrigailov in particular troubled him: one might even say that he had come to a halt, as it were, at Svidrigailov. Since

Svidrigailov's words, too menacing for him and too plainly spoken, in Sonya's room, at the moment of Katerina Ivanovna's death, the ordinary course of his thoughts seemed to have been disrupted. But although this new fact disturbed him extremely, Raskolnikov was somehow in no hurry to clear the matter up. At times, suddenly finding himself somewhere in a remote and solitary part of the city, in some wretched tavern, alone, at a table, deep in thought, and scarcely remembering how he had got there, he would suddenly remember Svidrigailov: he would suddenly become too clearly and anxiously aware that he ought, as soon as possible, to come to an understanding with this man and, as far as possible, settle things once and for all. Once, having wandered somewhere beyond the city gate, he even imagined that he was waiting for Svidrigailov here and that they had arranged to meet here. Another time he woke up before dawn somewhere on the ground, in the bushes, and could hardly understand how he had strayed there. However, in these two or three days after Katerina Ivanovna's death he had already met Svidrigailov twice, almost always in Sonya's room, where he would drop in somehow without purpose, but almost always just for a minute. They always exchanged brief words and never once spoke of the main point, as if it had been agreed between them of itself to keep silent about it for the time being. Katerina Ivanovna's body still lay in the coffin. Svidrigailov was arranging the funeral and bustling about. Sonya too was very busy. At their last meeting Svidrigailov explained to Raskolnikov that he had somehow finished with Katerina Ivanovna's children, and finished successfully; that, thanks to certain connections, he had found certain persons with whose help it had been possible to place all three orphans at once in institutions quite suitable for them; that the money set aside for them had also helped a great deal, since orphans with capital are much easier to place than penniless orphans. He said something about Sonya too,

promised to drop in on Raskolnikov himself one of these days, and mentioned that he "would like to consult with him; that they very much ought to talk, that there were certain matters…" This conversation took place in the entryway, by the stairs. Svidrigailov looked intently into Raskolnikov's eyes and suddenly, after a silence, lowering his voice, asked:

"But why are you so unlike yourself, Rodion Romanych? Really! You listen and look, yet it's as if you don't understand. Cheer up. Let's have a talk: only it's a pity there's so much business, other people's and my own… Eh, Rodion Romanych," he suddenly added, "all men need air, air, sir… Before anything else!"

He suddenly stepped aside to let a priest and a sexton pass who were coming up the stairs. They were going to serve a memorial service (panikhida). By Svidrigailov's arrangement, the services were held twice a day, punctually. Svidrigailov went his way. Raskolnikov stood a while, thought, and went into Sonya's room after the priest.

He stood in the doorway. The service was beginning, quiet, decorous, sad. In the awareness of death and in the sense of death's presence there had always been for him something oppressive and mystically terrible, ever since childhood; and besides, he had not heard a memorial service for a long time. And there was something else here as well, too terrible and disquieting. He looked at the children: they were all kneeling by the coffin, Polenka was crying. Behind them, weeping quietly and as if timidly, Sonya was praying. "And yet in these days she hasn't once looked at me or said a word to me," it suddenly occurred to Raskolnikov. The sun lit the room brightly; the incense smoke rose in billows; the priest was reading "Give rest, O Lord." Raskolnikov stood through the whole service. As he gave his blessing and took his leave, the priest looked around somehow strangely. After the service Raskolnikov went up to Sonya. She suddenly took him by both

hands and bowed her head onto his shoulder. This brief gesture even struck Raskolnikov with bewilderment; it was even strange: what? not the slightest aversion, not the slightest loathing for him, not the slightest tremor in her hand! This was some sort of infinity of self-abasement. So, at least, he understood it. Sonya said nothing. Raskolnikov pressed her hand and went out. He felt terribly heavy at heart. If it had been possible to go away somewhere at that minute and remain completely alone, even for his whole life, he would have counted himself happy. But the point was that lately, though he was almost always alone, he could never feel that he was alone. He would sometimes go out of town, walk out onto the high road, once he had even gone into some grove; but the more solitary the place, the more strongly he seemed to be aware of someone's near and disquieting presence, not exactly frightening, but somehow very vexing, so that he would hurry back to the city, mingle with the crowd, go into taverns, into drinking dens, go to the flea market, to the Haymarket. Here it seemed easier somehow, and even more solitary. In one cookshop, toward evening, they were singing songs: he sat for a whole hour listening and remembered that he had even found it very pleasant. But toward the end he suddenly grew uneasy again; it was as if a pang of conscience had suddenly begun to torment him: "Here I sit listening to songs, but is that what I ought to be doing!" he seemed to think. However, he guessed at once that it was not this alone that troubled him; there was something that demanded immediate resolution, but that could neither be grasped nor put into words. Everything was winding itself into some kind of ball. "No, better some sort of struggle! Better Porfiry again… or Svidrigailov… If only some challenge would come again soon, someone's attack… Yes! yes!" he thought. He left the cookshop and set off almost at a run. The thought of Dunya and his mother suddenly, for some reason, brought on him something like panic fear. It was that night,

toward morning, that he woke up in the bushes on Krestovsky Island, chilled through, in a fever; he went home and arrived in the early morning. After several hours' sleep the fever passed, but he woke up late: it was two o'clock in the afternoon.

He remembered that Katerina Ivanovna's funeral had been set for that day, and was glad he had not been present at it. Nastasya brought him something to eat; he ate and drank with great appetite, almost greedily. His head was fresher, and he himself calmer, than in these last three days. He even marveled, in passing, at his former surges of panic fear. The door opened, and Razumikhin came in.

"Ah! he's eating, so he's not sick!" said Razumikhin, took a chair, and sat down at the table across from Raskolnikov. He was agitated and did not try to hide it. He spoke with visible vexation, but without hurrying and without especially raising his voice. One might have thought that some particular and even exceptional intention had lodged in him. "Listen," he began resolutely, "the devil take the lot of you, as far as I'm concerned, but from what I see now, I see clearly that I can't understand a thing; please don't think I've come to interrogate you. To hell with it! I don't want to myself! Go ahead and lay it all open now yourself, all your secrets, and I may not even listen, I'll spit and walk out. I've come only to find out personally and finally: is it true, first of all, that you're mad? There exists a conviction about you, you see (well, there, somewhere), that you may be mad or very much inclined that way. I confess to you that I myself was strongly inclined to support this opinion, first, judging by your stupid and partly vile actions (which nothing can explain), and second, by your recent behavior with your mother and sister. Only a monster and a scoundrel, if not a madman, could have treated them the way you did; and consequently, you're mad..."

"How long is it since you saw them?"

"Just now. And you haven't seen them since? Where do you go loafing about, tell me, please, I've come by three times. Your mother has been seriously ill since yesterday. She got ready to come to you; Avdotya Romanovna tried to hold her back; she won't listen to anything: 'If he's ill,' she says, 'if his mind is wandering, who will help him if not his mother?' We all came here, because we couldn't very well let her go alone. Right up to your door we were begging her to calm down. We came in, you weren't here, and she sat right here. She sat for ten minutes, we stood over her, silent. She got up and said: 'If he goes out of the house, and so he's well and has forgotten his mother, then it's unseemly and shameful for his mother to stand at his door and beg for affection like a hand-out.' She went back home and took to her bed; now she's in a fever: 'I see,' she says, 'he has time for *his own*.' She supposes that *his own* is Sofya Semyonovna, your fiancée or your mistress, I really don't know. I went off right away to Sofya Semyonovna's, because, brother, I wanted to find everything out—I arrive, I look: a coffin standing there, children crying. Sofya Semyonovna is trying little mourning dresses on them. You're not there. I looked, apologized, and left, and that's what I reported to Avdotya Romanovna. So all this is nonsense, and there is no *own* here at all; most likely, then, it's madness. But here you sit gobbling boiled beef as if you hadn't eaten for three days. Granted, madmen eat too, but even though you haven't said a word to me, you're… not mad! That I'll swear to. Before anything else, not mad. And so, the devil take the lot of you, because there's some mystery here, some secret; and I have no intention of racking my brains over your secrets. I only dropped in to curse you," he concluded, getting up, "to relieve my soul, and I know *what* to do now!"

"What do you mean to do now?"

"What business is it of yours *what* I mean to do now?"

"Watch out, you'll go on a binge!"

"How… how did you find that out?"

"Well, really!"

Razumikhin was silent for a minute.

"You've always been a very reasonable man, and never, never were you mad," he remarked suddenly, with fervor. "That's so: I will go on a binge! Goodbye!" And he moved to go.

"I was talking about you with my sister, Razumikhin, the day before yesterday, I think."

"About me! But… where could you have seen her the day before yesterday?" Razumikhin suddenly stopped and even turned a little pale. One could guess that his heart had begun to pound slowly and with strain in his chest.

"She came here, alone, sat here, talked with me."

"She did!"

"Yes, she did."

"What did you say… I mean, about me?"

"I told her you were a very good, honest, and hardworking man. That you love her I didn't tell her, because she knows it herself."

"Knows it herself?"

"Well, really! Wherever I might go off to, whatever might happen to me, you would remain a providence for them. I am, so to speak, handing them over to you, Razumikhin. I'm saying this because I know perfectly well how you love her and am convinced of the purity of your heart. I know too that she can love you, and perhaps even already does. Now decide for yourself, as you know best, whether you need to go on a binge or not."

"Rodka… You see… Well… Ah, the devil! And where is it you mean to go off to? You see: if all this is a secret, then let it be! But I… I'll find out the secret… And I'm sure it's bound to be some nonsense and terrible trifles and that you cooked it all up yourself. Anyway, you're a most excellent man! A most excellent man!…"

"And I meant to add, just when you interrupted me, that you reasoned very well a moment ago, about not finding out these mysteries and secrets. Leave it for the time being, don't worry. You'll find out everything in due time, precisely when it's necessary. Yesterday a certain man told me that a man needs air, air, air! I want to go to him now and find out what he means by it."

Razumikhin stood deep in thought and agitated, figuring something out.

"He's a political conspirator! Certainly! And he's on the eve of some decisive step—that's certain! It can't be otherwise, and... and Dunya knows..." he suddenly thought to himself.

"So Avdotya Romanovna comes to see you," he said, measuring out each word, "and you yourself want to see a man who says that more air is needed, air, and... and so, that letter too... that's also something of the same sort," he concluded, as if to himself.

"What letter?"

"She received a letter, today, it upset her very much. Very much. Even too much. I started talking about you—she asked me to stop. Then... then she said that we might perhaps part very soon, then she began thanking me warmly for something; then she went to her room and locked herself in."

"She received a letter?" Raskolnikov asked again, thoughtfully.

"Yes, a letter; and you didn't know? Hm."

They were both silent for a while.

"Goodbye, Rodion. I, brother... there was a time... but anyway, goodbye, you see, there was a time... Well, goodbye! I must be going too. I won't drink. There's no need now... you were wrong!"

He was in a hurry; but as he was already going out and had almost shut the door behind him, he suddenly opened it again and said, looking somewhere off to the side:

"By the way! Remember that murder, well, Porfiry's: the old woman? Well, know that the murderer has turned up, he's con-

fessed himself and presented all the proofs. It's one of those very workmen, the house painters, imagine, remember, I was defending them right here? Would you believe that that whole scene of fighting and laughing on the stairs with his mate, while the others were climbing up, the caretaker and the two witnesses, he staged on purpose, precisely as a diversion? What cunning, what presence of mind in such a puppy! It's hard to believe; but he explained it himself, he confessed to everything himself! And how I fell for it! Well, in my opinion, he's simply a genius of dissimulation and resourcefulness, a genius of the legal diversion—and so there's nothing particularly to be surprised at! Can't there be such people? And the fact that he couldn't keep it up and confessed makes me believe him all the more. It's more plausible... But how I, how I fell for it then! I went to the wall for them!"

"Tell me, please, where did you find this out, and why does it interest you so much?" Raskolnikov asked, with visible agitation.

"Well, really! Why does it interest me! What a question!... I found out from Porfiry, among others. Actually, I found out almost everything from him."

"From Porfiry?"

"From Porfiry."

"Well... what did he say?" Raskolnikov asked in fright.

"He explained it to me excellently. Explained it psychologically, in his own way."

"He explained it? He explained it to you himself?"

"Himself, himself; goodbye! I'll tell you something more later, but now I have business. There... there was a time when I thought... Well, what of it; later!... Why should I get drunk now. You've made me drunk without wine. I'm drunk, you know, Rodka! Drunk without wine now, well, goodbye; I'll drop in; very soon."

He went out.

"He's, he's a political conspirator, that's certain, certain!" Razumikhin decided once and for all to himself, slowly going down the stairs. "And he's drawn his sister in; that's very, very possible with Avdotya Romanovna's character. They've started having meetings... And she did hint to me too. From many of her words... and little words... and hints, it all comes out exactly so! And how else is all this muddle to be explained? Hm! And I was thinking... Oh, Lord, what I nearly took into my head. Yes, sir, that was an eclipse, and I am guilty before him! It was he who brought that eclipse over me then, by the lamp, in the corridor. Pah! What a nasty, crude, base thought on my part! Good for Mikolka for confessing... And how everything from before is explained now! That illness of his then, all his strange actions, even before, before, back at the university, how gloomy, how sullen he always was... But what does this letter mean now? There may be something here too. Who is the letter from? I suspect... Hm. No, I'll find all this out."

He remembered and figured out everything about Dunechka, and his heart stood still. He tore himself from the spot and ran.

Raskolnikov, as soon as Razumikhin had gone out, got up, turned to the window, bumped into one corner, then another, as if forgetting how cramped his kennel was, and... sat down again on the sofa. He was entirely renewed, as it were; a struggle again—so a way out had been found!

"Yes, so a way out had been found! Otherwise everything had become too stifled and corked up, had begun to press on him agonizingly, some sort of stupor had been coming over him. Ever since the scene with Mikolka at Porfiry's he had begun to suffocate without an outlet, in a cramped space. After Mikolka, on the same day, there had been the scene at Sonya's; he had conducted and ended it completely, completely otherwise than he could have imagined before... he had weakened, then, instantly and radically!

All at once! And he had agreed with Sonya then, after all, agreed himself, agreed in his heart, that he could not go on living alone like this with such a deed on his soul! And Svidrigailov? Svidrigailov was a riddle... Svidrigailov disturbed him, that was true, but somehow not from that side. With Svidrigailov too, perhaps, a struggle still lay ahead. Svidrigailov, perhaps, was also a whole way out; but Porfiry was another matter.

So Porfiry himself had even explained it to Razumikhin, explained it psychologically! He had started bringing in his damned psychology again! Porfiry? As if Porfiry could believe even for one minute that Mikolka was guilty, after what had passed between them then, after that scene, face to face, before Mikolka, for which no correct interpretation could be found except one? (Several times in these days that whole scene with Porfiry had flashed through Raskolnikov's mind and come back to him in scraps; he could not have borne the memory of it as a whole.) Such words had been spoken between them then, such movements and gestures had passed, they had exchanged such looks, a thing or two had been said in such a voice, it had come to such limits, that after this it was not for Mikolka (whom Porfiry had known by heart from his first word and gesture), not for Mikolka to shake the very foundation of his convictions.

And what do you know! Even Razumikhin had begun to suspect! The scene in the corridor, by the lamp, had not gone for nothing then. So he had rushed off to Porfiry... But why on earth had that one started deceiving him like that? What was his aim in turning Razumikhin's eyes toward Mikolka? He had certainly thought something up; there were intentions here, but what were they? True, much time had passed since that morning—too, too much—and there had been neither sight nor sound of Porfiry. Well, that, of course, was worse..." Raskolnikov took his cap and, lost in thought, went out of the room. It was the first day in all this time

that he felt himself, at least, in his right mind. “I must finish with Svidrigailov,” he thought, “and at all costs, as soon as possible: he too, it seems, is waiting for me to come to him myself.” And at that instant such hatred suddenly rose up from his weary heart that he might perhaps have killed one of those two: Svidrigailov or Porfiry. At least he felt that if not now, then later he would be capable of doing it. “We’ll see, we’ll see,” he repeated to himself.

But no sooner had he opened the door to the entryway than he suddenly ran into Porfiry himself. He was coming in to see him. Raskolnikov was dumbfounded for a moment. Strangely, he was not very surprised at Porfiry and was almost not afraid of him. He only gave a start, but quickly, instantly prepared himself. “Perhaps it’s the denouement! But how did he come up so quietly, like a cat, and I heard nothing? Can he have been eavesdropping?”

“You weren’t expecting a visitor, Rodion Romanych,” cried Porfiry Petrovich, laughing. “I’ve been meaning to drop by for a long time, I was passing, I thought—why not stop in for five minutes and see how you are. You’re going out somewhere? I won’t keep you. Just one little cigarette, if you’ll allow me.”

“Do sit down, Porfiry Petrovich, sit down,” Raskolnikov said, seating his guest, with such an apparently pleased and friendly air that, really, he would have marveled at himself if he could have looked at himself. The last scraps, the dregs, were being scraped out! Sometimes a man will endure half an hour of mortal fear with a robber, but once the knife is finally put to his throat, then even the fear passes. He sat down squarely in front of Porfiry and looked at him without blinking. Porfiry narrowed his eyes and began lighting a cigarette.

“Well, speak, speak,” it seemed about to leap out of Raskolnikov’s heart. “Well, what, what, why don’t you speak?”

Part Six · II

"Oh, these cigarettes!" Porfiry Petrovich began at last, having finished lighting up and caught his breath. "Harm, pure harm, and I can't give them up! I cough, sir, there's a tickle in my throat now, and shortness of breath. I'm a coward, you know, so the other day I went to B——n—he examines every patient for half an hour *minimum*; and he even burst out laughing, looking at me: he tapped and he listened—'Tobacco,' he says, 'among other things, doesn't suit you; your lungs are dilated.' Well, and how am I to give it up? What will I replace it with? I don't drink, sir, that's the whole trouble, heh-heh-heh, that I don't drink, that's the trouble! Everything is relative, after all, Rodion Romanych, everything is relative!"

"What's this, is he taking up his old official routine again, or what!" Raskolnikov thought with disgust. The whole recent scene of their last meeting suddenly came back to him, and the feeling of that time surged up to his heart in a wave.

"And I came to see you the evening before last, you know; you didn't even know?" Porfiry Petrovich went on, looking around the room. "I came into this very room. Just like today, I was passing by —let me, I thought, return his little call. I came in, and the room was wide open; I looked around, waited, and didn't even announce myself to your servant—I left. You don't lock up?"

Raskolnikov's face grew darker and darker. Porfiry seemed to have guessed his thoughts exactly.

"I've come to explain myself, my dear Rodion Romanych, to explain myself, sir! I owe you an explanation, I'm obliged to give you one, sir," he went on with a smile, and even lightly slapped

Raskolnikov on the knee with his palm, but almost at the same instant his face suddenly took on a serious and worried look; it even seemed clouded over with sadness, to Raskolnikov's surprise. He had never yet seen such a face on him or suspected he had one. "A strange scene took place between us last time, Rodion Romanych. Though perhaps a strange scene also took place between us at our first meeting; but then... Well, now it all fits together! Here's the thing, sir: it may turn out that I am very much to blame before you; I feel it. You remember, after all, how we parted: your nerves were singing and your knees were shaking, and my nerves were singing and my knees were shaking. And, you know, it even came out somehow indecent between us then, not gentlemanly. And we are gentlemen, after all; that is, in any case, gentlemen first and foremost; that must be understood. You remember what it came to... really quite improper, even, sir."

"What is this, who does he take me for?" Raskolnikov asked himself in amazement, raising his head and staring at Porfiry, all eyes.

"I've reasoned that it's better for us to act frankly now," Porfiry Petrovich went on, throwing his head back a little and lowering his eyes, as if no longer wishing to disconcert his former victim with his gaze and as if disdaining his former methods and dodges. "Yes, sir, such suspicions and such scenes cannot go on for long. Mikolka set us free then, or else I don't know what it would have come to between us. That damned little townsman was sitting behind my partition the whole time then—can you imagine that? You know it already, of course; and I myself am aware that he came to see you afterward; but what you supposed then didn't happen: I hadn't sent for anyone and hadn't yet given any orders at all then. You'll ask why I hadn't given any orders? Well, how shall I put it: I was rather stunned by it all myself then. I barely managed to give orders to send for the caretaker. (You noticed the caretakers, I

dare say, as you passed.) A thought flashed through my mind then, just one, quick as lightning; I was very firmly convinced then, you see, Rodion Romanych. Let me, I thought, though I let one go for a while, catch the other by the tail—my own, my own, at least, I won't let go. You're very irritable, Rodion Romanych, by nature, sir; even too much so, given all the other basic qualities of your character and heart, which I flatter myself I have to some extent grasped. Well, of course, even then I could reason that it doesn't always happen like this, that a man just gets up and blurts out the whole truth to you. Though it does happen, especially when you've driven a man past the last of his patience, still, in any case, it's rare. That much I could reason too. No, I thought, if only I had some little clue! If only the tiniest little clue, just one, but such that you could take hold of it with your hands, so that it would be a thing, and not just this psychology. Because, I thought, if a man is guilty, then of course you can, in any case, expect something substantial from him; it's even permissible to count on the most unexpected result. I was counting on your character then, Rodion Romanych, on your character most of all, sir! I had very great hopes of you then."

"But you… but why do you keep talking like this now?" Raskolnikov muttered at last, without even properly making sense of the question. "What is he talking about," he wondered, at a loss, "can he really take me for innocent?"

"Why do I talk like this? Why, I've come to explain myself, sir; I regard it, so to speak, as my sacred duty. I want to lay it all out for you, to the last crumb, how it all was, the whole story of all that, so to speak, clouding of mind back then. I made you suffer a great deal, Rodion Romanych. I'm not a monster. I do understand, after all, what it is to drag all this upon oneself for a man who is downcast, but proud, imperious, and impatient, especially impatient! I regard you, in any case, as a most noble man, sir, and even with

the rudiments of magnanimity, though I don't agree with you in all your convictions, which I consider it my duty to declare beforehand, directly and with perfect sincerity, for above all I don't wish to deceive. Having come to know you, I felt an attachment to you. You'll laugh, perhaps, at such words of mine? You have the right, sir. I know that you didn't like me even at first sight, because, in essence, there's nothing to like me for. But think what you like, now I wish, for my part, to smooth over by every means the impression I made and to prove that I too am a man with a heart and a conscience. I say it sincerely, sir."

Porfiry Petrovich paused with dignity. Raskolnikov felt a surge of some new fright. The thought that Porfiry considered him innocent suddenly began to frighten him.

"To tell everything in order, how it all suddenly began then, is hardly necessary," Porfiry Petrovich went on. "I think it's even superfluous. And I could hardly do it. Because how is one to explain it thoroughly? At first rumors began. What these rumors were, and from whom and when... and on what grounds, precisely, the matter came to you—that too, I think, is superfluous. With me personally it began with a chance, with one perfectly chance chance, which in the highest degree might have happened and might not have happened—what chance? Hm, I think there's no need to speak of that either. All this, the rumors and the chances, came together for me then into a single thought. I confess frankly, because if one is going to confess, then confess everything—it was I who first went after you then. Those notes of the old woman's on the things and so on and so forth, let's say—all that is nonsense. One could count up a hundred such things. I also had occasion then to learn in detail about the scene at the district police office, also by chance, and not just in passing, but from a special narrator, a capital one, who, without knowing it himself, had mastered that scene amazingly. It all fits together, sir, it all fits together, Rodion

Romanych, my dear! Well, how could one not turn in a certain direction? From a hundred rabbits you will never make a horse, from a hundred suspicions you will never make a proof, as a certain English proverb says, but that's only prudence, sir, and the passions, just try to cope with the passions, because an examining magistrate is a man too, sir. Here I also remembered your little article, in that little journal, you remember, we talked about it in detail on your very first visit. I mocked it then, but that was in order to draw you out further. I repeat, you are very impatient and very ill, Rodion Romanych. That you are bold, arrogant, serious, and… have felt, have already felt a great deal, all this I had known for a long time. All these sensations are familiar to me, and I read your little article as something familiar. It was conceived in sleepless nights and in a frenzy, with a heaving and pounding of the heart, with suppressed enthusiasm. And this suppressed, proud enthusiasm in young people is dangerous! I mocked it then, but now I'll tell you that I'm terribly fond in general, that is, as an amateur, of this first, youthful, ardent trial of the pen. Smoke, fog, a string ringing in the fog. Your article is absurd and fantastic, but such sincerity flickers in it, there's a youthful and incorruptible pride in it, there's the boldness of despair in it; it's a gloomy article, sir, but that's good. I read your little article and put it aside, and… as I put it aside then, I thought: 'Well, with this man it won't just pass!' Well, so tell me now, after such a prelude, how could one not be carried away by the sequel! Ah, Lord! am I saying anything? Am I asserting anything now? I only noticed it then. What is there to it, I think? There's nothing to it, that is, precisely nothing, and perhaps in the highest degree nothing. And besides, it's quite improper even for me, an examining magistrate, to get carried away like this: I have Mikolka on my hands there, and with facts already—say what you like, but facts! And he brings in his own psychology too; he needs to be looked into; because this is a matter of

life and death. Why am I explaining all this to you now? So that you would know, and with your mind and heart not blame me for my spiteful behavior back then. It wasn't spiteful, sir, I say it sincerely, heh-heh! What do you think: that I didn't come to search your place then? I did, sir, I did, sir, heh-heh, I did, when you were lying here sick in your little bed. Not officially and not in my own person, but I did, sir. Your room was examined down to the last hair, even while the traces were fresh; but—*umsonst*![1] I think: now this man will come, he'll come himself, and very soon; if he's guilty, he'll certainly come. Another man won't come, but this one will. And do you remember how Mr. Razumikhin started letting things slip to you? We arranged that, so as to stir you up, that's why we deliberately let the rumor go, so that he would let it slip to you, and Mr. Razumikhin is the sort of man who can't contain his indignation. What struck Mr. Zametov above all was your anger and your open boldness: well, to blurt out in a tavern all of a sudden, 'I killed!' Too bold, sir, too insolent, and if he's guilty, I thought, he's a terrible fighter! That's what I thought then, sir. I'm waiting! I'm waiting for you with all my might, and you simply crushed Zametov then and... but that's just the trick of it, that this whole damned psychology cuts both ways! Well, so I'm waiting for you, watching, and God sends you—here you come! My heart simply thumped. Eh! Now why did you have to come then? Your laugh, your laugh, when you came in then, you remember, why, I guessed everything then as if through glass, and if I hadn't been waiting for you in such a special way, I wouldn't have noticed anything in your laugh either. That's what it means to be in the mood. And Mr. Razumikhin then—ah! the stone, the stone, you remember, the stone, the one the things were hidden under? Well, I can just see it somewhere there, in a kitchen garden—it was a kitchen garden you told Zametov, wasn't it, and then at my place, the second time? And when we started going over that article of yours then, when you began expounding

—why, one takes every word of yours two ways, as if another were sitting under it! Well, Rodion Romanych, it was in this way that I came right up to the last posts, and when I bumped my forehead, I came to my senses. No, I say, what am I doing! Why, if you want to, I say, all this can be explained the other way down to the last detail, and it will even come out more natural. Torture, sir! 'No,' I think, 'I'd rather have a little clue!...' And when I heard then about those bells, I simply froze all over, a shiver even ran through me. 'Well,' I think, 'here's the little clue! This is it!' And I didn't reason any more then, I simply didn't want to. I'd have given a thousand roubles at that minute, of my own money, just to look at you with my own eyes: how you walked a hundred paces beside that little townsman after he'd said 'murderer' to your face, and for a whole hundred paces didn't dare to ask him anything!... Well, and that chill in your spine? Those bells, in your illness, in your half-delirium? And so, Rodion Romanych, why should you be surprised after that that I played such tricks with you then? And why did you yourself come at that very minute? It was as if someone were pushing you too, by God, and if Mikolka hadn't separated us, then... and do you remember Mikolka then? Do you remember him well? That was thunder, sir! That was a thunderclap out of a cloud, a thunderbolt! Well, and how did I receive him? I didn't believe the thunderbolt one little bit, you were pleased to see that yourself! Not a chance! Even afterward, after you'd gone, when he began answering certain points very, very coherently, so that I was surprised myself, even then I didn't believe him one kopeck's worth! That's what it means to be fortified like adamant. No, I think, *morgen früh*![2] What Mikolka could there be here!"

"Razumikhin was just telling me that you still accuse Nikolai and assured Razumikhin of it yourself..."

His breath failed him, and he did not finish. He listened in inexpressible agitation as the man who had seen right through him

renounced himself. He was afraid to believe and did not believe. In words that were still ambiguous he greedily sought and caught at something more precise and final.

"Mr. Razumikhin!" cried Porfiry Petrovich, as if glad of a question from the hitherto silent Raskolnikov. "Heh-heh-heh! Why, Mr. Razumikhin simply had to be led off to one side: two's company, three's a crowd. Mr. Razumikhin isn't the right one, sir, and he's an outsider besides, he came running to me all pale like that... Well, God be with him, why mix him into this! But as for Mikolka, would you care to know what sort of subject he is, that is, as I understand him? First of all, he's still a child, under age, and not exactly a coward, but something like an artist of some kind. Really, sir, don't laugh at my explaining him that way. Innocent and receptive to everything. He has a heart; a fantasist. He sings, and he dances, and he tells stories, they say, so well that people come from other places to listen. And he goes to school, and he laughs himself silly if you show him your finger, and he drinks himself senseless, not that it's from debauchery, but just in bouts, when they get him drunk, still like a child. That was when he stole, and he doesn't even know it himself; because 'if I picked it up off the ground, how is that stealing?' And are you aware that he's from the Old Believers,[3] and not so much from the Old Believers as simply a sectarian; there were Runners in his family, and he himself, not long ago, for two whole years, was under the spiritual direction of a certain elder in the village. I learned all this from Mikolka and from his people from Zaraisk. Why, he even wanted simply to flee into the wilderness! He had zeal, he prayed to God at night, he read the old 'true' books and got lost in them. Petersburg had a strong effect on him, especially the female sex, well, and wine. He's receptive, he forgot the elder and everything. I know that an artist here grew fond of him and started coming to see him, and then this incident came along! Well, he lost his nerve—hang himself!

Run away! What can you do about the notion of our jurisprudence that has spread among the people? To some, you know, the very word 'They'll convict you' is terrifying. Who is to blame! We'll see what the new courts will say. Oh, God grant it! Well, sir, in prison the venerable elder evidently came back to him now; the Bible turned up again too. Do you know, Rodion Romanych, what 'to suffer' means to some of them? It isn't for anyone in particular, it's just simply 'one must suffer'; to accept suffering, that is, and if it's from the authorities, all the better. In my time there was a most meek prisoner who sat a whole year in prison, reading the Bible at night up on the stove, and he read and read until he'd read himself away, you know, completely, so much so that for no reason at all he grabbed a brick and threw it at the warden, without any offense on the warden's part. And how he threw it: he deliberately aimed an arshin wide, so as not to do any harm! Well, everyone knows what end awaits a prisoner who attacks his superiors with a weapon: and so 'he accepted suffering.' So now I suspect that Mikolka wants 'to accept suffering' or something of the sort. That I know for certain, even from the facts. Only he himself doesn't know that I know. What, you don't allow that fantastic people come out of such folk? Why, all the time! The elder has started working on him again now, especially after the noose he came back to mind. But anyway, he'll tell me everything himself, he'll come. You think he'll hold out? Just wait, he'll recant yet! I'm expecting him any hour to come and retract his testimony. I've grown fond of this Mikolka and am studying him thoroughly. And what would you think! Heh-heh! On certain points he answered me very coherently, evidently he'd received the necessary information, prepared himself cleverly; but on other points he simply lands in a puddle, doesn't know the least little thing, hasn't a notion, and doesn't even suspect himself that he hasn't a notion. No, my dear Rodion Romanych, this isn't Mikolka! This is a fantas-

tic business, a gloomy one, a modern business, a case of our time, sir, when the human heart has grown clouded; when the phrase is quoted that blood 'refreshes'; when the whole of life is preached as comfort. Here there are bookish dreams, here there is a heart theoretically inflamed; here one sees resolve to take the first step, but resolve of a special kind—he resolved, but as if he fell off a mountain or flew down from a bell tower, and he came to the crime as if not on his own legs. He forgot to shut the door behind him, but he killed, killed two, according to a theory. He killed, but couldn't manage to take the money, and what he did manage to grab he carried off under a stone. It wasn't enough for him that he endured torment sitting behind the door while they were breaking at the door and the bell was ringing—no, afterward he goes to the empty apartment, in half-delirium, to recall that bell, he needed to feel that chill down his spine again... Well, let's say that was in his illness, but here's something else: he killed, yet he considers himself an honest man, he despises people, he goes about like a pale angel —no, what Mikolka could there be here, my dear Rodion Romanych, this isn't Mikolka!"

These last words, after everything said before and so much like a renunciation, were far too unexpected. Raskolnikov trembled all over, as if pierced through.

"Then... who... killed?..." he asked, unable to hold back, in a gasping voice. Porfiry Petrovich even recoiled against the back of his chair, as if he too had been so unexpectedly astonished by the question.

"What do you mean, who killed?..." he repeated, as if not believing his ears. "Why, you killed, Rodion Romanych! You killed them, sir..." he added almost in a whisper, in a completely convinced voice.

Raskolnikov leaped up from the sofa, stood for a few seconds, and sat down again without saying a word. Small convulsions sud-

denly passed over his whole face.

"Your little lip is twitching again, just like that time," Porfiry Petrovich muttered, as if even with sympathy. "You've misunderstood me, it seems, Rodion Romanych," he added after a short silence, "that's why you're so astonished. I came precisely in order to say everything now and to bring the matter into the open."

"It wasn't I who killed," Raskolnikov began to whisper, just like frightened little children when they are caught in the act.

"No, it was you, sir, Rodion Romanych, you, and nobody else, sir," Porfiry whispered sternly and with conviction.

They both fell silent, and the silence lasted even strangely long, about ten minutes. Raskolnikov leaned his elbow on the chair and silently ruffled his hair with his fingers. Porfiry Petrovich sat quietly and waited. Suddenly Raskolnikov looked contemptuously at Porfiry.

"You're at your old game again, Porfiry Petrovich! Still the same methods of yours: don't you ever get tired of it, really?"

"Eh, come now, what do I need methods for now! It would be another matter if there were witnesses here; but as it is we're whispering one on one. You can see for yourself I haven't come to you to chase you and catch you like a hare. Whether you confess or not—at this minute it's all the same to me. In myself I'm convinced even without you."

"If so, why have you come?" Raskolnikov asked irritably. "I'll ask you my former question: if you consider me guilty, why don't you take me to prison?"

"Well, now that's a question! I'll answer you point by point: first, to put you straight under arrest just like that is not to my advantage."

"How not to your advantage! If you're convinced, then you ought..."

"Eh, what of it that I'm convinced? So far it's all just my dreams, sir. And why should I put you there to rest? You know that yourself, since you're asking for it. Say I bring that little townsman to confront you, and you tell him: 'Are you drunk or not? Who saw me with you? I simply took you for a drunk, and you were drunk'—well, what will I say to you then, all the more since your story is even more plausible than his, because there's nothing but psychology in his testimony—which is even unseemly for a mug like his—while you hit the very mark, because he drinks like a fish, the scoundrel, and is all too well known for it. And I myself have frankly admitted to you, several times already, that this psychology cuts both ways and that the second end will be bigger, and far more plausible, and that apart from this I have nothing against you so far. And though I will still lock you up, and have even come myself (not at all the way people do things) to announce it all to you in advance, still I tell you directly (also not the way people do things) that it won't be to my advantage. Well, and second, I've come to you because…"

"Yes, well, second?" (Raskolnikov was still gasping for breath.)

"Because, as I already declared a while ago, I consider that I owe you an explanation. I don't want you to take me for a monster, all the more since I'm sincerely well disposed toward you, believe it or not. As a consequence of which, third, I've come to you with an open and direct proposal—to come forward and confess. That will be infinitely more to your advantage, and more to mine too—because it will be off my shoulders. Well, is this frank on my part or not?"

Raskolnikov thought for a minute.

"Listen, Porfiry Petrovich, you say yourself: nothing but psychology, and meanwhile you've driven into mathematics. Well, what if you yourself are mistaken now?"

"No, Rodion Romanych, I'm not mistaken. I have a certain little clue. And that little clue I found back then, sir; the Lord sent it!"

"What little clue?"

"I won't say what, Rodion Romanych. And in any case, I now have no right to put it off any longer; I'll lock you up, sir. So consider: to me it's all the same now, and consequently I'm doing this solely for you. By God, it will be better, Rodion Romanych!"

Raskolnikov smiled spitefully.

"This isn't just ridiculous, it's even shameless. Well, even if I were guilty (which I'm not saying at all), why on earth should I come to you and confess, when you yourself are already saying that I'll be sitting there with you at rest?"

"Eh, Rodion Romanych, don't believe words entirely; perhaps it won't be entirely at rest! It's only a theory, after all, and mine at that, and what sort of authority am I for you? Perhaps I'm hiding something from you even now. I can't just up and lay everything out for you, heh-heh! The second thing: what do you mean, what advantage? Are you aware what a reduction you'll get for it? Why, when will you be coming forward, at what minute? Just consider that! When another man has already taken the crime on himself and muddled the whole case? And I swear to you by God himself, I'll arrange and fix things 'there' so that your coming forward will look as if it were completely unexpected. We'll destroy all this psychology completely, I'll turn all the suspicions against you into nothing, so that your crime will appear as a kind of clouding of the mind, because, in all conscience, a clouding of the mind is what it is. I'm an honest man, Rodion Romanych, and I'll keep my word."

Raskolnikov fell sadly silent and hung his head; he thought for a long time and at last smiled again, but his smile was now meek and sad.

"Eh, no need!" he said, as if no longer hiding anything from Porfiry at all. "It's not worth it! I don't need your reduction at all!"

"Well, that's just what I was afraid of!" Porfiry exclaimed hotly and as if involuntarily. "That's just what I was afraid of, that you don't need our reduction."

Raskolnikov looked at him sadly and impressively.

"Eh, don't scorn life!" Porfiry went on. "There's a lot of it still ahead. How can you not need a reduction, how can you not! You're an impatient man!"

"A lot of what still ahead?"

"Of life! What sort of prophet are you, how much do you know? Seek, and you shall find. Perhaps this is just where God was waiting for you. And it's not forever, the chain."

"There'll be a reduction..." Raskolnikov laughed.

"What, were you frightened of bourgeois shame, or what? It may be that you were frightened, and don't know it yourself—because you're young! And all the same it's not for you to be afraid or ashamed, or whatever, of coming forward to confess."

"Eh-eh, I don't give a damn!" Raskolnikov whispered contemptuously and with disgust, as if not even wishing to talk. He started to get up again, as if he wanted to go out somewhere, but sat down again in visible despair.

"That's just it, you don't give a damn! You've lost your faith, and you think I'm crudely flattering you; but how much have you lived yet? How much do you understand? He made up a theory, and then he felt ashamed that it fell through, that it came out so very unoriginal! It came out base, that's true, but all the same you're not a hopeless scoundrel. Not that sort of scoundrel at all! At least you didn't fool yourself for long, you went to the last posts at once. Do you know what I take you for? I take you for one of those who could have their guts cut out, and he'll stand and look at his torturers with a smile—if only he finds faith or God. Well, find it, and you'll live. You, first of all, have long needed a change of air. Why, suffering is a good thing too. Suffer a little. Mikolka may be right in

wanting suffering. I know you don't believe—but don't be too clever by half; give yourself up to life directly, without reasoning; don't worry—it will carry you straight to the shore and set you on your feet. What shore? How should I know? I only believe that you still have a long time to live. I know you take my words now for a sermon learned by heart; but perhaps later you'll remember, they'll come in useful sometime; that's why I say them. It's a good thing you only killed an old woman. If you'd thought up a different theory, you might have done a hundred million times uglier a thing! Perhaps you ought to thank God still; how do you know: perhaps God is saving you for something. But you, have a great heart, and be less afraid. Have you lost your nerve before the great fulfillment that lies ahead? No, here it's shameful to lose your nerve. Once you've taken such a step, then hold firm. Here it's a matter of justice. Go on and fulfill what justice demands. I know you don't believe, but by God, life will carry you through. Later you'll grow to love it yourself. Right now you only need air, air, air!"

Raskolnikov even gave a start.

"But who are you," he cried, "what sort of prophet are you? From the height of what majestic calm do you pronounce these sage-sounding prophecies to me?"

"Who am I? I'm a finished man, nothing more. A man, perhaps, who feels and sympathizes, who perhaps knows a thing or two, but who is already completely finished. But you're another matter; God has prepared life for you (and who knows, perhaps with you too it will just pass away like smoke, and nothing will come of it). Well, what of it that you'll pass into a different category of people? It isn't comfort you'll regret, you, with your heart? What of it that perhaps no one will see you for too long? It isn't a matter of time, but of you yourself. Become a sun, and everyone will see you. The sun must first of all be the sun. Why are you smiling again: that I'm such a Schiller? And I bet you suppose I'm worming my way into

your good graces now! Well, and perhaps I really am worming my way in, heh-heh-heh! You, Rodion Romanych, perhaps shouldn't take my word for it, perhaps you should even never believe me entirely—that's just my nature, I agree; only here's what I'll add: how low a man I am and how honest a man, you can judge for yourself, it seems!"

"When do you intend to arrest me?"

"Why, I can still give you a day and a half or two to walk about. Think it over, my dear, pray to God. And it's more to your advantage, by God, more to your advantage."

"And what if I run away?" Raskolnikov asked, smiling somehow strangely.

"No, you won't run away. A peasant will run away, a fashionable sectarian will run away—the lackey of someone else's thought—because you need only show him the tip of your little finger, as with Midshipman Dyrka, and he'll believe anything you like for the rest of his life. But you no longer believe in your theory—what would you run away with? And what would you do as a fugitive? Life on the run is vile and hard, and what you need above all is life and a definite position, air to suit you; well, and is the air there yours? You'll run away and come back on your own. You can't do without us. And if I lock you up in the jailhouse—well, you'll sit a month, or two, or three, and then suddenly, mark my words, you'll come forward yourself, and perhaps in a way you won't expect yourself. An hour before, you won't know yet that you're coming to confess. I'm even sure that you'll 'think it over and decide to accept suffering'; you don't take my word for it now, but you'll come to that yourself. Because suffering, Rodion Romanych, is a great thing; don't look at the fact that I've grown fat, it doesn't matter, I know all the same; don't laugh at it, there's an idea in suffering. Mikolka is right. No, you won't run away, Rodion Romanych."

Raskolnikov got up from his seat and took his cap. Porfiry Petrovich got up too.

"Going for a walk? It will be a fine evening, if only there's no thunderstorm. Though it would be even better if it freshened things up…"

He too took his cap.

"Porfiry Petrovich, please don't take it into your head," Raskolnikov said with stern insistence, "that I have confessed to you today. You're a strange man, and I listened to you out of mere curiosity. But I haven't confessed to anything… Remember that."

"Well, yes, I know, I'll remember—just look, he's even trembling. Don't worry, my dear; let it be as you will. Walk about a little; only you mustn't walk about too much. Just in case, I have one more little request to make of you," he added, lowering his voice, "a ticklish little one, but important; if, that is, just in case (which, however, I don't believe in and consider you quite incapable of), if by any chance—well, just in case—you should have the urge, in these forty or fifty hours, to finish the business some other way, in some fantastic fashion—to lay hands on yourself, like that (an absurd supposition, but you must forgive me for it), then leave a brief but detailed little note. Just two lines, only two lines, and mention the stone: it will be more noble, sir. Well, sir, goodbye… Good thoughts to you, and good beginnings!"

Porfiry went out, somehow stooping, and as if avoiding looking at Raskolnikov. Raskolnikov went to the window and with irritable impatience waited for the time when, by his reckoning, the other would come out into the street and move farther off. Then he hurriedly went out of the room himself.

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1. German: "in vain."

2. German, "tomorrow morning," used in Russian slang to mean "not on your life."

3. In Russian *raskolniki*, “schismatics,” the word from which Raskolnikov’s name is formed. The Runners were a radical sect of Old Believers who held that one must flee the world and all authority.

Part Six · III

He was hurrying to Svidrigailov. What he could hope for from this man he did not know himself. But this man held some kind of power over him. Once he had realized it he could no longer be at peace, and now, besides, the time had come.

On the way one question tormented him above all: had Svidrigailov been to see Porfiry?

As far as he could judge, and he would have sworn to it—no, he had not! He thought it over again and again, went back over the whole of Porfiry's visit, worked it out: no, he had not, of course he had not!

But if he had not been yet, would he go to Porfiry or would he not?

For the moment it seemed to him that he would not. Why? He could not have explained that either, and even if he could have, he would not have racked his brains over it much just now. All this tormented him, and at the same time he somehow had no mind for it. A strange thing, and perhaps no one would have believed it, but for his own present, immediate fate he cared somehow weakly, absently. Something else was tormenting him, something far more important, extraordinary—about himself and no one else, but something else, something central. Besides, he felt a boundless moral exhaustion, although his reason was working better that morning than it had in all these last days.

And was it worth it now, after everything that had happened, to try to overcome all these paltry new difficulties? Was it worth it, for instance, to scheme so that Svidrigailov would not go to

Porfiry; to study, find things out, waste time on some Svidrigailov or other?

Oh, how sick he was of all of it!

And yet he was still hurrying to Svidrigailov; was he not, perhaps, expecting something new from him, some pointer, a way out? A drowning man will clutch at a straw, after all! Was it not fate, was it not some instinct that was bringing them together? Perhaps it was only exhaustion, despair; perhaps it was not Svidrigailov he needed but someone else, and Svidrigailov had simply turned up. Sonya? But why would he go to Sonya now? To ask her for her tears again? Besides, Sonya frightened him. Sonya stood for an inexorable sentence, a decision without appeal. It was either her road or his. At this moment especially he was in no state to see her. No, was it not better to try Svidrigailov: what was he, after all? And he could not help admitting inwardly that the man had indeed, for a long time now, been somehow necessary to him for something.

Well, but what could they have in common? Even their villainy could not be of the same kind. Besides, this man was very unpleasant, obviously depraved in the extreme, cunning and deceitful for certain, perhaps very wicked. Such stories were told about him. True, he had taken trouble over Katerina Ivanovna's children; but who knew why, and what it meant? The man always had some intentions and projects.

All these days one more thought had kept flashing through Raskolnikov's mind and disturbing him terribly, though he even tried to drive it away, so heavy was it to bear! He thought at times: Svidrigailov had kept circling around him, and was circling still; Svidrigailov had found out his secret; Svidrigailov had had designs on Dunya. And what if he had them still? It was almost certain that he did. And what if now, having learned his secret and so gained power over him, he wanted to use it as a weapon against Dunya?

The thought had tormented him at times, even in his sleep, but never before had it come to him as consciously vivid as now, as he walked to Svidrigailov's. The thought alone was enough to throw him into a dark fury. In the first place, everything would change then, even in his own position: he would have to reveal the secret to Dunechka at once. He might have to give himself up, to keep Dunechka from some rash step. The letter? This morning Dunya had received a letter of some kind! From whom in Petersburg could she be getting letters? (Luzhin, perhaps?) True, Razumikhin was standing guard there; but Razumikhin knew nothing. Perhaps he ought to confide in Razumikhin too? Raskolnikov thought of this with loathing.

"In any case I must see Svidrigailov as soon as possible," he decided finally to himself. "Thank God, it isn't the details that matter so much here as the substance of the thing; but if, if he is only capable of it, if Svidrigailov is scheming something against Dunya—then..."

Raskolnikov was so worn out by all this time, by this whole month, that he could no longer settle such questions otherwise than by a single decision: "Then I'll kill him," he thought in cold despair. A heavy feeling squeezed his heart; he stopped in the middle of the street and began looking around: which way was he going, and where had he got to? He was on ——sky Avenue, thirty or forty paces from the Haymarket, which he had passed through. The whole second floor of the house on the left was taken up by a tavern. All the windows were flung wide open; the tavern, judging by the figures moving in the windows, was packed full. Songs spilled through the hall, a clarinet and a violin rang out, and a Turkish drum boomed. Women's shrieks could be heard. He was about to turn back, puzzled as to why he had turned onto ——sky Avenue, when suddenly, at one of the open windows at the end of the tavern, he saw Svidrigailov, sitting right by the window at a tea

table with a pipe between his teeth. This struck him terribly, to the point of horror. Svidrigailov was watching him and studying him in silence and, which also struck Raskolnikov at once, seemed to be on the point of getting up, so as to slip away quietly before he was noticed. Raskolnikov immediately pretended that he had not noticed him either and was looking off to one side, lost in thought, while he went on watching him out of the corner of his eye. His heart was pounding with alarm. So it was: Svidrigailov obviously did not want to be seen. He took the pipe from his lips and was about to hide; but, having stood up and pushed back his chair, he probably noticed suddenly that Raskolnikov could see him and was watching him. Something passed between them very like the scene of their first meeting at Raskolnikov's, while he was asleep. A sly, roguish smile appeared on Svidrigailov's face and spread wider and wider. Each knew that both of them were seeing and watching each other. At last Svidrigailov burst into loud laughter.

"Well, well! Come in, then, if you like; here I am!" he shouted from the window.

Raskolnikov went up into the tavern.

He found him in a very small back room with one window, which adjoined the large hall where, at twenty little tables, to the shouts of a chorus of singers bawling for all they were worth, merchants, clerks, and a crowd of every sort of people were drinking tea. From somewhere came the click of billiard balls. On the little table in front of Svidrigailov stood an opened bottle of champagne and a glass half full of wine. In the little room there were also a boy organ-grinder with a small hand organ and a healthy, red-cheeked girl in a tucked-up striped skirt and a Tyrolean hat with ribbons, a singer of about eighteen, who, in spite of the chorus in the other room, was singing to the organ-grinder's accompaniment, in a rather hoarse contralto, some sort of servants'-hall ditty…

"That'll do!" Svidrigailov cut her short as Raskolnikov came in.

The girl broke off at once and stood waiting respectfully. She had been singing her rhymed lackey's ditty with a kind of serious and respectful expression on her face.

"Hey, Filipp, a glass!" shouted Svidrigailov.

"I won't drink wine," said Raskolnikov.

"As you like, it isn't for you. Drink up, Katya! Nothing more will be wanted today, off you go!" He poured her a full glass of wine and laid out a yellow one-rouble note. Katya drank the glass off at once, the way women drink wine, that is, without stopping, in twenty swallows, took the note, kissed Svidrigailov's hand, which he very seriously allowed her to kiss, and went out of the room, and the boy with the organ trailed after her. Both of them had been brought in from the street. Svidrigailov had not been in Petersburg even a week, and already everything around him was on a sort of patriarchal footing. The tavern waiter, Filipp, was also an "acquaintance" by now, and fawned on him. The door to the hall could be locked; Svidrigailov was at home in this room and spent whole days in it, perhaps. The tavern was dirty, wretched, and not even second-rate.

"I was on my way to you, looking for you," Raskolnikov began, "but why did I suddenly turn off the Haymarket onto ——sky Avenue just now! I never turn this way and never come here. From the Haymarket I turn right. And this isn't the way to your place either. I'd only just turned, and there you were! It's strange!"

"Why don't you say it straight out: it's a miracle!"

"Because it may be only chance."

"What a cast of mind all you people have!" Svidrigailov roared with laughter. "Won't admit it, even if inwardly you do believe in the miracle! You say yourself it 'may be' only chance. And what little cowards they all are here about having opinions of their own, you can't imagine, Rodion Romanych! I don't mean you. You have

an opinion of your own and weren't afraid to have it. That's just how you caught my curiosity."

"Nothing else?"

"Well, that's enough, surely."

Svidrigailov was obviously in an excited state, but only the tiniest bit; he had drunk only half a glass of wine.

"It seems to me you came to see me before you knew I was capable of having what you call an opinion of my own," Raskolnikov observed.

"Well, then it was a different matter. Everyone has his own steps to take. And as for the miracle, I'll tell you this: you seem to have slept through these last two or three days. I named this tavern to you myself, and there was no miracle at all in your coming straight here; I explained the whole way myself, told you where it stands and the hours when I can be found here. Remember?"

"I forgot," Raskolnikov answered in surprise.

"I believe you. I told you twice. The address stamped itself on your memory mechanically. And you turned this way mechanically, and yet strictly by the address, without knowing it yourself. Even as I was telling you, I didn't expect you'd understood me. You give yourself away far too much, Rodion Romanych. And here's something else: I'm convinced that a great many people in Petersburg talk to themselves as they walk. It's a city of half-madmen. If we had any sciences, then doctors, lawyers, and philosophers could make the most valuable studies of Petersburg, each in his own field. You'll rarely find a place with so many gloomy, harsh, and strange influences on a man's soul as Petersburg. The climatic influences alone are worth something! And yet it's the administrative center of all Russia, and its character must be reflected in everything. But that's not the point now; the point is that I've watched you several times from the side. You come out of the house—you're still holding your head up. Twenty paces on, you're

already lowering it, you fold your hands behind your back. You're looking, and obviously you no longer see anything either in front of you or on either side. At last you start moving your lips and talking to yourself, and sometimes you free one hand and declaim, and at last you stop in the middle of the road for a long time. That's not good at all, sir. Perhaps somebody besides me notices you, and that's not to your advantage. It's all the same to me, really, and I won't cure you, but of course you understand me."

"And do you know that I'm being followed?" Raskolnikov asked, looking at him searchingly.

"No, I know nothing about it," Svidrigailov answered, as if surprised.

"Well, then let's leave me in peace," Raskolnikov muttered, frowning.

"Very well, let's leave you in peace."

"Tell me instead: if you come here to drink, and twice named this place yourself for me to come to you here, then why, just now, when I was looking up at the window from the street, were you hiding and trying to leave? I noticed that very well."

"Heh-heh! And why, that time when I was standing on your threshold, were you lying on your sofa with your eyes shut, pretending to be asleep, when you weren't asleep at all? I noticed that very well."

"I may have had… reasons… you know that yourself."

"And I may have had my reasons, though you won't find out what they are."

Raskolnikov lowered his right elbow onto the table, propped his chin from below with the fingers of his right hand, and fixed his eyes on Svidrigailov. For a minute or so he studied his face, which had always struck him before as well. It was a strange face, somehow like a mask: white and ruddy, with ruddy scarlet lips, a light-blond beard, and still rather thick blond hair. The eyes were some-

how too blue, and their gaze somehow too heavy and fixed; there was something terribly unpleasant in this handsome face, so extraordinarily youthful for his years. Svidrigailov's clothes were dandyish, light, summery; he was especially dandyish about his linen, and on his finger was an enormous ring with a costly stone.

"Do I really have to bother with you too, on top of everything," Raskolnikov said suddenly, coming straight out into the open with convulsive impatience, "though you may well be the most dangerous of men, if you want to do harm, but I don't want to break myself anymore. I'll show you right now that I don't value myself as much as you probably think. Know this, then: I've come to tell you straight out that if you still hold to your former intentions concerning my sister, and if you mean to use anything that's come to light lately for that purpose, I'll kill you before you put me in prison. My word is good: you know I'll be able to keep it. Second, if you have something to declare to me—because all this time it's seemed to me that you somehow want to tell me something—then declare it quickly, because time is precious, and perhaps very soon it will be too late."

"Where are you in such a hurry to?" asked Svidrigailov, studying him curiously.

"Everyone has his own steps to take," Raskolnikov said, gloomy and impatient.

"You yourself called for frankness just now, and you refuse to answer the very first question," Svidrigailov remarked with a smile. "You keep imagining I have some aims or other, and so you look at me with suspicion. Well, that's perfectly understandable in your position. But much as I'd like to be on good terms with you, I still won't take the trouble to persuade you otherwise. By God, the game isn't worth the candle, and I didn't intend to talk to you about anything so very special."

"Then what did you need me so much for? You were hanging around me, weren't you?"

"Why, simply as a curious subject for observation. I liked the fantastic quality of your situation—that's what! Besides, you're the brother of a person who interested me very much, and finally, from that very person, in her time, I heard a terrible lot about you, and often, from which I concluded that you have great influence over her; isn't that enough? Heh-heh-heh! I confess, though, that your question is very complicated for me, and it's hard for me to answer it. Well, here, for instance: you came to me now not just on business but for something new, didn't you? Isn't that so? Isn't that so?" Svidrigailov insisted with a sly smile. "Well, then imagine that I myself, on my way here, in the train, was counting on you too, on your telling me something new as well, and on my managing to borrow something from you! That's how rich we are!"

"Borrow what?"

"What can I tell you? Do I know what? You see what a miserable little tavern I sit in the whole time, and I enjoy it, that is, not that I enjoy it, but, well, a man has to sit somewhere. Well, take this poor Katya—you saw her?... Now, if I were a glutton, say, a club gourmet, but just look what I can eat!" (He jabbed a finger toward the corner, where on a little table, on a tin plate, stood the remains of a dreadful beefsteak with potatoes.) "Have you dined, by the way? I've had a bite and don't want any more. Wine, for instance, I don't drink at all. Nothing but champagne, and of champagne only one glass a whole evening, and even then my head aches. I ordered it just now to wind myself up, because I'm going somewhere, and you see me in a special frame of mind. That's why I hid just now like a schoolboy, because I thought you'd get in my way; but it seems (he took out his watch) I can spend an hour with you; it's half past four now. Would you believe it, if only there were something; well, to be a landowner, say, or a father, or an uhlan, a pho-

tographer, a journalist… n-nothing, no specialty at all! Sometimes it's even boring. Really, I thought you'd tell me something new."

"But who are you, and why have you come here?"

"Who am I? You know: a nobleman, served two years in the cavalry, then knocked about here in Petersburg, then married Marfa Petrovna and lived in the country. There's my biography!"

"You're a gambler, I believe?"

"No, what kind of gambler am I? A cardsharp is no gambler."

"So you were a cardsharp?"

"Yes, I was a cardsharp."

"Well, and did they beat you?"

"It happened. Why?"

"Well, then you could have called them out to a duel… and in general it livens things up."

"I won't contradict you, and besides, I'm no hand at philosophizing. I'll confess to you, I hurried here mostly on account of women."

"When you've only just buried Marfa Petrovna?"

"Well, yes," Svidrigailov smiled with disarming frankness. "What of it? You seem to find something wrong in my talking about women this way?"

"That is, do I or don't I find something wrong in debauchery?"

"In debauchery! So that's what you're driving at! But anyway, let me answer you in order, first about women in general; I'm in the mood to chatter, you know. Tell me, why should I restrain myself? Why give up women, if I'm fond of them, at least? At least it's an occupation."

"So debauchery is all you're hoping for here?"

"Well, what of it, debauchery, then! Debauchery is all they can think of. But I do like a direct question, at least. In this debauchery there is at least something constant, something even founded in nature and not subject to fancy, something that stays in the blood

like an ever-glowing coal, forever kindling you, something that for a long while yet, even with the years, you won't put out so soon. You'll agree yourself, isn't it an occupation of a sort?"

"What is there to be glad about? It's a disease, and a dangerous one."

"Ah, so that's what you're driving at! I agree that it's a disease, like everything that goes beyond measure—and here you're bound to go beyond measure—but, in the first place, it's one way with one man and another way with another, and in the second place, of course, keep measure in everything, keep calculation, even if it's a mean sort, but what can you do? If it weren't for this, why, a man might have to shoot himself. I agree that a decent man is obliged to be bored, but still..."

"And could you shoot yourself?"

"Oh, come now!" Svidrigailov parried with disgust. "Do me a favor, don't talk to me about it," he added hastily, and even without any of the bravado that had shown in everything he had said before. Even his face seemed to change. "I confess to an unpardonable weakness, but what can I do: I'm afraid of death and don't like it when people talk about it. Do you know that I'm something of a mystic?"

"Ah! Marfa Petrovna's ghosts! Well, do they keep on visiting?"

"Oh, drop them, don't mention them; not yet in Petersburg; and the devil take them!" he cried with a sort of irritable air. "No, let's talk rather about... but anyway... Hm! Eh, there's not much time, I can't stay with you long, and it's a pity! There'd be something to tell."

"And what have you got, a woman?"

"Yes, a woman, just one chance incident... no, that's not what I mean."

"Well, and the vileness of all these surroundings doesn't affect you anymore? You've already lost the strength to stop?"

"So you lay claim to strength too? Heh-heh-heh! You surprised me just now, Rodion Romanych, though I knew beforehand it would be so. You talk to me about debauchery and aesthetics! You're a Schiller, you're an idealist! All of which, of course, is as it should be, and one ought to be surprised if it were otherwise, but still, it's somehow strange in reality... Ah, it's a pity there's so little time, because you're a most curious subject yourself! And, by the way, do you like Schiller? I like him terribly."

"What a braggart you are, though!" Raskolnikov said with some disgust.

"No, by God, I'm not!" Svidrigailov answered, laughing. "Still, I won't argue, braggart let it be; but why not brag a little, when it's harmless? I lived seven years in the country with Marfa Petrovna, and so, having pounced on an intelligent man like you now—intelligent and curious in the highest degree—I'm simply glad to chatter, and besides, I've drunk this half glass of wine and it's already gone to my head a tiny bit. And above all, there is one circumstance that has wound me up a great deal, but about which I'll... say nothing. Where are you going?" Svidrigailov asked suddenly, in alarm.

Raskolnikov had started to get up. He felt heavy and stifled and somehow awkward for having come here. He was convinced that Svidrigailov was the emptiest and most worthless villain in the world.

"Eh-eh! Sit down, stay a while," Svidrigailov pleaded, "and do order yourself some tea at least. Come, sit down, I won't talk nonsense, about myself, that is. I'll tell you something. Well, would you like me to tell you how a woman, to put it in your style, tried to 'save' me? It'll even be an answer to your first question, because that person is your sister. May I tell it? And we'll kill some time."

"Tell it, but I hope you..."

"Oh, don't worry! Besides, Avdotya Romanovna can inspire nothing but the deepest respect even in a nasty, empty man like

me.”

Part Six · IV

"You know, perhaps (though in fact I told you myself)," Svidrigailov began, "that I was in the debtors' prison here, for an enormous sum, and without the slightest prospect of the means to pay it. There's no point going into detail about how Marfa Petrovna bought me out then; do you know to what a pitch of stupefaction a woman can sometimes fall in love? She was an honest woman, and far from stupid (though entirely uneducated). Imagine, then, that this very woman, jealous and honest as she was, resolved to stoop, after many terrible frenzies and reproaches, to a contract of a sort with me, which she kept to all the time we were married. The thing is, she was considerably older than I, and besides, she always kept a clove or something of the kind in her mouth. I had enough swinishness in my soul, and enough honesty of a sort, to tell her straight out that I could not be entirely faithful to her. This confession drove her into a frenzy, but my coarse frankness seems in a way to have pleased her: 'So he doesn't mean to deceive me, if he announces it like that beforehand'—well, and for a jealous woman that's the first thing. After long tears, an oral contract of the following sort was concluded between us: first, I would never leave Marfa Petrovna and would always remain her husband; second, I would go nowhere without her permission; third, I would never take a permanent mistress; fourth, in return Marfa Petrovna would allow me now and then to cast an eye on the maids, but only with her secret knowledge; fifth, God forbid I should fall in love with a woman of our own class; sixth, if by chance, which God forbid, I should be visited by some passion, a great and serious one, I was

to confess it to Marfa Petrovna. As for that last point, though, Marfa Petrovna was fairly easy in her mind the whole time; she was an intelligent woman, and consequently could not look on me as anything but a libertine and a rake, incapable of falling seriously in love. But an intelligent woman and a jealous woman are two different things, and that's just where the trouble lies. However, to judge certain people impartially, one must give up beforehand certain preconceived views and one's everyday habit with regard to the people and things that ordinarily surround us. I have the right to count on your judgment more than on anyone's. Perhaps you've already heard a great many ridiculous and absurd things about Marfa Petrovna. She did indeed have some very ridiculous habits; but I'll tell you straight out that I sincerely regret the countless sorrows I caused her. Well, that's enough, I think, for a quite decent *oraison funèbre* of the tenderest of wives by the tenderest of husbands. Whenever we quarreled I mostly kept silent and didn't get irritated, and this playing the gentleman nearly always achieved its aim; it had an effect on her, and she even liked it; there were times when she was even proud of me. But your sister was more than she could stand, all the same. And how did it ever happen that she risked taking such a beauty into her house as a governess! I explain it by the fact that Marfa Petrovna was an ardent and impressionable woman, and that, quite simply, she fell in love herself—literally fell in love—with your sister. Well, and Avdotya Romanovna too! I understood very well, at first sight, that things were in a bad way here, and—what do you think?—I made up my mind not even to raise my eyes to her. But Avdotya Romanovna herself took the first step—would you believe it? Would you also believe that Marfa Petrovna went so far as to be angry with me at first for my constant silence about your sister, for being so indifferent to her endless, enamored praises of Avdotya Romanovna? I don't understand myself what she wanted!

Well, of course, Marfa Petrovna told Avdotya Romanovna everything about me, down to the last secret. She had an unfortunate trait of telling absolutely everyone all our family secrets and complaining about me to everyone endlessly; how could she pass over such a new and beautiful friend? I imagine they talked of nothing but me, and no doubt Avdotya Romanovna came to know all those dark, mysterious tales that are laid at my door… I'll bet you've heard something of the sort already too?"

"I have. Luzhin accused you of even causing a child's death. Is it true?"

"Do me a favor, leave all these vulgarities alone," Svidrigailov fended him off with peevish disgust. "If you absolutely must know about all that nonsense, I'll tell you about it separately someday, but now…"

"They also talked about some footman of yours in the country, and how you were supposedly the cause of something there too."

"Do me a favor, enough!" Svidrigailov interrupted again with obvious impatience.

"Isn't that the footman who came to fill your pipe after he was dead… you told me yourself?" Raskolnikov went on, growing more and more irritated.

Svidrigailov was looking at Raskolnikov attentively, and it seemed to Raskolnikov that a malicious smile flashed for an instant in that look, like lightning, but Svidrigailov restrained himself and answered very politely:

"The very same. I see that all this interests you extremely too, and I'll consider it my duty, at the first convenient opportunity, to satisfy your curiosity on every point. Devil take it! I see that I really might seem a romantic figure to somebody! Judge, then, how much I owe the late Marfa Petrovna after that, for having told your sister so many mysterious and intriguing things about me. I don't dare judge the impression: but in any case it worked to my advan-

tage. For all Avdotya Romanovna's natural aversion to me, and in spite of my perpetually gloomy and repellent air, she came at last to feel sorry for me, sorry for a lost man. And when a girl's heart begins to feel sorry, that, of course, is the most dangerous thing of all for her. Then she is sure to want to 'save' him, and bring him to his senses, and raise him from the dead, and call him to nobler aims, and revive him for a new life and new activity—well, everyone knows what can be dreamed up along those lines. I saw at once that the little bird was flying into the net of its own accord, and I, for my part, got ready. You seem to be frowning, Rodion Romanych? Never mind, sir, the business, as you know, came to nothing. (Devil take it, how much wine I'm drinking!) You know, I always regretted, from the very beginning, that fate hadn't let your sister be born in the second or third century of our era, as the daughter of some ruling princeling somewhere, or of some governor or proconsul in Asia Minor. She would no doubt have been one of those who suffered martyrdom, and would of course have smiled while they burned her breast with red-hot pincers. She would have gone to it deliberately, of her own accord, and in the fourth or fifth century she would have gone off into the Egyptian desert and lived there thirty years, feeding on roots, raptures, and visions. That's all she thirsts for herself, she demands to take on some torment for someone as quickly as possible, and if she isn't given that torment, she may very well jump out of a window. I've heard something about a certain Mr. Razumikhin. A sensible fellow, they say (as his very name shows,[1] a seminarian, most likely), well, let him look after your sister. In a word, I think I understood her, and I count that an honor. But then, that is, at the beginning of an acquaintance, you know yourself, one is always somehow more frivolous and stupid, one looks at things wrongly, sees what isn't there. Devil take it, why is she so lovely? It's not my fault! In a word, with me it began with the most uncontrollable fit of lust.

Avdotya Romanovna is chaste, terribly chaste, chaste as no one has ever heard of or seen. (Mark this, I'm telling you this about your sister as a fact. She is chaste perhaps to the point of illness, for all her breadth of mind, and it will do her harm.) Just then a girl turned up at our place, Parasha, black-eyed Parasha, who had just been brought from another village, a housemaid, and whom I'd never laid eyes on before—very pretty, but stupid beyond belief: she burst into tears, raised a howl the whole yard could hear, and there was a scandal. One day after dinner Avdotya Romanovna deliberately sought me out when I was alone in an avenue of the garden and, with flashing eyes, demanded that I leave poor Parasha in peace. It was very nearly our first conversation alone together. I, naturally, counted it an honor to satisfy her wish, tried to appear stricken, abashed, well, in a word, I played the part not badly. Relations began, mysterious conversations, moral lectures, instructions, pleadings, supplications, even tears—would you believe it, even tears! That's how strong the passion for propaganda gets in some girls! I, of course, laid it all at the door of my fate, posed as hungering and thirsting for light, and finally brought into play the greatest and most unshakable means of conquering a woman's heart, a means that never deceives anyone and that works on absolutely every last one of them, without any exception whatever. The means is well known: flattery. There is nothing in the world harder than straightforwardness, and nothing easier than flattery. If there is even one hundredth part of a false note in straightforwardness, a dissonance follows at once, and after it, a scandal. But in flattery, even if everything down to the last note is false, it is still pleasant and is listened to not without pleasure; with a coarse pleasure, perhaps, but pleasure all the same. And however coarse flattery may be, at least half of it is sure to seem true. And that goes for every degree of development and every stratum of society. Even a vestal virgin can be seduced by flattery.

And as for ordinary people, it goes without saying. I can't recall without laughing how I once seduced a certain lady, devoted to her husband, her children, and her virtues. What fun it was, and how little work! And the lady really was virtuous, at least in her own way. My whole tactic consisted in simply being crushed every minute and falling prostrate before her chastity. I flattered shamelessly, and as soon as I'd won a pressure of the hand, or even a glance, I'd reproach myself for having wrested it from her by force, saying that she had resisted, that she had resisted so hard that I surely would never have got anything if I hadn't been so depraved myself; that she, in her innocence, had not foreseen the treachery and had yielded unintentionally, without knowing it herself, without realizing, and so on, and so on. In a word, I achieved everything, and my lady remained convinced in the highest degree that she was innocent and chaste and fulfilled all her duties and obligations, and had come to ruin quite by accident. And how angry she was with me when I told her at the end that it was my sincere conviction that she had been seeking pleasure exactly as much as I had. Poor Marfa Petrovna was terribly susceptible to flattery too, and if I had only wanted to, I could of course have had the whole estate signed over to me while she was still alive. (I'm drinking a terrible lot of wine, though, and chattering.) I hope you won't be angry if I mention now that the same effect was beginning to come about with Avdotya Romanovna as well. But I was stupid and impatient myself and spoiled the whole thing. Several times even before that (and once in a particular way), Avdotya Romanovna had taken a terrible dislike to the expression of my eyes, would you believe it? In a word, a certain fire kept flaring up in them, more and more strongly and incautiously, which frightened her and finally became hateful to her. No need to go into details, but we parted. Then I did something stupid again. I took to mocking all this propaganda and these conversions in the coarsest way; Parasha appeared on the

scene again, and not she alone—in a word, a regular Sodom began. Oh, if you had seen, Rodion Romanych, even once in your life, your sister's eyes as they sometimes know how to flash! Never mind that I'm drunk now and have already had a whole glass of wine, I'm telling the truth; I assure you, I dreamed of that look; in the end I could no longer bear the rustle of her dress. Really, I thought I was going to have a fit of the falling sickness; I'd never imagined I could reach such a frenzy. In a word, it was necessary to make peace; but by then that was impossible. And imagine what I did then? To what a pitch of stupidity rage can bring a man! Never undertake anything in a rage, Rodion Romanych. Reckoning that Avdotya Romanovna was, after all, essentially a beggar (ah, excuse me, that isn't what I meant… but isn't it all the same, if it expresses the same idea?), in a word, that she lived by the work of her own hands, that she was supporting both her mother and you (ah, the devil, you're frowning again…), I decided to offer her all my money (I could have raised as much as thirty thousand even then) on condition that she run away with me, even if only here, to Petersburg. Naturally, I'd have sworn eternal love there, bliss, and so on, and so on. Would you believe it, I was so smitten then that if she had said to me: stab Marfa Petrovna or poison her and marry me, it would have been done on the spot! But it all ended in the catastrophe you already know about, and you can judge for yourself what a rage I could fly into when I learned that Marfa Petrovna had dug up that vilest of pen-pushers, Luzhin, and very nearly cobbled together a wedding—which, in essence, would have been the very same thing I was proposing. Wouldn't it? Wouldn't it? It would, wouldn't it? I notice you've begun listening very attentively… an interesting young man…"

Svidrigailov struck the table with his fist in impatience. He had turned red. Raskolnikov saw clearly that the glass or glass and a half of champagne he had drunk, sipping it imperceptibly, in small

gulps, had had a morbid effect on him—and decided to take advantage of the opportunity. He found Svidrigailov very suspicious.

"Well, after this I'm fully convinced that you came here, too, with my sister in view," he said to Svidrigailov directly and without concealment, to provoke him still more.

"Eh, come now," Svidrigailov said, as if suddenly catching himself, "I told you... and besides, your sister can't stand me."

"Yes, of that I'm convinced too, that she can't, but that's not the point now."

"And you're convinced that she can't?" (Svidrigailov narrowed his eyes and smiled mockingly.) "You're right, she doesn't love me; but never vouch for anything in matters that have passed between husband and wife, or lover and mistress. There is always one little corner there that always remains unknown to the whole world and is known only to the two of them. Will you vouch that Avdotya Romanovna looked on me with aversion?"

"From certain words and little phrases of yours while you were telling your story, I notice that you have designs on Dunya even now, and most urgent ones, and vile ones, of course."

"What! Words and little phrases like that slipped out of me?" Svidrigailov took fright suddenly and with great naïveté, paying not the slightest attention to the epithet applied to his intentions.

"They're slipping out even now. Well, what are you so afraid of, for instance? What has frightened you all of a sudden?"

"I, afraid and frightened? Frightened of you? It's more for you to be afraid of me, *cher ami*. What rubbish, though... But anyway, I've got tipsy, I can see that; I nearly let something slip again. To the devil with wine! Hey, water!"

He seized the bottle and without ceremony flung it out of the window. Filipp brought water.

"That's all nonsense," said Svidrigailov, wetting a towel and putting it to his head, "and with one word I can bring you up short

and grind all your suspicions to dust. Do you know, for instance, that I'm getting married?"

"You told me that before."

"Did I? I forgot. But then I couldn't say so for certain, because I hadn't even seen my bride yet; I only intended to. Well, but now I have a bride, and the thing is settled, and if it weren't for business, urgent business, I'd certainly take you and drive you to them right now—because I want to ask your advice. Eh, the devil! Only ten minutes left. You see, look at the watch; but anyway, I'll tell you, because it's an interesting little thing, my marriage, in its own way, that is—where are you going? Leaving again?"

"No, now I won't leave."

"Won't leave at all? We'll see! I'll take you there, that's true, I'll show you my bride, only not now, because now it will soon be time for you to go. You go right, I go left. Do you know this Resslich woman? This very Resslich I'm living with now—eh? Do you hear? No, what do you think, the very one they say that a girl, in the water, in winter—well, do you hear? Do you hear? Well, so she cooked all this up for me; you're sort of bored, she says, amuse yourself for a while. And I'm a gloomy, boring man, you know. You think I'm cheerful? No, gloomy: I do no harm, and sit in a corner; sometimes nobody can get a word out of me for three days. But this Resslich is a sly one, I tell you, and here's what she has in mind: I'll get bored, abandon my wife and go away, and the wife will fall to her, and she'll put her into circulation; in our circle, that is, or higher. There's a certain paralyzed father, she says, a retired official, sits in an armchair and hasn't moved his legs for over two years. There's a mother too, she says, a sensible lady, the mama. A son serves somewhere in the provinces, doesn't help. A daughter has married and doesn't visit, and they have two little nephews on their hands (as if their own weren't enough), and they've taken a girl out of the gymnasium before she finished, their youngest

daughter, she'll be just sixteen in a month, which means in a month she can be married off. To me, that is. We went; how funny it is at their place; I introduce myself: a landowner, a widower, of a well-known family, with such-and-such connections, with capital —well, what of it that I'm fifty and she isn't even sixteen? Who looks at that? But it's tempting, isn't it, eh? It's tempting, ha! ha! You should have seen how I talked away with papa and mama! People ought to pay just to watch me at such a moment. She comes out, curtsies, well, you can imagine, still in a short little dress, an unopened little bud, she blushes, flushes like the dawn (they'd told her, of course). I don't know how you feel about women's faces, but in my opinion these sixteen years, these still childish little eyes, this timidity and these little tears of bashfulness—in my opinion that's better than beauty, and on top of that she's pretty as a picture. Fair little hair, fluffed up in little curls like a lamb's, plump little scarlet lips, little feet—charming!... Well, we got acquainted, I announced that I was in a hurry on account of family circumstances, and the very next day, that is, the day before yesterday, they gave us their blessing. Since then, the moment I arrive, I have her on my knee, and I don't let her down... Well, she flushes like the dawn, and I kiss her every minute; her mama, of course, impresses on her that this, you see, is your husband and this is how it has to be, in a word, sheer bliss! And this present state, the fiancé's state, may really be better than the husband's. Here you have what is called *la nature et la vérité*! Ha-ha! I've talked with her a couple of times—the girl is far from stupid; sometimes she'll steal a look at me like that—it fairly burns right through me. And you know, she has a little face like Raphael's Madonna. The Sistine Madonna has a fantastic face, doesn't she, the face of a sorrowing holy fool, didn't that strike you? Well, something of that sort. As soon as they'd blessed us, the next day I brought her fifteen hundred roubles' worth: a diamond set, a pearl

one, and a lady's silver dressing case—this big, with all sorts of things in it, so that even her little face, the madonna's, turned pink. I sat her on my knee yesterday, and too unceremoniously, I suppose—she flushed all over and little tears spurted out, but she doesn't want to show it, and she's burning all over. They all went out for a minute, she and I were left quite alone, suddenly she throws herself on my neck (of her own accord, for the first time), puts both her little arms around me, kisses me, and swears she will be an obedient, faithful, and good wife to me, that she will make me happy, that she will devote her whole life, every minute of her life, sacrifice everything, and for all this all she wants from me is my respect, and she needs nothing more, she says, 'nothing, nothing, no presents!' You'll agree yourself that to hear a confession like that in private from such a sixteen-year-old little angel, in a little tulle dress, with fluffed-up curls, with the blush of maidenly shame and little tears of enthusiasm in her eyes—you'll agree yourself, it's rather tempting. It is tempting, isn't it? It's worth something, eh? Well, isn't it worth something? Well... well, listen... well, let's go and see my bride... only not right now!"

"In a word, it's this monstrous difference in age and development that arouses your lust! And are you really going to marry like that?"

"Why not? Certainly. Every man shifts for himself, and he lives merriest of all who best knows how to fool himself. Ha-ha! But why have you charged into virtue like that, shaft and all? Have mercy, my dear fellow, I'm a sinful man. Heh-heh-heh!"

"You did, however, provide for Katerina Ivanovna's children. Though... though you had your reasons for that... I understand everything now."

"I love children in general, I love children very much," Svidrigailov roared with laughter. "On that score I can even tell you a most curious episode, one that's still going on. On the very

first day after I arrived I went the rounds of all these various sewers, well, after seven years I simply flung myself on them. You've probably noticed that I'm in no hurry to take up with my own set, my former friends and acquaintances. Well, and I'll hold out without them for as long as I can. You know: at Marfa Petrovna's in the country I was tormented to death by memories of all those mysterious places and little spots where anyone who knows his way about can find a great deal. Devil take it! The common people drink, the educated young burn themselves out from idleness in impossible dreams and reveries and cripple themselves in theories; Jews have come flocking from somewhere and are hiding money away, and all the rest are given up to debauchery. From the very first hours the city breathed its familiar smell on me. I landed at a so-called dancing soirée—a terrible sewer (and I like my sewers precisely with a bit of dirt in them), well, of course, a cancan such as doesn't exist anywhere and didn't exist in my day. Yes, sir, there's progress for you. Suddenly I look, and there's a girl of about thirteen, very prettily dressed, dancing with a certain virtuoso; another one facing her, vis-à-vis. And by the wall, on a chair, sits her mother. Well, you can imagine what sort of cancan it was! The girl is embarrassed, blushes, finally takes offense and starts to cry. The virtuoso catches her up and starts twirling her around and showing off in front of her, everyone around is roaring with laughter and—I love our public at such moments, even a cancan public—they roar with laughter and shout: 'Serves her right, that's just as it should be! Shouldn't bring children!' Well, I don't give a damn, it's none of my business, whether their way of consoling themselves is logical or not! I marked out my place at once, sat down by the mother and began telling her that I was a newcomer too, that what boors they all were here, that they couldn't tell true merit or show proper respect; I let it be known that I had a great deal of money; offered to see them home in my carriage; saw them home, made

their acquaintance (they rent some little closet from tenants, they've only just arrived). I was told that both she and her daughter could regard my acquaintance only as an honor; I learn that they have neither house nor home, and have come to petition about something in some government office; I offer my services, money; I learn that they went to the soirée by mistake, thinking that they really taught dancing there; I offer to contribute for my part to the young lady's education, French and dancing. They accept with delight, consider it an honor, and I keep up the acquaintance to this day... If you like, we'll go there—only not right now."

"Stop it, stop your vile, low anecdotes, you depraved, low, lecherous man!"

"Our Schiller, our Schiller, our very own Schiller! *Où va-t-elle la vertu se nicher*?[2] And you know, I'm going to tell you things like this on purpose, to hear your little outcries. What a pleasure!"

"Of course, as if I didn't seem ridiculous to myself at this moment!" Raskolnikov muttered with spite.

Svidrigailov laughed at the top of his voice; at last he called Filipp, paid, and began to get up.

"Well, I am drunk, though, *assez causé*!"[3] he said. "What a pleasure!"

"Of course you'd feel pleasure," Raskolnikov cried, getting up too. "Isn't it a pleasure for a worn-out libertine to tell of adventures like these—with some monstrous intention of the same sort in view—and under such circumstances besides, and to a man like me... It inflames you."

"Well, if that's so," Svidrigailov answered, even with a certain surprise, studying Raskolnikov, "if that's so, then you're a fair cynic yourself. At least you contain enormous material for one. You can be conscious of a great deal, a great deal... well, and you can do a great deal too. Well, that's enough, though. I sincerely regret that

we talked so little, but you won't get away from me... Just you wait..."

Svidrigailov walked out of the tavern. Raskolnikov followed him. Svidrigailov, however, was not very drunk; the wine had gone to his head only for a moment, and the effect was wearing off with every minute. He was very preoccupied with something, something extremely important, and he frowned. Some expectation was visibly agitating and troubling him. Toward Raskolnikov, in these last minutes, he had somehow suddenly changed, and he was growing ruder and more mocking with every minute. Raskolnikov noticed all this and was uneasy as well. Svidrigailov seemed very suspicious to him; he decided to follow him.

They came out onto the sidewalk.

"You go right, and I go left, or perhaps the other way round, only—*adieu*, *mon plaisir*, till our next happy meeting!"

And he went off to the right, toward the Haymarket.

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1. Razumikhin's name is formed from *razum*, "reason, good sense." Names of this kind were typical of the clergy, whose sons were educated in seminaries.

2. "Where will virtue go and make its nest!": Molière's remark (as the anecdote has it) when a beggar to whom he had given a gold coin ran after him to return it, thinking it given by mistake.

3. French: "enough talk."

Part Six · V

Raskolnikov went after him.

"What's this!" cried Svidrigailov, turning around. "I believe I said…"

"It means I'm not letting go of you now."

"Wha-a-at?"

Both stopped, and for a minute or so both looked at each other, as if taking each other's measure.

"From all your half-drunk stories," Raskolnikov cut him short sharply, "I've concluded positively that you not only haven't given up your vilest designs on my sister but are more taken up with them than ever. I know that this morning my sister received a letter of some kind. You couldn't sit still the whole time… You may, let's suppose, have dug up some wife or other on the way; but that means nothing. I want to make sure for myself…"

Raskolnikov could hardly have said himself what exactly he wanted now and what exactly he wished to make sure of for himself.

"Is that so! And would you like me to call the police this minute?"

"Call them!"

Again they stood facing each other for a minute or so. At last Svidrigailov's face changed. Having made sure that Raskolnikov was not frightened by the threat, he suddenly assumed the most cheerful and friendly air.

"What a fellow! I purposely didn't bring up your affair with you, though of course I'm tormented by curiosity. A fantastic affair. I'd

put it off until another time, but really, you could provoke a dead man… Well, come along, only I'll tell you beforehand: I'm just going home for a minute now, to pick up some money; then I lock up the apartment, take a cab, and go off to the Islands for the whole evening. So what's the use of your following me?"

"For the moment I'm going to the house, and not to see you, but Sofya Semyonovna, to apologize for not being at the funeral."

"As you please, but Sofya Semyonovna isn't at home. She has taken all the children to a certain lady, a certain distinguished old lady, an old acquaintance of mine from long ago, who manages some orphan institutions. I charmed this lady by handing her the money for all three of Katerina Ivanovna's fledglings, and I donated some more money to the institutions besides; and finally I told her Sofya Semyonovna's story, with all the trimmings, hiding nothing. It produced an indescribable effect. That's why Sofya Semyonovna was told to appear this very day, directly at the —— Hotel, where my lady is staying for the time being, in from her summer villa."

"Never mind, I'll call in all the same."

"As you like, only I'm no companion of yours there; but what is it to me! Here we are, home already. Tell me, I'm convinced that you look at me with suspicion because I've been so delicate myself and haven't troubled you with questions so far… you understand? It seemed to you something extraordinary; I'll bet that's it! Well, there you are, be delicate after that."

"And eavesdrop at doors!"

"Ah, so that's what you mean!" Svidrigailov laughed. "Yes, I'd have been surprised if, after everything, you had let that pass without a remark. Ha! ha! Though I did understand something of the mischief you… got up to… there that time, and told Sofya Semyonovna about yourself, still, what is it, after all? Maybe I'm a thoroughly backward man and can't understand anything any-

more. Explain it, for God's sake, my dear fellow! Enlighten me with the latest principles."

"You couldn't have heard anything, you're lying about all of it!"

"But I don't mean that, not that (though as a matter of fact I did hear a thing or two), no, I mean the way you keep moaning and groaning! The Schiller in you is put out every minute. And now it's don't eavesdrop at doors, too. If that's how it is, go and declare to the authorities that, well, so and so, here's a little mishap that's befallen me: a slight error came out in my theory. But if you're convinced that one mustn't eavesdrop at doors, but one may whack old women with whatever comes to hand, to one's heart's content, then go off somewhere quickly, to America! Run, young man! Perhaps there's still time. I mean it sincerely. Is it money you haven't got? I'll give you some for the journey."

"I'm not thinking about that at all," Raskolnikov tried to interrupt with disgust.

"I understand (don't trouble yourself, though: if you like, don't say much); I understand what sort of questions are in play with you: moral ones, is it? questions of the citizen and the man? Well, push them aside; what do you need them for now? Heh, heh! Because you're still a citizen and a man after all? But if so, you shouldn't have meddled; no business taking on what isn't your line. Well, shoot yourself; what, don't feel like it?"

"You seem to be deliberately trying to provoke me, just so I'll let go of you now..."

"What a queer fellow, but we've arrived, welcome to the stairs. You see, here's the way in to Sofya Semyonovna's, look, there's nobody there! Don't you believe me? Ask Kapernaumov; she leaves her key with them. And here's madame de Kapernaumov herself, eh? What? (she's a little deaf) gone out? Where? There, now you've heard? She isn't here and won't be until late in the evening, perhaps. Well, now let's go to my place. You wanted to see me too,

didn't you? Well, here we are at my place. Madame Resslich isn't at home. That woman is forever bustling about, but she's a good woman, I assure you… she might be of use to you, perhaps, if you were a little more sensible. Well, now, kindly observe: I take this five-percent bond out of the bureau (look how many more of them I have!), and this one goes off to the money changer today. Well, did you see? I've no more time to lose. The bureau is locked, the apartment is locked, and we're on the stairs again. Well, shall we hire a cab? I'm off to the Islands, you know. Wouldn't you care for a drive? Here, I'm taking this carriage to Yelagin, what? You refuse? Lost your nerve? Let's go for a drive, it's nothing. It looks like rain coming on, never mind, we'll put the top up…"

Svidrigailov was already sitting in the carriage. Raskolnikov concluded that his suspicions, at least for the moment, were unjust. Without answering a word, he turned and walked back in the direction of the Haymarket. If he had looked back even once on the way, he would have been in time to see Svidrigailov, after driving no more than a hundred paces, pay off the carriage and end up on the sidewalk himself. But he could no longer see anything and had already gone around the corner. A deep disgust drew him away from Svidrigailov. "And I could expect anything, even for a moment, from that coarse villain, that lecherous debauchee and scoundrel!" he cried involuntarily. True, Raskolnikov had pronounced his judgment too hastily and lightly. There was something in everything around Svidrigailov that lent him at least a certain originality, if not mystery. As for his sister's part in all this, Raskolnikov still remained firmly convinced that Svidrigailov would not leave her in peace. But it was becoming too heavy and unbearable to think about all this and think it over again and again!

As was his habit, once he was alone, within twenty paces he sank into deep thought. Coming up onto the bridge, he stopped at

the railing and began looking at the water. And all the while Avdotya Romanovna was standing close beside him.

He had met her at the approach to the bridge but walked past without making her out. Dunechka had never before come upon him in the street looking like this, and she was struck to the point of fear. She stopped and did not know whether to call out to him or not. Suddenly she noticed Svidrigailov hurrying toward them from the direction of the Haymarket.

But he seemed to be approaching mysteriously and cautiously. He did not come up onto the bridge but stopped off to one side, on the sidewalk, trying with all his might to keep Raskolnikov from seeing him. He had noticed Dunya long before and began making signs to her. It seemed to her that with his signs he was begging her not to call to her brother but to leave him in peace, and was beckoning her to come to him.

And so Dunya did. She quietly went around her brother and came up to Svidrigailov.

"Let's go, quickly," Svidrigailov whispered to her. "I don't want Rodion Romanych to know about our meeting. I warn you that I've been sitting with him not far from here, in a tavern, where he found me himself, and I barely managed to shake him off. For some reason he knows about my letter to you and suspects something. Surely it wasn't you who told him? And if not you, then who?"

"We've already turned the corner," Dunya interrupted. "My brother won't see us now. I tell you plainly that I won't go any farther with you. Tell me everything here; all of it can be said in the street."

"In the first place, it can't possibly be said in the street; in the second place, you must hear Sofya Semyonovna too; in the third place, I'll show you certain documents... Well, and finally, if you won't agree to come in to my place, then I decline to give any explanations and leave at once. And I must ask you, besides, not to

forget that a very curious secret of your beloved brother's is entirely in my hands."

Dunya stopped, undecided, and looked at Svidrigailov with a piercing gaze.

"What are you afraid of!" he remarked calmly. "The town isn't the country. And even in the country you did me more harm than I did you, and here..."

"Has Sofya Semyonovna been told?"

"No, I haven't said a word to her, and I'm not even quite sure she's at home now. Probably she is, though. She buried a relative of hers today: it's not the sort of day for paying calls. For the time being I don't want to tell anyone about it, and I even partly regret having told you. Here the slightest carelessness is as good as informing. I live right here, in this house, we're coming up to it now. That's the caretaker of our house; the caretaker knows me very well; there, he's bowing; he sees I'm walking with a lady, and of course he's already had a good look at your face, and that will be useful to you if you're very much afraid and suspect me. Forgive me for putting it so crudely. I rent my room from tenants myself. Sofya Semyonovna lives wall to wall with me, also renting from tenants. The whole floor is let out. So what is there to be afraid of, like a child? Or am I really so very terrible?"

Svidrigailov's face twisted into a condescending smile; but he was in no mood for smiling. His heart was pounding and his breath was catching in his chest. He was talking louder on purpose to hide his growing agitation; but Dunya did not manage to notice this particular agitation; she was too irritated by his remark that she was afraid of him like a child and that he was so terrible to her.

"Though I know that you are a man... without honor, I'm not the least bit afraid of you. Lead the way," she said, calmly to all appearances, but her face was very pale.

Svidrigailov stopped at Sonya's door.

"Allow me to find out whether she's in. No. Bad luck! But I know she may come very soon. If she has gone out, it can only be to see a certain lady, about her orphans. Their mother has died. I've got mixed up in this too, and made arrangements. If Sofya Semyonovna isn't back in ten minutes, I'll send her to you myself, if you like, today even; well, and here is my place. Here are my two rooms. Behind that door lives my landlady, Mrs. Resslich. Now look over here, I'll show you my chief documents: this door here, from my bedroom, leads into two completely empty rooms, which are to let. Here they are… you need to look at this a little more attentively…"

Svidrigailov occupied two rather spacious furnished rooms. Dunechka looked around distrustfully but noticed nothing special either in the furnishings or in the arrangement of the rooms, though there was something that might have been noticed, for instance, that Svidrigailov's apartment somehow happened to lie between two almost uninhabited apartments. The way in to his rooms was not directly from the corridor but through two of the landlady's rooms, which were almost empty. And from the bedroom, unlocking a door that had been locked with a key, Svidrigailov showed Dunechka an apartment that was also empty and to let. Dunechka stopped on the threshold, not understanding why she was being invited to look, but Svidrigailov hastened to explain:

"Here, look in here, into this second, large room. Notice this door, it's locked with a key. By the door there's a chair, the only chair in both rooms. I brought it from my apartment, so as to listen more comfortably. Right there behind the door stands Sofya Semyonovna's table; there she sat and talked with Rodion Romanych. And here I eavesdropped, sitting on the chair, two evenings running, both times for a couple of hours—and of course I could have learned something, don't you think?"

"You eavesdropped?"

"Yes, I eavesdropped; now let's go to my place; there's nowhere even to sit here."

He led Avdotya Romanovna back into his first room, which served him as a sitting room, and invited her to sit down on a chair. He himself sat at the other end of the table, at least a sazhen, seven feet, away from her, but probably the same flame that had once so frightened Dunechka was already shining in his eyes. She shuddered and once more looked around distrustfully. The gesture was involuntary; she clearly did not want to show distrust. But the isolated position of Svidrigailov's apartment had struck her at last. She wanted to ask whether at least his landlady was at home, but she did not ask... out of pride. Besides, there was another suffering in her heart, beyond all proportion greater than fear for herself. She was in unbearable torment.

"Here is your letter," she began, laying it on the table. "Can what you write be possible? You hint at a crime supposedly committed by my brother. You hint too clearly, you dare not try to wriggle out of it now. Know, then, that I had heard of this stupid tale even before you, and I don't believe a single word of it. It's a vile and ridiculous suspicion. I know the story, and how and why it was invented. You can't have any proof. You promised to prove it: speak, then! But know beforehand that I don't believe you! I don't believe you!..."

Dunechka said this in a rapid patter, hurrying, and for an instant the color rushed to her face.

"If you didn't believe it, how could it have happened that you risked coming to me alone? Why did you come, then? Out of mere curiosity?"

"Don't torment me, speak, speak!"

"It goes without saying that you're a brave girl. By God, I thought you'd ask Mr. Razumikhin to come here with you. But he

was neither with you nor anywhere around you, I did look: that's daring, it means you wanted to spare Rodion Romanych. But then everything about you is divine... As for your brother, what am I to tell you? You saw him yourself just now. How did he look?"

"Surely that's not all you base it on?"

"No, not on that, but on his own words. He came here to Sofya Semyonovna two evenings running. I showed you where they sat. He made her a full confession. He is a murderer. He killed an old woman, an official's widow, a pawnbroker, with whom he had pawned things himself; he also killed her sister, an old-clothes dealer by the name of Lizaveta, who happened to come in while her sister was being murdered. He killed them both with an axe he had brought with him. He killed them in order to rob them, and he did rob them; he took money and a few things... He told all this himself, word for word, to Sofya Semyonovna, who is the only one who knows the secret, though she had no part in the murder either by word or by deed, but, on the contrary, was as horrified as you are now. Don't worry, she won't give him away."

"It can't be!" Dunechka murmured with pale, deadened lips; she was gasping for breath. "It can't be, there is no reason, not the slightest, no grounds at all... It's a lie! A lie!"

"He robbed them, that's the whole reason. He took money and things. True, by his own admission he made no use of either the money or the things, but carried them off somewhere and put them under a stone, where they're lying to this day. But that's because he didn't dare use them."

"But is it likely that he could steal, rob? That he could even think of it?" cried Dunya, jumping up from her chair. "You know him, you've seen him, haven't you? Can he possibly be a thief?"

She was positively pleading with Svidrigailov; she had forgotten all her fear.

"There are thousands and millions of combinations and varieties here, Avdotya Romanovna. A thief steals, but then he knows inwardly that he's a scoundrel; and yet I've heard of one noble gentleman who robbed the mail; so who knows, perhaps he really did think he'd done something decent! Of course, I wouldn't have believed it myself, any more than you, if I'd been told it second-hand. But I believed my own ears. He explained all his reasons to Sofya Semyonovna as well; but at first she didn't believe her own ears either, though at last she believed her eyes, her own eyes. He told her himself, in person, after all."

"What... reasons!"

"It's a long story, Avdotya Romanovna. Here there is, how shall I put it to you, a theory of a sort, the same kind of thing by which I find, for instance, that a single villainy is permissible if the main aim is good. A single evil and a hundred good deeds! It's galling too, of course, for a young man of merit and of boundless self-esteem to know that if he had, say, only some three thousand, his whole career, his whole future and his aim in life would take a different shape, and yet that three thousand isn't there. Add to that the irritation of hunger, of a cramped room, of rags, of a vivid awareness of the beauty of his social position, and of his sister's and mother's position at the same time. Above all, vanity, pride and vanity, though, God knows, perhaps with good inclinations too... I don't blame him, please don't think that; besides, it's none of my business. There was also a little theory of his own here—a so-so sort of theory—according to which people are divided, you see, into material and special people, that is, into people for whom, owing to their high position, the law is not written, but who, on the contrary, themselves make up laws for the rest of people, for the material, the rubbish. Nothing much, a so-so little theory; *une théorie comme une autre*. Napoleon carried him away terribly, that is, properly speaking, what carried him away was that a great many

men of genius paid no attention to a single evil but stepped over it without a second thought. He seems to have imagined that he too was a man of genius—that is, he was sure of it for a while. He suffered greatly and suffers now from the thought that he knew how to invent the theory but is not capable of stepping over without a second thought, and so he is not a man of genius. Well, and for a young man with self-esteem that is humiliating, in our age especially…"

"And remorse? So you deny him any moral feeling at all? Is he really like that?"

"Ah, Avdotya Romanovna, everything has become muddled now, that is, though, it was never in any particular order anyway. Russian people in general are broad people, Avdotya Romanovna, broad like their land, and extremely inclined to the fantastic, to the disorderly; but it's a misfortune to be broad without any particular genius. And do you remember how much we talked in this same vein and on this same subject, the two of us, sitting in the evenings on the terrace in the garden, every time after supper? You even reproached me for precisely this breadth. Who knows, perhaps we were talking at the very time he was lying here thinking his own thoughts through. In our educated society, Avdotya Romanovna, there are no especially sacred traditions, you know: unless someone somehow puts some together for himself out of books… or digs something out of the chronicles. But those are mostly scholars and, you know, all dunces in their way, so that it's even unbecoming for a man of the world. Still, you know my opinions in general; I accuse absolutely no one. I'm a soft-handed gentleman myself, and I hold to that. But we've talked about this more than once. I even had the happiness of interesting you with my opinions… You're very pale, Avdotya Romanovna!"

"I know this theory of his. I read his article in a journal about people to whom everything is permitted… Razumikhin brought it

to me…"

"Mr. Razumikhin? Your brother's article? In a journal? There's such an article? I didn't know. That must be curious! But where are you going, Avdotya Romanovna?"

"I want to see Sofya Semyonovna," Dunechka said in a weak voice. "Which way is it to her? Perhaps she's come back; I must see her, I must, now. Let her…"

Avdotya Romanovna could not finish; her breath literally failed her.

"Sofya Semyonovna won't be back until night. So I suppose. She was to have come very soon, but if not, then very late…"

"Ah, so you're lying! I see it… you lied… you lied about everything!… I don't believe you! I don't believe you!" Dunechka screamed in a real frenzy, completely losing her head.

Almost fainting, she fell onto a chair that Svidrigailov hastily set for her.

"Avdotya Romanovna, what's the matter, come to! Here's water. Take one sip…"

He splashed some water on her. Dunechka started and came to.

"It's hit her hard!" Svidrigailov muttered to himself, frowning. "Avdotya Romanovna, calm yourself! Know that he has friends. We'll save him, get him out of it. Would you like me to take him abroad? I have money; I can get a ticket in three days. And as for his having killed, he'll do a great many good deeds yet, so that all this will be made up for; calm yourself. He may be a great man yet. Well, what's the matter? How do you feel?"

"Wicked man! He mocks me on top of it. Let me go…"

"Where are you going? Where are you going?"

"To him. Where is he? Do you know? Why is this door locked? We came in through this door, and now it's locked with a key. When did you manage to lock it?"

"We could hardly shout to all the rooms about what we were saying here. I'm not mocking at all; I'm just sick of talking in that language. Well, where would you go in such a state? Or do you want to betray him? You'll drive him into a frenzy, and he'll give himself up. Know that they're already watching him, they're already on his trail. You'll only give him away. Wait; I saw him and talked with him just now; he can still be saved. Wait, sit down, let's think it over together. That's why I asked you here, to talk about it in private and think it over properly. Do sit down!"

"How can you save him? Can he really be saved?"

Dunya sat down. Svidrigailov sat down beside her.

"It all depends on you, on you, on you alone," he began with glittering eyes, almost in a whisper, losing the thread and even failing to get some words out from agitation.

Dunya drew farther away from him in fright. He too was trembling all over.

"You... one word from you, and he's saved! I... I'll save him. I have money and friends. I'll send him off at once, and I'll get a passport myself, two passports. One for him, the other for me. I have friends; I have people who know how to get things done... Do you want me to? I'll get a passport for you too... for your mother... what do you want with Razumikhin? I love you too... I love you infinitely. Let me kiss the hem of your dress, let me! let me! I can't bear to hear it rustle. Tell me: do this, and I'll do it! I'll do anything. I'll do the impossible. Whatever you believe in, I'll believe in too. I'll do anything, anything! Don't look, don't look at me like that! Do you know that you're killing me..."

He was even beginning to rave. Something had suddenly happened to him, as if it had suddenly gone to his head. Dunya jumped up and rushed to the door.

"Open up! open up!" she shouted through the door, calling for someone and shaking the door with her hands. "Open up, I say! Is

there really no one?"

Svidrigailov stood up and came to his senses. A malicious, mocking smile was slowly forcing its way onto his still trembling lips.

"There's no one at home there," he said quietly, pausing between words. "The landlady has gone out, and it's a waste of effort to shout like that: you're only upsetting yourself for nothing."

"Where's the key? Open the door this minute, this minute, you low creature!"

"I've lost the key and can't find it."

"Ah! So it's to be force!" cried Dunya, turned as pale as death, and rushed into the corner, where she quickly put between them a little table that happened to be at hand. She did not scream; but she fixed her eyes on her tormentor and kept a sharp watch on his every movement. Svidrigailov did not move from his place either and stood facing her at the other end of the room. He had even mastered himself, outwardly at least. But his face was as pale as before. The mocking smile did not leave it.

"You said 'force' just now, Avdotya Romanovna. If it's force, you can judge for yourself that I've taken measures. Sofya Semyonovna isn't at home; it's a long way to the Kapernaumovs, five locked rooms. Finally, I'm at least twice as strong as you, and besides, I have nothing to fear, because you can't complain afterward either: surely you don't actually want to betray your brother? And no one will believe you anyway: why on earth would a girl go alone to a single man's apartment? So that even if you do sacrifice your brother, you'll prove nothing even then: force is very hard to prove, Avdotya Romanovna."

"Scoundrel!" Dunya whispered in indignation.

"As you like, but mind, I was speaking only by way of supposition. In my own personal conviction you are perfectly right: force is a vile thing. I said it only to show that there would be absolutely

nothing left on your conscience even if… even if you wanted to save your brother of your own free will, the way I'm proposing. You would simply, then, have submitted to circumstances, well, to force, at last, if we can't do without that word. Think about it; the fate of your brother and your mother is in your hands. And I will be your slave… all my life… I'll wait right here…"

Svidrigailov sat down on the sofa, about eight paces from Dunya. For her there was no longer the slightest doubt of his unshakable determination. Besides, she knew him…

Suddenly she took a revolver out of her pocket, cocked it, and lowered the hand that held it onto the little table. Svidrigailov jumped up from his seat.

"Aha! So that's how it is!" he cried in surprise, but with a malicious grin. "Well, this changes the course of things completely! You're making things extremely easy for me yourself, Avdotya Romanovna! But where did you get the revolver? Not from Mr. Razumikhin, surely? Bah! Why, the revolver is mine! An old acquaintance! And how I hunted for it then!… Our shooting lessons in the country, which I had the honor of giving you, weren't wasted after all."

"It isn't your revolver, it's Marfa Petrovna's, whom you killed, you villain! You had nothing of your own in her house. I took it when I began to suspect what you were capable of. Just dare take one step, one, and I swear I'll kill you!"

Dunya was in a frenzy. She held the revolver at the ready.

"Well, and your brother? I ask out of curiosity," said Svidrigailov, still standing where he was.

"Inform on him, if you want! Don't move! Stay where you are! I'll shoot! You poisoned your wife, I know it, you're a murderer yourself!…"

"And are you firmly convinced that I poisoned Marfa Petrovna?"

"You did! You hinted at it to me yourself; you talked to me about poison… I know you went to get it… you had it ready… It was you, it must have been you… you scoundrel!"

"Even if it were true, it would have been because of you… you would still have been the cause."

"You're lying! I always hated you, always…"

"Oho, Avdotya Romanovna! You've forgotten, it seems, how in the heat of propaganda you were already leaning toward me and melting… I could see it in your little eyes; remember, that evening, in the moonlight, and the nightingale singing too?"

"You're lying!" (fury flashed in Dunya's eyes) "You're lying, you slanderer!"

"Lying? Well, perhaps I am lying. I lied. Women shouldn't be reminded of these little things." (He grinned.) "I know you'll shoot, you pretty little wild thing. Go on, then, shoot!"

Dunya raised the revolver and, deathly pale, her lower lip white and trembling, her big black eyes flashing like fire, looked at him, her mind made up, measuring the distance and waiting for the first movement on his part. He had never yet seen her so beautiful. The fire that flashed from her eyes at the moment she raised the revolver seemed to scorch him, and his heart contracted with pain. He took a step, and a shot rang out. The bullet grazed his hair and struck the wall behind him. He stopped and laughed softly:

"Stung by a wasp! Aims straight for the head… What's this? Blood!" He took out a handkerchief to wipe away the blood that was trickling in a thin stream down his right temple; the bullet had probably just grazed the skin of his skull. Dunya lowered the revolver and looked at Svidrigailov not so much in fear as in a kind of wild bewilderment. It was as if she herself no longer understood what she had done and what was happening!

"Well, so, a miss! Fire again, I'm waiting," Svidrigailov said quietly, still grinning, but somehow darkly. "At this rate I'll have time

to seize you before you cock it!"

Dunechka started, quickly cocked the revolver, and raised it again.

"Leave me alone!" she said in despair. "I swear I'll shoot again… I'll… kill you!…"

"Well, then… at three paces you can't help killing. And if you don't kill… then…" His eyes flashed, and he took two more steps.

Dunechka fired: a misfire!

"You loaded it carelessly. Never mind! You still have a cap in there. Fix it, I'll wait."

He stood two paces in front of her, waiting and looking at her with wild determination, with an inflamed, passionate, heavy gaze. Dunya understood that he would sooner die than let her go. "And… and now, of course, she would kill him, at two paces!…"

Suddenly she flung the revolver away.

"Threw it away!" Svidrigailov said in surprise, and drew a deep breath. Something seemed to have lifted from his heart all at once, and perhaps not only the burden of mortal fear; and he hardly felt that fear at this moment anyway. It was deliverance from another, more sorrowful and somber feeling, which he himself could not have defined in all its force.

He went up to Dunya and quietly put his arm around her waist. She did not resist but, trembling all over like a leaf, looked at him with imploring eyes. He wanted to say something, but his lips only twisted, and he could not get a word out.

"Let me go!" Dunya said, pleading.

Svidrigailov started: this *you* had been spoken somehow differently from the one before.[1]

"So you don't love me?" he asked softly.

Dunya shook her head.

"And… you can't?… Never?" he whispered in despair.

"Never!" whispered Dunya.

An instant of terrible, mute struggle passed in Svidrigailov's soul. He looked at her with an inexpressible look. Suddenly he took his arm away, turned, walked quickly to the window, and stood before it.

Another instant passed.

"Here's the key!" (He took it out of the left pocket of his coat and laid it on the table behind him, without looking at Dunya or turning toward her.) "Take it; go, quickly!..."

He stared stubbornly out of the window.

Dunya went up to the table to take the key.

"Quickly! Quickly!" repeated Svidrigailov, still not moving and not turning around. But in that "quickly" some terrible note had evidently sounded.

Dunya understood it, snatched up the key, rushed to the door, quickly unlocked it, and tore out of the room. A minute later, like a madwoman, beside herself, she ran out onto the canal embankment and ran in the direction of —— Bridge.

Svidrigailov stood by the window about three minutes more; at last he slowly turned, looked around him, and quietly passed his palm across his forehead. A strange smile twisted his face, a pitiful, sad, weak smile, a smile of despair. The blood, already drying, had smeared his palm; he looked at the blood with spite; then he wet a towel and washed his temple. The revolver, which Dunya had flung away and which had flown over toward the door, suddenly caught his eye. He picked it up and examined it. It was a small, three-shot pocket revolver of an old make; there were still two charges and one cap left in it. It could be fired once. He thought for a moment, thrust the revolver into his pocket, took his hat, and went out.

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1. Russian has two forms of "you": the formal *vy* and the intimate *ty*, used to family, lovers, and inferiors, or in contempt. When Dunya cries out "So you're

lying!" she drops into *ty* in her fury, and Svidrigailov answers her in kind. Her "Let me go!" uses *ty* again, now as a plea.

Part Six · VI

He spent that whole evening until ten o'clock in various taverns and dives, moving from one to the next. Katya too turned up somewhere, and again sang another lackey's song, about how someone, "a scoundrel and a tyrant,"

Began to kiss Katya.

Svidrigailov treated them all to drink: Katya, and the organ-grinder, and the singers, and the waiters, and two little clerks of some sort. He had taken up with these clerks, as a matter of fact, because both of them had crooked noses: one nose went crooked to the right, and the other to the left. This struck Svidrigailov. They finally drew him off to some pleasure garden, where he paid for them and for the entrance. In this garden there was one spindly little fir tree, three years old, and three bushes. Besides that, a "Vauxhall" had been built, in essence a drinking house, though you could also get tea there, and in addition there were a few green tables and chairs. A chorus of bad singers and some drunken Munich German, a sort of clown, with a red nose but for some reason extremely melancholy, entertained the public. The clerks quarreled with some other clerks and were about to start a fight. They chose Svidrigailov as judge. He had been judging them for a quarter of an hour already, but they shouted so that there was not the slightest possibility of making anything out. The likeliest thing was that one of them had stolen something and had even managed to sell it on the spot to some Jew who happened to be there; but, having sold it, he did not want to share with his comrade. It turned out in the end that the object sold was a teaspoon

belonging to the Vauxhall. At the Vauxhall they missed it, and the business was beginning to assume troublesome proportions. Svidrigailov paid for the spoon, got up, and left the garden. It was about ten o'clock. He himself had not drunk a single drop of wine the whole time, and had only asked for tea at the Vauxhall, and that more for form's sake. The evening, meanwhile, was stifling and gloomy. Toward ten o'clock terrible storm clouds had moved in from all sides; thunder broke, and the rain came pouring down like a waterfall. The water fell not in drops but lashed the ground in whole streams. Lightning flashed every minute, and you could count to five during each glare. Soaked through to the skin, he reached home, locked himself in, opened his bureau, took out all his money, and tore up two or three papers. Then, thrusting the money into his pocket, he was about to change his clothes, but, looking out the window and listening to the storm and the rain, he gave it up with a wave of his hand, took his hat, and went out without locking the apartment. He went straight to Sonya. She was at home.

She was not alone; around her were the four little children of Kapernaumov. Sofya Semyonovna was giving them tea. She met Svidrigailov silently and respectfully, looked over his soaked clothes with surprise, but did not say a word. The children all ran away at once in indescribable terror.

Svidrigailov sat down at the table and asked Sonya to sit beside him. She timidly prepared to listen.

"I, Sofya Semyonovna, may be going to America," said Svidrigailov, "and since we are probably seeing each other for the last time, I've come to make a few arrangements. Well, did you see that lady today? I know what she told you, no need to repeat it." (Sonya made a movement and blushed.) "Those people have a certain cast of mind. As for your little sisters and your little brother, they really are provided for, and the money due to them I have

paid in for each one, against receipts, where it should go, into safe hands. You had better take these receipts yourself, though, just in case. Here, take them! Well, sir, now that's done. Here are three five-percent bonds, three thousand in all. These you take for yourself, for yourself alone, and let it stay between us, so that nobody knows, whatever you may hear. You'll need them, because, Sofya Semyonovna, to live the way you have been is vile, and besides, there is no more need for it."

"I'm so beholden to you, sir, and the orphans too, sir, and the one who passed away," Sonya hurried to say, "that if so far I've thanked you so little, then… don't think…"

"Oh, enough, enough."

"But this money, Arkady Ivanovich, I'm very grateful to you, but I really don't need it now. I can always feed myself alone, don't take it for ingratitude: if you're so charitable, then this money, sir…"

"It's for you, for you, Sofya Semyonovna, and please, no special discussions, because I haven't even got the time. And you will need it. Rodion Romanovich has two roads: either a bullet in the brain, or the Vladimirka road to Siberia." (Sonya looked at him wildly and began to tremble.) "Don't worry, I know everything, from him himself, and I'm no chatterbox; I won't tell anyone. You taught him well that time, to go and give himself up and tell. It will be much more to his advantage. Well, when it comes to the Vladimirka, he goes down it, and you after him, surely? Isn't that so? Isn't it? Well, and if so, that means money will be needed. Needed for him, you understand? Giving it to you, it's all the same as giving it to him. Besides, you promised to pay Amalia Ivanovna's debt too; I heard it, you know. Why is it, Sofya Semyonovna, that you take all these contracts and obligations on yourself so thoughtlessly? It was Katerina Ivanovna who owed that German woman, not you, so you ought to spit on the German woman. You won't get through life that way. Well, sir, if anyone should ever ask you, say tomorrow or

the day after, about me or concerning me (and they will ask you), then don't mention that I came to see you just now, and on no account show the money or tell anyone that I gave it to you. Well, now goodbye." (He got up from the chair.) "My regards to Rodion Romanych. By the way: why don't you keep the money for the time being with Mr. Razumikhin, say. Do you know Mr. Razumikhin? Of course you do. He's a so-so sort of fellow. Take it to him tomorrow or… when the time comes. And until then hide it well away."

Sonya also jumped up from her chair and looked at him in fright. She very much wanted to say something, to ask something, but for the first moments she did not dare, and did not know how to begin.

"How can you… how can you, sir, go out now in such rain?"

"Well, setting off for America and being afraid of rain, heh-heh! Goodbye, my dear Sofya Semyonovna! Live, and live long, you'll be of use to others. By the way… tell Mr. Razumikhin that I send him my regards. Put it just like that: Arkady Ivanovich Svidrigailov, say, sends his regards. Be sure to."

He went out, leaving Sonya in amazement, in fright, and in some vague and heavy suspicion.

It turned out afterward that on that same evening, after eleven, he paid yet another highly eccentric and unexpected visit. The rain still had not stopped. Wet all over, he walked in at twenty past eleven to the cramped little apartment of his fiancée's parents on Vasilyevsky Island, on the Third Line, at Maly Avenue. He had a hard time getting them to open and at first caused a great commotion; but Arkady Ivanovich, when he wanted, was a man of extremely charming manners, so that the initial (though, for that matter, extremely shrewd) surmise of the fiancée's prudent parents, that Arkady Ivanovich had probably got himself so drunk somewhere that he no longer knew what he was doing, at once collapsed of itself. The paralyzed parent was wheeled out in his

armchair to Arkady Ivanovich by the fiancée's tenderhearted and prudent mother, who, as was her custom, at once proceeded to certain remote questions. (This woman never asked direct questions, but always brought into play first smiles and the rubbing of hands, and then, if something had to be found out for certain and without fail, for example, when Arkady Ivanovich would be pleased to set the date of the wedding, she would begin with the most curious and almost greedy questions about Paris and court life there, and only afterward would she arrive, in due order, at the Third Line of Vasilyevsky Island.) At another time all this would of course have inspired much respect, but this time Arkady Ivanovich proved somehow especially impatient and flatly insisted on seeing his fiancée, although he had been informed at the very beginning that she had already gone to bed. Of course, the fiancée appeared. Arkady Ivanovich told her straight out that he had to leave Petersburg for a time on account of a certain very important circumstance, and that he had therefore brought her fifteen thousand roubles in silver, in various bonds, asking her to accept them from him as a present, since he had long been meaning to give her this trifle before the wedding. No particular logical connection between the present and the immediate departure, and the absolute necessity of coming for that purpose in the rain and at midnight, was of course in the least revealed by these explanations, but the affair nonetheless went off very smoothly. Even the requisite ohs and ahs, questions and amazement became somehow suddenly unusually moderate and restrained; on the other hand, the gratitude shown was of the most ardent kind and was even reinforced by the tears of the most prudent mother. Arkady Ivanovich got up, laughed, kissed his fiancée, patted her on the cheek, confirmed that he would be back soon, and, noticing in her eyes a childish curiosity, to be sure, but along with it some very serious, mute question, thought a moment, kissed her a second

time, and at once sincerely regretted in his heart that the present would go straight under lock and key for safekeeping by the most prudent of mothers. He went out, leaving them all in an unusually excited state. But the tenderhearted mama at once, in a half whisper and a patter, resolved certain of the most important perplexities, namely, that Arkady Ivanovich was a great man, a man of affairs and connections, a rich man, God knows what he had in his head, he took a notion and went off, he took a notion and gave away money, and so there was nothing to wonder at. Of course, it was strange that he was all wet, but the English, for example, are even more eccentric, and all these people of high tone pay no attention to what is said about them and don't stand on ceremony. Perhaps he even goes about like that on purpose, to show that he is afraid of no one. And the main thing, not a word about it to anyone, because God knows what may still come of it, and the money under lock and key as soon as possible, and, of course, the best thing in all this is that Fedosya stayed in the kitchen the whole time, and the main thing, on no account, no account, no account must anything be told to that sly baggage Resslich, and so on, and so on. They sat whispering until about two o'clock. The fiancée, however, went to bed much earlier, surprised and a little sad.

Meanwhile Svidrigailov, at precisely midnight, was crossing the ——kov Bridge in the direction of the Petersburg Side. The rain had stopped, but the wind was roaring. He was beginning to shiver, and for a minute he looked at the black water of the Little Neva with a sort of peculiar curiosity, and even with a question. But soon it seemed to him very cold to stand over the water; he turned and went toward ——oy Avenue. He strode along the endless ——oy Avenue for a very long time, almost half an hour, more than once stumbling in the dark on the wooden pavement, but he did not stop searching with curiosity for something along the right-hand side of the avenue. Somewhere here, already at the end of the

avenue, he had noticed, while driving past not long ago, a hotel, wooden but spacious, and its name, as far as he remembered, was something like the Adrianople. He was not mistaken in his calculations: in such a backwater this hotel was so conspicuous a point that there was no possibility of not finding it, even in the dark. It was a long, blackened wooden building in which, despite the late hour, lights were still burning and a certain liveliness could be observed. He went in and asked a ragged fellow he met in the corridor for a room. The ragged fellow, looking Svidrigailov over, shook himself and at once led him to a remote room, stuffy and cramped, somewhere at the very end of the corridor, in a corner, under the stairs. But there was no other; all were taken. The ragged fellow looked at him questioningly.

"Is there tea?" asked Svidrigailov.

"That can be done, sir."

"What else is there?"

"Veal, sir, vodka, sir, snacks, sir."

"Bring veal and tea."

"And nothing else will be wanted?" the ragged fellow asked, even in some perplexity.

"Nothing, nothing!"

The ragged fellow withdrew, thoroughly disappointed.

"It must be a fine place," thought Svidrigailov, "how is it I didn't know it? I too probably look like someone coming back from some café-chantant who has already had an incident on the way. But it is curious all the same: who stops here and spends the night?"

He lit a candle and examined the room in more detail. It was a little cubbyhole so small that it was hardly high enough even for Svidrigailov, with one window; a very dirty bed, a plain painted table, and a chair took up almost all the space. The walls looked as if they had been knocked together from boards, with shabby wallpaper so dusty and torn that its color (yellow) could still be

guessed, but no pattern could be made out at all. One part of the wall and ceiling was cut off at a slant, as is usual in attics, but here the stairs ran above this slope. Svidrigailov set down the candle, sat on the bed, and fell to thinking. But a strange and incessant whispering, rising at times almost to a shout, in the neighboring cubbyhole, finally attracted his attention. This whispering had not stopped from the moment he came in. He listened: someone was abusing and all but tearfully reproaching another, but only one voice could be heard. Svidrigailov got up, shaded the candle with his hand, and at once a little crack gleamed in the wall; he went up to it and began to look. In the room, somewhat larger than his own, there were two guests. One of them, without his frock coat, with an extremely curly head and a red, inflamed face, stood in an orator's pose, legs apart to keep his balance, and, beating his breast with his hand, was pathetically reproaching the other for being a beggar and not even having any rank to his name, saying that he had pulled him out of the mud and could throw him out whenever he liked, and that all this was seen by the finger of the Most High alone. The friend being reproached sat on a chair and had the look of a man who very much wants to sneeze but cannot possibly manage it. Now and then he glanced at the orator with a sheep-like, bleary look, but clearly had no idea what was being talked about and could hardly have heard anything at all. On the table a candle was burning down; there stood an almost empty decanter of vodka, wineglasses, bread, glasses, cucumbers, and dishes with tea long since drunk. Having examined this picture attentively, Svidrigailov walked away from the crack with indifference and sat down on the bed again.

The ragged fellow, coming back with the tea and the veal, could not refrain from asking once more, "Wouldn't something else be wanted?" and, having again heard the answer no, withdrew for good. Svidrigailov fell upon the tea to warm himself and drank a

glass, but he could not eat a bite, having completely lost his appetite. A fever was evidently beginning in him. He took off his overcoat and his jacket, wrapped himself in the blanket, and lay down on the bed. He was annoyed: "It would be better to be healthy this time, all the same," he thought, and grinned. The room was stuffy, the candle burned dimly, outside the wind was roaring, somewhere in a corner a mouse was scratching, and the whole room seemed to smell of mice and of something leathery. He lay as if dreaming: thought followed thought. It seemed that he would very much have liked to fasten his imagination on something, anything, in particular. "There must be some sort of garden under the window," he thought, "the trees are rustling; how I dislike the noise of trees at night, in a storm and in the dark, a nasty sensation!" And he recalled how, passing Petrovsky Park earlier, he had thought of it even with loathing. Here he recalled, while he was at it, the ——kov Bridge too, and the Little Neva, and again he felt somehow cold, as he had earlier, standing over the water. "Never in my life have I liked water, not even in landscapes," he thought again, and suddenly grinned again at a strange thought: "Here, you'd think, all this aesthetics and comfort ought to be all the same to me now, and yet this is just when I've become particular, like an animal that always chooses its place… on a similar occasion. I really ought to have turned off to Petrovsky earlier! It looked dark, I suppose, cold, heh! heh! I almost wanted pleasant sensations!… By the way, why don't I put out the candle? (He blew it out.) The neighbors have gone to bed," he thought, not seeing any light in the crack from before. "Well now, Marfa Petrovna, now would be the time for you to pay a call, it's dark, and the place is suitable, and the moment is original. And yet it's just now that you won't come…"

For some reason he suddenly remembered how earlier, an hour before carrying out his design on Dunechka, he had recommended

to Raskolnikov that he entrust her to Razumikhin's protection. "In fact, I may have said it more to egg myself on, as Raskolnikov guessed. But what a rogue that Raskolnikov is, all the same! He's hauled a lot on his back. He may be a big rogue in time, when the nonsense has jumped out of him, but right now he wants to live too much! On this point that kind of people are scoundrels. Well, the devil take him, let him do as he likes, what is it to me."

He still could not sleep. Little by little the image of Dunechka from earlier began to rise before him, and suddenly a shudder went through his body. "No, I must drop that now," he thought, coming to himself, "I must think about something else. It's strange and funny: I've never had great hatred for anyone, never even especially wanted revenge, and that is a bad sign, a bad sign! I never liked to argue either, and never got heated, a bad sign too! And how much I promised her earlier, pah, the devil! And yet she might have ground me down somehow, perhaps..." Again he fell silent and clenched his teeth: again the image of Dunechka appeared before him exactly as she had been when, having fired the first time, she was terribly frightened, lowered the revolver, and, deathly pale, looked at him, so that he could have seized her twice over, and she would not have raised a hand in defense if he himself had not reminded her. He remembered how at that instant he had felt something like pity for her, as if his heart had been squeezed... "Eh! To the devil! These thoughts again, I must drop it all, drop it!..."

He was already dozing off; the feverish shivering was subsiding; suddenly something seemed to run under the blanket over his arm and his leg. He started: "Pah, the devil, why, I do believe that's a mouse!" he thought. "It's that I left the veal on the table..." He terribly did not want to uncover himself, get up, get cold, but suddenly something again brushed unpleasantly against his leg; he tore off the blanket and lit the candle. Shaking with feverish chill,

he bent to examine the bed: there was nothing; he shook the blanket, and suddenly a mouse jumped out onto the sheet. He rushed to catch it; but the mouse did not run off the bed, but darted in zigzags in all directions, slipped out from under his fingers, ran over his hand, and suddenly dived under the pillow; he threw off the pillow, but in an instant felt something jump inside the front of his shirt, scrabbling over his body, and already behind, on his back, under his shirt. He shook nervously and woke up. The room was dark, he was lying on the bed, wrapped as before in the blanket, the wind was howling under the window. “What filth!” he thought with vexation.

He got up and sat on the edge of the bed, his back to the window. “Better not to sleep at all,” he decided. It was cold and damp from the window, however; without getting up he pulled the blanket over himself and wrapped himself in it. He did not light the candle. He was not thinking about anything, and did not want to think; but daydreams rose one after another, fragments of thoughts flashed by, without beginning or end and without connection. It was as if he were falling into a half doze. Whether it was the cold, or the dark, or the damp, or the wind that howled under the window and shook the trees, something called up in him a sort of stubborn, fantastic inclination and desire, but he kept picturing flowers. He imagined a lovely landscape; a bright, warm, almost hot day, a holiday, Trinity Sunday. A rich, luxurious country cottage in the English taste, all overgrown with fragrant beds of flowers, with borders planted around the whole house; a porch twined with climbing plants and set with banks of roses; a bright, cool staircase laid with a luxurious carpet and lined with rare flowers in Chinese pots. He particularly noticed, in jars of water on the windowsills, bouquets of white and delicate narcissus bending on their bright green, fat, and long stems, with a strong aromatic scent. He did not even want to move away from them, but he went

up the stairs and entered a large, high hall, and again here too, everywhere, by the windows, by the doors standing open onto the terrace, on the terrace itself, everywhere there were flowers. The floors were strewn with fresh-mown fragrant grass, the windows were open, fresh, light, cool air came into the room, little birds chirped under the windows, and in the middle of the hall, on tables covered with white satin cloths, stood a coffin. This coffin was upholstered in white gros de Naples and trimmed with thick white ruching. Garlands of flowers twined around it on all sides. All in flowers, there lay in it a girl, in a white tulle dress, her hands folded and pressed to her breast, as if carved from marble. But her loose hair, the hair of a light blonde, was wet; a wreath of roses was wound around her head. The stern and already stiffened profile of her face was also as if carved from marble, but the smile on her pale lips was full of some unchildlike, boundless sorrow and great lament. Svidrigailov knew this girl; there was no icon and no lighted candles by this coffin, and no prayers could be heard. This girl was a suicide: she had drowned herself. She was only fourteen, but hers was already a broken heart, and it had destroyed itself, wounded by an outrage that had horrified and amazed this young, childish consciousness, had flooded her angelically pure soul with undeserved shame, and had torn from her a last cry of despair, not heard, but brazenly outraged on a dark night, in the gloom, in the cold, in the damp thaw, when the wind was howling…

Svidrigailov came to himself, got up from the bed, and stepped to the window. He found the latch by feel and opened the window. The wind rushed furiously into his cramped closet and seemed to plaster his face, and his chest covered only by his shirt, with frosty rime. Under the window there really must have been something like a garden, and, it seemed, a pleasure garden too; probably in the daytime singers sang here as well and tea was carried out to little tables. But now spray flew in at the window from the trees

and bushes, it was dark as a cellar, so that you could barely make out only some dark patches that marked objects. Svidrigailov, bending over and leaning his elbows on the sill, had been looking into this murk for five minutes already without tearing himself away. Amid the gloom and the night a cannon shot rang out, then another.

"Ah, the signal! The water is rising," he thought. "By morning it will pour into the streets, where the ground is lower, it will flood the basements and cellars, the basement rats will float up, and amid the rain and wind people will begin, cursing, wet, to drag their rubbish up to the upper floors... And what time is it now?" And no sooner had he thought it than somewhere close by, ticking and as if hurrying with all its might, a wall clock struck three. "Aha, why, in an hour it will be getting light! Why wait? I'll go out now, go straight to Petrovsky: there somewhere I'll pick a big bush all drenched with rain, so that you barely brush it with your shoulder and millions of drops shower your whole head..." He moved away from the window, shut it, lit the candle, pulled on his waistcoat and overcoat, put on his hat, and went out with the candle into the corridor, to find the ragged fellow, who was sleeping somewhere in a closet among all sorts of junk and candle ends, settle up with him for the room, and leave the hotel. "The very best moment, you couldn't choose a better!"

He walked for a long time along the whole long and narrow corridor without finding anyone, and was about to call out loudly, when suddenly in a dark corner, between an old cupboard and a door, he made out a strange object, something seemingly alive. He bent down with the candle and saw a child, a girl of about five, no more, in a little dress soaked like a floor rag, shivering and crying. She did not seem to be afraid of Svidrigailov, but looked at him in dull surprise with her big black eyes and sobbed now and then, as children do who have cried for a long time but have already

stopped and are even consoled, and yet every so often suddenly sob again. The little girl's face was pale and worn out; she was stiff with cold, but "how did she get here? She must have hidden here and not slept all night." He began to question her. The little girl suddenly revived and quickly, quickly began to babble something to him in her child's language. There was something about "mummy" and that "mummy would whip her," about some cup that she had "bwoke" (broken). The little girl talked without stopping; somehow it could be guessed from all this account that she was an unloved child, whom her mother, some eternally drunk cook, probably from this same hotel, had beaten and frightened; that the girl had broken her mama's cup and was so frightened that she had run away in the evening; had probably hidden for a long time somewhere in the yard, in the rain, and finally had crept in here, hidden behind the cupboard, and sat here in the corner all night, crying, shivering from the damp, from the dark, and from fear that she would now be beaten hard for all of it. He took her in his arms, went to his room, sat her on the bed, and began to undress her. Her little shoes, full of holes, on her bare feet, were as wet as if they had lain in a puddle all night. Having undressed her, he laid her on the bed, covered her, and wrapped her up in the blanket entirely, head and all. She fell asleep at once. Having finished all this, he again fell gloomily to thinking.

"The idea of getting mixed up in this too!" he decided suddenly, with a heavy and spiteful feeling. "What nonsense!" In vexation he took the candle, to go and find the ragged fellow at all costs and get away from here as soon as possible. "Eh, the brat!" he thought with a curse, already opening the door, but he went back once more to look at the girl, to see whether she was asleep and how she was sleeping. He cautiously lifted the blanket. The little girl was sleeping a sound and blissful sleep. She had warmed up under the blanket, and color had already spread over her pale little

cheeks. But it was strange: this color stood out somehow brighter and stronger than an ordinary child's flush could be. "It's a feverish flush," thought Svidrigailov; it was like a flush from wine, just as though she had been given a whole glass to drink. Her scarlet little lips were burning, glowing; but what is this? It suddenly seemed to him that her long black lashes were quivering and blinking, as if they were lifting, and from under them peeped a sly, sharp, somehow unchildlike winking little eye, as though the girl were not asleep and were pretending. Yes, so it was: her little lips were parting in a smile; the corners of her lips were quivering, as if still holding back. But now she had quite stopped holding back; now it was laughter, open laughter; something brazen, provocative shone in this face that was not a child's at all; it was depravity, it was the face of a camellia, the brazen face of a venal camellia, one of the French ones. Now, no longer hiding at all, both eyes opened: they ran over him with a fiery and shameless look, they called to him, laughed... There was something infinitely hideous and outrageous in that laugh, in those eyes, in all that vileness in a child's face. "What! a five-year-old!..." whispered Svidrigailov in real horror. "This... what is this?" But now she was turning her whole flaming little face toward him, stretching out her arms... "Ah, accursed thing!" cried Svidrigailov in horror, raising his hand over her... But at that very moment he woke up.

He is on the same bed, wrapped in the blanket just the same; the candle is not lit, and already full daylight is whitening in the windows.

"Nightmare all night!" He raised himself spitefully, feeling completely broken; his bones ached. Outside there was a thoroughly thick fog, and nothing could be made out. It was getting on for five; he had overslept! He got up and put on his jacket and overcoat, still damp. Feeling the revolver in his pocket, he took it out and adjusted the percussion cap; then he sat down, took a note-

book out of his pocket, and on the title page, the most noticeable one, wrote a few lines in a large hand. Having read them over, he fell to thinking, his elbow on the table. The revolver and the notebook lay right there by his elbow. Flies that had woken up were sticking to the untouched portion of veal that stood right there on the table. He looked at them for a long time and finally, with his free right hand, began to try to catch a fly. He exhausted himself in efforts for a long time but could not catch it. At last, catching himself at this interesting occupation, he came to, started, got up, and walked resolutely out of the room. A minute later he was in the street.

A thick, milky fog lay over the city. Svidrigailov walked along the slippery, dirty wooden pavement in the direction of the Little Neva. He kept imagining the water of the Little Neva risen high in the night, Petrovsky Island, the wet paths, the wet grass, the wet trees and bushes, and, finally, that very bush... In vexation he began to look at the houses, so as to think about something else. Not a passerby, not a cab did he meet along the avenue. The bright yellow little wooden houses with closed shutters looked dismal and dirty. The cold and damp were getting into his whole body, and he began to shiver. Now and then he came across shop signs and greengrocers' signs, and read each one carefully. Here the wooden pavement had already come to an end. He was already abreast of a large stone house. A dirty, chilled little dog, its tail between its legs, ran across his path. Some man dead drunk, in an overcoat, lay face down across the sidewalk. He looked at him and went on. A tall watchtower flashed by on his left. "Ha!" he thought, "why, here's the place, why go to Petrovsky? At least with an official witness..." He almost grinned at this new thought and turned into ——sky Street. Here stood the big house with the watchtower. At the big locked gates of the house, leaning his shoulder against them, stood a small man wrapped in a gray soldier's greatcoat and

a brass Achilles helmet. With a drowsy look he glanced coldly sideways at Svidrigailov as he came up. On his face could be seen that age-old peevish sorrow which is so sourly imprinted on all the faces of the Jewish tribe without exception. The two of them, Svidrigailov and Achilles, examined each other for some time in silence. It finally seemed out of order to Achilles that a man who was not drunk should stand in front of him three paces away, looking straight at him and saying nothing.

"And-zo, vat-zo you vant he-e-ere?" he said, still not stirring or changing his position.

"Why, nothing, brother, good day to you!" answered Svidrigailov.

"Here is not ze place."

"I, brother, am going to foreign parts."

"To foreign parts?"

"To America."

"To America?"

Svidrigailov took out the revolver and cocked it. Achilles raised his eyebrows.

"And-zo, vat-zo, zese sokes (jokes) here is not ze place!"

"But why shouldn't it be the place?"

"Becoss-zo, it is not ze place."

"Well, brother, it's all the same. It's a good place; if they start asking you, just tell them he went, say, to America."

He put the revolver to his right temple.

"And-zo, here you cannot, here is not ze place!" Achilles roused himself, his pupils widening more and more.

Svidrigailov pulled the trigger.

Part Six · VII

That same day, but now in the evening, after six, Raskolnikov was approaching the lodgings of his mother and sister, the very lodgings in Bakaleyev's house where Razumikhin had settled them. The entrance to the stairs was from the street. Raskolnikov was approaching, still holding back his step and as if hesitating: to go in or not? But he would not have turned back for anything; his decision had been taken. "Besides, it makes no difference, they don't know anything yet," he thought, "and they're already used to regarding me as an eccentric…" His clothes were dreadful: everything dirty, out all night in the rain, torn, frayed. His face was almost disfigured by weariness, by the foul weather, by physical exhaustion, and by nearly twenty-four hours of struggle with himself. He had spent this whole night alone, God knows where. But at least he had made up his mind.

He knocked at the door; his mother opened it to him. Dunechka was not at home. Even the maid happened not to be there at the time. Pulcheria Alexandrovna was at first struck dumb with joyful amazement; then she seized him by the hand and pulled him into the room.

"Well, here you are!" she began, stammering with joy. "Don't be angry with me, Rodya, for greeting you so foolishly, with tears: it's that I'm laughing, not crying. You think I'm crying? No, it's that I'm glad, it's just a silly habit I have: the tears run. I've had it ever since your father died, I cry at everything. Sit down, my dear, you must be tired, I can see. Ah, how dirty you've got."

"I was out in the rain yesterday, Mama…" Raskolnikov began.

"No, no, don't!" Pulcheria Alexandrovna flared up, interrupting him. "You thought I was going to start questioning you right away, out of my old womanish habit, don't worry. I understand, you know, I understand everything, I've learned how things are done here now and, really, I can see for myself that it's wiser this way. I've decided once and for all: how can I understand your reasons and demand accounts of you? You may have God knows what affairs and plans in your head, or some kind of thoughts being born there; so am I to go jogging your elbow: what are you thinking about, say? Here I... Ah, Lord! Why am I darting this way and that like a madwoman... Here, Rodya, I'm reading your article in the journal for the third time already, Dmitry Prokofyich brought it to me. I simply gasped when I saw it: what a fool I am, I thought to myself, so this is what he's busy with, here's the answer to the riddle! He may have new ideas in his head, just at this time; he's thinking them over, and I torment him and upset him. I read it, my dear, and of course there's much I don't understand; but then, that's how it should be: how could I?"

"Show it to me, Mama."

Raskolnikov took the paper and glanced at his article in passing. However much it contradicted his situation and his state, he felt that strange, stingingly sweet sensation that an author experiences seeing himself in print for the first time; besides, his twenty-three years told too. It lasted a single instant. Having read a few lines, he frowned, and a terrible anguish wrung his heart. All his inner struggle of the last months came back to him at once. With loathing and vexation he tossed the article onto the table.

"Only, Rodya, however foolish I am, I can still judge that you will very soon be one of the first men, if not the very first, in our learned world. And they dared to think you had gone mad. Ha-ha-ha! you don't know: they really did think so! Ah, the low worms, how could they understand what intelligence is! And Dunechka,

you know, almost believed it too, just imagine? Your late father sent things to the journals twice: first poems (I still keep the notebook, I'll show you someday), and then a whole novella (I begged him myself to let me copy it out), and how we both prayed that they'd take it, and they didn't! I, Rodya, six or seven days ago, was eating my heart out looking at your clothes, at how you live, what you eat, and what you go about in. And now I see that again I was foolish, because if you want to, you'll get everything for yourself now all at once, by intelligence and talent. It means that for the time being you don't want to, and are busy with much more important matters…"

"Dunya isn't home, Mama?"

"No, Rodya. Very often I don't see her at home, she leaves me alone. Dmitry Prokofyich, God bless him, comes to sit with me and keeps talking about you. He loves you and respects you, my dear. I don't say of your sister that she is so very disrespectful to me. I'm not complaining, you know. She has her character, I have mine; she has got some secrets of her own; well, I have no secrets at all from either of you. Of course, I am firmly convinced that Dunya is too intelligent, and besides, she loves both me and you… but I really don't know what all this will lead to. Here you've made me happy now, Rodya, by coming, and she's gone off walking; when she comes back I'll tell her: your brother was here while you were out, and where were you pleased to be spending your time? Don't spoil me too much, Rodya: if you can, come by; if you can't, it can't be helped, I'll wait anyhow. I'll know all the same that you love me, and that's enough for me. I'll read your writings, I'll hear about you from everyone, and every so often you'll come by yourself to see me, what could be better? Here you've come now, to comfort your mother, I can see that…"

Here Pulcheria Alexandrovna suddenly burst into tears.

"There I go again! Don't look at me, the fool! Ah, Lord, why am I sitting here," she cried, jumping up from her place, "there's coffee, and I'm not even offering you any! That's what an old woman's selfishness means. Right away, right away!"

"Mama, leave that, I'll be going in a moment. That's not what I came for. Please, hear me out."

Pulcheria Alexandrovna timidly went up to him.

"Mama, whatever happens, whatever you hear about me, whatever you're told about me, will you love me as you do now?" he asked suddenly, from the fullness of his heart, as if not thinking about his words and not weighing them.

"Rodya, Rodya, what's the matter with you? How can you ask such a thing! Why, who would tell me anything about you? And I wouldn't believe anyone, whoever came to me, I'd simply drive them away."

"I came to assure you that I have always loved you, and I'm glad now that we're alone, glad even that Dunechka isn't here," he went on with the same impulse. "I came to tell you straight out that, even though you will be unhappy, you should know all the same that your son loves you now more than himself, and that everything you thought about me, that I was cruel and didn't love you, all that was untrue. I will never stop loving you… Well, and that's enough; it seemed to me that this was what I had to do, and to begin with this…"

Pulcheria Alexandrovna silently embraced him, pressed him to her breast, and quietly wept.

"What's the matter with you, Rodya, I don't know," she said at last. "All this time I thought we were simply boring you, and now I see from everything that a great sorrow is in store for you, and that's why you're so wretched. I've foreseen it for a long time, Rodya. Forgive me for speaking about it; I keep thinking about it and can't sleep at night. Last night your sister too lay delirious the

whole night through and kept calling you to mind. I made out something, but understood nothing. All morning I went about as if before an execution, waiting for something, sensing something, and now it has come! Rodya, Rodya, where are you going? Are you going away somewhere?"

"I am."

"That's just what I thought! But I can go with you, if you need me to. And Dunya; she loves you, she loves you very much, and Sofya Semyonovna, perhaps, let her come with us, if need be; you see, I'll gladly even take her as a daughter. Dmitry Prokofyich will help us all get ready together… but… where are you… going?"

"Goodbye, Mama."

"What! Today!" she cried out, as if she were losing him forever.

"I can't stay, it's time, I really must…"

"And I can't go with you?"

"No, but you kneel down and pray to God for me. Your prayer may reach him."

"Then let me make the sign of the cross over you, let me bless you! There, there. O God, what are we doing!"

Yes, he was glad, he was very glad that no one was there, that he and his mother were alone. It was as if, after the whole of this terrible time, his heart had softened all at once. He fell down before her, he kissed her feet, and both, embracing, wept. And she was not surprised and did not question him this time. She had long understood that something terrible was happening to her son, and that now some dreadful moment had come for him.

"Rodya, my dear, my firstborn," she said, sobbing, "now you're just as you were when you were little, you used to come to me just like this, and hug me and kiss me just like this; back when your father and I were living together and struggling, you comforted us just by being with us, and when I buried your father, how many times we wept on his grave, hugging each other just like this, as we

are now. And if I've been crying for a long time, that's a mother's heart that foresaw trouble. The very first time I saw you then, that evening, remember, when we had only just arrived here, I guessed everything from your look alone, my heart simply quaked then, and today when I opened the door to you and looked, well, I thought, the fatal hour must have come. Rodya, Rodya, you're not going right now, are you?"

"No."

"You'll come again?"

"Yes... I'll come."

"Rodya, don't be angry, I don't even dare to ask questions. I know I don't dare, but just tell me, just two little words, are you going somewhere far?"

"Very far."

"And what is it there, some post, a career for you, or what?"

"Whatever God sends... only pray for me..."

Raskolnikov went to the door, but she clutched at him and looked into his eyes with a despairing look. Her face was distorted with horror.

"Enough, Mama," said Raskolnikov, deeply regretting that he had thought of coming.

"Not forever? It's not forever yet? You'll come, you'll come tomorrow?"

"I'll come, I'll come, goodbye."

He tore himself away at last.

The evening was fresh, warm, and clear; the weather had cleared up since morning. Raskolnikov was going to his room; he was hurrying. He wanted to finish everything before sunset. Until then he would rather not meet anyone. Going up to his room, he noticed that Nastasya, tearing herself away from the samovar, was watching him intently and following him with her eyes. "Can there be someone in my room?" he thought. With loathing he imagined

Porfiry. But when he reached his room and opened it, he saw Dunechka. She was sitting all by herself, deep in thought, and, it seemed, had been waiting for him a long time. He stopped on the threshold. She half rose from the sofa in fright and drew herself up before him. Her gaze, fixed motionless on him, expressed horror and unappeasable grief. And from this gaze alone he understood at once that she knew everything.

"Well, should I come in to you or go away?" he asked mistrustfully.

"I sat all day at Sofya Semyonovna's; we were both waiting for you. We thought you would be sure to go there."

Raskolnikov came into the room and sat down on a chair, exhausted.

"I'm somehow weak, Dunya; I'm very tired; and I would like, at this moment at least, to be fully master of myself."

He raised his eyes to her mistrustfully.

"Where were you all night?"

"I don't remember well; you see, sister, I wanted to make up my mind once and for all, and many times I walked near the Neva; that I remember. I wanted to end it there, but... I couldn't bring myself to..." he whispered, again glancing mistrustfully at Dunya.

"Thank God! And how we feared just that, Sofya Semyonovna and I! So you still believe in life: thank God, thank God!"

Raskolnikov grinned bitterly.

"I didn't believe, and just now Mother and I wept together, in each other's arms; I don't believe, and I asked her to pray for me. God knows how it happens, Dunechka, and I don't understand any of it."

"You were at Mother's? You told her too?" Dunya exclaimed in horror. "Can you really have brought yourself to tell her?"

"No, I didn't tell her... in words; but she understood a great deal. She heard you raving in the night. I'm sure she understands half

already. Perhaps I did wrong to go there. I don't even know why I went at all. I'm a low man, Dunya."

"A low man, and ready to go and suffer! You are going, aren't you?"

"I am. Right now. Yes, it was to escape this shame that I wanted to drown myself, Dunya, but I thought, already standing over the water, that if I had considered myself strong up to now, then let me not be afraid of the shame now either," he said, forestalling her. "Is that pride, Dunya?"

"It's pride, Rodya."

It was as if a fire flashed in his extinguished eyes; it seemed to please him that he was still proud.

"And you don't think, sister, that I was simply afraid of the water?" he asked with a hideous grin, peering into her face.

"Oh, Rodya, stop!" Dunya exclaimed bitterly.

The silence lasted about two minutes. He sat with his head lowered and looked at the floor; Dunechka stood at the other end of the table and looked at him in torment. Suddenly he stood up:

"It's late, it's time. I'm going now to give myself up. But I don't know why I'm going to give myself up."

Large tears were running down her cheeks.

"You're crying, sister, but can you give me your hand?"

"Did you doubt it?"

She embraced him tightly.

"By going to suffer, aren't you already washing away half your crime?" she cried, holding him in her arms and kissing him.

"Crime? What crime?" he cried suddenly, in a sort of sudden fury. "That I killed a vile, noxious louse, a little old moneylender woman, of no use to anyone, for whose killing forty sins would be forgiven, who sucked the juice out of the poor, and that is a crime? I don't think about it, and I don't think of washing it away. And why are they all poking it at me from every side: 'crime, crime!' Only

now do I see clearly all the absurdity of my faintheartedness, now, when I've already decided to go to this unnecessary shame! I'm deciding simply out of my baseness and my mediocrity, or maybe for the advantage too, as that... Porfiry proposed!..."

"Brother, brother, what are you saying! But you shed blood!" Dunya cried in despair.

"Which everyone sheds," he caught her up, almost in a frenzy, "which flows and has always flowed in the world like a waterfall, which is poured out like champagne, and for which men are crowned in the Capitol and called afterward benefactors of mankind. Just look more closely and see! I myself wanted good for people, and I would have done hundreds, thousands of good deeds instead of this one stupidity, not even a stupidity, simply a clumsiness, since the whole idea was not at all as stupid as it seems now, after failure... (After failure everything seems stupid!) By this stupidity I only wanted to put myself in an independent position, to take the first step, to obtain the means, and then everything would have been smoothed over by a benefit that, comparatively, was immeasurable... But I, I could not even stand the first step, because I am a scoundrel! That's the whole point! And all the same I will not look at it with your eyes: if I had succeeded, they would have crowned me, and now it's into the trap!"

"But that's not it, not it at all! Brother, what are you saying!"

"Ah! It's not the right form, not such an aesthetically pleasing form! Well, I decidedly don't understand: why is pelting people with bombs, by regular siege, a more respectable form? Fear of aesthetics is the first sign of impotence!... Never, never have I been more clearly aware of it than now, and more than ever I don't understand my crime! Never, never was I stronger and more convinced than now!..."

Color even rushed into his pale, exhausted face. But as he uttered the last exclamation, his eyes accidentally met Dunya's,

and so much, so much torment for him did he meet in that look that he involuntarily came to his senses. He felt that, all the same, he had made these two poor women unhappy. All the same, he was the cause…

"Dunya, dear! If I am guilty, forgive me (though I can't be forgiven, if I am guilty). Goodbye! Let's not argue! It's time, high time. Don't follow me, I implore you, I still have to stop in at… But go now, and at once sit down beside Mother. I implore you to do it! It's my last, my greatest request of you. Don't leave her the whole time; I left her in an anxiety that she can hardly bear: she will either die or lose her mind. Be with her! Razumikhin will be with you; I told him… Don't cry over me: I'll try to be both manly and honest, all my life, even though I am a murderer. Perhaps someday you will hear my name. I won't disgrace you, you'll see; I'll still prove… now for the time being goodbye," he hastened to conclude, again noticing some strange expression in Dunya's eyes at his last words and promises. "Why are you crying so? Don't cry, don't cry; we're not parting for good!… Ah, yes! Wait, I forgot!…"

He went to the table, took up a thick, dusty book, opened it, and took out a little portrait, a watercolor on ivory, that had been laid between the pages. It was a portrait of the landlady's daughter, his former fiancée, who had died of a fever, that same strange girl who had wanted to enter a convent. For a minute he gazed into that expressive and sickly little face, kissed the portrait, and handed it to Dunechka.

"With her I talked a great deal about this too, with her alone," he said pensively. "I confided to her heart much of what afterward came true so hideously. Don't worry," he turned to Dunya, "she didn't agree, any more than you, and I'm glad she is gone. The main thing, the main thing is that everything is going to be new now, it will break in two," he cried suddenly, returning again to his anguish, "everything, everything, but am I prepared for it? Do I

want it myself? They say it's necessary as a trial for me! What for, what for, all these senseless trials? What for, will I understand better then, crushed by torments, by idiocy, in senile impotence after twenty years of penal servitude, than I understand now, and what will I live for then? Why do I agree now to live like that? Oh, I knew I was a scoundrel when I stood over the Neva today at dawn!"

At last they both went out. It was hard for Dunya, but she loved him! She walked off, but after some fifty paces she turned around to look at him once more. He could still be seen. But when he reached the corner, he too turned around; for the last time their eyes met; but noticing that she was looking at him, he impatiently and even with vexation waved his hand for her to go on, and turned sharply around the corner himself.

"I am wicked, I can see that," he thought to himself, ashamed a minute later of his vexed wave of the hand to Dunya. "But why do they love me so, if I'm not worth it! Oh, if I were alone and no one loved me, and I myself had never loved anyone! None of this would have happened! But I wonder, will my soul really grow so humble in these coming fifteen or twenty years that I'll whimper reverently before people, calling myself a robber at every word? Yes, exactly, exactly! That's what they're exiling me for now, that's what they want... There they are, all scurrying up and down the street, and every one of them is a scoundrel and a robber by his very nature; worse than that, an idiot! But just try to spare me exile, and they'll all go mad with noble indignation! Oh, how I hate them all!"

He fell deep into thought about this: "By what process can it come about that he will at last humble himself before all of them without reasoning, humble himself out of conviction! And why not, why not indeed? Of course, that's how it must be. Won't twenty years of unceasing oppression finish him off completely? Water wears away stone. And why, why live after that, why am I going

now, when I know myself that it will all be exactly so, as in a book, and not otherwise!"

He was asking himself this question for perhaps the hundredth time since the evening before, but he kept going all the same.

Part Six · VIII

When he came to Sonya's, dusk was already beginning. All day Sonya had been waiting for him in terrible agitation. She and Dunya had waited together. Dunya had come to her that morning, remembering Svidrigailov's words of the day before, that Sonya "knew about it." We will not relate the details of the conversation and the tears of the two women, and how close they became. Dunya at least carried away from this meeting one consolation, that her brother would not be alone: it was to her, Sonya, that he had come first with his confession; in her he had sought a human being when he needed a human being; and she would go after him wherever fate might send him. Dunya did not even ask, but she knew it would be so. She looked at Sonya even with a sort of reverence, and at first almost embarrassed her with this reverent feeling she showed toward her. Sonya was almost ready to cry: she, on the contrary, considered herself unworthy even to look at Dunya. The beautiful image of Dunya, when she had bowed to her with such attention and respect during their first meeting at Raskolnikov's, had remained in her soul forever after as one of the most beautiful and unattainable visions of her life.

Dunechka at last could not bear it and left Sonya, to wait for her brother in his room; she kept thinking he would go there first. Left alone, Sonya at once began to torment herself with fear at the thought that perhaps he really would commit suicide. Dunya feared the same thing. But all day the two of them had vied with each other in assuring each other, with every argument, that this could not be, and they had been calmer while they were together.

Now, though, as soon as they parted, each of them began to think of nothing else. Sonya recalled how yesterday Svidrigailov had told her that Raskolnikov had two roads, the Vladimirka or… She knew, besides, his vanity, his arrogance, his pride, and his unbelief. "Can it really be that only faintheartedness and fear of death can make him live?" she thought at last, in despair. The sun meanwhile was already setting. She stood sadly at the window and looked out of it intently, but all that could be seen from that window was the blank unwhitewashed main wall of the house next door. At last, when she had arrived at complete conviction that the unhappy man was dead, he walked into her room.

A cry of joy burst from her breast. But, looking intently into his face, she suddenly turned pale.

"Well, yes!" said Raskolnikov with a grin. "I've come for your crosses, Sonya. It was you who sent me to the crossroads; so why, now that it's come to the point, have you got cold feet?"

Sonya looked at him in amazement. The tone seemed strange to her; a cold shiver ran through her body, but a minute later she guessed that the tone and the words were all put on. He was even speaking to her while looking somehow into a corner, as though avoiding looking her straight in the face.

"You see, Sonya, I've calculated that this way it will perhaps be more to my advantage. There's a circumstance here… Well, it's a long story, and there's no point. You know what makes me angry, though? It annoys me that all those stupid, brutish mugs will crowd around me in a moment, goggling their eyes right at me, asking me their stupid questions, which I'll have to answer, pointing their fingers… Pah! You know, I'm not going to Porfiry; I'm sick of him. I'd rather go to my friend Gunpowder, now won't I surprise him, won't I produce an effect of a kind. But I ought to be more cool-headed; I've become much too bilious lately. Would you believe it: just now I threatened my sister practically with my fist,

only because she turned around for a last look at me. It's swinishness, a state like this! Eh, what I've come to! Well, then, where are the crosses?"

He seemed not himself. He could not even stay in one place for a single minute, could not fix his attention on a single object; his thoughts leaped one over another, his talk wandered; his hands trembled slightly.

Sonya silently took two crosses out of a drawer, one of cypress wood and one of copper, crossed herself, crossed him, and put the little cypress cross on his breast.

"That means it's a symbol that I'm taking up the cross, heh-heh! And true enough, I've suffered little so far! The cypress one, that is, the common people's; the copper one is Lizaveta's, you're taking it for yourself, show me? So she had it on... at that moment? I know two crosses like these too, a silver one and a little icon. I threw them onto the old woman's breast that time. Those would be just right now, really, those are the ones I ought to put on... But I'm talking nonsense, I'll forget what matters; I'm so absentminded somehow!... You see, Sonya, I came, properly speaking, to give you notice, so that you would know... Well, and that's all... That's all I came for, you know. (Hm, I thought, though, that I would say more.) After all, you yourself wanted me to go, well, so I'll sit in prison, and your wish will come true; well, why are you crying? You too? Stop it, enough; oh, how hard all this is for me!"

A feeling, however, was born in him; his heart contracted as he looked at her. "This one, what's this one crying for?" he thought to himself. "What am I to her? Why is she crying, why is she getting me ready for the road like Mother or Dunya? She'll be my nanny!"

"Cross yourself, pray at least once," Sonya asked in a trembling, timid voice.

"Oh, by all means, as much as you like! And from a pure heart, Sonya, from a pure heart..."

He had wanted, though, to say something else.

He crossed himself several times. Sonya seized her shawl and threw it over her head. It was the green drap-de-dames shawl, probably the very one Marmeladov had mentioned that time, the "family" shawl. The thought of it flashed through Raskolnikov's mind, but he did not ask. Indeed, he was already beginning to feel himself that he was terribly absentminded and somehow hideously agitated. That frightened him. He was suddenly struck too by the fact that Sonya meant to go out with him.

"What are you doing! Where are you going? Stay, stay! I'm going alone," he cried in fainthearted vexation and, almost angry, went to the door. "And what's the use of a whole retinue!" he muttered, going out.

Sonya remained standing in the middle of the room. He had not even said goodbye to her, he had already forgotten about her; one stinging and rebellious doubt was boiling up in his soul.

"But is it so, is all this really so?" he thought again, going down the stairs. "Is it really impossible still to stop and set everything right again… and not go?"

But he kept going all the same. He suddenly felt once and for all that there was no point in asking himself questions. Coming out into the street, he remembered that he had not said goodbye to Sonya, that she had remained standing in the middle of the room in her green shawl, not daring to move after his shout, and he stopped for an instant. At that same moment a thought suddenly lit him up brightly, as though it had been waiting to strike him once and for all.

"Well, what for, why did I go to her just now? I told her: on business; what business? There was no business at all! To announce that I was going; so what? A great need! Do I love her, or what? Surely not, no? Here I've just driven her away like a dog. Did I really need crosses from her? Oh, how low I've fallen! No, I

needed her tears, I needed to see her fright, to watch her heart ache and be torn! I had to catch hold of something at least, to put it off, to look at a human being! And I dared to rely on myself so much, to dream so much of myself, beggar that I am, nonentity that I am, scoundrel, scoundrel!"

He was walking along the embankment of the canal, and he had not far left to go. But on reaching the bridge he stopped, and suddenly turned aside onto the bridge and went to the Haymarket.

He looked around greedily to the right and to the left, peered strenuously at every object and could not fix his attention on anything; everything slipped away. "In a week, in a month, they'll drive me somewhere across this bridge in one of those prison vans, how will I look at this canal then, should I remember this?" flashed through his head. "Here's this sign, how will I read these very letters then? Here it says 'Tavarishchestvo,'[1] well, I'll remember this a, the letter a, and look at it in a month, at this very a: how will I look at it then? What will I feel and think then?... God, how base all this must be, all these present... cares of mine! Of course, all this must be curious... in its way... (ha-ha-ha! what am I thinking about!) I'm becoming a child, I'm showing off to myself; well, why am I shaming myself? Pah, how they shove! This fat one, a German, he must be, who shoved me: well, does he know whom he shoved? A woman with a baby begging for alms, it's curious that she thinks me happier than herself. Why not give her something, for the oddity of it? Ha, a five-kopeck piece has survived in my pocket, where from? Here, here... take it, mother!"

"God keep you!" came the beggar woman's plaintive voice.

He entered the Haymarket. It was unpleasant, very unpleasant for him to rub against the people, but he went precisely where more people could be seen. He would have given anything in the world to be alone; but he felt himself that he would not stay alone for a single minute. In the crowd a drunk man was making a dis-

graceful scene: he kept wanting to dance, but kept toppling over to one side. People had surrounded him. Raskolnikov squeezed through the crowd, watched the drunk for a few minutes, and suddenly burst into a short, abrupt laugh. A minute later he had already forgotten about him, did not even see him, though he was looking at him. He walked away at last, not even remembering where he was; but when he reached the middle of the square, a movement suddenly took place in him, a sensation took possession of him all at once, seized the whole of him, body and mind.

He suddenly remembered Sonya's words: "Go to the crossroads, bow down to the people, kiss the earth, because you have sinned against it too, and say to the whole world aloud: 'I am a murderer!'" He trembled all over, remembering this. And the hopeless anguish and anxiety of all this time, but especially of the last hours, had crushed him to such a degree that he simply plunged into the possibility of this whole, new, full sensation. It came upon him suddenly like a sort of fit: it caught fire in his soul as a single spark and suddenly, like fire, engulfed all of him. Everything in him softened at once, and the tears gushed out. Just as he stood, he fell to the earth…

He knelt in the middle of the square, bowed down to the ground, and kissed that dirty earth, with delight and happiness. He got up and bowed down a second time.

"Look how tanked up he is!" a young fellow beside him remarked.

There was laughter.

"He's going to Jerusalem, brothers, saying goodbye to his children and his homeland, bowing down to the whole world, kissing the capital city of St. Petersburg and its ground," added some tipsy little fellow of the tradesman class.

"Just a young lad still!" a third put in.

"One of the gentry!" someone remarked in a solid voice.

"Nowadays you can't tell who's gentry and who isn't."

All these responses and remarks held Raskolnikov back, and the words "I killed," which were perhaps ready to fly off his tongue, died away in him. He bore all these shouts calmly, however, and, without looking around, went straight through the lane in the direction of the police station. One vision flashed before him on the way, but he was not surprised by it; he had already sensed that it had to be so. At the moment when, on the Haymarket, he had bowed to the ground the second time, turning to the left, some fifty paces from himself, he had seen Sonya. She was hiding from him behind one of the wooden sheds that stood on the square, so she had accompanied him on the whole of his sorrowful procession! Raskolnikov felt and understood at that moment, once and for all, that Sonya was with him now forever and would follow him even to the ends of the earth, wherever fate might lead him. His whole heart turned over... but here he was already at the fatal place...

He walked into the courtyard fairly briskly. He had to go up to the third floor. "I'll be climbing for a while yet," he thought. In general it seemed to him that the fatal moment was still far off, that a lot of time still remained, that a great deal could still be thought over.

Again the same rubbish, the same eggshells on the spiral staircase, again the doors of the apartments wide open, again the same kitchens with fumes and stench pouring out of them. Raskolnikov had not been here since that time. His legs were going numb and giving way, but they walked. He stopped for a moment to catch his breath, to pull himself together, to go in like a human being. "But what for? why?" he suddenly thought, realizing what he was doing. "If I have to drink this cup anyway, then isn't it all the same? The fouler, the better." In his imagination at that moment flashed the figure of Ilya Petrovich Gunpowder. "Am I really going to him?

Couldn't it be someone else? Couldn't it be Nikodim Fomich? Turn around now and go to the superintendent himself at his lodgings? At least it would go off in a homely way... No, no! To Gunpowder, to Gunpowder! If drink, then drink it all at once..."

Turning cold and barely conscious of himself, he opened the door of the police station. This time there were very few people in it: some caretaker was standing there and another man of the common people. The guard did not even look out from behind his partition. Raskolnikov went through into the next room. "Maybe I won't have to tell after all," flickered in him. Here some individual from among the clerks, in a civilian frock coat, was settling down to write something at a desk. In the corner another clerk was taking his seat. Zametov was not there. Nikodim Fomich, of course, was not there either.

"Nobody here?" Raskolnikov asked, addressing the individual at the desk.

"Whom do you want?"

"A-a-ah! Not a sound to hear, not a sight to see, and yet a Russian smell... how does it go in that fairy tale... I forget! M-my r-respec's!" a familiar voice cried suddenly.

Raskolnikov trembled. Before him stood Gunpowder; he had suddenly come out of the third room. "It's fate itself," thought Raskolnikov. "Why is he here?"

"To see us? What about?" Ilya Petrovich exclaimed. (He was evidently in the most excellent and even a tiny bit excited state of mind.) "If it's on business, you've come too early. I'm here myself by chance... But for that matter, whatever I can do. I confess to you... what? what? Excuse me..."

"Raskolnikov."

"Well, of course: Raskolnikov! And could you really have supposed I had forgotten! Please, don't take me for that sort of... Rodion Ro... Ro... Rodionych, is it?"

"Rodion Romanych."

"Yes, yes-yes! Rodion Romanych, Rodion Romanych! That's just what I was trying to get at. I even made inquiries many times. I confess to you, I have sincerely grieved ever since that we behaved so that time, you and I... afterward it was explained to me, I learned that you were a young literary man and even a scholar... and, so to speak, first steps... Oh, Lord! Why, which of our literary men and scholars has not taken original steps at first! My wife and I, we both respect literature, and my wife, why, to the point of passion!... Literature and the artistic! As long as a man is noble, all the rest can be acquired by talents, knowledge, reason, genius! A hat, well, what, for example, does a hat mean? A hat is a pancake, I'll buy one at Zimmermann's; but what is kept under the hat and covered by the hat, that I won't buy, sir!... I confess, I even wanted to come to you to explain myself, but I thought perhaps you... But I won't even ask: do you really need something? Your family has arrived, they say?"

"Yes, my mother and sister."

"I even had the honor and the happiness of meeting your sister, an educated and charming person. I confess, I was sorry that you and I got so heated that time. A to-do! And as for my giving you a certain sort of look that time, on the occasion of your fainting fit, that was afterward explained in the most brilliant manner! Bigotry and fanaticism! I understand your indignation. Perhaps you're changing your lodgings on account of your family's arrival?"

"N-no, I just... I came in to ask... I thought I would find Zametov here."

"Ah, yes! You've become friends, of course; I heard, sir. Well, Zametov isn't with us, you've missed him. Yes, sir, we have lost Alexander Grigoryevich! Since yesterday he is not on hand; he has transferred... and, in transferring, he even quarreled with everyone... even so impolitely... A flighty boy, nothing more; he even

showed promise; but there you are, what can you do with them, with our brilliant youth! He wants to take some examination or other, but with us it's only a matter of talking and showing off, and that's the end of the examination. It's not the same as, for example, you or that Mr. Razumikhin, your friend! Your career is the learned field, and failures won't knock you off course now! For you all these beauties of life, one may say, *nihil est*, an ascetic, a monk, a hermit!... For you a book, a pen behind the ear, learned research, that's where your spirit soars! I myself, in part... have you been pleased to read Livingstone's journals?"

"No."

"Well, I have. Nowadays, though, a great many nihilists have spread about; well, and that's understandable; what times these are, I ask you? But for that matter, I with you... you, of course, are certainly not a nihilist! Answer frankly, frankly!"

"N-no..."

"No, you know, be frank with me, don't be shy, as if you were alone with yourself! Service is one thing, and another thing... you thought I was going to say friendship, no, sir, you didn't guess! Not friendship, but the feeling of a citizen and a man, the feeling of humanity and of love for the Most High. I may be an official person, and in office, but I am always bound to feel the citizen and the man in myself, and to answer for it... You were pleased to mention Zametov just now. Zametov, he'll make some scandal in the French manner in an indecent establishment, over a glass of champagne or Don wine, that's what your Zametov is! While I, perhaps, have, so to speak, burned with devotion and lofty feelings, and on top of that I have standing, rank, I hold a post! I am married and have children. I fulfill the duty of a citizen and a man, and who is he, allow me to ask? I treat you as a man ennobled by education. Then there are these midwives, too many of them spreading about."

Raskolnikov raised his eyebrows questioningly. The words of Ilya Petrovich, who had evidently just come from the table, rattled and poured out before him for the most part like empty sounds. But part of them he still somehow understood; he looked on questioningly and did not know how all this would end.

"I'm talking about these cropped-haired girls," the talkative Ilya Petrovich went on. "I named them midwives myself, on my own, and I find the name perfectly satisfactory. Heh! heh! They push their way into the academy, they study anatomy; well, tell me, if I fall ill, am I going to call a young lady to treat me? Heh! heh!"

Ilya Petrovich guffawed, thoroughly pleased with his witticisms.

"Granted, it's an immoderate thirst for enlightenment; but once you're enlightened, that's enough. Why abuse it? Why insult noble persons, as that scoundrel Zametov does? Why did he insult me, I ask you? Then again, how many of these suicides have spread about, you can't imagine. They all spend their last money and kill themselves. Girls, boys, old men... Why, just this morning there was a report about some gentleman who had recently arrived. Nil Pavlych, hey, Nil Pavlych! what's his name, the gentleman they reported earlier, who shot himself on the Petersburg Side?"

"Svidrigailov," someone answered hoarsely and indifferently from the other room.

Raskolnikov started.

"Svidrigailov! Svidrigailov has shot himself!" he cried.

"What! You know Svidrigailov?"

"Yes... I know him... He arrived recently..."

"Well, yes, he arrived recently, he had lost his wife, a man of dissolute behavior, and suddenly he shot himself, and so scandalously you can't imagine... he left a few words in his notebook, that he was dying in his right mind and asked that no one be blamed for his death. This one had money, they say. How is it you are pleased to know him?"

"I... am acquainted... my sister lived in their house as a governess..."

"Well, well, well... So you can tell us something about him. And you had no suspicion?"

"I saw him yesterday... he... was drinking wine... I knew nothing."

Raskolnikov felt as if something had fallen on him and crushed him.

"You seem to have turned pale again. The air is so close here..."

"Yes, it's time for me to go, sir," muttered Raskolnikov. "Excuse me for troubling you..."

"Oh, not at all, as much as you like! You've given me pleasure, and I'm glad to declare..."

Ilya Petrovich even held out his hand.

"I only wanted... I came to see Zametov..."

"I understand, I understand, and you've given me pleasure."

"I... am very glad... goodbye, sir..." Raskolnikov smiled.

He went out; he was swaying. His head was spinning. He did not feel whether he was standing on his feet. He began to go down the stairs, propping himself against the wall with his right hand. It seemed to him that some caretaker with a register in his hand pushed against him, climbing up toward the station; that some little dog was barking its head off somewhere on the floor below, and that some woman threw a rolling pin at it and shouted. He went down and came out into the courtyard. There in the courtyard, not far from the entrance, stood Sonya, pale, deathly white all over, and she looked at him wildly, wildly. He stopped in front of her. Something pained and tormented showed in her face, something desperate. She threw up her hands. A hideous, lost smile was forced out on his lips. He stood a while, grinned, and turned back upstairs, to the police station again.

Ilya Petrovich had sat down and was rummaging in some papers. Before him stood the same peasant who had just pushed against Raskolnikov climbing the stairs.

"A-a-ah? You again! Did you leave something?... But what's the matter with you?"

Raskolnikov, with whitened lips and a motionless gaze, quietly approached him, came right up to the table, leaned his hand on it, wanted to say something but could not; only some incoherent sounds could be heard.

"You're ill, a chair! Here, sit down on the chair, sit down! Water!"

Raskolnikov sank onto the chair, but did not take his eyes off the face of Ilya Petrovich, who was very unpleasantly surprised. For a minute the two looked at each other and waited. Water was brought.

"It was I..." Raskolnikov began.

"Drink some water."

Raskolnikov pushed the water away with his hand and quietly, with pauses, but distinctly, said:

"It was I who killed the old official's widow and her sister Lizaveta with an axe that time, and robbed them."

Ilya Petrovich opened his mouth. People came running from all sides.

Raskolnikov repeated his statement. . . . . .

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1. *Tovarishchestvo*, "company" or "partnership," misspelled on the sign with an *a* for the first *o*.

Epilogue · I

Siberia. On the bank of a wide, desolate river stands a town, one of the administrative centers of Russia; in the town there is a fortress, in the fortress a prison. In the prison an exiled convict of the second class, Rodion Raskolnikov, has been confined for nine months now. Almost a year and a half has passed since the day of his crime.

The legal proceedings in his case went off without great difficulties. The criminal maintained his statement firmly, precisely, and clearly, without confusing the circumstances, without softening them in his own favor, without distorting the facts, without forgetting the smallest detail. He told the whole process of the murder down to the last stroke: he explained the secret of the pledge (the little wooden board with the strip of metal) that had turned up in the murdered old woman's hand; he told in detail how he had taken the keys from the murdered woman, described those keys, described the trunk and what it had been filled with; he even enumerated some of the separate articles that had lain in it; he explained the riddle of Lizaveta's murder; he told how Koch had come and knocked, and after him the student, conveying everything they had said to each other; how he, the criminal, had afterward run down the stairs and heard Mikolka and Mitka squealing; how he had hidden in the empty apartment, gone home, and in conclusion he pointed out the stone in the yard on Voznesensky Avenue, under the gateway, under which the things and the purse were found. In a word, the case came out clear. The examining magistrates and the judges were very surprised, among other

things, that he had hidden the purse and the things under the stone without making use of them, and most of all that he not only did not remember in detail all the things he had actually stolen, but even made a mistake about their number. The circumstance itself, that he had not once opened the purse and did not even know how much money exactly lay in it, seemed incredible (the purse turned out to contain three hundred and seventeen roubles in silver and three twenty-kopeck pieces; from lying long under the stone, some of the top notes, the largest ones, had been extremely damaged). They tried for a long time to find out why the accused should lie about this one circumstance alone, when about everything else he confessed voluntarily and truthfully. At last some (especially among the psychologists) even admitted the possibility that he really had not looked into the purse, and so had not known what was in it, and, not knowing, had simply carried it off under the stone; but from this very thing they at once concluded that the crime itself could not have come about otherwise than in a state of a certain temporary insanity, so to speak, of a morbid monomania of murder and robbery, without further aims or calculations of gain. Here, by the way, the newest fashionable theory of temporary insanity arrived in good time, which in our day people so often try to apply to certain criminals. Besides, Raskolnikov's long-standing hypochondriac condition had been attested with precision by many witnesses: Dr. Zosimov, his former comrades, his landlady, the servant. All this contributed greatly to the conclusion that Raskolnikov was not quite like an ordinary murderer, bandit, and robber, but that there was something else here. To the greatest vexation of those who defended this opinion, the criminal himself hardly tried to defend himself; to the final questions, what exactly could have inclined him to murder and what had induced him to commit robbery, he answered very clearly, with the crudest precision, that the cause of it all had been his wretched situation,

his poverty and helplessness, the desire to secure the first steps of his career in life with the help of at least three thousand roubles, which he had counted on finding at the murdered woman's. He had resolved on the murder as a consequence of his frivolous and fainthearted character, which had been irritated, besides, by privations and failures. To the questions of what exactly had induced him to come and confess, he answered straight out that it was sincere repentance. All this was already almost crude…

The sentence, however, proved more merciful than might have been expected, judging by the crime committed, and perhaps precisely because the criminal not only did not wish to justify himself but even seemed to express a desire to accuse himself still further. All the strange and peculiar circumstances of the case were taken into consideration. The morbid and wretched condition of the criminal before the commission of the crime was not subjected to the slightest doubt. The fact that he had not made use of what he had stolen was credited partly to the action of awakened repentance, partly to the not entirely sound state of his mental faculties at the time the crime was committed. The circumstance of the unpremeditated murder of Lizaveta even served as an example supporting the latter supposition: a man commits two murders and at the same time forgets that the door is standing unlocked! Finally, his coming to confess, at the very time when the case had become unusually tangled as a consequence of the false self-accusation of a dispirited fanatic (Nikolai), and, besides, when there was not only no clear evidence against the real criminal but almost no suspicion of him either (Porfiry Petrovich had fully kept his word), all this definitively contributed to the mitigation of the accused man's lot.

Other circumstances, too, came to light quite unexpectedly, strongly favoring the defendant. The former student Razumikhin dug up information somewhere and presented proof that the

criminal Raskolnikov, while he was at the university, had used his last means to help a poor and consumptive fellow student of his and had almost supported him for half a year. And when the latter died, he had looked after the surviving old and paralyzed father of his dead comrade (who had kept and fed his father by his own labor almost from the age of thirteen), had finally placed this old man in a hospital, and, when he too died, had buried him. All this information had a certain favorable influence on the decision of Raskolnikov's fate. His former landlady herself, the mother of Raskolnikov's dead fiancée, the widow Zarnitsyna, also testified that when they were still living in another house, at the Five Corners, Raskolnikov, during a fire, at night, had pulled two little children out of an apartment that was already burning, and had been burned in doing so. This fact was carefully investigated and fairly well attested by many witnesses. In a word, it ended with the criminal being sentenced to penal servitude of the second class for a term of only eight years, in consideration of his coming to confess and of certain extenuating circumstances.

At the very beginning of the trial Raskolnikov's mother fell ill. Dunya and Razumikhin found it possible to take her away from Petersburg for the whole time of the trial. Razumikhin chose a town on the railroad and a short distance from Petersburg, so as to be able to follow all the circumstances of the trial regularly and at the same time see Avdotya Romanovna as often as possible. Pulcheria Alexandrovna's illness was a strange sort of nervous one and was accompanied by something like derangement, if not complete, then at least partial. Dunya, returning from her last meeting with her brother, found her mother already quite ill, feverish and delirious. That same evening she agreed with Razumikhin on what exactly to answer her mother's questions about her brother, and even made up with him, for her mother, a whole story about Raskolnikov's departure somewhere far away, to the border of

Russia, on a private commission that would at last bring him both money and renown. But they were struck that Pulcheria Alexandrovna herself asked nothing about any of this, either then or afterward. On the contrary, she turned out to have a whole story of her own about her son's sudden departure; she would tell with tears how he had come to her to say goodbye; she gave to understand by hints that she alone knew many very important and mysterious circumstances, and that Rodya had many very powerful enemies, so that he even had to go into hiding. As for his future career, that too seemed to her certain and brilliant, once certain hostile circumstances had passed; she assured Razumikhin that her son would in time even become a statesman, as was proved by his article and his brilliant literary talent. She read this article incessantly, sometimes even aloud, all but slept with it, and yet she almost never asked where exactly Rodya was now, despite the fact that people evidently avoided talking with her about it, which alone might have aroused her suspicion. They began at last to fear this strange silence of Pulcheria Alexandrovna's on certain points. She did not even complain, for instance, that there were no letters from him, whereas before, living in her little town, she had lived only on the one hope and the one expectation of soon receiving a letter from her beloved Rodya. This last circumstance was much too inexplicable and greatly worried Dunya; the thought occurred to her that her mother perhaps had a presentiment of something terrible in her son's fate and was afraid to ask questions for fear of learning something still more terrible. In any case, Dunya saw clearly that Pulcheria Alexandrovna was not in a sound state of mind.

Once or twice, however, it happened that she herself steered the conversation so that it was impossible, in answering her, not to mention where exactly Rodya was now; and when the answers were bound to come out unsatisfactory and suspicious, she sud-

denly became extremely sad, gloomy, and silent, which lasted a very long time. Dunya saw at last that it was hard to lie and invent, and came to the final conclusion that it was better to keep completely silent on certain points; but it became more and more evidently clear that the poor mother suspected something terrible. Dunya remembered, among other things, her brother's words that their mother had listened to Dunya's raving in the night before that last fatal day, after her scene with Svidrigailov: had she not overheard something then? Often, sometimes after several days and even weeks of sullen, gloomy silence and wordless tears, the sick woman would somehow come to life hysterically and suddenly begin talking aloud, almost without stopping, about her son, about her hopes, about the future... Her fantasies were sometimes very strange. They humored her, they agreed with her (she herself perhaps saw clearly that they were agreeing with her and only humoring her), but she went on talking all the same...

Five months after the criminal came to confess, his sentence followed. Razumikhin saw him in prison whenever it was possible. Sonya too. At last the parting came; Dunya swore to her brother that this parting was not forever; Razumikhin too. In Razumikhin's young and ardent head the plan had firmly lodged to lay, in the next three or four years, at least the beginnings of a future fortune, as far as possible, to save at least a little money and move to Siberia, where the soil is rich in every respect, and workers, people, and capital are scarce; to settle there in the very town where Rodya would be, and... all together to begin a new life. In parting they all wept. In the very last days Raskolnikov was very pensive, asked a great deal about his mother, was constantly anxious about her. He even tormented himself much too much about her, which troubled Dunya. Learning in detail about his mother's morbid state of mind, he became very gloomy. With Sonya he was for some reason especially taciturn the whole time. Sonya, with the help of the

money Svidrigailov had left her, had long since got ready and prepared to follow the convoy of convicts in which he would be sent. Not a word about this was ever mentioned between her and Raskolnikov; but both knew it would be so. At the very last farewell he smiled strangely at the ardent assurances of his sister and Razumikhin about their happy future when he came out of penal servitude, and predicted that his mother's morbid condition would soon end in misfortune. He and Sonya at last set off.

Two months later Dunechka married Razumikhin. The wedding was sad and quiet. Among those invited, however, were Porfiry Petrovich and Zosimov. All this last while Razumikhin had had the look of a man who has firmly made up his mind. Dunya believed blindly that he would carry out all his intentions, and could not help believing: an iron will could be seen in this man. Among other things, he began attending university lectures again, so as to finish his course. The two of them were constantly making plans for the future; both firmly counted on moving to Siberia for certain in five years. Until then they were relying on Sonya there…

Pulcheria Alexandrovna joyfully blessed her daughter's marriage to Razumikhin; but after this marriage she seemed to become still sadder and more worried. To give her a pleasant moment, Razumikhin told her, among other things, about the student and his decrepit father, and about how Rodya had been burned and had even been ill after saving two little ones from death the year before. Both pieces of news brought Pulcheria Alexandrovna, whose mind was disordered as it was, almost to a state of rapture. She talked about it incessantly, even started conversations in the street (though Dunya always accompanied her). In public carriages, in shops, catching hold of any listener at all, she would steer the conversation to her son, to his article, to how he had helped the student, had been burned in a fire, and so on. Dunechka did not even know how to restrain her. Apart from the

danger of such a rapturous, morbid state of mind, this alone threatened trouble: that someone might remember the name Raskolnikov from the recent court case and begin to talk about it. Pulcheria Alexandrovna even found out the address of the mother of the two little ones saved from the fire and absolutely wanted to go and see her. At last her restlessness grew to the utmost limits. Sometimes she would suddenly begin to cry, she often fell ill and raved in fever. One morning she announced straight out that by her calculations Rodya must be arriving soon, that she remembered how, saying goodbye to her, he himself had mentioned that he was to be expected in exactly nine months. She began to tidy up everything in the apartment and to prepare for the meeting, began to do up the room intended for him (her own), to clean the furniture, to wash and hang new curtains, and so on. Dunya was alarmed but kept silent and even helped her arrange the room for her brother's reception. After an anxious day spent in incessant fantasies, in joyful daydreams and tears, she fell ill in the night, and by morning she was already feverish and delirious. A fever set in. Two weeks later she died. In her delirium words escaped her from which it could be concluded that she had suspected much more about her son's terrible fate than they had even supposed.

For a long time Raskolnikov did not know of his mother's death, although a correspondence with Petersburg had been established from the very beginning of his settling in Siberia. It was arranged through Sonya, who punctually every month wrote to Petersburg, addressed to Razumikhin, and punctually every month received an answer from Petersburg. Sonya's letters at first seemed to Dunya and Razumikhin somehow dry and unsatisfactory; but in the end they both found that it was impossible to write better, because from these letters, after all, there emerged in the end the fullest and most precise picture of their unhappy brother's fate. Sonya's letters were filled with the most everyday reality, with the simplest

and clearest description of the whole setting of Raskolnikov's life in penal servitude. There was in them no setting out of her own hopes, no guessing about the future, no descriptions of her own feelings. Instead of attempts to explain his state of mind and his whole inner life in general, there stood only facts, that is, his own words, detailed news about the state of his health, what he had wished for at such and such a meeting, what he had asked her for, what he had charged her with, and so on. All this news was conveyed in extraordinary detail. The image of the unhappy brother emerged in the end of itself, drawn precisely and clearly; there could be no mistakes here, because it was all true facts.

But Dunya and her husband could draw little comfort from this news, especially at first. Sonya reported continually that he was always sullen, uncommunicative, and even took almost no interest at all in the news she passed on to him each time from the letters she received; that he sometimes asked about his mother; and when, seeing that he already guessed the truth, she at last told him of her death, then, to her surprise, even the news of his mother's death seemed not to affect him very strongly, at least so it seemed to her from his outward appearance. She reported, among other things, that although he was apparently so absorbed in himself and had as if shut himself off from everyone, he had taken his new life very directly and simply; that he clearly understood his position, expected nothing better in the near future, had no frivolous hopes (which are so natural in his position), and was surprised at almost nothing amid his new surroundings, so little like anything before. She reported that his health was satisfactory. He went out to work, which he did not shirk and did not volunteer for. He was almost indifferent to food, but this food, except on Sundays and holidays, was so bad that at last he willingly accepted a little money from her, Sonya, to have his own tea every day; as for everything else, he asked her not to worry, assuring her that all these concerns for

him only annoyed him. Sonya further reported that his quarters in the prison were shared with everyone; she had not seen the inside of their barracks, but concluded that it was crowded, hideous, and unhealthy there; that he slept on the plank bed with a piece of felt under him, and did not want to arrange anything else for himself. But that he lived so roughly and poorly not at all from any preconceived plan or intention, but simply from inattention and outward indifference to his fate. Sonya wrote plainly that he, especially at first, had not only taken no interest in her visits but had even been almost vexed with her, had been uncommunicative and even rude to her, but that in the end these meetings had become a habit with him and even almost a need, so that he had even pined very much when she was ill for several days and could not visit him. She saw him on holidays at the prison gates or in the guardhouse, where he was called out to her for a few minutes; and on weekdays at work, where she would go to see him, either in the workshops, or at the brickworks, or in the sheds on the bank of the Irtysh. About herself Sonya reported that she had succeeded in acquiring in the town even some acquaintances and patrons; that she was doing sewing, and since there was almost no dressmaker in the town, she had become even indispensable in many houses; only she did not mention that through her Raskolnikov too had obtained the protection of the authorities, that his work was made lighter, and so on. At last news came (Dunya had even noticed a certain special agitation and anxiety in her last letters) that he shunned everyone, that the convicts in the prison had not taken to him; that he was silent for whole days and was becoming very pale. Suddenly, in her last letter, Sonya wrote that he had fallen very seriously ill and was lying in the hospital, in the convicts' ward…

Epilogue · II

He had been ill for a long time already; but it was not the horrors of convict life, not the work, not the food, not the shaved head, not the patchwork clothes that had broken him: oh! what were all these torments and tortures to him! On the contrary, he was even glad of the work: worn out physically at work, he at least won himself a few hours of peaceful sleep. And what did the food mean to him, this thin shchi, the cabbage soup with cockroaches in it? As a student, in his former life, he had often not had even that. His clothes were warm and suited to his way of life. He did not even feel the fetters on himself. Was he to be ashamed of his shaved head and his half-and-half jacket? But before whom? Before Sonya? Sonya was afraid of him, and was he to be ashamed before her?

And what then? He was ashamed even before Sonya, whom he tormented for it with his contemptuous and rough treatment. But it was not of his shaved head and fetters that he was ashamed: his pride had been badly wounded; it was from wounded pride that he had fallen ill. Oh, how happy he would have been if he could have accused himself! He would have borne everything then, even shame and disgrace. But he judged himself strictly, and his hardened conscience found no especially terrible guilt in his past, except perhaps a simple blunder that could have happened to anyone. He was ashamed precisely that he, Raskolnikov, had perished so blindly, hopelessly, dully, and stupidly, by some sentence of blind fate, and must humble himself and submit before the "meaninglessness" of some sentence, if he wanted to calm himself at all.

Anxiety with no object and no purpose in the present, and in the future one unbroken sacrifice by which nothing was gained: that was what lay before him in the world. And what of it that in eight years he would be only thirty-two and could begin to live again! What should he live for? What should he have in view? What should he strive for? Live in order to exist? But a thousand times before he had been ready to give up his existence for an idea, for a hope, even for a fantasy. Existence alone had always been too little for him; he had always wanted more. Perhaps it was only by the force of his desires that he had then considered himself a man to whom more was permitted than to another.

If only fate had sent him repentance: burning repentance that breaks the heart and drives away sleep, such repentance that from its terrible torments one sees visions of the noose and the deep pool! Oh, he would have rejoiced at it! Torments and tears, why, that is life too. But he did not repent of his crime.

At least he could have raged at his stupidity, as he had raged before at the hideous and most stupid actions of his that had brought him to prison. But now, already in prison, at liberty, he had again weighed and thought over all his former acts and did not at all find them as stupid and hideous as they had seemed to him at that fatal time, before.

"In what, in what way," he thought, "was my idea more stupid than other ideas and theories that have swarmed and collided with one another in the world, ever since this world has stood? One has only to look at the thing with a completely independent, broad view, freed from everyday influences, and then, of course, my idea will turn out to be not at all so... strange. O negators and sages at five kopecks in silver, why do you stop halfway!

"Well, why does my act seem so hideous to them?" he said to himself. "Because it is a villainy? What does the word 'villainy' mean? My conscience is at rest. Of course, a criminal offense has

been committed; of course, the letter of the law has been broken and blood has been shed, well, then take my head for the letter of the law... and enough! Of course, in that case even many benefactors of mankind, who did not inherit power but seized it themselves, ought to have been executed at their very first steps. But those men endured their steps, and therefore they are right, and I did not endure, and so I had no right to permit myself that step."

That was the one thing in which he acknowledged his crime: only in that he had not endured it and had come and confessed.

He suffered too from the thought: why had he not killed himself then? Why had he stood over the river then and preferred to confess? Can there really be such strength in this desire to live, and is it so hard to overcome? Yet Svidrigailov, who was afraid of death, had overcome it?

He asked himself this question in torment and could not understand that even then, when he stood over the river, he had perhaps sensed a deep falsehood in himself and in his convictions. He did not understand that this presentiment might be the harbinger of a future break in his life, of his future resurrection, of a future new view of life.

He was more inclined to admit here only the dull weight of instinct, which it was not for him to break, and which, again, he had not had the strength to step over (out of weakness and insignificance). He looked at his fellow convicts and was amazed: how they all loved life too, how they prized it! It seemed to him precisely that in prison they loved and valued it still more, and prized it more, than at liberty. What terrible torments and tortures some of them had endured, the vagabonds, for instance! Could a single ray of sun really mean so much to them, a dense forest, a cold spring somewhere in an unknown wilderness, marked out the year before last, which the vagabond dreams of meeting again as of meeting a mistress, sees in his sleep, with the green grass

around it, a little bird singing in a bush? Looking further, he saw examples still more inexplicable.

In the prison, in the milieu around him, he of course failed to notice a great deal, and did not want to notice it at all. He lived somehow with his eyes lowered: it was loathsome and unbearable for him to look. But in the end many things began to surprise him, and, somehow involuntarily, he began to notice what he had not even suspected before. In general, and most of all, what began to surprise him was that terrible, that impassable gulf that lay between him and all these people. It seemed as if he and they were of different nations. He and they looked at each other with mistrust and hostility. He knew and understood the general causes of such a separation; but he had never before admitted that these causes were in fact so deep and strong. In the prison there were also exiled Poles, political criminals. They simply regarded all these people as ignoramuses and serfs and despised them from on high; but Raskolnikov could not look at it that way: he saw clearly that these ignoramuses were in many respects much more intelligent than these same Poles. There were Russians here too who also despised these people too much: a former officer and two seminarians; Raskolnikov clearly noticed their mistake as well.

He himself, though, was disliked and avoided by everyone. In the end they even began to hate him: why? He did not know. They despised him, laughed at him; those who were much greater criminals than he laughed at his crime.

"You're a gentleman!" they said to him. "Was it for you to go about with an axe? That's no business for a gentleman at all."

In the second week of Great Lent his turn came to fast and prepare for communion together with his barracks. He went to church to pray along with the others. Over what, he himself did not know, a quarrel broke out one day; all at once they fell on him in a frenzy.

"You're an atheist! You don't believe in God!" they shouted at him. "You ought to be killed."

He had never talked with them about God or faith, but they wanted to kill him as an atheist; he kept silent and did not argue with them. One convict rushed at him in utter frenzy; Raskolnikov waited for him calmly and silently: his eyebrow did not stir, not a feature of his face quivered. The guard managed to get between him and the murderer in time, or blood would have been shed.

There was one more question he could not solve: why had they all come to love Sonya so? She did not court their favor; they met her rarely, only sometimes at work, when she came for a minute to see him. And yet everyone already knew her, knew too that she had followed him, knew how she lived and where she lived. She did not give them money or render them any special services. Only once, at Christmas, she brought alms for the whole prison: pirogi and kalachi, the white loaves. But little by little certain closer relations were formed between them and Sonya: she wrote letters to their families for them and sent them off by post. Their male and female relatives, coming to the town, left things for them, and even money, in Sonya's hands, as they directed. Their wives and mistresses knew her and went to see her. And when she appeared at the work sites, coming to Raskolnikov, or met a party of convicts going to work, they all took off their caps, they all bowed: "Little mother, Sofya Semyonovna, you're our mother, tender, compassionate!" these coarse, branded convicts would say to this small and thin creature. She would smile and bow back, and they all loved it when she smiled at them. They even loved her walk, turned to look after her as she went, and praised her; they praised her even for being so small, they no longer even knew what to praise her for. They even went to her to be treated for illnesses.

He lay in the hospital through the whole end of Lent and Holy Week. Already recovering, he remembered the dreams he had had

while he was still lying in fever and delirium. In his illness he had dreamed that the whole world was condemned to fall victim to some terrible, unheard-of, and unseen pestilence coming from the depths of Asia upon Europe. All were to perish except some, a very few, chosen ones. Some new trichinae had appeared, microscopic creatures that lodged in people's bodies. But these creatures were spirits endowed with intelligence and will. People who took them into themselves at once became possessed and mad. But never, never had people considered themselves so intelligent and so unshakable in the truth as these infected ones did. Never had they considered their judgments, their scientific conclusions, their moral convictions and beliefs more unshakable. Whole villages, whole cities and nations were infected and went mad. All were in alarm and did not understand one another, each thought that the truth was contained in him alone, and suffered, looking at the others, beat his breast, wept, and wrung his hands. They did not know whom to judge or how, could not agree on what to consider evil and what good. They did not know whom to accuse, whom to acquit. People killed one another in some senseless spite. They gathered against one another in whole armies, but the armies, already on the march, would suddenly begin to tear themselves apart, the ranks broke up, the soldiers threw themselves on one another, stabbed and cut, bit and ate one another. In the cities the alarm bell rang all day long: everyone was being summoned, but who was summoning and for what, no one knew, and everyone was in alarm. The most ordinary trades were abandoned, because everyone proposed his own ideas, his own corrections, and they could not agree; agriculture came to a stop. Here and there people ran together in heaps, agreed together on something, swore not to part, but at once began something completely different from what they themselves had just proposed, began to accuse one another, fought and cut one another. Fires began, famine began. Everyone

and everything was perishing. The pestilence grew and moved further and further. Only a few people in the whole world could be saved; these were the pure and chosen ones, destined to begin a new race of people and a new life, to renew and purify the earth, but no one anywhere had seen these people, no one had heard their word or their voice.

What tormented Raskolnikov was that this senseless delirium echoed so sadly and so painfully in his memories, that the impression of these fevered dreams took so long to pass. It was already the second week after Easter; warm, clear spring days had set in; in the convicts' ward the windows had been opened (barred windows, beneath which a sentry walked). During the whole time of his illness Sonya had been able to visit him in the ward only twice; each time permission had to be sought, and that was difficult. But she often came into the hospital yard, under the windows, especially toward evening, and sometimes just to stand in the yard for a minute and look at the windows of the ward, if only from afar. One day, toward evening, Raskolnikov, by then almost fully recovered, had fallen asleep; on waking, he happened to go to the window and suddenly saw Sonya in the distance, at the hospital gates. She was standing there and seemed to be waiting for something. Something seemed to pierce his heart at that moment; he started and quickly moved away from the window. The next day Sonya did not come, nor on the third day; he noticed that he was waiting for her uneasily. At last he was discharged. Coming back to the prison, he learned from the convicts that Sofya Semyonovna had fallen ill, was lying at home and not going out anywhere.

He was very uneasy and sent to inquire about her. He soon learned that her illness was not dangerous. Learning in her turn that he was so anxious and concerned about her, Sonya sent him a note written in pencil, informing him that she was much better, that she had a slight, trifling cold, and that she would soon, very

soon, come to see him at work. When he read this note his heart beat hard and painfully.

The day was again clear and warm. Early in the morning, about six o'clock, he set off to work, to the riverbank, where a kiln for baking alabaster had been set up in a shed, and where they pounded it. Only three workers went there. One of the convicts took the guard and went with him to the fortress for some tool; the other began to prepare firewood and load it into the kiln. Raskolnikov came out of the shed onto the very bank, sat down on some logs piled by the shed, and began to look at the wide and desolate river. From the high bank a wide view of the country opened out. From the far other bank a song could faintly be heard. There, in the boundless steppe flooded with sunlight, the nomads' yurts showed black as barely visible dots. There was freedom there, and other people lived there, not at all like those here; there time itself seemed to have stopped, as though the ages of Abraham and his flocks had not yet passed. Raskolnikov sat and looked, motionless, without tearing his eyes away; his thought passed into daydreams, into contemplation; he was not thinking of anything, but some anguish stirred and tormented him.

Suddenly Sonya was beside him. She had come up almost inaudibly and sat down next to him. It was still very early; the morning chill had not yet softened. She was wearing her poor old burnous and the green shawl. Her face still bore signs of illness; it had grown thinner, paler, more drawn. She smiled at him gladly and warmly, but, as usual, held out her hand to him timidly.

She always held out her hand to him timidly, sometimes did not even offer it at all, as if she were afraid he would push it away. He always took her hand as if with loathing, always met her as if with vexation, sometimes stubbornly kept silent the whole time of her visit. It happened that she trembled before him and went away in deep grief. But now their hands did not part; he glanced at her

quickly, fleetingly, said nothing, and lowered his eyes to the ground. They were alone; no one saw them. The guard had turned away just then.

How it happened he himself did not know, but suddenly something seemed to seize him and seemed to throw him at her feet. He wept and embraced her knees. In the first instant she was terribly frightened, and her whole face went deathly pale. She jumped up from her place and, trembling, looked at him. But at once, in that same instant, she understood everything. In her eyes shone infinite happiness; she understood, and for her there was no longer any doubt that he loved her, loved her infinitely, and that at last that moment had come…

They wanted to speak but could not. Tears stood in their eyes. They were both pale and thin; but in these sick and pale faces there already shone the dawn of a renewed future, of a full resurrection into a new life. Love had resurrected them; the heart of each held infinite sources of life for the heart of the other.

They resolved to wait and endure. They still had seven years left; and until then so much unbearable torment and so much infinite happiness! But he had risen again, and he knew it, he felt it fully with all his renewed being, and she, why, she lived only by his life!

On the evening of that same day, when the barracks had already been locked, Raskolnikov lay on the plank bed and thought about her. That day it had even seemed to him that all the convicts, his former enemies, were already looking at him differently. He had even begun to talk to them himself, and they had answered him kindly. He remembered this now, but that was how it had to be: wasn't everything bound to change now?

He thought about her. He remembered how he had constantly tormented her and wrung her heart; he remembered her poor, thin little face, but these memories hardly tormented him now: he

knew with what infinite love he would now redeem all her sufferings.

And what were they, all these, all these torments of the past! Everything, even his crime, even the sentence and the exile, seemed to him now, in the first rush of feeling, some external, strange fact, as if it had not even happened to him. That evening, however, he could not think about anything for long or steadily, could not concentrate his mind on anything; and he would not have resolved anything consciously now; he only felt. Instead of dialectics, life had come, and in his consciousness something completely different had to work itself out.

Under his pillow lay the Gospels. He took the book up mechanically. This book belonged to her; it was the same one from which she had read to him about the raising of Lazarus. At the beginning of his penal servitude he had thought she would torment him with religion, would bring up the Gospels and force books on him. But, to his greatest surprise, she had not once spoken of it, had not once even offered him the Gospels. He himself had asked her for it not long before his illness, and she had silently brought him the book. Until now he had not even opened it.

He did not open it now either, but one thought flashed through him: "Can her convictions not be my convictions now? Her feelings, her strivings, at least..."

She too had been agitated all that day, and in the night she even fell ill again. But she was so happy that she was almost frightened of her happiness. Seven years, only seven years! At the beginning of their happiness, at certain moments, they were both ready to look on these seven years as on seven days. He did not even know that the new life would not be given him for nothing, that it had still to be dearly bought, paid for with a great future deed...

But here a new story begins, the story of a man's gradual renewal, the story of his gradual regeneration, of his gradual pas-

sage from one world into another, of his acquaintance with a new reality, hitherto completely unknown. That might make the subject of a new tale, but our present tale is ended.

1866

Colophon

Crime and Punishment

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